# The Sabbath Recorder

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Sabbath Recorder.

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"TO-MORROW."

Some say "to-morrow" never comes, Others say, "to-morrow" never came. Some say end of to-night, That's why we've time to say "to-morrow's come," till we behold! "to-morrow" proves "to-day."  

WILL not pastors and others who have not reported the names of those who intend to come to the Conference, please do so as soon as possible? It is not sufficient to simply say six, ten, or twenty-five will come from our Church—but give the names, so that people can be assigned definitely to the homes of those who will entertain them.  

We call special attention to a statement on page 4 of this issue from the entertainment committee of the Plainfield Church. All who will attend the General Conference, commencing August 21st, should carefully read and heed the instructions. The best thing that can be done on reduced fares is to take advantage of the Knight's Templar excursion at that time to Boston.  

All will be interested to turn to the Missionary page as soon as possible and get the latest news from Shanghai. Dr. Swinney, in care of Miss Susie Burdick, has now probably reached the Pacific coast. Let us all hope and pray for their safe arrival and for the recovery of Dr. Swinney, and the continued blessing of kind Providence upon the China Mission. While we may not hope to secure Doctor Swinney for our coming Conference, we may undoubtedly count on the presence of Miss Burdick and the consequent good cheer and inspiration which her unexpected coming will give.  

The year 1894 was a great year for gifts for public causes in the United States. The aggregate of gifts from private citizens, counting only those from $5,000 and up, amounted to $32,000,000. This does not include gifts for denominational and philanthropic purposes. It is thought that the year 1895 bids fair to out-do the previous year in the same line. The Chicago Tribune estimates that more than $10,000,000 have been given to educational causes alone, and the year began, and that too "by donors less than the fingers on a man's hand." It will greatly please us if our own educational institutions may be permitted to shrewdly take advantage of these up-lifting and needful donations.  

There is no truer aphorism than this: "A person is known, by the company he keeps." If a person's most intimate friends are good, that person will also be good. No one of low and mean impulses will long take delight in the company of the virtuous and noble. Heaven itself would appear like a wretched place for a vile person. It is no arbitrary law that assigns one man to heaven and another man to hell. These are cases of different acts. Every man makes his own choice. If any person does not choose to be in my company I shall have no quarrel with him. Let him have his choice, and I will have the same privilege. But I feel a deep and constant solicitude for all who do not choose to join Christian people in general rather than to be with those who are vile. To each of these we should continually say, "Come thou with us and we will do thee good."  

"Under the heading "Advancement of Women," the Christian Standard of July 6th says: "Over 40,000 women are now attending the various colleges in America, yet it has only been twenty-five years since the first college in the land was open to women, Oberlin College being the first to admit women." A correspondent in Ohio writes the Standard correcting the above mistake and stating that Westminster College was open for women students in 1833. The Standard of July 27th admits its error and says: "It is due also to Geneva College, formerly in Ohio, and now at Beaver Falls, Pa., to say that it, too, has been open to women from the first, and that dates back of 1852."  

To the list thus started we desire to inform the Christian Standard that it should, in fairness, now add two more American Colleges, or, at least, one university and one college, viz., Alfred University, N. Y., founded in 1836, and Milton College, Wisc., founded in 1844. These two colleges have given equal advantages to women, and thus far ante-date any others mentioned.  

There is good common sense in a recommendation we recently saw to this effect: "Express your faith, but not your doubts." Some one will say that it is as manly and honest to express one's doubts as his faith. But a little reflection will show the fallacy of this position. Your faith is positive, doubts are negative. The very fact that evidence or a Christlike position may not be certain. To illustrate. One man believes a given article to be poison, and who figured conspicuously in the litera­ture of Seventh-Day Baptists more than three score years ago. In 1829 John Maxson, then comforted by the expression of others. Such a position may not be correct. To illustrate. The person who was positive General Washington was a doubter is not sure that he is right or safe. Mend to all friends of the Sabbath to use all reasonable doubt.  

What shall be done about future Y. P. C. E. Conventions? It is evident that large numbers of those who attended the recent Convention in Boston went to their homes greatly disappointed at not seeing and en-

JOHN MAXSON.

On our first page will be found this week the picture of Deacon John Maxson, who was the first to undertake the work of collecting and publishing, and who figured conspicuously in the literature of Seventh-Day Baptists more than three score years ago. In 1829 John Maxson, then residing in Homer, N. Y., proposed to the General Convention convened at Hopkinton, R. I., that we write a book in that body he would undertake the publication of a weekly denominational paper. The Conference approved the plan and recommended such a publication to the patronage of the people. The work was undertaken, and The Protestant Sentinel was published. The labors of Deacon Maxson were favorably received, and at the Conference held at Alfred, N. Y., in 1830, the following expression was made: Resolved, That this Conference approve the labors of the editor of the Protestant Sentinel, and recommend to all friends of the Sabbath to use all reasonable exertions to extend the patronage of that paper.  

The paper was removed from Homer to Scheneectady, and was published two years, when it was removed, and published from that point until it was finally discontinued, for want of sufficient patronage. Deacon Maxson was a man of much intellectual vigor, strong religious convictions, and strict­ly Puritanic in his ideas of religious faith and practice. He died in DeRuyter, N. Y., and was prominently identified with the Seventh-Day Baptist Church and the DeRuyter Institute as long as it was con-
tinued as a denominational school. He was born in Newport, R. I., Jan. 25, 1792, and died in Dedham, May 19, 1876, in the 85th year of his age.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Not long since we attended a service in which the history of the American Flag was discussed. It may be of interest to some of our readers to review some of the facts we have gleaned from the American Farmer, (Washington, D. C.), a paper published in July. On June 14, 1777, Congress decreed that the flag for the thirteen original states should be “stripes, alternate red and white,” the Union to contain on a blue field “13 stars, representing a new constellation.” This flag was designed, and the first one made under the personal direction of George Washington. It has been supposed that the design was taken from, or at least suggested by, Washington’s family crest, which was a shield with stars and bars, though this is now thought to have been only a coincidence, just as it was also a singular coincidence that the bunting robe of the infant Washington is said to have been of white, bound with red and trimmed with blue ribbons.

The first official flag was made by Mr. Betsy Ross of 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, who afterward held the position of “Manufacturer of flags for the government.”

The house is still standing, and bears a sign to that effect. In this house was made the first American Flag, by Betsy Ross.” Each year, on Memorial Day, a flag is raised over her grave in Mount Moriah Cemetery, in from Philadelphia, the state in which she was born. The first American flag is singularly a new American flag.

At Ocean Grove, some hotel-keepers have been found selling tobacco to their guests contrary to the laws of the Association. President E. H. Stokes has notified all such parties that “They must desist at once and forever.”

M. André, in Paris, is soon to start in his balloon for the North Pole. It has long been thought that the aerial passage to that objective point offered the least resistance, and the test will soon be made. He proposes to take two other scientific persons with him and provisions enough to last four months.

In is stated that the Gentle population of Utah is not over 50,000 in the total of 250,000. The Mormon missionaries are bringing in from 3,000 to 5,000 Mormons annually as recruits. Polygamy is not openly practiced now, but the chances for the controlling influences of Christianity in that territory seem rather slim.

The Liberals, in England, have suffered a most overwhelming and continuous defeat. The Conservatives are now in complete control. Liberals, Radicals, Labor candidates, and Socialists have been placed in a small minority than for many years. Just what has been the cause of this revolution in political affairs it is difficult to see. But the liquor element is strong with the Conservatives.

The fact that Kansas City has grown into one of the greatest live-stock markets in the world, and in pork and beef packing ranks second only to Chicago, could not be explained if one did not know that Kansas sends her droves and herds very largely to that market. But this fact, together with the large number of swore shown to be in the state, is good evidence as to what is done with a large portion of the great corn crop of Kansas.

A TAILOR’s strike, now 16,000 strong, is going through the delightful experiences so common in these times. This strike in New York and Brooklyn will only be a repetition of others—illness, no income, deeds of violence, hungry families, permanent loss of position and property to very many, disappointment at the outcome of the strike, nothing gained, useless regrets and recriminations for their leaders’ avowal and their own folly.

Mr. Severnson, the Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, has issued a manifest to all of his followers and all “lovers of liberty,” that after September 1st a boycott shall be begun against the National Banking System. That is, genuine and good currency—must not be accepted, because it is imagined that when thus boycottted, then the banks will cease. In some way the banks are regarded by these fanatics as hostile to the people.

The Otsego Presbytery now stand a chance to be taught a lesson by the New York Synod of the Presbyterian Church, because the former body, contrary to instructions from the General Assembly, has committed the grand offense of licensing a student of Union Theological Seminary to preach. The Reverend Professor of Union Theological Seminary retains Dr. Briggs as a Professor, it is maintained that the graduates from that school must come under the same ban as the Doctor. This case will probably lead to much more church litigation.

The soil of southern Florida comprises a great variety of humus, or animal and vegetable matter, loam, marl, and sandy loam soil, which is covered by a soft limestone rock. These lands have a durable fertility, as will be seen from the large size of the trees and the rank growth of native grass in the timber, where stock grazes year without other sustenance. Since recent frosts have not interfered with many of the tropical fruit prospectus in Florida, people are turning their attention to other and more hardy lines of industry.

QUITE a sensation was caused among Americans in Kissengen, Bavaria, last week over the arrest of Mr. Louis Stern, of 32 West Twenty-third street, New York. Mr. Stern was present at a ball, having his son with him, but the rules of the hotel required that all children under fifteen years to be present. He was ordered to take his son away, but Mr. Stern refused, stating that his son was over fifteen, and therefore had the right to remain. Whereupon Baron Von Thuenen, Superintendent of the Garden, offensively caused the arrest of Mr. Stern. Indignation against the Baron runs high, and his dismissal will probably be demanded by our government at the same time with the release of Mr. Stern.

Liquor dealers contrive all manner of devices for concealing their doings. A dispatch from Boston describes a new one as follows: “One of the cleverest devices that have lately come to the notice of the police was discovered on Wednesday at a South Cove house. The police felt certain that the occupant of this house was dealing in liquor illegally, and they searched the place repeatedly, but failed to find any substantial sign of guilt. At last one man was sent among a search at this house happened to open the door of an innocent looking tall clock, when, lo! a faucet was revealed to his sight. He turned the handle of the faucet and beer flowed from it freely. Seizing the clock from the wall he saw a pipe which led him to a cutely covered hole in a dark cellar, where seven barrels of beer were found.”

There are in Texas some wonderful deposits of bat’s guano in two immense caves, known as the Uvalde and Olibo. The deposits of this kind in these caves cover an area of more than two square miles, and the depth of the deposits is thirty feet. These deposits have been accumulating for an unknown period, and the accumulation still continues. At the approach of night,
myriads of bats begin to make their exit from these caves, and this continues for hours, so dense at times as to obscure from view the sky over them; as the daylight comes they return to their abodes. These deposits are estimated at several millions of tons, and the guano is as rich in ammonia as the best Peruvian. Chemical tests have established its great value as a fertilizer, and it is now finding its way to the market in large quantities.

"THE PASTOR'S HEART." AN OUTSIDE VIEW.

My Dear Nephew and niece:—Thank you for your letter. I have read the article to which you alluded, "The Pastor's Heart," and see, as you say, that it is right in line with the talk we had together, only it is from the other side—the inside. If I repeat much that I have already said to you, you will excuse me, for there is a pathos in the appeal of the writer for a responsiveness and support to his ministry to souls that emphasizes the points I tried to set before you; and I am sure that if the wisdom and experience I try to impart has been partly gained through my mistakes, you will prize it the less, rather the more.

Doubtless you both think that you will never again complain that your pastor is boyish now that he is soon to lead your boy of eleven into the baptismal waters. Do you not see that it is a cause for thanksgiving instead of complaint? I pray that his heart may be always young for the sake of the young hearts he may more readily lead to Christ. You can now give thanks that he has, through that same boyishness and ready sympathy, won the confidence of your boy; for it is, with Stephen, part and parcel of that "beginning of confidence," which, if held steadfast, will make him a "partner of Christ." My dears, it rests largely with you that it shall be established.

For the sake of your own children you can never afford to criticize your pastor with the least shadow of depreciation. Something my father once said that last meeting I attended, with you? I blame for this...
This passage opened the door and thin light shone through the windows. It was the beginning of one of the longest, as well as most successful, pastorates on record, and the name of Dr. Shaw ranks among the first of American ministers. If you want to get good work of your pastor or people recommend, their good qualities. Praise them when you can honestly do it, and the best that is in them will thus be brought out.

Many other pastors might have become as powerful and efficient as this one, had a like support been granted them. Who is responsible that they did not, but in some instances became over-sensitive, shy and timorous—cripples, where they should have been mighty men of valor in bearing down the strongholds of sin and raising up the kingdom of Christ? When a pastor is ordained and placed over the church a charge is delivered to the church as well as to the pastor, but who ever heard of the church as having a charge thereafter? Enough is said of the duty of the charge to be delivered, and every instance of the church remembering that it had also one refreshing.

Dearly beloved, acquit yourselves of the sacred duty resting upon you and prove that the blessing and the benefit will not, by any means, be destroyed by enmity. Prove that you are each a sound, well-filled leaf in the "Pastor's Prayer Book," and you will soon realize that one page of each leaf has become a psalm city the writer saw.

The service of the church was a sermon. True, I have differed with my pastors with a mustache black as the raven's fur, whom we each delighted to have as the center of our attention. I have proved, and am still proving, to the church as a whole that one should not be brought as I do to stand up 'ere to-night and tell yez of the work of your pastor or people recommend, their good qualities. Praise them when you can honestly do it, and the best that is in them will thus be brought out.

"Well, you missed a good thing then," Thereupon he would proceed to give him some of the best points in the sermon. Others did the same. As a result strangers began to flock in, the church filled up, and the minister, enconced, would look himself to the utmost. This was the beginning of one of the longest, as well as most successful, pastorates on record, and the name of Dr. Shaw ranks among the first of American ministers. If you want to get good work of your pastor or people recommend, their good qualities. Praise them when you can honestly do it, and the best that is in them will thus be brought out.

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I received a letter by the same mail from Bro. D. H. Davis in which he says: "Dr. Swinney and Miss Burdick embark this evening by the "Empress of India," for Nagasaki, Japan, where they take the China P. & M. Steamship. They are due in San Francisco on the 9th of August. May God be with and bless them all the way, and soon restore Dr. Swinney. When restored we would be glad to have her return to China, but on no account should she be sent back until she is fully restored. I sent the statement of the doctors regarding the return of Dr. Swinney to Mr. Chester. At the service to-day five of the boys from the Boarding school were baptized, and also the cooie connected with the school, and united with the church. Mr. Davis left here July 8th. 1895. We rejoice that Dr. Swinney is improving and hope and pray that she may be fully restored and be able in due time to resume her dearly loved work in China.

Yours, O. U. WURTFORD.

Homeward Bound

July 7th, 1895.

My dear Mrs. Whitford:

Mr. Davis wrote your husband, I think, that we were starting on our way, Dr. Swinney and I, for America. I am disappointed it will be to our people! I have felt this so keenly and it has been so unexpected that it has been as sad business getting ready. We are, beyond all telling, grateful that Dr. Swinney is recovering from the prostration of mind; is quite herself. Her lungs are not yet clear and the opening into the plural cavity has not yet closed. We are hoping much from the voyage for her. If she is as much tired we shall break the journey a little and then we have the hope to see her in hand and heart in the way of life together.

They are also thoughtful in regard to the Sabbath.

We reached Trent on the evening of June 24th, and began the meetings the 25th. Sunday, June 25th, was our Sabbath. Three of these are the results of the work here last fall. The other one has found Christ as her Saviour since we came this time. These all join the Dell Rapids Church. The good work still goes on. Sinners are still seeking the Saviour. We expect to continue the work here in Trent until the evening of July 7th.

This South Dakota field is ripe for gospel harvest. It seems too bad to let this tent work stop for a six weeks' vacation. Pray that God may send the reapers to gather this golden harvest.

Dell Rapids, S. Dak., July 1st, 1895.

From S. R. WHEELER.

The work has been steadily attended to during the past quarter. I was away one Sabbath at Denver, and two Sabbaths on a tour to Calhan. But the services at Boulder were maintained each Sabbath. The second Sabbath in June was Children's Day with us. Also the last Sabbath in June was an extra occasion. The efficient superintendent, Bro. A. L. Clarke, arranged a fine programme, which was well carried out. On both these occasions the house was nicely decorated with flowers, and the services were of unusual interest. It is a great satisfaction to us to have a house of our own where we can feel at home, and which we are at full liberty to use, and I am thankful to say that Bro. F. Davis, purveyor of California, was with us the first Sabbath in June. This was our communion day. Bro. Davis preached a good sermon with earnestness, and then we partook of the emblems, in remembrance of our crucified Saviour. Of my people in attendance last Sabbath day, only a few attended the morning service.

The work in this state is a baptism of love, a baptism with the Holy Ghost. — The King's Messenger.
JOSEPH HARDY NESIEMA

The life of Joseph Hardy Nesistema has been called a "miracle in missions," and surely in his life we see the hand of a divine Providence who was working in a marvelous way his wonders to perform." Nesistema belonged to a family which served a Prince of Japan, and when he was fifteen years old he was obliged to begin offers to return to Japan with them and help the Embassy of a Divine Providence valuable assistance in their business with the colored people.

In 1872 a very important embassy came to America from Japan to inquire into the American system of education and Nesistema was summoned to assist them. He remained with them over a year, rendering them valuable assistance in their business with the government of the United States and Europe. The embassy realized the worth of his service for, on their return, they made him flattering offers to return to Japan with them and help put their new found educational theories into practice. Nesistema was eager to return to Japan, but he felt that he must go as a missionary of the Gospel and not as a servant, so he declined their offers and turned again to his theological studies.

His residence in this country convinced Nesistema of the need of Christian education for his country, and for this he worked and prayed. The embassy had carried back Western ideas and theories to incorporate into their school system. Nesistema would also carry the knowledge of the true Gospel. He made several appeals in behalf of this work, and it was subscribed to before he left America to lay the foundation of a Christian college in Japan.

With this joy in his heart and eagerness to bear the Gospel to his countrymen, after ten years in America he returned to Japan, the first ordained evangelist of his race. Very touching is the account of his meeting with his family after the long separation. He at once began to preach the gospel, and as soon as practicable laid the foundation of the great university which will ever be a monument to the earnestness and consecration of this noble man. The name of this university, Doshisha— one purpose in one endeavor—is significant. Nesistema felt that this was the work to which he was called, for he had had special preparation and opportunity for it; his life was long and patient, and his association with the embassy. The university was begun in a small way, but through the earnest efforts of its founder grew to its present size. There are various departments—theological, scientific and mechanical—of which the students are enrolled more than six hundred pupils, and all these come under the influence of the Gospel.

The great strain of raising funds and caring for the growth of the Doshisha was too much for Nesistema's health, and he died, in 1891, at the age of forty-seven. He died, but his work lives on and from the walls of the Doshisha go forth every year those who by their lives and works will help to win Japan for Christ.
set my ole bucket on de flo', and I kneaded down by a char' and I turned out my heart to O L O D. 'O L O D, isn't der no way I can do something mo' do' Africa?' For a long time I prayed, then I stopped, and ever since I haven't been still—and I heard a voice speak right to my heart—ZANIE, CHILD, LAY DOWN DAT PIPE.'

Aunt Zanie has learned to smoke that pipe when she was a little slave girl, lighting the pipe for her mistress, and now she has passed her thirtieth year, and for a long time it had been her one personal indulgence, her one luxury. Is there wonder that the missionary asked, "Aunt Zanie, do you think you can?" 'If de Lo'd say so?' was the wondering response.

"Yes, Aunt Zanie; if the Lord says so, he will enable you." Again the blessed little woman was gone, and again the days went by, until one morning she came to the missionary, and laying twenty-five cents in her hand, exclaimed joyfully, "Hear, Sister Peck, here's Aunt Zanie's first tobacco money for Africa.'

The days have grown into years since we grew a little lot of silver in Miss Peck's hand and heard her tell this story, but from then until now Aunt Zanie's tobacco money has been as sweet, as soothing, and joyous to me as to the nobler purpose of sending gospel light into dark places.

Reader, do you hear the repeated calls for help? Are you doing all you can to relieve the need? Have you a pipe? Some canna pleasure comes there, if you will give it up, and let the Lord use the money it costs. Will you?

Do you pray, dare you pray, as did Aunt Zanie, with honest purpose to obey, "Show me how to give more?" Then wait upon him as she did with such pleadings for the answer, and "Whatever he saith unto you do it."

When Christians thus pray and thus give, there is no need for worry, overflow, savings and reapers be multiplied, desert blossom, parched ground become a pool and thirsty land spring of water. How does the sacrifice compare with the boon? Will you lay down your pipe?

A HINT ON THE USE OF PERFUMES.

Lillie M—— came to see me yesterday, and after she had gone Maria G——, who was putting a new braids on my second best gown, said, "That Miss Lillie uses very nice perfumery. It is not everything that anything can smell a long way off, but something which makes you think of roses or violets when she passes on the street. How does she manage it?"

Maria G—— likes perfumery, but does not know how to use them.

"Not by putting cologne on her handkerchief, answered, decidedly, "Nobody should care about scents poured on their garments." I had to say this.

Perfumes are used sparingly by elegant people, a very vague sense of them. But Miss Peck's does add something of daintiness to a girl's toilette. It is right for you to have perfumes about them.

Fresh rose-leaves thrown into your bureau drawers and scattered in the boxes where you keep your laces and handkerchiefs, and sprigs of lavender or lemon verbena left there to dry will impart a pleasant sweetness to whatever lies among them. Oval root powder in little saucers, or a little of Miss Peck's between folds of tissue-paper, will give to your clothing in closet or ward-robe a delightful fragrance. If you use delicately with a sweet clean perfume, not of musk or anything strong and pronounced, and put a few drops of oil on your neck, I think you will like it. And you can keep everything then, when you bathe, you need not be afraid of any unfavorable comment on your daintiness. Perfumes always dainty. Soil and stain, dust and dirt, are never anything but repulsive.—Harper's Round Table.

THANKFULNESS.

Oh do I see me and know me?
Yet God doth never leave me quite.
When night comes on, I'm thereby taught
That more than the darkness, he will bring.
These gloomy nights will pass away—
How so? with the coming of day.
Kind Jesus lead me through the dark,
Be thou my pilot and my ark.
He will no way, nor any harm,
With him I'm safe, and I'm sure.
He with his arms made glad,
To slake the thirst of his own flock.
Christ in the wilderness did lead,
His children refreshed once in his judgment with the quails,
Yet grace and kindness never fail'd.
With all the fruits of his own land;
And thus he leads in this our day.
By desert and by flood,
His rocks are Jed to know his mind.
God's darkest providences I know
Suit well the road on which I go.
Straits, sickness, temptations, all
Do make me on the Lord to call.
The way I own has many a rock;
By darkest providences I look
Into my way, and steer more straight.
Thus darkness doth me kindness great.
It was a black cloud by day did guide
In fare, and through the darkness I do pass.
Tis a black cloud of grief and woe
That we may not see.
Yet in the dark he gave them light,
A sery pillar shone so bright.
That cloud's the forehead way
Which led them to Canaan's day.

A PASTURE WITH A ROCK IN IT.

"No, I don't go away summers," said good old Aunt Abby. "Oh, yes, I know; most folks do, the best of folks—ministers and all. And they tell me I'd ought to go; say its refreshing and curative and growing things and woolly places.

The church at the Hollow, and the one at the East road, and Mr. Edwards', all shut up for three weeks at a time in warm weather; and we don't have any Sabbath-school at all in July and August.

Mr. Edwards has more strength of body and mind, more help for his work and points for sermonizers, in his vacation at the seashore or the mountains than in all the year besides. I dare say. But I don't exactly see my way to going; there are things to see here, and something to be seen about the cheapest places. And I've got a way of my own having of a vacation. I don't know but after all I'm lifted and broadened and strengthened as much, and get as many points out of it, as if I'd been traveling. Maybe you'll smile when I tell you where I go, and what kind of a place it is. It's nothing in the world but a pasture with a rock in it.

It isn't half a mile from my house, though, I'm right in the busiest part of Factoryville, and a big bowlder nigh about rock to watch the Lord pass by. It's on the grass, and a good bit of—

"Well, do you know I hadn't more than spoke those words than I seemed to see a wonderful meaning in them. I forgot all about the heat and the dusty road, and I crawled through the rails and went over to the river and sat down on the grass, and I began to think. 'Why, I went on to myself, 'what's religion, when you think of it, or, come to that, what's heaven itself, any more than that—a pasture with a rock in it?' I began thinking that place then and there. I can't tell you what's been to me, and all the thinking and help and brand-new light I've found there. Points for sermons! Why, it's just bristled with them. I find a fresh one every time I go, and I haven't come to the end yet.

"Some days I'll be so tired I can't do a mortal thing but just stretch myself all length out on the grass and keep still, and then'll come into my head that verse out of mother's favorite Psalm—'I guess 'twas your mother too, 'tis mother's about me, and I'll hearken to mother's favorite—'

'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.' Deary me! I don't want a better sermon; and again I'll go to looking at the grass. There's red-top, and timothy, and a little clover, and it's just an everlasting wonder, such pretty, shaking in the wind. And I recollect how our Lord took notice of all such little things. 'If God so clothe the grass of the field,' you know; and, before I know it, that's led me off into the most comforting, beautiful thinking I never had, and again I'll go to looking at the grass.

'And then there's the rock; I can hardly talk much about that, but you know what I mean. 'Green fields beyond the swelling flood,' as mother used to sing, is all sightly and beautiful; but, after all, it's the Rock up there that's such a thing to lean on and look to. And down here in this world, too, lying down in green pastures and watching the grass is nice and comforting in fair days; but come to storms and rough weather, a rock is what we want after all."

'I believe I get more points out of that bowlder than I do out of the pasture. On a hot afternoon I get on the east side of it in the shade, and then I think of the man that shall be the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Sometimes there comes up a storm with such pouring rain, and I creep under the lee of that bowlder, and keep safe and dry. And then I am sure to get thinking of the strong rock for a house of defense,' and father's hymn,

'Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.'

'Sometimes it's Moses hiding away in the rock to watch the Lord pass by; again it's a rock with bringing water out of the rock; and lots of times it's about that tomb heaved up out of a rock, that new sepulchre in a garden wherein was never man yet laid. Or by spells I thing of David keeping his father's sheep, and leading them out in the pastures; or I go down to the rock out at eventide, and that beautiful story of the shepherd's abiding in the fields around Bethlehem."

"But, after all, I come back most times to the thing itself, just as it struck me the first time I ever saw it—a pasture with a rock in it. I don't go away in warm weather, and I never expect to now. For I'm getting on in years, and there's plenty of things in my own little water-ting here to last as long as I..."
shall for points to think about, and for strengthening and lifting and widening. It won’t be long at the most, before I go away for good—all with other. Afterward I shall be sound when I awake up there; but I can’t help hoping the place will be a little like a pasture, and I’m certain there’ll be a Rock in it.” —Annie Trumbull Blossom, in S. S. Times.

**ALFRED UNIVERSITY.**

To the Eflitor of THE SABBATH RECORDER: Dear Sir—Dr. Alfred will, no doubt, feel interested in the changes in assignment of recitation rooms which were adopted at the last annual meeting of the trustees. They are as follows:

Departments of Chemistry and Physics have been installed at the Gothic; the south wing of which will be used as a Chemical Laboratory; the north-east wing, for recitations in chemistry and physics; and the smaller room between the north-east and north-west wings, for a store room for physical apparatus.

The Chemical Laboratory is about the same size as the room in the Chapel Building so long used by Dr. Coon. It is well lighted, having windows on both sides and one end, and is supplied with water immediately at hand. It will no longer be necessary to limit the student’s laboratory practice to a stated hour in order that the gases generated in the course of his work, as well as the noise incident thereto, may not annoy and disturb classes at recitation, since the recitations will be heard in another room; and by giving over the entire room to laboratory practice, a larger number will be able to carry on their work at the same time.

The large and valuable collection of apparatus in the old room will be stored in a room by itself, where the gases arising from the work in chemistry will have no opportunity to corrode the metals of which the apparatus is composed or destroy the fine bearings and adjustments of delicate apparatus. The facilities for practical illustration in this department may now be increased by the addition of much needed new apparatus, for the purchase of which there is a considerable fund available; the income of the Bajoeck Chair of Chemistry, for which purpose, has been permitted to accumulate for some time past, as it was deemed wise to expend the same in the purchase of apparatus that could not be used or stored advantageously in the room herefore used jointly for physics and chemistry.

The north-west wing of the Gothic will be devoted to modern languages and Greek; the northern half of the wing being occupied by Prof. Martha B. Saunders; the southern half by Prof. Tomlinson.

The rooms in the Chapel Building vacated by Dr. Coon and Prof. Tomlinson will be occupied by Prof. Earl P. Saunders and Prof. Inez R. Maxson, for the Teachers’ Training Class, bookkeeping, penmanship, English composition, etc.

Pres. Davis’ classes in theology and philosophy will recite in the room in the Chapel Building where Prof. Ida F. Kenyon for many years met her classes in modern languages.

The other classes in theology and the classes in Greek, Latin, literature and English language and literature will recite in the room in the tower of Kenyon Memorial Hall, second floor.

H. E. W.

**UPS AND DOWNS.**

We have our ups we have our downs, Whither we go we may.”

The downs sometimes may cause us grief, But never let us lose our cheer.

We feel sometimes quite forsaken, But clouds shut out the light of heaven.

Sometimes our hearts are made to mourn, But we need not be cast down.

And when the heavens seem to frown, Our path is full of trouble.

But when the clouds have rolled away, And the sun shines out more fully.

There in heart we do rejoice, We have lost the cloud of sorrow.

Could we have died when little babes, How much we would have given;

We might have saved our lives From the pit of death and misery.

A praising God in heaven.

Now let us see, bright angels stand Ready to receive us.

And hear us safe to Canaan’s land Where Christ has gone before us.

**THE GOOD WE ALL MAY DO.**

Young people are very apt to wait until they are grown older before they begin to do anything for Jesus. It is not the great things that do the most good, but the little words of kindness, which we speak to those in trouble or trouble itself.

In our great cities where so much sorrow is caused on account of the saloons, we see so many young men and boys walking about with sad faces and disappointed looks; they appear careworn, and they seem older than they really are. Why do they not go home and find shelter there? It is because there they are no better than in the street. They have left their parents and their comfortable homes to take care of themselves, and this is why we see them, considered by all who see them as mere drunks.

Away down in these hearts there is a tender place, which we may reach if we ask Jesus for help. An interesting little story is told by a lady living in one of our large cities. She was passing a saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man into the street. He was very pale and his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone on the road to ruin. With clenched fists and loud oaths he threatened the saloon keeper who had treated him thus. He was so excited and so blinded by the effects of the liquor he had drunk that he did not see this lady, who stood very near him, until she laid hold upon his arm, and asked in a gentile, loving voice: “What is the matter?” This startled the young man. At the first word he drew back as though a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly around; he was paler than before, and trembled from head to foot. He looked earnestly into the lady’s face and said: “I thought it was my mother’s voice; it sounded like it, but her voice has been rushed in death for many years.” Said the lady, “and she loved you?” Then the young man burst into tears, and sobbed out: “Oh, yes, I had a mother, and she loved me; but since she died all the world has been against me, and I am low down into the valley.” “No, not lost forever. God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners,” said the lady. The young man stood in wonder. Then she spoke a few more kind words and went on her way home. He followed a little behind her until he saw what she had done. He wrote down the name he read on her door plate, then turned away, feeling deeply sensi-

**WILL IT PAY.**

—BY ARTHUR J. BURKIN.

When some venture in business is brought to our mind, The question we study with care, And we stop to consider the results, The questions are far from poor.

To see if the prospects are fair, And before we launch out in the new enterprise, The chances we carefully weigh;

We pause to glance thoughtfully on every side, And ask of ourselves, “Is it pay?”

Now in matters of morals, as well as finance, “Tis well to go cautious and slow, Before we hazard one’s head or soul ahead, And ask, “Will it pay?” etc. we go.

“Tis well to ponder questions entered on the sports, Which from right will lead us straith, And ask our hearts, “Shall we pay?”

And ask of ourselves, “Will it pay?”

Aha! the cup that holds wine, it can never hold fame, Nor honor, nor wisdom, nor wealth; It can never hold happiness, nor content; It never holds long life nor health.

Is the life too rich and too precious, my boys, To carelessly cast it away, So before you take up the death-dealing cup, Just ask of yourselves, “Will it pay?”

**MARMALOUC OIL WELLS.**—President Eaton, of the Oil Well Supply Company, told a Bradford correspondent of the New York Sun, that he had been out to Europe to take a look at Russia’s phenomenally prolific wells, and was astonished. The daily production is between 30,000 and 35,000 barrels. It could be increased to 50,000 barrels per day, but the rocks are controlled by gate valves, because there are inadequate storage facilities and an insufficient demand. One peculiarity of the oil in Russia is its being blown out of the sand at the openings. One mound was found to be 600 feet long, ten feet high, fifteen feet at the bottom, and twenty-four hours at the top. The sand is thrown up by the oil. The big wells in America cannot be compared to the Russian geyser, Mr. Eaton says he saw one well flowing at the rate of more than 40,000 barrels per day, and was told that another nearly 80,000 barrels per twenty-four hours, and averaged the first 82 days 28,000 barrels per day...
Young People's Work

Dear Young Friends:

This is the first time that I have spent an hour or more in writing to you from the depot at a railway station. During the past two years, on a number of occasions, I have used the time while waiting for trains in writing for this page. I am now in the station at Janesville, Wis., I remember spending the time between two and five o'clock one winter morning at Lima, Ohio. One blustering hot summer afternoon was passed in "pencil meditation" at Wasaca, Minn. At two different times I have written from a temple of the Goddess of the Peace, and once from a camp in the mountains on the Ohio line. I have found that they were never required, and I have had the overflow; (this is usually my luck) when anthems by the choir or overflow meetings, but two things did come together, and it was a fair trial, change to something else. In nearly all the cases where I have had the chance to know of the early life of such people, I have found that they were never required to stick to anything until it was finished. If the children did not want to do it, or had a "hearsay" or a "mystery" to them, they would not do it. I am sure that our children would do it if they were given a fair trial, change to something else.

The longer I live and the more boys and girls I see grow up, the more I am impressed with the importance of teaching children to complete any task which has been given to them. I see young men and women fail in business, I see them begin a term of school with every prospect of success, and then see them drop out before the term closes. I see them accept positions of honor and trust where work is required, and then give up in a short time. I see them begin to work at something, and then, before they have given it a fair trial, change to something else. In nearly all the cases where I have had the chance to know of the early life of such people, I have found that they were never required to stick to anything until it was finished. If the children did not want to do it, or had a "hearsay" or a "mystery" to them, they would not do it. I am sure that our children would do it if they were given a fair trial, change to something else.

I do not believe that "form and ceremony" vanishes with the wind. New York follows with the white and gold relieved by tall, feathery fens, adorning the platform. On the organ was a Greek cross and a C. E. monogram in diaries. The only bit of color was a little chair covered with roses, to indicate that the Juniors were to be particularly prominent on the programme.

At the hour for the service, half-past ten, there was a "processional" of the Juniors, nearly forty in number, to the strains of the State Junior Hymn. These girls, dainty in their white gowns, these boys, our future men and women, were truly a pleasing sight as, singing, they marched about the church. Just before taking their seats, the bunch of diaries that each one carried was placed on a table, to be used later as a remembrance for their friends who could not be present.

The programme was arranged by the Social Committee of the Senior Society, and was in charge of Mrs. Henry M. Maxson, Superintendent of Junior Work. The Juniors' part of the programme consisted of several songs, a very pleasing quartette by four of our boys, a Bible reading on the subject of the day—Love—prepared for them by their superintendent, and the Lord's Prayer by the congregation, led by the Juniors. The beautiful anthems by the choir were in harmony with the theme of the day. A pleasing and instructive address to the Juniors was made by the Rev. L. E. Livermore. The contribution for the day, amounting to $23 50, was divided between the two societies. The Juniors, at the request of the two societies, agreed to send $15 to the Fresh Air Fund, to be used in hospital work for the children. Again, at the Sabbath-school in the afternoon, the Boys' Quartet, consisting of Lawrence Miller, Charles Noggle, Charles Titusworth, and Raymond Gorton, gave us a song; Ethel Haworth read a story, "The Children's Hymn;" and the Juniors a song entitled "God Is Love." Thus ended our "Children's Day," and still not ended, for it had shown to our people our sturdy band of Juniors and their promise of future strength, and left with all a pleasant memory.

OUR MIRROR

The Westerly (R. I.) Y. P. S. C. E. took entire charge of the Sabbath-school service, July 30th, and under the direction of its Sabbath-school Committee gave a report from the recent International Convention. A programme entitled, "Echoes from Boston, "Reading the New Testament," as the result of the usual exercises. Mrs. James Jolly, chairman of the Sabbath-school Committee presided. "Onward Christian Soldiers," and "Throw out the Life Line," favorite hymns at the Convention, were sung, and prayer was offered by Rev. W. C. Daland. The exercises were concluded by a paper, descriptive of the opening session of the Convention in Tent Endeavor, by Miss
Children’s Page.

TOMMY TROUT’S GRUMBLE MEETING.

“I don’t see what mother wanted to go off to paradise for to-night,” whined Tommy Trout, rubbing the knees of his pants before the blaze of the little sitting-room fire. “I know that any of you have got to praise God for anything that we are just as poor as—I couldn’t have a sled this winter—caused we couldn’t afford it, and neither has to, provided there is a long—last year—Here a great lump stuck in Tommy’s throat, and made it ache, and his eyes seemed to grow moist.

“I know,” said grandma, from the other side of the fire, as she laid down her knitting and took a piece of cloth and wiped them. “Last year there was a dear, good father to come home at night with comforts that his strong hands had earned, and who never left us in the morning without a kiss and a kind word; but he went up to heaven. Don’t you remember how he told his boy, just before he went to be sure and serve the Lord, and be a comfort to mother, and get ready to come and live with his father some day?”

Tommy wiped away the tears, but sat still.

“I, grandma!” and sorry tears came into the little boy’s eyes.

Here’s the great good Father, who has given you all those blessings, who knew what was best when he took father away; who loves us and cares for us every day, who never leaves the house without us. Shall we grumble, Tommy?”

“No, no!” cried he, jumping up to throw his arms around her neck and kiss her, “I don’t. I don’t wonder that mother wanted to go to praise meeting!”

“Bless me!” said mother, coming in that moment, her cheeks pink and her vail frosty, “what bright faces! You must have been talking about something to make her?”

“We’ve been holding a grumble meeting,” said grandma.

“Then it turned it into a praise meeting,” said Tommy.—Dinnie McDole Hayes, in Sunday School Times.

WHAT A DYING CHILD SAW.

Some people living on Macoumb street entered a house to find father and mother and Tommy and little Dolly lying on the floor. Tommy was a boy four years old, dead in his cradle. The parents looked like beasts—the child wore the sweetest, tenderest smile on its white face that any heart ever saw; it had been ailing for days, and its brief life had been full of bitter woes, but yet the women cried as they bent over the cradle, and kicked off its cold sheets and felt of its icy hands.

Father and mother lay down at dark the evening shadows danced across the floor and seemed to grasp at him, the boy who would not die. The day had been less of a trial to the heart and cradle, and father, earns goes over the bar of the saloon for drink. Once he beat the mother black and blue. They were much afraid he never would get over it. The neighbors had him arrested, but he was worse than ever after he got out.

“Oh—h!” said Tommy, drawing a long breath and looking a little foolish. “Shan’t we complain a little because you haven’t such a father, instead of one waiting to welcome you in heaven? No? We don’t seem to see that on this meeting. Let’s take something else. We are poor, but that’s a fact. You can’t have fine clothes, nor half the playthings that people living on Macon street have. It’s hard to be just like Billy McGranahan’s father, earns goes over the bar of the saloon for drink. Once he beat the mother black and blue. They were much afraid he never would get over it. The neighbors had him arrested, but he was worse than ever after he got out.

“Nothing but bread and milk,” said Tommy, the whine coming in his voice.

“Now we’ve got a good start. If only you had the nice, light meal that I saw two little folks have there might be something to be thankful for. It might have a little salt beside it on an old shanty, and the older one was eating snow, but the younger one was crying bitterly. I stopped and asked what was the matter, and she said, ‘I’m so hunry.’ The older one said, ‘We’ve had nothing to eat since morning. I eat snow, but she don’t. Don’t you know it’s a great wrong to praise God for if you had been in their place?’

Tommy hung his head.

“Then these two little girls had on some old shoes that grown folks had worn out; I saw they had no stockings on. There’s a good melody in it, and the heavy breathing of the drummers made the child tremble and the child crying and wailing. It was too weak to crawl out of the cradle, and its voice was not strong enough to break the chains of drunken stupor. When the sun went down and the evening shadows danced across the floor and seemed to grasp at him, the boy who would not die. The day had been less of a trial to the heart and cradle, and father, earns goes over the bar of the saloon for drink. Once he beat the mother black and blue. They were much afraid he never would get over it. The neighbors had him arrested, but he was worse than ever after he got out.

“Is it morning?” he whispered, but the drummers on the floor slept.

Then he looked at his father’s face, and the light had driven every shadow away. He was no longer afraid. The ashes and peat were covered, and suffered for days past went away all at once.

“Mother! Mother! hear the music!” he cried, and from out of the soft, white light came an answer.

“I am thy mother!” she softly said.

He was not afraid. He had never seen her before, but she looked so good and beautiful that he held up his wasted hands and said:—

“I will go with you.”

The music grew yet softer, and the melody was so sad and tender, and yet so full of love and rejoicing that the drunks and on the floor moved a little and muttered broken words.
Other angels came, and the light fell upon the boy's face in a blazing shower, turning his curls and whiskers gold. He held up his arms and laughed for joy.

"Heaven wants you!" the angel whispered. "Earth has no more sorrow—no further misery. Come!"

And he floated away with them, leaving the sleeping child behind. The light faded out, the music died away, and the old house was again filled with the grim, threatening shadows which sat around the bedroom, and touched their bony faces with their gaunt skeleton fingers, and laughed horribly while the drunkards groaned in uneasy slumber.

When people came in the shadows went out.
The sleepers still slept their sodden sleep, and wept their tears of sorrow.
Men and women bent low over the dead child, smoothed back its curls and whispered: "Poor, dead boy!"

They knew not that he had seen the angels, and that they had borne him to heaven's gate.—Detroit Free Press.

DR. PARKHURST'S ADVICE.
The first and fundamental thing that the higher education of the child in the way of education is, then, to help make him a little moral vertebrate, writes the Rev. Charles J. LeMoir, in "Ladies' Home Journal.

The Training of a Child," in the August Ladies' Home Journal. There needs to be developed in the child a spirit of growth, and down him that shall form the axis around which his growing personality shall gather itself in compactness and fixity. That will make the boy mean something, and make him mean more and more till the end of time, and clear on into eternity. It is the only thing that will make him worth calling a personal integer.

To learn to obey is the hardest even as it is the first lesson to learn a child. One of the most precious of the years is the period in which children are taught that obedience is the seed kernel out of which his intelligence and holiness waxed.

HELPING THE PEOPLE AT HOME.
There are very few of us earning our living who have not some one else to care for, and that is much to the credit of the American girl. There is a very sensible article on "The Girl and her money," in the August Ladies' Home Journal. Sometimes it is the people at home; sometimes it is a younger sister who is to be helped with her education, but always a helping hand is needed. You laugh at the idea of making a will, but no matter how little you have, if it is not enough but your gold watch, you ought to attend to its disposition. And if there are people depending upon you, stop the soda-water, stop the candy and have your life insured. You will not die any sooner, and you feel that the older mother or the younger sister you love so dearly will not, when you cease to be here, depend upon the hard charity of strangers.

SCHOLARSHIP AND BRAIN.
The other day while the journals of this country were filled with the news of the athletic games between our various colleges, and the wrangling concerning them, while the cheers which followed the Cornell crew down the harbor had not yet died out, the English papers were painting the portraits of the young men who had won the Senior wrangler, and other scholastic honors in their great universities.

It may not be wise or timely or sportsman-like to suggest that men with trained minds ought to play a larger part in the world's economy than sprinters, jumpers, oarsmen, and ball players; but when it is remembered that the English papers are not wholly wrong, certainly most of the students of a university are there for the improvement of their minds. Another, and the ostensible object of a university is teaching.

The sound of the modern college challenge, and the tone of the modern inter-collegiate discussion, are beginning to resemble too much the swagger of professionalism. A little more of this, and the college would put an end to inter-collegiate sport altogether. And this would be regrettable. The body of the young American of to-day has been vastly bettered by the athletic contests in which he has engaged as a student. The stimulation which inter-collegiate contests have afforded to physical exercise has been so marked that the physical condition of the whole body of students has been greatly improved. Rather than have inter-collegiate contests abandoned, we would have them improved.

With an abandon born of vindictiveness, some of our people are talking about the "improper" attitude of some of the "boys" in the way of "boastfulness and trickery" which inevitably characterize professionalism, and that thoroughly unsportsmanlike feeling which puts the prize of victory above the pleasure of a fair contention for it.

But all this good cannot be gained unless the athlete is taken down from his pedestal and put upon a level with his fellow-students. When he goes out into the world, if he has been an athlete and nothing else in college, he finds that many a classmate whose name was never in the newspapers in youthful days is vastly his superior in the important after part of life. Why should not the real student have some recognition in undergraduate days?

Why should he wait until he is a judge on the bench to find himself on a par with his old-time muscular demi-god who passes his old age as a judge of boat-races? Even more important, however, than the rights of the scholar are the fine results in athletic contests themselves that would follow their proper subordination to the real work of the universities.—Harper's Weekly.

FROM MILL YARD CHURCH.

BY MAJOR T. W. RICHARDSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SABBATH RECORDER:

As our American brethren have shown so great an interest in our poor little church over here, they may like to hear a little from us from time to time.

Last Sunday (July 7th) we held our third annual "Garden Party" at my house. Invitation tickets were sent to each member, whether living at home or abroad; and to those who have to see us in the course of business with friends. It has been my desire for years to cultivate the social aspect of our church. Though I have been a member just fifteen years, till quite recently I had but a very vague idea as to who were members and who not; and as to where they lived I knew still less. Our Party this year has proved a decided success. Though our numbers were by no means large, we had doubled those of former occasions.

One lady visitor has been a Sabbath-keeper for many years and has promised that if she lives a single year longer she will also keep the Fourth. Another, the wife of one of our members, is seriously thinking of being baptized, in which case I have no doubt she will also join the church. Our organist, who is a Wesleyan, has applied for baptism but cannot see his way to leave his church.

But to return to our Party; we spent a very pleasant afternoon at croquet on the lawn before and after tea. I managed to take some photo. groups, one of which (un-mounted) I sent to our brother, the Rev. W. C. Daland, whom we were very sorry not to have had with us on that occasion. His visit was one of great pleasure to us all around.

At 8 P. M. our members withdrew from the Party to hold a church business meeting, at which, as a matter of course, we applied for re-admission to church membership.

The vote was taken and he was duly re-admitted. I am sorry to say that as a result, one of our members has so far shown his lack of Christian charity as to resign his membership.

I may add that he never attended a single service of our church since the death of our late respected pastor, the Rev. W. M. Jones, D. D.

The Church, amongst other business, unanimously resolved to request the Rev. W. C. Daland to act as our delegate to the coming Baptist General Conference at its coming meeting.

On our Church meeting being ended we again joined the rest of the Party, and the remainder of the evening rapidly passed with music, singing and other family amusements, ever bearing in mind that in whatever we do, to do all to the glory of God. "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us." Now I must close this letter with our fraternal greetings. In "the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus."—Wes GIBRANT, Eng., 14, 7, 1895.

A DILEMMA.

With an abandon born of vindictiveness (the more's the pity to have to say it) the Baptist minister at this place, of whom the readers of the Recorders have recently heard, in this department, followed up his public deliveries by writing up an account of the modus operandi, with which he put the whole Seventh-day question in a hole, so to speak.

Evidently it was intended to set forth the prowess of the redoubtable gladiator, and really would have shown up as an alarmingly sanguinary affair, had his opponent kindly come to time in the last round, but he failed to do this, and so he and the cause stands. In fact, this connection, were counters vanquished.

This remarkable letter consisting of nearly a column was published in the Baptist Christian Chronicle,—the organ of the Missionary Baptist in this part of the country. It appeared in the Graphic, a copy was furnished the editor by one of the own members. He was afterward taken to task by the redoubtable ex-corior, when he
told him that the malignity with which the anxious parents had surrounded their child, people, therefore he couldn't understand why he should have objection. He replied that he didn't write it for Hammond readers.

After that declaration it is hardly worth while to say anything further, not even that only one species of honor constitutes one of the cardinal virtues, that it is altogether an exceptional case where it seems to be entirely wanting in a gospel minister.

This letter has evidently done no harm to any except the writer of it. On the several occasions which have occurred wherein the representation of a minister have been desired since this time was published, Mr. Lewis has officiated. Expressions of good-fellowship are especially profuse since the published onslaught.

At the sitting of the Grand Jury of this parish, a few weeks since, close following the Sabbath controversy, five of us Seventh-day Baptists were hailed before that body at Amite City, fifteen miles distant, on Sabbath day. Since we do not purpose posing as martyrs, we went. It was done for the purpose of showing the unreasonableness of our people's goods on Sunday. At this juncture there seemed to be a consuming desire on the part of one or two people to purify the public morals of Hammond so far as Seventh-day Baptists were concerned, (and the effort was directed solely to that end, while, as since ascertained, the conditions of success were largely more apparent in several quarters had their eyes not been "held" for a purpose. At this date we have not far to go to find that instead of source for the purposes of inspiration to this unusual proceeding.

It goes without saying that it is a very unsatisfactory business to waste time in publishing any refutation of public utterances that consist largely of malicious misrepresentation—hence there has been no effort, nor will there be.

This for those who have expressed a desire by letter to know more of this matter. P. HAMMOND, LA. July 21, 1895.

THE STRANDED VESSEL

It was a fearful night off the coast of W——. The wind blew terrifically—howling down the chimneys and rattling the doors and casements of the ship as she streaked through the water, and breathed a prayer for the poor mariners. The morning dawned, and I hastened to the beach. The gale continued with unabated fury, and the sea lashed the bold cliffs with a grandeur rarely seen. The white foam whirled through the air, and the billows broke high over the pier and lighthouse of the port in sheets of spray.

The scene was intensely grand and awful. A vessel in distress was off the coast—no other sail appeared on the horizon. Many an eye was watching her with doubt and anxiety, as she struggled to reach the shore, and labored hard to make the port. The glass revealed her condition. All the sails but one were down, and the crew labored to support the main—remained—her only hope; her masts were splintered, and her spars dangled among the ropes. For some time we watched her dubious course, as she was beaten nearer and nearer the shore. And now, on, on she sped, driven by the wind and the incoming tide! It was an almost insuperable obstacle to the craft. When will she can make the port? Now she stands far—now—now—she enters! Backward again! Now she gains on it, but too much to her disadvantage. In five minutes more she lay a stranded hulk upon the beach!

Oh! Well she near the port, and just to miss entering,—what could be more melancholy and disappointing? But this was only a ship—a lifeless thing of timber. What must a stranded soul be? Are souls souls are soulful and precious souls—yes, thousands, who are in a similar case! See how they work and toil for the poor unfortunates with no rope is left untouched! How they straiten, but this use of tobacco by the insane in its asylums, the way he should go, and shall not be able! Luke 15: 24.

THE COMING CONFERENCE

The committee on reception and entertainment of delegates to the General Conference desire to call attention to the map on the sheet enclosed in this week's Record, showing the location of the Plainfield Railroad Station and the Seventh-day Baptist Church, that delegates and friends may have a definite idea as to church situation on their arrival. The frequency of the trains arriving in Plainfield, and large numbers of strangers coming daily, make it impracticable for the committee to meet them all at the Railroad Station, and to have friends to come at once to the church, on their arrival, where they will be assigned entertainment. Bring your baggage and baggage checks with you, and the Baggage Committee will attend to its delivery.

Let the map remind you that you have not yet sent your names to the committee, if this be so, and acting on the reminder, send your name at once to J. D. Spicer, Plainfield, N. J. Do this whether you are invited by friends or whether you have been provided with entertainment or not. Ask the committee to know all who are coming.

Trains leave New York by New Jersey Central Railroad, foot of Liberty Street, as follows: 7.15, 8.00, 8.40, 9.10, 10.00, and 11.45 A. M., and 1.10, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.15, 5.00, 5.45, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 7.00, *7.30, and 8.00 P. M.

No TOBACCO FOR LUTHERANs.—The City of New York has passed a law prohibiting the use of tobacco by the insane in its asylums. If this law were enforced in such a manner as to suppress the use of the weed by all the lunatics who are now smoking, a much-needed reform would be inaugurated. It is a great comfort to know that there are public institutions in the State of New York in which the air is not contaminated by the noxious fumes of tobacco. One cannot enter a great hotel, lecture-room, hall, or scarcely a church, in all the great commonwealth, in which one does not inhale the nauseous effervescence of tobacco. If the use of the weed continues to increase at its present rate in the State of New York, the time may come when it will be necessary for one to flee either to the country or to a lunatic asylum to get rid of this monstrous nuisance.—Good Health.

A GENTLEMEN once asked a lawyer what he would provide he had lost a man $500, and the man left the country without sending any acknowledgments.

The lawyer replied, 'write him to send an acknowledgment for the $500 you lent him, and he will doubtless reply stating that he was only sent for the receipt, and you can proceed against him if necessary.'—Harper's Round Table.
The science of electricity is rapidly unfolding its wonderful capabilities. It is within our own recollection when the first telegraph line in the United States was laid between the Capitol and the White House, in Washington, and when, soon after, it was extended to Baltimore, and people could communicate that great distance almost instantly. It was a most wonderful development of science that electricity could be made to transmit intelligence.

From that time the march of improvement has been steady and rapid, and to-day we see oceans spanned by cables, lines extended to the "ends of the earth," and communication with the people is had daily in all parts of the world.

Electricity, whatever it is, by its activity seems to permeate everything, and yields on scientific principles a willing assistance in every form and kind of industry where force is needed or quickness desired. Its wonderful power cannot be measured or its speed accurately determined. From the tiny motor of a few years ago which could not drive even a small wheel, we now have in the air at Niagara Falls the first one, of 40 dynamos, of 5,000 horse-power each.

Nicola Tesla, who knows more than any other living man about electricity, tells us that a 100,000 horse-power each can be transmitted by wire to New York, and even to Chicago.

We are told that it circumscribes the earth from west to east continuously in the fraction of a minute, thus forming the circuit, and back and forth over the grounds of the world as in San Francisco and New York forming the circuit, one-half the distance being traveled in the earth. As further proof of activity let two flat iron bars, of equal form and size, be laid on the earth, one north and south and the other east and west, one of the bars will become magnetized and assume polarity, the other will not. I am informed that our railroads are thus electrically affected.

There is no calculating the possibilities of this wonderful agent. There are more men to-day engaged in solving problems and making appliances of electricity than in all the other ages of the world together.

Will not Nicola Tesla, or some other one of the multitude of electrical Ph. D.'s, inform us whether electricity is a fluid or a solid, and of what it consists, and how, or in what way its wonderful; traveling capacity is produced? H. R. D.

A REFORMATION NEEDED

To the Editor of the Recorder.

In the Recorder of May 30th, 1895, p. 339, under the head of "Contributed Editorials," are sketches from prominent men, giving their views why the churches do not prosper more in a spiritual way. Also in the Rozzen of June 5th, on p. 359, a piece entitled, "Why isn't so?" It sets forth some very plain things that ought to be heeded by all members of churches, but I am sorry to say it is too true to deny.

Reading these two pieces cause my mind to run back to a copy of the Rozzen, of last fall (the date I cannot give), in which was printed the "Articles of Faith and Practice of the Seventh-Day Baptist Church." One of these Articles reads nearly like this: "We believe the law of God to be the rule of faith and practice." The Seventh-Day Baptists claim as a Church to believe it is just as binding on them to keep the fourth Commandment as any other of the ten. This is my belief also. Now I wish to give some of my views. I believe that we are under just as much obligation to take other parts of the Bible "as our guide," as we are to take the Ten Commandments, and if this is true, I wish to ask if the women of the Church do follow that as a rule. Let us see for a moment. The women of our Church go through the works of going to the house of worship without first "frizzling" their hair, then their hats must be "of the latest style" with such ornaments on them that the persons sitting behind them cannot see the preacher, or they cannot go to Church because they "have nothing to wear on their heads," and their dresses must be of the "latest fashion," or they "cannot go looking as well as others do." Some with sleeves from the shoulder to the elbows must be large enough to almost fill the width of the church door as some women do. Surely this is equally bad, while the lower part of the sleeves are tight to the arm, and the body of their dresses must be trimmed with costly trimming. Their shoes must fit so tight that their feet are not so much with small feet, and to whom we send missionaries to convert them to Christ. Now I wish to know if they "take the Bible as their only rule of faith and practice." Where in it do we find anything that forbids them using the Bible. Are we taught that Christians should follow the fashions of this world? See Rom. 12:1, 2 1 Tim. 2: 9, 10, and 1 Peter 3: 1-5 inclusive. Is the devil "beguiling" them now as he did our mother Eve? Now what is it to be a Christian? Webster tells us on page 890 of his Unabridged work what it is. Let us read 2 Cor. 6: 12, 16. Now in what way do they "come out from among them," i. e., the world's people? "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 5: 16. Are such acts, done by professing Christians, such as lead sinners to Christ? I have heard wicked people say that "if such an one goes to heaven I believe, for they do not live any better than I or the Devil." I should be classed with those spoken of in Matt. 23: 24? If not, let us return to that "Article of faith and practice," and try to be more consistent with all of God's Word, that with the poet we can say.

"Then will I tell to all around What a dear Saviour I have found; I'll point to thy redeeming blood And say 'behold the way to God.'

Enoch Colton.

Adams Centre, N. Y., July 26, 1895.

Special Notices.

ANNIVERSARIES.

General Conference, Plainfield, N. J., August 21-26, South-Western Association, Ponca, Arkansas, Oct. 31, to Nov. 4, 1895.

Persons west of Chicago who wish to attend the General Conference at Plainfield, N. J., will do well to order by letter with Ira J. Ordway, 205 West Madison St., Chicago.

All persons contributing funds for the New Mission Reading Rooms for seamen will please notice that Mrs. W. L. Russell is the Treasurer. Please address her at Plainfield, N. J.

The undersigned desires to call the attention of those interested in the Catholic Church to their ad. in this issue of the Rozzen, and shall be glad to meet any such at Plainfield, N. J., during the General Conference.

J. T. Davis.

The Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N.Y., will meet the last Sabbath in September and the last Sabbath in following for public worship, at 24 fl. M., at the residence of Dr. S. C. Ross, 21 Grant St. Sabbath-keepers in the city and adjacent villages, and others are most cordially invited to attend.

The Seventh-Day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corner of Church and Genesee streets, at 2:30 P. M. Sabbath-school following preaching service. A general invitation is extended to all, especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath.

M. B. Keilley, Pastor.

The Chicago Seventh-Day Baptist Church holds regular Sabbath services in the lecture room of the Methodist Church Block, corner of Clark and Washington Streets, at 2:30 P. M. Sabbath-school at 3:30 P. M. Strangers are always welcome, and brethren from a far are cordially invited to meet us. Pastor's address, L. C. Randolph, 6124 Wharton Ave.

The First Seventh-Day Baptist Church of New York City holds regular Sabbath services in the Boys' Prayer-Meeting Room, on the 4th floor, near the elevator, Y. M. C. A. Building; corner 4th Avenue and 23d St.; entrance on 23d St. Meeting for Bible study at 10:30 A. M., followed by the regular preaching services. Strangers are cordially welcomed, and all bhreed in the city over the Sabbath are especially invited to attend the service. Pastor's address, Rev. J. G. Burdick, New Mispah, 509 Hudson St.

The Yearly Meeting of the Seventh-Day Baptist Churches of Southern California, meeting with the Bethel Church, commencing Friday, September 27, 1895, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Eld. C. W. Threlkeld is appointed to preach the introductory sermon. Eld. C. H. VanHorn, alternate.

Papers on the following subjects have been assigned: 1st. "Some of the Influences Leading our Young People Astray, and how to Counteract them." Howell Lewis.

2d. "How can our Evangelists and Missionaries more thoroughly Arouse the Conscience of the People in regard to the Claims of the Bible Sabbath?" Eld. C. A. Burdick.

3d. "Three Essential Conditions of Church and denominational Growth." Mrs. A. E. Howard.

We hope to see a good delegation from all the churches; and pray for God's blessing on the meeting.
And I don’t think Katie ever forgave her “Zio’s” in-laws.

**WILLIE’S GOLD MINE.**

"If I were rich, I’d never go to school another day!" exclaimed Willie, as he threw his books and pen and papers off the edge of the sitting-room. "That’s the use of bothering away one’s time in school, anyway!"

"Well, Willie," inquired grandma, cheerily, from her pleasant corner, "how would you like to own a gold mine—you very own?"

"A gold mine! My! I like it awfully, grandma; but," continued Willie, slowly, "I don’t s’pose I’ll ever own one, me!"

"No reason why you can’t, if you really want one," replied grandma, smiling.

"Huh! Do tell me quick!" cried Willie, eagerly. "I guess Jim West won’t feel so big if I can buy him a gold mine!" And Willie whisked gaily at the thought.

After a moment’s silence, Willie continued, thoughtfully: "I can’t buy a gold mine, for I’ve only two dollars in my bank, and a mine will cost hundreds."

"Now, Willie," said the old lady, "you spell out the words and it took her some time to make it out. After two or three trials she succeeded in reading distinctly, "Thou seest me."

Then grandma talked very seriously and in a low voice, the sin of disobedience and the guilt of covering a sin, and Katie was very much impressed, and resolved then and there to be a better girl. She looked at Grandpa with great awe.

"God told him," she said to herself, how dreadful to have God look right at me, and then tell grandma, all alone in his room, what I did! How good grandma must be to have God told him, and so long as he lives, let him safe his face shines just like Moses’ when he came down from the mount."

"I'll take off your shoes, grandma?"

"My shoes! What for my dear?"

"When God talked with you upstairs, and told me I walked on the very floor of hell, and then take off your shoes, like Moses?"

"Oh, my dear little girl," said grandma with a rather marked expression on his face, "God does not now-a-days talk to his chil- dren face to face; but he leads and guides them, as he did in the time of Moses. I think he led me to go to my room upstairs, that I might see on my soft feather bed the deep footprints you had left there; and then told me, that your mother had smoothed so carefully, all tumbled and wrinkled, and observed as I did your little mistake in hanging your watch with its face to the wall, just as if helping you to know what you had done."

"Now, grandma’s face was very serious. There is one verse in God’s Word, that Katie, it would be well for little girls and boys—and grown-up men and women, to remember: ‘Be sure your sin will find you out.’"

**REMEDY FOR SQUEAKING SHOES.**

"...A man who sweats squeakily, will only grow more abominable, unless he has a pretty woman."

"I didn’t think an old man would be so nosy about the goings-on of a young girl. She directed her glance toward a young man who was groveling on his knees, filled floor. 'Ah,' women know more than men, and if I had that young man in the room for ten minutes, I would give him some good advice."

He does not make much money and cannot afford to buy expensive shoes, and has to be content with ready-made ones. Nearly all ready-made shoes squeak, and the reason is this: When the inner and outer soles are put together there is generally some grit between them. And the grinding of the foot causes the little pebbles, which are harder than the leather, to cut the balls bearing on a bicycle, and thus the squeak. A dealer told me a way to remedy this. You can buy your shoes squeaking, and put them in a shoeembracer and have a piece of paper in the middle."

Then grandma came out of the sitting-room, and held up a gold mine. "I bought one today, Won’t you see it?"
