"ON THAT GLAD DAY."
BY STEPHEN HENRY THAYRE.

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

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

—The Outlook.
Sabbath Recorder.

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

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Plainfield, N. J. Post-Office, March 12, 1886.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. L. C. Cardwell, Who Entered Into Life Eternal May 3, 1897.

By M. B.克拉克斯.

But we bereft, are desolate, No trace of the raptured sight, But only with the voice that used to sing our songs, “Tis not well-founded; The Sabbath was made for rest.”

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

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

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

ISAAC D. TIT WORTH.

Few men were better known throughout our denomination, in the years of his activity, than Dean Titworth. In the thirty years which he has been actively interested in promoting the interests of the people of his choice. He was born in June, 1805, and was therefore nearly ninety-two years old when the welcome summons came on the 15th inst., calling him home. His funeral services were held at the Piscataway church in New Market on Tuesday, May 18, at 3 P. M. At the opening of the service, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Titworth of Plainfield, Mr. A. H. Burdick and Miss Lizzie Dolis of New Market, sang, by previous request of the deceased, that old hymn, ‘Why do we mourn departing friends? Or shackle at death’s alarm?’

The usual selections were given, and the pastor then delivered a brief address in memory of the deceased.

THE SABBATH RECORDER. [Vol. LIII. No. 21. 322
BREVITIES.

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

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

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

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

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

The report of the pork-packing industry in the West, for the year ending March 1, 1897, shows a total of 16,929,000 hogs. The average price was $3.30 per 100 pounds. This was the lowest average price, with two exceptions, since 1862.

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

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

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

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

Greater New York will have an area of 306 square miles. Its greatest length will be 35 miles. The total population is estimated 3,200,000, making it the second city in the world, London with 4,225,000 being first. Paris with its 2,500,000 population will now be considered third instead of second. The Mayor will serve four years, with a salary of $15,000 per year. The new charter goes into effect the first of next January.

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

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

Toronto has had a hotly contested fight over the question of running street-cars in the city on Sunday. The agitation has been going on for the past ten years. The charter of the railway company allows a vote of the citizens every third year. The third vote has just been taken, resulting in a majority of 470 in favor of cars. Seven years ago the vote was 2,000 against. Three years later it stood 900 against. This year those favoring are ahead, and for the first time in the history of the city cars will run on Sunday.

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

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

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. Randolph, Chicago, Ill.

The Learning of Israel.

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

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

A few nights ago, as I stood waiting for friends in the auditorium of Steinway Hall, two fine looking young fellows accosted me. They had changed from boys to men since I saw them last, but the faces were unmistakable. It was Barney and Max. They used to be in Miss Covey's class at the Mission-school, and this same Barney used to bring down the house with his musical feats at the Christmas entertainment. We were glad to see them.

They told me of the questionable ways in which they were now engaged. They spoke of the name of the brave teacher, who has since gone to her reward, with grateful gentleness. I felt proud of them as they stood there with their bright, handsome faces alight with animation. They were at church the following Sabbath. I do not think they are ready to brave social ostracism for the sake of the name of Christ or Seventy-day Baptist; but you may be sure that these names mean something more to them than their comrades and they did to their fathers, when they were at the same are.

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

Swami Vivekananda in the Role of a Humorist.

There does not appear to be any way to prevent foreigners from coming over to this country and then going back and lying about us. As one reads the following bit of fiction, however, other emotions struggle with indignation.
nation for the supremacy. Returning to India, Swami Vivekananda writes:

When a woman tries her best to find a husband she goes to all the places possible and tries all sorts of tricks. When she succeeds, the attraction becomes what they call in America an "old maid," and joins the church. Some of them become very "chaste." These church women are useful fanatics. They are under the direction of the priests. Between them and the priests they make a hell on earth. They make a mess of religion. With the exception of these, the American women are a very good people. They loved me so much I loved them. I felt as though I was one of them.

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

Doctor Barrows' Return.

Something very like tears stood in the eyes of John Henry Barrows when he rose to face the audience that packed every nook and cranny of Kent Theatre at the University of Chicago. It had been sixteen months since he had been on the scene of his wonderful work for liberty and freedom in India for India. Since then he had faced all kinds of swarthy audiences. He had been under the keen inspection of the contemplative Hindoo and the beady, black eyes of Japan. To crowded, curious throngs he had spoken his message, but he had been met by nothing but the silence of this. The sense of the blessings which God had showered upon him and upon this his land, nearly overcame the usually calm scholar and polished gentleman with a rush of emotion.

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

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY AND APPRECIATION.

Whereas, God, in his allwise Providence, has called to himself Mrs. L. J. Cottrell, who has been a valued worker in our Sabbath-school, and who was at the time of her death Superintendent of the primary department, for which she was so well adapted, being quite young for the work.

Resolved, That in the death of our dear sister and friend, Mrs. Angela Dye Cottrell, we feel the loss of a valuable and efficient, faithful, earnest Christian teacher and friend.

Resolved, That while we bow in sorrow at the bereavement, we lift our hearts in thankfulness for the influence of so worker in our Sabbath-school, and who was at the time of her death Superintendent of the primary department, for which she was so well adapted, being quite young for the work.

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we are indebted to the Western Star for the following summary of the address on "Roma­nism," etc.

This morning the chief address was by Dr. Lewis, on the subject of Protestantism, Romanism, and Sabbath Reform. Sabbath Reform is directly connected with the fruits of extended historical research, of which no synopses can give a full idea; yet the main points made by Dr. Lewis, which ran through his ad­dress, may be gained from the following:

The purpose of this theme is to call attention to cer­tain facts. This evil which is to-day the worst poison and a force of no small weight, was the outgrowth of Greek philosophy. The Romance took the view that re­ligion should be in complete harmony with the state. The result of this was that religion became a matter of govern­ment. These differences continued for half a century, when the Roman idea became dominant.

The Roman Catholicism was born, but it was born around two ideas—one, that the au­tORITY of the Bible was so great as the authority of the church, and the other that the state was subject to the church. This is a most important fact to be remem­bered. Roman Catholicism then took possession of the world, is feeling the reaction for its stated purposes. The keynote of the day is to bring the church and the state into harmony, and to strike some blow at the power of the church. This is a most important fact to be remem­bered.

The Sabbath reformers have been seeking to improve Sabbath observance throughout the land, is feeling the reaction for its stated purposes. The keynote of the day is to bring the church and the state into harmony, and to strike some blow at the power of the church. This is a most important fact to be remem­bered.

Thursday were three great divisions of the church in the world—Roman Catholicism, Greek Catholicism and Protestantism. Judaism was the greatest of religious or­ginators. When Christianity started, it soon separat­ed from the old church at London, and within five hundred years its original ideas had been lost. At this time the church divided into Rome and Greek, and here our study of the Sabbath begins.

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

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

But the Roman Catholic church said: "The way to kill Protestantism is to let it kill itself." Then, as his­tory shows, it would have been of little use to resist, and the an­ticipated result is beginning to be seen. In the United States, Protestantism, three hundred years old, with its thirty million members, is being killed by the church that was three hundred years old at least, unbroken. Roman Catho­licism is world-wide, while Protestantism, even in Eng­land, is still a new thing. The United States Protestant is no longer in the lead.

In New England Roman Catholicism is in control. It is still a man's problem, to decide between the two. The United States, and that these counties are controlled by Roman Catholic votes. In 1884, at a Roman Catholic convention, the Catholics voted that Catholics must either become more spiritual, or it would die; and this is recog­nized by Roman Catholic leaders. But I think that the Catholics do not believe in Protestantism, although this same German scholar has recently said that Protestantism had been injured by leaving the Bible. It cannot be true that the Sabbath is a Roman Catholic campaign would be so disastrous; and this is being done.

I do not know, but I believe that in many departments of the government at Washington the Roman Catholics hold the balance of power. In conversation with a German authority on church history, he told me that the Catholics must either become more spiritual, or it would die; and this is recog­nized by Roman Catholic leaders. But I think that the Catholics do not believe in Protestantism, although this same German scholar has recently said that Protestantism had been injured by leaving the Bible. It cannot be true that the Sabbath is a Roman Catholic campaign would be so disastrous; and this is being done.

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Missons.
By O. E. Whitman, Cor. Secretary, Western, Ill.

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

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

There are the little foxes that spoil the grapes, that lay it to eat as they go, and roar ing lions. The world has her own spirit and purpose and seeks to beget that spirit and purpose in the disciples of Christ, to destroy their influence and power. She does not ask what is one’s moral and spiritual worth. Is he a spiritual-minded man? What is his weight for Christ and the church? But how much is he worth? What is his income? What kind of living? What kind of work is he in, and is it social standing? Not worth but wealth; not spiritual power, but money and social power; not mental and spiritual excellence, but outward appearance and style are first in the world’s consideration.

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

FROM F. J. BAKKER.

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

After I came home after New Year, I made a trip to Amsterdam and Haarlem, to tell the brethren of my experience and all which I heard and saw in Assia, Denmark, and Germany (Harburg). It was too much to write in a letter, and so I thought it best to go there and tell them myself. Afterward I wrote the story of my own month, at Harburg, which is

De Boeddeslapper. Then I received a

Swedish pamphlet from Bro. O. W. Pearl, of Chicago, which I translated, and so it appeared in our monthly, too. It did fill nearly the whole paper for April. It was on the little horn of Daniel 8: 9, and the 2,300 days of verse 14. I found it so very interesting, that I, after I had read it two or three times, thought it too good that my brethren and friends should not have the opportunity to read it also, and so I translated it. May our heavenly Father bless it.

Also, I could do my usual work to the emigrants, give them all kinds of papers, tracts and booklets, and have little bibles in the back pocket. Providence and opportunity came. Several times, especially in the last weeks, I could talk with many and had the privilege of coming near in my country, give them good advice and point them to the only way, the way of Christ.

Also, I worked for sailors and other seafaring people, and gave them many a good word and advice, and found had we been able to give them all, and showed them which are good. But, oh, how few will really take notice!

It’s mostly work and pray, and pray and work.

But I have had my success. People who have read this quarter’s paper, and have talked to poor and neglected people, widows who are in distress, of the love of Christ. I think about that’s my best work. In the last time I became acquainted with two Roman women—one a poor widow—

who are thirsting after the Word of God. Such people I visit often, if I can. I have also kept up our regular meetings on the Sabbath, and 28 meetings in all this quarter, and then have written 53 letters to friends and brethren, all over.

Our Bro. Christensen, of Assia, Denmark, told me in a letter that in a certain place in the western part they kept the Sabbath. One of them had been three weeks at his home. May our Lord bless it all, and bless also you all. I have to close.

I wrote a long article of it for our monthly. I hope and pray our God, bless it. I think our God has made it a spiritual-minded man who do, it is your peer only as he is a wiser and a better man. The highest society in the world is that of Christ. Those who have a sweet converse, fellowship and communion with Jesus Christ and with each other in Christian love constitute the best society on earth and are the only society in heaven. Only those are truly rich who possess Jesus Christ and have the riches of his grace. The church greatly needs such power and riches.

ASKING AND RECEIVING.

St. James believed that temporal as well as spiritual blessings are embraced in the divine promise; and he made this belief the ground of his statement that some have not, because they ask not, while others ask and receive not, because they ask amiss. When we ask for things which we consider necessary to our comfort we ask daily for grace, and our prayer will be answered; but we ask knowing that God knows we have need of all these things. He can give us anything we ask, because we do not know in what way God will give the things we ask for, or because God knows we want without asking. Now asking comes from a sense of need. If men do not feel any need they are not likely to ask, and if they have no need and confidence on God and his Providence, they believe in themselves and in their power to obtain what they request by their own efforts. They say, “I will not ask God for anything great; I will go to work and earn it. I will not ask God for a home, I will make one myself. I will not ask him for garments, I will get them by my own exertions.” We cannot affirm that such persons will starve, or die of exposure. God intends them to be self-reliant, to be successful to themselves, or grateful to him. He has placed the necessaries, if not the comforts, of life in the reach of all.

Why, then, has he directed us to come to him with petitions for the supply of our daily needs? Evidently he wants us to appreciate the fact of our dependence on him, and to remember constantly that every good and perfect gift comes from God. Out of the feeling of dependence springs gratitude for favors received. We need to have this sense developed. One is something less than another. It is a spiritual gift, also the world and all it contains, and adapted all to our use. If we ask sincerely, the Lord of life will answer our prayer.

We have been asking God to give us the Christian character, and prevents it from being centered in self.

Ungrateful person is generally an intensely selfish person. The gospel is through and through a gospel of unselfishness. Christ the Master washes his disciples’ feet to illustrate unselfish service. Christ the Son of God did not for himself, but for others, that divine love might be made manifest. The God who gave us a spiritual gift, also made the world and all it contains, and adapted all to our use. If we ask sincerely, the Lord of life will answer our prayer. We must feel the need ourselves, and when we do we naturally ask, and when we ask be faithful and just to forgive us all our sins.

But God is not God only of the spiritual life, but of all life; not the Father only of the spiritual children, but of all men. He giveth to all, but not to all equally. He can give more to these, whose anxieties and cares he receives gratefully, than to those who are indifferent or hostile to him. The former have greater facility for good things, and so work;

One needs to be brought into loving relations with God to appreciate his goodness and to profit most by it. He cannot give to all who need him, but he could to be fostered sin. You ask that you may spend it on your pleasures, said James. The selfish prayer God cannot answer. It would be contrary to the principles of his moral government. —The Independent.
Woman's Work.
By Miss. R. T. Rossen, Waterville, Maine.

Some one has said: 'Books do not always please, however good; Minds are not ever craving for their food.'

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

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

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

In books of fiction a great interest is manifested in Scotch writings, in which three men have contributed largely: Ian Macauley, Sir R. Crockett and James M. Barrie; from the latter, two notable books were published in the fall. The first of these, "Sentimental Tommy," has been characterized by Joel Chandler Harris as "A work of fiction, as original as it is fascinating." In this work Mr. Barrie has written as he has never written before, as a piece of true art it is unsurpassed. The other book, "Margot Ogilvy," possesses an equal interest, though of a kind altogether different. It was written as a tribute to his mother. Margot Ogilvy was his mother's name and in the Scotch village where she lived she bore it until she died. The book is an affectionate and exquisitely delicate sketch of her life.

In Mr. Barrie's "A Window in Thrums" (a new edition), a new form of illustration recently appeared, by photographs taken of places and scenes mentioned in the book. Mr. Clifton Johnson is foremost among the illustrators of this style. We are grieved to learn from Mr. Johnson's introduction that Hendry's cot, "at the top of the brat," is now occupied by a mandate tenant who displays the sign "A Window in Thrums Souvenirs and Lemonade for Sale Within."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and digested. From these must be cleared and digested."--Bacon.

Plainfield, N. J., April 19, 1897.

It was a saying of Socrates that every man need have a need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy—the one to advise, the other to stilet him. A faithful friend will do the latter.

A Child's Reasoning.
By Lucy Pitt Randolph.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Outwitted.

BY S. B. DELL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Under the spreading chestnut tree,

The village smithy stands,

The smith, a mighty man is he,

With large and sinewy hands,

And muscles of his brawny arms,

Are strong as iron bands.

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

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

A place where hung the aboding of time,

A place where hung the smithy’s chime,

Where hammer and anvil spoke in rhyme,

And songs that were everlasting.

The smith-pastor was indeed a busy man. In addition to the two occupations already mentioned, he was overseer of the woodcutters who were employed by a contractor to cut the timber for a firm in Syracuse. The contractor had to be present in person, so he hired the "elder" to oversee the men and their work; also to distribute each week a supply of rations to every man. The provisions for distribution were sent by the contractor from Syracuse to B—Corners, and there the blacksmith delivered them. Barrels of sugar, molasses, pork, beef, flour, boxes of other necessities, etc., were sent in immense quantities. They were stored in a large building erected for the purpose and kept carefully locked up. The only pay which the elder received for his labor in connection with the contractor was a certain percentage of the provisions.

On this January day the woods resounded with the ring of the axe and the crash of the trees, as one after another they fell. People were made happy as the mild northeaster gave promise of a good supply. The night was dark. The hard-working people slept soundly. No policeman patrolled the street or two or three were divided, and the place was peaceful.

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

Going out into the night, he carefully shut the door, walked as rapidly as his burden would allow him, and covered a half-mile distant. In less than an hour he again entered the shop, and again filled his sack.

"I guess this is enough," said the thief, "I guess I had not better come again, if I get home all right this time. My, but this is a splendid night for it; dark, and how it does snow! Guess my tracks will be covered all over.

"For," said he, "it gives me a good appetite, and that’s what I want, for eating is half my living.

An empty table in one corner of the shop was the first thing which attracted his notice. Usually a lot of tools were thrown promiscuously upon it. Next, he noticed his hammers and hammers were gone from their accustomed places, and now, as the fact that his tools had been stolen began to dawn on his mind, he stood still for a moment, then wheeling about he walked straight to the door. Opening it, he looked at the new-fallen snow. "Sure enough," he soliloquized, "he did not come quite early enough in the evening. He must have gotten away from here about the time it stopped snowing. Lucky for me, anyway. Here’s for tracking the rascal and finding him."

In the morning the way the snow is beginning to fall that we are going to have some more of the same kind. His tracks will soon be covered."

The elder walked rapidly, following the tracks, which were somewhat dim, but nevertheless, easily traceable. They led him straight to the house; right to the door into which the thief had entered.

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

No one in the house seemed to be awake. Not even as he retraced his steps the elder perceived that his own tracks, as well as those of the culprit, would soon be covered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I don’t want to sell them," said the owner, "I made some of them and like them better than anything that I can buy. I am perfectly willing to buy them of you. You put your price on them and I will pay you."

"No," continued the elder, "if you are really poverty-stricken, tell me what your price is on the tools, and I will buy them of you."

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

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

"Quite a long and painful silence followed.

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

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

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

His directions were carried out to the letter. No one knew about it but the three men who were concerned in the matter. A week passed, and then a month. The man who had stolen the tools did not show himself until nearly six weeks had passed. One morning as the elder was busily engaged in his shop, a form.
darkened the doorway, and a voice said:  
"Have you any work for me to-day? I'm short of funds and provisions are getting pretty low; so if you can give me work I'll work.

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

"Yes, I'm pretty busy just now, and can't find plenty for you to do. Come in, and pull off your heavy coat."

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

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

"I can't work any more. I think how I have treated you, and how good you have been to me. I stole your tools, which have almost destroyed your trade."

The next Sabbath he attended church; was soon converted, and in a prayer-meeting about a week after his conversion he revealed the fact that he had stolen the tools. The voice was somewhat weak but firm. By this time the incident which you have just related was past and gone. The world has lost a hero and the church a saint, the children a friend, the mother a true helper in all truth and comfort of the Holy Spirit.

Boothe Colwell Davis
Alma, N. Y., May 15, 1897.

"The best way to make thy children to love thee when they grow up, is, to teach them obedience in their youth."
Young People's Work
By Edwin Shaw, Milton, Wis.

HONOR ALL MEN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ELKIN.

OUR MIRROR.

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

A LITTLE SONG FOR BEDTIME.

By K. JENNY SMITH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But he used to be awful cruel," added Josy, emphatically; "I once saw him throw a cat right out of the window."

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

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

"Neither will I forget mine, my dear."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why not? Will we get arrested? What did that man say? and who was he, anyhow?"

That man is my uncle, and he just reminded me that I was breaking my pledge, and disgracing the society. We were doing that, but the more I think of it, the more I am ashamed. I wasn't thinking about the pledge."

"Pah! Birds are not animals," argued Fred Medling.

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

"So it will."

"I agreed."

And similar replies came from all of the Little Defenders.

When he went home, Josy told his mother what he had been doing, and how he had been reproved by his uncle, gravely adding:

"You see, I was as bad as Ned Cleaves, after all, and I shall have to be on the lookout for alikes now."—S. S. Times.

MEMORIAL FLOWERS.

By W. M. B.

Blue violets open their tiny eyes,
Red cumbines bend and sway,
White starflowers twinkle of moss,
And, blooming, they seem to say,
"We bring you the red and white and blue.
To welcome Memorial-day."

So gather them, children, at earliest dawn,
While yet they are fresh with dew,
And we'll scatter them upon graves
Where slumber our soldiers true.
For we'll give them only the colors they loved—
The red and the white and the blue.
—Harper's Young People.

DECORATION DAY.

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

It was not so long ago but papa and mamma can remember it, and they can tell you of some friend or brother who never came back, but lost his life, dying for his country. And next, every Memorial Day, when the forget-me-nots and the violets open their saintly eyes,

For we remember and will never forget.

We bring you the red and the white and blue.
To welcome Memorial-day."

So gather them, children, at earliest dawn,
While yet they are fresh with dew,
And we'll scatter them upon graves
Where slumber our soldiers true.
For we'll give them only the colors they loved—
The red and the white and the blue.
—Harper’s Young People.

THE SECRET OF HER WORK.

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

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

New York.

New York, Crry.—On Sabbath, the 15th, our little church reaped the benefit of an accidental mixing of the calendar, for thereby we were permitted to listen to a stirring sermon by Dr. Lewis. Our membership is so scattered that it was impossible for us to reach most of the members, and the result was an overflowing room. It is not often that one is permitted to listen to such an inspiring, uplifting call to stand by our colors. "This is the night that the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." Where the covenant meeting was held during the winter and sometime he felt that his garments were almost sweeping the tide. The crossing must be near. These aged hearts were greatly cheered by this reunion, while the younger ones, who are faithfully striving to hold up the banner of the cross here, were encouraged. Before the meeting broke up it was voted to make this an annual meeting while the church has a being. We are hoping that in some way we may be able to brighten and this light may not go out. Brethren and sisters, pray for the cause at Utica.

E. A. Witter.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder.

May 18, 1897.

Dear Brother,—With the advent of warmer weather, our brother who was once with them and saw to it that they did their duty and received their coppers! Amused, did I say? Saddened rather, for this is the most noticeable feature of English life, the beggary and the servility of those who take every pretext for asking something. In the affairs of the country, we must find our way to foster this sort of a spirit, especially in the lower classes, and the parish system and the incubus of the established church extend and increase it.

In the afternoon, while our church service was in progress, there was in Hyde Park a large "International Day," or "International Day," the first of May is chosen as a day something like our American Labor Day, which the various organizations of the "sone of toil" hope some time may be so recognized here. There were about 5,000 people in attendance at this meeting and the worship was orderly, for so mixed a multitude. The prominent socialist leaders spoke, and all oppressed, real and imaginary, came in for a share of the general denunciation. Resolutions were passed advocating the abolition of the system of wages and the formation of an international co-operative federation, the universality of adult suffrage, eight hours as a day's work, and a pension for all in old age.

May the time come when the Gospel of Christ will be so indelibly fixed in the hearts of the rich and those of the poor, those of rulers and those of subjects, those of employers and those of employees, that human relations shall be truly a fraternal striving after the best for all and not a bitter conflict for selfish gain.

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

William C. Daland.

IN MEMORIAM.

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

Our departed brother was the son of Nich­ols and Polly Greene, and was born in Berlin, N. Y., and Russell Wells Greene, in his 77th year. Our brother had been in failing health for some time; a complication of diseases set in which baffled the skill of his physician, and on the 30th of April he passed away. We shall miss away the enjoyment of the blessed hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave.

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LESSEN X-SINS OF THE TONGUE.

For Sabbath-day, June 5, 1897.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS. 1897.

LESSON X.-MORAL LAW:

INTRODUCTION.

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

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Masters. To use the word "masters" conveys the wrong idea. Those who had the idea that faith, without the corresponding obedience, was all that was needed, for instance, for the achievement of a personal likeness to Christ, were warned in the opening verse of the lesson.

2. Offend all. "All" agrees with the subject, not the object, of the verb. It is emphatic, meaning all, without exception. James includes himself, just as Peter, (Acts 15:11), Paul (Phil. 3:12), and John (1 John 1:8), include themselves in similar assertions. "All" expresses James’ evident purpose to reassure the false mania for teaching, the dogmatizing contentiousness which is thoroughly characteristic of the Judaizers—range. Knowing that we, They know it and ought to be conscious of it. Greater condemnation. Revised Version, heavier judgment. Greater than those who are not teachers, since they assume the office of guiding others.

7. For. This substantiates the preceding assertion that the tongue is the least of all nature. If the nature of the tongue was merely animal, man could tame it as well as other things animal. But the untamableness of the tongue shows that there is something devils in its expression, over which human nature, left to itself, has no power. Every kind. Mention every nature, or natural disposition and character. Beasts, etc. Creation in its whole is subject to the same laws of natural expression, and sin.

8. The tongue can no man tame. The statement is absolute. The present writer conjectures that the meaning is that the Devil has super natural assistance. Only by the wisdom which is from above can be conquered the wisdom which is from beneath, and this is not the form of tuning, but of regeneration. Deadly. Death-bearing.

9. The new element introduced here is the duplicity and manifest falsehood which affords the most certain assurance of its own condemnation. We, James speaks in the name of his guilty pupils, to pull up their feet and put on the bridal girdle of faith. God looked at from the side of his power and from the side of his love. Similitude of God. Likeness of God. See Gen. 1:26. Not man’s original state is here referred to, but his condition in a present form still preserved, though in a marred form, the likeness of God. This likeness ought to be cherished and revered in ourselves and others, and he who curses, despoils it.

10. Of the same month growth forth. This is general, but also refers in particular to the mouth of Judaism, which at the same time continued to praise God in the Old Testament, and reviled and mocked his name. "All" refers to these two sets.

11. At the same place. Out of the same chink from which the water flows, in the rock or in the earth. Wherefore, as the free flow is in exact conformity with its own nature. This, therefore, brings out the idea that either the blessing or the cursing must be false. He who is "an instructor of the wise" will show his wisdom by his conduct, and not by striving in a contention among teachers. See verse 1. Understanding. Intelligent or experienced. Conversation is the life of man. As the very words are being spoken, but the whole manner of life or conduct. Wisdom is the subject of our lesson, and the results of education. Rom. 11:33; Luke 11:49. The Revised Version is one of the best commentaries on this lesson.

THAT FINGER-BOARD.

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

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

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

By E. A. WITTMER.

Popular Science.

Gas.

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

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

It was not until about 1860, that the Rev. John Clayton, in distilling coal in a retort, discovered that it gave off illuminating gas, and he stored some of it in bladders. Nothing further occurred until 1726, when Dr. Stephen Hail obtained some coal from New Castle, from which he obtained a plentiful supply of what he called inflammable air.

In 1787, Lord Dunondall, in working his patented process for making coal tar, evolved gas sufficiently so that occasionally he lighted up the hall in Culross Abbey. There were no practical results from experiments until 1792, when Robert Murdock, a Scotchnan, residing in Cornwall, England, began experimenting with and testing the properties of gases which eventuated in their being adopted for illumination. During the following years, the chemists carried each other in their tests for producing illumination. One by introducing into a gas flame that was not sufficiently luminous a piece of platinum, while another would mix the gases obtained from peat, resin, and other substances until each had reached the gas which was called "water gas." This method of producing gas met with favor, and was apparently going into general use, especially in Paris, when a check was put upon it, not as they were going to introduce it into that great building founded in 1670, for disabled soldiers, known as the Hotel de Invalides, by a cry being raised that the "water gas" was unhealthy and that it contained poisonous ingredients.

The government took the matter in hand, and appointed a commission to investigate and determine, consisting of three gentlemen eminent in their profession as chemists, Henri Victor Regnault, who died in 1878; Jean Baptiste Andre, who died in 1884; and Michael Eugene Chevreul, who died in 1889. These chemists reported that the gas contained from 50 to 40 per cent of carbonic oxide, and that it would be dangerous to the health of the soldiers, and they further advised that no experiments be allowed with gas, obtained by the decomposition of water, by the process then known, which produced hydrogen and carbonic oxide.

This report put such check upon water gas that for the last twenty years this principle
of decomposing water and enriching the illuminating properties with carbon has been undergoing severe tests. During this time no large plants for its manufacture have been made in Europe, while in this country it has been universally approved, and water gas is now in general use.

It is not over 12 years since the gas plant was first introduced, and the observations have been confined to the long time of ovens, kept continuously at an extremely high temperature, for decomposing coal, to the new method of making which is now called the "water gas." The new process consists, in first introducing superheated steam into the bottom of a retort, called the superheater, where the two gases are made to form a more complete union. From here the gas enters what is known as the carbureter, where it is made of a richer mixture of the gases, where the illumination of candle or candle power can be determined; thence it passes into the scrubber, where the impurities it may contain are cared for; and thence passing through water, enters the condenser, or cooler as it passes between certain layers of clay, where it is sent through pipes to the great holders.

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

WHERE IS GOD'S MONEY? Where is God's money to be found? In some small measure, of course, in the coffers of our missionary societies. Only partly, however, for God would be poorer than many a sinner upon earth were that all the money he could claim as his; partly, also, in the portion set aside by faithful souls for the advancement of his cause, but far from it, is the narrow limits that mark off that little fraction of what we call our own. It is to be found, in truth, in every shopman's till, in every merchant's cash-box, in every banker's safe; for all the money in the world is God's.

Every coin you handle (whatever the image and superscription it may bear), every sixpence and the one penny, every dollar and - every bit of currency you circulate, whether honorably or shamelessly—is his, not yours. This is a lesson we are slow to learn, but until we learn it we shall continue, until we have got it indelibly written on our hearts, not even the most convincing assertion of the principle of selfishness that has ever been heard. All effectual men, all those people that truly care for, and desire that which remains, even at this last hour, one of the unfilled conditions of success in spiritual service.—Dr. Corbett.
MARRIAGES.

CROSWELL—BURDICK.—At the home of the bride's mother, in Milton, Wis., May 19, 1893, Ellen E. Criswell and John F. Burdick, both of Westbury, N. Y. Rev. C. M. Bouey, M. D., of Algoma, Ill., and Louisa C. Burdick, of Westbury, N. Y.

HINSEY—SIPPER.—At the home of the bride's parents in Westbury, R. I., May 12, 1893. Mr. Peter Hinsey, of Morton, N. Y., and Miss Louise A. Simpson, of Westbury, N. Y.

SHACKELTON—WHITE.—At the home of the bride's parents, near the city of Edgerton, Wis., April 21, 1893. Mr. William Shackleton, of Milwaukee, Wis., and Miss Lottie J. White.

PHILLIPS—BOND.—At the parsonage, in Glen Ellyn, Ill., April 13, 1893. Rev. E. A. Witmer, Mark J. Shackleton, of Milwaukee, Wis., and Miss Lottie J. White.

DEATHS.

Snuff obituaries noticed and inserted free of charge: The following notices will be charged at the rate of ten cents per line for each issue in which they are inserted.

HUNNINGER.—Mrs. Matilda Hunninger, May 2, 1893, widow of the late Robert Hunninger (who was a soldier in the late war). Funeral services in the Marboro church on Wednesday afternoon, March 11, 1893, by Rev. H. H. Fenton, Mr. Wirt Phillips of French Creek, and Mrs. Ella J. Bond, of South Plainfield, N. J.

DEATHS.

MR. H. D. DAVIS, of Quiet Dell, Harrison County, W. Va.

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By the West Virginia University this book is issued in the form of the second book to the author. At home 150 books were disposed of in three days.

TESTIMONIALS.

On the evening of March 23, 1893, at Mr. H. D. Davis' home, the quiet Dell, "The Kingdom Gained," was read. Prof. O. M. White opened his speech as follows:—

"It is a series of beautiful productions, chaste, instructive, attractive and elevating."


Dear Sir,—While spending a few days at the home of Hon. R. H. Hoot, I found your book by Mr. H. D. Davis in my room. I read it to me that I felt as if I must write to you a word of praise.

The spirit of nature seems to pervade every page. The beauty of the language is well marked. The poems have a charm which is quite lost in others. Everything else is so fresh. The book is written with a realism that the early home life and surroundings spoken of in "The Kingdom Gained" are the freshest impressions on one susceptible to the beauties of nature.—Fannie Clark.

Hays' Poems.—This little book has met with favor from New York to California. It is a series of beautiful productions, chaste, instructive, attractive and elevating.}

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The Sabbath Recorder.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY AT PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Annual, in advance, $6.00

Address all communications, whether on business or for information, to AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, Plainfield, New Jersey.

THE THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY.

BY G. H. LION.

Some Conditions of Success in Profitable Party is Wanting. What Is It?

Note the absolute and invariable condition stated by Professor Cope in the first place in his National Convention ten years ago. Pages 7 and 8.

That condition persists. Let us modify.

The provision has been incorporated with the Sabbath issue in a way to which we have become used, but we feel it needs greater attention.

May we have it brought to our attention, and perhaps the difference may be pointed out to us.

We state the difference.

For Repel of the Sunday laws.

336 THE SABBATH RECORDER. May 24, 1897.

NOT WORTH MENTIONING.

A clergyman whose piety has not lessened his sense of humor says that he was once called down into his parlor to perform a marriage ceremony for a couple who had been married only a week, and "it actually wasn't worth mentioning."—Harper's Bazar.

Curns never discouraged any sinner who came seeking salvation from him; and while time, he knew not when.

When a man becomes thoroughly ashamed of himself, God stands ready to forgive him.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

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The class for the next academic year will be opened.

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A CHART OF THE WEEK.

In 160 Languages and Dialects.

Showing the unnumbered order of the days and the true position of the Sabbath.

By the late Rev. William Mead Jones, D. D.

This chart opens up a view of that ordination, not so many of our readers as want and want a clear understanding of our position on that question. —Sec. December, 1896. "This chart opens up that bottom line of truth you ought to have."—Present Truths.


Small Fruit Trees.

I have a few of 1897 of the few of Strawberries, Blackberries and Currants.

"Not New Cheap, But New Good".

For a reasonable price. Also March Plymouth Books and Light Reading Books. Catalogue Free.

Alfred, N. Y.

Milton, Wis.