

Advent and Sabbath Advocate.

"Thy Word is a Lamp unto my Feet and a Light unto my Path."

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The Sunset of Life.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
The flowers are sweetest at the eventide;
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is holy, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in the evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in their trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calmer beauty and a power
The morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Until the evening we must weep and toil—
Plow life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting may we glide
Like summer's evening down the golden tide,
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, radiant starlight round our sleeping clay.
—Selected.

Falling Stars.

FALLING stars are one of the signs of the
second coming of the Lord. Luke 21:25; Matt
24:29; Rev. 6:13. Their order, in the list of
such signs, is next after the darkening of the
sun and moon; and they are to fall in show-
ers. For in Rev. 6:13 it is said they shall fall
as figs from a fig tree when shaken by the
wind. In such a case many figs would fall at
once; and as this is the figure used to repre-
sent the falling stars they must fall in the
same manner, that is, many at a time, or in
showers.

The sun was darkened in the year 1780, as
there is abundant evidence to show. Since
the year 1780 there have been numerous
showers of falling stars, but no record of any
prior to that year. The first shower of which
astronomers have found any record took
place in the year 1799, and the last in 1839,
while between these there have been quite a
number.

Their occurrence has presented the astron-
omers of the present generation with new
questions to solve, and has caused them to
modify their views of the solar system, in
some particulars. Olmsted's Astronomy con-
tains an account of falling stars, and of the

investigations and conclusions of astronomers
on the subject. Mr. Olmsted was professor of
astronomy in Yale College, and one of the
first astronomers of the day. He begins his
discussion of the subject of meteors by saying:

"The remarkable exhibitions of shooting
stars which have occurred within a few years
past have excited great interest among as-
tronomers, and led to some new views re-
specting the construction of the solar system.
Their attention was first turned toward this
subject by the great meteoric shower of Nov.
13, 1833. On that morning from two o'clock
until broad daylight, the sky being perfectly
serene and cloudless, the whole heavens were
lighted with a magnificent display of cele-
stial fireworks. . . . Soon after this occur-
ence it was ascertained that a similar mete-
oric shower had appeared in 1799, and what
was remarkable, almost exactly at the same
time of year, namely, on the morning of the
12th of November; and it soon appeared, by
accounts received from different parts of the
world, that this phenomena had occurred on
the same 13th of Nov., in 1830, 1831, and 18-
32." He proceeds to state that there were
showers at the same time every year "until
1839, when, so far as is known, they ceased
altogether." Also that three other distinct
periods of meteoric showers have been deter-
mined; one on the 9th of August, and (more
rare) on the 21st of April and 7th of Decem-
ber, respectively."—*Olmsted's Astronomy by
Snell*, pp. 267-269.

The above account places before us all the
meteoric showers known to astronomers.
They are embraced in a period of forty years,
commencing in 1799, and ending in 1839. This
forty years may therefore be called the era of
meteoric showers or falling stars.

Some very interesting questions arise here.
How was it that these events never took place
until 1799-1839? The heavens and earth had
stood nearly six thousand years, but there is
no record of meteoric showers, or showers of
falling stars, until this period. Why? And,
never having transpired before, why did they
now appear? Why did they continue to oc-
cur just long enough to get the attention of
the world excited on the subject, and then
cease? Was it all accident? Oh, says our
scientific skeptic, Mr. Olmsted himself shows
that they were produced by "a nebulous
body" passing across, or near, the earth's or-
bit, or "with which the earth falls in, and
near or through the borders of which it pass-
es," causing the disturbances which resulted
in those meteoric displays.

But where did that nebulous or meteoric
body come from? and what design could
there have been in its hovering about the or-
bit of our world forty years, and then disap-
pearing? Can anybody tell? I think any
one could tell, if it were known that the great
Creator had a scheme of providence, or gov-
ernment, for this world, that contemplated
such displays at that time. From the word
of the living God who made and rules the
earth and the heavens, we do learn that his
providence, yea, his laws, fixed and unalter-
able, do require such events to take place at
that time, as a herald to notify the inhabit-

ants of earth that the Maker and Ruler of all
worlds is about to visit them, in the person
of his Son, attended by all those "morning
stars" that sang creation's birth.

In the 21st chapter of Luke it is expressly
stated that "there shall be signs in the sun,
and in the moon, and in the stars," which
signs are to be followed by the Son of man
"coming with power and great glory." In the
24th chapter of Matthew it is said, "The sun
shall be darkened, and the moon shall not
give her light, and the stars shall fall from
heaven." Then the powers of heaven are to
be shaken, and the sign of the coming Son of
man brought to view. The exiled prophet,
in the 6th chapter of Revelation, describing
what he had seen taking place just before
"the heavens departed as a scroll," says, "The
sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and
the moon became as blood, and the stars of
heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree
casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken
of a mighty wind."

Here are sublime and impressive events
that are to transpire but once in the history
of earth. They are then to transpire in a given
order. First, the sun is to be darkened,
then the moon, then the stars are to fall, as
the last solemn sign that precedes the visible
glory that envelops the Son of man as he
comes in the clouds of heaven. The sun and
moon have been darkened in fulfillment of
these predictions. The 19th of May, 1780, is
well known to have been a terrific dark day;
and at night of the same day the moon gave
no light, though it was at the full, and no
clouds to intercept its light. These events
in the sun and moon were to be succeeded
by the falling stars, falling like fruit from a
tree, when shaken by the wind; that is, in
great numbers at once.

After 1780, the time had come for the man-
ifestation of falling stars. Did they appear?
Let the foregoing account of Professor Olm-
sted answer. We have forty years devoted
to the fulfillment of this sign. The era of
falling stars arrives just when the movements
of Divine Providence have brought us to that
point where he has a design in causing such
events. Is it not a plain and undeniable in-
stance of prophecy and fulfillment? When
God works how plain the impress of divinity
on his achievements! How manifest, not only
his power, but his goodness likewise, in
causing this last warning sign to linger so
long in the heavens that our world might
have long continued notice of coming events.
It reminds us of what the Holy Book says.
"He is long suffering to us ward, not willing
that any should perish, but that all should
come to repentance." How solemn, and yet
how thrilling, to see and know that our eyes
shall soon behold the Son of man coming in
the clouds of heaven with power and great
glory!

"His chariot will not long delay;
We hear its rumbling wheels, and pray,
Triumphant Lord, appear."
—Selected.

SPIRITUAL hungerings and thirstings are
satisfied only with spiritual things.

The Spirit of the Law is not Opposed to its Letter.

In Matt. 5: 17-19, our Saviour testifies to the importance of a strict observance of all the precepts of the ten commandment law, by the great care he manifests to preserve the exact form of the law, even to the letters which compose it; yet some, to evade the duty of obeying the fourth commandment, will quote the following expressions from Paul: "Not of the letter, but of the spirit;" "In the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men, but of God" (2 Cor. 3: 6; Rom. 2: 29), as though the form of the law was against its spirit, and as though Paul contradicted Christ. There is no discord between Christ and Paul; for their teachings were inspired by the one spirit of truth. They were both noted for their hatred of sin, and for their love and holy zeal for the law of God, which they exhibited in their lives and teachings. Matt. 19: 17; John 15: 10; Rom. 3: 31; 7: 7-22.

In Matt. 5: 17-19, Christ showed the importance of strictly observing all the commandments, while Paul, in 2 Cor. 3: 6, Rom. 2: 29, opposed a tendency to strictly carry out certain popular forms of duty, while overlooking the spirit,—the great principles underlying duty. Such was the course of many of the Jews with regard to circumcision, fasting, public prayer, etc. They performed those duties, not through love of God and their neighbors, and a sense of their great need of divine help, but through shameful selfishness, to receive the glory that comes from men. And Paul reproved them, because through the letter they transgressed the very law they boasted of. Rom. 2: 21-27. They were not actuated by the spirit of the law, by the principles of supreme love for God and equal love for their neighbor, through which we should keep the law.

God enjoins, first of all, a work of grace in the heart, and a regard for the spirit of the law, as the only means of securing acceptable obedience. He does not divorce these essential things from the strict obedience which is manifested in external acts. He first claims our heart's best affections, and if we love him, we show it by our works; we shall cherish a tender conscience, a fear of displeasing him, and shall strictly keep all his commandments. 1 John 5: 3. The spirit of the law, cherished in the heart, leads us to fulfill the duties enjoined by the law. If this were not so, we could keep the spirit of the law and literally kill, steal, commit adultery, and transgress the law in all other points relating to our external actions.

Then how unscriptural and unreasonable it is for men to boast of heart work, and of keeping the spirit of the law, while they are repudiating the very duties required by the law. The spirit of the law enforces the duties enjoined by the law, and is manifested in a careful performance of these duties. If we love our neighbor, we shall be far from killing him. It frequently happens that persons obey certain portions of the law through selfish motives, and without keeping the spirit of the law; as, for example, in the case of those who refrain from stealing, not because they are strictly just toward their neighbor, nor because they love him as themselves, but simply because they would thus lose their reputation, and would incur the liability of punishment.

He who keeps the spirit of the law will regard the form of the law and keep the law. On the table is a glass containing pure water. One standing near praises the water,

but immediately breaks in pieces the glass which contains the water, pronouncing it useless. You would say, "That is a foolish man," but he is as sane as those who boast of their regard for the spirit of the law, yet teach that the law is abolished.

God does not approve obedience that is based on selfishness, but he approves that obedience which is the fruit of love. If the observance of the Sabbath were a popular duty, there would be great danger of keeping the day to receive glory of men; but in the present state of affairs only those who love God and cherish the spirit of the law, can be induced to observe the Sabbath; therefore the present Sabbath reform is well calculated to remove from those who will engage in it the very evil condemned by Paul in Rom. 2: 21-29.—Selected.

Painting for Eternity.

WHEN Apelles, the Greek painter, was asked why he bestowed so much labor on his pictures, he replied, "Because I am painting for eternity." He used the word as a bold figure of speech; but we may use the word literally when we say that we are painting the picture of our lives for eternity. We use fast colors. Whatever pure and holy word or deed be wrought into that picture, will stand there, imperishable and immortal. Whatever selfish or sinful thing be painted on that life-canvas can never be washed out except by the application of the blood of Jesus here in this present life. Now or never that precious blood availeth. When death comes, the process of painting stops! No strokes of penitence or of faith can be added to it then. The painting is finished, and finished forever!

Death frames the picture, and sends it on to the Judgment day for exhibition. Not a "private view" before a select company, but a public exhibition before an assembled multitude whom no man can number; for God will bring every word and every work into judgment, whether it be good, or whether it be evil. The picture of our lives which is presented before the "great white throne," will be forever unchangeable. If the canvas is adorned with deeds, however humble, for the glory of God, then the life-work will stand as an everlasting memorial of divine grace. If life were spent only for the gratification of sinful self, then the wretched picture of it will only be held up to "shame and everlasting contempt."

We may desire most intensely to alter the portraiture then, and to improve it; but the pencil and the colors were left behind us, the hand will have lost its cunning forevermore. We may importunately beg and beseech the righteous Judge to give us one more opportunity. The irreversible answer will be: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he that is holy, let him be holy still." Seeing that these things are true, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?

When the noble Russel was executed as a martyr to freedom, he handed his watch to a friend, who stood beside him on the scaffold. "Take this watch," said he, "for I have no more to do with time. My thoughts now are only about eternity." That utterance of the dying martyr is a word in season for us all. We pastors, who are setting about the Master's work anew, may well take note of the fact that we are preaching for eternity! Let every parent who reads this paragraph inquire of conscience, "Am I training up my children not only for this world, but for the

world to come?" Let every man of business ask himself whether he is only aiming to fill a bag that is full of holes, or, as God's steward, is laying up treasure in heaven. Young friend, are you training yourself for self-indulgence or an immortal crown?

Upon the walls of a Catholic institution in Montreal I saw last summer this brief line: "Nothing is long except eternity." That was a motto for every pastor's study, and for the walls of every dwelling. Let us all write it up before us on the heavens. Nothing is worth living for but eternity.

"Let the clanging bells of time,
With their changes, rise and fall!
But in undertones sublime—
Sounding deep beyond them all—
Is a voice that must be heard,
As our moments onward flee,
And it speaketh but this word,
Eternity! Eternity!"

—T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

The Minimum Christian.

THE minimum Christian! And who is he? The Christian who is going to be saved at the cheapest rate possible; the Christian who intends to get all the world he can, and not meet the worldling's doom; the Christian who aims to have as little religion as he may without lacking it altogether.

The minimum Christian goes to church in the morning, and in the afternoon also, unless it rains, or is too warm, or too cold, or he is too sleepy, or has a headache from eating too much dinner. He listens most respectfully to the preacher, and joins in the prayer and praise. He applies the truth very judiciously,—sometimes to himself, often to his neighbors.

The minimum Christian is very friendly to all good works. He wishes them well, but it is not in his power to do much for them. The Sabbath-school he looks upon as an admirable institution, especially for the neglected and the ignorant. It is not convenient, however, for him to take a class. His business engagements are so pressing during the week that he needs the Sabbath as a day of rest; nor does he think himself qualified to act as a teacher. There are so many persons better prepared for this important duty that he must beg to be excused. He is very friendly to home and foreign missions and colportage, and gives his mite. He thinks there are too many appeals, but he gives, if not enough to save his reputation, pretty near it, at all events he aims to.

The minimum Christian is not clear on a number of points. The opera and dancing, the theater and card-playing, and large, fashionable parties, give him much trouble. He cannot see the harm in this or that or the other popular amusement. There is nothing in the Bible against it. He does not see but that a man may be a Christian and dance or go to the opera. He knows several excellent persons who do so. Why should not he? He stands so close to the dividing line between the people of God and the world that it is hard to say on which side of it he is actually to be found.

Ah, my brother, are you making this attempt? Beware, lest you find at last that in trying to get into Heaven with a little religion you miss it altogether; lest, without gaining the whole world, you lose your own soul!—*Presbyterian at Work.*

Good thoughts, like rose-leaves, give out a sweet smell it laid up in the jar of memory.
—Spurgeon.

To Every Man His Work.

In a parable, Mark 13: 34, our Lord sets forth what he expected of his servants during his absence in Heaven, where he has gone to prepare a place for us, and get a kingdom. Presently he will return, to reckon with his servants and set up his kingdom. It is a matter of no little importance for us to look closely and carefully into our charge, and see whether we are faithfully carrying out his will and doing his work. "To every man his work" seems to include us all.

There is a growing tendency on the part of the majority of church members to throw all responsibility and work upon the church officers, and among church officers there is a growing tendency to shoulder the work of the church off on to the pastor, and leave him to do the work of the Lord. The bulk of Christians who come within our observation seem to act upon the principle that churches are organized and maintained for the sole purpose of providing them with a comfortable place in which to worship God when they feel so disposed. For this they are willing to pay a reasonable pew rental to cover running expenses and provide a moderate salary for the minister. Having done this it is assumed that they have fairly commuted for all work and responsibility.

We are sorry to have to put the point of our pen into those sore spots of our church observation and information is that but a very small proportion of those church members who have both the time and ability to do so are engaged in any definite work of the Lord. As for those who say they have no time to do any specific work for Christ, it might be well to ask whether that very fact is not a condemnation of them. What right has any Christian to become so absorbed in his own business that he has no time to attend in any degree to his Master's business, nor take part in any of the active work of his kingdom. Moreover, it cannot be true of any one that, between the home and the store or office, there never occurs an opportunity for doing some work, or leaving some little witness for him who loved us and gave himself for us, and who has chosen us to be a people for his possession, "zealous of good works." Jesus won a soul and started a testimony which surred a whole city and made many believers, while he was resting "thus on a well," being weary with a fatiguing journey. John 4: 6.

Ought we not to learn something of the importance and advantage of utilizing chance opportunities like this, always occurring in the midst of the days? Might there not be a moment spared from the perusal of the morning or evening paper, while on the way from home or store, to say a word for Christ, or at least pass a tract which might commend him? Might not a little of the time consumed in political discussion be diverted in favor of another "Candidate," who is seeking the love and trust of sinners? One of the ablest and most useful Christians in a neighboring large city, said, in answer to the question, "What led you to become a Christian?" "A half-pound pressure on my coat button for five minutes." By this he referred to the fact that, after consulting his lawyer, who was a Christian man, upon some matters of business, the lawyer gently laid hold of his coat button and asked him about his soul, and commended Christ to him. This seasonable word was used of the Holy Spirit to awaken him to his need of salvation. Have you no such opportunity? Some work for Christ is within the reach of every man, woman, and

child, who are disciples of his. Else would he not have said, "To every man his work."

What that work is which Christ has for you to do is a matter which you ought to find out. There are many who say, I do not know what there is for me to do. We are sure that where there is first a readiness of mind and heart to do something for the Master there will not be long wanting a spiritual knowledge as to what there is to be done. Nor is it a mark of healthy condition to wait for your pastor to find something for you to do. If you are in real earnest to serve God and Christ you will be enabled to find your own work. We would despise a young man who stood about with his hands in his pockets saying he did not know what to do. We lose patience almost with some others who are always wanting some one else to look up work for them. Find something to do. Do the first thing that comes. Do not stop to pick and choose work. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do that with your might. Do it well and honestly, as unto the Lord, and he will give you more and better work to do. But do something; do anything rather than do nothing.

If you can do no more go and take care of some tired mother's children and let her go to church. (This if you are a woman.) Go and hunt up some absent and careless member of your church and find out what "ails him." Go and call upon some sick neighbor and take a flower with you, and give it in the name of Christ. Write a note and invite some neighbor, whom you know does not go to church, to go with him and tell him that you will call for him. Go and make a call upon the last family that came into the church and give them a hearty welcome, and thus make them feel at home. They will thank God and bless you for it. There are a hundred things to do, both small and great, lying at the door of every man and woman in the church, if only they had the eyes to see them; and they would have the eyes to see if they had the heart and will to do after seeing.

Oh! the idlers and drones in Zion. If a man with means should come to church year after year, never hire a seat, and never give a penny to support the gospel, he would be universally regarded as a mean, covetous man. A committee would wait on him and labor with him. But there are hundreds of men and women who come and go to church year after year who never lift their hand to do any service for Christ, and they still retain their standing and the good opinion of their brethren and of the church. It is high time that we should awaken out of our sleep, and every man and woman find their work, and then do the work they find to do.—*Independent.*

Winsome People.

THEY are the people who love to diffuse happiness. They are happy themselves, because they have made others so. They are thoughtful, considerate, and courteous, ever seeking to provide joy and peace for others—ever striving to avoid and remove anything and everything that wounds unnecessarily. It is unspeakable delight to be near such people.

We sometimes hear the remark, "I would be willing to do so and so, if she or he or somebody else were so and so," or words to that effect, as an excuse for the speakers' own shortcomings. But I beg of you, do not believe a word of it; agree rather with one who says: "I have often noticed that the man who would have done such wonderful things if he had been there, never gets there." "Why are you always thinking of

others?" asked a friend, of a winsome lady, beloved by everybody. "I would n't wear my life out bearing other people's burdens."

"Would n't you?" came the questioning answer, with a sweet but reproving smile. "I could not wear it out doing better work than in helping the weary and heavy-laden."

"To do God's will—that's all! That need concern us; not to carp, or ask The meaning of it, but to ply our task, Whatever may befall: Accepting good or ill as he shall send, And wait until the end."

It is a great mistake to think any kindly act too insignificant to be noticed by our Father in heaven. Faber says: "Every solitary kind action that is done, the world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning; and these three never converted any one, unless accompanied by kindness. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence, over the breadth of centuries."—*Christian at Work.*

Religion and Business.

It is possible to put into ones coming and going, and into one's doing, a glow of reverence for God; and to make it evident in every transaction that one is trying to be obedient to the divine will. Men may be strictly honest—true in speech and all that—and yet be worldly. How often one hears the remark that business is business. Very true. But business may be more than business; it may be a means of grace. It may be, and ought to be, a school in which the soul grows in gratitude, in patience, in faith, in love, and in all the qualities through which a soul comes into fitness to fellowship, now and evermore, with the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a pitiable sight to see a man hard and cold in his business life, as though this were a great section of his existence in which there is no possibility of cultivating religious principle, and having the grace of God. It is a refreshing sight to see a man living in the world, and doing with his might what his hands find to do, and yet doing all in this spirit of loyalty to the Master.—*Advance.*

I Will Tell It.

MANY a physician has gained his practice by one patient's telling another of his cure. Tell your neighbors that you have been to the hospital of Jesus and been restored, though you drew near to the gates of death; and may be a poor soul just in the same condition as yourself will say, "This is a message from God to me." Above all, publish the Lord's goodness, for Jesus' sake. He deserves your honor. Will you receive his blessing and then like the nine lepers give him no praise? Will you be like the woman in the crowd who was healed by touching the hem of his garment and then would have slipped away? If so, I pray that the Master may say, "Somebody hath touched me," and may you be compelled to tell the truth, and say, "I was sore sick in soul, but I touched thee, oh my blessed Lord, and I am saved, and to the praise of the glory of thy grace, I will tell it, though the devil should hear it; I will tell it, and make the world ring with it according to my ability, to the praise and glory of thy saving grace."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Advent and Sabbath Advocate.

"The Entrance of thy Words giveth Light."
W. C. LONG, - - - - EDITOR.
STANBERRY, Mo., NOVEMBER 6, 1888.

Confusion.

For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." James 3: 16. "God is not the author of confusion, but of peace." 1 Cor. 14: 33.

We ought to hate confusion and every evil work as bad as Luther hated the Pope. There is no subject, perhaps, upon which there is so much confusion, and contradictory positions taken, as in the opposition waged against God's Sabbath day. Among the many weak and unscriptural positions assumed the following are the most prominent:

- 1. It is my understanding that the Sabbath was changed from the seventh to the first day of the week.
2. I believe that Christ intended to change the Sabbath day but did not have sufficient time, and he commissioned the disciples to complete the work.
3. I believe that it will make no difference which day we keep, only so we keep one.
4. It is my opinion that Sunday is the identical seventh day, and we ought to keep it.
5. It is my opinion that we cannot tell which is the seventh day.
6. I believe time has been lost, consequently the seventh day has been lost.
7. I believe that it has been clearly demonstrated that Sunday is the original seventh day that was set apart in Eden.
8. It is my opinion that Christ appointed the first day of the week instead of the seventh, but a record of the fact was never given.
9. Those who keep the Sabbath are claiming to be justified by the law, and are fallen from grace.
10. I believe that the Sabbath has been blotted out—nailed to the cross.
11. The majority are keeping Sunday, and I will keep it right or wrong.
12. The law of the land recognizes Sunday therefore we ought to keep it.

Is not this confusion? Yes, the worst kind of confusion. Is the truth mixed up in this way? Certainly it is not. How beautifully the belief of Sabbath keepers stands out in bold contrast with the above. In their ranks there is harmony. They agree on the day and the reason for observing it; also in reference to the time of its institution. There are many religious teachers who see the harmony that exists among Sabbath-keepers, and are looking around to see if they cannot hit upon some plan to bring about a harmony out of the confused condition in which they are in.

Eld. Clark Braden, who is a minister in the Disciple church, and one who is considered by many as a bright light, says in the Christian Standard of Sept. 26, 1874:—

"Others observe the first day, contending without a particle of evidence that the commandment has been changed from the seventh day to the first. Our preachers are by no means agreed in their teachings. They have no well-defined views on the subject, and are defeated when they attempt a defense of our practice of observing the first day, or a review of the arguments of the advocates of the seventh day. Nor are we alone in this. There is no clear, tenable teaching on this subject in our theological works and commentaries, or by any religious press. Advocates of the observance of the first day

stultify themselves by taking contradictory and inconsistent positions."

In the above the Elder says that all who oppose the seventh day Sabbath are in confusion, and are not able to cope with these strong antagonists who observe the Sabbath of the Lord, the truthfulness of which we readily concede. While they are taxing their mental powers to find some way whereby they can be consistent, we would mildly suggest that they adopt the teaching of Alexander Campbell (the founder of the Christian or Disciple church) upon this subject, and they will not only be in harmony with the founder of their church but also the Bible. Here is what he says in reference to the Sabbath and the law of God:—

"The moral and the religious institutions of the patriarchal, or family worship, which continued from the fall of Adam to the covenant of circumcision, were the Sabbath, the service of the altar, oral instruction, prayer, praise, and benediction.—Christian System, pp. 128-30.

"In the wilderness of Sin, before the giving of the law, we also find the Jews observing the Sabbath.—Ib.

"The Evidences of Christianity," pp. 302-3.

he says:— "The Sabbath was observed from Abraham's time, nay, from the creation."

In speaking of the Sabbath as a commemorative institution he says:—

"Heaven left not this fact, the creation, the basis of a thousand volumes, to be gathered from abstract reasonings, vitiated traditions, ingenious analogies, or plausible conjectures, from a monumental institution which was as universal as the annals of time, as the birth of nations, and as the languages spoken by mortals. An institution to which, notwithstanding its demand, not only of the seventh part of all time, but of the seventh day in uninterrupted succession, was celebrated from the creation to the deluge, during the deluge, and after the deluge till the giving of the law."—Popular Lectures, pp. 283-4.

Speaking of the change of the Sabbath he says:—

"Some say it was changed from the seventh day to the first day. Where? When? and by whom? No man can tell. No, it never was changed, nor could it be unless creation was to be gone through again; for the reason assigned must be changed before the observance or respect to the reason can be changed. It is all old wives' fables to talk of the change of the Sabbath from the seventh day to the first day. If it be changed it was that august personage changed it who changeth times and laws. I think his name is Doctor Anti-christ.—Christian Baptist, vol. 1, ed. 1824, page 164.

We quote from Campbell on "Baptism," book 5, chap. 2, page 277.

"The whole world has been found guilty before God, so that, in fact there is none righteous, no, not one. Therefore by the deeds of the law no man can be justified before God. For should a man keep the whole law and yet offend in one point he is guilty of all. He has despised the whole authority of the law and the law giver. It is then utterly impossible that a sinner can be forensically or legally justified before God by a law which he has, in only one instance, violated. If then a sinner be justified it must be on some other principle than law."

Again he says:—

"Salvation in the aggregate is all of grace; and all the parts of it are consequently gracious. Nor do we, in truth in obeying the gospel, or in being buried in baptism, make void either law or gospel, but establish and confirm both." Page 285.

In his debate with Bishop Purcell, page 204, he teaches the perpetuity of the law of God in the clearest manner. He says:—

"I was sorry to hear the gentleman defending white lies and little sins. When I think of the nature of sin, and the holy and immutable laws of God, against whom it is committed, I see no difference between one

sin and another. There may be great and heinous sins, as to their temporal relation and consequences; but when he against whom every sin is committed, and that divine and holy law which is violated in the least offense, is considered, we must say with the apostle James, 'He that offendeth in one point, is guilty of all.' It may be the veriest peccadillo on earth; but in heaven's account, one sin would ruin a world as it has done; for he that keeps the whole law and yet offends in one point is guilty of all. He that said that not a jot or tittle of his law shall fall to the ground; he that magnified his law and made it honorable, will suffer no person to subtract from, to change or violate, a single point with impunity."

This is sound doctrine. This is the way the Bible speaks, and if our Disciple brethren want to follow the Bible, they will have to want to follow the logical and Scriptural arguments of adopt the logical and Scriptural arguments of

Bro. Campbell the founder of their church.

Here is our last quotation for the present from that eminent divine who not only, in the quotations given, spoke strongly in favor of the law and Sabbath, but left his testimony against Sunday-keeping. In a lecture in Bethany College, 1848, he said:—

"Was the first day set apart by public authority in the apostolic age? No. By whom was it set apart, and when? By Constantine, who lived, about the beginning of the fourth century."

This will suffice. Let all ponder well these words from this great reformer, before going against any part of the law of God.

His Tenth.

The text did not please Silas Bent that day, and he knew the sermon would please him less. He was tired of hearing the same old story, "Give, give, give," to first one board and then another, to missions and missions without end. He knew from the very beginning of it that Dr. Weeks' entire discourse would be an urgent call to his people to adopt the old tithing system, and give at least that much, as a matter of course, to the Lord. A tithe indeed! Why, Silas Bent was worth two hundred thousand dollars, with an annual income of twenty thousand. A tithe of that would be two thousand dollars a year, thrown to the winds. So long as he rented a pew, took his wife to the meetings, and put ten cents each Sabbath morning into the contribution basket, he didn't see the sense in being everlastingly preached at for money, money, money. No, he wouldn't listen to the sermon. It took an unusually fine one to keep him awake at any time, and he certainly wouldn't even try, this morning, to fight off his drowsiness. A tithe! Absurd! If he had only a dollar he might not mind giving a tenth of it, but two thousand dollars—never.

There lay a snug roll of bills in his vest pocket, and these he poked down deeper, lest unwarily his nervous fingers, in fumbling for the usual dime, might clutch one of them instead. And then the voice of good Dr. Weeks sounded more and more distant, and presently old man Bent, to the silent amusement of the younger members around him, was sleeping peacefully. Did I say peacefully? Let us follow him to that mystical "land of nod."

Bonnets and bald heads and pew-backs had barely faded from his vision when he found himself hurrying along a business street. Yes, of course—Monday morning, and he must not be late at the office. Mail to attend to, and employes to direct; and yet, with all his hurried walking he enjoyed the fresh air, the sunshine, and the sounds of active life about him.

Suddenly he became aware of a figure at his side, a slender form, in neutral colors. He tried to inspect it closely, but his glasses

...rubbing, or something was wrong, for he had only an indistinct impression of a calm countenance and misty gray apparel. It made him nervous—this ephemeral figure, keeping pace with him.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well," an answer came in measured voice; "I bear a message. You who will not give even one tenth to the Lord shall now receive but a tenth from him—a tenth of happiness, of health, of the good things of life. He will give you more than you are willing to give him. He will give you a full tenth."

Silas stopped where he stood, polished his glasses, adjusted them, and stared. The fog had gone. What had it said? "A tenth?" He hardly understood, and started on, intending to forget the gray vision and the calm voice, in his own business pursuits.

But what had gotten into his legs? He could hardly lift his feet or place them one before the other. Odd thing! Why, he had prided himself upon his health and briskness for the last twenty years. He shook as though with ague. Every breath of air chilled him through and through; he must hurry the faster to the office, and have that rascally Tim build a heaping fire. But the office seemed growing farther and farther away, and harder and harder to reach. He ached in every bone. "The Lord will give you a tenth of your health." The words rang in his ear, and he turned pale with horror. The pleasant bustle of the street had grown less clear; he hardly heard the tread of feet, the call of voices, the rumble of wheels. If only he had had Craddock drive down with him that morning, it was too chill to have walked. The very sunshine seemed growing dim—not half so bright, nor a third, nor a fifth, nor—merciful powers!—a tenth as bright perhaps. He shuddered. Then the air, the very air he breathed, seemed to be growing thinner and thinner. He gasped and choked, and fell heavily to the pavement.

"Help! help!" he shrieked, smothered and terrified; "help!"

A busy man rushed toward him and poked him viciously in the side with a gold-tipped cane. His head was swimming, his pulses beat but feebly; life, health, sunshine, power, everything—seemed flying from him. Then that fiend with the cane and the gray mustache, instead of helping him up and fanning a bit of breath into his body, still punched him mercilessly. He writhed and groaned, and clutched to catch the cudgel and thrust it from him. It felt queer and warm, and larger than it looked. He opened his eyes with a start and found himself holding with both hands—his wife's elbow.

There were smothered giggles sounding behind him. Cold drops stood on his forehead. He could actually feel the pallor of his face. Maria looked pale too, and her glance was full of meek reproach.

A dream! thank the Lord, only a dream! He had suffered untold agonies in twenty minutes by the clock. Brother Weeks was just concluding his eloquent appeal; the elders passed down the aisles with the baskets, and when Silas felt the cold little coin in his pocket, it made him colder. Out came the roll of bills, and softly they fell in among the contributions. No one saw it but Maria; she thought he had lost his mind, till he said to her during their quiet walk home: "Maria, who could help giving his tenth after hearing that powerful sermon?"

"It was a good sermon," Maria replied; and when Silas Bent's two thousand went to the mission work that year she thanked the Lord

that her husband had awakened in time to really hear that sound, good sermon, and to gain so lasting an impression from its stirring truths.—*Maud Rittenhouse, in Herald and Presbyter.*

Hasty Words.

HALF the actual trouble of life would be saved if people would remember that silence is golden—when they are irritated, vexed, or annoyed. To feel provoked or exasperated at a trifle, when the nerves are exhausted, is perhaps natural to us in our imperfectly sanctified state. But why put the annoyance into the shape of speech, which once uttered, is remembered, which may burn like a blistering wound, or rankle like a poisoned arrow? If a child be trying, or a friend capricious, or a servant unreasonable, be careful what you say. Do not speak while you feel the impulse of anger, for you will be almost certain to say too much, to say more than your cooler judgment will approve, and to speak in a way that you will regret. Be silent till the sweet "bye-and-bye," when you shall be calm, rested and self-controlled. Above all, never write a letter when you are in a mood of irritation. There is an anger which is justifiable, there are resentments which are righteous; it is sometimes a duty to express indignation. But if you consider the matter the occasions for putting such feelings on record are comparatively few. They come once in a life-time, perhaps, and to many fortunate beings they never come at all. Upon the whole, people—our friends and neighbors, and the community of which we form a part—are trying to do the best they can; and in hours of good temper and health life wears a bright and sunny aspect.

Much of the friction which makes the machinery of living move rough and discordant is caused by things too petty to be noticed if we were in our normal condition. The hasty word spoken in peevishness may be explained, forgiven, and forgotten. But the letter written in an ebullition of wounded feeling is a fact tangible, not to be condoned. There it lies with a certain permanence about it. You have sent it to a friend, who, reading it half a dozen times, will each time find it more cruel and incisive than before. Letters once written and sent away cannot be recalled. You cannot be sure that your friend (or enemy) will burn them. Hidden in bureau drawers or in compartments of desks, folded up in portfolios, locked in boxes, they will, it may be, flash up again in sudden feud and fire, months after you have ceased to think of the folly which incited them, or the other folly which penned them. Never write an angry letter when you are angry.

All heated feelings seek the superlative as an outlet, and superlatives are apt to be dangerous. So long as we cling to the positive in speech we are pretty safe.

We all need to be cautioned against undue haste in speech, but mothers most of all. It is so easy to misunderstand a child; so easy to grieve a little person who is forbidden to answer back; so easy to leave a picture of yourself in the plastic memory which will be photographed there for the remainder of life, and of which you would in coming days be ashamed.—*Mastery.*

Two of the most precious things on this side of the grave are reputation and life. And yet, strange to tell, the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the first, and the weakest weapon of the second. Be more anxious, therefore, to deserve a good name than to possess it.

The Infidel's Sheep.

AWAY among the hills of northern New England were two infidel neighbors, who had lived to man's estate sinning and blaspheming against God.

One of them heard the gospel message, and hearing, believed unto eternal life. A short time afterward the converted man went to the house of his infidel neighbor, and said to him:—

"I have come to talk with you; I have been converted."

"Yes, I heard that you had been down there and gone forward for prayer," said the skeptic with a sneer; and I am surprised, for I had thought you were about as sensible a man as there was in town."

"Well," said the Christian, "I have got a duty to do to you, and I want you to stop talking and hear me. I haven't slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came into my field six years ago; and I knew they had your mark on them, but I took them and marked them with my mark; and you inquired all around and could not hear anything of them. But they are in my field, with the increase of them; and now I want to settle this matter. I have lain awake nights and groaned over it, and I have come to get rid of it. And now I am at your option. I will do just what you say. If it is a few years in State's prison, I will suffer that. If it is money or property you want, say the word. I have a good farm and money at interest, and you can have all you ask. I want to settle this matter up and get rid of it."

The infidel was amazed. He began to tremble.

"If you have got them sheep you are welcome to them. I don't want nothing of you if you will only go away; a man that will come to me as you have—something must have got hold of you that I don't understand. You may have the sheep if you will only go away."

"No," said the Christian, "I must settle this matter up and pay for the sheep; I shall not be satisfied without. And you must tell me how much."

"Well," said the skeptic, "if you must pay me, you may give me what the sheep were worth when they got into your field, and pay me six per cent on the amount, and go off and let me alone."

The man counted out the value of the sheep and the interest on the amount, and laid it down, and then doubled the sum, and laid as much more down beside it, and went his way, leaving a load on his neighbor's heart almost as heavy as that which he himself had borne.

The full results of that scene are known only to God. One thing is certain; the infidel was seen to frequent the house of prayer, and we may be sure that he afterwards believed that there was some power in the gospel, and that all Christians were not hypocrites.—*Sol.*

"Words are spiritual forces, angels of blessing or of cursing. Unuttered, we control them; uttered, they control us."

To obtain perfection it is not necessary to do singular things, but to do common things singularly well.

LET us help the fallen still, though they never pay us, and let us lend without exacting the usury of gratitude.

Our Craft is Small.

WHEN the hardy Norwegian puts out to sea,
With his sails well trimmed, and the rocks a lee,
Ere upon his sight the land grows dim,
He chants for protection this well-worn hymn,
"God helps us all, whatever befall,
For thy ocean is vast, and our craft is small."

So ever as dashes the ocean's wave
With a tried, true soul, and heart as brave,
He looks aloft, through the rack of the storm,
And pierces the void for a formless form,
For he knows and feels, whatever befall,
That God is large, though his craft is small.

Take courage, toiler, where'er thou art,
From this humble soul and this dauntless heart.
When thy life grows drear and thy hope grows dim
Lift thine eyes above,—put thy trust in Him;
And feel and know, whatever may be,
'Tis a Father's arm enshrouds thee.

And thou too, O Christian,—a heavy cross
May bear thee down, and the worthless dross
Of this world encumber thy upward way;
Still let this thought be thy hope and stay,
Through each earthly snare, a Father's care
His trusting child shall in safety bear.

God help us all in this voyage of life;
God keep us pure from its stain and strife;
And wherever may dash the angry wave,
Teach us to say with a spirit brave,
God help us all, whatever befall,
For thou art so vast, and we so small.

—Christian Weekly.

Home.

"BE it ever so humble there is no place like home;" that is, if we strive to let the sunshine in, and to make it the spot of peace and contentment which home should be. There is so much depending upon the influences of home that whenever we see one mismanaged we are shocked beyond the power of expression. From the cradle out through the sports of childhood to the verge of manhood, the warmth of the fireside expands the virtues of the soul into bloom and matures them into sweet and charming beauty, or the coldness of the hearthstone freezes the heart into an unsympathizing, unloving, and wicked exclusiveness and selfishness. The soul that begins to live amidst the soft glow of a happy, virtuous, and charitable home will never entirely forget that the world is full of sunshine and flowers,—although it may, in after life, struggle through many midnight and feel the pricking of many a thorn,—or that it was born for Heaven, although it may grovel in filth or lounge in tents of wickedness.

On account of the weakness of human nature, often nothing on earth is capable of saving us from the commission of sin, and from scarring the soul from its blistering influences; but however low a man or woman whose childhood has been passed in the sunshine of a pure home may fall, it is safe to conclude that but for these mellowing influences a still lower depth would have been found. And for the boy or girl who has never known what home is, who has never beheld the sweet dear face of mother beaming at the fireside more brightly than the fire in the grate ever does, and with greater loveliness than the sun of the morning, the human heart, with all its wealth of sympathizing love, cannot bear too warm or deep a sympathy.

To expect a perfect manhood or womanhood from a child who has never known the sweet influences of home, is expecting the bud to develop into the flower without the developing warmth of the sunshine. For a perfect development of nature, for the strengthening of all that is pure, and noble, and good in the soul, and the destruction of all that is evil, the home must be depended on. If we would

have the boys and girls go out into the world like ministering angels to their kind,—if we would have their hearts so full of gentle love that their words will fall upon kindred souls, and awaken their drooping hopes into new life, as the shower imbues the fading grass with fresh vitality, we must train them in the home, and freight them with gentleness at the fireside.

But upon noble manhood and womanhood rest the interest of the world. If every man and woman were pure, and upright, and noble, we should have no crime a comparatively little wretchedness. Governments would never be in danger of treason's assaults or treachery; mind that is now wasted in wrongdoing would be turned into channels in which its energies would bear rich blessings for the world; the sword would cease its bloody work, and the tread of armies would no longer shake the earth, and blight the verdure and flowers of the fields. What a vast responsibility, therefore, rests upon the heads of families, and how few realize it.

If every boy and girl in America had a home to-day, and if every home was what it should be, the abode of virtue, the temple of forgiving charity, the school of industry, culture, and gentility, the history of the American Republic a hundred years from hence could even now be written.

With so much depending upon it, therefore, the management of the home should be the subject of constant, earnest study and ceaseless anxiety. It should always be pleasant—the pleasantest spot on earth to the child. Our children will seek the sunshine and beauties of life, and if the home does not furnish them, they will go elsewhere to enjoy them. Pictures, and books, and flowers should be abundant, and as beautiful as the means will admit of. Neatness and order should be visible everywhere. Politeness should always characterize the intercourse between the members of a family. Especially should the children be taught the beauties of gentleness, charity, and kindness, by their constant and unostentatious practice by the parents, not only toward the children, but toward the world.

It must never be forgotten that these tender little hearts are easily hardened, and that nothing will so quickly harden them as a constant exhibition of uncharitableness and cruelty toward mankind. If parents are selfish, and live as if they were natural enemies of their kind, the child develops a similar nature, and goes through life, perhaps, in consequence, without knowing how rich a happiness comes from drying a scalding tear, or healing a wounded heart. It is so easy for a man or woman to speak a kind word or to do a kind act, that a failure to do either is almost unaccountable. We do not fully know what happiness is until we have learned that "man liveth not for himself alone." Velvet carpets, lace curtains, elegant furniture, magnificent libraries, paintings, may adorn the home, but they are powerless to confer happiness, and if an attempt is made to center the affections of the heart upon them we become less and less happy in proportion to our success in doing it.

It is only when we are charitable, and loving, and kind to our fellows, when we try to cover with flowers the ragged edges of the rocks which frown in the pathway of a brother, that we begin to realize that Heaven begins here. The writer is now thinking of a beautiful home. Its rooms and halls are radiant with sunshine. Its appointments are tastefully elegant. It is a lovely bower of

grace and beauty. It is a spot in which selfish indolence would delight to lounge, away from the responsibilities and perplexities of life. But the charming lady who presides over this little place of beauty finds her greatest happiness in ministering to the wants of the needy, and in painting the sunshine upon the clouds which have gathered over less fortunate hearthstones. Closing her elegant pinnate hearthstones. Closing her elegant pinnate an, and leaving her tastefully ornamented parlors, she seeks pleasure in going into the home of poverty, and with her delicate hand, afraid of work, assisting to kindle the dying embers upon the hearthstone into a cheering blaze. She is a friend to the friendless, a sister to those in need of a sister's influence and advice, and a kind Christian, loving mother to the orphan. In a home like hers, not only children, but those who are older, learn the better purposes of life, and are meliorated into better beings; and it is to such homes that the world must look for the men and women who are to make it grand and noble.—Sel.

Sabbath Sickness.

THIS is quite a common disease. It is very prevalent. There is more of sickness on this day than on any other day of the week. Persons that have been in comfortable health all the week long, able to prosecute their accustomed business, often find it necessary to lie by on the Sabbath. I was inquiring of a neighbor, a few Sabbath mornings ago, in regard to his health. He had been feeling rather ill during the week, though keeping at work, but devoted the Sabbath to taking medicine. It was more convenient for him to do it on the Sabbath than on a week-day. To have this done it would have interfered with his plans and interrupted his labors.

A country physician once told me that he had many more calls on the Sabbath than on any other day of the week. People that were ailing would manage to drag along till the Sabbath, when they would give up and call upon the doctor. It is quite common for people to find themselves "indisposed" on that day. The indisposition often comes on quite suddenly. They retire in their usual health, but on awaking Sabbath morning somehow they "don't feel very well," and they "guess that they won't go to meeting to-day." But, fortunately, this kind of indisposition seldom proves fatal or very serious. The next day those who have been afflicted with it generally awake in their usual health, and are as ready for business as ever.—Sel.

Mirrors.

ELI PERKINS tells of an old lady whose face was covered with wrinkles, turning away from the mirror, saying, "Mirrors nowadays are very faulty. They don't make such mirrors as they used to when I was young." How often do people attribute all the faults committed, to their neighbors! If they find themselves destitute of friends in the community, it is all other people's fault. If in the church, everybody seems to think differently from themselves, then every such person is ignorant or willfully mean. If nobody enjoys their presence, or extends to them the courtesies of love and friendship, the neighborhood is denounced as uncivilized. The wrinkles are in the mirror, of course, and the fault with the glass. But, friend, know this, that sweetness, loveliness, and beauty compel appreciation. Be not wanting, and others will not seem to be.—Sel.

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Mothers, Speak Low.

at in which self-lounging, away perplexities of the presidencies, she wants of sunshine upon her elegant pillow ornamented going into the delicate hand, kindle the dyne into a cheerless, mother's influence, ristian, loving me like hers, ho are older, and are mel-it is to such for the men grand and no-

I know some houses, well built and hand-somely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it, and it lasts for life,—an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parents. Where mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are told; while many a home, where the low, firm steady eye is law, never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

O mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or willful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is low under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—*The Kindergarten.*

Two Kinds of Knowledge.

KNOWLEDGE of what is, is one thing; and knowledge of what people think about that which is, another and a very different thing. A true system of education will admit a due proportion of both kinds of knowledge—knowledge of the thing itself and knowledge of the range of opinion concerning that thing. There is nothing mutually antagonistic in these two kinds of knowledge; and yet, as human methods go, they are often made to face each other from hostile camps. Here we have a good old minister—a scholar after the old fashion—who is thoroughly familiar with the text of the Pentateuch, and who neither knows, nor cares to know, what the modern critics think of the books of Moses. There, on the other side, is a young student who is weak in his knowledge of the original text, but who can tell you roughly, the opinions of each of the modern critics concerning the Pentateuch, from Astruc to Kuenen. As a matter of real knowledge, the old minister's acquaintanceship with the Pentateuch must be a higher rank than that of the young student; yet in the practical world, the latter will pass for a brilliant scholar who has learned to have an opinion of his own in biblical criticism, while the former may be reckoned simply as an old fogey. This is not as it should be. Where a choice must be made, the knowledge of the thing itself is to be preferred before knowledge of opinions concerning that thing. The first, without the second, is real knowledge, though an incomplete

knowledge; the second, without the first, is a mere parrot show of knowledge. And this affords a practical hint. When next you meet a loud-voiced young man who proclaims to all his hearers his disbelief in the Mosiac writings, on account of his profound knowledge of modern criticism, just take him into a quiet corner of the room, and propound to him softly this question: "My dear young friend, when did you last read the Pentateuch in the original Hebrew?"—*S. S. Times.*

Death.

NATURAL death is to die sweetly without a sob, struggle, or a sigh. It is the result of a long life of uninterrupted health, of a long life of "temperance in all things," and such a death should be one of the aims of every human being, so that we may not only live long; but in that long life be able to do much for man and much for God. The love of life is a universal instinct; life is a duty, its peril or neglect is a crime. We are placed on earth for a purpose; that purpose can be none other than to give us an opportunity of doing good to ourselves and others, and to be anxious to be "of duty" sooner than God wills is no indication of true piety. The good man has one ruling, ever present desire, and that is to live as long on the earth as his Maker pleases, and while living to do the utmost he can to benefit and bless mankind; and to accomplish a long and active and useful life—the study how to preserve and promote a high degree of health is indispensable. And it seems to be ordained by a Providence both kind and wise, as a reward of a temperate life, and that such a life should be largely extended, that its decline should be as calm as a summer's evening, as gentle as the babe sleeps itself away on its mother's breast.—*Selected.*

Letter Department.

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in the day when I make up my jewels."—*Mal. 3: 16-17.*

Freely Give.

SHALL I keep my precious jewels?
Shall I, can I yet withhold
From that living, loving Savior,
Aught of silver or of gold—
Gold so needed, that his gospel
May be known from sea to sea?
Can I know Christ's service lacketh,
Yet forgets his "unto me"?
No; I lay them down, my jewels,
Freely on the altar now;
Stay, I see a vision passing
Of a gem-encircled brow:
Heavenly treasure, worn by Jesus,
Souls won through my gift outpoured;
Freely, gladly will I offer
Jewels thus to crown my Lord.
—*Selected.*

From Sister Anna K. Field.

DEAR Brethren and Sisters of the ADVOCATE: It is a long time since I wrote you, but I still feel a desire to be one of you, and to be faithful in keeping all the commandments. I love to read the ADVOCATE from first to last, and especially the letters. When one who is afflicted writes I feel a deep sympathy for their suffering, for I suffer all the time, day and night, and I always pray for them that their afflictions may be sanctified, and I want you to pray for me that I may have grace and strength to hold out faithful to the end, and

above all, that I may glorify my heavenly Father in my death, if I may not live till Jesus comes. But oh! how he is needed on this sin cursed earth; and how glorious we can imagine it will be when he shall rule over it in righteousness. May we all be willing to hasten the time, and be ready and waiting when he comes.

A friend from California, in speaking of his beloved wife's death, said, No one who saw her die could have any doubts left of the reality of a belief in God, and though he sadly felt his loss, what a comfort to have her die so happy. Let us all try to live so that our death, or our translation, shall be triumphant.

Write often, friends of the cause, if you can say but little. Yours in hope.

Lincoln, Neb.

From Sister Anna Robinson.

DEAR Brother Long, and Brethren and Sisters of the ADVOCATE: I will try for the first time to write a few lines for our much loved paper. We are trying, in our weak way, to keep the Sabbath, but it is very lonesome. We don't have any Sabbath School, there are so few here that keep the Sabbath. I was baptized the 4th of August by Elder John Branch. I am glad that the Lord has led me to see my sins. I attended the Conference at Bangor, and I enjoyed myself very much; it encouraged me and made me feel strong in the Lord. I often think how I would like to be with the brethren and sisters all the time. But if we prove faithful the time is soon coming when we shall meet never more to part. God grant that I may be ready for that day when peace and comfort will never cease, and when there will be one eternal day of happiness. Pray for me, dear brethren and sisters, that I may prove faithful to the end, and at last meet you in that blessed kingdom.

From your sister in Christ.

Grand Haven, Mich.

From Sister Hattie Greene.

DEAR Editor: This lovely Sabbath morning finds me writing to the ADVOCATE. I often think how glad I would be if I knew that the Lord was coming at once; then the thought comes to me am I ready for him. I trust that we shall be gathered with all of his dear children. We are all one family, and how good our heavenly Father is to us! I read with tears of joy that our aged sister, mother Long, can see again. Asking an interest in your prayers I remain your sister in hope of the soon coming of our Savior.
Maysville, Mo.

SEVEN hundred and fifteen millions of dollars are annually spent in the United States in strong drink. This is only the count in money. Who can make the estimate of the loss of manhood and virtue, of the saddened homes and degraded lives? It robs the family of its brightest sons; it degrades the occupants of our most coveted positions; it steals some of the most prominent members from our churches, and drags even from the pulpit some of the most eloquent preachers. It is found in alliance with almost every other vice; and wherever it obtains a foothold, it is the forerunner of every sort of degradation.

Mr. SPURGEON is reported to have said that the manner of some clergymen in addressing the young made him think they must have understood the Lord to say, "Feed my cam-elopards," rather than "Feed my lambs," and the hit was a capital one.

se. It is very sickness on this week. Per-ceptible health acute their ac-t necessary to inquiring of a ngs ago, in re-been feeling ough keeping bath to taking nient for him n a week-day, ve interfered his labors. d me that he bbbath than on ple that were along till the a up and call common for disposed" on en comes on y their usual ath morning r well," and to meeting kind of in- or very se- no have been in their us- business as

lady whose rning away s nowadays e such mir-ung." How faults com- they find the commu- If in the differently h person is body enjoys the courte-ighborhood e wrinkles d the fault v this, that compel ap others will

