

# The Sabbath Recorder.

Amille Randolph 86

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"THE SEVENTH-DAY IS THE SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD."

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## The Sabbath Recorder.

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### PLITTING SUNWARD.

NUMBER XL.

SISCO.

The pleasures of a rainy day are not greatly enhanced by being enjoyed in a hotel among strangers. Nevertheless there are situations in life quite as devoid of rapture—yes, I will concede, even somewhat more so—than a watering-place hotel in a storm. Nevertheless two days at the Windsor, when we could not carry out our intention of going to Sisco, because of the storm, and in fact could do little else than to peruse Walt Whitman's idea of perfect bliss, merely to "sit and loaf," were not without their compensations, for after weeks of constant "go" and sight-seeing we were not sorry to rest. Then we were not quite alone—

"Alas how pitiful  
In a great city full—"

for besides our own party we found several old acquaintances at the hotel. By the third morning the storm had passed, and signals were up for a "cold wave." La Belle, who had been traveling so long that she had come to look at things from a railway point of view, remarked that perhaps if they had not put out the signal, the cold wave would not have stopped at this station. But they had, and the cold wave had stopped, and was giving the darkies, at least, some trouble, for they came out with old overcoats and shawls, which apparently had been growing since they were young, for they were now long enough to drag the ground. The chilly air was a reminder that in the North, where we were already overdue, the vernal warmth had not yet kissed the buds to life, and it was with a shudder that we thought of the wintry weather yet in store for us. We left home in depths of winter, had passed through an "early spring," which in turn had given place to the full heat of summer, and now we were destined to almost jump again into the arms of winter without any of the russet ripeness of autumn to console us for the change. Almost the experiences of a year crowded into six weeks!

No wonder we shuddered! The weather and various other things had conspired to reduce the number who took the nine o'clock train for Sisco to one, which was the Scribe. But as he had before been won, he did not hesitate. The way led through Palatka, soon after which it crossed the St. Johns and came upon higher ground, which was as dry, apparently, as though it had not rained for forty-eight hours. The land is simply sand, except in swamps, and absorbs the water like a thirsty horse. But the streams and ponds were swollen, showing that the rain had not alighted the section.

After several stops the conductor called out "Sisco," and the Scribe alighted to find a single building doing duty as a depot, store, and post office. At a distance was another building in sight, like a farm-house, besides which there was no sign of a settlement. He had not long to speculate on the probability of finding the object of his search, for a brisk and business-like lady stepped up to him and, with her eyes more than by her tongue, asked what he wanted there? Whereupon he bashfully inquired how he could find Eld. Main.

"He lives about a mile through the woods. It's a straight road, but there's a gentleman here who is going right there as soon as I open the mail. You can go along with him if you prefer to wait."

So the Scribe waited, and found that the lady who had come to his aid was station-agent, post-mistress, store-keeper, matron and god-mother for the town, being the wife of the gentleman who owned the most of the land about the station, and for whom it was named. After the mail had been distributed, and the portion for the "settlement" put up, the Scribe and his guide started; but as the guide was in the same predicament as Mephibosheth of old, and the road was quite sandy, their progress was slow, though the beauty of the woods with palmetto shrubs and a variety of other undergrowth, in wild profusion, made up for the delay, so that although the distance seemed a very long mile—possibly a cross between an English and a German mile—it was not wearisome. The road also was "straight" only in the Biblical sense, for it had several turns and angles, and one following the directions might have fetched up anywhere else than where he wished. Speaking of miles, I have frequently noticed a great difference in their length, and sometimes the very same mile is longer or shorter, according to which way you travel it. For instance, toward home it is generally shorter than when going away, except—and there is said to be an exception to every rule—when your sweetheart lives at the other end! And then a "measured mile" has very different values according to where it is. In Sweden, physicians are not in the habit of recommending their patients to walk a mile before breakfast, for fear their patience might become exhausted; for a mile there means nearly twelve thousand yards, and it takes only 3,760 of them to surround the globe. If, as is said, a mile was originally a thousand paces, what giants must the ancient Swedes have been to have taken paces of thirty-five feet each!

But even a Swedish mile, has an end and so had this one in Florida, but not before the Scribe had found that his guide was the husband of an old playmate and relative. So true it is that "this world is so small, the same people are always turning up!" as one of Dickens' characters was in the habit of saying.

The Main object was found in a very comfortable, but rather small, house, on the crest of a long ridge, which might be called a hill, though not much like the hills in Allegany. It is, I believe, one hundred feet above tide-water, and the highest land in all that section of the state. Around him he has gathered a great variety of fruit trees, for he places not his trust entirely in oranges. Among his treasures are oranges, plums, peaches, pears, pecan nuts, mulberries, etc. Few of them are yet in bearing, but after bearing with them a few more years, barring accidents, they may be expected to bear themselves. The Doctor's plot covers ten acres of sand, much or all of which was originally covered with trees. At the bottom of the hill, behind the house, is a small lake, in which his ducks and geese disport themselves, with just enough danger of being swallowed by alligators to give zest, assuming them to be like human geese. His house stands alone on the ridge, but several plots adjoining have been sold to personal friends, who intend building, and down in the valley—perhaps fifty feet down—are now several houses and some bearing groves. In one of these houses were other old Rhode Island friends, who meet with Dr. Main and his family on the Sabbath, for Bible study and worship.

You know, or perhaps I ought to say we know, the Scribe is not very badly affected with the "Florida fever," but he is willing to say that if he was condemned to live there,

and could not find a better place (which up to the present he hasn't), he would as soon live in Sisco as anywhere. "We can't all think alike," said a level-headed preacher to his congregation, "and I'm glad we can't; 'cause if we could you'd all be wantin' to marry my Sally." It is equally lucky that men do not all want to live in the same place. Where one fails to see the good in things and places which some others see, the fault is in his power of perception rather than in the thing or place. What a world of dispute and discord would be saved if men could only fully comprehend that truth.

After a delightful visit, and another delightful walk, this time accompanied by the warm-hearted Doctor and his son, the Scribe boarded a train half an hour late, and returned to Jacksonville "ready to depart on the morrow."

G. H. B.

### CHRISTIANITY'S GREAT COMPETITOR.

In a recent number of *The Standard* we had occasion to speak of a controversy attracting some attention in England as to the moral advantages gained by a people in the adoption of Christianity upon the one hand, or Mohammedanism upon the other. The subject was sprung upon the British public in a paper read by Canon Isaac Taylor, of York, before a Church Congress held in England not long since. This service had been requested of Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, a gentleman who has had unusual opportunity for personal acquaintance with Mohammedanism in Africa, and whose book upon the subject seems to have suggested the topic to the organizers of the Church Congress just mentioned. Mr. Smith declined the service, upon the ground that it would be impossible to treat so large a subject adequately in a paper of twenty minutes' duration. Canon Taylor was then called upon, and entering the breach with more zeal than discretion, devoted himself to a laudation of what Mohammedanism has done for Africa. Mr. R. Bosworth Smith now finds its needful that he should come to the front in such a presentation of the case as shall, while doing justice to the one great missionary religion—that of Mohammedanism—defend against misleading inferences the other, namely, Christianity. This he has done in an exceedingly able and interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century* for December.

The revelations made in this article are startling and suggestive in a high degree. We should be glad to copy, were that possible, all that is said of the extent to which Mohammedanism has made conquest of the three hundred and fifty millions of people living upon the African continent. Fully one-half of these, the writer assures us, are Mohammedans. While Christian missions still are, as they always have been, along that western coast, so much of which consists of "low-lying plains and vast mangrove swamps, covered with masses of decaying vegetation;" where "the climate is hot and moist, the sun beats fiercely down, and the foul fog which it draws up from the stagnant waters is charged with death;" where, also, according to this writer, "the noblest African races are by no means found;"—while this is true of Christian missions, Mohammedanism has made conquest of the whole of Northern Africa, has taken possession of the great desert itself, so that "wherever in this vast expanse, this waterless ocean, three times as large as the Mediterranean, there is a salt-mine, a spring of brackish water or a few palm-trees, there are to be found the uncouth followers of the Prophet," and has won "almost exclusive possession of that most fertile and prosperous region of Africa" south of the Sahara. Its realm "stretches across from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean," while also numbering many followers in Madagascar and in Mozambique, and dominating "the Arab Sultanate of Zanzibar."

No one can read the picture so afforded in the article here noticed without being made to feel that great as have been the achievements of Christian missions elsewhere in the world, they have not as yet even fairly made a beginning in Africa. Some exception must indeed be taken to the representation by the writer quoted as to the condition under which these missions have so far been undertaken. What he says will not apply, in any way, to the Baptist mission on the Congo, to the people in whose behalf this mission has been planted, to the country and climate where they have their home, or to the outlook of the work itself. In point of fact, associating the most hopeful beginnings of this mission with all that is true of the new state founded there through Mr. Stanley's means, and the likelihood that here is to be a center of Christian influence and civilizing effect such as Africa has never before seen, it is none too much to say that whatever may have been the achievements of Mohammedanism in the past, on that great

continent, a new future is opening there for Christianity itself.

After saying all this, however, the facts now coming to light as to the extent of the Mohammedan domain in Africa should serve as a mighty stimulus to the missionary zeal of Christians throughout the world. And this the more, as by the testimony of such writers as Mr. R. Bosworth Smith and Dr. F. W. Blyden—himself an African by race though born in the West Indies, and who is probably the man of all now living best informed upon this general subject;—by the testimony of such as these, who do not write specially in the interests of Christianity, but of the African races themselves, it is made perfectly clear that what the people of that continent need for their regeneration is not Mohammedanism, but Christianity.

Mr. Smith, after recognizing the fact that Mohammedanism is better than fetishism, and the Mohammedan civilization better than African barbarism, notes these signal faults in this great missionary religion itself, which are fatal to any claim it can have to be the best religion for Africa or any other part of the world: First, it everywhere encourages and promotes the slave trade, and that in its worst forms. Second, it is proscriptive and intolerant to the last degree. Always has been so and always will be. The Mohammedan "looks down upon all who are outside the fold as so much dirt beneath his feet." Thirdly, its idea of propagandism is that of the sword. It has spread itself, not by such peaceful conquests as Christianity has won, but always, from the very beginning, has presented the one alternative, "the Koran, or death." Then, where Mohammedanism prevails, polygamy with its multiplied evils also prevails. Those who laud this religion in comparison with that of Christianity dwell much upon the Mohammedan law of chastity. The reason for the difference noted between Mohammedan and so-called Christian nations in this regard is in one word—polygamy. Whether the remedy is, or is not, equally as bad if not worse than the evil over against which it is set, let the world judge. Finally—what the writer we are following does not mention—there is no really regenerative force in Mohammedanism. A true Christian, in whatever part of the world you find him, is a regenerated man; and that one fact means all the difference there is between the true civilization of a Christian nation and the sham civilizations of Turkey, Egypt, and the Soudan.

To our own mind it seems clear that the next great and commanding interest in Christian missions is, or ought to be, the missions in Africa. Manifest providences, with providential men as the instruments, have been preparing the way. A point of advantage, independent of all hinderances from Mohammedanism or any other opposing force, has been supplied in the Congo Free State. There are races in Africa, as the writings of Mr. Smith and Dr. Blyden amply show, with all the elements of native nobility, and as well worth saving for civilization and a new future as any on the face of the earth;—while, there is every reason to believe that the results of aggressive and successful missionary work in Africa would rouse to new energy, in behalf of the whole wide field of Christian missions, the missionary zeal of the Christian world.—*Standard*.

### THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

The story of the Wise Men who came from the East to pay their homage to the Holy Child at Bethlehem has always been a favorite theme of Christian art and legend. It was depicted everywhere: on the walls of the Catacombs; on the sculptured faces of sarcophagi; in the glittering mosaics of the basilicas; in the palaces of the rich and the churches of the poor; on gilded drinking-glasses, and carved doors, and marble pulpits, and painted ceilings, and bronze coins, and jeweled shrines—everywhere that art has left its touch we see the Magi worshipping the infant Saviour. From the second century the long, rich train of representation runs on unbroken through the nineteenth. There is hardly one of the great artists who has not left us his conception of it. We may safely say that there is no subject in the range of history, sacred or profane, which has found so many or such splendid illustrations.

Side by side with this stream of pictures and carvings runs the kindred current of imagination speaking to the ear instead of to the eye. Traditions and fables, myths and allegories, fragments of history and philosophy, poems and plays and chronicles, gather about the story in marvelous abundance. It is like a trellis overgrown with vines, so luxuriant, so fertile in leaves and blossoms, that the outline of the sustaining structure is almost lost. It would be easy for one who looked at it carelessly to suppose that the whole fabric was flowery and fictitious, with nothing substantial about it. On the other hand, it is no less easy to mistake the growth of fancy for the framework of history, and accept the latter legends as if they belonged to the original narrative. Even among the most cautious Christians, who have a rooted dislike for everything that is later than the first century, this mistake is made; and I suppose the hymn,

"We three kings of Orient are," is sung in many a Protestant Sunday-school in hearty unconsciousness that its first line embodies two ecclesiastical traditions.

Our first task, then, if we would understand the adoration of the Magi, is to go back to the simple narrative as it is given in the original records of Christianity. Then we must trace the growth of the legend which has been trained about it, and then at length we can hope to comprehend and appreciate something of the works of art in which it has been illustrated. For the study of Christian art, let me say once for all, is no mere pastime to be taken up in an idle hour by those who know little or nothing of Christian history or doctrine. It is a study not only serious, but also useful. It helps to illuminate those beliefs and customs and affections of the past by which it is illuminated. It is profoundly true, as a rule of human activity, that men will not paint or carve that which they do not love and believe. Pictures and sculptures tell the story of religion as veraciously as the decrees of councils and the chronicles of historians. But their meaning does not lie upon the surface. It yields itself only to him who studies them with care and patience in the light of the age from which they came.

The story of the Magi, as it is given by the evangelist Matthew, is astonishingly brief and unadorned. He tells us without preface that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem certain foreigners arrived at Jerusalem. He does not tell us how many they were, nor of what race, nor of what station in life; although it is fair to infer from the consideration with which they were received at the court of Herod, and from the fact that they carried treasure boxes with them, that they were persons of wealth and distinction. The most important statement in regard to them is that they were Magians, that is to say, disciples of Zoroaster, and members of the sacred or priestly order of Persia, which was then widely scattered among the Oriental nations, and included men of exalted rank. They came from the East, a word which to the dwellers in Palestine could hardly have any other meaning than the ancient region of Chaldea, lying beyond the Jordan and the desert. Their explanation of their journey to Herod was that they had seen an appearance in the heavens (whether one star or many, or a comet, they did not say) which led them to believe that the King of the Jews had been born, and they had come to do reverence to him. Herod was greatly troubled at hearing this, and sent for the chief priests and scribes to inquire where the prophets had foretold that the Messiah should be born. They answered at once that Bethlehem was the chosen place. Then Herod, having asked the Magi how long it was since they first saw the appearance in the sky, sent them away to Bethlehem, promising that when they had found the young Christ he also would come to do reverence to him. Having set out on their journey, they saw once more the celestial sign, and its motion was such that it guided them to the place where Jesus was. Coming into the house (for Joseph had now found better shelter than a stable), they saw the young Child with Mary his mother, and prostrated themselves before him in worship. Opening their treasure chests, they presented to him gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. Then being warned in a dream not to go back to Herod, they took another road into their own country.

It must be confessed that if we accept the tradition as a part of the narrative, and suppose that they saw a new single star which moved directly in front of them all through their journey, and finally took its stand just over the door of the house of Joseph in Bethlehem, it would be difficult to parallel or confirm the story. It must be accepted, then, on simple faith. But if we take the account as it is given by the evangelist, we find a remarkable light thrown upon it by the discoveries of modern astronomy. The conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn is one of the rarest of sidereal events. It occurs only once in eight hundred years. This conjunction, all astronomers agree, happened no less than three times in the year 747 A. U. C., shortly before the birth of Christ. In the following year it took place again, and now the planet Mars joined the conjunction. In 1604 the astronomer Kepler observed a similar conjunction, and saw, between Jupiter and Saturn, a new, brilliant, evanescent star. The astronomical tables of the Chinese, which are the most ancient records of the sky, mention a star of the same character, which according to the best calculations, appeared and vanished in the year 750 A. U. C. These strange things must have been visible to all who observed the heavens in that year. Certainly they could be seen from Jerusalem, and to one leaving that city they would appear to lead in the direction of Bethlehem. It may be that we have here, in this "fairly tale of science," a confirmation of this beautiful story of religion, a hint and trace of

"the light that led  
The holy elders with their gifts of myrrh."  
—Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in *Harper's Magazine* for January.

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Work in this line can be executed with promptness.

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Missions.

"Go ye into all the world; and preach the gospel to every creature."

The Corresponding Secretary having temporarily changed his place of residence, all communications not designed for the Treasurer should be addressed, until further notice, A. E. Main, Sisco, Putnam Co., Fla. Regular quarterly meetings of the Board are held on the second Wednesday in December, March, June and September; and ample time should be allowed for business matters to reach the Board through the Secretary.

THE CLAIMS OF MISSIONS UPON SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

Miss Mary Bailey

God's wonderful thought—the sunlight for the day! God's wonderful love—a Saviour for the sinner! The first great physical blessing which the Creator bestowed upon his earth was light, freely, richly bestowed, a constant promoter of physical life. Out from the heart of that merciful Creator is the great gift of the Sun of Righteousness, flooding with the light of life the darkened heart of the man of sin, as freely offered, as surely a means of spiritual existence.

There were Jews scattered among the Persian heathen in the days of Ahasuerus—in light in the midst of darkness. Haman, in his strength, plotted the ruin of God's crippled people. Mercy, in the midst of God's providence, had been planning a way of escape for that chosen people, by making Esther, the Jewess, to be the queen, and Mordecai, to be a great man, through whom the plot was disclosed, the framer of it punished, and God's chosen people were saved.

You, lovers of the exciting, sensational page, were there really any such here, pick up your Bibles, and read this chapter in the history of God's people, and mark you this, that fiction wears no more enchanting robes, nor does tragedy lift an uglier face than you will find here revealed in the handling which history gives to this small and despised people. Esther, while yet her heart was not fully awake to her condition of responsibility, sent down to Mordecai that prayer of the indifferent, of the yet unawakened, "I pray thee have me excused," by pleading her inability to carry out the command of Mordecai, to go to the king with a plea for her people. Then Mordecai commanded to answer Esther, "Think not within thyself, that thou shalt escape within the king's house more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place: but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed, and who knowest whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Through weary centuries the darkened shades of heathen nations have refused admission to the Sun of Righteousness. One by one the sea-gates have been opened. International commerce, the fore-runner of civilization, the John the Baptist in some new-found wilderness of an unchristianized people, crying, "prepare ye the way of the Lord," has put the Christ-touch upon the bolted doors of heathen homes, and thereby received the promise, "and it shall be opened unto you." One by one the heavy, rust-bound doors of these abodes have been slowly turning upon their creaking hinges, and in our own day another miracle of God's providence is revealed in the now open doors of all heathendom. Every "Light of Asia" is already bedimmed by the glorious Light of the World.

What is the picture? Opportunity and responsibility. A starving, freezing, dying brother of ours within loathsome prison walls; fields white for the harvest close about his prison-house. You, with the accumulative, inventive genius of man, best prepared to harvest that field of grain speedily, and to open that all but hermetically sealed house to the saving of that life; you, the man saved by God's last message to man, by the Jesus doctrine.

Lover of the thrilling page, pick up your book again, and holding there the history of God's 19th-century miracle in the opening doors of his grace and opportunity for the benighted sons of men, keep it conscientiously open before your eyes, until you have caught the fire of its romance. When through your eyes, the history of the case as it is, has come down into heart, just as surely as the dime novel will cheapen the intellect, just so surely will this soul-stirring recital invigorate the intellect, and force you to a newness of life which will make itself felt in the repleted treasuries of God's house, and speed the day—in keeping with the speed of the age—when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God.

But, please, my brother, please, my sister,

look more carefully, more patiently, more sympathetically, more like a brother and a sister, at the picture within these now opened prison walls, and tell me, what do you see? More than your starving, dying brother? Yes. Who there is the most miserable in that sin-sick abode? The daughter of her who first lost for us the human race, still held down through all the ages to be the accursed thing, as when upon that fatal day Adam cried out, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me." All heathendom holds her under the cruel heel of that cowardly thrust. The heathen man, with unsoftened heart, uses to the full the vantage ground of his power over her embraced within Eve's curse. No man but the Christ man can decree for her the message, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," and to none but her Christian sister is so surely committed the message to this doubly imprisoned woman, this being the farthest removed of all the living from the Holy of holies. My sister, look at the picture—opportunity and responsibility.

Philadelphia, under whose shadow we sit to-day, is the present home of the Pundita. Her life, character, present and prospective work have been paragraphed in daily, weekly or periodical for a year and a half. During this time many of you may have come to be familiar with this grave, earnest, and patient wee bit of humanity who represents our India sister. Her studies in this country are to fit her for the emancipation of this her own India sister, whose life has been for ages one ceaseless heart-break. Her definite aim is to lift into the light of day which these have never seen the twenty-one millions of India's widows. Hindu widow! Child widow! Ten letters, two words! I can spell them for you, can pronounce them; but I, who have never held child of my own could never tell you what they mean. Aye! neither can you, the mother of many sons and daughters, tell mortal being, not even your own mother heart, the meaning of those two words. One Hindu widow herself says, "It is perfectly impossible for any other mortal than the Hindu widow, not even the angels, to know our sufferings." Only the great Father of us all, whose progeny we are, and who does, therefore, as I believe, carry also a mother nature, and a mother heart—only he can spell the depth of agony concentrated in those ten letters, can pronounce in those two words the spiritual isolation next of earthly kin to that of our blessed Saviour when he cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This is neither sentiment, nor sentimental. It is the statement of a solid, stubborn, living, long-lived fact.

The transmigration of souls, absorption into the great Nirvana, Caste beliefs, the Vedas with the over-capping Code of Manu, represent the religion, and prescribe the practices of the Hindu. Through all of this woman sits in the background of opportunity, and privilege, and of responsibility, save as she is held responsible for the evil; as says the law in one place, "It is the nature of women in this world to seduce men." Hindu proverbs read, "Never put your trust in women. Women's counsel leads to destruction. Woman is a great whirlpool of suspicion, a dwelling place of vices, full of deceits; a hindrance in the way of heaven, the gate of hell." Queen Esther, had she been an appointed round-the-world missionary for some woman's philanthropic association, might have found her Hindu sister already under the ban of social and spiritual ostracism. The right of Satee—widow burning—was not sanctioned by Manu, but was interpolated by the priests. These declared to the ignorant people underneath their heels that there was a text in the Rig Veda prescribing this right. This text by the falsifying of one syllable they had made to suit their convenience, and thus for centuries, to crush woman's body, woman's life, woman's soul. India, with all of her Aryan possibilities, is dying for want of mothers. Crushed as she has been, India's woman cannot be the mother of a healthy race. Shall this mighty people die, when it might be saved? Shall these Aryans go out into a worse than Nirvana because we will not carry to them the Bread of Life? Shall the women of India never know the joys, the comforts, the rest in life, because it is delegated to women to carry to them the blessed invitation and promise given to all of those who are weary and heavy laden?

Let the Pundita speak for herself, for she does say it, "I beg you, friends and benefactors, educators and philanthropists, all who have any interest or compassion for your fellow-creatures, let the cry of India's daughters, feeble though it be, reach your ears, and stir your hearts. In the name of humanity, in the name of your sacred responsibilities as workers in the cause of humanity, and above all, in the most holy name of God, I summon you, true women and men of America, to bestow help quickly, regardless of nation, caste, or creed.

The Dark Continent furnishes simply another type of woman's serfdom; the details are different, but the condition for every woman is still that of bondage, under sin and under man, who, without Christ in his heart, makes himself her lord and master. Here she is his property, valued according to her service to him; his chattel, his slave to be bought or sold like cattle, and often sold for cattle; an animal to be put upon the field to cultivate his grain and tobacco; forced to win his bread, and to make his bread, physically and morally benumbed by life-long service, under his kicks and his curses, under his treatment of bad or indifferent, as his lazy, licentious lordship may please to deal out to her. So thoroughly ignorant is she of a better lot, that to be beaten by her husband she deems better than not to be noticed by him at all; to be the only wife is to be disgraced, by belonging to one who had not spirit enough to procure many wives. This woman, too, is your sister, my sister; and the repulsiveness of her lot does not diminish one jot or tittle from the obligation resting upon us to do what we can for her relief.

These two, the women of Africa and of India, represent two types of the bondage under heathen rule. The inhabitants of all other parts of the heathen world experience just variations of these.

But there's another side to the picture, and it were a healthful thing for us to do to look for and into that other side. "The Lord looketh from heaven, he beholdeth all the sons of men. From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth. He fashioneth their hearts alike." The degradation of heathendom and its repulsiveness is the isolation from the world's Redeemer. The Hindu widow, the extreme sufferer from all the daughters of Eve, under the developing grace of Christian civilization becomes a woman fit to be sent as a missionary to American Christian women. The two women, Dr. Joshee, and the Pundita, both of whom Philadelphia has held in person, have been practically such teachers to many women in this country. Missionaries who have labored in Africa, all us of the great beauty of female character, when the fountain of Christian life has displaced the sewer of African heathenism. Women in Burmah and Siam, under varying types of India's rule, saved by grace, honor the Christian virtues. Women in the Pacific Islands, as far removed from civilized living as are their homes from the world's populated centers, under Christian rule, are clothed and in their right minds, and fit, as say some of their missionary teachers, to be queens and leaders. Women in Japan, our Yankee cousins of the Orient, stand the highest in the Asiatic scale of woman's development; to-day they stand with hands stretched out to us for help; and, Yankee fashion, they are prying into the latest developments of our Christian civilization. But, more anxious for our civilization than our Christ, these, too, have a special claim upon our sympathy, our prayers, our help.

Concerning the women of China, I am persuaded there is one particular obligation resting upon us, to study her good side; then may we come to love her, and be, thereby, enabled to help her. Too many of us have looked upon her much as we would upon a chattering parrot, have treated her as though she were the resident of a pest-house. We have picked up our dainty skirts for fear of contamination, and for all that we have done for her, too many of us, we have reached her with finger tips from outstretched arms. She is not a parrot, but a woman whom God hath made. She is, therefore, not fitly constructed to thrive in the miasms of a pest-house, not more so in the sight of God, than your own sister, no, nor your own mother; neither yet to be the victim of vice or of crime. More light shines down upon her to-day than upon any other woman in Asia, except the Japanese. Many helpful, happy influences are in play within her susceptibilities and in her surroundings. True, she is the recipient of many restraints, is cruelly, painfully crippled, and deprived of personal freedom; yet it is not by act of her own, as in our country where women are foolishly self-bound to the ever-changing freaks of fashion and of society, some of which freaks and followings, considering our own enlightened condition concerning the laws of health affecting the body individual, or the body social, or, the body moral, are but grotesque, distorted,

ugly, half-comical shadows upon the wall; no less grotesque than those cast there by the deformed, crippled, ignorant woman of the Celestial Empire. But she is not confined as in harem or zenana. The gospel may reach her both by the hands of the missionary, and by the Chinese men. Ignorance is her slavery; yet she is frequently permitted to receive education, and receiving with this the gospel, even her own land will not refuse that she gives of that she has received, and her opportunity is to become a Bible-woman, and thus a teacher of righteousness.

We have established a mission in her country, because we profess to have, and to be willing to give, the bread and the water of life. Two hundred millions of Chinese women are conditioned to receive this food. The Jesus doctrine might have found her instead of us. It did find us. Yet not one thing has one of us ever done to merit our condition of advancement above hers; not one word could one of us plead for our preferment. We have accepted this gospel. What of the picture—opportunity and responsibility?

One truth deserves special notice. It is this, that the heathen may teach us many lessons. It would do us good to search for these lessons, and during our next Conference year to study these, that one year from now we may be prepared to pass good examination, prove that we do not feel that it belongs to some one else to prow around amongst the sewers of humanity; but prove that we believe that it does belong to each one of us to have a hand in the cleansing process of giving from the fountain of life.

But, my sisters, the Secretary of the Missionary Board gave me these words, "The claims of missions upon Seventh-day Baptist Christian women." What of the letters, S. D. B? They force us to acknowledge the existence of another imprisoned man, and of another heathen man, this heathen man an American Zulu. What of him? Who is he? Where is he? Ellice Hopkins says he is "the licentious man." It is he who is forcing upon the face of him who would save his fellow-man the reflection of an organized terror, cast there by the approaching fear of a Christian country be seized by child-harlotry. But what else is he? The drunken man, the brutish man, the man who, reckless of his own best welfare, floods the heathen world also with those representative poisons, whisky, tobacco and opium; the thoroughly unsanctified man in the blazing light of a revealed Saviour.

Who is this other man? This imprisoned man? The Christian man who yet makes a law unto himself which he obeys as though it were greater than God's law. The Hindu priest, falsifying one syllable in the Rig Veda, thus producing a most inhuman custom, widow burning, which remained unmolested for centuries, until abolished at length by the Christian Queen Empress. Constantine, and his edict to make Sunday the holy unto the Lord, an unrighteous custom growing out of it, maintained for centuries unmolested, almost that. Through whom shall it be abolished? Honor thy father and thy mother, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not covet, all commands of God, most flagrantly ignored to-day in Christian countries. This could not be, if the man were not a law unto himself. This would not be if men would remember who is the rightful law-giver of the universe, and would respect him therein.

The Seventh-day Baptist woman, the Esther in the Persian court, the woman allowed to carry the precious fourth commandment of God while the world's back is turned ruthlessly upon it. Mordecai, the man of God whom he would have to be exalted, representing in this instance the crippled, despised, forsaken law of God outside the city gates of the refined cruelties of a lawless man of the present generation, of a Sabbathless church in Christian lands in the 19th century.

Think not, my sister, that thou shalt escape, for if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the church of God from another place; but thou and thy covenant brethren shall be destroyed; and who knowest whether thou art come into the Seventh-day Baptist Church for such a time as this? If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.

The philanthropic forces in the hands of the 19th-century woman place great opportunities, and great responsibilities upon the Seventh-day Baptist Christian woman. By means of these forces, as by other means also, she may be very successful in helping our American Sabbath Tract Society. Our Christian brother and sister in First-day-keeping

evangelical churches of this country, and of others, must become willing to submit to God as the rightful law-giver. They must come to feel and believe that to leave God out of the heart of the Decalogue is to remove him from a condition of life in that code of laws. They must know that to have no other gods before him, yet be the reviser of God's own law, is at the very least to seem to have found one greater than he; they must come to feel through every nerve of the spiritual being that the constant, flagrant violation of the second table of the law is a foregone conclusion, if men will not consider that which in the first table says, "remember." The one "remember" forgotten, the rest will fall into line to be forgotten also. Surely do we need the help of this all but law-keeping Christian man to exterminate by reconstruction the American Zulu, that man, or that woman, who within the light of the law and of the gospel repudiates the one and ignores the other. A Vermillion Creek disaster could never be perpetrated in the fullness of its horror if God were respected by the Christian church as the rightful holder of the moral law.

Please, my sisters, study this lesson; take it down into your hearts, and study it conscientiously, persistently, prayerfully, and, finding your obligation, wake up to a newness of life, and, at our next Conference, come to its gathering with souls full of practical zeal for this cause. Take the two lessons suggested, and are you a faithful student in them, I will tell you one thing you will receive at the next session of the Conference—the hearty "thank you" of two representative men in this audience, the Treasurers of the Missionary and Tract Societies, and because of increased funds in our treasury departments. You could not, thus conditioned, prevent such a result.

Eve did lose the human race. It belongs to her to restore it to its native nobleness and to its God; not as a matter of sentiment, no! not a service of love.

Seventh-day Baptist Christian women have an allotted share in this work. Let it be by a service of love. Lift even our own little Woman's Board work out of embarrassments; do away as fast as possible with the devices by which we seek to win women into the way of working and giving. These are good, but after the fashion in which the a, b, c's have helped the cultured scholar into the dignity of his condition, the lesson in the alphabet, the a, b, and even on the "baker" column have long since been laid aside for the more helpful, more pleasing, more satisfactory combination of letters.

Do you hold your child aloof from you, that he may feel the steady, normal beat of the mother pulse? Do you use devices, all sorts of mathematical problems, and statistical provings to show to that dear boy or girl of yours that its own mother does love it? Do you love that child? Is there one of you here would watch over him day or night, that by the labor of your hands, and by your prayers, he may be continued in safety and prosperity? Has one of you ever done such a thing? Does your Heavenly Father love you? Let it be a service of love, this work committed to our hands. Let it be the reflection of that glorious manifestation of God in the universe, his wonderful thought of light for dark places, this Saviour for the sinner.

ON account of the length of the essay of Miss Bailey on this page this week, the Treasurer's statement has been thrown over to page 5.

THE following parts of some private letters are well worthy of publication and careful consideration:

"I am heartily glad that you were able to make your trip through the portions of the South visited. I long to see the work well organized and pushed with persistent zeal and consecration in all parts of our country when there is an open field. It does not seem to me wise and best to organize churches here and there and then leave them to die out for the want of the right kind of labor. Nor does it seem wise to leave the organization and oversight of new Seventh-day Baptist churches to those about whom we know very little; and yet I am glad of progress wherever made."

"I am heartily glad to learn by your letter of the progress of the cause, and triumphs of truth in the Southern states.

"Now is our golden opportunity to push the Sabbath truth before the public, while the National Reform Association are making such separate exertions to get Sunday incorporated in the Constitution and laws of the United States. Such an opportunity to be heard we shall never have again, especially, if we neglect this.

"May the Lord fit us for the work and stimulate us to it."

Sabbath Rest

"Remember the Sabbath day, to do all thy labor and thine ox and thine ass shall rest on the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Two weeks ago we gave in this brief statement of the present Bro. McGuire on the Sabbath question. Bro. McGuire's reply to a letter written him from office, Bro. McGuire says:

RENSSELAER, Ind., D. My position may be unique, taken it deliberately. It is generally understood that I stand aside, but constantly assert my right to advocate the Sabbath. The policy is to courteously ignore the names of the very foremost men whose names are withheld from have privately acknowledged my their signatures.

The Journal and Messenger week: "We have no reason to Seventh-day Baptists hold all truths of the gospel as firmly as do the regular Baptists. . . . regard the observance of the seventh day consistently, as any Christian fellowship. . . . Regular churches should not hesitate to their baptism those coming to the Seventh-day churches." Does sound as if I had written it? I have previously appeared paper. At an opportune time publish such facts as the rest may will approve. How can otherwise than recognize Sabbath? Dr. Francis Wayland forcept in the Word of God to forservice of the seventh day; so ed in his Moral Philosophy bound to do so, or do worse.

SOCIETY OF THE SOLITARY

At the time of our visit, a friend to our German Sabbath keeping Bedford County, Penn., we were that the valuable Dunker property in county might, in some helpful to the upbuilding of Sabbath truth. The interesting the "Society of the Solitary" leaves little or no ground for outcome so favorable to the cause.

The preliminary proceedings of the Society of the Solitary have been commenced of Franklin county, which was the last chapter in the history of most singular religious societies in this country—a history having begun in 1719. In that year a church of a sect calling itself Solitaries, or Dunkers, owing to the various European countries from time to time sought refuge in 1708, when it was founded Mack and seven others in S. Germany, emigrated to America part of the Dunker emigrants to eastern county, this state. An German named Conrad Beissel was a Presbyterian, but became of the doctrine of the Dunkers. In his investigation of the Society the establishment of a First church at Muelbach, or Mill Creek county, Beissel became of there was an error in the date of the day that should be and announced that it should day. This led to much discussion of the society at Mill Creek Beissel construction of the point. In 1725 he published setting forth his reasons for his pamphlet called down on his disapproval on the heads of Baptist Society, and Beissel's trace of him could be found for years, and then he was discovered by one of his disciples, living in a cave or cell on the banks of Creek. The cell had previously been by an aged hermit named who had died.

Immediately following the Beissel, his followers left the city and settled about his cave, in imitation of the life of their apostle. They formed doctrines of which were similar to the society they had left, and adopted the seventh day as Beissel also went further, and not enforce a life of celibacy upon He formed what was known as of the Solitary," and in 1726 life was adopted by those who a vow of celibacy and became that society, a monastery having time been erected. The German or White Friars was as the brethren and sisters who went. Monastic names were chosen the cloister, Beissel became Gottrecht, or Peaceable God place where this peculiar society foothold was called Ephrata. was erected on a hill called Subsequently other buildings the needs and new features of mandated them. Like the First they recognized the strict observance of the Bible as the

**Sabbath Reform.**

"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

Two weeks ago we gave in this column a brief statement of the present attitude of Bro. McGuire on the Sabbath question. In reply to a letter written him from this office, Bro. McGuire says:

RENSSELAER, Ind., Dec. 23, 1887.

My position may be unique, but I have taken it deliberately. It is becoming generally understood that I stand on the defensive, but constantly assert my right to fully advocate the Sabbath. The prevailing policy is to courteously ignore the matter. But some of the very foremost men of the state, whose names are withheld from publicity, have privately acknowledged my claim, over their signatures.

The *Journal and Messenger* says this week: "We have no reason to doubt that Seventh-day Baptists hold all the essential truths of the gospel as firmly and as lovingly as do the regular Baptists. . . . We cannot regard the observance of the seventh day, when practiced consistently, as any barrier to Christian fellowship. . . . Regular Baptist churches should not hesitate to receive on their baptism those coming to them from the Seventh-day churches." Does not that sound as if I had written it? Similar articles have previously appeared in the same paper. At an opportune time I expect to publish such facts as the restraints of courtesy will approve. How can Baptists do otherwise than recognize Sabbath-observance? Dr. Francis Wayland found no precept in the Word of God to forbid the observance of the seventh day; so it is recorded in his *Moral Philosophy*. They are bound to do so, or do worse.

**SOCIETY OF THE SOLITARY.**

At the time of our visit, a few years ago, to our German Sabbath keeping brethren in Bedford County, Penn., we were led to hope that the valuable Dunker property in Franklin county might, in some way, become helpful to the upbuilding of the cause of Sabbath truth. The interesting article on the "Society of the Solitary," however, leaves little or no ground for expecting an outcome so favorable to the cause of the Sabbath.

A. E. M.

The preliminary proceedings in a suit for ejectment have been commenced in the courts of Franklin county, which will probably be the last chapter in the history of one of the most singular religious societies ever formed in this country—a history having its beginning in 1719. In that year the mother church of a sect calling itself First-day Baptists, or Dunkers, owing to persecutions in the various European countries, where it had from time to time sought refuge since the year 1708, when it was founded by Alexander Mack and seven others in Schwarzenam, Germany, emigrated to America. The greater part of the Dunker emigrants settled in Lancaster county, this state. Among them was a German named Conrad Beissel. He had been a Presbyterian, but became a convert to the doctrine of the Dunkers. In the course of his investigation of the Scriptures after the establishment of a First-day Baptist church at Muelbach, or Mill Creek, Lancaster county, Beissel became convinced that there was an error in the Dunker acceptance of the day that should be the Lord's day, and announced that it should be the seventh day. This led to much discussion, and many of the society at Mill Creek accepted the Beissel construction of the Bible on that point. In 1725 he published a pamphlet setting forth his reasons for his belief. The pamphlet called down on his head the strong disapproval on the heads of the First-day Baptist Society, and Beissel disappeared. No trace of him could be found for more than a year, and then he was discovered by accident by one of his disciples, living in a contracted cave or cell on the banks of the Cocalico Creek. The cell had previously been occupied by an aged hermit named Elimelech, who had died.

Immediately following the discovery of Beissel, his followers left the Mill Creek society and settled about his cave, living in solitary cottages, in imitation of the solitary life of their apostle. They formed a church, the doctrines of which were similar to that of the society they had left, except that they adopted the seventh day as the Sabbath. Beissel also went further, and urged but did not enforce a life of celibacy on his followers. He formed what was known as the "Society of the Solitary," and in 1733 a conventual life was adopted by those who chose to take a vow of celibacy and become members of that society, a monastery having in the meantime been erected. The garb of the Capuchin or White Friars was adopted by both the brethren and sisters who entered the convent. Monastic names were given to all who chose the cloister, Beissel becoming Friedsam Gottrecht, or Peaceable God-right. The place where this peculiar society obtained its foothold was called Ephrata. The convent was erected on a hill called Mount Zion. Subsequently other buildings were erected as the needs and new features of the society demanded them. Like the First-day Baptists, they recognized the strict and literal interpretation of the Bible as the only rule of

faith, administered apostolic baptism, with trine immersion and the laying on of hands and prayer while the recipient still kneeled in the water, and celebrated the Lord's Supper at night, after the close of the Sabbath, which was at sunset on the seventh day, at which supper they washed one another's feet, as the orthodox Dunkers do still. While preaching celibacy as a virtue they did not prohibit marriage.

The convent life of Beissel's followers who chose the Society of the Solitary was of the severest kind. The cells were but 20 inches wide and the ceilings but 5 feet high. A bench and a billet of wood for the head was the couch of the inmate of one of these cells. The passages that led through the convent were so narrow that two could not pass in them. The fare of the inmates was fruit and vegetables. They ate from wooden plates and drank from wooden goblets. In 1740 there were 45 members of this Society of the Solitary.

The secular branch of Beissel's Dunker's sons had one of the most thriving settlements at that time in the country. They owned a paper mill, a grist mill, oil mill, and fulling mill. They established a printing office, the second outside of Philadelphia in the state. In this office were printed many books, pamphlets, tracts, and hymns. The work on these books, both as to printing and binding, was superior. Among the rarest treasures in the State Library at Harrisburg are specimens of these quaint old German publications.

In 1768 Conrad Beissel died. The society fell into the control of men who had not his disinterested piety, and in 1777 began to decline. In a few years jealousies and schemes arose. Leading men in this society left it with strong following and founded similar churches elsewhere, and soon the Society of Ephrata was no more. Among those who left Ephrata was Andrew Schneeberger. With a good share of the parent society, he came to Franklin county in the latter part of the last century. He purchased a fine property on Snow Hill, in Quincy Township, where he erected a large convent, a church, and other buildings. He was not a member of the Society of the Solitary himself, but he was the Prior of the new church, which kept closely to the principles of the Ephrata Society. The Snow Hill Society became the head of all the Beisselite Dunkers, and the nunnery, as it came to be called, was nearly filled with those adherents of Beissel who accepted fully his views on celibacy. The secular branch was large and prosperous. They called themselves Seventh-day Baptists, and the affairs of both the secular and monastic branches were controlled by the Prior. All the land and the buildings belonged to the Prior, who had eight children. In 1823 he made each of his children an offer of \$1,000 if they would release all claims they had at law against his estate. The offer was accepted.

In 1825 he transferred the property to five trustees, to be held in trust for the society forever. Schneeberger died soon afterward, and the monastic branch of the society soon began to decline. The inmates grew old and died. None of the younger members of the society seemed inclined to take on them vows of celibacy. Now and then the nunnery would receive a new inmate from the older members of the society, but even the aged preferred the privileges of the secular branch to the severe restrictions of the Solitary.

To-day the only living members of Conrad Beissel's Society of the Solitary, formed in 1733, are three old and decrepit people—Obed Showberger, Mrs. Elizabeth Ritter, and Miss Elizabeth Fyock. Snowberger and Miss Fyock are descendants of Andrew Schneeberger, the name having been changed to Snowberger after the latter's death. They have been in the cloister upward of half a century. Mrs. Ritter is a widow, and took the monastic vows thirty years ago.

The writ of ejectment suit to recover possession of the nunnery property is brought by fifty heirs of Andrew Schneeberger, who base their claim on the ground that Schneeberger's transfer of the property to the trustees of the society was intended only for the use of the monastic branch, and, holding that the monastic branch is in reality extinct, consequently the property reverts to the legal heirs of Andrew Schneeberger. The trustees defend the suit, and, while denying that the transfer was for the benefit of the Society of the Solitary alone, hold that if such shall prove to be the case the transfer is still valid, as the society still exists in the persons of Obed Snowberger, Elizabeth Ritter, and Elizabeth Fyock.

The property in dispute has grown to be valuable, being worth to-day between \$40,000 and \$50,000. The best counsel has been engaged by both sides, and the chances are that the last vestige of Conrad Beissel's Society of the Solitary will disappear in lawyer's fees.—*New York Times*.

**Education.**

"Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding."

**PUBLIC SCHOOLS MUST NOT GO.**

Two battles are now being fought, the issues of which are vital to the welfare of this republic. Saloons must go and public schools must not. If the Roman Catholic authorities fought saloons, as they do the schools, the country would feel easier. They are now fighting the schools with a vigor and ingenuity worthy of the darkest ages. In this region, they seek to break up our system by merely asking for a portion of

the public money to use in educating children in their own way. They would kindly permit other religionists to do the same and thus destroy all common education by making it sectarian. This sacrifice is demanded in order to keep the children from growing up to be infidel and irreligious. They declare that Protestants ought to join with them in this demand for the sake of protecting their own religious interests.

We cannot for one moment yield to the timid judgment of those Protestants who favor this policy. Roman Catholics mean by "infidelity and irreligion" just what Protestants mean by "religious freedom of opinion and worship." All this sort of thing is called "infidelity" by Romanism, and lamented as soul-destroying. They hate our public schools just because this common education tends to break down religious distinctions, and ecclesiastical exclusiveness, and all spiritual despotism of every kind whatever. They stigmatize the schools as godless, but their real practical grievance is that any education which is not positively and persistently Romanist tends to lessen the moral and spiritual domination of the Roman Church. It is entirely natural and inevitable that they should do all in their power to break down this system of general education, to get a share of the public money to use for their own benefit, as the only way to maintain themselves in this atmosphere of general intelligence and religious freedom.

Is there any reason or justice or expediency why the people should yield to this demand? Are the people of these United States to blame if our system of public education, prepared on the broadest possible principles, working harmoniously with the most heterogeneous of populations, proves to be unfavorable to a foreign religion, whose infallible head, up to the last hour of his authority, ruled with absolute proscription of all religious liberty? This body of religionists, that never professes respect for others where it dares to reveal its sentiments, comes here to say that our common education is distasteful, that it makes its own progress difficult, that it develops insubordination even among its priests, and that consequently the government must change its methods, educate its children according to the various religions that prevail in the community, and thus make peace by making Romanists, Spiritualists, Presbyterians and many other varieties of worshipers.

This is sheer impudence with no element of justice in it. It is merely a practical illustration of the spirit shown by the Cardinal at the recent Philadelphia Centennial, when, postponing his entrance until after the opening prayer by a Protestant bishop, he takes possession of the platform, escorted by an imposing body of archbishops and other lofty dignitaries of the Roman hierarchy. They inform our government that, representing 200,000,000 of people in Spain, South America, Italy, and other countries, they do not like our American way of teaching the young. In that it is not Roman teaching it is irreligious. "Let us teach our children in our own way." In reply, the Government, which is our people, says, "You are at liberty to teach your children just how and when and where you wish. But you cannot have a share of the public money; you cannot use our public buildings; you cannot break up our system; you cannot destroy the power of this government to give all children born under it a foundation of general teaching which it knows and controls, and which it believes to be most productive of general enlightenment and genuine civil and religious liberty. This system is splendidly adapted to the wants of sixty millions, and it is your misfortune if you have a faith that cannot endure the strain of such an instrument. It is simply monstrous that you should demand in the name of justice and liberty that this government assist you in bringing up your children in a way that you consider more desirable than theirs."

There is only one point which makes any Protestant think of joining with the Romanists in his demand, and that is the fear of our public schools' being actually and positively irreligious. If they were so, Romanists would be to blame. They have fought the Bible and prayer as Protestant peculiarities. For their comfort, these have been in some places reduced to a minimum. But there is no reason whatever for our schools' being allowed to become in any true sense of the word irreligious. They never can be authoritative teachers of religion. That is always the office of the church. But they are not, and need never be, at all hostile to any desirable form of Christianity. They should inculcate respect for the Bible, which is just as much the foundation of our morals, laws and liberties, as the English language is the foundation of our education, literature, and business. They should not be permitted to come under the control of a skeptical or sectarian spirit in any community.

If our citizens and clergy will visit them, watch them, know them, they can control them, they can ventilate abuses in the newspapers, they can bring grievances before the boards, they can make the schools just what they ought to be according to their design and the wishes of the vast majority of the people of this land. Now they neglect them and do not realize how the Romanists who drive their children out of them, at the same time strain every nerve to get their teachers into them. Read the names of the teachers in the public schools of New York and it is a revelation. If they are indeed "irreligious," then Romanists must be very "irreligious" teachers. When we roused the spirit of the people of this state

to such an extent that John Morrissey, the gambling-house proprietor and ex-prizefighter, in the Assembly, was very glad to withdraw the "Grey Nun" bill, it was the victory of the people over a Romanist attack on our normal school.

This bill made a Roman Catholic establishment equal to the normal school in power to give certificates of qualification as teachers. It not only made the normal school useless for Romanists, but gave them power to furnish any number of their own candidates for positions. Thus they designed to capture the schools they could not destroy, just as in Pittsburg Father Tighe becomes principal of the school his church denounces as "immoral and godless." "Rule or ruin" is the policy now pursued without the slightest attempt at concealment. Their numerical and political strength has increased so vastly that they can afford to scorn secrecy. Politicians of both parties will be rivals for the favor of this mighty machine, which is everywhere quite as much a political power as it is religious. If the masses of our people are not united and alert, before they know it the public school system will be impaired and crippled. This is one of the great evils now threatening us with the recent vast influx of foreigners. Our schools have been the mills in which the human material of the nation has been prepared and molded for American citizenship. Our disorderly, rebellious criminal class are mainly recruited from other sources than our public schools. We are not yet ready to give them up at the dictation of the Papal power.—*New York Observer*.

**CLIPPINGS.**

Christians have one-fifth of the wealth of the world. Do our benefactions keep pace with our accumulations?

The young men who have been helped by the college have been worth more as a financial investment than the money expended for them.

The students of the Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts represent almost every state in the American Union, besides a very liberal representation from the dominion of Canada.

Miss Alice Longfellow, one of the poet's daughters, has been elected a member of the Cambridge, Mass., School Committee. Miss Longfellow is also a Harvard trustee.

The total number of children within the age of compulsory school years in Prussia is 5,500,000, of whom 4,800,000 attend school. There are more than 700,000 teachers in 33,000 elementary schools. The average number of pupils to one teacher is 78.

**Temperance.**

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."  
"At last it, biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

**THE LITTLE CRUSADE.**

"Oh, mamma! weren't those old knights splendid fellows? How I should like to have been one of them, and to have gone and fought the old Turks, and had lots of adventures."

"Adventures, you mean, dearie; but you can be a knight now, and do just as noble work as the Crusaders ever did."

"But, mamma, I can't be a knight, for I am so weak, and besides, I am lame."

There was a quiver in the voice of the speaker as he uttered the last words, for his lameness was a deep trial to little Georgie Raymond. Active and energetic in disposition, the defect which deprived him of so many of the pleasures of his mates, had affected him keenly during the ten years of his life. Yet the little fellow bore his sorrow patiently, and only at rare intervals gave expression to his feelings.

"Your lameness will not prevent you from being a knight, dear, for there is no longer any actual fighting to be done. But the old knights used to do other things besides fighting. When they were made knights they had to take an oath to help all who were in trouble, to protect the helpless, and to serve God. Now you can do those things every day, and I think it would be very nice for you to be a real little knight, and go on a crusade against injustice and wrong. Of course, now you are little, and cannot do very much, but you can be preparing yourself, just as the pages and squires used to, so that when they became knights they should be strong and brave. Now I have a little silver cross that I will give you to wear, and you shall be my own little knight, but first you must promise to do all the good you can."

"Oh, mamma! that will be splendid; I promise!" And soon the little fellow was proudly wearing upon his breast the badge of his knighthood.

Early the next morning he started out to visit a playmate, the son of a miner, named Brigham.

As Georgie limped proudly along in the bright sunshine, his heart was full of noble resolves to be a brave knight, and do honor to his cause. Suddenly he paused. In a bush by his side was a huge spider's web, in which an unfortunate bumble bee had become entangled, and having in vain struggled to free himself, was now waiting helplessly the stealthy approach of his captor. Georgie had always been extremely afraid of spiders, but now it flashed into his mind that here was a good chance to help the helpless; so conquering his timidity, he attacked the castle of the spider manfully, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the bee fly gayly off, hum-

ming joyously. Then with a happy heart the little Crusader went on to seek his friend.

He found him crving bitterly, and soon found out that Mrs. Brigham was very sick and had sent after her husband.

"Where is your papa?"

"In the tavern, and I don't dare go there for him, 'cause he said he'd lick me if I did."

"Whip you for that?" and Georgie's big eyes opened in surprise.

"Yes, and I don't know what to do."

"Well, don't cry, I'll get him. He won't whip me."

The little fellow trudged boldly along till he reached the tavern, but as he glanced in the door and saw the crowd of rough, half-intoxicated men, and heard their loud and profane talk, his heart sank and he was on the point of hastening home, when it occurred to him that it would never do for him to run away, because that was a disgrace to a knight; so clasping his little cross in his hand, as if to gain courage from it, he advanced timidly into the room.

"Mr. Brigham, won't you please go home, your wife wants you."

For a moment the drunken man gazed in stupid surprise at the pleading, childish face, then his surly temper rose, and he harshly exclaimed: "What business have you to meddle with me? Get out of here."

The threatening tone made the child tremble, but he did not quail. Fixing his innocent blue eyes straight upon those of the drunkard, and extending his little hand, as though to lead him, he repeated, "Please go home."

Angered by the persistence of the boy, the man staggered to his feet, and struck the little fellow full in the face. The blow was not a hard one, but the child reeled, and falling backward, struck his head on a sharp corner of the stove, then lay white and still, while a stream of blood trickled along the floor, from an ugly gash in his temple.

It was many days before Georgie became conscious again, and then he found himself in his own bed with his mother's face bending over him. His first words were: "Did Mr. Brigham go home?"

"Yes, dear, and he feels terribly about striking you, and vows that he will never go to the tavern again. He came here to ask about you, and I told him about your playing knight, and he said that he would like to be one too, so I gave him a cross, and he wears it all the time, and is doing all in his power against intemperance."

"Oh, mamma, I am so glad!"

A few months afterward a startling message was brought to the Raymond mansion. There had been a bad accident at the mines, in which Brigham had been fatally injured, though by his coolness and courage he had saved a large number of his fellow-workmen. He was dying, and wished to see Georgie at once. A few moments later the child was at the bedside of the dying man. Gathered about them was a group of sobbing men and women. Then in a voice made weak by approaching death, the injured miner told his comrades of the "Crusade" of his little friend, and what it had done for him.

"Men, the accident to-day was caused by drink, and if I had been as tipsy as I used to be, you would all have been dead by this time. Now I want you to promise me to join this crusade, and help this little knight in his work."

Silently the deeply-affected men clasped the hand of their brave comrade, and pledged themselves to the good cause.

As a result of the work of the little Crusader, a powerful temperance society was organized, whose good influence and good work spread far and wide.

Readers, have any of you ever fancied that you would like to be knights, and fight in the service of the Cross? Remember that there are evils and abuses all around and within you to fight; remember that though you are weak and young, you can be preparing for future work; and though you may never accomplish as much as our little Crusader, remembering that God has said, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—*Cyrus*.

**LABOR AND LIQUOR.**

At present the workingman can hardly make both ends meet. Is it not because he insists on creating capitalists out of saloon-keepers, and, not content with that, on submitting all his rights of citizenship to the same object of worship? The saloon in politics is the most hideous abuse of the day, but where would it be if the workingmen withdrew their support from it? It keeps them poor. It keeps our politics corrupt. It supplies a constant stream of base adventurers who disgrace the American name at home and abroad. It makes the terms "public office" and "public plunder" synonymous. It stifles progress, fosters pauperism, brutalizes husbands and fathers, breaks women's hearts, puts rags on the workingmen's back, disease in his body, and shame and despair in his heart. Yet when labor is most disturbed, when the demand for advanced wages is the loudest, when strikes are most frequent, when hunger and misery are most rife in the homes of the poor, the saloon flourishes still. There may be no bread at home, but there is always beer and whisky at the bar; and the men who consider themselves the victims of circumstances of the "thrall" of capital, squander their earnings and spend their savings in these dens. Can there be a serious labor question while this state of things continues? Can workingmen talk gravely of their wrongs while it is plain to all the world that if they only saved the capital they would be comfortable?—*Atlantic Monthly*.

The Sabbath Recorder

Alfred Centre, N. Y., Fifth-day, Jan. 12, 1888.

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"Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wandering and the wavering feet; Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hungering ones with manna sweet. Oh, strengthen me, that, while I stand Firm on the rock, and strong in thee, I may stretch out a loving hand To wrestlers with a troubled sea."

THE attention of the brethren on the Berlin, Wis., field is called to the notice of the quarterly meeting, published in another column.

THE oldest postmaster in Connecticut is Richard Chadwick, of South Lyme, who received his first appointment from President Van Buren, and has been in office for forty-eight consecutive years.

It is reported that the Baptist Church in Ocala, Florida, has expelled all members whose names have appeared on petitions for liquor license. This may seem to some like severe discipline. But since the liquor business is the open and avowed enemy of the church and all that for which the church stands, why should not the friends of the iniquitous business be made to come out of the church and stand among their real friends and allies?

THROUGH the courtesy of some friend we have received what is styled "the Christmas Edition of the Daily Texarkana Independent." This extra is a large 64-column newspaper sheet, devoted to a brief history of the city, including its varied industries, its leading men, its schools and churches, its newspapers, its railroads, the surrounding country, etc.

The editor of this paper, for himself and subscribers, takes this occasion to return thanks to Eld. J. F. Shaw for the valuable services he has rendered in getting up this issue of this paper. He has done most of the work, gotten up the data and done nearly all of the writing, and to his labors are due the credit for the excellent paper that we now present to the public.

FROM BRO. VELTHUYSEN.

The following is the latest news from our beloved and afflicted brother Velthuisen. It had been hoped that he could accept the invitation of the Missionary Board to visit this country for rest and change, that his health might be fully restored; but it would seem that that is not to be at present.

HAARLEM, Dec. 21, 1887.

Rev. O. U. Whitford, Recording Secretary, of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society: Dear Brother, - I should have answered your kind letter and most cordial invitation

before, had I not wanted in vain my father to do so himself, according to your desire. We all thank you with all our hearts for this new evidence of your love and sympathy, though I am sorry to say that my father is in such a condition that he thinks there is no joy for him any more, and wishes but to die.

Since some weeks he has ceased to preach, which he had continued to do according to the desire of the church, against his will, but now he is too bad. These four months he has not ventured, even not in his good moments, to write a single word for the cause, once so dear to him.

So he troubles himself very much about our condition, as he supposes your support may soon be withdrawn from him, which is our chief means of subsistence, the church having a hard time of it, whilst the rent of the mortgage on our chapel has increased to two dollars a week; so they scarcely contribute more than one dollar a week for their pastor now.

Of course we cannot say how long the present state of my father's mind will last, but we think it not advisable, nor does the doctor, for him to leave the country now; we suppose that his present melancholy state is very near to insanity, and therefore are convinced that it would not be good to accept your friendly offer; the more so as he is unwilling to do anything or make any exercise whatever.

The "Boodschapper" has constantly been published, and the brethren think it a very desirable thing for the cause if I should be allowed to go on with the publishing. I am doing my utmost to make the paper interesting, and ask your prayers, if you will continue the issue. In the last times lately there have been tokens that the seed is not sowed in vain; we heard some interesting tidings from persons who are earnestly investigating the Sabbath truth; some more people come in our chapel also in this winter, and we pray the Lord that the spread of the truth may firmly go on, notwithstanding the illness of my father.

Concerning the services in our church, our regular meeting at Sabbath eve is now led by myself as well as the Sabbath-school in the afternoon.

Begging you to excuse my delay in the vain hope that my father should write you, I remain in Christian love.

Yours respectfully, G. VELTHUYSEN, JR.

A NEW CREATION.

Paul to the Corinthians said, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." The marginal reading has it, "He is a new creation." Thus the Scriptural idea of conversion is put in sharp contrast with all merely human schemes of reformation.

God never repairs. Christ never patches. The gospel is not here to mend the people. Regeneration is not a scheme of moral tinkering and ethical cobbling. What God does, he does new; new heavens, new earth, new body, new heart—"Behold, I make all things new." In the gospel thus we move into a new world and under a new scheme. The creative days are back again. We step out of a regime of jails and hospitals, and reform shops. We get live effects direct from God. That is the gospel. The gospel is a permanent miracle. God at first hand—that is miracle. The gospel thus does not classify with other schemes of amelioration.

Communications.

GLIMPSES OF EUROPE.—No. 7.

BY PROF. H. M. MAXSON.

Now for another penny ride on a "bus." These "buses, with their seats on the top, are the one English institution that I delight in. If I had time I should ride on them by the hour, all over London. They run in every direction and connect with each other so that it is possible for one familiar with them

to reach almost any desired point. The elevated seat gives one the view of everything, and the way they seem to sail down these smooth streets is very enjoyable. Talk about Roman chariot driving, these "bus drivers, threading a crowded street, fairly rival them. Their courses are divided into sections, and a fare is collected for riding in each section, though you can get on or off between stations. The thrifty Briton keeps posted as to stations and avoids useless expenditure. For instance, we leave the Strand at Trafalgar Square. One fare is from the Bank to Charing Cross or the corner of Trafalgar Square, and if you say you wish to go to Trafalgar Square, you are dropped just across the street and charged an extra fare. The London Omnibus Company charges one penny (two cents), but some rival companies have put on 'buses, and if you happen to get into them you may have to pay two or three times that, especially if it be a day of special importance.

The ladies find no helping hand of the courteous policeman to help them across the streets here. In fact, the streets in Europe are made for horses, and the pedestrian takes his life in his hand when he ventures into them, and must look out for himself, and there are about four thousand accidents annually. It is even said that the driver can sue you if you get run over by him. Here in London, at many of the crossings, there is a little island in the middle of the street, protected by iron posts. The timid pedestrian watches his chance and makes a dash for this; then when there is a break in the line of carriages he makes another dash, and so gets safely across the crowded streets.

The Underground Railway we found very convenient and not so close and smoky as we expected. It is very similar to the ordinary roads, except that the engineer is, if possible, even less protected. They run along the Thames under the embankment and also form quite a network under the city. The approaches to the station are so completely covered with advertisements that it is difficult to find the name of the station. One of the great resorts on Sundays and holidays is Kew Gardens, so to Kew we went and saw how the people enjoy themselves. The Gardens are beautiful, with many fine trees and extensive conservatories. We tried to find out the name of some of the trees, but in vain; they do not placard them as in Boston Common, and no one seemed to know which was a beech. We missed the familiar legend, "Keep off the grass." Grass is not such a precious article over here, and one walks where he chooses. The river which skirts the grounds is covered with pleasure parties, and the 'buses run heavily loaded. We ride back on the top of one, getting a fine view of the Albert Memorial, raised by the Queen in honor of her husband; also the Royal Albert Hall, just opposite, and many of the club houses, on Pall Mall. We had a view of St. James Palace, where the Queen holds her levees; and of Buckingham Palace, where she resides when in London.

A short walk one morning took us through Great Scotland Yard, so familiar from its connection with criminal matters, as it contains the headquarters of the city police.

Near by is Whitehall Palace, a very plain, old building, but one full of historical interest, for it was from an opening between two of these windows that Charles I. walked forth to his execution one chilly morning two hundred years ago. Just beyond we passed the Horse Guards, with its gate guarded by two life guards mounted on fine black horses. A visit to Smithfield took us to another historic spot. St. Bartholomew's Hospital fronts on the Square, and right here, just opposite a certain place in its walls, is the spot where the martyrs were burned at the stake, being brought out of the old church of St. Bartholomew near by. We pass into the old church to see its old, Norman architecture of seven centuries ago. Aside from its architecture the church is famous for its Good Friday ceremony, in which twenty-five old women bend their aged limbs to pick up a sixpence each from the tombstone of the lady who left a bequest for this purpose years ago. There is a doubt as to which is her particular stone, but there are a plenty of them here, and the ceremony goes on just the same each year. Out here in the Square Wat Tyler ended his career.

Leaving the Square, we are soon walking down New Gate Street on our way to St. Paul's. As we are passing a yard fenced in by a high iron railing, we stop and look through the bars at the Blue Coat Boys of Christ's Hospital. They get their names from the costume, the prominent feature of which is a blue coat which reaches below the knees but does not completely hide their yellow stockings and knee-breeches as they run across the yard. Summer or winter, rain or shine, they wear no hat nor cap. As we look at them in their play we wonder if there is among them another Coleridge, Leigh Hunt or Charles Lamb. The first view of St Paul's Cathedral is disappointing. It is a large imposing building, but like everything else is covered with soot and dirt that is fairly ground into the stone, and now that there has been no rain for so long a time it is particularly dingy. The interior is impressive by its great size. Around the walls are monuments and memorials to various men among whom we notice the names of Gen. Gordon, Cornwallis, Nelson, and Sam Johnson, while in the crypt are the great stone sarcophagi of Wellington and Nelson. A climb up innumerable stairs brings us to the base of the dome, whence we get a view of the interior and listen to the echo which transmits the slightest whisper distinctly nearly two hundred feet. Another climb takes us to the outside gallery, whence a view of the city is obtained, or rather, a view of the smoke which covers the city. The fear of dynamite has closed the lantern to the public, so we are spared any further climbing.

The British Museum and South Kensington Museum present other worlds of curious and instructive sights displayed in such profusion that one is almost discouraged at the thought of trying to see them. We persevere, however, and pack the hours so full of sight-seeing that we shall welcome the change when we start to-morrow for Holland.

THE MISTAKE OF A PUBLISHER.

The Baptists of Tennessee encouraged Dr. J. M. Robertson to start the Baptist Reflector, and persuaded him to put the price at \$1.50. They all said, "Oh, if you put the price down everybody will take the paper, the papers are all too high." The result is given in Dr. Robertson's valedictory as follows:

I started without experience or money. In the providence of God, I have been enabled to make my living chiefly outside of my publishing, and to invest over four thousand, cash, in the Reflector. Toward that large army of brethren who thought I was coming money with the paper I cherish no malice. They simply did not know whereof they thought. I wrought solely for my Master's cause, and am satisfied with the expenditures of both time and money. The results have not been what I could have wished, nor what they would have been had brethren known of the sacrifices being made in their interests. To have told them at the time would have been to jeopardize the work unto which I had committed myself. Hence I toiled and sacrificed in silence. I speak now, only in the hope that brethren who come after me may be spared the pain of being misunderstood and misjudged. I am sorry that, in my inexperience I fixed the price of the paper too low. I do not care so much for the money I lost by that folly, as for the resulting inability to make the paper what it ought to be. I leave the paper because I have come to feel that most of my brethren regard it as my interest, to be cared for and fostered by me, and because working day and night, all the weeks through, has impaired my health so that I cannot carry the burden longer. Such an example is instructive, and should

help all to see what is needful to maintain a denominational paper, and make it an efficient agency in the service of the truth. We quote another suggestive paragraph written by a publisher of a leading religious paper, who has no melancholy failure to record.

It is proper to remind our brethren that no means has yet been developed of publishing a paper without expense. Nor is the current theory that quails and manna fall daily in the yard of the publisher justified by the facts. Nor as yet have our paper-makers and printers, nor the butcher or the baker, agreed to accept resolutions and good words as cash in payment of their bills. No doubt in heaven, all these will pass current for the face of them; but just now, you know we have to have something less spiritual, more carnal and earthy. J. B. C.

JAN. 2, 1888.

IN MEMORIAM.

Christmas day was marked by the departure from earth of an earnest Christian, a zealous follower of Jesus, an active Sabbath-school worker, a good citizen, and a loving husband and father. Mr. Francis M. Clarke, superintendent of the First Brookfield Sabbath-school, passed away early First-day morning, Dec. 25th.

Though suffering from impaired health during the last year, Bro. Clarke was feeling much stronger during the weeks which preceded his death. The last day of his life, a Sabbath long to be remembered by his friends, was one of testimony for Jesus. In the Sabbath-school he requested the teachers to be brief in their review in order that a conference meeting might be held. He first spoke earnestly and with feeling of his trust in Jesus and of hope for the new year of labor. Teachers and scholars followed with expressions of testimony, confession, and exhortation. Some who have never taken the vows of God upon themselves also spoke, and the occasion was one of great spiritual good. During the day and evening, Bro. Clarke seemed in excellent spirits, and looked forward with keen interest to the festivities of the week to follow. He was suddenly smitten with an apoplectic stroke at about 10 o'clock in the evening, and became unconscious in a few moments, in which state he remained till the hour of his death, Christmas morning.

His death was a sad blow to his family and to our church and Sabbath-school as well as to the entire community. A man of decided opinions, positive nature, candid and outspoken as to his convictions, which were firm and undoubting, he made himself felt in our society. Regular in attendance at church and Sabbath-school, no matter how stormy the season, his punctuality and earnest zeal merit emulation by all. He was ever true to his Saviour, and whenever he spoke in a religious vein it was with ringing words, many times quaint, and yet always to the point.

Sabbath-day, Dec. 31st, our Sabbath-school adopted the following resolutions:

- Resolved, that heathenism be removed from among us our beloved Superintendent, Francis M. Clarke; therefore, be it Resolved, That we as a Sabbath-school deeply feel the loss of our brother, who has always been an active worker among us. Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his family in their bereavement. Resolved, That we, as officers, teachers and scholars, endeavor to emulate his example of promptness, zeal and active interest in all that pertains to our Sabbath-school work. Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given to the family of our brother, and that a copy be furnished for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER and local papers. J. E. COON, Assistant Superintendent. EMILY L. BURDICK, Secretary.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7, 1888.

Since I last wrote you our law-makers have returned from their holiday vacation, to their desks in the Capitol, and the brilliant festivities of New Year's day have inaugurated the season's social life in the official world. No doubt is expressed that the season in the fashionable world will be as gay and giddy and brilliant as the lightest-winged butterflies of Washington society could wish. But Congress is more of an unknown quantity. It is hoped, and there is some reason for believing, that it will settle down earnestly to the great tasks before it, and that the season will be one marked for hard work and good work, but it is not safe to predict or to hope too much from Congress. It has disappointed us so often.

As usual, on New Year's day, the scene at the White House was interesting. According to a custom instituted by and honored since the time of Washington, the President was "at home" to receive the greetings and calls of ceremony, duty, courtesy, curiosity, or good

will and friendship from all classes of society. This annual reception embodies all the money and all the glitter which our country can simply allow. The Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, with its foreign costumes, silver and gold lace and ornaments, then Congress, officers of the Army and Navy in full uniform, the Civil and District officials, various organs and lastly the people, prominent and rich and poor, passed through the parlors, and grasped the President and that of the first lady of the land. The old mansion was in gala dress for the occasion. Flowers were in profusion everywhere, and the ceremony, happy in its tradition on with a programme similar to that of the early days, and without any accident or incident worthy of notice. So smoothly did all the arrangements for last Monday's occasion run, that it called the most perfectly managed ever held at the White House.

The first week in January has made a week of prayer by all the churches throughout the world, and among the different denominations held, and those conducted by the churches in this city are particularly interesting. Meetings are held early in the morning at noon. The first sunrise meeting in Washington was held on Monday at the Congregational church.

In every Catholic church in this city Pope's Jubilee was celebrated on New Year's day, by solemn high mass. St. Deums were sung and sermons touched the life, character and work of Leo XIII. preached, all of which were highly of the sovereign pontiff. President Cleveland's Jubilee gift to the Pope—a framed copy of the Constitution of the United States—was presented, by Cardinal Gibbons, through Mr. Stallo, the American ambassador at Rome. The circumstance provoked comment, but it seems the President very good reason for this new gift. Mr. Stallo is not on good terms with the Catholics at Rome, and would not have received by the Vatican if he had himself. It is stated that at a banquet "Eternal" city, to which the American ambassador was invited, one of the Cardinals of the College was among the guests, and that Mr. Stallo, after creating a scene, announcing that he would not partake of any entertainment in Rome where clergymen were invited, withdrew from the house. I would not like to venture the truth of this whole story, but at Cleveland thought it necessary to open another channel through which to meet the Pope.

The Fish Commission resumed its duties to-day in the Diplomatic reception of the State Department. This is a sumptuous apartment which Uncle Sam has had a long rest from their labors. The English representative Commission have been visiting the capital, and other Canadian cities in the past few weeks, where they were welcomed, and lionized as much, perhaps, as they were in this city. They claimed to have had a long rest from their labors. The English representative Commission have been visiting the capital, and other Canadian cities in the past few weeks, where they were welcomed, and lionized as much, perhaps, as they were in this city. They claimed to have had a long rest from their labors. The Commission holds sessions a week. I suppose this should be maintained in its work in order to keep up its dignity as the special international parliament.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Receipts in December, 1887.

- Mrs. O. D. Sherman, Greenanville, C. W. Woman's A. S. Soc., Plainfield, N. J. Light Home and Outlook. Woman's Aux. Soc., Plainfield, N. J. of Home and Outlook. Sabbath school, Horrellville, N. Y. Rev. H. D. Clarke, Independence, N. Y. Subscription, Outlook (A. H. L.). Light of Home, (Annie Bee) Woman's Missionary Society, Ritchie, V. Carrie O. White, Plainfield, N. J. Demand Loan. Church, Leonardville, N. Y. Church, Nile, N. Y. Bequest of George Odell, per Wm. B. Executor. Church, Milton, Wis. Sabbath school, West Hallock, Ill. Mrs. Booth, Nortonville, Kan. Hannah A. Maxson, Nortonville, Kan. E. Hummel. B. D. Maxson, Allentown, N. Y. A. L. Crandall, North Loup, Neb. Albert E. Beebe, Brookfield, N. Y. Frank M. Spooner. Mrs. George Kagaris, Salemville, Pa. Jacob Ritter. Miss Clara F. Downey, Akron, N. Y. Fannie J. Downey. Mrs. L. B. Burdick, Rapids, N. Y. John P. Burdick. Mrs. L. B. Burdick, N. Y. Church, Allentown, N. Y. Mrs. L. B. Burdick, Allentown, N. Y. Mrs. L. B. Burdick, Allentown, N. Y.

see what is needful to maintain a national paper, and make it an efficiency in the service of the truth.

IN MEMORIAM.

As day was marked by the departure of an earnest Christian, a follower of Jesus, an active Sabbath-keeper, a good citizen, and a loving father.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Our Regular Correspondent. Washington, Jan. 7, 1888. I just wrote you our law-makers have returned from their holiday vacation, to their respective homes, and the brilliant festive New Year's day have inaugurated the new life in the official world.

will and friendship from all classes of people. This annual reception embodies all the ceremony and all the glitter which our republic can simpliciter allow.

The first week in January having been made a week of prayer by all the Christian churches throughout the world, union meetings among the different denominations are held, and those conducted by the women in this city are particularly interesting.

In every Catholic church in this city the Pope's Jubilee was celebrated on New Year's day, by solemn high mass. Special Te Deums were sung and sermons touching upon the life, character and work of Leo XIII. were preached, all of which were highly eulogistic of the sovereign pontiff.

The Fish Commission resumed its meetings to-day in the Diplomatic reception room of the State Department. This is the most sumptuous apartment which Uncle Sam has yet furnished.

The English representatives of the Commission have been visiting the Canadian capital, and other Canadian cities for the past few weeks, where they were dined, and wined, and lionized as much, perhaps, as they were in this city.

The annual reorganization of our Sabbath-school occurred Dec. 31st. The following officers were elected: Superintendent, Eld. H. D. Clarke; Assistant Superintendent, Mrs. Abbey Berry; Secretary, Mrs. Amelia Cottrell; Treasurer and Music Committee, D. E. Livermore.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Table with columns for Receipts in December, 1887, listing various churches and their contributions.

Table with columns for Woman's Aux. Soc., Alfred, N. Y., and other church-related items.

HEBREW PAPER FUND.

Table listing names and amounts for the Hebrew Paper Fund.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts in December.

Large table listing numerous church and society receipts for December, including names and amounts.

Home News.

New York. INDEPENDENCE. The annual reorganization of our Sabbath-school occurred Dec. 31st.

DE RUYTER.

There has been a growing religious interest in this village for some weeks. A prominent business man, Mr. M. R. Merchant, was suddenly bereft of his devoted wife and so overwhelmed with sorrow that God's Spirit mightily moved him to repentance and faith in Jesus Christ.

called the attention of the whole community to the power and blessedness of the Christian religion. Then the Baptists commenced a protracted meeting in which there was a happy co-operation by the other churches, and several found peace in believing, and a great many arose for prayers; and now we are observing the Week of Prayer, and the religious interest is deepening and the prayers are more fervent for a general outpouring of God's Spirit upon all the people.

Ohio.

JACKSON CENTRE.

December 16th, the annual session of the Township Sunday-school Association was held with the Seventh-day Baptist Church here. This Association was organized in 1880, by Eld. Varnum Hull, and comprises our own Sabbath-school and quite a number of the Sunday-schools of the township.

The winter in this locality has, so far, been very mild. A few days ago something like a cold wave struck us, but at this writing it has moderated and a welcome rain is falling. But very little rain has fallen here since August.

New Year's eve, the Cantata, "Jephthah and his daughter," was given by the young folks of the Choral Union, in a very acceptable manner. The Choral Union, an organization under the musical instruction and leadership of Rev. Mr. Seagar, who has for the last two years given his services to the young people of the community free of charge, and they certainly are showing that his untiring efforts in their behalf has not been labor lost.

Wisconsin.

WILKES.

Two occurrences of our holiday time seem most appropriate to the season. One was a surprise for Mr. Henry Waterman. About five years ago he was injured on a train, and has been bedridden since. A verdict of \$22,000 against the company is as yet inoperative on account of the appeal to the United States Supreme Court, which has not been tried, and may not be for years.

The Christmas exercises at the Seventh-day Baptist Church were a little unusual. The place where a tree should have been was occupied with a cave such as Christ is said to have been born in—see Ben Hur.

Foreign.

A ship canal is proposed to cut across the "boot" of Italy about where the line of the isthmus is.

It is again rumored that the Spanish government contemplates the suppression of two of the six provinces of Cuba.

The steamer Swansea from Baltimore for London, collided with and sunk a trawler off Start Point Jan. 6th. Four of the trawler's crew were drowned.

Some one ought to warn the Empress of Russia that a solid silver sewing machine will give her the backache just as quick as an ordinary one—provided she uses it.

The American bark Eureka, which was supposed to have been lost off Waterford, Ireland, has arrived at Queenstown. She reports having had a terrible passage.

Disastrous floods are reported in Leville, Spain. Six lives have been lost and many persons have been injured. The damage by the floods in Malaga is estimated at \$200,000.

The weather at San Remo is splendid. The Crown Prince was cheerful and took a comparatively long walk, from which he suffered no ill-effects. He afterward went out driving.

question did in the days of our fathers. During the vacation, Mrs. Clara Hoffman, of Kansas City, Mo., gave a stirring temperance address here under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.

The students are observing the week of prayer by meetings every evening before the union meetings at the churches.

Condensed News.

Domestic.

In seven years Philadelphia has constructed 30,000 dwellings.

It is reported that an old silver mine has been rediscovered at Greig, Lewis county, N. Y., together with large iron deposits.

It is stated that western Texas will soon send a delegation to Congress to work in favor of protection to the wool industry.

A call has been issued for the sixth annual meeting of the National Law and Order League in Philadelphia on February 21st and 22d.

The receipts and expenditures of the United States during the month of December were \$29,059,803 and \$12,980,554, respectively.

At a recent double wedding in New Jersey, one of the grooms was eighty years old and one of the brides was his great-granddaughter.

The Atchison, Kan., Union Depot was burned Jan. 6th. The building was used as a depot for all the railroads centering in the city. Loss \$125,000. Insurance \$50,000.

The man, Justice Haynesworth, who fired the first rebel gun on Fort Sumter in '61, was killed in his office at Sumter, S. C., a few days ago, receiving a bullet intended for another man.

Pleuro-pneumonia among cattle is still prevalent in the upper part of Westchester county, N. Y. The Bureau of Animal Industry condemned over 200 head last week in the towns of Lewisboro and Somers.

A monument in the form of a pyramid forty feet high is to be erected in Chicago in honor of the Confederate soldiers who were buried in the North. It will be composed of fourteen slabs of granite given by the succeeding states.

The scarcity of coal is daily becoming more apparent in Philadelphia. The dealers universally predict that from present indications coal will be selling from \$8 to \$10 per ton within ten days unless some measure is taken to relieve the famine.

The New York petroleum market was active and excited all day January 2d, and the prices touched the highest point in over two years. The opening was excited at 90¢ and closed strong at 85¢. The excitement at the Pittsburg market has been seldom equaled.

At a meeting of the Manhattan Temperance Association, held in New York, Colonel R. S. Chevis, an ex-confederate officer, delivered a stirring address, as an appeal to Northern soldiers to join the soldiers of the South in a national effort to overthrow the liquor power.

At Trenton, N. J., on Tuesday night, Jan. 3d, burglars entered the room of Bishop Farrell and stole a gold watch and chain, a large pectoral cross and chain studded with rubies and diamonds, and two valuable amethyst rings, in one of which was a cross of diamonds.

The Greek Church at Sitka, Alaska, is one of the wealthiest in the world, its treasure consisting, for the greater part, in oil paintings of the saints, set in frames of gold and silver. One picture, a present from the Czar, is valued at \$40,000. The massive doors of the church are heavily inlaid with the precious metals.

A cave-in occurred at Blackman Mine of the Franklin Coal Company about two miles from Wilkesbarre, Pa., Jan. 5th. About two acres of land settled from two to ten feet, causing great excitement among the people residing in the neighborhood. The cave-in affects only that portion of the mine that has been worked out and abandoned. No one was injured.

It is again rumored that the Spanish government contemplates the suppression of two of the six provinces of Cuba.

The Spanish government will set apart \$100,000 yearly to create a fund for the Christopher Columbus celebration.

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The weather at San Remo is splendid. The Crown Prince was cheerful and took a comparatively long walk, from which he suffered no ill-effects. He afterward went out driving.

CHURCH AMUSEMENTS.

The church has gone into the amusement business largely. In the days of primitive simplicity, it was thought that the world and Satan had a monopoly in that line. This, however, is "an age of progress," so-called, and the church has entered the market, and is in competition with these great caterers. The discovery has been made that the church, in order to hold its young people to its altars, must provide for the natural craving for amusement. It used to be held that Jesus and his work furnished ample resources to meet the loftiest aspirations of a saved soul. It was sung

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in thee I find."

That sort of sentiment is now thought not to be up to "the times." Sad as it may appear, judging from the new order of things, Jesus is not equal to the occasion. A little amusement must be thrown in. In order to keep the people from the theater and opera, our churches must be made into semi-theaters and semi-operas.

The holidays furnish occasion for the ingenious and progressive sons and daughters of Zion to make full proof of their new vocation. They prepare dramas, farces (very farcial), suppers, fairs and entertainments of every sort. They are spending "their wretched strength for naught." So far from preventing attendance upon a full grown theater and opera, by these efforts they are whetting the appetite of the people therefor. The church-theater is a preparation for the world-theater. Satan is delighted with these inventions. They had a jubilee, doubtless, in his dark realm, when some silly brain in Zion first conceived the idea that we must fight Satan and sin by a slight indulgence in their world-approving exercises. We might well paraphrase one of our hymns on this point, substituting Satan for Jesus:

"He rests, well pleased their toil to see, Beneath his heavy yoke they move."

But this is serious business—dreadful business. It is eating out the life of the church—it is destroying our young people, rendering them unfit for all true spiritual exercises. We counsel every earnest follower of Jesus resolutely to discountenance these church amusements. Be kind, but firm. Loyalty to Jesus demands it. Give your money, liberally, for every laudable church object—but stand aloof, positively, evermore from the unholy festivals.—Guide to Holiness.

Books and Magazines.

THE WHITE CROSS; its origin and progress, is a simple yet comprehensive statement, by Dr. B. F. DeCosta, of the growth of our important branch of Social Purity work. This pamphlet declares that the vitality of this movement is drawn from the River of Life, and has come out of a growing love of purity. It points out clearly how religion, law, science and literature must and may work together for the uplifting of humanity. The road on which the White Cross army marches is the road of the soul's safety and of bodily health. Sanitary Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cts.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

Holiday Goods.

LARGER STOCK to [select] from than ever before, at

SHAW'S Jewelry Store,

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y.

STORE FOR SALE.

ALFRED, N. Y.

The undersigned, owing to poor health, wishes to dispose of his store and stock of goods. For further particulars address, W. R. BUNNICK.

ALFRED, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1887.

Miscellany.

A RIVER TO CROSS.

There's always a river to cross, Always an effort to make, If there's anything good to win, Any rich prize to take, Yonder's the fruit we crave, Yonder's the charming scene; But deep and wide, with a troubled tide, Is the river that lies between.

For the treasures of precious worth We must patiently dig and dive; For the places we long to fill We must push and struggle, and drive; And always and everywhere We'll find in our onward course, Thorns for the feet, and trials to meet, And a difficult river to cross.

The rougher the way that we take, The stouter the heart and the nerve; The stones in our path we break, Nor e'er from our impulse swerve; For the glory we hope to win, Our labors we count no loss; 'Tis folly to pause and murmur because We have a river to cross.

So, ready to do and dare, Should we in our places stand, Fulfilling our Master's will, Fulfilling the soul's demand; For though as the mountains high The billows may roar and toss, They'll not overhelm if the Lord's at the helm— One more river to cross.

—Josephine Pollard.

THE CHILDREN'S PLATES.

"You are not so strict in requiring your little folks to clear their plates, as was my mother when I was a little child," an old lady said to me one noon hour as we were rising from the dinner table. Look at little Frank's plate—crusts of bread and pie, and a little pat of butter, a large one of potato and an untidy track of gravy. Why do you not demand your children to neatly clear their plates after each meal?"

So kind-hearted Aunt Ware asked me, and so have other well-meaning friends when they witnessed my leniency in allowing the children to leave their plates littered with remnants of food.

We know the little people of a century—perhaps half a century—ago would not have dared leave either crumb or crust on their well scraped and neatly-licked plates, though, sometimes, they were allowed the privilege of storing away in the cupboard, until hungry time again came, any remnant of food for which even their little india rubber stomachs refused to find room at the family meal.

I have heard old people say that when they were children, even a crust or a bit of a rind left on their plate, or slyly tucked under its edge, meant a severe reprimand from the hands of the table, if not a coming down of the lilac switch that was sure to have its place hanging behind the kitchen door, when not in use.

But we mothers of this generation have more mercy on the sensitive tastes and stomachs of our little children, though no doubt we have rushed to the opposite extreme in allowing so much food to be taken and then wasted on the plates at our table.

The mother for whom I was looking, is the mother who can so wisely approximate, at each meal, the quantity of food to be allowed each child, that he be neither starved nor surfeited nor obliged to leave an untidy plate, whose contents must count as so much wasted material, for no housekeeper worthy of the name will lump the children's "leavings" with other remnants of food that fitly may be brought again to the table, in one form or another.

It is so natural for a little man or woman to possess "eyes larger than his or her stomach;" to greedily want and hungrily believe that they can dispose of the generous portions of food with which they will stack their plates whenever a dish is passed, that much food will be taken, to be left and wasted, unless a strict surveillance is kept over their eager-reaching little hands.

Yet, much worse than waste we consider it, to dispose these fragments by persuading or compelling the already satisfied, if not surfeited, child to swallow them.

And, right here comes the secret of our leniency in this matter. It would so disgust and sicken ourselves to be required to take one morsel more, after appetite has said "enough," we cannot exact it of a child, hence, plates are left at table that would horrify our grandparents.

Strange ideas some of our ancestors had of "saving." They conscientiously crowded "leavings" down their own and their offsprings' throats, when every tissue and fluid along the way rebelled against such abuse, to "save the pieces."

This economy(?) of food sometimes cost them dear. I am thinking of a dear old friend, who, on making ready for a two days' visit from her home, which she occupied in solitary oneness, from a matter of conscience, not of taste or appetite, swallowed all the remnants of food in her house that she feared would spoil before her return, to save them, and in consequence was made so sick by reason of indigestion and nausea, that her visit was spoiled, and not a taste could she give the goodies expressly prepared for her welcome coming.

Another friend, I have repeatedly heard regret, because she exacted such well-meant but unwise table discipline concerning her children.

They were required to "lick the platter clean," which means, no scrap of food was to be found on their plates when the meal was finished.

In after years, when sudden and unac-

countable nausea seized her when in the full enjoyment of a meal, a loathing so intense that even the thought of lifting to her lips another morsel of food which might be on her plate, delicious and tempting though it might be, caused such ripe nausea that the old lady was impelled to turn her face from all food.

She believed and accepted this freak of her stomach as a just punishment on her for the abuse she had thus thoughtlessly visited on the digestive organs of her little children.

"Sometime you may be cast away on a desert island and will be starving for that very graham roll," I said recently, to a little boy at our table.

"No, I shouldn't, mamma; it would be all moulidy by that time!" was the quiet rejoinder, and I decided, that with me, the desert island starvation argument had wholly played out.

So, for the present, I have adopted this method of disposing of the children's "leavings" at table: Anything that is really appetizing, as bits of bread and butter, broken sheets of gingerbread, a syrup spread fritter, etc., I put aside; and if a child clamors for food between meals of that day, the broken pieces that he—not another child—has left, is given, and no other food so long as there are fragments on hand. If a child is sufficiently hungry to devour with relish such luncheons, I think he is hungry enough to be allowed them. If he is not, he can wait till the next meal hour which I do not think it wise to spoil for the child by significantly parading in a forlorn heap before his plate the refuse of yesterday's meals.

We want fresh, dainty, appetizing, new dishes, or combinations of them, to greet our palate and tempt digestion when we come to the table. What if some one larger and stronger than yourself should gather up the wedge of cake, the rind of meat, the dry bit of toast that your failing appetite or teeth refuse to circumferance at the last meal, and starve you to a devouring of them! Would it be wisdom on your part, to attempt such a project, or on yours, for your stomach's sake, to submit to it?

I think the dear, little children need to have their quick going and coming appetites tempted and appeased—not surfeited—by daintily prepared and served dishes as well as children of a larger growth.

Indeed, their appetites are so capricious and sluggish at times—seemingly through no fault of ours—we gladly would give them the pick and refusal of all food in our pantries, did we know such a course would increase their strength and healthy craving for nourishing food.—Clarissa Potter, in Ladies' Home Journal.

MAGNIFICENT CHURCHES.

It is interesting and instructive in the history of Christianity, to study the gradual development of church architecture. In the first and in the earlier periods the houses used for the assembling of the Christian worshippers were exceedingly simple and unostentatious. It is not absolutely certain that within the historical limits of the New Testament records no church buildings existed; there is, however, no actual mention made of anything of that kind, neither in the New Testament nor in any contemporary writings. In process of time, however, edifices were erected for the meetings of the congregations; this was altogether natural and necessary, and historically is well attested. The statement sometimes made, that for the first two hundred years Christians had no public houses of worship, cannot be accepted in this absolute form. From the nature of the situation, and from some declarations of early Christian and heathen writers, it must be believed that such public church buildings were comparatively very rare. In the language of Dionysius of Alexandria, who wrote in the middle of the third century, "During those days of affliction every place was used by Christians for their assemblies, a field, a desert, a temple, an inn, a prison," etc. The "upper room" was thus used by the first group of believers in Jerusalem; and in the later times of fiery persecutions the Christians assembled for worship in the catacombs of Egypt and of the Roman Campagna.

One fact is certain about the early church buildings; while they were often large, there was an entire absence of architectural display or costly extravagance about them. As one writer has very justly observed, "they were without lofty towers; for Christians were not concerned about beautiful edifices, when they knew that in reality the whole world was the temple of God, and that every place in which they could fittingly worship God was sufficiently holy." It was not until the church became dominant in the state, and mighty, and began to control the wealth of the world, had emperors, kings and princes for its servants, that art, beauty and splendor became an object of attention in church buildings. Early Christian historians, such as Eusebius and Socrates, call attention to this fact, how Constantine and his Christian successors sought to make the Christian houses of worship eclipse in architectural beauty, in costliness and magnificence, the ancient heathen temples. This was the beginning of "Christian art in church architecture;" but from this period also dates the swifter and greater decay of the simplicity, purity and vigor of the life and habits of the church, when carnal pride ascended the throne, and spiritual humility—this bright ornament of Christian hearts and life—was prostrated into the dust, and when glorying only in the cross gave way to the most corrupting forms of worldly ambition.

The Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, rebuilt by the Emperor Justinian, with its unrivaled magnificence of architecture, its vast golden apse, that made this proud monarch exclaim as he looked upon his work, "I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!"—the basilicas of St. Peter, St. Paul and Maria Major at Rome, destroyed by Diocletian, but rebuilt magnificently at immense cost by Constantine, together with many other splendid churches in the east and the west of the empire by the first Christian emperors—at once mark the boundary and the strong contrast between the suffering Christianity of the earlier centuries and the Christianity now dominant, but also secularized and carnalized. The church was no longer the humble, chaste spouse of the Lamb; it has become the pampered, haughty mistress of the Roman state.

It is impossible not to see the coincidence, and to understand clearly the causes, of the secularization of the church and religion of Christ during these times, and the manifestation of this secularization in church architecture.

It is fitting for a moment to call to mind the enormous treasures of wealth, almost beyond computation, that have been exhausted in the erection of the magnificent church structures over the Christian world, but especially in Europe. Upon some of them many millions have been spent; a number of them were centuries, others generations, in building, exhausting the treasures of the temporal and spiritual princes that reared them. And after these vast expenditures of money in their erection, it requires constantly from generation to generation, immense sums to keep these monuments of secular and spiritual pride in good order. Protestant England itself is obliged to make, from time to time, large appropriations from the public treasury to keep its cathedrals in condition. Even the old Cathedral of Glasgow, now, of course, a Protestant Church, aside from the treasures exhausted by its Catholic founders and builders, has swallowed up immense sums of money to maintain, and to adorn it with "Protestant religious art."

And whence came the countless millions that built and adorned with such sumptuous extravagance of art St. Sophia, the splendid basilicas and St. Peter's at Rome, the Cathedral of Milan, the Strasburg Minister, the Dome of Cologne, Notre Dame of Paris, and the many stately cathedrals of England? In easy phrase it is said by the historians, "they were built by the piety of kings and princes." These words are a deception. Let us ask, Whence did these "pious princes" take the vast treasures exhausted in these monuments of their piety? In the last ages, when the people were little better than serfs, and the will of the monarch absolute, these immense treasures were taken from provinces and whole kingdoms, the product of the bitter toil and sweat of the people, the laboring multitudes, who were often poor and wretched beyond anything known in Christian lands to-day. These millions, toiling in the fields and in the tradesmen's shops, were not asked how the money thus taken from them was to be appropriated by their "pious" masters and rulers.

And is it not just and right also to ask, What have these "monuments of the piety of princes" and "of Christian art" done through the long centuries, and what are they doing to-day, for the spiritual good of the nations, of the vast multitudes immediately around them, who were born and lived and died, and who, now, from generation to generation, are born and live and die, in their very shadow? What have they done for the people in return for the enormous riches spent on them? We may say with truth, Nothing! They are far from the people, far away from their spiritual wants, and wholly unfit for their religious service and edification. They serve only, or chiefly, to illustrate "the divinely æsthetic in religious art in architecture," and to minister to the taste in this art; and in religious worship and edification at best they minister but to the select few. These stately edifices were never designed for the simple religious service which alone becomes the gospel and the wants of the souls of men. As a place for the assembling and the edification of believers, many a plain church or chapel has been of more value to men than these "gorgeous temples."

And while untold wealth was taken from the millions of God's poor to rear these "cathedrals vast," as a mocking, sinful contrast to this "pious" magnificence and splendor, these very poor were obliged to assemble in the humblest places of worship with poor spiritual shepherds, or abandoned altogether without church or pastor! These facts are incontestable; and are they not facts of terrible import? While the whole Catholic world was taxed to furnish the millions to the popes to build St. Peter's at Rome, how awful was the abandonment to spiritual neglect, to the deepest darkness, even in the Catholic sense, of God's poor not only over all Europe, but in Italy itself!

We are not ignorant or unappreciative of the value of these splendid edifices as objects of art, nor of the limited real service they have at times rendered to religion. But still we hesitate not to declare that these "glorious monuments of Christian art, and of the highest taste in religious architecture," were not born of the spirit of New Testament Christianity, nor of the evangelical, Protestant idea; they are the boldest contradiction, every way, to both these.

Only in an incidental and undesigned way, as in the case at St. Peter's at Rome, did they ever contribute to the spiritual regeneration of the world. The intolerable worldly

pride they revealed, so utterly opposed to the spirit of the true Christian faith, and the sinful methods so often used to obtain the enormous sums squandered on them to the impoverishing of the nations, had much to do in arousing the resistance which led to the Reformation.

These vast and magnificent edifices will remain to all time sad but instructive monuments of carnal vainglory and worldly ambition, and of an entirely false conception of the religion of Jesus and the piety which it teaches. They preach to us a lesson which we need to study to-day; for the human spirit in all its inclinations, for good or evil, is ever the same. The development of this lesson and its application to our own time we reserve for another occasion.—Christian Standard.

ON GOOD LISTENING.

BY JOHN A. BROADUS, D. D., LL. D.

We are willing to grant, if you insist on it, that there is not much good preaching; but we beg leave to remark that the proportion of good preachers is quite as great as the proportion of good listeners. It is evident that each will help the other. One great point of excellence in a preacher, especially to the restless hearers of the present day, will be that he is easy to listen to. There is no desire in this article to lessen the preacher's responsibility in this respect. Let all preachers strive to be so clear, so brightly, so earnest and magnetic, that men may hear with ease and pleasure and profit; nay, let them solemnly strive so to speak, in love of their hearers and in the fear of God, that men cannot choose but hear. Meantime, the hearers have also a great responsibility.

Consider then some of the reasons why you should listen well.

1. For your own sake. The Saviour spoke the Parable of the Sower for the express purpose of showing that the same word of the gospel will produce no effect, a slight or temporary effect, or a good effect in various degrees, exactly, according as it is properly heard; and his own application of the parable is, "Take heed therefore how ye hear." The best preacher in the world, even Paul, even Jesus, has often been heard to no profit; and the very poorest preacher, provided he gives some grains of real gospel truth, may be so well heard as to do real good. Remember, O hearer, that this man in his weakness is trying to preach to us God's word of salvation. We shall not answer for his speaking. But we shall assuredly answer for our hearing.

2. For the preacher's sake. Demosthenes is reported to have said that eloquence resides as much in the ear as in the tongue. It is a great truth, and might well have been uttered by the greatest of orators. O, what a comfort it is to preach when all the people listen with all their hearts! Even a few very good listeners greatly help the preacher; even one who listens with full sympathy may sometimes save a sermon that would otherwise have utterly failed. And alas, even a few conspicuously bad listeners may render the speaker's task almost hopeless. When a new pastor is coming, or a visiting minister, people often wonder how they will like his preaching; it rarely occurs to them as a matter of interest, how he will like their listening. They ask one another afterwards, "How did you like him?" Right seldom do they ask, "How do you suppose he liked us?" Let us always try to listen so well as to help the preacher.

3. For the sake of other hearers. Few things are more promptly contagious than good or bad listening. One very bad listener will often annoy and hinder a large section of the congregation. And it is beautiful to observe how one deeply earnest listener will be gradually felt, more and more, in gently widening circles, by those around. Many people find it very hard to listen to preaching. They may be in bad health and low spirits, or consumed with cares. They may be sadly indifferent to the greatest thoughts and the highest things. If you listen well, that will make it a little easier for them to do likewise; and how could you render them a greater kindness?

4. For Christ's own sake. He sends his servants to speak in his name the gospel of his salvation. He lays it as a burden of responsibility on their hearts that they must preach, in love to men and in love to him. If they bring the real gospel, and are at all in earnest, he speaks through them; and we should receive what they say, as being not simply the words of a fellow-man who seeks our good, but as in a just sense the word of Christ. Surely he deserves to be heard.

Good friend, suppose you lay to heart these reasons for listening well. Some other day we may try to indicate in what consists good listening.—Western Recorder.

EXAGGERATION.

BY SUSIE E. KENNEDY.

It is a fact to be deplored, that the habit of exaggeration is gaining a foothold not only among the young and thoughtless, but often with those from whom we expect better things. Perhaps such people would scorn the accusation, that they are guilty of falsehood; but there is a straight line of demarcation between truth and untruth, and what is not one must be the other. Therefore, it would be well for those who like to give a little more importance to a story than rightfully belongs to it, to remember this, and also a certain fact mentioned in Rev. 21: 8.

One person, undertaking to report the conversation of another, must needs have a good memory, to render it literally; and anything short of this is not strict truthfulness. The addition of a single word may change materially the meaning which the first speaker intended to convey, and is in danger of placing him in a position he would not be willing to occupy. We, therefore, have no more right to take the words of another, and appropriate them to our own use, than we have to take his goods, and use them for our own benefit.

The habit of embellishing conversation with high-sounding words, without regard to meaning, is pernicious in the extreme, inasmuch as it leads one to that position where a simple, truthful relation fails to satisfy their longing for ostentatious display. And, besides, it is very annoying to persons of plain common sense, to hear the most trivial things spoken of in the highest terms of which our language is capable. This foolish display so impoverishes the language, that sensible people have no adequate form of expression left to them; as they would rather refrain from expressing admiration at all, than to use the hackneyed phrases which fall so glibly from lips void of understanding.

A thorough investigation into the real meaning of words would perhaps serve to show these people the ridiculous side of their folly; but of still greater importance would be a devout contemplation of the words of sacred Truth, wherein may be found that dreadful denunciation of who-soever loveth and maketh a lie.

Dr. Deems, in "Weights and Wings," says: "It is wrong to give mitigating names to bad things. It begets a colorblindness in morality; it breeds loose ideas of right; it is uncharitable to one's self. Why call a lie a 'fib'?" The words are of the same length. One is as easy of utterance as the other. The former has this advantage over the other, that it conveys to the hearer a distinct idea—the very idea which is in the mind of the speaker.

So a lie is the very idea which Satan has in his mind when he tempts respectable people to utter these wicked exaggerations. There are people to whom he knows it will not do to mention falsehood; so he leads them into it by this circuitous route, which he is well aware amounts to the same thing, and therefore answers his purpose quite as well. How angry they would be if they knew into what disgrace they were being led; but Satan is a wise general, and knows how to pamper to the peculiar taste of each of his subjects. He well knows that this habit, indulged in, causes one to lose that sacred regard for truth which lies at the foundation of Christian living. It was about to say true Christian living; but, as there is no Christian living but that which is true, the word is quite unnecessary.

Dr. Deems says, again: "Truth is truth, and everything else is something else." So, a life which is not true in every particular, is not a Christian life. Let us see to it, then, that our every act and word has truth for its only motive.

A BAD BOY AND A WASP.

Among the passengers on the St. Louis express on the Erie Railway, between Port Jervis and Jersey City, a short time ago, was a much over-dressed woman, accompanied by a bright looking Irish nurse girl, who had charge of a self-willed, tyrannical two-years-old boy, of whom the over-dressed woman was plainly the mother. The mother occupied a seat by herself; the nurse and child were in this seat in front. The child gave such frequent exhibitions of his temper, and kept the car filled with such vicious yells and shrieks that there was a general feeling of indignation. Although he time and again spat in his nurse's face, scratched her hand, and tore at her bonnet, she bore it patiently. The indignation of the passengers was greater because the child's mother made no effort to correct him, but on the contrary sharply chided the nurse whenever she manifested any firmness. Whatever the boy yelled for the mother's cry was uniformly, "Let him have it, Mary."

The child had just slapped the nurse in the face for the hundredth time, and was preparing for a fresh attack, when a wasp from somewhere in the car flew against the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once made a dive for the wasp as it struggled upward on the glass. The nurse quickly caught his hand, and said, "Harry mustn't touch! Bug will bite Harry."

Harry gave a savage yell, and began to kick and slap the nurse. The mother awoke from a nap. She heard her son's screams, and without lifting her head or opening her eyes called out sharply to the nurse. "Why will you tease that child, Mary? Let him have it."

Mary let go of Harry. The boy clutched at the wasp and caught it. The yell that followed caused joy to the entire car; for every eye was on the boy. The mother awoke again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it." Mary turned calmly in her seat, and said, "Shure he's got it, mum!" This brought down the car. Every one in it roared. The child's mother rose up in her seat with a jerk. When she learned what the matter was, she pulled her boy over the back of the seat, and awoke some sympathy by laying him across her knee and warming him nicely. In ten minutes he was as quiet and as meek as a little lamb, and never opened his head again until the train reached Jersey City.

DO NOT BE AFRAID TO ASK.

Many a young Christian—ever longer actually young in years—needs longer advice occasionally, and is reluctant to ask for it. The minister is friend and undoubtedly would be glad to give desired aid, but is believed to be too engrossed with his special duties meeting the pressing wants of other older church members also are kind and differently by nature, or are situated so differently, that they hardly expect to enter into the case under consideration, and the others are as busy as the ly; and are supposed to be in the habit of ring everybody to him for such assistance as are wanted in this case. So the engaged but anxious Christian hesitates, and finally goes without the needed; and either he gets into trouble; he might have been shown how to do else he escapes it by his own endeavor at the cost of very wearing and unprofitable labor.

If you are in his case, do not be afraid to ask for the help which you desire. Enquire, but apply for it at once. Enquire of your pastor or some other Christian friend you know to possess good sense and grace, will give it to you gladly. The more than you expect of it. The more you especially need will be given possible, and also relations of a more confidential and thoroughly delightful nature will be established between the friend whom you accost.

An interest in each other's religious life will be created, which will be full of blessing. You good, as well as secure advice. Probably both of you—especially if you divide before parting, in order to Divine favor and aid—will draw near ever not only to each other, but to Jesus himself. Do not be afraid to ask for the advice or help of any sort that you will be glad when you have Congregationalist.

CONTINUOUS REVIVAL.

BY PROF. J. FULLINGTON, D.

A revival of religion, in the conception of the term, indicates the sinner, rather than, as it is often signified, the quickening into activity those who have once been renewed, but have declined. In this sense, it touches the prime object of preaching. The apostles went forth to preach that men should repent, and be saved in pain for the salvation of souls. "with himself accused not for his kinsmen according to the flesh." The whole history shows that this spasmodic or temporary impulse is not a Christian life. Let us see to it, then, that our every act and word has truth for its only motive.

If one will but think, he will be of this. Let him inquire, after his ordinary sermon in midsummer there was in it that seemed even to convince the unconverted that then and there, to seek the salvation imperiled souls. This can be tested other way. Let the pastor himself whether he entered the pulpit on weighed down with this thought,—to be saved to day! Suppose, after an unconverted man should rise in assembly, and confess his need of God's purpose to become a Christian, not be a surprise even to the pastor, as a thing wholly unexpected ought not to be a surprise, but a common occurrence. And it may have known churches that had a profession, any month in the year.

But, you say, "Would you make diate conversion the subject of course?" Not exactly that. Many truths that should be proclaimed by the pulpit. But should be an element in every sermon will give some soul a tendency that will make them feel the need of it.

"Then you wouldn't favor revivals?" I would favor special revivals much. There are tides in the feelings of men. Sometimes, economy recommended above, then an unusual number of penitent souls being known, others would be affected, and so there would be interest, or special revival. A striking event or providence might stir men's minds to the contemplation of things. A student in Stratford was drowned while bathing. The deep impression on his fellow students in pumber sought and found that a special revival again.

But I am asked, "Would you pastor to call in help, say an evangelist, praying band?" Under certain circumstances, I should not hesitate to do so. But take care whom you call. What a circus, or a theatrical performance, would be a disgrace to the church.

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The Sabbath School.

"Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me."

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1888

- FIRST QUARTER. Dec. 31. Herod and John the Baptist. Matt. 14: 1-13. Jan. 7. The Multitude Fed. Matt. 14: 13-21. Jan. 14. Jesus walking on the sea. Matt. 14: 22-36. Jan. 21. Jesus and the Fig-tree. Matt. 21: 1-9. Jan. 28. Peter Confessing Christ. Matt. 16: 13-28. Feb. 4. The Transfiguration. Matt. 17: 1-13. Feb. 11. Jesus and the Little Ones. Matt. 18: 1-14. Feb. 18. A Lesson on Forgiveness. Matt. 18: 21-35. Feb. 25. The Rich Young Ruler. Matt. 19: 16-22. March 3. Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem. Matt. 20: 17-34. March 10. Christ Entering Jerusalem. Matt. 21: 1-16. March 17. The Son Rejected. Matt. 21: 21-46. March 24. Review Service.

LESSON IV.—JESUS AND THE AFFLICTED.

BY REV. THOMAS R. WILLIAMS, D. D. (From Helping Hand.) For Sabbath-day, Jan. 21, 1888.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.—MATTHEW 15: 21-31.

21. Then Jesus went thence, and departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. 22. And behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, for my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. 23. But he answered her not a word. And his disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away; for she crieth after us. 24. But he answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. 25. Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me. 26. But he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs. 27. And she said, Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. 28. Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And the daughter was made whole from that very hour. 29. And Jesus departed thence, and came nigh unto the sea of Galilee; and went up into a mountain, and sat down there. 30. And great multitudes came unto him, having with them lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and he healed them: 31. inasmuch that the multitude wondered, when they saw the dumb to speak, the maimed to be whole, the lame to walk, and the blind to see: and they glorified the God of Israel.

GOLDEN TEXT.—In any among you afflicted?

TIME.—The spring or early autumn of A. D. 29. PLACE.—Borders of Phenicia, a narrow district of land on the north-west of Galilee, in which are the cities of Tyre and Sidon, situated on the Mediterranean Sea; a mountain in the vicinity of Lake Galilee. PERSONS.—Jesus; disciples; a Canaanitish woman; a multitude.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Jesus and a Gentile. v. 21-28. a. An earnest prayer. v. 22, 25. b. A prevailing plea. v. 27. 2. Jesus and the Jews. v. 29-31. a. Men healed. b. God glorified.

BIBLE READINGS.

- Sunday.—Mark 7: 24-37. Monday.—Matt. 8: 5-13; 9: 18-26. Tuesday.—Luke 9: 38-42; 7: 11-16. Wednesday.—Mark 10: 46-52. Thursday.—Matt. 21: 21, 22. Friday.—Gen. 32: 24-28. Sabbath.—Luke 18: 1-5.

INTRODUCTION.

On the next day after the feeding of the five thousand, the multitude, not finding Jesus on the east side of the lake where they had last seen him, crossed over to Capernaum seeking him. Having found him somewhere in that vicinity, they inquired when he had come. On this, Jesus charged them with seeking him, not because they had seen the miracle, but because they had eaten of the loaves. Then he proceeded with a discourse on the true bread from heaven. John 6: 122-71, Mark 6: 56 records that after Jesus came into Genesareth, he went about the villages and cities, healing. While in that vicinity, Pharisees and scribes from Jerusalem came to Jesus with a question about the washing of hands before eating; upon which Jesus delivered a discourse upon the false teaching of the scribes, and upon the real source of defilement. Matt. 15: 1-20. Then follows the account of his withdrawing into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and the incidents of the present lesson. Mark gives an account of the Canaanitish woman, but Luke and John do not mention it.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

V. 21. Jesus went thence. From Genesareth. De parted. The verb in the Greek signifies, "to give place, to withdraw," and seems here to intimate that Jesus withdrew from those quarters to avoid the fabled scribes and Pharisees. See v. 12. The coasts of Tyre and Sidon. The word translated here "coasts," signifies parts. In the parallel passage in Mark, a different word is used which signifies borders, confines, and the passage is translated by Meyer: Into the regions bordering on Tyre. The narrow strip of land lying between Upper Galilee and the Mediterranean was called Phenicia. Its principal cities were Tyre and Sidon; and so Phenicia was called the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. Many expositors think that Jesus did not pass over into Phenicia, but came to the parts of Galilee bordering on it. The reason given is that, as it was Gentile territory, Jesus had no mission there. He was trying at this time to retire from observation. V. 23. A woman of Canaan. "A Canaanitish woman."—Revised Version. The inhabitants of Phenicia were the remnants of the Canaanites. Mark calls her a Greek, meaning a Gentile, and a Syrophenician by race. Phenicia was called Syrophenicia because it belonged to the province of Syria. Came out of the same coasts. This may mean that she came over the border to meet him. Have mercy on me. An agonized appeal for his help. Help for her daughter, was mercy for her. O Lord, thou son of David. Living so near the Jews she

evidently knew something of the lineage of Jesus, and was familiar with the Messianic expectations of the Jews. Grievously vexed. Possessed. With a devil. A demon. Devil is a proper name belonging to Satan. When evil spirits are mentioned in the New Testament, the appellation used is demon, and not devil. V. 23. Answered her not a word. An intimation of a denial of her request. Send her away. Meyer and others interpret these words of the disciples to mean a request for him to grant her request, and thus get rid of her. V. 24. But he answered. The adversative "but," taken with the character of his answer, I am not sent but unto... the house of Israel, seems rather to favor Meyer's interpretation, unless we are to understand that his answer was to the woman, taking no notice of the request of his disciples. His mission at first was only to Israel (see Matt. 10: 5, 6), and this woman was a Gentile. V. 25. Lord help me. Her distress and her faith together made her a persistent suppliant. V. 26. It is not meet. "Not allowable."—Meyer. To take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs. This was severe dealing, and may have been meant for a trial of her faith. It was not meant for contempt of the poor woman. Jesus made use of terms in familiar use among the Jews to express the distinction between Israel and the Gentiles. The dog among the Jews, and other Eastern nations, was counted an unclean animal, and, as such, the dog, was to them a type of the Gentiles, who were accounted an unclean race; and yet there were little dogs domesticated, and allowed to pick up crumbs left from the master's table, and the word used by the Saviour is, in the Greek, "little dogs," not the ordinary word for dog. And now, to understand the full force and delicate fitness of the woman's answer which follows, we must see the words of Jesus as recorded in Mark 7: 27: Let the children first be filled; for it is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to the dogs. And she said, Yea, Lord; for even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. Revised Version. As much as to say, "The children are indeed first to be fed, for the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the master's table. Thou hast been feeding the children, let a crumb fall for me, a dog—a Gentile." Jesus acknowledged the fitness of her answer, and according to Mark, said: For this saying go thy way; the demon is gone out of thy daughter. V. 28. O woman, great is thy faith. This faith was, indeed, remarkable, she being a Gentile and recognizing the distinction between her people and the favored nation to whom Jesus was first sent. Be it unto thee, even as thou wilt. Even as you desire. Such faith overlaps the bounds which Jesus has set for his personal mission. V. 29. Jesus departed. thence. From the borders of Tyre. And came nigh unto the Sea of Galilee. He must have gone first north west to pass through Sidon, i. e., the district of Sidon, then eastward and southward, in passing through Decapolis, until he came near to the east side of the lake. See Mark 7: 31, Revised Version. V. 30. Great multitudes came unto him. No matter where he went, even though he might be seeking retirement, there would the multitudes flock unto him. And here, as elsewhere, brought unto him people with all sorts of ailments, and all were healed. V. 31. Glorified the God of Israel. The common people—the multitudes—always showed a different temper from the scribes and Pharisees. The latter were always trying to bring his works and his person into disrepute; but the people heard him gladly, and praised God for the beneficent power now manifested to Israel. God was yet in their thoughts, the God of Israel only.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The prayer of faith prevails with Jesus.

DOCTRINES.—1. Jesus came first to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. 2. Jesus will have mercy upon all who call upon him in sincerity. 3. Jesus has power to cast out demons, even at a distance. 4. Jesus does for us according to our faith.

DUTIES.—1. Pray to Jesus in behalf of our friends who are under the dominion of Satan. 2. Give God the glory for the blessings he bestows.

SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.—1. The impertunity of the Canaanitish woman was much like that of Jacob, who said, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me." 2. God sometimes waits until we get thoroughly in earnest in our prayer, before he answers. 3. The greatest earnestness of desire generally finds expression in the fewest words possible. Note the words of the woman's prayer, particularly those of her second petition, when the Lord treated her first with silence, "Lord help me."

MARRIED.

In Lincklaen, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1887, by Rev. Perie R. Burdick, Mr. CLARK WALCOTT and Miss LIZZIE HENDER, both of Lincklaen.

At the home of the bride's parents, in DeRuyter, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1888, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. BIRDELL DELEVAN, of Cortland, and Miss LIZZIE J., daughter of John Sergeant.

In Garwin, Tama Co., Ia., by Eld. M. Babcock, at his residence, Mr. C. O. BARCOCK, of Humboldt, Neb., and Miss ERIE CHAMBERS, of Garwin.

At the parsonage, in Walworth, Wis., by Eld. S. H. Babcock, Dec. 25, 1887, Mr. MORRIS DEAN and Miss JOSIE CARMACK, both of Harvard, Ill.

At the residence of M. G. Stillman, in Walworth, Wis., Dec. 27, 1887, by Eld. S. H. Babcock, Mr. MARSHALL COON, of Walworth, and Miss LURELLA CRANDALL, of Utica.

DIED.

In Scio, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1887, MATTIE L. EMERSON, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Olin Emerson, aged 4 years, 7 months and 16 days. She was patient in all her suffering and loved by all who knew her.

Between me and my Saviour Three mighty mountains rose, That all the way and ever My coming did oppose; And darkness gathered round me, The light was growing dim, Until my Saviour found me, And now I rest in him. This mountain, dark and gloomy, Concealed a loving Lord, Until his voice came to me—"My child, believe my word."

REQUESTS TO TRACT SOCIETY.

The generous purpose of some persons to aid in the work of this Society, by gifts of money or other property, after their death, is sometimes defeated by some technical defect in the instrument by which

Near Scio, N. Y., HORACE HOWE, aged 66 years, 5 months and 13 days. A tender, loving husband and father, a kind and obliging neighbor, one who will be greatly missed in the community where he lived.

Suddenly, at his late residence, Plainfield, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1887, of apoplexy, FRANCIS M. CLARKE, in the 48th year of his age. Mr. Clarke had been, for thirty years, a member of the First Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist Church, and for the last few years held the office of trustee. He was long connected with the Sabbath school as teacher, and at the time of his death he was its superintendent, which position he had faithfully filled for a year and a half. He was greatly esteemed by all who knew him, and his example of active zeal, earnest work, and an undoubting confidence in his Master will long be remembered by the church and school alike. He leaves a wife and two children. Funeral services were held from his late residence, Dec. 29th, and Sabbath-day, Dec. 31st, the Sabbath-school held a service in his memory, at which appropriate remarks were made by pastor, officers, and teachers, and resolutions of sympathy with the bereaved family were adopted. W. C. D.

In Cuyler, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1887, RICHARD PARKER DORWARD, in the 74th year of his age. L. R. S.

SIDNEY MARSHALL was born in Cazenovia, N. Y., and died in DeRuyter, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1888, aged 64 years, 7 months and 1 day. In early youth he made a profession of religion and joined the North Lincklaen Baptist Church, and during a long and active life maintained his principles. Though afflicted with a trouble of digestion for many years, which resulted in cancer of the stomach, he was blessed of God in his business, blessed with a devoted and loving family, and blessed with a serene and happy trust in the Saviour in the hours of death. L. R. S.

In Westery, R. I., December 29, 1887, of diphtheria, SARAH ALICE LANGWORTHY, daughter of Albert H. and Georgia Langworthy, aged 3 years and 10 months. She was a sweet and beautiful child. Everything that care and skill could do, was done for her recovery, but she who said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me," took her to herself. Safe in the name of Jesus. O. V. W.

In Niantic, R. I., Dec. 28, 1887, of paralysis, Mrs. ELIZABETH SANDALL, aged 84 years and 15 days. In her same home, about two hours later, of pneumonia, her grandson, ALLEN, aged 21 years, 6 months and 3 days. Funeral services were held in the First Baptist Church of Niantic, conducted by the writer, and attended by a large number of relatives and friends. "All flesh is as grass." H. S.

Near Welton, in Clinton Co., Ia., of measles, CHARLES LELAND KNIGHT, aged 19 years and 14 days.

Our hearts to-day are ripe with sorrow, Since we must part with him we love; The strength we need we cannot borrow Except from him who dwells above. Our home is robbed of one dear treasure, An only son, so meek and mild, His loving words filled us with pleasure When storms came beating fierce and wild. His speech was clothed with words of kindness To father, mother, sister dear, O God, remove those tears of blindness, This dread that makes earth look so drear. But we would not complain, dear Father, Although thy chastenings seem severe, We bow in meekness at thy order And thy dear name we still revere. J. T. D.

At the home of her daughter, in Chicago, Ill., after eleven days' suffering, of typhoid pneumonia, KEZIA AYERS DAVIS fell asleep in Jesus Nov. 20, 1887, in the 70th year of her age. She was the daughter of Barzillai and Ade Ayers Davis, and was born Dec. 25, 1817, in Stone Creek, Cumberland Co., N. J. At the age of fourteen she gave her life to the service of God, and united with the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church. July 26, 1838, she married Jeremy Davis. Later she removed her church membership to the Marlboro Church, to which she belonged many years. She, with her family, moved west in 1853, and lived for some time at Walworth, Wis. In 1856, they settled on a farm at Byron, Minn. Here her husband died Sept. 26, 1869, leaving her with six small children, when she, with unusual faith and courage, took up life's burden alone, providing and caring for the family then solely dependent upon her. She was a consistent member of the Trenton (Minn.) Church. In January, 1871, she moved to Alden, that her younger children might have better educational advantages, and then to Chicago in 1873, which has since been her home. She was a member of the Alden Church from 1871 to 1877, when she united with the church at Walworth, Wis., that being the nearest church of her faith at that time, and remained her church home until her death. Hers was a life of usefulness, and she was ever ready and glad to do any service for her Master. She passed away peacefully surrounded by all her children, to whom she had talked freely of her departure. Shortly before her death she said, "What I look at now is the beautiful vision I have, and the precious promises my Saviour has made. It is so beautiful to go and be with Jesus. The only uneasiness I have in this matter is that my children will feel so badly, but I hope you will not continue to cry." Very brief services were held at her home, Nov. 22d, conducted by Rev. J. W. Morton, who read 2 Cor. 5: 1-9. The remains were then taken to Walworth for burial. Funeral sermon by the pastor of the Walworth Church from John 14: 2, last clause.

At Stioe Fort, Ill., Dec. 23, 1887, of consumption, in his 22d year, FRANCIS WATLAND, youngest child of Eld. M. B. and Nancy L. Kelley. The deceased having professed faith in Christ, was received into the Stone Fort Seventh-day Baptist Church by baptism Aug. 6, 1887. His health had been generally failing for more than a year. He bore his affliction without a murmur, and died trusting in Jesus for salvation. A funeral discourse was preached on the 25th, by the pastor, from 1 Cor. 15: 23, 24, followed by remarks by Eld. F. F. Johnson. We sympathize with the aged parents in their bereavements which seemed all the sharper that it came on them while others were enjoying the good cheer that attends the Christmas holidays. They had quite a similar sorrow on last New Year's day, when RACHEL E. ESHLEMAN, their oldest daughter, died at Villa Ridge, in the 45th year of her age, having been a consistent member of the Villa Ridge Seventh-day Baptist Church from its organization, and a Christian for about 30 years. She left a husband and five children who mourn her loss. R. L.

At Milton, Wis., Dec. 31, 1887, Mrs. AMELIA LOOFBORO, daughter of Mr. L. A. and Mrs. Tamar J. Loofboro, aged 20 years, 9 months and 3 days. She had been a professing Christian over eight years and at the time of her death was a member of the Seventh-day Baptist Church at Welton, Iowa. Her funeral was attended by a very large concourse of friends. President Whitford and Rev. E. M. Dunn officiating. The remarks of the latter were based upon the following words of Scripture: "He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down." The music which was very touching and impressive, was furnished by the college choir. She was greatly beloved by all who knew her. E. M. D.

LEGAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Pursuant to an order of Clarence A. Patton, Judge of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ERNEST B. STILLMAN, deceased, late of the town of Alfred, in said county, that they are required to present the same, with vouchers therefor, to the undersigned, at the residence of David R. Stillman, in the town of Alfred, on or before the 28th day of January, 1888. JULIA A. STILLMAN, Administratrix. DATED, July 26, 1887.

SALARY & expenses to men and women agents, J. E. Whitney, Nurse, Rochester, N. Y.

Business Directory.

It is desired to make this as complete a directory as possible, so that it may become a DENOMINATIONAL DIRECTORY. Price of Cards (5 lines), per annum, \$3.

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ALFRED UNIVERSITY, ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y. Equal privileges for Gentlemen and Ladies. Winter Term begins Wednesday, Dec. 14, 1887. Rev. J. ALLEN, D. D., LL. D., Ph. D., PRESIDENT.

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the gift is intended to be made. It is necessary for this purpose that both the Society and the property, if other than cash, shall be accurately described. A will made in the state of New York less than sixty days before the death of the testator is void as to societies formed under New York laws for the convenience of any who may desire a form for this purpose, the following is suggested: FORM OF BEQUEST. I give, devise and bequeath to the American Sabbath Tract Society, a body corporate and politic under the general laws of the state of New York, the sum of.....dollars, (or the following described property to wit.....) to be applied to the uses and purposes of said Society, and under its direction and control forever.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE next Quarterly Meeting of the Berlin, (Wis.) field will be held at Coloma, beginning on Sixth-day evening, Jan. 20th. A cordial invitation is extended to all to unite in the service. A. McLEARN.

THE next Quarterly Meeting of the Shingle House, Hebron and Hebron Centre Churches will be held with the Shingle House Church, commencing Sixth day evening, Jan. 18, 1888, with the following programme: Sixth day evening, prayer and conference meeting, conducted by H. D. Clarke. Preaching as follows: Sabbath morning, 11 o'clock, by J. Kenyon; Sabbath afternoon, by L. E. Livermore; Evening, by J. Kenyon. First day, 10.30 A. M., by L. O. Rogers; afternoon, H. D. Clarke; evening, by L. E. Livermore. All are invited to attend. G. P. KENYON.

THE Hornellsville Seventh day Baptist Church holds regular services at the Hall of the McDougal Protective Association, on Broad St., every Sabbath, at 10.30 o'clock A. M. The Sabbath school follows the preaching service. Sabbath-keepers spending the Sabbath in Hornellsville are especially invited to attend. All strangers will be most cordially welcomed.

THE New York Seventh day Baptist Church holds regular Sabbath services in Room No. 3, Y. M. C. A. Building, corner 4th Avenue and 23d St.; entrance on 23d St. (Take elevator.) Meeting for Bible study at 10.30 A. M., followed by the regular preaching services. Strangers are cordially welcomed, and any friends in the city over the Sabbath are especially invited to attend the service.

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