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JESUS ONLY!

BY THE REV. A. W. COON.

Convinced of sin, my trembling soul
Sank down in deep despair,
While Sinai's thunders seemed to roll,
And all my guilt declare.

O wretched man! I could but say;
My soul with sin oppressed,
I sought to drive my load away
By acts of righteousness.

But of myself I strove no more
To break the fatal snare;
For lo! I saw the open door,
And then I entered there.

In Christ alone I found relief;
He washed my sins away;
And now he gives me joy and peace,
With hopes of endless day.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1892.

—THE General Assembly's committee on the Union Theological Seminary case and the Directors of the Seminary, have had their final conference. Neither side yielded its point. The Committee insisted that the General Assembly's interpretation of the agreement of 1870 was right, and that the veto of Dr. Briggs' transfer to his new chair was within the power of the Assembly; and the Directors insist that Dr. Briggs' transfer was not in the nature of a new appointment, and therefore his case does come under the head of new elections to their faculty. But there was an agreement that the situation be allowed to remain unchanged for the present, which probably means till the next Assembly; and also means that Dr. Briggs will go on teaching as usual, so that if either side may claim any advantage it is the Seminary's victory. The spirit of the conference was good, and it is thought that a long step toward mutual understanding has been taken. Probably the next Assembly will be chosen upon this issue.

—A POOR widow in Pennsylvania sued a liquor-seller because he sold liquor to her husband until he was unable to walk home with intelligence, fell into a gutter, took a cold and died of the effects. She got substantial damages from a jury, and the Supreme Court sustained the verdict. Of course the defense was that it was pneumonia, and not liquor, that killed the man, but the Court reminded the defense that the law intends to protect a man whose will is weak enough for him to drink till he is physically incapable of taking care of himself by commanding the seller not to sell to him; and he who makes him an incapable is responsible for him. We hope there are a great many people in Pennsylvania who will see this law enforced.

—IT was hardly to be expected that the Catholic Church would keep still upon the lottery question when the whole country is moved about it, but there are things in the history of that church which would seem to make any utterance at this time difficult. But the highest authority in this country, Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, has spoken out in a letter to Gen. Johnston, and in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. The Catholic Church is

on record as speaking against the Louisiana Lottery in the most outspoken and courageous fashion, and this is good news. For Cardinal Gibbons' words mean more than a mere perfunctory proclamation; he addresses the people of a State which has a very large Catholic population. It has been said that a majority of Louisianians are Catholics. Whatever the truth may be, a very great many of these Catholics are very ignorant, are large supporters of the Lottery, and, too, are just the people to be turned by the words of so high a prelate as Cardinal Gibbons. It is to be hoped that these words will have a reactionary effect in helping to put down many things used by the Catholics in raising money which cannot be distinguished in principle from the Louisiana Lottery.

W. C. TITSWORTH.

Sisco, Fla.

—TWO INTERESTING missionary movements have recently been inaugurated in Chicago. A coffee wagon has been started in opposition to the saloons in a community frequented by workingmen. The coffee is given to all free of charge, and the wagon is greeted with much enthusiasm. Some men have been seen to throw away the beer in their pails to make room for coffee. The plan seems to be based on eminently practical ideas and might be used effectively in many directions. The other movement is toward the evangelizing of the police. Miss Catherine Gurney, of New Haven, Conn., has come here to organize a movement in this direction. It is thought that the Chicago police force offers a very legitimate field for mission work, and in all seriousness we bid the project God speed.

—A VERY curious article appears in the last *North American Review*, being nothing more nor less than a defense of the organization known as Tammany Hall. The article purports to be written by Hon. Richard Croker. Some who claim to know, declare that Boss Croker's "writin' pin" is incapable of producing such a document, and that the author is well known to be Bourke Cockran. However that may be the article is, no doubt, an authorized utterance of Tammany. The author speaks complacently of the fact that while the Republicans were pouring torrents of abuse upon Tammany in the last election, the Democrats "let it rain," and then rolled up a majority of 47,937. He justifies Tammany by its success. He boasts that it "stands by its friends," the drawback in which fact consists, it seems to me, in the character of these friends by whom it stands. He mentions the fact that "New York is a center to which the criminal element of the entire country gravitates," but, by some oversight, neglects to state that this criminal element is a part of the Tammany constituency. He raises his voice in proud defiance at the close. "That the Tammany Hall Democracy will largely aid in organizing victory for the national ticket next November is beyond question. No matter what Republican majorities may come down to

the Harlem River from the interior of the State, we propose to meet and drown them with 85,000 majority from New York and Kings." If Tammany Hall succeeds in nominating the next Democratic presidential candidate, a great flood tide will rise all over the country and sweep Tammany Hall into Salt River. It would be an infinite calamity if Tammany methods should ever dominate our national politics. By the way it is said that Mrs. Flower has some interesting opinions in regard to the Tammany magnates. When she became mistress of the gubernatorial mansion she found it filthy beyond conception, cigar stubs and tobacco spittle befouling the carpets, and beds giving evidence that their occupants had slept with their boots on. There is no other existing political organization which is so notorious for corrupt methods and corrupt leaders. It is a startling commentary on its growing boldness and ambition that it has published its defense in one of the leading reviews.

—TWO MISTAKES appeared in the issue of two weeks ago, though no fault of the editor. We regret to say that Sullivan has not signed the pledge. He recently declared to a reporter between drinks that the newspaper account was a "fake." The illustration is gone but the moral remains. Another thing of more consequence to us: The room which was promised us for a depository, office, and a meeting place of the Chicago Church, has slipped from our grasp. No objection was made to the holding of religious meetings at the time when the committee applied for the room; but it appears now that no singing is to be allowed. Whether there was something in the mild manner of the committee to suggest that they were Quakers and that the religious meetings were to be Quaker meetings deponent sayeth not. At any rate when the terrible thought entered the minds of the renting agents that the Honore Block was in danger of hearing three hymns a week, they hastened to withdraw their offer. However, the scheme is by no means given up. It is somewhat difficult to find a room which shall be adequate to the purposes in view and at the same moderate price; but "where there's a will there's a way"—generally.

—WE all look forward with anticipation to the time when Mr. Edison's electric motor shall, according to promise, whirl us along at the rate of two hundred miles an hour. In the meanwhile it is interesting to know that one of Chauncey Depew's lieutenants promises to carry us from New York to Chicago in seventeen hours. This is an average of almost a mile a minute and means long stretches of speed at a rate of nearly seventy-five miles an hour to make up for necessary delays. Some afternoon Dr. Lewis will dictate a letter at 100 Bible House, and at ten o'clock next morning it will be on the desk of the Chicago office.

—THE time was—and not so very long ago—when, if you asked the ordinary Christian of intelligence and education why he observed the first day of the week as the Sabbath, he would

answer, because Christ, or because the apostles changed the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week in honor of Christ's resurrection. Since that time there has been much discussion of the Sabbath question. The fires of controversy have been raging and much that was worthless has been burned up. People have been finding that the evidence for a divinely authorized change of the day is of the slightest, vaguest, and most intangible sort. The old argument is still used in the Sabbath-school to answer the irrepressible questioning of the children, and is still largely accepted among many classes of the Christian world; but in general, it may be said that the grounds of defense for Sunday-observance are rapidly shifting.

—SOME time ago I asked one of our Morgan Park professors on what grounds he based his observance of the first day of the week. "Well," said he with great candor, "it is hard to say; but I am inclined to the view that the whole Old Testament law is done away. Not simply the ceremonial law, but the decalogue also—the whole thing—and whatever is essential in the old law is embodied in Christ's law, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,' etc. I have no right to murder or commit adultery, or take God's name in vain, not for the reason that these things are forbidden in the Decalogue, but because they are forbidden by Christ's law of love. We haven't any Sabbath, strictly speaking. The name for Sunday is Lord's-day—it is not the Sabbath and never was claimed to be until centuries after Christ's death." I was interested in reading in the RECORDER some time ago a short account of the ordination of Mr. W. H. Cossum. Mr. Cossum declared his belief that as an authoritative code the Decalogue has lost its force, adding, "You've got to get rid of your Decalogue before you can transfer your Sabbath to the first day of the week."

—NOW, THIS is a very important question to the Christian world. Has the law given on Mount Sinai still a binding force? For on this question hangs another,—Have we a Sabbath? This question is one of special importance to us who are Seventh-day Baptists. The Sabbath is an integral part of our life. Our observance of a peculiar day may mark us for such questions as I met when I was the solitary Seventh-day Baptist in a great university. I attended one night the Baptist Circle, and a sociable young brother said, "I suppose you are a Baptist?" "Yes," said I, "I am a Seventh-day Baptist." "I beg pardon?" "I am a Seventh-day Baptist." "A Seventh-day Baptist? What is that? I never heard of one before." "I am a Baptist who does not believe there is any authority for changing the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week." "How large is your denomination?" "It numbers only about ten thousand." "What is the difference between you and other Baptists?" "Only the day." "Well, now, my brother, there are so few of you, hadn't you better let that Sabbath point go, and join in with the rest of us Baptists?" And really that is a very reasonable question, if it is true that the Old Testament law is all done away. If we haven't any Sabbath of divine command, the sooner we fall into line with the four million Baptists the better.

—OUR authority is Christ. What did Christ think of the Old Testament law? What did he intend to do with it? What place was it to have in his kingdom? Was it all to be swept away, or was it all to be kept? Or was part of

it still to remain binding and part of it to fall into disuse because the world had no further need of it? It would seem that Christ would have expressed himself very clearly on this point so that there should be no mistake. Take the question of circumcision. We should expect that Christ would have said definitely whether or not he expected his followers to be circumcised. As a matter of fact there is no record in the gospels that Christ ever mentioned circumcision. There is a singular reticence in regard to the Old Testament law; but in the fifth chapter of Matthew, seventeenth verse, we have a plain reference to the Old Testament law, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy but to fulfill." I think we shall be able to find out in what sense Jesus was to fulfill the Old Testament law by referring to various words and hints in other parts of the gospels. But before passing on, let me remark in regard to these words that they are words of caution. Jesus seems to imply that there was danger that people would think that he had come to destroy the law and the prophets, and so he utters this word of warning "Think not." Jesus had not come as a destroyer with a hatred for existing institutions and a determination to wipe them out. It was not his purpose to destroy; but to fill full. What effect would it have on the old laws to fill them full?

—FIRST, it seems certain that Christ was to fulfill the ceremonial law by putting forward the reality of which it was the shadow. These ceremonies were types or prophecies of salvation. He offered the salvation. The washings and sacrifices typified redemption. He was the Redeemer. The Scriptures furnish very conclusive evidence for this view. First-day people and Seventh-day people unite in holding that Christ fulfilled the old ceremonies in such a way that they would be no longer necessary. They were to drop off like dead leaves whose purpose had been accomplished.

—AND now we come to the real battle-ground of belief. Did Christ hold the same attitude toward the moral law that he held toward the ceremonial law? Was he to fulfill the Decalogue in the same sense that he fulfilled the sacrifices and circumcision? Were the ten commandments to be cast aside? All the discussion of this question centers in the fourth commandment. Those who claim that the Decalogue was done away say that all the other nine commandments are re-embodied in Christ's law of love to God and man and so when you ask the question, "Did Christ abolish the Decalogue," you are simply asking, "Have we a Sabbath?"

—WE would naturally expect Christ to treat the moral law in a very different way from that in which he treated the ceremonial law, for the reason that it is treated very differently in the Old Testament. The moral law was given amid the thunders of Sinai, in the awful presence of God. It was written on tables of stone by the finger of God. The Sabbath was given at Eden for the whole race. It was given along with the institution of marriage and we must regard it as equally important, equally binding and of the same universal application. It is scarcely possible to conceive how God, in the Old Testament, could have said more plainly that the Sabbath was made for the race and that it was to last as long as the race should last. Turning now to Christ, how do we find him treating the Sabbath? We find him treating it with the utmost respect. Note five facts: First, Jesus

kept the Sabbath himself with his disciples. Second, he more than once took pains to defend himself from the charge of Sabbath breaking. He showed that he had been keeping it in the largest and fullest sense. Third, he lifted the Sabbath to a higher and more spiritual plane. He certainly would not have so treated an institution which he meant to abolish. "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." The Sabbath should be so observed as to be a blessing and an inspiration to man and not a curse and a drudgery. Fourth, all his recorded utterances are entirely in accord with the perpetuity of the Sabbath. The passage, "The Sabbath was made for man," etc., at least fully harmonizes with the idea that the Sabbath was meant to be of universal obligation. Fifth, in one passage, Jesus specifically instructs his disciples to have a regard for the Sabbath forty years after his death. In foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem, he said, "Pray that your flight be not on the Sabbath." "When we find one who could criticize freely venerable customs resting on the authority of the Hebrew legislator, in the light of the new law, so careful to clear himself of all suspicion of irreverence towards the fourth commandment, we cannot help feeling that the rest therein enjoined does not altogether belong to the old world about to pass away; but is worthy of a place in the new order of things." Away back in the twilight of history, at the dawn of the human race, God gave to man two great institutions, on which our civilization rests, as the great temple of the Philistines rested on the two pillars between which they placed poor, sightless Samson. And the devil, like a modern Samson, is exerting every effort to pull the pillars down and lay our magnificent structure in ruins. These institutions are the marriage of one woman to one man, and the weekly Sabbath. No nation has disregarded the first without terrible punishment. The second is scarcely less important to our nation to-day. The politicians tell us at election time that the bulwark of our nation is protection or sound money. It isn't anything of the kind. The bulwark of our nation is the Christian religion, and the bulwark of our religion is the Sabbath. Now if there are some Bible grounds on which you can justify changing the Sabbath from one end of the week to the other, or if there is some device by which you can slip a cog in the wheels of time, well and good. But if no such grounds or device are to be found, then we Sabbatarians are in the majority for the common saying is sound: "One man with God is a majority."

L. C. RANDOLPH.

MORGAN PARK, Ill.

THE MALADY OF SIN.

BY THE REV. JOSHUA CLARKE.

The conditions of the cure of this terrible malady are:

1. A sense of our need. The sick never apply for treatment or cure, until impressed that they need help; and although all suffer from the malady of sin, none apply for help until they are conscious of their need of it.

"All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel our need of him."

2. Faith in the world's great Healer is indispensable to our recovery. God, who gave Christ his Son to this infinite work, has said, "There is no other name given under heaven or among men whereby we must be saved." Men cannot save themselves, nor can angels save us from the ruin of sin. Christ alone can save. Our faith must take hold upon this doctrine un-

doubtingly, before we apply to the great Physician, and before he undertakes our case. While faith in Christ the Healer, and in his treatment, is indispensable as a condition of cure, so also,

3. Must there be unbounded confidence in Christ's remedy for sin, his panacea, for the world's moral ill. What is this infallible antidote for sin? The precious blood of Christ, the atoning sacrifice, "which speaketh better things than that of Abel," for "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Glorious doctrine, Jesus almighty to save, and the remedy, the precious blood, sufficient to atone for, and efficacious to save from all sin! So that should countless millions of our race, complying with the conditions of the cure, apply at once, the great Healer could undertake their case at the same time, applying the infallible cure, and the same hour, these millions saved from sin, shout hallelujah in concert, to the blessed Jesus who so gloriously saves them.

4. This great service and remedy must be accepted as a free gift, although invaluable and above the price of worlds, the whole material universe, even, sinking into insignificance when compared with it, while those lost in sin are so poor, helpless, and wild with moral delirium, would not pay for it if they could. On the other hand, never so much sensing our need of this priceless boon, we could not pay for it if we would. Thanks to the Lord for the assurance given to all, that this priceless benediction is offered to the world as a free gift. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Blessed truth, the infinitely important services of Jesus, the divinely appointed, and infallible specialist for the treatment and cure of the malady of sin, is free. The learned and unlearned, rich and poor, high and low, bond and free, black or white, good or bad, all alike needing his help, may, and if ever healed by him, must receive this greatest favor bestowed on fallen man, as God's free gift to him. And now while the race is ruined and lost in sin, and God's Word reveals the great Healer, who has command of the infallible remedy, and all ample and free, the question arises, "Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" Answered in my next.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1892.

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN MOTHER?

It may seem like a romance, but it is true; true in its sadness, true in its truth, true in its teachings. Let the scene be a moral picture! In the lecture-room of a country church a small audience had assembled. A few staunch, old men, pillars of the church; only for example could their presence be needed, for their lives were consecrated, their peace with God was made years before, never to be broken. Here a few women, church members, following their belief, in personal presence at the house of God; a few young people, inattentive, cheery, interested in the assembly, not in the purpose of its being; and sitting far back in a dim corner, a woman with a careworn, sad face, a steadfast look, and clad, oh! so plainly, even to the hat, which was of summer texture, although it was midwinter, and bitterly cold. Her gaze was fastened on the face of the young minister who had just risen to speak to his small audi-

ence. He had an earnest face on which there was a pathetic look, as if he had just offered a mental prayer to his God, for faith and courage. "I pity, from the depths of my heart," he said, "the boy who has not a Christian mother." Then in words convincing as they fell upon the ears of one troubled listener, the minister described the manifold temptations besetting the career of every boy and man, and paid a loving, eloquent tribute to the power for protection which enfolded the world-tossed man, who could remember the teachings, the prayers, the example his Christian mother had thrown around him, even though that mother's tired hands lay folded in the impassiveness of death, and her spirit at rest in heaven. With a brief prayer the service closed. Out into the cold starlight, into the darkness of the country streets the people passed, the young ones conversing cheerily in subdued tones, the older ones hastening their steps towards the warm shelter of their homes. And last came the young pastor with his wife. As he passed under the lighted lamp at the church porch its rays fell upon his face, which told the story of almost hopeless sadness and longing. For one long year he had worked, giving his best endeavors, his sincerity, his faithful teaching, and naught came of it. The torpid current of religious interest moved sluggishly along, and there seemed no hope for good work there, however faithful the worker.

Where, in the threads of this truly woven history comes the sad-faced, poorly dressed woman? Right here. She was a mother; in her poverty-stricken, three-roomed house, there were two boys, one "staying in to look out for little brother." A dissipated father helped make the crowd at some bar-room.

But was she a Christian mother? No. Good, kind, self-sacrificing, loving her little ones with all the intensity of a mother's affection, but not a Christian. She walked quickly toward home; she had not been in a church in months, because she was ashamed of what she had to wear; she had only gone that night to change the scene and hoping to hear some comforting word for such as she. And did the minister pity her boys for her sake? She thought. Was it not the drunken, neglectful father who caused her little ones to receive humiliating pity from all who knew them? But the words surged over and over in her thoughts: "I pity the boy who has not a Christian mother." The sweetness and solemnity of the minister's face came to her vision as he said the words. As she softly opened the door of her kitchen and went in, she looked over to where, on an old lounge, lay her boys. What more appealing than the face of a sleeping child? It is, in its perfect composure, so near an imitation of that endless sleep—death. The mother kneels by the side of the lounge and looks on the pair. Then into her heart an agonizing pain comes; "I pity, from the depths of my heart, the boy who has not a Christian mother." Ah, how the truth came home to her, and how, in her unhappiness, she vowed there, beside her sleeping sons, to be a Christian mother; to so guide them that no one should ever pity them for what they had missed in a mother's life!

That night the minister in the pleasant home which had been his for a year, told all his hopeless discouragement to his faithful, helpful young wife; spoke of his seeming utter failure, and his almost settled conviction that he must leave this well-loved parish to a better and more able laborer. But the loving wife cheered him,

comforted him with consoling words, and said with sweetness and faith, "Husband, if we do our utmost duty is it right to demand from God the evidences of our success, until it shall please him to let them be known?"

This is all a true story, told for no effect. If it shall be read by some weary, faithful minister of the church, who feels his work to be almost a failure, and he can find a ray of comfort shining out over his darkened pathway from its perusal, it is not told in vain.

THE WATER OF LIFE.—A SERMON.

BY THE REV. A. W. COON.

"In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." John 7:37.

The Jewish dispensation was full of sacrifices, ordinances, and festivals. Most of these had a two-fold meaning, one relating to their own peculiar institutions, and a typical signification relating to the gospel day, and to Christ, as the end of all that was shadowy in the Jewish dispensation.

One of the great feasts of the Jews was the feast of tabernacles. This feast was held once a year and lasted seven days. It seems that the Jews had changed the institution in some respects, and added something to it, among which was a custom of pouring out pure water on the day of atonement. This was to signify that their service was acceptable and the people clean of all sin. This pouring out of water made the day a noted one, which was called the great day of the feast. It was on this occasion that Jesus lifted up his voice saying, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." What makes the occasion more impressive is the fact that it took place at the close of the feast, just as the people were about to go to their homes. It was the good-bye day, and the minds of the multitude were warm with anxiety and expectation, anxious to catch the last and parting benediction. Most of them had learned that Jesus was there, though he had taken no part in the services. If the people were then like people now they must have expected that so noted a person would have something to offer. This made it a suitable time to call their attention to the great salvation, pure and free, of which the water was a fit and striking emblem.

"If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." It is not the words spoken that impress the mind most, but there is something about the speaker unlike all other men. There is no effort at display, and yet all that he did was done as if it was his own business, and everybody seemed to take it for granted. No one ever thought he was out of his place. He went into the temple, crowded with speculators and money-changers, and said, "Take these things hence." There was something in his majesty or force of character that awed them into submission, and he drove them out. Who but the Lord Jesus could have done what he did? There was something in the person of Jesus that language cannot describe. When his enemies surrounded him for the purpose of pressing him off the precipice he just walked through the crowd, and no man dared lay hands on him. In the garden, when the crowd of men armed with staves and clubs approached him he said, "Whom seek ye?" and they answered, "Jesus, who is called the Christ;" and he said, "I am he," and they went backward and fell to the ground." You remember that when the chief priests sent men to take Jesus they returned without him; they asked why they did not bring him, and they said, "He spake as never man spake." And again it was said of him, "He spake as one having authority, and not as the scribes." I can almost see Jesus standing there in the midst of that vast audience as he uttered those wonderful words, the most knowing, the most dignified, the most forcible, and yet the most tender of all men. There was something wonderful about Jesus. He never argued a question, he simply stated the matter of fact. He did not go into the vexed question, What is the foundation of virtue? and hang a system upon his answer. Nothing takes on an artistic shape, as when Plato or Socrates asks what kind of action is beautiful action? And yet his precepts were more beautiful than all the philosophers in the universe could devise. He does not dress up a moral picture and ask you to look at its beauty. He only tells you how to live; and the most beautiful characters the world has ever seen have been those who have received and lived according to his teaching without a thought of trying to be beautiful.

Jesus always used language that was plain and easily understood. In our text he addresses the thirsty.

There is a sense of want in the sinner's soul, a sense of something unsatisfied. I suppose it is the absence of God, for they are without God in the world. Jesus calls it thirst. Sinners are much like wanderers on some waterless desert, dying for want of water. Jesus comes to them with the water of life and says, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." The water of life is offered freely, without money and without price. All depends upon the sinner; he must drink or perish. There is a fountain at your feet, but you will die of thirst if you do not stoop down and drink. The river of life may be brushing your very lips, but unless you drink you will certainly perish. How grateful we ought to be for the fountain of life! It is said that during the last war there were many men confined in a southern prison. The prison covered several acres of ground, but there was no water. Day by day the poor prisoners were dying of thirst. One night a comrade dreamed that if they would dig in a certain place they would find a spring of pure water. In the morning he told his dream. Some doubted and some believed; but they went and dug in the place indicated, and all at once there gushed out a fountain of water. Some fell upon their knees to thank God, many wept for joy, while hundreds lifted up their voices in shouts of gladness. Do you suppose any of that thirsty company failed to drink at the fountain?

Friend, have you tasted of the water of life? Do you know the joys of salvation? God has given to us the water of salvation that we may impart it to others. The thirsty are all around us, and Jesus says, "Freely ye have received, freely give." But as we cannot always tell who the thirsty are we should offer it to all. It is said that the sight of water sometimes produces thirst. Bear the water of life to all, and it will be a surprise and a joy to see how many are athirst who will drink and be saved. In the railroad train you can tell who are the thirsty ones when the water bearers come around. Even before the carriers reach them they begin to reach out for the cup. Jesus says, "Come unto me." These are living words, they can never die, and they are just as patent to-day as they were eighteen hundred years ago. Jesus says "Come," and "the Spirit and the bride say Come, and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely." It is suicidal to refuse; all that can save, in this world or in the world to come, is in this offer. Then why stay away from the living Fountain? Come, sinner, come to-day. Come to Jesus, and he will save you just now. Amen.

REFINING INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.

"To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a various language."—*Byron's Thanatopsis.*

Among the diversified products of creative wisdom there are no more attractive objects than flowers, and none to which the mind turns with greater pleasure. How lovely they are in their multiplied forms and colors, and how wonderful in their distribution and uses. Some are decked in colors so brilliant as to bid defiance to all imitators, or marked with tints so delicate as to set at naught the skill of the artist. Nature has scattered these beautiful flowers with an unsparring hand. They rear their gay heads to the sun in gaudy profusion in the ever glowing region of the South, and peep out in modest loveliness from beneath the Arctic snows. The pleasure to be derived from flowers is open to the youngest and the poorest of mankind. The cultivation of flowers is rapidly increasing; the rich and the poor are alike engaged in the beautiful pastime, which shows the inmates of our homes have an inborn sense of beauty and care for something besides the sordid life of eat, drink and sleep.

"Does it pay?" Unhesitatingly and with emphasis we reply, Yes. Yes, one hundred fold. To me days of out-door work have brought a new lease of life. The enervated system, the weakened lungs have been recuperated and invigorated, bringing health which I have not known for years. Instead of medicine I have inhaled the air tonic. What should we do without flowers for decorating and adorning our homes and grange halls, for making mottoes and wreaths, and for draping and adorning our churches and altars? The rose is famous among the flowers of the garden, and is used in our ritualistic work; as a tribute to be placed upon our altar its soft and delicate colorings and its delightful fragrance add refining influence and delight. The almost indefinite number of sorts, with hues varying from the most delicate pink

to the deepest crimson and from the purest white to a brilliant yellow, renders it a peculiarly fit object of adornment.

What adds more refinement to a room in cold, wintry days than a stand of flowers? How anxiously do we watch the approach of every new shoot. And still more anxiously the approach of a bud. No one can watch the unfolding of the buds and leaves without feeling that there is one above that governs all; whose power is over all his works, and whose wisdom is infinite. No home is complete without flowers. To children flowers are an unfailing source of delight, and the first blossom that flings its fragrance upon the spring air is welcomed by them as a harbinger of future joys. Many a child has formed its first development of taste for rural subjects in the contemplation of the beauty of growing flowers in the house in winter or garden in summer. And with what care may they often be seen nursing their little plants when their whole happiness seems wrapped up in their successful growth. Even if the conservatory is only a small window filled with a meagre allowance of flowers their welfare is just as dear as the wealthiest collection, and their little corner in your heart is a shrine of beauty, purity and refining influence. We often hear it remarked, "Her flowers are her children," and when one meets such a woman we find her full of enthusiasm and love for her flowers which crowd her windows. Their purifying and refining influence are needed by all and their cultivation cannot but elevate the thoughts and refine the tastes of all who study their graceful forms and beautiful colors. The home that is thus made fragrant and cheerful is prepared to be the abode of sweetest affection and more radiant virtues.—*New England Farmer.*

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts in January, 1892.

Received through RECORDER office:	
Collection from <i>Evangelii Budbarare</i> field for C. M.	\$ 2 00
J. K. Andrews, Antrim, Ohio	2 50
J. A. Baldwin, Beach Pond, Pa.	15 00—\$ 19 50
Alfred Centre Church	12 20
Mrs. E. S. Bliss, C. M.	8 00— 15 20
A Friend of Missions, Shiloh, N. J.	10 00
S. A. Millikin, Dougherty, Ind. Ter.	2 00
Plainfield Church	40 74
Y. P. Permanent Committee, salary J. L. Huffman	65 98
Wood Lake Church, G. F.	66— 66 64
Received through Rev. J. L. Huffman from collection at Shingle House	6 60
Mr. McDowell	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, Shingle House	1 00
Mrs. Laura Newton	1 00
Lakey Kenyon	50
W. H. Fassett	2 00
Utica Sabbath-school	5 00
Adams Church	16 00— 33 10
Second Alfred Church	14 14
Prof. A. R. Crandall, Lexington, Ky.	25 00
Received through Nellie G. Ingham, Treasurer:	
Miss Burdick's Salary	25 00
Gen'l Fund	44 18
Home Miss	2 25
China Miss	2 30
Medical Miss	3 00
Dr. Swinney's Salary	50— 77 28
Parina Church, G. F.	10 38
Parina Sabbath-school	4 63
C. M.	5 50— 20 51
New Market Sabbath-school	5 00
Independence	4 00
Rev. O. U. Whitford reports receipts from Henry Ernst, Alden, Minn.	1 00
Collection at Semi-annual Meeting, Dak.	5 80
Collection at Minnesota Meeting, New Auburn	7 00
New Auburn Church	11 10
Semi-annual Meeting, Isanti, Minn.	5 75
Anna Larson, Isanti, Minn.	1 00
Milton Church	11 00
Walworth Church	3 25
Sabbath-school, S. M. S.	9 65
G. F.	4 85
Y. P. S. C. E.	11 80— 72 20
Rev. J. M. Todd reports receipts from collection Berlin Church	6 00
Semi-annual Meeting, Berlin	5 00— 11 00
Rev. D. H. Davis reports receipts, Mrs. Emeline Ennis, Niantic	1 00
Mrs. Dickerson, Shiloh	50
Miss Fisher, Marlboro	1 00
Mrs. Alfred Titworth, New Brunswick	5 00
Berlin Collection	4 00
R. W. Greene and wife	5 00— 16 50
Eld. F. F. Johnson reports receipts, Eld. F. F. Johnson and wife	6 00
Collections on field	8 50— 14 50
Eld. L. F. Skaggs reports receipts on field	10 67
Wm. C. Burdick, Alfred Centre, to pay freight on two boxes to China	9 10
Receipts per Rev. J. L. Huffman, from Mrs. Williams, of Watson	3 00
Adams Church	42 00— 45 00
Second Verona Church, H. M.	2 50
Mrs. W. E. Witter, H. M.	5 00— 7 50
Mrs. Nathan Rogers, Oxford, N. Y., for C. M.	5 00
H. M.	5 00— 10 00
Mrs. Catherine Clarke	2 50
Miss Alice Clarke, M. M.	2 50— 5 00
National Niantic Bank Dividend	10 50
2d Cor. 8:11 for Miss Burdick's salary	5 00
Pleasant Grove Church	21 93
Rev. A. E. Main reports receipts from Ladies' Aid Society, New Market, G. F.	25 00
Miss Susie Burdick's Salary	10 00— 35 00
Mrs. H. Alice Fisher, Northboro, Mass., C. M.	10 00
H. M.	5 00— 15 00
First Westerly Church	15 67
Little Genesee Sabbath-school, Primary Class, S. M. S.	15 00
Mrs. M. A. Crandall, Independence, to complete L. M.	15 00
Rockville Church	16 00

New Auburn Church	3 84
Henry Bailey, Treas.	1 16— 5 00
Rev. Geo. W. Lewis, receipts on field	11 90
Rev. Madison Harry, reports receipts on field	13 48
Wm. L. Clarke, Ashaway, R. I.	5 00
Harvey C. Burdick	1 00
Rev. O. D. Williams, Taney, Idaho, balance of sale Taney Church for C. B. F.	12 00
Pawcatuck Ladies' Aid Society	25 00
Y. P. Permanent Committee, salary Rev. J. L. Huffman	25 00
Welton Church	10 00
Dodge Centre Church	10 50
Hartsville Church	5 00
Shiloh Church, G. F.	26 63
C. M.	5 00— 31 63
Rev. Chas. A. Burdick, receipts on field	9 41
Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist Church	56 36
	\$ 904 91
Bequest, John S. Coon	900 00
E. & O. E.	

A. L. CHESTER, Treas.

WESTERLY, R. I., Jan. 31, 1892.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Receipts in January.

Church, Brookfield, N. Y.	\$ 6 69
Walworth, Wis.	3 75
Plainfield, N. J.	40 74
Alfred, N. Y.	14 14
Richburg, N. Y.	2 25
Alfred Centre, N. Y.	7 56
Parina, Ill.	10 37
Dodge Centre, Minn.	6 00
Westerly, R. I.	56 36
Sabbath-school, Parina, Ill.	5 69
Walworth, Wis.	4 33
Bradford, Pa.	15 00
Friend of the Tract cause, Shiloh, N. J.	5 00
S. N. Stillman, Alfred Centre, N. Y.	4 00
M. G. Stillman	5 00
J. A. Baldwin, M. D., Beach Pond, Pa.	15 00
Mrs. L. R. Fulmer, Pendleton, N. Y.	2 50
Income, D. C. Burdick Bequest, (Hebrew Paper)	225 00
A. S. Babcock, Rockville, R. I.	25 00
Bequest, John S. Coon	260 00
Prof. A. R. Crandall, Lexington, Ky.	25 00
Woman's Executive Board	37 63
Ladies' Aid Society, New Market, N. J.	25 00
George W. Collard, Brooklyn, N. Y., (Hebrew Paper)	1 00
Mrs. Mary A. Babcock, Phenix, R. I.	4 00
Mrs. Nathan Rogers, Preston, N. Y.	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Jones, Life Members, selves, Wells-ville, N. Y.	50 00
Paul Palmiter, completing L. M., Mrs. Paul Palmiter, Albion, Wis.	10 00
Ladies' Aid Society of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist Church, Westerly, R. I.	25 00
	\$837 06

J. F. HUBBARD, Treasurer.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Feb. 1, 1892.

WOMAN'S BOARD.

Treasurer's Receipts in January.

Mrs. Clarence Clarke, Independence, N. Y., Dis. Fund	\$ 50
Mrs. S. E. Brinkerhoff, Alfred Centre, N. Y.	50
Mrs. Surrilla Saunders, Middle Grove, Ill., Tract Soc'y, \$5, Missy Soc'y, \$5	10 00
Woman's Society, N. Y. City Church, Thank offerings, Tract Soc'y \$15, Missy Soc'y \$15 00, native assistant \$5	35 09
Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Milton, Wis., Tract Soc'y \$1, Missy Soc'y \$1	2 00
Woman's Society, Berlin, N. Y., Board expense fund	1 00
Ladies' Aid Society, New Market, N. J., Board expense fund	5 00
Ladies' Benevolent Society, First Verona, Miss Burdick's Salary \$5, Board expense fund \$1 50	6 50
Mrs. Wm. A. Rogers, Waterville, Me., Tract Soc'y \$1, Missy Soc'y \$1	2 00
Ladies' Society, Pawcatuck Church, Board expense fund	23 00
W. H. Ingham, Milton, Wis., Tract Soc'y \$25, Missy Soc'y \$25	50 00
	\$140 59

NELLIE G. INGHAM, Treasurer.

MILTON, Wis., Jan. 31, 1892.

CHRISTIAN WOMEN AT WINCHOW.

Last January, during the week of prayer, the Chinese women held a meeting to pray for their friends who are still unconverted, and for their whole people. Then a missionary lady read some extracts from the autobiography of James Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides, which she had translated, and suggested that prayer be offered for the degraded people of those islands.

Afterwards the women came bringing a contribution, which they had taken up of their own accord for Mr. Paton's work, saying, "We must think not only of those near, but also of those afar off, for they also are our brethren."

Here is the true missionary spirit—a powerful sermon in a nutshell. Remember those who are "afar off," that they may be "brought nigh by the blood of Christ." They are not strangers nor brutes, but our brethren—we should love them for Christ's sake; and we are responsible for their salvation, for we are our "brother's keeper."—*The Missionary.*

To be beaten, but not broken; to be victorious, but not vain-glorious; to strive and contend for the prize, and to win it honestly or lose it cheerfully; to use every power in the race, and yet never to wrest an undue advantage or win an unlawful mastery,—verily, in all this there is training and testing of character which searches it to the very root; and this is a result which is worth all that it costs us.—*Bishop Potter.*

SABBATH REFORM.

THE following is gravely published by a certain "reform" paper as an evidence of the progress of "Sabbath Reform":

The Illinois Swine Breeders' Association met at the State Capitol, not long since, and adopted a resolution setting forth that the Sunday opening of the World's Fair "would deprive the animals on exhibition of the rest which is in accordance with the laws of nature and God's plan in the constitution of the Sabbath, and which is so much needed, in order that they may appear at their best on the remaining six days," and they accordingly petitioned the authorities to close the Exposition on the Sabbath.

Notice, the poor, over-worked swine need rest one day in seven, "in order that they may appear at their best on the remaining six days." Therefore, close the exposition on Sunday. Therefore, Sabbath Reform is booming! Along this line the *American Sentinel* remarks.

Now that the Swine Breeders' Association and the American Short-horn Breeders' Association have put themselves on record as asking for the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday, the Bee Keepers' Association follows suit by voting, two to one, at its convention in Chicago, in favor of closing the Fair on Sunday. If the little busy bee can, by resolution, be restrained from improving the shining hours of Sunday at the World's Fair, the only thing required further is a World's Fair baking powder that will not rise on Sunday.

Thus, from the plain command to keep the Sabbath holy as God's own memorial, men have decended to the lowest plain of human expediency for a motive to Sabbath-observance. So quickly do men's thoughts run down when they leave the high ground of God's word, and seek ways and devices of their own. It is a long way from the exalted motives for Sabbath-keeping set forth in the fourth commandment, to the care of hogs "in order that they may appear at their best on the remaining six days."

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER.

In the extract of the speech of Senator Crockett in the Arkansas legislature in 1887, published in the RECORDER of Jan. 21st, you did not state the result of the speech of the Senator. A letter from Bro. J. F. Shaw, touching this point, contains the following which will be of interest to the readers of the RECORDER: "The little of Col. Crockett's speech you read in the RECORDER was delivered before the Arkansas Senate in 1887, while urging a bill for the relief of Sabbatarians in Arkansas. I had procured the Colonel to introduce and work for the bill. His speech was electrical, and the bill lacked only two of being unanimous in the Senate, and was carried in the House by 72 against 16. We are privileged by this Crockett Bill to pursue our business anywhere in the State on Sundays, except to sell whisky, a thing our people do not wish to do any day. Col. Crockett is grandson of the famous 'Davy' Crockett, and will be candidate for governor this year."

Thus it appears that Arkansas was not indifferent to the great injustice of the Sunday law, and was not tardy (like the Keystone State) in exempting Sabbath-keepers from its wicked and burdensome possibilities.

L. E. LIVERMORE.

DUNELLEN, N. J., Feb. 5, 1892.

FIELD ECHOS.

On my last visit to Chicago I met a "High Church Episcopal" pastor, a man apparently of fine ability, who said in substance these words: "Our church [the Episcopal] holds several errors, I think the time will come when she will free herself from them; when the time does

come she will observe Saturday for the Sabbath; and the sooner that time comes the better; I wish that time were already here."

This gentleman appears to feel no personal responsibility in the matter. He wishes his church to honor God's law, he would follow her teaching in it, but is not ready to follow God in it. I find a great many in similar condition of mind,—waiting for it to become easier to do right than wrong. Yet this is a favorable sign of the times, showing that error, on the question of Sabbath-observance, is losing its hold upon the mind. This must be reached before a general change to the right can be brought about.

GEO. W. HILLS

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

Several months ago there appeared in the *Outlook* a short letter from W. Allen Hubbard, a physician of Boston, Mass. Dr. Edwin S. Maxson, of New York, sent him some copies of "Pro and Con, or the Sabbath Question in a Nut Shell," and recently has had tracts sent him from the depository in New York. Dr. Hubbard's reply to Dr. Maxson is of so much interest that Dr. Maxson asked and obtained permission to forward it to the RECORDER for publication. We are glad to give it, together with the letter granting the use of it, to our readers. It is encouraging whenever one to whom our messages come accepts the truth; it is refreshing when such an one manifests so much faith in an unpopular truth, so much joy in its observance, and so much zeal in its defense. We extend to Dr. Hubbard the welcoming hand of thousands of appreciative readers.

Edwin S. Maxson, M. D., My Dear Brother:—Your favor informing me that you had ordered some leaflets to be sent me from the Bible House, is before me. I thank you very much for sending them, and I will make good use of them. In my case, I can reverently and thankfully say that the seeds of divine truth have not fallen on stony ground, and with God's help and blessing, I pray that it may yield a sixty or a hundred fold increase. God has not left himself without a witness in regard to *His Sabbaths*. In every age able, and fearless, and honest children of his love and care, have, without fear or favor, stood up and proclaimed his law, and defended it with all love, zeal and discretion.

"Ye shall reverence *my Sabbaths*" is the plain and pointed command. How often in the Word do we read, "God is a jealous God," "Ye shall have no other god's besides *me*," "Ye shall not follow after strange gods; neither shall ye hearken to their commands to obey them." My dear brother, what a multitude of such commands our Father has given to us. How plain they are! Did He ever especially bless "the venerable day of the Sun," as Constantine calls it? He blessed and hallowed only *His Sabbaths*, and his commands are binding on all his children, to keep them in a holy and reverent manner. If a person needs wisdom, he can, and will give it. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Great peace have they who love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

I feel that the larger part of the church have embraced error in this respect. In regard to myself, all that I can do is to *protest* against this departure from God's law, and pray over the matter, and on all lawful and proper occasions lift up my testimony in behalf of the law of God. It is not by the might of our arm, nor the power of our wisdom that *we* are to bring about a reform. We can do nothing of our-

selves. But we can be co-laborers with him who not only *made* the whole creation, but *redeemed* it from the curse and ruin of sin. It is a grand and glorious thing to be on God's side; to *revere* and to keep his testimonies. One with God is a majority every time. I do not tremble, nor fear for his law at all. God can bring about a reform in a very short time, in reference to his Holy day. The children of the Lord intend only to honor him and his laws, but they do not see the truth; they do not understand the question: Lord open their eyes! They do not know; they do not comprehend! The dust and fog of pagan fables; of the heathen superstitions have covered over the simple truth. I believe in the loyalty of the church of God; but on this great question of the Sabbath-day they are in darkness. When they see the truth, as they are bound to do some day, they will return in immense numbers and gladly and heartily embrace the law and command of the only true God. With kind regards I remain your brother in Christian fellowship,

W. ALLEN HUBBARD, M. D., PH. R.

70 WEST CEDAR ST., BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 20, 1892.

Edwin S. Maxson, M. D., My Dear Brother:—Your letter of January 24th is before me and contents noted. I cheerfully and thankfully give my consent to publish my letter of the 20th to you, which you requested. I grant this cheerfully, because it is a pleasure to me to find that my older brethren approve of the sentiments therein expressed; and thankfully, because I am grateful to Almighty God to think that I can be used as an humble instrument in his hands, to comfort and encourage those who are bearing "the burden and heat of the day." We are all short-sighted children, or rather I should say, we are *apt* to be,—so prone to consider *numbers* as the *principal* factor in standing for God's law. Get in a right position! Get right with God! Stand out on his side! Choose him this day, and come out and be counted in this wicked day and generation as his,—as his to use in any place, or in any manner, and in his own good time the numbers will flock in. He may call you or me to witness for him alone all the days of our life in this world. What of that? God gives us the blessing of a clean heart. We may not be called to gather in any of the harvest, but the sower is just as useful and faithful a servant as the reaper, and in all the Word, the promise embraces just as much one, as the other. I have a duty to do and it is my business to do it faithfully as unto the Lord, for, my dear brother, we are working for the Great and Almighty King of Kings. What position more honorable? What more blessed? We should be patient, and not only labor in faith, but wait in faith, for he will bring it to pass. He must because he has promised. And again the gift of God is eternal life to those who believe in his Word, his law, and his commandments. My brother, are you not satisfied with your wages? I know you are. Is not the recompense and the blessing abundant? Yes. Yes! Conquer through him! We need no greater reward! It is enough!

I am not discouraged, for the prospect is most promising. I am not fearful, for there is nothing to fear. The Strong Power is on our side, or rather we are on the side from which all strength emanates, and hence it is wrong to worry. Results are with God! It is his business, not ours, to bring around the harvest. For it will surely come. But I will write no more now.

W. ALLEN HUBBARD, M. D., PH. R.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 25, 1892.

MISSIONS.

SOME call the Chinese the "English of the East," because they push their way into so many parts of the world, and crowd out weaker races.

IN Equatorial Africa, in regions unknown to white men fifteen or twenty years ago, there are the laws of civilization, railroads, and steamboats. With true Christianity added, these things mean real progress.

IT is said to be the present mood of Japanese Christians to build up their own Christianity from the Bible itself, quite apart from the creeds of western denominations. If this nationalistic feeling of "Japan for the Japanese" does indeed cause the Christians to go to the Bible alone for the foundation of their faith, the fruit ought to be a biblical Christianity, with fundamental beliefs and ceremonies in accord with the Word of God. May the Holy Spirit of truth guide them to the true doctrine of the Sabbath and baptism.

IN 1793 French philosophers had exploded Christianity, as they supposed; Voltaire had said of Jesus, "Down with the wretch!" The Christian era was abolished, and the year One of triumphant unbelief proclaimed. That same year William Carey sailed for far away India, to labor for the conversion of the heathen. Even Christians opposed the enterprise; one said that when God was pleased to convert the heathen he would do it without man's help; and a missionary meeting in London was attended by only thirty-one persons. Now there are more than 7,000 missionaries and over 700,000 converts.

FROM J. L. HUFFMAN.

We closed the meetings here last night with good interest. The interest continued to increase to the close. Last night there were sixty-six forward, most of whom expressed themselves as having found hope. The work is a good one in the church and outside. Thirty have made their offering for baptism and church membership. They have contributed \$108 for the cause. I start for the Western Association to-day.

ADAMS CENTRE, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1892.

FROM D. K. DAVIS.

Since my last report to the Board, much time has been occupied in repairing a house, moving, settling, etc. This is the second house we have renovated and the third time we have settled since coming here. This has given little time for other duties. The attendance has not been so large this quarter. This is probably due in part to the fact that the quarter includes much of the threshing season, in which the men work hard, early and late, and some feel inclined to remain at home; and partly to the fact that one of our larger families lives in Flandreau, and does not come so frequently as through the summer. Some of the brethren who had not done their threshing at the time of my last report, were quite disappointed at the light yield. One who had suffered from the severe hailstorm had only four bushels of wheat and two or three bushels of flax per acre; but on the whole they are quite hopeful.

In regard to religious matters we stand much as before. I think that all enjoy, and trust

most, if not all, feel that they are benefited by the Sabbath service. The Sabbath-school is doing good work, and the Y. P. S. C. E. meetings are a source of encouragement to all.

SMYTH, So. Dak., Jan. 6, 1892.

FROM J. M. TODD.

I am glad to be able to report some progress on the Berlin field. There was much prayer on the part of some in view of the Semi-annual Meeting, which was held here, beginning December 12th. Brethren Whitford and Hills were with us to preach the Word, and it pleased God to bless it in reviving and quickening the membership. Nor was that all. Some of the young people found Christ precious, and believing, were baptized. Some who had been believers for some time came and were baptized. It was a beautiful Sabbath. Our brethren cut the ice in the river, and Bro. Hills buried seven willing converts in the waters of a holy baptism—one of them a little girl who went down firmly into the icy stream. The next day a man who has kept the Sabbath for some time came and asked for baptism, and was received and baptized. This movement here is the most encouraging of anything I have seen on this Berlin field. It is my purpose to remain here and do what I can among these churches. Two of those baptized were from Coloma, but were received here, and will probably take letters and join at Coloma. I am sad in view of the great loss I have sustained in the death of Mrs. Todd, for her assistance was very great. She rests. I will labor on until I, too, shall rest. I ask to be remembered in your prayers before God.

BERLIN, Wis., Jan. 1, 1892.

FROM DR. SWINNEY.

In our recent visit to Tse So we were encouraged by a few women manifesting a growing interest in the gospel. They were eager to hear more and more, and were urgent in their request that we visit them at their homes, which we did as far as we were able.

The oldest girl in the school, Erlow's daughter, accompanied us on this boat trip, to talk to the women and girls about the "glad news of salvation" whenever opportunity offered. Several times she was observed in earnest conversation with different patients. In the afternoon of the first day, while diagnosing a difficult case, I lifted my eyes and the doors of the different rooms were in such a position that I had a narrow view into the reception room; this school-girl was there in the direct range of my vision, her hand pointing upward toward heaven, and her face aglow with joy as she talked to the group of women gathered about her. I kept the patient waiting a moment or two while I gazed upon the beautiful scene, rejoicing that this young woman not only had it in her heart to help in the work, but that she took so much pleasure in making known the name of Christ to others.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day my teacher came in asking if I would visit the mother of a friend of his, out of town. A few medicines and instruments were quickly packed and given into the hand of the servant who came with the message, and passing out the north gate a brisk walk for about a mile into the country brought us to the home of a wealthy merchant in a little village. Far more impressive than the beautiful flowers in the court was the oriental style of courtesy extended by the members of the family as they came forward to meet me. The young man's mother, wife, and sister, were the patients—women of

intelligence and pleasing manners. The two younger women were quickly recognized as having previously visited the dispensary for treatment. Before leaving, a request came to visit a neighbor. As I passed into and beyond the store toward the court of this other home the lady had come forward and was standing in the door leading toward her rooms, without offering to invite me in. It was soon noticeable that she was trembling with fright, and I learned that she had never seen a foreigner before. As a means of quieting her, a conversation was immediately started, and when she discovered I was human like herself, her fears were allayed and she invited me in, leading the way through several rooms before reaching her apartments. While busy over her case I overheard one of the girls standing by ask another if she thought my clothing was warm enough, and if she supposed I ever grew tired or wanted to sleep or eat. At the first opportunity I mentioned the similarities between Chinese and foreigners, adding, "You eat that you may live, and so do I; you must sleep, and I am obliged to, too; you wear clothing to keep you warm, and I do the same; sometimes you are happy, sometimes sad, and it is the same with me." "Why," said this beautiful lady, holding up both hands, "she is just like ourselves!" After the hearty laugh that followed this had subsided, their timidity was gone and we had a very social time; finally four more of the family came forward for treatment. In this way there was gathered together a fine audience, and, after gaining their confidence, they became eager listeners to the truth.

The following day being the Sabbath we remained in the boat and received a few women whom we had invited to come, desiring in that way to obtain an opportunity for a quiet talk with them on spiritual things.

In the evening we left Tse So and returned as far as my teacher's home, where on Sunday we saw the sick, who came all day from morning until night. Toward evening a call came to visit a woman some distance away. The boatmen were willing to take us, yet I found the young woman very ill, so much so that had it not been necessary to leave immediately for Shanghai, I should have remained through the night with her. We were obliged to leave on that tide, and were fortunate enough to reach home the next morning in time to open the dispensary at the usual hour.

SHANGHAI, Dec. 9, 1891.

FROM O. U. WHITFORD.

You referred Bro. S. H. Babcock to me as to a field of labor. His church had granted him a month to give to missionary work. I wrote him that he could go into Iowa, or with me into Central Wisconsin. I thought we could labor together to great advantage, for he is not only a good preacher but a splendid singer. He chose the latter field, and went to Coloma Station a week before me. We labored together in Central Wisconsin (in Waushara and Adams counties,) until Dec. 7th, holding services almost every night, and twice every Sabbath and Sunday. We made pastoral visits to all Seventh-day Baptist families we could find, and called on several First-day families. We held services at Coloma Station, Fish Lake, Deerfield, Hancock, Dakota, and Adams Centre, chiefly in school-houses and private houses. At Coloma Station the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church was very cordial and kind, and opened his new church building for our use freely, and heartily united with us in our ser-

vices. We preached for him at some of his regular appointments. There was more or less interest manifested at these preaching places, but the most at Coloma Station, Fish Lake, and Adams Centre. Our people were very kind and ready to take us about from place to place. They were very much strengthened and refreshed by our meetings. Wherever they can get together they are to hold prayer-meetings and a Sabbath-school. Our people in these places are widely scattered. We might say that of all of our people in Central Wisconsin. If they were located together at Berlin, or some other good place, it would be very much better for them church-wise, and in many other respects, and ever so much better for our cause, as I view it.

Bro. Babcock and I parted on Dec. 7th, he going home and I to Berlin, to attend the semi-annual meeting of the Central Wisconsin churches to be held there December 11th to 13th. That meeting was an excellent one. Bro. G. W. Hills, pastor of the Milton Junction Church, was present to meet his appointment to preach the introductory sermon, and he gave us an excellent one. There were brethren and sisters present from Coloma Station, Dakota, and Marquette. There was an interest manifested in the meeting from the very outset. The second evening three rose for prayers, and two expressed themselves as decided to be Christians. The next evening twelve rose for prayers, and several of them spoke. At an inquiry meeting held at the close we found five had found Jesus precious, felt that their sins were forgiven, and were ready to put on Christ by baptism. On Monday I was unexpectedly called home to attend to some matters which could not be put off. Bro. Hills could stay if I would fill his appointments at Milton Junction. I went home very reluctantly, with the promise that I would return soon, if needed. Bro. Hills held meetings every evening during the week, and on the Sabbath and Sunday following the semi-annual meeting he baptized eight willing candidates, who joined the Berlin Church.

We found Bro. Todd very much stricken by his great bereavement, but stayed up by that grace which never fails one who richly possesses it, and by a loving and sympathizing Saviour, in whom he long ago put his whole trust. He was laboring under a severe cold, but improving. We were glad to be with him a few days, enjoy his pleasant and genial society, and hear him preach a good, warm, and earnest sermon on Sabbath afternoon of the semi-annual meeting. I spent the rest of December in resting and preparing myself for the next trip, but in the meantime preaching at Milton Junction and Rock River. The gracious Father has given me good health during this quarter. I have gained nine pounds in flesh; have enjoyed the work, and I feel that God has blessed my work, and me, too, for which I bless his holy name.

MILTON, Wis., Jan. 8, 1892.

—Bro. Whitford reports 13 weeks; 40 discourses at 15 different places in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and South Dakota; congregations from 10 to 200; 20 prayer-meetings; 72 visits; the distribution of 1,000 pages of tracts; 17 baptisms; and the organization of one Y. P. S. C. E.

"I AM busy, Johnnie, and can't help it," said the father, writing away when the little fellow hurt his finger. "Yes you could—you might have said 'Oh!'" sobbed Johnny.

WOMAN'S WORK.

ONE of our local societies has upon its list of non-resident members the name of one who lives a long ways from her old church home,—a woman about eighty-five years old,—but who faithfully remembers her duties as a member. Writing to the society with which she holds her membership she says: "I have made it a point to give one-tenth of all the money I receive. Enclosed you will find my money once more." Let not those be discouraged who may sometimes feel that there is no hope of growth or aggressive sentiment on the part of any but the young; that only the next generation can be brought into the practice of tithing one's income. Here is a woman of eighty-five years in the practice of that most wholesome of principles in the matter of money-giving.

PUT SOMETHING OF YOURSELF INTO IT.

The Lutheran women have a leaflet circling about that gem of a thought that what people put something of themselves into, they are interested in. The points of the story were tersely put by the writer of it. Briefly stated it runs thus:

Two women are canvassing a certain district in some town where a new mission church just ready for dedication, except for the lifting of the last indebtedness is waiting only the final efforts of the women and the pastor to lift that debt. It is \$1,500. Mrs. P. is a comparative stranger in the town, and enquiring if it will be "any use to stop here?" is answered by the other—Miss M., "No, no use unless to convince you that your theory that everybody having in him a living spark of divine love only waiting some circumstance to enkindle it into a flame, is pretty in sentiment, but false in fact!" The call is, however, made, and the women again upon the street look at each other for an instant dazed. Their greeting had been, not an invitation to enter the house, but a "You're a precious pair of fools—there! I don't mean no harm—to think about me in that line. I take no stock in wimmen that's tramping around taking collections. If folks would stay at home an' mind their own business, like I do mine, the world wouldn't need so many churches. I'm busy churnin'. Good mornin'!"

"I told you so!" said Miss M. "Spare me, but who is she?" asked Mrs. P. "Old Mrs. Pennyman—stingy as a miser, cross as a bulldog, selfish as Judas, and as hard as a millstone. She lives alone, has lots of money, and her neighbors are careful not to disturb her solitude I assure you. How does she fit your theories?"

"Thoughts are things," said brave Mrs. P. "I'll send mine out into the silence, where God is, full of love, with faith in his power to make 'all things work together for good,' in which I will include even Mrs. Pennyman."

A few days later women are assembled in the church to put the last touches upon the room by sweeping, dusting, and floral decorations. Mrs. P. stands for a moment in the vestibule resting herself upon her broom-handle. Mrs. Pennyman passing, chances to see her, halts, and as the leaflet puts it stood "with arms akimbo surveying that vestibule and its one occupant, as though she were looking at a caged lion in a zoological garden."

Here follows one of the fine thoughts of the story, although an accessory one, and withal a very common-place one, that the ruling passion is always foremost. In Mrs. P.'s make-up there

was a good measure of that charity which thinketh no evil, and is not easily provoked. Under native dictation of that sweet spirit, by her gentle manner, and kind heart she won the hard Mrs. Pennyman, and this was brought about without either of them seeming to be conscious of the influences at play in the under-currents of action. Mrs. Pennyman has taken the broom in hand, and having put so much of herself into the effort she was by a vital law of nature incited to attend the dedicatory service next day. "Fifteen hundred dollars, friends," said the preacher, "is all that the women need who have undertaken to clear this house of debt." He exhorts them to be governed by right principles in the matter of giving, and asks who will be the first to pledge one hundred dollars towards the debt. Mrs. Pennyman though like a stranger in a strange place, rises from her seat, saying, "I don't know how cheerful I did it, but I put a *big lot of myself* into this church last evenin': I swept it clean through; so I'll give the odd five hundred dollars an' stick to it."

Here the story ends, but it is full of suggested wisdom.

Put yourself there: put yourself into it, and what will it do for you? Develop you, culture you. The put-yourself-in-his-place principle carried into effect by all those means which may be used to make one more fully acquainted with the environments of another, makes people more charitable towards that other person, it might almost be said no matter who that person may be, or what his condition. It is judging what others do by what you are yourself doing under a different set of surroundings which so often makes you censorious, so often impatient, uncharitable. But know just what are the influencing conditions about those persons, and you will often grow very patient, kind, and, is such the turn of your disposition, even gentle towards them. Now is not that reading you about right? And do you not find that thus conditioned they are doing, generally, to say the least of it, just as well as you would yourself be doing under like governing influences? And they are doing the good, and the right thing quicker, oftentimes, than you could do it, since you would be forced to learn how to fit yourself to a place in which they are already fitted. New reasonings, new arguments, pro and con, new motive powers, impulses, ambitions, and, *ad infinitum*, new relationships to life are awakened by the changed condition, you being for the time in the place of some other one. Ten to one under this new ruling, if you have put yourself in the right attitude towards it, you have grown to think more of that person.

THE put yourself into your work actively tested, and both you and the wide world about you knows that, now at least, your work is going to show by its growth that you are back of it, with a heart in it. Put yourself, your inner self, your interest, your heart, your love into what you have undertaken and not only is that work going to grow but so are you. Your judgment, your conscience possibly bid you undertake a certain thing, but you have little knowledge of it, and per consequence little interest in it. Still, because of that better ruling lying back, just go to work, even force yourself if it must be, but put something of yourself into it, and the work must grow, you must grow, that some one or the more for whom you strive must all grow together—a many-sided growth. Then comes by natural resulting a thing of beauty in the sight of Him who designed that for men to live at all there must be healthful growth somewhere, somehow, and a definite somewhere, and a definite somehow.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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"PASS on from strength to strength,
 Faint not, nor yield;
 With girded loins press on, the goal is near,
 With ready sword fight God's great battle here,
 Win thou the field."

IN the *New York Medical Journal*, for the week ending January 23d, is a valuable article by Edwin R. Maxson, M. D., LL. D., of Syracuse, on Vertigo. The paper was first read before the Syracuse Medical Society, of which Dr. Maxson is a prominent member.

EVERY now and then some pessimist rises up solemnly to declare that the colleges and universities of the country are the direct promoters of infidelity, and so are the enemies of the church. It might do such a person good,—and then it might not,—to read that in one class in Cornell, consisting of 504 members, 284 are church members and 146 others are regular church goers, leaving only 74 with no church preference. Where else can an equal number of men be found of whom this can be said?

WE have before spoken in these columns of the desirability of uniform laws, throughout the United States, on the subjects of marriage and divorce. We are glad to know that there is now before Congress a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution on this subject, giving Congress exclusive power to regulate marriage and divorce in the several States and Territories and the District of Columbia. It is to be hoped that the amendment will prevail and that Congress will give us simple and wholesome laws on this most important subject.

AN exchange says it is no trouble to increase the membership of a church which opens its doors wide enough to let a man get in without having to quit his meanness. So also a church which holds its doctrinal standards so liberally that it could receive all who apply and "no questions asked," might be expected to have full courts. But they don't. After all, why should men care to join such churches? So, because a church has empty pews, it is no sign it is pure in life or doctrine. The church that thrives is the church which tenaciously but kindly holds the "form of sound doctrine," insists on a high standard of personal purity in its membership and therefore has something to offer to the man of the world which is worthy of his acceptance.

WHEN the Brooklyn tabernacle, in which Dr. Talmage ministers, was dedicated a year or two ago, there was a debt of something like \$125,000 upon it. A judgment in a suit of foreclosure of a mechanic's lien for \$76,000 has just been given by Justice Pratt of the Supreme Court. The defense pleads that the claims proved amount to \$48,000 only, and declare that an appeal will be taken from the judgment. Thus is promised another of those contests in which, whatever the rightful issue of the matter, the

cause for which the church stands is made to suffer. Great and beautiful churches are all right when they can be had on the square principle of apostolic teaching, "owe no man anything but to love one another." But when they are had at even the suspicion of dishonest dealing, something less pretentious and within the limits of "pay as you go" is a thousand times preferable. Better a tent in a wilderness paid for, than a tabernacle in Brooklyn under the sheriff's hammer.

ONE of the prime factors of good citizenship is prompt and cheerful submission to good and wholesome authority. One of the best places to acquire the habits of such cheerful submission is the college; and one would naturally think that the students of a law school would be the first to recognize this fact and act upon it. It appears, however, that "what you would least expect the most" is quite likely to take place. For example, here comes a report that the students of the law school of the Michigan University, at Ann Arbor, are in high and open rebellion against the authorities of that institution and against the State authorities, which have come to the support of the University. It appears that a certain student, who is an expert stenographer, has been in the habit of taking verbatim reports of lectures, and afterwards making copies and selling them to other students to be used for reference at examinations. At the beginning of this year the Faculty adopted a rule forbidding that sort of thing. In defiance of the rule the young man continues to take the lectures; and in defiance of all efforts of the authorities to enforce the law these students of the law are upholding their comrade in his lawlessness. In a little while these law-breakers will go out into public life and talk solemnly to transgressors about upholding the dignity of the law. Such is the perversity of men "in all professions but ours."

THE Tammany legislature of the Empire State has set itself the task of revising the excise laws of the State in the interests of the saloon. A bill, consisting of over twenty sections, is now pending, concerning which the friends of temperance are to be granted a hearing on the 11th inst. If this bill is allowed to pass without modification it will virtually repeal the present civil damage law; will provide for an *all night ball license* where "public necessity" requires it; will forbid the police, under pain of criminal punishment, to detect illegal selling; will remove the property qualification of bondsmen for applicants for license; will open the saloons all day Sunday, when so many men in the city have nothing else to do but sit in saloons and bar-rooms, gamble and drink, and will otherwise remove present wholesome restrictions and restraints and will practically open the doors to an unrestrained liquor traffic. We are not of that class, if indeed there be any such, who regard any system of license as the final solution of the great liquor problem. That question will not be finally settled until we attain to absolute prohibition, with a sufficiently pure and strong moral sentiment behind it to enforce it. But while struggling on toward that golden day, a wholesome system of restrictive license is vastly to be preferred to the system of free rum of which this bill is the incarnation. Its passage by the legislature and approval by Gov. Flower, of which there is little doubt, will be an absolute surrender of the great State of New York to the saloon power.

THE little city of Elizabeth, in New Jersey, has had a most remarkable religious revival. The work has been under the direction of the Rev. B. Fay Mills, an evangelist, but the pastors and their churches throughout the city gave him their cordial support and hearty co-operation. At one time during the progress of the meetings the city was districted and two men in each district—usually a pastor and a layman—visited all the business places in their respective districts to converse with the business men and if possible secure the closing of all places of business on a given day in the mid week, in order that one such day might be given to the work. The result was far more satisfactory than the most sanguine had dared to hope, Protestants, Catholics, and men of no religion heartily consenting to the arrangement. It is reported that thirty saloon-keepers have professed conversion and have permanently closed their places of business. When Mr. Mills left the city on the 15th of January, two thousand conversions had been reported. The churches of that city have no time now to stop for rejoicing over the good work done. To hold those two thousand souls and keep them alive and warm in the service of Christ, and to keep the streams of saved souls coming from the world into the church is a task of no small moment, and lays a burden of great responsibility upon them. If all will work now that the evangelist has gone, as they did while he was with them, the revival, great as it has been, may be considered as only begun. What is true here is true everywhere. God's work will prosper wherever his people, with abiding faith in him, are all willing to work.

SEVERAL weeks ago we reprinted some paragraphs from the *Christian Commonwealth*, organ of the "Disciples" in London, concerning the Mill Yard Chapel affair, in which some pretty severe strictures were made against the Baptists of London for the course they had taken in the matter. One who signed himself "Fair Play," presumably a Baptist, sent to the Editor of the *Commonwealth* the following note, which was duly published.

I had hoped to have seen in your this week's number a reply to your editorial *re* the "Old Mill Yard" Chapel, and the serious allegation therein made against the "London Baptist Union." I sent a copy on to the secretary of the "Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland," and have received a reply that the matter does not refer to them. Perhaps if you can insert this short note it may induce those to whom it does refer, to favor truth and justice loving Baptists with some explanation which would enable them to defend their denomination against what appears to be a very un-Christian proceeding.

Though the above was published several weeks ago, the man with an explanation appears to be backward about coming forward. Moreover, the disclaimer of the secretary of the "Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland" is only technically true. There is no such body as the "London Baptist Union," but there is a "London Baptist Association," and the "General Baptists New Connection," and these are the bodies which, by their official action, stand related to this Mill Yard affair. The men composing these bodies are also members of the "Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland;" and the originators and promoters of the spoliation scheme are among the leading members. The ominous silence of all these Baptist champions, after the challenge of "Fair Play" to "defend their denomination against what appears to be a very un-Christian proceeding," points to the inevitable conclusion that they enjoy the possession of the property of the Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptists much better

than they enjoy the defense of their own course in getting it. In this country there is an appropriate name for that sort of thing.

MUCH is being said, by way of general report, about the terrible suffering in famine stricken Russia. We are, perhaps, too much inclined to think of these things as mere reports, unauthenticated and unreliable. To remove all such vague impressions, and to give a true picture of the destitution, the Department of State at Washington has received from United States Minister Smith, at St. Petersburg, a report of the actual condition of the afflicted districts. This report is prepared from the testimony of eye witnesses, and from other evidence of the most trustworthy sort. It is to be hoped that this statement by our representative in Russia, will move our own government to furnish transportation, at least, for such contributions as individuals, societies, etc., may make. It will be remembered that at the opening of Congress this was reported as having been done, but a sudden fit of economy defeated it at the last moment. The report of Minister Smith says:

The territory afflicted by the drouth comprises thirteen provinces of European Russia, where the famine is general. One or two others have suffered to some extent, but are not included in official reports. The thirteen provinces in area are one-third greater than all Germany. They cover an area equal to the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Kentucky, all together. The population is about equal, or 27,000,000. This vast section is agricultural, and the richest and ordinarily the most fruitful soil of Russia. The destitution is not universal, as there are those whose accumulations have saved them from want, and there are some spots preserved from blight by irrigation, where a good harvest was reaped; but at the best estimate the proportion of suffering is enormous. One hundred and eighty million pounds of food are necessary. Fifty car-loads should arrive every day in these stricken provinces, but only eleven car-loads per day were received during Christmas week. The emperor has personally given enormously, and all classes are giving according to their means. The loss to the government revenue will be at least 200,000,000 roubles (about \$100,000,000) or more, while a conservative estimate of the loss to Russia in view of all consequences is placed at not less than 1,000,000,000 roubles.

Up to the present there have been few contributions from abroad, but the government and the people of Russia are deeply sensible of the spontaneous offers that have been made in various parts of the United States, and the Emperor's ministers as well as others have manifested such to Minister Smith in their expressions of approbation. An official estimate of the number of those without food or means of support who require aid is given as 14,000,000 persons, and this is probably below the true number.

HOLD THE BOYS.

Do not let them go astray. Keep them in the paths of uprightness and truth.

On one side, we hear the objection: "But they have already gone;—it is too late." Too late! Oh what a ringing, mocking sound those two words have! It is never too late, until they are laid in their last narrow bed with a heap of earth for a cover.

Girls, how I wish I could make you feel the responsibility which rests upon your shoulders! Are your brothers just what you would have them? In them do you see your ideal of manhood or boyhood? If not, why do you not train them? Take them gently by the hand, and lead them from their erring ways.

In a pleasant home we find a wayward father, who, through some misunderstandings with the minister in his youth, denounces anything and everything which is elevating and ennobling. He

does not see, or chooses not to see, the necessity of moral training for his children. He has a saintly wife; but he frowns down all her efforts for good. There are some boys in this home, bright and promising; but they are fast following in the foot-steps of the father. The voice of the mother is but the chirping of a cricket against the mighty sounds of a tempest. But in this same home is a girl just entering womanhood. She is the one to point out to her brothers their evil ways, and to plead with them to do better. The father may frustrate all the mother's attempts at reform; but he cannot deny speech to the daughter. She will have opportunities to point out to them the wickedness and folly of their ways. But just here we meet with another objection; the sister says: "There is no use; they will not do as I want them to anyway." There is use. Try not once, but countless times, if need be! "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," is an old and valuable rule which cannot be better employed. Keep on—persevere, no matter what the discouragements. The greater the discouragements, the more need for effort. And you will be sure to be crowned with success. Those brothers cannot long withstand your entreaties and your prayers.

If you have lost influence, what is the trouble? There must be something wrong. Look to yourself. See that you have no great faults. Be kind and affectionate. Guard your every-day actions carefully, lest they fling in your faces the words: "Attempt not to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye, when, behold, a beam is in thine own eye."

EVANGELINE.

IN MEMORIAM.

MARY ANN ROGERS.

Mary Ann Rogers was born in Waterford, Conn., Nov. 23, 1808. She died in New London, Conn., Jan. 23, 1892. While yet in childhood she accepted Christ as her Saviour, and dedicated her life to his service. In 1820, at the age of twelve, she united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Waterford, of which she remained a faithful and beloved member until God called her to come up higher. In 1830, she was married to David P. Rogers, of Waterford. A long and happy married life was granted to them.

On Dec. 30, 1880, the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, their "Golden Wedding" was celebrated. The service was held at the church, and all the society, neighbors, and friends, and Sabbath-school scholars joined with children in helping to make the occasion one that would be rich with pleasant memories. A little less than two years from that happy anniversary, Nov. 22, 1882, death called the husband to leave his family and friends and go on before them to his heavenly home. Since that time Mrs. Rogers has lived with her daughter, Mrs. Julia M. Powers, of New London. For the past six years she has been an invalid, unable to leave her room, yet with that affliction she has borne patiently, and has indeed been a model of a cheerful, happy life. She was thoroughly interested in all the departments of work in the denomination and kept herself thoroughly posted. But especially was she interested in our China Mission. Every detail of the work was important to her. Her correspondence with our lady missionaries in China was a source of much happiness to her, and thus with news always fresh from the field she was ready to furnish to the friends who called to see her, the latest developments and the especial interests of our China Mission. The last time that I called to see

her, only a few weeks ago, she entertained me by showing me, upon a map which Eld. D. H. Davis had made for her, the location of our Mission in China, its relation to the city of Shanghai, and the various buildings and departments of the mission itself. She took particular pleasure in saying, "Here is Dr. Swinney's dispensary and here her rooms; here Mr. and Mrs. Randolph live; and here are Miss Burdick's rooms, and there is her school." And so she was interested in every detail that she could gather. It need hardly be said that such an interest and knowledge of the work were accompanied with liberal and systematic giving. Her last words were instructions to her daughter as to where she wished to have the money then collected in her "mite-box" appropriated. She did not then know that she was so soon to go, but she had for a long time been waiting for the summons and was ready to go when it should come, yet she felt that her life was indeed a happy one and that so long as she lived she wanted to use all the time in doing good.

She had been unwell for several weeks, when death came suddenly and relieved her sufferings. Thus ended a life most beautiful to contemplate. A mature old age, yet vigorous to the end. The inspiration of that life to those who knew it, and especially to those who have ever entered that upper-chamber where "Aunt Mary Ann" has sat these last six years, can never be forgotten. And those of us who loved to go there for Christian sympathy and encouragement will ever hold it in sacred memory.

The funeral which was conducted by the writer, assisted by the Rev. O. D. Sherman, of Mystic, was largely attended. At the house a beautiful service was given to her memory by the New London Relief Corps, of which Mrs. Rogers was the oldest member in the State of Connecticut. The wind blew cold as we laid her to rest, Jan. 26th, in the old Waterford cemetery, beside her husband. Yet, in our grief we could say, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; . . . that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." She leaves two children, Prof. Wm. A. Rogers, of Colby University, Waterville, Me., and Mrs. Julia M. Powers, of New London, Conn., the latter having most tenderly and lovingly ministered to her mother's happiness in all these years of her physical weakness.

B. C. DAVIS.

DEBORAH TEFFT BABCOCK.

Mrs. Deborah Babcock, of Milton, Wisconsin, (familiarily called Aunt Debby) widow of Elder Daniel Babcock, deceased, departed this life Jan. 27, 1892, aged 84 years, 5 months and 21 days. She was born in Exeter, R. I., daughter of Jesse and Susanna Tefft, and was one of a family of eight children, four brothers and four sisters, all of whom died before her. When a young woman her family moved to Almond, N. Y. Soon afterward she was baptized by Elder Daniel Babcock and joined the Alfred Church. She was married May 13, 1847, and with her husband, Elder Babcock, moved to Wisconsin and became a member of the Milton Church of which she was a member at the time of her decease.

At the time of her marriage to Elder Babcock the latter had seven children, all grown, who became greatly attached to their step-mother and the grand children grew up to love her as much as if she were their own grand-mother. And well they might for Sister Babcock was a most affectionate and loveable woman. She was well

(Continued on page 92.)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched; many men have died; all men must die—the last exit of us all is in the fire-chariot of pain. But it is to live miserable we know not why; to work sore and yet gain nothing; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt-in with a cold universal *laissezfaire*; it is to die slowly all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, infinite injustice, as in the accursed iron belly of a Phalaris' bull! This is and remains forever intolerable to all men whom God has made.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

It is not until we see one man given over to a bitter, unyielding, personal pessimism that we can realize how much cheerful courage there is in this world among those whom we should most naturally expect to see bowed down by the misery of their lives.

No GRANDER words have been written than some of those which have come from the sage of Chelsea. No one to-day can deny him the name of genius, and the fame which was so long in coming to him has immortally crowned his work. But he has spoiled his own grand work and has made our thoughts of him full of pain by the brooding, hard spirit which he cherished all his life and which he exhibits even in his noblest works. He would have deserved the name of prophet had it not been for his intense jealousy of every man or woman who had received this world's applause. Even his stern hatred of shams, which would of itself call for our veneration, only proved a curse to him, leading him, as it so often did, to detect unworthiness where all others saw only virtue. The sentences quoted upon this page will express the view which he always took of life. Hard indeed his life was for many, many years; but hosts of other men of genius had lived just such lives of unrequited toil in that same London before his time, and had died broken-hearted, yet uncomplaining to the last, content to leave their work to the future, well knowing that the best work must always wait the longest for recognition. Many others were toiling almost by his side with lives outwardly as dark as his but with no such words as "injustice" upon their lips. No, it was in Carlyle's own darkened soul that the trouble lay. Well he himself expresses it when he writes: "My life has not wanted at any time what I used to call "desperate hope" to all lengths; but of common "hoping hope" it has had but little; and has been shrouded since youthhood, almost since boyhood, in continual gloom and grimness, as of a man set too nakedly versus the devil and all men." A great endurance under pain, but not that sublimer courage which bears pain nobly; a strict personal honesty and independence, but a morbid determination to charge his unhappiness upon the injustice of others,—these are the chief characteristics of one who was a great man but a profound egotist.

YES, it is the height of selfishness and egotism to charge upon the injustice of the world the failures which come into our lives. The world is hungry and blind. It is starving for food, it is longing for light. No man to whom God has given those talents which make it possible for him to utter a message to his fellow men

has any right to make that word a discouraging one. Least of all should he make his private hardships and failures an excuse for arraighing the world before his judgment and pronouncing it unjust to his merits and the cause of his sufferings. Strange is it to see how this groaning of a giant over the common ills that flesh is heir to brings out in brightest contrast the patient suffering of the great multitude who have not been able to hold their places in life's race.

"O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

Not from these come the bitterest words of despair, but from one who believed himself set apart to teach truth in a world of error. He did proclaim many truths, but the sublimest truth that ever came into this world, the fact that as God is the Father of all so all are brothers,—that he never grasped. He could picture eloquently the pangs of his own heart under the injustice of his fellow men, but when he looked for four years upon what was perhaps the greatest struggle for principle that this world has ever witnessed, all he could see in it was "that beautiful nigger agony, or civil war of theirs." That heart that felt so sensitively all personal slights could see none of the "injustice" of which he complained in the lot under which millions of human beings were treated as beasts, and experienced no thrill of righteous pleasure when the long struggle was over and so many of his brothers passed from slavery into freedom. There was but one Carlyle, but there are many who possess his spirit without his genius or his truthfulness. Nothing is commoner than to see people judge the whole world by the unhappiness which has fallen upon them. It is not to be judged in this way. The world is just what men make it, and of it we are a part with our share of responsibility towards the whole. It is seldom indeed that a man is crushed down by outside circumstances alone. Somewhat he must be himself to blame for his misfortunes. When we feel inclined to pessimism let us examine ourselves and see what we are doing for the world, since we claim that the world fails in its duty toward us.

A SURE CURE FOR THE BLUES.

BY MISS HATTIE S. BROWN.

Perhaps not many young Christians are troubled by this most distressing of all maladies, and surely none of them ought to be; nevertheless it very often happens that for some reason they become discouraged or have what is usually called the "blues."

After a person has professed to the world that he believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, and has consecrated or given his life—body, mind and soul—to the Lord's service, he has no more right to take back what he has given than to take back a gift after it has been placed in the hands of a friend; and being discouraged is nothing less than taking back what was given when the person promised to believe in Christ.

Discouragement, then, is doubting God's word when he said, "Let not your heart be troubled," "I will never leave nor forsake thee." "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

When a friend promises to do something for us we never doubt at all, but place our entire confidence in the person, knowing that the promise will be fulfilled; and it would wound his feelings deeply if we should say to the

friend, "I cannot trust you, I am afraid you will not keep the promise that you have made."

How much more must it grieve our Heavenly Father when we distrust him after he has told us to "cast all our cares on him for he careth for us."

Sometimes a very little thing will make one discouraged. It may be little trials at home; it may be the hard lessons or examinations at school; or perhaps it is the constant failing when we try to do right, or the harsh words that may have been uttered in judgment of us. At first there seems to be nothing wrong in discouragement on account of such little things as these; but when we remember that Jesus has promised to care for us if we only put our trust in him, it ought to shame us and drive us nearer to our never-failing Friend. The *only* way to keep off the blues is by abiding in Christ, and that "abiding" means very much indeed. If we abide in Christ we shall be so near him at all times that nothing can draw us from him. Then surely we cannot be discouraged, for we shall remember that "all things work together for good to them that love God." We shall have such a love for our Saviour that our time will be fully occupied in working for him, so that we shall have no time for feeling discouraged, and our thoughts will be so centered upon Jesus that there will be no room for the wicked thoughts of discouragement.

The greatest joy there is in the friendship between two persons is the perfect confidence and trust that each one reposes in the other. One feels a perfect freedom to tell or ask of the other anything that he wishes. So in our friendship with Christ we can confide in him and trust him always, and although we do not always receive that for which we ask, it is only because God has a better plan, and if we do not lose courage we shall soon find that our heavenly Father knew much better than we did. The privilege of talking with Jesus at any time and in any place, is truly one of the greatest blessings that one could possibly have, and surely since we have this privilege and God's promise to hear and answer prayer, it cannot but keep us happy and give us courage.

Perhaps a prescription that was given me by a friend—and one which if strictly adhered to will help any one—will help some other one who is suffering by reason of discouragement. It is, "Casting all your cares upon him for he careth for you," "Pray without ceasing," and submit entirely to the will of a loving God.

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.

WHAT IS THE REASON?

BY THE REV. J. A. PLATTS.

Reason for what? "What is the reason we have not heard definitely from you?" This is the question that is being asked of the Permanent Committee by the officials of the Tract and Missionary Societies, and we can only reply, "Because we have not heard definitely from the young people whom we represent."

About two months ago we wrote you, asking three questions, and urging immediate replies to each. From many of you we have, as yet, received no communications at all. What is the reason? Is it that you do not approve the action of your Committee? If so, then will you not at least express the grounds of your disapproval to us, and suggest something which appears to you to be more feasible?

From some of you we have received only partial replies. It has occurred to the Committee that this may be due, partially, at least, to the fact that you did not clearly understand our

questions. So, with the permission of the editor, we desire to make further explanation.

First, some seem to have entertained the opinion that moneys raised by the young people for the Tract work, were to be devoted exclusively to the New York Depository. This is not the case, as we understand it. The importance of the work in both New York and Chicago is duly recognized, and we earnestly solicit the co-operation of all our young people, East and West, that we may materially aid the Tract Society in the establishment and maintenance of branches in both these great centers.

But it is to the third point that we wish especially to call your attention just now, and that point is the compilation of lists of names to which the *Sabbath Reform Library* may be sent. No intelligent person will gainsay the statement that never in the history of the Christian Church has there been such a general awakening upon the subject of God's Sabbath. The whole system of revealed truth is undergoing a close scrutiny at the hands of both friends and foes, which is sure to tear away any abnormal accretion which may have become attached thereto. But a combination of circumstances has brought this phase of the truth into especial prominence, until scarcely a community is to be found where the question is not the subject of serious thought. The present is a critical time, and our people stand at the focal point.

Some have not yet come to make the question of observance of the true Sabbath a personal question. This class of people is apt to be found in communities where the general beliefs of the "Sabbatarians" are known. It is our duty to present to them the truth sharply defined, and in such way that they cannot but feel it a personal matter to them.

Again, I think we may safely say that where people have begun to investigate for themselves, they are, as a rule, willing to be convinced that Sunday is the Sabbath and that they are right in its observance. There is an abundance of literature in the field, which, if not counterbalanced, may serve to set many consciences at ease. It remains for us to keep before them in logical, convincing form, evidence to the contrary, and so keep up the agitation until the truth is known and accepted.

So we might follow on, but space forbids. As has so often been said, whatever may be the condition of a Christian heart in relation to God's Sabbath, unless it is in a state of acceptance, there is need of our work. We may not be able to meet all such, personally, but we may, if we will, through the printed page. Thus our leaders are anxious to do, and in this they want our assistance. They want lists of those to whom they may thus proclaim the truth, and they want us to furnish the names of those in our own localities. Not simply do they want the names of ministers, for laymen need the truth as well; to farmers, mechanics, men of the professions should the truth be proclaimed. Will you help us do it? Let each society answer. And we want to know at once. The cost is slight. Seventy cents will preach the truth to one hundred persons. Where can you do more at a less expense? Prepare the lists; send on the money; and help the Lord Jesus Christ in the re-establishment of the whole truth in his church. Do it at once. One cent per week from a society of seventeen members will supply visitations of these messengers, and what one of our young people could not give this, or five cents per week, in addition to all else that we are now doing?

Secretaries, will you not look the matter up? See whether you have answered all our inquiries, viz., as to your support of Bro. Huffman; your subscription to the support of the Tract Depositories; and the furnishing of lists, with the means of their fulfillment.

LEONARDSVILLE, Feb. 4, 1892.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1892.

FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 2.	The Kingdom of Christ	Isa. 11: 1-10
Jan. 9.	A Song of Salvation	Isa. 26: 1-10
Jan. 16.	Overcome with Wine	Isa. 28: 1-13
Jan. 23.	Hezekiah's Prayer and Deliverance	Isa. 37: 14-21 and 33-38
Jan. 30.	The Suffering Saviour	Isa. 53: 1-12
Feb. 6.	The Gracious Call	Isa. 55: 1-13
Feb. 13.	The New Covenant	Jer. 31: 27-37
Feb. 20.	Jehoiakim's Wickedness	Jer. 36: 19-31
Feb. 27.	Jeremiah Persecuted	Jer. 37: 11-21
March 5.	The Downfall of Judah	Jer. 39: 1-10
March 12.	Promise of a New Heart	Ezek. 36: 25-38
March 19.	Review	
March 26.	The Blessings of the Gospel	Isa. 40: 1-10

LESSON VIII.—JEHOIAKIM'S WICKEDNESS.

For Sabbath-day, Feb. 20, 1892.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.—Jer. 36: 19-31.

INTRODUCTION.—Chap. 36 is in the twelfth discourse delivered in the reign of Jehoiakim, king of Judah, fourth year. Divinely directed, Jeremiah causes Baruch, his faithful attendant, to write his former prophecies in a roll, and then read them on a fast-day to the people. The princes hear of it and ask that it be read in their presence. Having heard it, they report to the king, who, hearing a part of it, cuts in pieces and burns it. Then Jeremiah is commanded to rewrite it, and to add judgments against Jehoiakim. A new copy with additions is written.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—v. 19. "The princes." That attended the court. "Baruch." Jeremiah's secretary, a man of noble family and distinguished acquirements. "Go, hide thee." The princes were not disposed to persecute Jeremiah, but they thought the king would. v. 20. "Went in to the king." To report what they had heard. "Laid up the roll." No doubt to give a partial and modified account of the prophecy. Political and worldly policy. "Elishama." Scribe to king Jehoiakim. "Told all the words." In their own phraseology. v. 21. "Jehudi." Son of Nethaniah, and grandson of Shelemiah, an employee of the court, a page. Notice, the king does not ask Baruch, who would read it most affectionately and impressively, nor the princes, who were accustomed to intelligently consider documents, but a page who would be likely to make the least sense in reading. It makes a great difference how a message is read or delivered. v. 22. "Winter-house." That special apartment in a large house which is devoted to winter uses. "Ninth month." Sivan, corresponding to our June, was the ninth month of the civil year; but of the sacred year, Chisleu, our December, is the ninth month. Being in the winter-house, this must be the month mentioned. v. 23. "Three or four leaves." Sections, partitions, into which the breadth of the parchment was divided. "Penknife." A scribe's knife. "Cast into the fire." He had not patience to hear it all read. A daring piece of impiety and impudent affront to the God of heaven. He shows: (1) Impatience of reproof, (2) persistency in sin, (3) indignation at Jeremiah, (4) obstinate resolution not to heed warnings, (5) foolish hope to defeat God's threatenings. What enmity there is against God in the carnal heart! v. 24. "Were not afraid." Neither the king nor his attendants show signs of grief or consternation. How different from his father Josiah, who rent his clothes when the words of the law were first read in his hearing. They were hardened in impiety. v. 25. "Elnathan." With the two following names, were of the princes and nobles of Judah. These had sense and grace enough to interpose for preventing the burning of the parchment. Yet with others they rent not their clothes, nor showed themselves affected, hence their power now to prevent the impiety of the king was gone. v. 26. "Hammelech." Improperly used as a name. It means "the king." Jerahmeel, the king's son, with the other two, were commanded to arrest God's ministers. The spirit of revenge manifested. "The Lord hid them." Not the princes' order to hide secured them safety, but under the divine protection they were safe. God finds a shel-

ter for his people. v. 27. "Word . . . to Jeremiah." During the time of his concealment Jeremiah receives orders and instructions to write another roll containing the same prophecies. The king may burn one roll, but the word of God is not abolished nor the accomplishment of it defeated. The tables of the law were broken, but they were renewed again. "The word of the Lord endures forever." v. 29. Jehoiakim was angry because it was written that "The king of Babylon shall come and destroy this land." God, the King of kings, severely rebukes Judah's temporal king for the indignity done to the written word. Within two years the king of Babylon did come. 2 Chron. 36: 6, 7. v. 30. "None to sit . . . David." His son Jeconiah sat for a very short time upon the throne. But none other of his family was ever king over Judah. There is no escaping of God's judgments. v. 31. "His seed and his servants." They share the dreadful fate, not for his sins, but for their relation to him, giving assent to and helping him on to do iniquity. "Their iniquity." They are responsible for their own sins. "All the evil I have pronounced." Though the roll be burned, the divine counsel remains and the decree of God shall be fulfilled. "They hearkened not." How blind and persistent is sin. "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." See also Rom. 2: 4-6.

LEADING THOUGHT.—Hardness of heart becomes a permanent part of character, being due to the force of habit and deliberate sin.

THE WAY TO GIVE.

As I was once riding with a farmer to church, we fell into conversation on the subject of giving. He was a Presbyterian, a man about sixty years of age.

Said he, "I give a tenth of all I make to the Lord. Every crop of corn, every load of hay, every dozen of eggs I sell, I keep account of, and one-tenth of the profit goes to the Lord. It came rather hard at first, but that is past long ago. Now I only have to distribute what is already given. I am ready to listen to any reasonable application, and if I think it a good object, it is nothing but a pleasure to give. That tenth, I have come to feel belongs to God. I never touch it. I should as soon think of spending my neighbor's money as that."

About the same time I met the pastor of this man. Said he, "That farmer is not only the largest giver, but the most cheerful giver in my parish. I preach in two churches. He helps liberally in sustaining both, and the money he gives is the least of the blessings he brings to us."

Sometime after this I was conversing with a friend in Chicago, a young business man, on the same subject. "Yes," said he, "I determined when I was a clerk, the first year that I earned anything for myself, that I would set aside a fixed percentage of my income for benevolence. I made the resolution, and I have kept it."

"Well, you began early."
"So I did," was the reply, "and it was well I did. My salary was small, and to give the proportion I fixed upon was hard; but there has never been a year since when it would not have been harder. A year or two after I went into business for myself, it looked as though every cent was needed for capital. I am afraid I shouldn't have commenced the system that year. But having resolved and made a beginning already, I was ashamed to retreat. Then the next year I was married. That year I should have begged off, I am sure, if it had not been for the habit, by that time pretty well settled. That carried me through. Soon after that came our big fire, then hard times, epizootics, in fact almost every year something to make that particular year a bad one to begin. Now, I always say to my friends, begin to give as soon as you begin to make. Start early."

I do not certainly know what proportion of his income the young merchant gives. Probably a tenth; not less I am sure.

So here in Cleveland. A young man just beginning his business life came to me alone a few evenings since, and said, "I like this idea of giving a regular proportion, and I'm going to begin now. I think I'll give a tenth. This year that will be five hundred dollars. It looks like a good deal to give away; and my business is growing; it will be more, I expect, next year; but it's the right way. My old Bible-class teacher used to talk to us boys about it, and I'm going to do it."—*Church Messenger*.

HOME NEWS.

New York.

WATSON.—Seventh-day Baptists have been, and are, a staunch temperance people. Wherever there is one of our churches or even an isolated family, there we find strong temperance advocates. And this is the case in the small churches as well as in the large, and sometimes I think the small church is more radically temperance. In the little church at Watson the temperance people have become somewhat conspicuous of late for their heroic efforts and their patient suffering. In the fall of 1887 a strong temperance organization was effected there, and an appeal was made to the Republican party to nominate a no-license candidate for the Excise Board, which they did, but he received only 78 votes out of 360. Then they appointed a committee to confer with the Excise Board and urge them to grant fewer licenses. On meeting with them, when a hotel-keeper presented his petition for license, they objected because of his former violation of the law, and when he was asked if it was true, he replied that they all did, and he did and expected to, and yet they granted him the license. As a consequence the Sabbatarians, as he called them, received from him and from others, many threats for the stand they had taken. One year ago last spring they nominated Rev. T. R. Reed, their pastor, on a no-license ticket, and he was elected by 142 majority over both of the other candidates, and the Sabbatarian pastor and people came in for more threats and curses. Last spring the whisky ticket received only 68 votes out of 360 and they threatened to sell whisky and did. Proceedings were immediately commenced and 22 counts were decided against them, and the whisky men in their wrath swore they would "fix them seven days." On the 20th of September the cry rang out on the night air, "Our church is on fire." It was a beautiful moonlight night, no clouds, and hardly any wind, and there had not been any fire in the house for four weeks and yet it was all in a blaze on the inside, and in a few minutes there was nothing left of our precious meeting-house but ashes. There was no insurance and it was a total loss. The moon shone just as brightly and the clear sky seemed to bend down in mercy over the burnt embers, but our people went home sad at heart for the house of God was gone. But so strong was the popular belief that it was the work of incendiarism and spite, and so enthusiastic was the community in favor of our people, that they were urged to rebuild at once. Money and material poured in and the house is up and enclosed and the floor laid, our people doing all they can and the community helping, for it was a common cause since the threat had been made that "all the churches would be burned." These simple statements I obtained from L. A. Young, M. D., of Petries Corners, to whom, or to Rev. T. R. Reed, contributions may be sent.

When the brick church was burned at Lost Creek, W. Va., our churches in the North contributed generously, and it was a great help and inspiration to our cause in West Virginia, and a greater blessing of sacrifice and love to those who gave. Now let us give something to the brave little band at Watson, who amid threats and curses and fire, have worked so heroically and suffered so patiently.

L. R. S.

DeRUYTER, N. Y.

Iowa.

WELTON.—We are having very mild weather which has spoiled our sleighing and will soon give us muddy roads if it continues much longer.—Eld. Socwell has been with us a part of this week, holding evening meetings, which were quite well attended and a good interest manifest. While Eld. Socwell was with us he was called to conduct the funeral services of Miss Edith Brooks, who died very suddenly at the home of her parents near Welton.—There is very much sickness in and around our place, *grippe* mostly, some cases being quite severe; but we feel that the worst of the scourge now is past.—Aunt Mary Farrow and daughter, Lucy, who have been living at Fulton, Iowa, have moved to our village and will make their home here.—On the evening of Jan. 10th, our depot, elevator and creamery were destroyed by fire; estimated loss, \$8,000. Considerable grain was stored in the elevator at the time of the fire and was also burned. No insurance. The creamery will soon be rebuilt and we presume the depot also, but there are doubts as to whether the railroad company will rebuild the elevator, but if they do not, some private party will probably erect one soon.—Lewis Hurley has the material on the ground for a fine dwelling which will be erected in the spring.—Mrs. Samuel Mills has been very sick; her recovery was doubtful at one time, so her two sons, Calvin and Richard, of Wisconsin, were summoned to her bed-side.—Although we do not enjoy regular preaching services, yet all other appointments of the church are maintained and we are trying to advance in spiritual growth.

JANUARY 29, 1892.

Nebraska.

LONG BRANCH.—We have had some of the coldest weather ever known in Nebraska, the thermometer going as low as 36 degrees below zero last week. This week, from Jan. 23d to 30th, it has remained at about the freezing point.—There has been considerable sickness at Humboldt, with but little on Long Branch.

U. M. B.

Louisiana.

HAMMOND.—We are now having delightful spring weather. Strawberries are in blossom, and garden making is the order of the day.

G. W. L.

FEB. 4, 1892.

IN MEMORIAM.

DEBORAH TEFFT BABCOCK.

(Continued from page 89.)

adapted to be the wife of a minister—being of a most cheerful disposition, self-forgotten, always thinking of the comfort and happiness of others and knowing how to make the home the pleasantest place on earth.

She outlived all her husband's children and came down to a good old age, ripe for heaven. Until within two weeks of her death she occupied the house in which her husband died over 23 years ago. That she might be the better cared for, she was recently carried to her granddaughter's, Mrs. Albert Maxson, M. D., at Milton Junction, where she died of pleurisy, the recipient of all the attention that affection and medical skill could bestow. She was highly esteemed and greatly beloved by all.

The funeral exercises were held on the 29th ult., at the Seventh-day Baptist church at Milton Junction, conducted by her pastor, and her remains were interred by the side of those of her husband in the cemetery at the Junction. Her memory will be precious in the recollection

of many friends and her few surviving relatives.

E. M. DUNN.

FOSTER REYNOLDS.

Mr. Foster Reynolds, son of Foster and Huldah Crandall Reynolds, was born in Grafton, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., June 17, 1803, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. S. R. Babcock, two miles north of Nortonville, Kansas, Jan. 19, 1892. The first twenty-seven years of his life were spent in his native town, Grafton. He was married to Fanny Potter, daughter of Stephen and Sarah Potter, of Petersburg, N. Y., Jan. 29, 1826. In 1830 they moved to Alfred, N. Y. In 1837 they, with seven other families, moved into the wilds of Northern Pennsylvania (now Hebron, Potter Co.), where they bravely faced the perils, toils, and hardships incident to pioneer life, often being obliged to go sixty miles with team, through a dense forest, inhabited only by Indians and wild animals, to get provisions. Mrs. Reynolds also entered upon the duties of pioneer life with the same enthusiasm and bravery as her husband. Indians often visited them, begging bread, milk, etc., which was never refused; but their offered penny was always returned. Once, in midwinter, when alone with her two little boys, several Indians entered her dwelling, one at a time, each taking out a large hunting-knife, which he began sharpening. This continued without a word being spoken till her small room was nearly filled. She gave them seats, and all the victuals her cupboard contained. When well warmed they retired as they came. After receiving such favors their speaker would often express their appreciation thus: "Me know you fifty years." Sometimes a nice piece of venison was found on their door-step, but no clue to the donor. Mrs. Reynolds faithfully fulfilled the Bible injunction, "Be careful to entertain strangers," for the needy never left her door uncared for. Even the fugitive from slavery found shelter and comfort beneath her roof.

Mr. Reynolds was a successful mechanic and mill-wright. He did the carpenter work on the first court-house, and many dwelling houses in the county at that time. He also built water-power and steam lumber mills, for himself and others in the county. He was a man remarkable for his honor, energy, and uprightness of character. He was a man of few words, but deep thought. A noble man, a devoted husband, a kind and loving father and neighbor, he commanded the respect of all who knew him. He possessed more than ordinary intellectual ability; and although favored with only limited school privileges, his eager and vigorous mind led him to study from nature's books. From the tiniest shoot to the stateliest pine, from the pebble to the pyramidal rock, from mountain formation to wide-spreading prairie, he discovered vast fields for study and original thought. Thus with but little aid from books he became quite a naturalist.

He embraced religion many years ago, but after a time became so absorbed in business that he lost his religious interest. Through curiosity he was led to read Theodore Parker's Liberal Humanitarian sermons, and similar works, that were handed him by old acquaintances, till he became a confirmed skeptic. He and his wife came to Kansas in 1878, where they have since resided with their daughters, Mrs. Babcock and Mrs. Culver, except one and one-half years which they spent in visiting their sons and friends in their old home. Mrs. Reynolds was, at the time of her death, the last constituent member of the Hebron Church.

She was so attached to her dear home church that she retained her membership there till severed by death.

Two years ago last March, under the labors of Elders Cottrell and Harry, God led Mr. Reynolds to see the great mistake of his life, and to again accept of Jesus as his Saviour and Redeemer. He united with the Nortonville Church, and has since been an earnest Christian, doing all in his power to counteract his past influence against Christ. He peacefully departed this life fully trusting in Jesus. He and his companion (who passed to the golden shore May 14, 1891), celebrated the 65th anniversary of their married life one year ago the 29th of January. Just ten days previous to their 66th anniversary God invited him to join the dear companion of his life in the grand reunion in the Eternal City, with Christ their King,

Where sad farewells are never spoken,
And fond love-ties are never broken.

WESTERLY'S TWO SUNDAYS.

The following is given as a sample of what a man can say when he undertakes to talk of a subject of which he evidently knows but very little. It will be especially interesting to those who know something of Westerly from personal experience:

A stranger who might happen into the Rhode Island village of Westerly any time from Monday morning until sundown of Friday would find nothing about the place to distinguish it from half a hundred other villages in New England. There are the usual streets, through which is a mild and languid traffic, the usual old trees, the usual old houses, and the usual hotels, with the food that maketh sad the palate and maketh weak the stomach. But as soon as the sun dropped out of sight over the Connecticut hills the stranger would begin to discover wherein Westerly differs from other New England villages. He would find here and there along the main street storekeepers putting up their shutters, taking in stock, and dusting and putting away goods, while in other stores, adjacent or near, business would continue as usual. Still he might think of that as only a mark of inferior enterprise on the part of the early closers, and he might not discover what the real matter was until the next morning, Saturday. The stores that had been closed with the farewell of the sun the evening before would still be closed, and they would not be opened until the sun had cast his last rays for Saturday. The mild and languid traffic aforementioned, which is always more brisk on Saturday in small towns, would be almost at a standstill. There would be wagons and buggies in the street that had come from the farms around Westerly. But the farmers and their wives would be dressed in what is unmistakably Sunday clothing, distinguished sharply from even the attire they wear when they dress up to go to town.

Even where the stores were open the blinds would be drawn in many cases. The banks would suggest a holiday rather than a day for business. Workingmen and working women, dressed in their Sunday best, would be parading the streets, taking that dreary Sunday constitutional which is part of the permitted recreation for New Englanders on the Lord's day. The stranger, turning here and seeing signs of week-day affairs, turning there and seeing signs of Sunday, would not know what to think. If he kept his own counsel and waited, Saturday night would bring him still further surprises. All the stores would be opened as soon as the sun had set, and the usual small-town crowd would do its Saturday night shopping. If the stranger went to bed prepared to have the usual order of things return in the morning, he would be still further surprised when he looked out after hearing the church bells ring. From the windows of his hotel he could see shops open as on a week-day and traffic in the streets a bit weaker than that of the day before, but still unmistakably traffic. Pious-looking men would be going boldly in and out of the shops with bundles. Workmen in

working dress would be trudging along the streets. The stranger could hear, mingling with the sound of the church-bells, the hum of the sawmill and the crash and rattle of machine works. There would be more signs of Sunday in the air than there were the day before, but signs of what a Sunday! Machinery going, merchants and citizens trading, in New England, where Sunday is supposed by the rest of the world to be a day so tranquil that one hardly dares scratch when he itches.

If the stranger, fired by holy indignation, should in his ignorance hasten to complain to the magistrates, they would draw down the statutes of the State of Rhode Island, turn to the section pertaining to Sunday-observance by Jews and other persons and would read this passage: "But the exception in this section contained shall not confer the liberty of opening shops or stores on the sacred day for the purposes of trade and merchandise, or lading or unlading or of fitting out of vessels, or of working at the smith's business, or any other mechanical trade, in any compact place except the compact villages of Westerly and Hopkinton; or of drawing seines or fishing or fowling in any manner in public places and out of their own possessions; and in case any dispute shall arise respecting the person entitled to the benefit of this section, a certificate from a regular pastor or priest of any of the aforesaid churches or societies, or from any three of the standing members of such church or society, declaring the person claiming the exemption aforesaid to be a member of or owned by or belonging to such church or society, shall be received as conclusive evidence of the fact."

In that law lies the solution of the mystery of Westerly's two Sundays in a week. Ever since there was a township of Westerly or a township of Hopkinton there have been two Sundays every week—one on Saturday, the other on the day in which most Christians take their rest from labor, and worship. Rhode Island was the cradle of what is called Seventh-day Baptism in America, and the townships of Westerly and Hopkinton are its strongholds at the present day.

It seems that in 1684 a certain Stephen Mumford came from England to Newport, R. I., bringing the opinion that the ten commandments were still in force, and that, therefore, when the Lord said "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," he meant the Sabbath, which is Saturday, and not Sunday, which is a modern holy day and not specified by Scripture at all. Stephen Mumford joined the Baptists because he believed in immersion also, but as soon as he could make converts enough he withdrew from the regular Baptist church with them and formed the first Seventh-day Baptist Church in America. It is fortunate for Stephen Mumford and the three men and three women with him that he did all these things in Rhode Island instead of up around Salem, otherwise Seventh-day Baptism might have lost a few noses, ears, eyes, hands, and the like, before it got well under way.

The Newport church fell gradually into decay, and Westerly and Hopkinton townships became the centres of the Seventh-day Baptism. The largest church in the State now is that in the village of Westerly. Within a few miles of it are seven other churches—Pawcatuck, Niantic, First Hopkinton, Second Hopkinton, Rockville, Woodville, Greenmanville. The churches vary in membership from a few scores to the 350 in the big church in Westerly. They number about 5,000 persons, who are either members or children of members or in some other way under the influence of the Seventh-day idea. They belong to the better class of the people—prosperous farmers, rich manufacturers, well-to-do shop keepers, lawyers, and politicians. They are very much in earnest about celebrating Saturday and breaking Sunday. So it happens that a good deal of farming is done on Sunday in that part of Rhode Island, and a good deal of manufacturing and a good deal of buying and selling.

Sharp upon the drop of the sun, Friday evening, the Seventh-day Baptists stop work of all kinds—or at least such of them as are of the strict, old-fashioned school. They go to church in the evening and have a service of preparation

for keeping the Sabbath in the proper spirit. On Saturday morning they have another church service, and at noon a Sunday-school, and at 4 o'clock a young people's meeting. Then business is resumed again, and does not cease because Episcopalians and Methodists and Catholics and regular Baptists worship on that day.

The largest manufactory in Westerly is that of C. B. Cottrell & Son, manufacturers of printing presses. Mr. Cottrell is a Seventh-day Baptist, as was his father before him. The big manufactory closes on Saturday, and its workmen, Seventh-day Baptists or what not, are free to do as they choose. But the manufactory is opened on Sunday morning, and all workmen of all denominations must be at work. So it is with Hiscox's lumber factory, and so with a score of other prominent businesses. In the Pawcatuck Bank, across the river, the cashier, J. A. Brown, is a Seventh-day Baptist. The bank remains open on Saturday, but Mr. Brown is not there, and the president, Peleg Clark, does his work for him.

Whether it is out of respect for the numerous and powerful Seventh-day Baptists, or because business is dull, more than half the stores in Westerly have their curtains down on Saturday, and do business, seemingly, under protest. Only one merchant raised a mild protest against the Seventh-day people. He said they damaged the town by compelling two days of rest, and that, furthermore, a good many of them did business on both Saturday and Sunday. As a matter of fact the latter complaint did not seem to be without foundation. The reporter bought stationery in a Seventh-day Baptist's shop on Saturday and on Sunday. On Saturday the proprietor was away, and the clerk said he was at church. But on Sunday he was there and his clerk was at church.

There was a time when the Seventh day Baptists far outnumbered the people of the other denominations. But Westerly has taken a boom of a gentle variety in the last few years, and now the Seventh-day Baptists are in the minority. But although they are fewer in number they impress the community with their peculiarity, and to a great extent hinder its material prosperity. From the stand-point of the religionist, however, the retarding could not be regarded as a serious matter, for Westerly is well up in things spiritual, even if it does not do so much business. Although one young man prayed in a prayer-meeting last Saturday to be delivered from the temptations of Westerly, the temptations would not seem to the average outsider to be extraordinarily formidable. Westerly does not drink much and does not fight much, and is moral as far as surface indications go. It plays pool a good deal and dances once in a while, and it may indulge in a friendly game of authors or logomache. But Westerly goes to church too many days in the week to be devilish. It has Christian Endeavor Societies, at which its young people offer prayers and give testimonies, and show in other ways a tendency to the religious life far beyond the tendencies of young people in other similar places or in cities. It can go to services on Friday evening, Saturday morning, Saturday afternoon, Sunday morning, Sunday afternoon, and Sunday evening, besides the week-day prayer-meetings and the like.

As to material prosperity, there seems to be little absolute poverty and a great deal of that condition of moderate means which is the true source of contentment. The Seventh-day Baptists have, least of all, the right to complain. The pastor, the Rev. William C. Daland, says there is not a single pauper in his congregation, and that most of the members are above the average in prosperity. While the Seventh-day Baptists are not so strong relatively as a few years ago, they hold their own exceedingly well. Among the older members of the church are the best names in that part of Rhode Island, and their numerous children have clung to the faith of their fathers. The chief losses have been through removals, and the accessions thus far more than balance. Mr. Daland is a young man full of energy and full of the ideas of the new school of theology. He has just taken charge of the church, and the prospect is that his liberal theology will attract many. So there is no reason to doubt that Westerly will have two Sundays a week for many years to come.

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MARRIED.

CRUMB—COLLINS.—At the residence of the bride's father, Stephen H. Collins, near Leonardsville, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1892, by the Rev. C. A. Burdick, Mr. Fred B. Crumb and Miss Ellen O. Collins, both of Leonardsville.

DOWNEY—UTLEY.—Near Akron, N. Y., at the residence of the bride's brother, Newton C. Utley, Dec. 31, 1891, by the Rev. J. B. Countryman, Mr. Robert C. Downey and Miss Libbie H. Utley, both of Akron.

MUNSON—REEVES.—On Long Branch, near Humboldt, Neb., Jan. 19, 1892, by the Rev. U. M. Babcock, Mr. Frank Munson and Miss Sarah E. Reeves, both of Richardson county.

CAMPBELL—BOOTH.—In Hammond, La., Feb. 3, 1892, by the Rev. G. W. Lewis, Mr. Merrill Campbell and Miss Edna Booth, all of Hammond.

DIED.

SHORT obituary notices are inserted free of charge. Notices exceeding twenty lines will be charged at the rate of ten cents per line for each line in excess of twenty.

WOOLWORTH.—In Alfred Centre, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1892, Mrs. Lydia L. Woolworth, widow of the late Chas. E. Woolworth, aged 67 years, 6 months and 6 days.

She was the fourth of eight children of Elias and Content Smith. She became a trusting disciple of Christ in early years, and faithfully maintained her Christian profession until she was transferred to the church triumphant. She died in the triumph of faith, leaving a beautiful example of the power of divine grace in transforming the earthly life into the spiritual in age of the Master. The funeral service was attended at the church by a large number of relatives and friends, and was conducted by the pastor, assisted by the Rev. L. C. Rogers and the Rev. J. T. Davis.

WITTER.—In Hebron, Pa., Jan. 31, 1892, of dropsy, Rev. P. C. Witter, in the 70th year of his age, after an illness of about two weeks.

He leaves a wife and four grown-up daughters and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his departure.

LEWIS.—In Hebron, Pa., Jan. 7, 1892, Lester Dillen Lewis, in the 84th year of his age.

Mr. Lewis was born in Petersburg, Rensselaer Co., N. Y. He was a member of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hebron Centre. The daughter with whom he lived, Mrs. Morris Clair, bears testimony to his Christian life. Funeral at the house Jan. 9th.

GREEN.—At Mina, William Lloyd, only child of Webster and Agnes May Green, aged nearly 3 years.

WILCOX.—On Bell's Run, Pa., Jan. 27, 1892, Noah Wilcox, aged 61. Funeral Jan. 29th.

CRUMB.—In Brookfield, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1892, of general debility, closing with la grippe, Mr. Joseph S. Crumb, aged 84 years and 5 months.

He was born in Connecticut, and at the age of three years, with his parents, came to Brookfield. When about thirty years of age, he embraced religion and joined the Free Will Baptist Church. In 1858 he joined the Second Seventh-day Baptist Church of Brookfield. He was an earnest, exemplary, even tempered Christian, filling his place in the church as long as health and strength would permit, thus being a living epistle to all. For the last two years his mental powers failed, yet he was conscious of the change awaiting him, saying near the close, "I am almost through," and died triumphant in Jesus. He leaves an aged wife quite feeble, but strong in the faith, and others to mourn their loss.

BROWN.—In Brookfield, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1892, Maurice Brown, in the 71st year of his age.

After an illness lasting many weeks from which there was no hope of recovery he passed away, his fortitude and patient endurance showed on whom his mind was stayed. He was a man respected by his neighbors and honorable in all the walks of life. Most of his life had been spent in the place.

The day before his death he was praising God for his goodness in songs of rejoicing. He leaves a wife, a son and family, and one granddaughter who has always resided with him from a child.

BURTON.—In Brookfield, N. Y., Jan. 26, 1892, in the 84th year of his age, James Burton. The deceased was one of the oldest residents of the town.

MILLER.—At the residence of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Livonia Stillman, at Brookfield, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1892, Edward C. Miller, aged 65 years and 3 days.

The deceased was born in Otselic, Chenango Co., N. Y. When a young man he came to Brookfield and resident for some time. While here he was married to Jazette Coon. He afterwards moved to Utica, Wis. Some twenty-six years ago he returned to Brookfield, from here he moved to Hanover Court House, Va. This fall he returned to spend the winter with friends and relatives here. While he had not been feeling well there had been no cause for alarm until he was taken violently ill a week or so before his death. He was regarded as kind and sympathetic by those who knew him. A sad thought was that his wife, who had been his companion for so many years, could not be with him, she being under treatment at the Middletown Asylum. Besides his wife he leaves one son, Adelbert C., and one daughter, Alice E. Miller.

LADD.—At South Hamilton, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1892, Mrs. Amy Ladd, in the 60th year of her age.

WHITFORD.—Silas Whitford, second son of Dea. William and Hannah Clarke Whitford, was born Sept. 8, 1812, and died after a brief illness of pleuro pneumonia, Jan. 29, 1892, at the age of 79 years and 4 months.

Bro. Whitford's life was one of great activity, usefulness and devotion, to the welfare of those who were providentially made his care. In early life he espoused the cause of Christ and united with the First Seventh-day Baptist Church in Brookfield, and of which he remained a consistent and cherished member until his death. He married Mary Burch, Dec. 30, 1841, to whom were born three sons and four daughters. The three sons,—William Jay, Orson, and Nathan S., and one daughter, Charlotte Whitford, survive him. To his family of young children who were early bereft of a fond mother's care he strove, and with marked success to supply their great loss. But not alone by his family and kindred but by all with whom he came in contact, he was regarded as a model of cheerfulness and unselfishness, and as the possessor of an abiding faith which knew no wavering in that Master whose servant he was. His funeral was largely attended at his late residence on Sunday, Jan. 31st, conducted by the Rev. C. A. Burdick, assisted by the Rev. J. A. Platts, and the choir of the Second Seventh-day Baptist Church.

ROGERS.—In New London, Conn., Jan. 23, 1892, of heart failure, Mrs. Mary Ann Rogers, wife of the late David P. Rogers, in the 84th year of her age. A brief sketch of her life is given in another column.

BROOKS.—At the home of her parents, near Welton, Iowa, Jan. 25, 1892, Miss Edith Brooks, aged 30 years, 8 months and 9 days.

Brief funeral services were conducted by the writer at the recent home of the deceased, and the body was laid to rest in one of the cemeteries near Welton.

BURDICK.—At Milton Junction, Wis., Jan. 25, 1892, Esther, daughter of Ethan and Amy Allen Burdick, born at Alfred Centre, N. Y., July 28, 1830.

In 1841 the family settled in the town of Lima, Rock Co., Wis., where she lived till the fall of 1889, when she moved to Milton Junction. She was baptized into the Milton Seventh-day Baptist Church by the Rev. W. C. Whitford, D. D., in 1855 or 1856, and became a constituent member of the Milton Junction Church in 1875. She was an exemplary Christian, full of love and good deeds. Her funeral sermon was based on Matt. 25: 21. This is the first breach, by death, in a family of six children, the youngest being over fifty-five years of age. Thus, one by one, the standard bearers are falling.

The Public Ledger Almanac comes to our desk in a beautiful pink and blue cover, with gilt edges. It contains calendar and almanac for 1892, which is followed by a great variety of local and general information.

ARROWS FOR THE KING'S ARCHERS. By the Rev. Henry W. Little, Sussex, N. B. 12mo. Cloth binding. Price \$1. Published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House, New York. The title of this new book is as suggestive as its contents are pleasing. It is a series of analytic outline



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addresses upon religious, temperance, and social topics, with several courses of addresses for special seasons. The purpose of the book is to suggest ideas on subjects for short sermons and addresses in small compass. These helps will be found simple, yet not superficial; methodical and yet thoroughly practical; brief but not barren. The author holds that in imparting religious instruction in any form, whether in the pulpit, on the platform, or in the class room, the three great departments of the work of the church in the world, (1) the defense of the faith; (2) the exposition of the faith; (3) the maintenance of the moral purity and rectitude of society, are best helped by direct and plain teachings upon the fundamental doctrines of the gospel. There is an Appendix containing seventy-eight facts and anecdotes to illustrate the addresses. A special index classifies the outlines according to the church year of the Episcopal Church.

Card of Thanks. S. S. Thomas and family tender their most sincere thanks to the friends who have so generously given their time and services to comfort and aid them while passing through the most severe struggle of life, the loss of a wife and mother.

For Sale. A good dairy farm, containing 100 acres, is under good cultivation, commodious buildings, situated one mile from Alfred University. For further particulars address P. O. Box 63, Alfred Centre, N. Y.

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