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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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My God, I thank thee who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light,
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

I thank thee more than all, our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our choice.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

THE article this week by Mrs. Ballington Booth cannot fail to be of great interest to all who read it. It gives a true picture of a phase of city life not often looked upon by the masses, either in country or city. We hope to give the balance of this article next week.

WE are indebted to our Representative in Congress, from the Thirty-fourth Congressional District, Hon. Warren Brooster Hooker, for a copy of the official Congressional Directory for the Fifty-third Congress. It is very complete as a book of reference to the present Congress, and contains much valuable information. Mr. Hooker will please accept our thanks.

IT is announced that Dr. Talmage has withdrawn his resignation as pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle church, and that Russel Sage will permit the mortgage he holds against the property to remain. It is further reported that Dr. Talmage will soon start on a lecture tour around the world, and will give the proceeds of his lectures to a sinking fund for the payment of the mortgage.

ENGLAND'S great Prime Minister, the "Grand old man," Mr. Gladstone, has at last resigned his seat in Parliament, after a remarkable career of public service within those walls for more than sixty years. His resignation has been accepted, and his place has been filled by Lord Roseberry, also of the Liberal Party. Mr. Gladstone, though over eighty-five years of age, is still full of intellectual and physical vigor. When his work is done he will be greatly missed as a statesman and reformer as well as a broad-minded Christian philanthropist.

MANNERISMS are often only foolish habits unconsciously acquired, and to the surprise

and regret of all well-disposed people, unconsciously exhibited. How true it is that the claims of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken. Public speakers especially are watched closely and if they fall into any unpleasant habits in the use of language, intonations of voice, the use of gestures, etc. There will be more or less diversion of mind from the thought the speaker wishes to impress. Every public speaker should have some judicious critic,—his wife, or some other friendly and competent person—who will, at the proper time, point out defects or mannerisms, and then should studiously seek to correct any such habits, however trivial they may seem to him.

"O would the power some gift ie gi'e us
To see oursel's as others see us."
"It would from many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

WEATHER FORECASTS.

From the earliest history of the human race to the present there has been a marked tendency of mind to superstitious credulity. Soothsaying, auguries, incantations, divinations have had a prominent place in the secular and religious writings and doings of nations. Scarcely less bewitching in our enlightened age are the pretensions to prophesy and forecasting of events on the part of fortune tellers, professed prophets, and weather prognosticators. Thousands and tens of thousands of tolerably well-informed people place great confidence in these pretended predictions,—oftener to their own disadvantage than otherwise. Barnum had a clear insight into human nature, and he insisted during his long and remarkable experience and observation that the masses of people professed to be humbugged.

The forecasting of the weather for periods of weeks and months in advance, it is claimed, rests upon certain astronomical and other scientific principles, the discovery of which principles, or natural laws, will enable any observer to foretell approaching storms, hot and cold waves, cyclones and kindred disturbances, with tolerable accuracy. We confess to a large degree of skepticism as to the reliability of these pretended disclosures, especially when covering long periods of time. The Weather Bureau, now established in many points throughout our country and in other lands, is undoubtedly worthy of some confidence, and can frequently give notice several hours in advance of changes in temperature, high winds, storms and tempests. Winds move with definitely ascertained velocities, carrying clouds and storms with them, covering large or small areas; and their direction and velocity being noted there is a probability that they may visit other points within a specified time.

But neither Vennor, nor Wiggins, Devoe, nor Kicks, nor Foster, can tell with any degree of certainty that terrific storms and destructive disturbances will occur at definite times months in the future, except as any person may safely predict that things will continue to be very

much as they have been. The seasons come and go, bringing their accustomed changes in temperature, storms and winds. Any person of ordinary observation can say with some degree of confidence that in March, 1895, there will be high winds and possibly blizzards. And if such person shall venture to name the day on which an unusual bluster may be expected, undoubtedly just that prediction will be verified at some point within the United States; and the prophet's fame is at once established, and he is encouraged to continue his random guesses. The old almanac predictions of "rain," "snow," "high winds," "thunder storm," "dry weather," were consulted daily by multitudes of people whose arrangements for business or pleasure were materially shaped, and often seriously damaged by their foolish faith in the exact fulfillment of such silly pretensions to extraordinary wisdom. So also in later times weather prophets have multiplied and their followers are numerous.

A few years ago, the then famous Wiggins foretold with the utmost show of wisdom and positive assertion that a vast tidal wave would at a specified time, sweep the Atlantic Coast in the vicinity of New York and New Jersey, and would be especially destructive to life and property on Coney Island. He warned people to make ample preparations for the coming destruction. Many people were alarmed, and with much trouble and cost moved away to some secure retreat, and waited in vain for the threatened tidal wave. It came at last, but only in the shape of a sweeping wave of indignation that covered Wiggins too deep for resurrection, but left the Atlantic Coast in its usual state of security. We advise all people not to go crazy over the teachings of modern prophets whether their predictions point to the probabilities of the weather, the destruction of life and property in particular or of the world in general.

[From L. C. Randolph.]

JUST a word about the revival at Westerly. Armory Hall, seating over six hundred, is packed nightly, standing room occupied, and many turned away. To-night was a wonderful meeting. The testimonies were of a particularly hopeful and stirring character, and they came thick and fast. The only way to stop them was to close the meeting. On the invitation at the close many arose who had never risen before.

The foot ball eleven are rejoicing that the one exception mentioned last week came out positively to-night upon the Lord's side. Counting the substitutes, the manager and the trainer, they now number an unbroken band of sixteen manly young fellows who are leaders in athletic sports, in the school-room, or in the gospel work. Their ringing testimonies are a lifting power in the testimony meetings.

It was thought best at one time to close the meetings last night. But when an unconverted

man, the foreman in the Cottrell machine shops, offered to bear all the expenses for another week, and the interest seeming very great, it was decided to continue one week longer.

Baptism in the Seventh-day Baptist church again to-morrow. Pray for the work in West-ly, that these last days may be days of mighty power, and that many more may turn to God.

CHILD-LIFE IN THE SLUMS.

BY MRS. GENERAL BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Child-life in the slums! What a wide, weighty, awful subject to write upon. How difficult to treat in poor human language the inexpressible heart sufferings, and to depict the wretched condition of body and soul in the all too pale colors of word expression. What heartaches! What horror! What hopeless sadness those words conjure up to the mind of those who know of the subject from having seen and heard the sights and sounds which emanate from the slum's foul cradle of misery.

I could better write a series of articles on the subject, than try in a few hundred words to give those who are unacquainted with it even a faint idea of the blight and contamination to which these babies are born. In thinking the matter over, my task has seemed almost impossible, and I found myself saying the other day, "Why, I might as well attempt to write in the same space a history of all the wild birds of the forest, description of their varied species, appearance, homes, habits, and dangers." Then as the feathered millions passed in a shadowy flight before me, I seemed to hear the words, "Not one of them is forgotten before God," and my heart rebounded with thankfulness in reaction from the dark burden it had been trying to lift. Thank God! If it is so with the little fluttering birds, how much more so of the wee slum babies.

To begin with, the number of slum children is legion. When you go visiting in the tenement houses and lodging houses, and cross the thresholds of the saloons, you find children everywhere. Children in the gutters, children almost beneath the horses' feet in the road, children in the alleyways and on the stairs! Everywhere you see their little dirty faces, hear the cry of their shrill voices, and the patter of their little bare feet. Let a fight be started or any unexpected sight or sound break in on the monotony of the ordinary clamors, and from everywhere you can see flocks of children trooping. It is true that babies are mowed down by the hundred every hot summer with dread infantile diseases, and that the winter takes its harvest through diphtheria, pneumonia, cold, and hunger; and yet the crowd seems never smaller. Many of these little ones are maimed and crippled—the effect of falls, and alas! of kicks and blows received in their infancy. Many also came into this distorted world of sorrow crippled to begin with, and scant food and miserable surroundings have stunted their growth and development. Hence they are to remain through life mere caricatures of human childhood. There is another feature which a stranger spending a day in slumdom would soon notice, namely, that most of them have very old faces. Even the little babies of but a few months old seem to have wizened features and careworn expressions; and with the children of a few years old you can only guess their ages by their height and development, for their faces look years in advance of their ages.

Some of these slum children, however, are beautiful in features, with big wistful eyes and angel expressions that make you feel if the

grime was washed off and the tangled hair combed into silky ringlets, they would grace any Fifth Avenue mansion with their beauty. All the greater is the shock of disillusion when you hear these very babies open their lips and pour out a stream of vile language coupled with oaths and blasphemy. The language used by even the smallest of slum children would be a terrible revelation to the uninitiated, could they hear it. But it only goes to show the awful taint in the atmosphere which their moral nature draws in at every breath. The tiny toddlers in the street, quarreling over a broken toy or some bit of rotten fruit picked from the gutter, will shriek at each other, "I'll murder you, I will," "I'll knife you," or "I'll kill you," in the most threatening and passionate manner. But these are only the echoes of more cruel threats made in dead earnest—and sometimes carried out before their very eyes—by those in whose steps they are following.

CRADLED IN VICE AND CRIME.

People talk with horror, as if it was a most unnatural thing for young lads and girls to turn early to vicious lives, but it must be remembered that from the cradle up they are accustomed to look upon vice in its most revolting forms. There are vices and sins that men and women of pure life know of only from hearsay, when their work brings them in touch with those whom they are trying to help and save from degradation, but which are altogether unknown and unthought of by those who have not to face them in such a mission. But alas, these babies know all there is to know of sin! Their sweet child-eyes are accustomed to it! They live in the crowded lodging-houses and tenements, where men, women and children are huddled promiscuously together in far closer quarters than those allotted to beasts; while the brutalizing effects of drink makes them lower in instinct and viler in action than the wild herds of the forest. What can you expect of the children of such homes? They are brought up in an atmosphere where pure and innocent feelings cannot develop. That which is sinful, immoral and wicked in thought, word and deed is not represented to them as such, but is the natural, everyday procedure of their elders. Thus they but follow on to be as those around them.

THE BLIGHT OF DRUNKENNESS.

It must be remembered that I deal not with the children of the poor merely, but the children of the *outcast*—the product of the slum itself, not the little birds of passage that drift there for a time when work is slack or through sickness and disablement of parents, who have come from honest homes, and will struggle on to make one again when times are better. There are many families we find in among the vicious who have striven hard to keep the wolf from the door, who patch the children's garments, and who will not become beggars or paupers, however much they may suffer.

Then there is the drink curse which overshadows the larger portion of these children. Its awful effect on child-life in the slums could fill a whole volume. First, there is the heritage. Some of them are born of drink-soaked parents. When we hear of a child born to parents who have some advanced disease of lung, or heart, or brain, we pity it and look with forebodings upon its future, feeling that sooner or later it will become the prey of its parent's enemy. But how much more should we pity the child of the woman who has been drinking hard for

years, and of the man who has lost all manly instincts in the saloon. There have been cases within our knowledge where drunken mothers have fallen in an unconscious stupor on the streets, and there in the cold cheerless night the little blighted life has dawned, and the first wail has but foreshadowed the sorrow, shame and despair that lay before it. There are other sad cases in which the mother has gone out to drink, leaving the little ones without food or fire, locked in their bare room. She has been arrested, taken to the station house by the police, and the little ones have been found long weary hours afterwards crying from hunger.

DIED FROM ALCOHOLIC POISONING.

One little baby was rescued from its fighting parents by our slum sisters, and when taken to our Salvation Army nursery it was in a stupor. A few days afterwards it died, and the doctor who performed the autopsy said it died as truly a victim of alcoholic poisoning as any older case he had had to diagnose. Be it remembered that this baby was but fifteen months old. Not only had it been nursed by a drunken mother, but the liquor had been poured down its little throat when it cried. Perhaps its lot is happier than those who do not receive the liquor in large enough doses to poison them right away, but drag through a drink-cursed life which ends in crime, State prison, or the electric chair.

Apart from the direct effect upon these poor little bodies there is the brutal treatment these little ones receive from drunken parents. Many a one when it comes to us has upon it the marks of violence—cuts, bruises, and scars. And generally they are found in a heart-breaking condition of neglect, details of which I could not possibly describe in print. To such as these our slum nursery is a blessed boon. The little ones are brought to us early in the morning, and through the day are lovingly and tenderly cared for—washed, clothed, and fed—allowed to sleep in peace or play in safety; and those who have been mere bags of bones, wizened, old, and feeble, seem to grow back to childhood under the sunny, loving influence.

(To be Continued.)

THE CREATION DAYS.

BY REV. N. WARDNER, D. D.

Were the six days of creation, as described in the first chapter of Genesis, solar days, or long geological periods?

Verse one reads, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." This shows that matter was not eternal, but God created it. This chapter reveals an adequate cause for every effect. What human theory does? It is not necessary to suppose that the six days named covered all the time from the creation spoken of in verse one.

Verse two reads, "And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." This revelation was made to man and for man, and therefore is naturally confined to what concerns man as a moral and spiritual being; and not to teach science or to gratify curiosity. What occurred ages before the earth was fitted up for his occupancy was of no moral or spiritual advantage to him. The Scriptures simply reveal the first great mystery of nature and its author, that man might know his creator and whom to adore and love. This second verse describes the condition the earth was in before the six days work began. How long it had existed, or how many transformations it had undergone since its creation, revelation does not define.

It might have been millions of years, and passed through thousands of transformations and been inhabited by many generations of animals and men, and yet not clash with anything stated in this chapter. God's revelation to man evidently began when *man* began, and not before. Had every human being perished in Noah's flood and God had created a new pair to populate the earth, it is not likely he would have revealed to them what happened before that flood. God only does, or reveals, what is needful, and leaves man to search out the rest. It was once claimed that the six days of Genesis must have been vast geological periods, because geology revealed just that number of strata in which corresponding productions were found. But later discoveries have revealed scores of such strata, which destroys that argument. Besides, similarity does not prove identity. Geology is in its infancy and its theories are but the guesses of men, multitudes of which have been exploded. Nearly every leading geologist has abandoned his own theories, and some have changed them many times. But no established fact of science contradicts the account given in this chapter. The definite and circumstantial account here given is unnatural if it applies to indefinite periods; because each period, called day, is represented to be, half of it *dark*, and half of it *light*, and designated "day and night," and the two together are declared to comprise one day—the sun ruling over the light part and the moon over the dark part, as at present. If the days here described were vast periods of time, when and by whom were they changed to solar days? and where is the record, or evidence of such change? Such supposition is contrary to all established rules of interpreting language, which demand the acceptance of the natural, common-sense meaning of statements, unless facts forbid it.

The processes of creation, were, doubtless, revealed to Moses, in vision, so that he was able to describe them as an on-looker would have done, much as revelations were made to the prophets.

The Hebrew of verse two, reads, "And the earth *became* a waste and a void." This signifies that it *had* been in a different condition, and, perhaps, many times, and also signifies what was needed to fit it for man's abode. Verse three reads, "And God said, Let there be light and there was light." Light was necessary for vegetable and animal existence, and so it was first provided. It is not said whether this light came from the sun or not; but science evidently teaches the previous existence of the sun and the daily revolution of the earth.

Again, it says, "Darkness was upon the face of the deep"—thus locating it, just as the statement about the darkness in Egypt located it in that region, allowing that light might exist elsewhere, as in Goshan. When the obstruction to the sun's rays, which caused that darkness, was removed, the sun shone upon Egypt as before. This darkness upon the face of the deep was, doubtless, caused by subterranean conclusions, bringing the internal fires into contact with the water of the seas, by which means the air was filled with dense vapor and smoke; and by God's power was so far dissipated on the first day as to admit the sun's light sufficiently to distinguish between the day and the night as the earth revolved on its axis; and when the fourth day arrived the mist was sufficiently dissipated so that the body of the sun could be seen. Such dense fogs often, in winter, settle down upon London and Glasgow, for days and weeks, so as to require artificial

light to do business; yet day and night are easily distinguished, and a change in the direction or temperature of the wind will disperse them and the sun again appear; yet all this time the sun shines elsewhere as usual.

To assign two radically different causes for one effect is unphilosophical, when one is sufficient, as in this case. The sun and the diurnal revolution of the earth are the divinely established causes of the day and night, and geology teaches that such short intervals of light and darkness existed long before man's introduction upon the scene, as is evidenced by the bountiful productions of forests, tender plants and ferns, together with animals, etc., having organs of vision like those now existing; which would have been impossible if those days were vast periods of one or more thousands of years long, half of which was one perpetual darkness, and the other half perpetual sunshine, as these days are described to be.

"God called the light day, and the darkness he called night, and the evening and the morning were the first day." The Hebrew for evening signifies sunset, or dark period, and the morning signifies sun-rise, or light period. This exactly describes a solar day such as has recurred in regular order ever since; and it is a description never given to any other period of time. The word day is often used to signify indefinite lengths of time, but they are never defined in this way, nor will they admit of such description. Literal words are often used figuratively, but figurative use never gives definition to the literal. The definite always explains the indefinite. The six days of labor and seventh of rest were evidently so divided with reference to man's physical and moral needs. He who spake the universe into being could as easily have fitted up the earth from that state of chaos in one day as in six days, or six thousand years; but he chose to be six days about it to establish an example and order for man—that he should work six days and rest on the seventh as God did. No such reason could apply to a period of seven thousand years or more.

Some say the light of the first three days could not have been from the sun, for that was not created till the fourth day. Does the Bible say so? Verse one says, "In the beginning God created the heaven." This could not mean space, for that admitted of no creation. It must mean the heavenly bodies, including the sun, so that the same laws and forces which hold all bodies in their places and spheres now probably originated then. On the fourth day the sun, moon and stars appeared by the atmosphere being cleared sufficiently; and then God declared the use to which they were appointed. Astronomers tell us that some of the fixed stars are so distant that it took 50,000 years for their light to reach the earth; yet we know from the history of the human race that man has been upon the earth but a mere fraction of that time, proving that the stars were created ages before the time Moses was here describing.

Again, man was created on the sixth day, evidently at its commencement, since he and the woman comprised the creative work of that day. Adam, after being created, received his commission, named the beasts, slept and lost a rib which was returned in the form of a woman, whom he married, when they were put into the garden and received their orders for life. If this day was one or more thousand years long, Adam was a hundred or thousand years old at its close. The next day God rested from all creative work, at the close of which he blessed

and sanctified it, thus setting it apart to a sacred use "for the man." Mark 2: 27. It does not read, God sanctified the seventh day because he had *begun* to rest on it; but because he *had rested on it from all his work which he had made*. Now, if each of the six preceding days was a vast period so was the seventh; for no distinction is made, and so at the close of it Adam must have been between one and two thousand years or more. Then we are told that after this he fell by transgression. Afterwards Cain and Abel were born and grew to manhood and became husbandmen—then at the cutting off of days (vast periods?), they made offerings to God, of which Abel's was accepted and Cain's rejected, which led to the murder of Abel. Then we are told that "Adam lived one hundred and thirty years and begat Seth. And the days of Adam after he begat Seth were eight hundred years. And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died." This declaration is in perfect harmony with the present order of days and years, as proved by the history of the race. Methuselah was cotemporary with Adam, and with Shem till he was a married man, and Shem was for many years cotemporary with Abraham. These facts leave but little chance for errors in human history from Adam down.

Now let those who insist that these creative days were not solar days, but vast geological periods, reconcile their theory with this inspired record of facts.

If any of those seven days were vast, indefinite periods of time they *all* must have been, for no distinction in length is hinted at. If they were, Adam might have been 2,000 or 20,000 years old before he fell, and then he lived 930 years more. But the statement is unequivocal that, "*All the days that Adam lived were 930 years, and he died.*" In chapter eight we are informed that a year contained twelve months, of *about* thirty days each, like our present method of measuring years.

The conclusion seems inevitable, either that the sixth and seventh days of the creation week were natural days, or else the Scripture statement concerning the age of Adam is false. And if they were natural solar days so were the preceding five.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 2, 1894.

The Cornell University is made conspicuous by the conduct of some of her undergraduates who undertook to smoke out a freshman banquet with deadly chlorine gas. One life was sacrificed, and others nearly. Gen. Longett, while acting as Commissioner of Patents years ago, lost a son who was tumbled over a precipice while being initiated into a Cornell Society. Rowdy college boys ought to be subjected to the law and to police control like other law breakers.

The Senate is investigating charges against ex-Assistant Secretary of State Quincy directly involving Commissioner of Patents Seymour. The proofs may or may not clearly establish the allegations of favoritism and abuse of official and political influence in awarding contracts. But certain facts are indisputable. A contract for photolithographing was denied a firm that had long done the work to everybody's satisfaction, and was given to a new company organized for the occasion, and at practically the same rate and this to the great annoyance and inconvenience of the public. The work of the new company was much

delayed and was and is very inferior. Besides this the new company has been given a job of illustrating expired patents in the Official Gazette which is about as useless a piece of expensive public printing as was ever known, and a great incumbrance to the Gazette.

Sugar, Iron, Lead Ore, Wool, Lumber, are on the free list in the Wilson Bill, and would stay there but for the necessity of conciliating a part of the dozen or more Democratic senators whose States are deeply interested in these articles. The question is how small a duty upon how few of these articles will secure enough of the hold-back votes. A duty will be put on sugar, iron and lead in all probability.

The Senate Committee on Hawaii reports in favor of ultimate annexation, but condemns nobody, unless silence as to Stevens and a very moderate tone as to the "righting of a great wrong" condemns the administration by implication.

Winter. The storm which dropped down from the empyrean of frost upon the Gulf Coast last week, and swept from Eastern Texas and Florida to Pennsylvania, New York and the far North, moved its center along the Atlantic Coast at about the rate of 40 miles an hour. It had a diameter on shore of 500 miles and extended as far out to sea. Like other storms it rushed northward against a north-east wind which drove the snow-covered and ice-loaded vessels from the white hidden depths of the wild Atlantic onto our "stern and rock-bound coast." How sailors handle ropes and sails of ice and strive too often in vain, to keep off an ugly lee shore hidden from them by a thick driving snow, is a fearful thing to think of.

A Ducking Party. At 3 o'clock Monday morning President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham started in the storm, that hid everything a hundred yards distant, for a week's hunting on the coast of North Carolina. Probably even such a dismal sail was a relief from the importunities of office seekers, the dilatoriness of the Senate on the tariff, the persistence of the silver men in the House, the adverse conclusions of the Senate Committee on Hawaii, the remembered rebuffs of Supreme Court nominations and untoward election reports. The hunting party sailed back of the storm, beyond the reach of telegrams and away from the cares of State and the annoyances of insistent friends and biting enemies. CAPITAL.

SOME THINGS FROM MY "NOTE BOOK."

BY REV. A. H. LEWIS.

I am always homesick when Sixth-day night comes and I cannot attend prayer-meeting. I have not seen the RECORDER for two weeks, and that is a double cause for being homesick. It is hard to understand how some people who are seldom, if ever, more than five minutes' walk from prayer-meeting on Sixth-day night always stay at home, as though prayer-meetings have no place in their Christian life. I suspect that those are likely to be the people who would be considerably embarrassed if the editor were to ask them if they had read some special editorial he had written for the benefit of those "who seldom read the RECORDER." (By the way, has the editor grown wise enough to be able to avoid placing such persons in an uncomfortable position by an unlucky inquiry of that kind, wherein they must seem to remember what they have never read, or worse still, where they are compelled to evade and explain in ways which come perilously near to—that which is next skin to—what Mr. Weller would have called "prevarication.")

There are a good many people who say, "We are miserable sinners," as a part of their creed, who would be greatly offended if their neighbors accepted the statement as a fact and acted accordingly.

If a man is to "love his neighbor as himself," he must rise above the idea of doing it as an "unpleasant duty." No man ever loved himself "as a duty."

I watched the ocean a long time to-day. It was so quiet and self-controlled that it seemed akin to omnipotence; and so it is. All this wondrous combination of divine powers which we call "nature," is God thus expressing himself. I am passionately fond of "the woods and the waters," because I find so much of God in them.

It was a part of "Hiram Golf's Religion," that God blesses a warehouse as much as he does a church, if it be conducted on religious principles; and Hiram was right. Unsanctified business is a shameful offense in the presence of God.

Hiram once answered a skeptic after this fashion: "An ant said to an elephant, come down to my level and let me measure you, or I won't believe that you exist."—I have known men who refused to believe in God because he refused to be weighed on their "four pound scales."

Some men—women too!—remind you of a cold, cruel, inviting March day when the wind is in the east and grows spiteful all day because there is not a meaner quarter into which it can get. What a heart there must be back of such a life! Get closer to the fire lest this thought gives you a chill, and get close to Christ lest some one say of you, "the wind is in the east."

He who has no future hopes will have few present joys. It is of no account that we are here and happy to-day, if to-day is all.

Some men complain of spiritual experiences as unreal and fanciful, because they have never known and cannot see them in your heart. The chemist cannot see the colorless gas which his science has imprisoned in a glass jar, but he knows that is the essence of reality.

I was on the battle fields of "Fair Oaks," and "Seven Pines," a few days ago. When those terrible struggles began, certain "general orders" were given, but hundreds of "special orders," and thousands of these for single individuals were issued and repeated before the battles were over. Christians can start life on "general orders," but Christ will have special orders and demands for specific personal service, times without number before his work is done. Prayer, daily prayer, is Christ's method of conveying these orders. He who does not pray will not get such orders; neither will he do much in carrying out "general orders." Such a man will not be at the front in the hour of victory.

A single truth, one new, right idea is enough to change a life on earth and an eternal destiny. I have ridden for miles this morning over a railroad which runs along the dead level of sand dunes, scrub pines and scrubby oaks; here and there a good farm wrought out by care, labor and struggle. How many years of Christian life have risen above the dead level of "scrub pine" plains? Don't dodge the question. How much spiritual timber has grown in the soil of your life, which is like white oak fit for use, from a "lawful fence" to "number one ship plank?" You need not send your answer to the RECORDER, but it

would do you good to interview the Recording Angel on this point.

One of the railroad men just told me that this road was at first a "narrow gauge; in time the gauge was broadened, and now it is a good "broad gauge, double track," with plenty of "express trains." Reader, has your Christian life been more than an old time "narrow gauge?" That is not what Christ demands now. You will starve on an "experience" which has been drying up for forty years.

These farms are like Christians who are so poor in "good works" that Satan does not care to spend a cent in trying to make them any poorer. He is as sure of them as the "first mortgage" is of these farms. Wonder if he will find them a "bad investment" even for him.

We just passed a white oak, short, rugged, and gnarled, which reminds me of Oliver Cromwell. I wish that this year, 1894, might develop ten thousand Cromwellian Seventh-day Baptists, of the most vigorous "second growth," all of whom would read the RECORDER.

Across the landscape, miles away, I see the trail of a locomotive, *i. e.*, its smoke and steam in the bright morning air, and I am justified in concluding that another railroad is there, although I see no other sign. Does God see the trail of your good works, your earnest endeavors, and your loving service, whenever he views the landscape of your life? Are you running a loaded express train in behalf of Christ and his church?

Here is a "new town," consisting mainly of half-graded streets and flaming advertisements of "building lots on easy terms." That is the way in which the devil brings many young men to ruin—"building lots on easy terms." The only element of truth in Satan's advertisement is this: If you want building lots in Sodom the terms are "easy." All else is falsehood. How about these building lots? I do not know.

We just passed an old farm, with fine fields, and evidences of thrift; but there are evidences that three or four generations of working people have put their lives and labors into those acres. Happy indeed is that church that can say, "Oh Christ, come this way and see and reap the results of many generations of working Christians, sheaves that we have gathered." Prayer-meeting closed half an hour ago. Perhaps the editor of the RECORDER will wish that I had done likewise.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., March 9, 1894.

TELEPHONES FOR EVERYBODY.

The expiration of the patent on the magnet telephone places a very useful piece of mechanism at the free disposal of American householders. Magnet telephones are not commonly used as transmitters, but are convenient and satisfactory for talking over short routes. The lapse of patent which protected them is hardly like to have much effect upon the general telephone system of cities. People who wish to be in communication with many places or many people will doubtless keep the service which they have now. But for private lines connecting dwellings with one or two points the magnet telephones will answer very well. It is a very common experience for families to have one or two places with which it is a special convenience to be able to talk. Near relatives or intimate friends often desire to be so connected, but do not care for a telephone for general use. The magnet telephone will fit such cases, and has now the great recommendation that it can be bought outright, so that the first cost of it is the only outlay that it involves, and even that will not be great. The magnet telephone will be especially useful in the country, where the matter of stringing up a wire is a simple thing, involving no electric risks, and no invasion of property.

MISSIONS.

WE hope the friends of missions will not forget the need of Sing Chung. Read again the appeal made by Bro. Livermore in the RECORDER of Feb. 221, and send in your contributions to him for that most worthy object. Let the \$120 be speedily raised.

THE all controlling love in a man's heart is that which moulds his character. If the love of the world is that controlling love, he will have a worldly character. If it is the love of mammon, he will have the character of mammon. If it is the love of Christ that reigns and rules in his heart, he will have a Christly character. Only our character can we take into eternity. What is the all controlling love of your soul? What kind of character are you making for time and eternity?

WHAT is your weight? I do not mean your weight in avoirdupois. What is your weight in lifting for right and truth? What is your weight in business integrity? What is the weight of your word, your promise? What is your weight in every cause which is for the good of a community? What is your weight in the cause of Christ? What is your weight in any true reform? What is the weight of your character, and in what direction does it weigh? As it is so is your worth or no worth to God or man.

A WRITER says: "Missionary sentiment is valuable only when it is properly combined with missionary sense and cents." Their is a play upon words yet there is a good point in it. A sentiment is a thought prompted by feeling or deliberate reasoning and leads to action. There is plenty of missionary sentiment which does not do anything for missions. It will criticise what is being done, and tell what should be done but does not do it. The missionary sentiment needed to plant and maintain missions, to spread the gospel and save souls is a sentiment which goes to work to accomplish the thing desired. There are three kinds of action required to give success to missions, namely, prayer, personal work, and giving. A missionary sentiment which leads its possessor to pray fervently, to work zealously, and give liberally for missions, is a missionary sentiment of the right sort, and the more of it we have the better in the grand work of bringing men at home and abroad to the saving knowledge of Christ.

THE purpose of the Missionary Secretary in visiting the churches is first to beget and increase in our people the missionary spirit, and bring the churches into a close touch with the Missionary Society. This is done by missionary sermons and addresses, putting before them the great work of evangelization to which every Christian is called of God to be an earnest and devoted worker, and a generous giver; and also to present the condition and needs of our various mission fields, and the many open doors which we as a people should enter. The second purpose of these visits is to get the churches to adopt the envelope system of giving to our two societies where they have not adopted it, and where they have, to make it, if possible, more wide-spread and efficient. The Secretary is better satisfied when he can get the churches themselves to put into operation

the envelope system and aid them in doing it, rather than do it all himself. He does not propose to come in as an outsider and do it. He is to co-operate with the church in securing it, and feels then that the system will be kept up. That pastor is the most successful who is able to set others to work, and thereby makes the members more interested and active, and the church stronger and better for it. The Missionary Secretary does not canvass the families for mission funds, but leaves that to the voluntary giving of the people, and such funds he is ready to gratefully receive for the Missionary Society. Where there is begotten a live missionary spirit and interest and maintained, there will be no trouble about the coming in of mission funds into the treasury of the Lord. In the 2d Alfred Church we found the envelope system in partial operation, and the two days spent in calling upon the families with the church canvassers will materially increase the giving to the societies and make the system more general. This church raised last year for denominational work by its weekly collections, and through the Young People's and the Ladies' Societies, about \$190. There were also some special contributions by some of the members. There has been quite a change in the 1st Alfred Church in its method of raising funds. After a thorough and able sermon on "Church Economics," as applied to the 1st Alfred Church, by Pastor B. C. Davis, which we read with great interest, the church was led to adopt the envelope system in raising all its funds for both its own support and for the societies. It employed its Treasurer as canvasser, and right loyally and efficiently has he done his work. The weekly income now through the envelopes is between \$30 and \$40. Here at the good pastor's home we were taken with acute laryngitis and catarrhal fever and under the doctor's care for three days. The engagement to preach at the 1st Alfred Church on Sabbath morning, and to the students of Alfred University Sunday morning had to be cancelled. Through the care of the doctor and the good nursing of the pastor and his wife, for which we are very grateful, the engagement to preach Sabbath, March 3d, at Andover in the morning, and at Wellsville in the afternoon, was met, though in a poor physical condition for it, because of a severe cough and hoarseness. The envelope system has never been adopted as such by these two churches, though practiced by a few of the members. After the sermon the Andover Church appointed an excellent committee to canvass the church for the Missionary and Tract Societies, and envelopes have been put into their hands. The Wellsville Church will do likewise at their next church meeting. The Independence Church adopted systematic giving under its former pastor, H. D. Clarke, and though it is not universally practiced by its members it has worked quite successfully. The weekly collections for the two societies last year were about \$70. No doubt its operation in this church this year will be more general and efficient. Pastor Madison Harry is very much liked by the people, and is giving them excellent sermons and faithful pastoral visitation. Such is our general physical condition with continued hoarseness and a severe cough that sticks closer than a brother, we fear that we shall be compelled to give up further work on this field and go home for repairs.

THE hypocrite may be a very neat imitation of a Christian, but no one is deceived long.

FROM L. F. SKAGGS.

I will send you a few items from this field. We have had one of the pleasantest winters ever known by our oldest settlers in Southwestern Missouri. We have had as warm winters but they have been very wet, but this winter has been warm, very dry, only one snow, just enough to make the ground white, and soon gone and scarcely enough rain to keep the dust laid. There is considerable sickness at present, mostly what the doctors call *la grippe*. Some pneumonia, fever, and plenty of every thing to sustain life. About the only scarce thing is money. Religiously in some respects it is very encouraging, though we have some discouragements. There have been more successful revivals the past autumn and winter so far than there have been for several years past. One of the discouraging features is the liquor traffic.

There are only about five government distilleries in three counties in Southern Missouri. If the rest of the counties in the State were up to the three mentioned, why, the devil would be abundantly supplied with his soul and body destroying liquid fire. Through his agents, wicked men, who are willing to engage in this work of the wicked one, for the sake of filthy lucre, and some of them are professed Christians, the fearful work goes on. The writer was speaking to a leading church member how he regretted and was made to feel sad, that the professed friends of Christ would assist, in any way, such a curse. Oh, he says, it ought to be a good Christian man at every distillery, to see that it is made pure. I said why not keep up the line, and have a good man behind the bar, to deal it out pure, and have another good man to open the gate to let him in to the place he has fitted himself for?

On the 27th ult. the writer commenced a series of meetings at Lorenzo Chapel, continued until Jan 1st, then left the meeting in the care of Eld. E. K. Peebles, Baptist, and Eld. L. P. Crank, of the M. E. Church. The writer, while absent, visited the Corinth Church, Barry county, and preached four times. On First-day preached on the Perpetuity of the Moral Law. There was one First-day Baptist minister present, who came forward when the service closed, and said he believed in the perpetuity of the moral law, and requested that the writer would preach a discourse upon the perpetuity of the seventh day as the Sabbath of the Lord our God, which I have consented to do in next month. As I returned to the railroad I stopped at Shady Grove Church, where a series of meetings were being held by two First-day Baptist ministers. By request stopped here and preached three times. When I left this place for my home there were nine or ten humble seekers after Christ. Your missionary had a kind reception at this place, and was requested to remain longer, but he felt that he ought to return to the meeting he left in progress at Lorenzo Chapel. I reached this place the 11th, and continued the services until the 14th, day and night. There were twelve converted and some eight or ten asking for prayers. There was a general awakening throughout the neighborhood, among Christians. I will start the 18th to Texas county to visit the Providence Church. I cannot fill half of the calls, or requests to preach at different places. There is one place in Texas county where there has been an urgent request for nearly a year, for me to hold a series of meetings. Pray for this needy field. May God bless you and yours and all that call upon our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in sincerity.
Boaz, Mo.

WOMAN'S WORK.

OMISSION.

BY MARION HARLAND.

I might have said a word of cheer
Before I let him go.
His weary visage haunts me yet;
But how could I foreknow
The slightest chance would be the last
To me in mercy given?
My utmost yearnings cannot send
That word from earth to heaven.

I might have looked the love I felt;
My brother had sore need
Of that for which—two shy and proud—
He lacked the speech to plead.
But self is near, and self is strong,
And I was blind that day;
He sought within my careless eyes
And went, athirst, away.

I might have held in closer clasp
The hand he laid in mine;
The pulsing warmth of my rich life
Had been a generous wine,
Swelling a stream that, even then,
Was ebbing faint and slow.
Mine might have been (God knows!) the art
To stay the fatal flow.

O, word and look and clasp withheld!
O, brother-heart, now stilled!
Dear life, forever out of reach,
I might have warmed and filled!
Talents misused and season lost,
O'er which I mourn in vain—
A waste as barren to my tears
As desert sands to rain!

Ah, friend! whose eyes to-day may look
Love into living eyes,
Whose tone and touch, perchance, may thrill
Sad hearts with sweet surprise,
Be instant, like your Lord, in love,
And lavish as His grace,
With light and dew and manna-fall,
For night comes on apace.

—Congregationalist.

PRAYER.

What is true prayer? Is it a mere form of words addressed to no one in particular, or is it communing with the principle of good as it exists in the world and in man's better nature, or is it an intelligent desire of the soul addressed the Supreme Being?

Some argue that God does not answer prayer, that the sole benefit of prayer is the reflex action upon the suppliant. That there is a reflex action upon the individual no thinking person will deny; but that would be the incentive to prayer with the idea that no God exists, or if he does, that he will not listen to our petition? In early life when my trials seemed more than I could bear I would go to mother and pour out the story of my woes into her ear, and perhaps with an outburst of grief say, "I can bear this no longer." She listened to my story, and if she could, and thought best to do so, removed the cause of my grief; but if not, she soothed and encouraged me by holding up the promise of God that all things, not some, should work together for my good if I submitted to the counsels of the Lord. Her grace was sufficient for me. My spirit was strengthened by communing with her and I took up the burden with new life and pressed forward to the goal. She always heard my petitions; sometimes she removed the trial, sometimes, when she might have done so she did not, but imparted to me the strength to do and bear, knowing that that was best for me. But the death angel entered our home, laid his icy hand upon that faithful counsellor, closed those ears and sealed those lips. Then when trials came I no longer looked to mother for comfort because I knew she was not there to hear. So, if you convince me there is no God, or if there is, that he does not hear prayer, I shall not offer prayer long to cause a reflex action upon myself. What a soul-inspiring thought to go out some starlight night, and gaze up into the heavens and offer

a prayer to nobody for the sake of reflex action upon yourself. Sublime imagination! But I prefer something more substantial. I prefer to worship the God that stretched out those heavens and lit them up with such dazzling splendor, and whose ear is ever open to the cries and adoration of his children.

True prayer is the intelligent desire of the heart addressed to the Deity, and not communing with the principle of good as it exists in our better nature. As well might the helpless child pray to the good within itself, instead of its parents, to provide for its temporal wants as for the child of God to pray to the good in his soul to provide for his spiritual needs.

Prayer may be expressed by words, by the upturned eye, by the silent tear, or it may be between the soul and God; but it must be the intelligent desire of the heart appealing to God. If any one is in doubt on this question I recommend that he read all that is said in the Bible on the subject; for surely the matter is plainly set forth there. All true prayer will be heard, and sometime, somehow, the answer will come. Many prayers are not answered because they are contrary to the divine will. All true prayer must be sealed with "Thy will be done." Perhaps a word of personal experience may not be amiss here. I believe my life has been spared twice in answer to prayer; once in a hospital after I had undergone a surgical operation, which several surgeons said would certainly result in death. I told my attendants I should live, having received that assurance before I submitted to the operation. After I had been pronounced out of danger the matron said to me, "Your life has been saved by your faith, and I have told the nurses so. There is no other way to account for your being here." Then she looked into my eye with an earnestness I shall never forget and said, "You don't know anything about the dangers you have passed through." Before I received that assurance I had to submit the matter to God's will, and promise, if my life was spared, it should be devoted to his service wherever he chose to have me be. So it was the second time, only the conflict was longer, because the cords that bound me to earth had been strengthened; but the prayer was unavailing until my heart bowed in submission to God's will, and then the assurance came that my life would be prolonged.

Sometimes our prayers are answered so differently from what we expect that we think God has not heard, when in reality he has given us the best possible answer, and perhaps the only one he could under the circumstances. A fond mother, as she clasped her child to her breast in the early twilight, prayed that the Lord would keep his soul pure, that no stain of sin might ever be found thereon. At midnight she waked to find her baby dead. In astonishment she asked the Lord, "Why he had mocked her thus?" The reply came, "I have answered your prayer in the only way possible. Had your child remained on earth his soul must have been marred by sin; but I have translated him where he will never feel its withering blight." "O Lord," she moaned, "I dare not pray, thou answerest in such strange ways," but as the morning light came stealing through her window, she bowed her head and said: "Thy will O God be done."

James says, "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." Our prayers too often breathe a spirit of selfishness, and in love the Lord withholds the answer. Our vision is

limited. We know not what to pray for unless we are led by the spirit of God.

"O Thou by whom we come to God—
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!"

MRS. N. WARDNER.

LITTLE THINGS.

She was a plain, hard-working woman, who always had to count every penny, over and over before she dared spend it, yet so thoughtful was she that her life counted for more than many whose opportunities and abilities are almost limitless.

She felt that she could not deny herself the luxury of a daily paper, so each evening a penny was spent for one, and regularly as the next morning came it was sent to a rheumatic gentleman in the next block who could not buy one, but who enjoyed it immensely, notwithstanding the fact that it was nearly twenty-four hours old. Her weekly church paper was regularly sent to a young mother whose cares kept her closely at home, for this good woman understood how it might be very easy for her, in the work and hurry and worry and lack of church privileges, to slip back in the Christian race. Often, too, on pleasant Sabbaths did she care for this young mother's little flock that she might attend divine service and drink in the rich truths that came from sermon, prayer and song.

Very rarely indeed did a Sabbath pass that she did not invite to dinner some young man or woman whose home was not in town, thus exerting a most potent influence on their lives, for although she did not "talk religion" she lived it, and her sincere friendliness spoke volumes to homesick souls, and the home-spirit of her board, and the afternoon that followed kept more than one young man and woman from being led into questionable things.

Many other "little things" was this woman constantly doing; little things which come within the range and means of all, if we "only think."

God grant that the recording angel may not write opposite our names, "For lack of thought she failed to do what she could." — *Clara Sensebauch Everts, in Woman's World of the Wisconsin.*

The clipping above presents thoughts as to the possible service in "little things." By taking hold of the little opportunities of life a powerful influence may be exerted for good. We are so apt to feel that there is nothing for us home-keepers to do, because we cannot take up some of the more prominent work of the gospel. Both from the teaching and the example of Christ we are shown that it is the duty of all his followers to be actively employed in such ways as shall develop the higher nature and lead out to the well-being of society and to the glory of God. The first words that we hear from our Saviour's lips were, "Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Like him we should be constantly on the watch to minister to the physical and spiritual needs of others.

There is no place for selfishness, not even in the preparation for life's work. We cannot be unmindful of those about us, neither should we hesitate to sacrifice our own immediate good that they may share the culture needed to fit them for life and usefulness. If we would be like Christ we must "be instant in season and out of season," careful for the little services that come within our reach, that we may grow and strengthen for the greater things that may come to us. Mr. Moody has said, "If a man tells me he has been saved of Christ, and yet has no desire to work for him, I know it is not a true salvation; it has not the ring of heaven in it." The full heart will take a wide view of the field of labor and interest, and not be re-

stricted to one home, one church, or one country, for all the world needs to be lifted up to higher ground and to holier purposes. If we would have the approval, "Well done, good and faithful servant," we must obey at once, the dictates of an approved conscience, and not wait for our "second thoughts" to come limping and doubtful, making way for some selfish excuse, till the opportunity to reach other minds and mould other hearts is lost.

This often requires much self-denial, but is it not true that this brings the greatest good? Christ did not redeem the world by sitting in majesty on his heavenly throne, but by hanging on the cross."

Since there is a variety of gifts there is a variety of service. God distributes his gifts to his children, and no one is sufficient of himself for all. As there is great diversity of stones in the temple, and each one has its place and use, so each Christian has his place and luster in the temple of service, and each one is as responsible as the other for what has been intrusted to him. Each one must do what he is best fitted to do, and do it faithfully and well, but no one is excused from duty. Every community presents opportunity for labor of every kind that is acceptable to God and in accord with the instructions in his Word. While much can be done by those who possess great special gifts, there are many duties that belong alike to God's children. As members of the church of Christ we are required to uphold the banner of righteousness, to sustain all her appointments, and to do all our service for the Master in her name, that we may be true to our covenant to work together for the good of one another, and shine as lights in the world, that others may "see our good works and glorify our Father who is in heaven."

May our lives in unstained whiteness ever shine,
With no cloud to dim the brightness of love divine.

J. B. M.

FORGET-NOTS.

1. Forget Not daily private prayer. When you pray God is present. He hears! he knows!
2. Forget Not daily private Bible reading. God speaks to you in his Word. Believe and do what he says.—Heb. 11: 6.
3. Forget Not every night to ask, "What have I done for Jesus to-day? Let not a day pass without something for him."
4. Forget Not whenever you are in doubt as to whether a thing is right or wrong, to go straight to God with it, and wait for his answer. You can afford to wait.
5. Forget Not to take the model of your life from Jesus and not from Christians. He says, "Follow me," not mine.
6. Forget Not to take God's way, not your own; God's thought, not yours; what God says, not what you think or feel.—1 John 5:10-12.
7. Forget not that you are the child of a King, and behave yourself like one of the royal family.
8. Forget Not that you are the World's Bible. Your life is a daily commentary on the Book, and the only one that men take time to read.
9. Forget Not that Christ is coming. Be ready!

ISRAEL'S "HEAPS."

Once when the children of Israel brought their tithes—the "holy things which were consecrated unto the Lord their God"—it is said that they "laid them by heaps." For several months they went on adding to these heaps, until one day, when the king and princes came in and saw what had been thus gathered, "they blessed the Lord and his people." They were then told that "since the people began to bring the offerings into the house of the Lord, we have had enough to eat, and have left plenty;

for the Lord hath blessed his people; and that which is left is this great store."

Is it not even so? Have you ever given anything to the Lord, "holy things, consecrated" by prayer, a true tithing of your possessions, without having "enough left," and being surprised yourself at the blessing which seemed to follow your gift? And you would probably also wonder at the "heap" that your many small offerings would make if laid together.

You have perhaps given to the Master's work what you could, and as you gave it, made it sacred by the prayer that went with it; and then have thought within yourself that after all it was not much, that it was hardly worth giving, it could do so little toward advancing Christ's kingdom on earth. Still, year after year your holy offering has been laid upon the altar, and the blessing of God has been upon you. You have still had "enough" for your needs, although self-denial has sometimes had to precede the offering. And now if you could see your humble gifts, multiplied in power and usefulness as God does multiply insignificant things which are brought to him when he calls for them, you would see "heaps" instead of the simple, insignificant trifles which you thought you gave. Holiness, consecrated gift, blessing, "gathered heap," "great store,"—these seem to be linked together in this old story of the Chronicles.

How comforting to the many small givers, where the smallness is from necessity, not from choice! How encouraging to you, fellow Christian, if you have truly been giving your utmost, little by little, with loving, praying heart, and who yet feel so dissatisfied with the small amount of your gifts! Add to your little "heap," for the work of the Lord, as he enables you to do it; and be sure that in the end it will be true of you, too, and the King himself will say it, that "the Lord hath blessed" you, and you have "great store" up yonder.

IMPORTANCE OF SMALL DEEDS.

I remember hearing of a person who was always trying to do some great thing for the Lord, and because he could not do a great thing he never did anything. There are a great many who would be willing to do great things if they could come up and have their names heralded through the press. I heard of a man's dream in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for some time, he discovered that one stone was missing. All finished but just one little stone left out. He said to the angel, "Why is this stone left out?" The angel replied, "That was left out for you, but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you." He was startled and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker of God; and that man always worked faithfully after that.—*Moody.*

DR. H. M. CLARK, of Amritsar, reports a significant conversation with a friendly Hindu. "Do you mind telling me," said Dr. Clark, "which of all our methods you fear the most?" "Why should I put weapons into the hands of the enemy?" replied the Hindu, "but I will tell you. We do not greatly fear your schools; we need not send our children. We do not fear your books, for we need not read them. We do not fear your preaching; we need not listen. But we dread your women and we dread your doctors, for your doctors are winning our hearts, and your women are winning our homes, and when our hearts and our homes are won what is there left us?"—*Missionary Review.*

LITTLE Mabel is very fond of her brothers and sisters, and one day when they were scuffling somewhat roughly she became frightened and almost started to cry. When she saw they were only fooling, she tried hard to look unconcerned; but her big brother noticed the struggle she was having to keep back the tears.

"What's the matter, Mabel?" he asked.
"Nothing," lisped the tot.
"But your eyes are wet."
"Ess. Dey's sweatin'."—*Ex.*

UNCONVERTED.

ANNIE L. HOLBERTON.

Do you say that the world is a stage
And this life but an act that is played,
Every one for himself
In a struggle for pelf
Mid the scenes where its drama is laid?
That our fate is a matter of chance,
Our religion a mask of disguise,
That the soul's faith and prayer
Mid temptation and care,
All in vain to Omnipotence rise?
Oh, brother deluded with pride,
In your sense of self-righteousness strong,
You may scoff and deride
But God's truth will abide
To accuse and convict you of wrong.
Will your own code of reason avail
When the voice that now calls you in vain,
In His name to believe,
While the spirit you grieve
By rejecting the Lamb that was slain?
When that voice which is pleading to-day
Speaks the last final judgment on high,
He whose word you contemn
In the presence of men
Will your name before heaven deny.
You aver that of those who profess
The religion of Jesus to-day,
There are many whose blame
Puts his precepts to shame,
Who from rectitude oft go astray.
But if so, then is God the less true?
Is his word the less holy and right?
And are any who croak
Of Christianity's cloak
Yet exempt from the law in his sight?
Saviour, still to thy cross let us cling,
In thy promises help us to live;
Though we fail by the way,
For thy mercy we'll pray,
Who can all our transgression forgive.
Oh, draw near in the strength of thy love
To the souls who in coldness abide
And help them to see,
But believing in thee
Can the hope of salvation betide.
Father, teach thou the loving and loved
Whose fond hearts beat so loyal and true,
To thy altar to bring
The soul's first offering,
And thereon plight their pledges anew.

ILL WORDS FLY FAR.

A minister, who lived more than three hundred years ago, was anxious to show a lady in his congregation the evil of slandering others. So he asked her to do a very strange thing—to go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went.

The lady did as she was directed, and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction.

"Retrace your steps," said the minister, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered."

"I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my daughter," the minister replied, "so it is with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back, now, if you can. Go, sin no more."—*Selected.*

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts in February, 1894.

Berlin, N. Y., Sabbath-school	\$ 10 00
Milton Church	14 51
Plainfield Church	48 43
Farina Church	9 47
Farina Sabbath-school, G. F.	9 38
" " S. M. S.	10 00
" " C. M.	5 91—34 74
Received through Woman's Board:	
Miss Burdick's salary	117 53
Nurse Fund	5 00
Dispensary Fund	10 45
Holmes' Bed in Hospital	25 00
" " " " " "	71
Dr. Swinney's return	1 00
Home Missions	45
China Mission	10 00
General Fund	70 57—240 71
Edna B. Hall, Treas. Little Genesee, N. Y.	1 86
Interest on Permanent Fund	8 75
Utica Sabbath-school, C. M.	10 00
Y. P. S. C. E. of Hebron, Pa., pledged last year for salary of Rev. J. L. Huffman	28 68
E. E. Whitford, Factoryville, Pa.	5 00
First Hopkinton Church	34 00
Litcklaen " "	1 00
New York City " "	14 10
Joseph V. est, State Bridge, N. Y.	2 00
First Brookfield Church	9 87
Dr. and Mrs. Cliff Brown, Brookfield, N. Y., Bed in Hospital	25 00
Interest on Permanent Fund	21 00
	\$ 509 65

E. & O. E.

WESTERLY, B. I., Feb. 28, 1894.

A. L. CHESTER, Treas.

HISTORICAL & BIOGRAPHICAL.

GEO. H. BABCOCK AND MILTON COLLEGE.

The next morning after receiving a telegram announcing the death of Mr. Babcock, Pres. Whitford stated at the chapel exercises the substance of the telegram to his associate teachers and the students of the College. Great surprise and pain were felt by all present. It did not seem possible, that one whose portrait, hanging for years on the chapel walls, had become familiar to many students and visitors, and whose presence and talks at the College occasionally in the past thirteen years had given inspiration to hundreds of earnest youth, it did not seem possible, that his bright face and erect form would be seen no more in Milton. The hearts of all were too sad for the utterance of many words. Only a few were spoken, and these were of sympathy for the bereaved family and the afflicted community where Mr. Babcock resided. Pres. Whitford said that on some future morning he would present in detail an account of the life and an analysis of the character of the deceased. He would then afford the students an opportunity to make a suitable expression of their sentiments in regard to this noble benefactor of the institution. He also said that he greatly desired to be present at the funeral services of one who had, for nearly forty-six years, been a constant and most reliable friend to him; but that he was prevented from doing so by the imperative duties resting upon him in organizing the classes, then at the beginning of the winter term. He had telegraphed his condolence and his regrets that he could not join with others in attending the last sorrowful rites, and there showing his profound esteem and sincerest love for his departed friend.

Shortly before the Memorial Services for Mr. Babcock were held at Plainfield, N. J., the faculty and the students of the College passed resolutions, in which they expressed their great sadness in learning of his death, their high appreciation of his labors and character, and their deep gratitude for his liberal gifts to the college at various times in the past thirteen years. They authorized Pres. Whitford to furnish a statement of their action, to be read at the Memorial Services, in accordance with the request he had received from those in charge of them.

Since 1881, Mr. Babcock had been an honored trustee of the College. Before this time, as well as afterwards, he had been its warm friend and kindly adviser. Words of commendation of its policy, management, carefulness of instruction and religious spirit, had often fallen from his lips. He had, on various occasions, made inquiries as to its financial condition, the attendance of its students, and the proficiency of certain ones in whom he had taken special interest. He fully understood the relations which the College sustains to the Seventh-day Baptists in the West, and to the growth of their churches in the future. He contributed largely toward the maintenance of this school, with the purpose of thus aiding these people and these churches in advancing the ends which they have in view by the better education of their young people at Milton.

Upon learning, about fourteen years ago, that the College had contracted heavy debts in meeting its running expenses, Mr. Babcock offered soon afterwards to give it \$10,000 toward its endowment fund, provided its friends would pay off these debts, which amounted to nearly the same sum. This was accordingly done, and his

gift was placed to the benefit of the institution. After that he proposed to the Alumni, and other old students to present another \$10,000, if they would raise and pay over to the College their subscriptions, amounting in all to this proposed gift. In a short time this was also accomplished, and the second \$10,000 from Mr. Babcock was contributed to the institution. So there was then realized the sum of almost \$40,000 through his timely help. About two years since he placed to the credit of the College \$500 toward repairing and furnishing the chemistry room. A large share of this money had been expended for this purpose before his death. At the session of the General Conference of our churches last August, he pledged another \$500 toward canceling some indebtedness of the institution. Lately the intelligence has reached us, that he left the generous bequest of \$50,000 to be added to the endowment funds of the College. Words too feebly express the thankfulness of its many friends and the strengthening of their ardent hopes for its continued usefulness in the years to come. Already new plans are being formed for increasing its facilities for teaching, and extending its influence over a wider range in the West.

Pres. Whitford gave before the students, as he promised, a brief sketch of Mr. Babcock's life, labors, and traits of character. They two became first acquainted with each other in 1848, while they were students at DeRuyter Institute in the State of New York. The latter was then only sixteen years old. They had often met since, and visited with each other at Westerly, R. I., New York City, Plainfield, N. J., and at the sessions of the General Conference. Two years ago last spring, they made together an extensive tour of Europe; and were for nearly four months, with only a very brief intermission, constant companions of each other. Pres. Whitford claimed that he came to know his friend thoroughly, more so than had usually fallen to the lot of many other acquaintances. He would repeat what he had often said in the past two years, that Mr. Babcock was a unique and grand character, one you could esteem and love with all your heart. If he had faults, you could not think of them, as you were impressed by the genuineness, strength, and surpassing worth of his governing traits.

Besides attending public schools, the deceased was instructed a portion of a year in some of the higher English studies at DeRuyter Institute, and subsequently in some special studies in New York City and Providence, R. I. He was always a close reader, particularly in those lines of thought in which he was greatly interested. In some branches of knowledge he made what might be considered exhaustive research, and become a recognized authority in those branches. Withall, he was an independent thinker and a most critical observer when his attention was drawn to any subject. Pres. Whitford remembers distinctly that when all the other students pursuing geometry at DeRuyter failed, after repeated efforts, running over some months, to solve a most difficult problem suggested by the Pythagorean proposition, Mr. Babcock quickly mastered it, and wrote out his solution, with the necessary drawings, in a very neat style. He became in a practical way a most thorough mathematician. He acquired somewhat late in life, a fair knowledge of the French language, which served him a good purpose in traveling on the Continent of Europe and elsewhere. In visiting any people who speak a foreign tongue, he had great facility in acquiring the use of their common

expressions. He had the keenest apprehension of the exact meaning of English words. His thought, when written, was always stated with remarkable clearness and precision. He often saw hidden signification in common terms; and this led him sometimes to play upon them in a humorous way. Whatever business came into his hands, and the variety of this business is almost incredible, he readily grasped all its intricacies of operation, and reached the solid basis on which alone it could stand and flourish. He had an intuitive eye to discover the kernel of any subject he investigated. The rest of it he regarded as mere chaff to be thrown away.

He was prevented in his youth from taking a full course of study, not only by his lack of means, but also by his delicate health. He is remembered, when he was sixteen years old, as somewhat tall and slender, with stooping shoulders and slightly sunken chest. His face was rather pale and his features sharp, with sometimes a painful expression. He seemed in a fair way of dying soon with the consumption. All who had seen him in his complete manhood, with his full body, rounded limbs, square shoulders, and firmly-erect head, can have but little idea how frail and tender he appeared in those early years. By his own training and the careful development of his physical powers, he wrought largely this marvelous change, and doubtless prolonged his days until he was past sixty.

He inherited a love for mechanical labor, a fondness for mechanical tools. He became very skillful in shaping iron or brass implements for certain trades. He learned the art of photography, and delighted to the last months of his life in using this art. The snap-shot pictures which he took in his last years must number many hundreds. He edited for a time a newspaper in the village of his residence. He invented several printing presses and other devices used by printers. He learned to draw or design very rapidly and neatly with a crayon pencil or pen. In fact, he gave at one time lessons in practical designing or mechanical drawing. He was employed for some years in an office in aiding other inventors to secure patents on their work from the government. He designed machinery for steam vessels and looked after the construction of these vessels. He invented a valuable steam engine working on a new principle, and coming to be extensively used. His greatest efforts were spent in developing a new steam boiler, and in pushing the manufacture of it, and finally its sale into most parts of the civilized world. He mastered the subject of steam with all its different properties and uses; lectured upon the subject before university students, and wrote a book upon it which is regarded as a standard work. He devised a series of baked clay tiles for the roofs of buildings, which for beauty of appearance, tastefulness in arrangement, and convenience of use, excel anything of the kind found in Europe. He became interested in the construction of private and public buildings with unique and significant designs, and showed that he had the ability to be a first-class architect if he had pursued that trade. Perhaps his crowning work as a business man consisted in organizing a firm for conducting a vast enterprise, and in superintending the multitudinous affairs that came to the attention of the firm. His capacity in this direction laid the basis for the large wealth he acquired.

But he was remarkable in other lines of effort. He had a great fondness for traveling, and a singular eye for noting the best features

of what he saw. His descriptions of places and people he became familiar with in North America and Europe were charmingly instructive. He read with delight the best articles in our literature, and spoke of Irving as his favorite among American authors. His appreciation of the paintings of the great masters was most admirable. If you had visited with him the chief galleries of art in foreign countries or in this country, and heard his enthusiastic commendation or his searching criticism as he looked upon the hundreds of canvases painted by the renowned artists of the world, you would have felt that you had developed a new faculty in yourself to discern beauty in one of its highest expressions, and a living taste to enjoy that beauty. Statues had less attractions to him than paintings, because of his greater relish for colors.

He had a superior power to think directly and pointedly, and to state his thought, with all its main elements, into a most compact form. While not fluent in speech whether in conversation or in public, he could silence in the briefest time an antagonist by the pertinency of his rejoinders. He has been known to crush with six words the tedious argument of a blatant free-trader. He was at one time a leader, widely recognized, in the preparation of scriptural lessons for Sabbath-school instruction, and in imparting that instruction before the young and the aged. He saw almost at a glance the inmost meaning of a passage from the Bible, and was very happy in combining that meaning with kindred ones found elsewhere in the sacred text. He was a most valuable, almost indispensable, adviser and helper in the management of the principal operations of the people with whom he was religiously identified. He recognized in their educational enterprises, as well as in that of his own townsmen, the opportunity for them and for him to exert a most beneficial and permanent influence in the generations to come. He had a distinctive craving for sympathy and appreciation, and he could, in a marked degree, enter into the feelings of others and share their joys and sorrows. He understood the needs of young people struggling to make the most of themselves, for he had tried all the experiences to which they are subjected. He loved as intensely as a woman loves; and his friendships were most desirable and constant, and he held those he cherished in the closest ties to himself.

He received many honors while living. These were bestowed by the business firm of which he formed a part, by the people of the place where he resided, by a national association of mechanical engineers, whose office of president he once filled for a year, and by the denomination with which he was connected. In respect to the last he had served as the president of their General Conference and of the only general council they ever called. He had filled for years an important office in their Tract and Publishing Board of Managers. In their leading university a professorship was named after him, and at his death he was the president of its board of trustees. But higher tokens of respect have been awarded him in the answering and ardent love of his immediate friends, and in the sincere and imperishable esteem of all who knew him to be a most conscientious, wonderfully endowed and large-hearted man.

KINDNESS has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning, and these three last have never converted any one unless they were kind also. In short, kindness makes us gods to each other. Yet, while it lifts us so high, it keeps us sweetly low.—*Father Faber.*

FROM CALIFORNIA.

There is no means of communication between East or West by which a person can so well inform himself or herself of the advancement and interest of our denominational work as by the RECORDER. It comes to our homes weekly, unless detained on the journey by blizzard, rich in thought, elevating in its purpose, and heavily laden with well-weighed advice for both old and young, man, woman, or child. It is a paper which we never fear to let the children read lest they receive some degree of harm, either morally or spiritually. If you are blessed with a fire-place you can easily read the paper by fire-light; so why not enjoy this weekly visitor in your own homes, whether North, East, South, or West?

In recent papers mention has been made of a California Colony. Yes, that is just what we earnestly desire and greatly need in order for God's whole truth to be sown broadcast. Years ago, while yet young and living in New York, there came vibrating in every young man's ears the words of one of the noted men of the East, "Go west, young man; go west;" and I wish to add "young woman." We find the West mostly made up of those who, in early life, lent a listening ear to this advice. Why did Horace Greeley say this? Did he know what he was saying? Certainly he did. To-day many are thankful he did say so. On the other side many, I know, truly regret coming West. It is not so with the writer, even isolated from church privileges, but not from God. Why not come now? Do not come with the idea in your heads that every orange contains a gold dollar, or your ranch may become a valuable gold mine. It is those who come with such foolish ideas in their heads who soon become discontented and turn their faces eastward, and well they might. The West is no place for lazy people. It is a rushing country, and you must rustle too, or you are left one side.

We want you to come. All you who are willing to put "your shoulder to the wheel," and help the good cause along. There is land enough and to spare, and if California is not large enough to contain all, bear in mind the ocean lies "just beyond." It is not always sunshine here. We have seen some of the most trying of times since coming; but after every tempest a calm will surely follow, and then sunshine comes again. We all must face failures sooner or later in life. Then again, in this latitude we have cold winds and some snow, but our winter is not as severe or lasting as in the East.

Hoping this may contain some helpful thought to some one, I close, wishing you all and our talked-of colony God-speed. I feel as if our forces here are ready for the battle; so pray, send us the captain. We are not rusty from inactivity, that is sure.

A CALIFORNIAN.

CORRECTION.

In the obituary of Mrs. Ernst, RECORDER, March 1st, page 141, second column, first line, fourth word, read "mantle." Twenty-second line, sixth word, read "exhoter."

THE arrangements being made for the entertainment of the thirteenth International Christian Endeavor Convention to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, July 11-15, 1894, are upon the basis of a delegation numbering from 25,000 to 40,000.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

I have been thinking for some time, of writing a letter to the RECORDER; and now that I have started to write I scarcely know what to say. But a "school ma'am" once told me that when I did not know what to write, I should begin with, "I wonder," and that would start a train of thought.

I wonder if the "school ma'am's" advice will profit me now?

I wonder if the Field Secretary ever thinks of the few Sabbath-keepers with whom he shared much tribulation about a year ago?

I wonder why he does not allow a small measure of the humor that abounds in his composition, to overflow and bubble forth in his letters to the RECORDER? Surely Seventh-day Baptists like to laugh as well as the rest of creation, and the Field Secretary is capable of writing brilliant letters, full of humor, and still keep within the limits of his calling.

I wonder if G. M. C. ever told the brethren what kind of an experience he had with a pair of rubber boots? Don't be alarmed, Bro. C., I didn't tell. When Bro. Cottrell was here last March, he told Bro. Imel, an aged Baptist preacher, that he would appoint him "Bishop" and leave him to look after the little flock that he, Bro. Cottrell, was about to leave. "Bishop" Imel has been feeding the flock well. He is ever ready to assist us into a better understanding of the word of God, and he has proven himself an able teacher.

He has preached a number of sermons, in one of which he told the congregation that "if they kept Sunday as the Sabbath, they should always remember that it was of heathen origin." He says he does not oppose us in the Seventh-day Sabbath doctrine.

He will admit that the Bible teaches only one Sabbath (the seventh day), and above all, he has said that if the "Jewish Baptists" (as he calls the Seventh-day Baptists) came to hold meetings here this spring he would assist them in holding a Baptist revival.

Although I would be glad to have the Seventh-day Baptists laboring in this field, yet, after the bitter disappointments last year I would not ask them to come. We have good reason to look for several of our neighbors to accept the true Sabbath (Saturday—the seventh day), and give up Sunday-keeping. They are not members of the church at present, so we are very much encouraged at the prospect, especially as they favor the only true mode of baptizing, immersion.

I should have stated that "Grandfather" Imel (our "Bishop") was a Baptist preacher for forty years. He will be eighty years old December 6th. His wife, Grandmother Imel, is about a year older than he.

I gave Brother Quick, the Methodist class leader in our district, one of Dr. A. H. Lewis's pamphlets, "Roman Catholics and the Sabbath, or Sunday-observance Non-Protestant." On returning it, he told me that he sat up late, until about eleven o'clock, several nights and read all the Bible references that the pamphlet gave, and he said it taught "good, true doctrine." I would that the spirit of Christ might abound in him to such a degree that he might proclaim and keep the true Sabbath.

I cannot understand how anyone can admit that the Seventh-day (Saturday) is "the Sabbath of the Lord," and still go on keeping Sunday.

A. E. W.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

LEARN TO LIVE.

D. EUGENE LIVERMORE.

Learn to live, the hours are passing
Quicker than we know,
And to mankind swift have brought you,
Where life's lessons soon are taught you,
While they come and go,
You may find some hidden beauty,
In the line of every duty,
Early, learn to live.

Live to do each duty nobly,
God will give you strength,
When life's summer day is longest,
When your heart and hand is strongest,
Labor then at length,
He will give you grace indeed,
To supply your every need,
Daily learn to live.

Learn to live, the world to brighten
With your deeds of love,
Where the darkness settles thickest,
Or where sunbeams fall the richest,
These your calling prove,
Lest the hearts you fondly cherish,
In the strife may faint and perish,
Hourly learn to live.

Learn to live, and make thy calling
And election sure.
Learn of Him who loved and sought you,
Who from death to life has brought you,
Whose mercies still endure.
Walk in wisdom's path most holy
Be the pathway high or lowly
Early learn to live.

IT IS an easy thing to carry out your principles by yourself in a desert; it is an easy thing to go with the crowd and do as others do when you are surrounded by the multitude; but it is not so easy to carry out your principles when you are in the midst of the busy turmoil of life.

A MAN who would make a practical application of his righteousness must expect to get into trouble. While Christ healed the sick and fed the multitude he was very popular, but when he attacked the evils of his day he at once got into trouble. The devil never interferes with us until we oppose him in some way.

IT IS a humiliating moment in a man's life when he is called on to choose his own successor, when he passes over his work into the charge of some one else, whatever be the cause of the change.

NEAL DOW.

March 20, 1894, is the ninetieth birthday of General Neal Dow, whose world-wide and enduring fame has come through his long and self-sacrificing services for temperance. This birthday celebrates a character which has been called "The Temperance Century Plant," and it is desirable at this time to take a retrospect of the life which has developed such a personality.

Portland, Maine, has the honor of being his birthplace and residence. He now lives in the house which he built, and to which he took his wife, Maria Cornelia Durant Maynard, on the day of their marriage, Jan. 20, 1830. On the same street, directly opposite, stands the house built by his father, Josiah Dow, where Mr. Dow and his sisters were born, and where all the family have died. His longevity is hereditary, his father reaching the age of ninety-five, and two of his ancestors over one hundred years.

Mr. Dow's family, on both sides, were Friends, which society he left before he was of age, and has never joined any church since, believing religion to be more of a matter of heart and life than of profession of faith. Mrs. Dow died in 1883, and Cornelia Maria Dow now presides over her father's home. His other

surviving children are Mrs. Louisa Dwight Benton, of Lancaster, N. H.; Mrs. Emma Maynard Gould, of Conway, N. H.; and Frederick N. Dow, a prominent citizen of Portland. His early education was received at public and private schools in Portland, and the Friends' Academy in New Bedford, Mass. At fifteen he left school and went into the tannery business with his father, being received as a partner when he was twenty-one. However, his literary pursuits did not cease here, for he spent all his spare money for books, which have ever been his closest companions and choicest treasures, the Bible especially, a portion of which he has not failed to read daily for many years.

The most interesting room in Mr. Dow's home is the library. He has one of the finest and largest private libraries in Maine, and here he spends much of his time. History and biography are his favorites, and his library is particularly rich in them. He cares very little for fiction, and lets such works severely alone. One book case contains about five hundred French books, which Mr. Dow reads as readily in the original as in English.

Athletic sports were a great delight to him in his younger days, riding, swimming, rowing, boxing, and shooting, were especially pleasing and have proved of great benefit to him. Activity in the debating schools in boyhood and as a young man in town meetings, skilled him in extemporaneous speaking. He became accustomed to the command of men by his service as an employer, and chief for years of a large volunteer fire department.

As a Whig he was a very active politician, and became a very earnest anti-slavery man, standing firm in his convictions of right in face of all opposition. In 1861 Mr. Dow raised a regiment of infantry of one thousand men, and also a battery of artillery. He went in the midwinter of 1861-2 directly to the Department of the Gulf as Colonel of the 13th Maine Volunteers, and soon after his arrival at Ship Island he received from President Lincoln a commission as Brigadier General. He remained in active service, some of the time having the command of twelve thousand men, until near the close of the war, when he was twice wounded, captured by the rebels and taken to Libby Prison, where he slept on the bare floor through the very cold winter of 1863-4. In March, of 1864, he was exchanged for Fitz Hugh Lee. He was granted a furlough at this time, and did not go to the front again.

It is as a temperance worker that Neal Dow is best known. As a consequence of home training and discipline he was a teetotaler from early youth. The custom of offering wine among refreshments at social parties in Portland, was largely put down by him and his two sisters, who, the first of all in the city, entertained their friends without intoxicants. His interest in the temperance cause was much increased under the teaching of the Rev. Justin Edwards, D. D., who devoted several years of his life to temperance missionary work among the churches throughout the country. Mr. Dow was suddenly drawn into the warfare against the liquor traffic by the following incident: The mother of a large family, whose husband, a Harvard graduate in government employ, was spending all his earnings at the rumshop, requested Mr. Dow to go to the saloon, look her husband up, and beg the rumseller not to sell her husband any more liquor, as his chief had warned him that he would lose his position unless he improved his habits. Mr. Dow went

directly to the saloon and said, "Is Mr. Blank here?" "No," said the rumseller; but hearing voices in the back shop Mr. Dow opened the door, and seeing Mr. Blank in the group of drinkers, pulled him out and stated the case to the proprietor, and begged him to sell no more liquor to this man. "It is my business to sell rum," he replied. "I have a license to sell rum; I shall sell it to any who want it and can pay for it; I support my family by selling rum; I want none of your advice; when I want it I'll send for you; until then keep it to yourself." "You have a license to sell rum, have you?" Mr. Dow replied. "You will sell it to any one who can pay for it, will you?" "You support your family by destroying the families of others, do you?" "Heaven helping me, I'll see if I cannot change all that." Taking Mr. Blank by the arm Mr. Dow led him home, and from that hour began a war of extermination of the grogshops. For ten years he labored constantly, making missionary tours through the State, obliged to travel in a carriage over muddy and rocky roads in summer, and through almost impassable snowdrifts in winter, yet not a hamlet was left unvisited. He always took one and sometimes more with him to assist in the meetings held, always paying all the expenses himself. He lectured and reasoned with the people, laying before them the true character of the liquor traffic, and left with them large quantities of temperance tracts. In later years he has said that the cause was won in Maine by sowing it knee deep with temperance literature. Thus he worked on amidst the strongest opposition, convinced that no progress could be made while the liquor trade was legally considered necessary and respectable. Year after year he appeared before legislative bodies with enormous petitions, only to be repulsed.

Finally, in the spring of 1851, Mr. Dow was elected Mayor of Portland, owing to the temperance sentiment he had been instrumental in creating. Clothed with this official authority he again proposed a prohibitory law, which was passed in one day, and approved by the Governor, June 2, 1851, and has ever since been known as "The Maine Law." Mr. Dow says, "I believe in providential interference in the affairs of men; how else can we account for the enactment of such a measure by such a legislature?" Prohibition in Maine, originating in the adoption of that bill, yet remains, stronger than ever in the public opinion of the State. In 1884 it was put into the Constitution by a majority vote of 47,075, the affirmative vote being three times larger than the negative. Well may Neal Dow be called the "Father of Prohibitory Law."

In 1855 he was again elected Mayor of Portland. He has traveled all over this country, speaking in nearly every State in the Union; also extensively in Canada and in England. In his three visits to England he has spent four years speaking in all the large towns there, and in Scotland and throughout the United Kingdom.

He is still very vigorous, and probably he has lost but little physical or mental strength within the past few years. Even now he constantly occupies himself in fighting the traffic by pen and voice. It is doubtful if in the world there is a man better preserved, or one who, at his age, is doing so herculean a work.

I am indebted to the *Union Signal*, and the President of the Maine W. C. T. U., for the material in this article.

VICTORIA.

LETTER TO UNCLE OLIVER SMITH.

Dear Uncle Oliver:—I have been waiting with considerable impatience for some one of our family to write an answer to your letters, but none of them seem inclined to do so. If I am too presuming for one of my years in thus addressing you I hope you will pardon me and frankly tell me of my fault in one of your letters.

I want to tell you first of all, my dear uncle, how much I have enjoyed your letters. For that matter so have all the members of our family, especially some of those to whom you have not yet written. They are charming in their composition, practical in the advice they give, and breathe such a kindly spirit that while they strike down to the very marrow, yet no one can feel offended with you.

Some of our folks had got the notion that since you received your new position you were getting to feel rather above the rest of the Smith family, but since you have begun writing letters to us they have changed their minds. I never thought as they did, Uncle Oliver. I know you too well; I know you better than you yourself imagine. Let me tell you something. In your letter to me you wrote about those years gone by when you used to work in the harvest field. Do you remember then, Uncle Oliver, how I used to carry water in a great jug to the men while the stubbles scratched my little bare feet and legs? Do you remember how, in stacking time, while you made loads, I stood at the front end of the rack and drove the horses for you? Do you remember how, at thrashing time, I held the sacks in the blinding dust and chaff while you poured in the wheat or oats? Wherever you went I wanted to go. Whatever you did, that was the thing for me to do. You were my model, and I learned to know and love you well. You, like many other young men, did not know that a boy's whole life was being influenced by your words and actions. I can honestly say, my dear uncle, that almost without exception, your influence upon me was for good. To be sure some of the stories you told noonings and while the threshing machine was being moved to another setting were not of the best character. You were not telling them to me but to the other men, but I was there, like other boys, with open ears ready to receive and to repeat to my mates any choice joke which you might utter, for if Uncle Oliver told it, of course it was all right.

That was the summer you worked for father. The next year you went off to college, and even at that early day I was fired with the desire to do as you were doing. You can hardly know, dear uncle, how much you unwittingly directed my plans for life.

But I want to thank you especially for your recent letter to me. The coat was a close fit, rather too tight I thought across the back, but I can wear it all right. I think it is the common tendency to make things fit a little bit too tight, and it is all right too. You remember our old singing school teacher who had a way of correcting errors in singing by imitating the mistake, only he used alway to exaggerate; but by the exaggeration the mistake was brought out more vividly, and so the more easily corrected.

I do not want to make this first letter too long, uncle, but I wish that you would write letters to some other members of our family. Now there is Cousin Fanny, I know that she works hard and is not very well, besides she is getting somewhat old maidish, but she does so

misrepresent people in a peculiar way. For example, she is very sensitive. Some one said something the other day that hurt her feelings very much. I happened to be present and heard the conversation. Next day she was telling her troubles to a little group of friends and while she repeated the exact words which had so wounded her feelings, the tone of voice she used, the accent and expression she put upon the words, and the gestures she employed were such as wholly to misrepresent the thought and purpose of the person who first spoke them. I wish you would write her a letter. Then there is brother Tommy, you remember him, ten years old. He is a good-hearted boy, but so full of fun and jokes, mean fun too, snow-balling smaller boys and girls, snatching hats and throwing them up in trees, tripping up his mates and slyly sticking pins into them, etc. Write him a letter. Then there is our Uncle Henry who owns a large saw-mill and employs so many men, write him a letter. The Smith family is large. Uncle Oliver, I hope you will keep on writing your letters, and please do not forget your nephew.

ARTHUR SMITH.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Six weeks of the Westerly revival have now passed. The clergymen thought the people about tired out, the till about dry, and recommended that this week close the meetings, at which Mr. Jeger, foreman of the Cottrell shops, arose and volunteered funds to pay for the hall for the week to come. Mr. Jeger is not a church man, but a successful business man, and a very benevolent man of the world. This is only one of the many answers to prayer since the commencement of the work. We did think for a time the work went very slowly, but it goes now faster than we can keep pace with. It is the one thing of conversation now on streets, in shops and stores. Other revivals, entertainments, and even shows, have come and gone, but still crowds of people are in attendance every night, and some of the time many are turned away for want of room. The Opera House prices have been put up on us, so on Sunday night overflow meetings will be held in the churches.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

—On Sabbath afternoon, February 17th, the Rockville Y. P. S. C. E. held a very profitable session, led by the pastor. The subject, "For what does our Denomination Stand?" was made very interesting and instructive; and from remarks made at the conference, which followed the remarks of the leader, we trust that it was a profitable time to all present. We were also much encouraged at the signs of new interest manifested in the meeting. Several expressed a desire to become Christians and lead a better life. We have had five new names,—two active and three associate,—added to our membership this winter, and at our next business meeting we expect to receive several more. Altogether we feel hopeful, and trust that the good work may go on until all are gathered in. We are trying to obtain pledges on the plan suggested by the Permanent Committee,—one dollar per capita, and have met with good success so far. We wish to be remembered at the throne of grace by our sister societies.

E. McL., Cor. Sec.

—SUNDAY, Feb. 25th, was a very pleasant day at Milton Junction; pleasant in more ways than one. Inspired by the stirring meetings of the day before, and the forenoon, the young people were in good spirits when the Christian Endeavor met at 2:30 P. M. Excellent music was furnished by a quartet consisting of Messrs. Wells, Clarke, Coon, and Clarke. Devotional exercises were conducted by C. S. Sayre. The papers presented were prepared by Mrs. Nettie West, Mark Head, Edward Holston, and Nellie Brown. Reports from the various societies were furnished by Mrs. Head, Eunice Huffman, Hallie Burdick, Rev. E. M. Dunn, and

Charles Clarke. A short consecration service followed, led by F. E. Whitford. Many improved the opportunity by expressing a desire for a fuller consecration. The spirit of the entire meeting was hopeful and helpful.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A DRAMA.

BY M. B. WINGATE.

I.

A little boy with cheek of rose, with bright and sparkling eye,
In dainty suit and jaunty cap went tripping lightly by.
He joined some playmates on the street, and very soon
I saw
Into a cellar dark they crept, and each one had a trow.
It was such fun! They smacked their lips. "Cider is sweet!" said Fred.
"I'm glad I didn't sign the pledge." "And I," "And I," they said.
O mother love! Your darling seek and shield with tender care.
His little feet unconsciously are entering a snare.

II.

Years passed. I saw a growing youth, a fair, bright boy was he,
As quick of brain and fleet of foot as you could wish to see.
But oh! upon the street one day, I saw, with much regret,
He walked beside some ruder youths and smoked a cigarette.
I went my way but soon I saw, upon another street,
Those boys were drinking—just for fun—cider that was not sweet.
O mother love! Go seek your boy, he needs your wisest care.
His youthful feet have boldly stepped into the tempter's snare.

III.

Again I saw a manly form—a maiden at his side.
How fair and pure and sweet was she, his own, his promised bride.
But oh! his eyes were far too bright, his cheeks a burning red;
She caught the wine upon his breath; strange, wandering words he said.
And later on he staggered past; to a saloon he crept.
The maiden saw, with aching heart, and bitterly she wept.
O mother love! Your boy is lost! And is there none to save?
I looked again—a mother wild wept o'er a drunkard's grave.

—Morning Star.

THAT LAST KISS.

On the day of a great fire, which occurred not long since in Boston, a bright lad, sixteen years old, was running from his home at the south end of the city to catch an electric car, which would take him to his daily work in one of the large wholesale houses of the city.

The boy's mother was a widow with small means, who lived on the upper floor of a neat little house, and earned by sewing what she could to increase the small income which her hard-working, honest husband had left her.

Her son William had been kept in school until he was fifteen years old, and as he was ambitious and studious he made the most of his opportunities and graduated from the high school with credit. During the summer following he took a course of study in one of the commercial colleges of the city, and was thus enabled to accept a position offered him and earn a few dollars a week, with a promise of promotion and better wages another year.

William was devoted to his mother in every way, and he seemed so happy to be able now to earn something himself, and to begin to repay her for all her self-sacrifice and loving care for him. Every Saturday night, as he started for home with his week's pay in his pocket, his first thought was of his mother, and it was his delight to carry her a little fruit or a few flowers, or some little token of his thoughtful love.

He knew well how she appreciated these attentions, and he was conscious many times during the day of her loving thought for him and her real gladness in working for him.

William was always in the habit of kissing his mother good-by as he left her in the morning for school or for business, and of greeting her again on his return at night in the same loving manner.

On the morning of the fire William had inad-

vertently hurried off without kissing his mother. He ran for an electric car on Shawmut avenue, and was just about getting on to it when he suddenly thought, "I forgot to kiss mother good-by!" and as suddenly turned about and ran home again.

As he hastily opened the door he exclaimed, "I ran back for my kiss, mother, for I would not feel just right all day without it!" and taking it, and with a bright, happy face, waving a farewell, he ran again for his car.

That afternoon the fire broke out in the building in which William was at work.

He was almost choked with smoke as he tried to find his way to the staircase, which was, however, enveloped in flames, and his only chance of life was in leaping from a sixth-story window, hoping that a fireman or a policeman might catch him. He leaped, and fell to the pavement—dead. . . . His mother sits now in her little home broken-hearted and desolate! Her husband was taken from her many years ago, and now the son upon whom she leaned, in whom her heart delighted, who had helped her to bear her grief and for whose comfort she had joyfully worked, was suddenly taken from her. The sorrow of that desolate mother's heart none can know but those who have been afflicted as she is afflicted. But she thanks God every day for the blessed memories which comfort her, and many times a day, and in the twilight hour—

"When the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit her once more"—

she sees the happy face of her boy as he came running back from the car and bounded into the room to get that last kiss from his mother.

So amid her sighs and her tears, in her loneliness and in her sorrow, she still lives over again the sweet hours she has spent with her boy; and the thronging memories of his many acts of devotion to her, and the loving thoughtfulness on that last morning, are her solace and her comfort now.—*The Morning Star.*

THE DYING SOLDIER.

"Put me down," said a wounded Prussian at Sedan to his comrades, who were carrying him; "put me down. Do not take the trouble to carry me any farther, I am dying."

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him, "Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you, I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at John 14, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace.' Will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words, "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you, sir," said the dying man. "I have that peace. I am going to that Saviour. God is with me. I want no more." These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with him he loved.—*Selected.*

Robert: "Mamma, my stomach says it's dinner time."

Mamma: "You had better go and see what time it is."

Robert (after an inspection of the clock): "Well, mamma, my stomach's three minutes fast."

"Rastus, do you know of any poor and worthy woman to whom I can send a turkey this Thanksgiving?" "Yath Mars' George." "Who is she?" "My wife, Mars' George. She's powerful poor, 'n' monstrous worthy, sah."

A NEW story is entitled, "The Editor's Wallet." We have not read it but we know it must be rather flat.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1894.

FIRST QUARTER.

- Jan. 6. The First Adam..... Gen. 1: 26-31; 2: 1-3.
- Jan. 13. Adam's Sin and God's Grace..... Gen. 3: 1-15.
- Jan. 20. Cain and Abel..... Gen. 4: 3-13.
- Jan. 27. God's Covenant with Noah..... Gen. 9: 8-17.
- Feb. 3. Beginning of the Hebrew Nation..... Gen. 12: 1-9.
- Feb. 10. God's Covenant with Abram..... Gen. 17: 1-9.
- Feb. 17. God's Judgment on Sodom..... Gen. 18: 22-33.
- Feb. 24. Trial of Abraham's Faith..... Gen. 22: 1-13.
- March 3. Selling the Birthright..... Gen. 25: 27-34.
- March 10. Jacob at Bethel..... Gen. 28: 10-22.
- March 17. Wine a Mocker..... Prov. 20: 1-7.
- March 24. Review.....

LESSON XII.—REVIEW.

For Sabbath day, March 24, 1894.

LESSON TEXT—Psa. 33: 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. Matt. 22: 32.

INTRODUCTORY.

PLAN OF REVIEW.—Superintendents may vary the order of exercises according to their judgment. This order is only a help to those who have no other definite plan. It would be well the week previous to encourage and request students to commit to memory Titles, Golden Texts, names of prominent persons and places, and a large number of important incidents. Before class study, if it is thought best to meet in classes on this occasion, open the school with usual singing, prayer, reading in concert Psa. 33: 1-12. Class and General Review may be combined in one General Review, if desired.

TIME.—B. C. 4004 to 1760, Time of temperance lesson, B. C. 1000.

CLASS REVIEW.

Teacher may divide the Quarter into parts corresponding to number of pupils in the class, letting each one be responsible for a part. The teacher may also briefly tell the lesson story, and the scholars give connecting links.

GOD THE CENTRAL THOUGHT.

LESSON I. An everlasting God; he was before the creation of the universe and man.

LESSON II. A righteous God; beholding sin in man and justly punishing it.

LESSON III. An omniscient God; knowing the thoughts, intents, and doings of men, as Abel's death and Cain's crime.

LESSON IV. A God of mercy; promising favor to mankind and the earth upon which men live.

LESSON V. A God of grace; raising up a family and nation and Saviour to effect man's redemption.

LESSON VI. A covenant-keeping God; faithful to promise and sure to fulfill.

LESSON VII. A prayer-hearing God; giving attention to the intercession of Abraham, and now of our great Intercessor, Christ.

LESSON VIII. A recompensing God; fully rewarding man's faith.

LESSON IX. A discriminating God; seeing the heart, knowing the choices of men, recognizing the one who chooses spiritual things.

LESSON X. An omnipresent God; everywhere with men that seek him and commune with him.

PROGRESS OF GOD'S KINGDOM.

I. By creation all things are his (Lesson 1). We have the same ancestor, are of one blood, are all brethren.

II. Sin has come upon all (Lesson 2, 3). Our natures are depraved. Temptation besets us all. All need a Saviour.

III. Death comes by sin (Lesson 4, 7). The world was destroyed by water and Sodom by fire. Sin yields its fruit everywhere.

IV. God's kingdom (Lesson 5, 6). The call of Abram and beginning of covenant relations with a chosen people.

V. Prayer and consecration (Lesson 7, 8, 10). Pleading for the lost. Prayer leads to holy works. Giving up all to God, consecrating means, treasures to God, and for the progress of his cause. One-tenth.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

(For week beginning March 18th.)

LIFE FROM LIFE. What is Christ's life doing for you? 2 Tim. 2: 1-13.

If the word was God, and the word was made flesh and dwelt among us, then Jesus Christ is God indeed, and we are personally known by him. He knows our trials, temptations, plans, traits of character, and needs for especial watching and care. His omniscient eye takes in our whole life; and reciprocally we should know Christ, having personal experience of his grace and love. Our life should be like his life, his life a part of ours. Jesus is life, our life. From him we get truth and divine nourishment. He guides us to our duties and enjoyments. He leads us into the experience of higher revelations. How can we feel, know, and therefore say that we have by means of Christ's life, an abundant, spiritual life here and now, and for the world to come? The life of a vine is identified with that of a branch so long as they are united. The sap flows from one to the other and fruit appears on the branch in due time. The vine can do nothing to a separated branch. Its life can have no power over it. Christ's life will do wonders for him who is grafted into Christ. "Abide in me and I in you." "Without me ye can do nothing."

REFERENCES.—John 11: 21-27, Eph. 1: 16-19, 1 Cor. 15: 51-57, Col. 1: 9-11, Phil. 4: 7, 13.

—"CONTINUING the thought" in regard to the International Convention, it may be information to many to know that in September of last year the Convention of two thousand members met in St. Louis. Mr. Randolph, the committee's secretary, read a report upon which there was a free discussion. A rumor had been spreading that there was a formidable opposition to the International System, and that it was in danger of being overthrown.

—THIS discussion seemed to be about all on one side, and favorable to the International System. The members of this convention represented nearly every State, territory and Protestant province in America, and of two thousand members the unanimous and enthusiastic vote approved the committee and the lessons, and thus ushered in another series, upon the International plan, for a Bible course for six years to come.

—OF course a great convention of that kind may not be the wisest, nor adopt the best system for Sabbath-school study, but there can be no doubt but that the International plan is yet the most popular with the masses, and but few, compared to the many Bible students, have adopted any other.

—WILL not each of our Associations give this matter of lesson plan and system a thorough discussion and investigation this spring and summer?

—AN active and quite prominent Seventh-day Adventist told the writer this winter that he would prefer to have his people adopt the International series instead of holding aloof from all people in this matter of Sabbath-school study.

HOME NEWS.

Illinois.

WEST HALLOCK.—Among the sources of encouragement on this field is the manifest spirit of integrity to the truth and the disposition to labor and sacrifice for its upbuilding. The young people are active, faithful, and earnest, and exert a positive influence for good. The coming of the evangelist, Bro. E. B. Saunders, early in January last, was anticipated with anxious prayerful desire for God's blessing upon the cause here. The people were generally ready and willing to respond to the call for active and earnest work in the Master's cause, and with the labor come the blessing. The membership of the church was graciously revived and encouraged while some have been led to publicly put on Christ. These have been baptized and received into the church. The time which Bro. Saunders could devote to this field (about ten days) was too brief for the accomplishment of all that we had hoped for, nevertheless the impressions for good, on friends for whom we are anxious, we trust are not lost, while we feel that the labor expended here will have a lasting influence for good.

In the way of the maintenance of the institutions of the Lord's house on this field, there

has been a commendable and generous promptness in meeting the demands of the cause. Being in need of a place for baptism, interested brethren took the matter in hand, raised the necessary funds and in a brief time provided a commodious and convenient baptistry, around which our congregation gathered on Sabbath-day, Jan. 27th, to witness the administration of the Lord's appointed ordinance, while three willing candidates put him on by baptism. More recently the house occupied by pastors of the church as a parsonage, but not owned by the society, has been purchased by the society for use as such. The money needed for this purpose was cheerfully and promptly raised to the satisfaction of all interested in the success of the cause here. The present pastor appreciates the circumstances and is grateful for the privilege of finding himself in line with a church, though in numbers comparatively small, which has the good sense to understand the demand of the cause and the grace to supply them. S. BURDICK.

Minnesota.

DODGE CENTRE—Up to the present date Minnesota has enjoyed a remarkably pleasant winter. There has been but little snow, while the sleighing has been all that could be reasonably desired. Twenty-two degrees below zero once or twice is about the severest weather experienced. Twelve and fifteen degrees below has been frequent. The month of February was a veritable first of April, with good sleighing the most of the time and sunshine. The snow has now gone.

The Young Men's Christian Association has just closed a County Convention in this village. It was largely attended and quite ably conducted, considering that it was the first one of the kind in the county. Among the subjects treated were: "Condition and needs of the young men of the county"; "How to organize and conduct a worker's Bible Training Class"; "Bible study for spiritual growth"; "Personal work, its place and value"; "The Holy Spirit in personal work"; "Our young men." There were several Bible addresses, a meeting "for men only" and "boys only." One speaker settled the Sabbath question on short notice and for all time: Christ was at Sinai, and he kept eighth day. The *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook* can now take a vacation. One of our young men, however, is not ready to yield the point, and has undertaken the task of giving the speaker some light on that question. After visiting the pastor and securing suitable literature, he started off on his mission. We wish we had many thousands of such young men of moral courage and conviction. *They are coming.*

The writer expected to start on a mission tour with Bro. Crofoot this week, but a severe cold makes it look doubtful at this writing. Our people are making ready for another struggle with the saloon element in hopes of carrying the corporation again for no license. The Sabbath School will help by giving a prohibition entertainment in two weeks. The Dodge Centre Church is not afraid to show its politics on this burning issue. In fact, the rum element lays its misfortunes to the "Sabbatarians."

H. D. C.

MARCH 5, 1894.

Kansas.

NORTONVILLE—We are having here bright and beautiful weather. The snow that fell at the time of the blizzard some two weeks ago, and was piled up in great drifts on the east

and west roads, is all gone on its mission to the Gulf of Mexico, and a good rainfall of two days ago has greatly helped forward the early spring, that seems already to be here. Church-wise, things are moving on seemingly in the right direction. Prayer-meetings well attended and an earnest spirit of prayer prevailing. The attendance on the Sabbath is large, and excellent attention given to the preaching of the word. Also a well-attended and interesting Sabbath-school. The church are in union, and the happy greetings given to one another each Sabbath-day speak loudly of what is felt down deep in the heart. Praise the Lord for Nortonville, and the Seventh-day Baptist Church in this place. Being here only for a brief season, I am glad to speak well of both the place and the church. J. M. T.

MARCH 8, 1894.

No Kansan need go to California or the sunny South this season to avoid the severity of a long winter. Our snow was of short duration. Balmly spring is now here, with the enlivening songs of robins, bluebirds and meadow-larks; and the boom of prairie fowls is heard in the distance. Prof. Hicks' prediction of a disastrous storm the 7th inst. was supplemented with a gentle rain. The 4th inst., however, we had a thunder storm, with threatening clouds, which fortunately passed us by unharmed.

On the evening of Feb. 17th, Mr. Isaac Maris held a temperance rally in our church. The Rev. Jacobs, and Pastor Todd, ably addressed the meeting. Recitations, also music from the choir and cornet band enlivened the occasion.

Our church, which is by no means noted for modern improvement, has replaced our chandeliers with the Rochester hanging lamps. The effect is cheering. May God's Spirit as fully illumine each heart, as do the lamps our house of worship.

Sabbath, March 31, Pastor Todd—who by the way was 75 years of age that day—conducted our conference meeting in a very impressive manner. There was a large attendance, nearly all of whom gave joyous and encouraging testimonies. The praise service, led by our efficient chorister, Mr. Eckles, and Mrs. Margarette Hummel, organist, was appropriate and inspiring. Then followed the unveiling of a beautiful silver communion set, which was a perfect surprise; it was the gift of the Junior Society of King's Daughters to the church. Our pastor, in his happy manner, presented them to the church, and on behalf of the church returned thanks to the donors; closing with the wish that their lives might ever reflect that Christian light which shall be as radiant as the brightness of these beautiful vessels.

At 3.30 P. M., our pastor gave an earnest practical talk to Y. P. S. C. E. Topic. "For what does our denomination stand?" He presented the theme in so fascinating a manner, that he held the attention of both old and young throughout. He impressed them with the importance of loyalty to God, to the Bible, to the church, and to our denomination. Assured them that Kansas soil was good enough for Sabbath-keepers. Which, with a good church, there was no necessity for any of them emigrating to Okalahoma or elsewhere; and urged them to cling to their church. He called their attention to other churches once as prosperous, climate as good, and soil as fertile, now almost depopulated by Sabbath-keepers, and their once nice homes and farms now owned by

Germans or other nationalities. Would it not be well for the future of our denomination if all our people would heed Bro. Todd's advice and stick to their respective churches, being so closely cemented to them in Christian love that the bands could only be severed by death? *

Nebraska.

FARNAM.—As the result of the meetings held here by Rev. J. H. Hurley and myself, one young man has been converted and baptized, and two who had made a former profession of religion have been redeemed. All of them are Sabbath-keepers. A church of sixteen members has been organized, and officers elected and set apart. Most of these members are young married people, just starting in life in this newly settled region. The meetings have been mostly held in a sod school-house, the people coming five or six miles in some instances. They have manifested most commendable energy, and the outlook is full of promise. Most of them were members of the Long Branch Church in Eastern Nebraska, and are the fruit of the faithful labors bestowed on that field. The interest in our meetings continues, and Eld. Hurley will continue with the people for a short time. I go to the Kansas field, but with gratitude to God that I have been permitted to labor here. H. H. HINMAN.

FEBRUARY 26, 1894.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Receipts in February, 1894.

Church, Plainfield.....	\$ 48 43
" Milton.....	18 75
" Second Hopkinton.....	9 25
" Waterford.....	18 00
" Farina.....	9 07
" Lincklaen.....	1 00
" Ashaway.....	30 10
" New York City.....	14 10
Sabbath-school, Farina.....	9 48
Thomas Vars, Edelstein.....	5 00
Mrs. H. Darrach, Mystic.....	2 60
Mrs. David Langworthy, Mystic.....	1 00
David Langworthy, Mystic.....	50
H. Darrach.....	3 50
George H. Greenman, Mystic.....	3 00
Dr. O. M. Barber.....	1 00
Mrs. P. M. Barber, Ashaway.....	50
Lucy A. Carr.....	10 00
Dr. A. B. Briggs.....	3 00
Cash.....	3 00
Martha A. Wells.....	2 00
C. C. Lewis.....	1 00
Mrs. Myra H. Burdick, Ashaway.....	1 00
George A. Babcock.....	1 00
Emily J. Wells.....	10 00
Mrs. George N. Burdick, Potter Hill.....	5 00
Miss H. A. Langworthy.....	2 00
Dora C. Vars, Niantic.....	2 00
Dr. J. B. Somers, Linwood.....	1 00
G. E. Greene, Hope Valley.....	5 00
Mary E. Buffington, Hope Valley.....	2 00
Jessie B. Crandall.....	50
Sallie W. Crandall.....	1 00
E. O. Kenyon.....	50
Mattie A. L. Greene.....	1 00
Wm. M. Chipman.....	50
Martha Chipman.....	1 00
C. H. Chipman.....	50
Paul B. Irish, Rockville.....	1 00
Jennie Crandall.....	5 00
Mrs. Byron L. Crandall, Rockville, toward life member.....	2 00
L. C. Burdick, Rockville.....	2 00
H. W. Burdick.....	3 00
E. E. Kenyon.....	5 00
Mrs. James R. Edwards, Canochet.....	1 00
M. A. Collins.....	20 00
Dividend, City National Bank, P. F.....	18 00
Subscriptions, <i>Evangel and Sabbath Outlook</i> , New York Office.....	1 00
Jared G. Barber, Rockville.....	2 00
N. Henry Lanphear, Rockville.....	1 00
Mrs. N. H. Lanphear.....	1 00
John N. Barber.....	1 00
John B. Crandall.....	25
Mrs. Eliza Langworthy.....	1 00
S. C. Saunders.....	1 00
Wm. L. Kenyon, Second Hopkinton.....	1 50
Dea. Gardner S. Kenyon.....	50
Clara B. Lewis, Wakefield.....	10 00
Sherman E. Ayers, Philadelphia.....	2 00
Joseph T. Spicer, Ashaway.....	1 00
W. W. Lewis.....	2 00
Enoch W. Vars, Niantic.....	1 00
E. W. & A. E. Ennis, Niantic.....	1 75
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Vars, Niantic.....	1 00
Mrs. Abbie W. Saunders.....	2 00
" Abbie Langworthy, Westerly.....	25
" J. A. Chase.....	3 00
Wm. E. Maxson, Mystic.....	2 00
Miss Eliza Maxson.....	5 00
E. E. Whitford, Factoryville.....	491 89
Bequest, Mrs. Phebe C. Palmiter.....	\$805 82

SPECIAL FUND.

Rev. B. C. Davis, Alfred Centre.....	\$ 5 00
D. S. Burdick.....	5 00
Mrs. Sarah Burdick.....	5 00
	\$ 15 00

E & O E.

J. F. HUBBARD, Treas.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., March 1, 1894

FROM THE RAMBLER.

CUMBERLAND CHURCH, NORTH CAROLINA.

After a trip to Florida and South Georgia, where I found a very encouraging condition of affairs, I wended my way northward, running into a snow-storm and blizzard in crossing the Blue Ridge mountains from Tennessee into North Carolina. I arrived among our people here after numerous delays and poor railroad connections, and found them full of hope and courage, faithfully holding up the banner of God's truth. Here are living illustrations of consistent, trustful living, which would be a profitable study for many more favorably situated. We are holding meetings nightly, with good attendance and interest; several are starting out for a higher life, and I am hopeful for the results. The Lord is blessing the work and the workers here. I miss the presence and co-operation of my much beloved "companion in travel and labor," Bro. Simeon H. Babcock, who was here on my former visit, and I hear many regrets expressed that he is not here now.

Yesterday, Feb. 20th, occurred the closing exercises of Sister Emily Newton's school. The usual programme of papers, recitations, declamations, music, etc., was presented by the pupils and much enjoyed by the full house of friends and patrons of the school. The teacher, by well chosen remarks, expressed thanks, congratulations, and encouragement to pupils and patrons. I could see plainly, evidences of very faithful work by teacher and pupils. Your correspondent was invited to give a "chalk talk" to the pupils, in which he, by marks and remarks, pictured to them the great life-work of building character, showing them that the condition of heart governed it all; and whether our character be good or bad, depends upon whether we choose to have Jesus or Satan occupy and rule the heart.

At the close of the exercises in the school-room all were invited out to a long, heavily laden table, under the beautiful pines and oaks, where I enjoyed my first picnic in the open air in the month of northern frosts, ice, and blizzards. We were comfortable without overcoats and wraps, and were made comfortable also by the bountiful provisions which were of the best of the land, in full accord with the proverbial style of Southern hospitality. But Northerners cannot fully understand the good things to be enjoyed in the "Sunny South," where we can have open-air picnics every month in the year, unless they "come and see."

GEO. W. HILLS.

Literary Notes.

The *Treasury of Religious Thought* for March makes its appearance ahead of its usual time and with a table of contents excellent in every particular. Prof. Howe's portrait forms the frontispiece, and his instructive, noble sermon is the initial article of the number. A view of Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me., is also given, and an appreciative biographical sketch of Prof. Howe. The second article is a characteristic sermon by Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst on "Samaritanism a Part of the Universal Creed." Other full sermons are given, and addresses together with lectures from persons of note in learning and piety. E. B. Treat, Publisher, 5 Cooper Union, New York.

In the Easter Number of *Harper's Bazar*, issued March 17th, there will be a story by Marion Harland, entitled "A Distinction and a Difference," illustrated by Lucius W. Hitchcock, and a clever sketch by Kate Upton Clark, entitled "Easter Hats," illustrated by W. H. Hyde. Sketches and articles by other writers will be full of Easter suggestions.

The great popularity of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is reflected in the sale of the entire first English edition of Mr. Hardy's latest book, "Life's Little Ironies,"

in advance of publication. The American edition will issue in a few days from the press of Harper & Brothers.

The reading public will be gratified to learn of the early publication of Miss Hildegard Hawthorne's first book by Henry Altamus, Philadelphia. The young author is a granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who ranks among the first in American literature, and a daughter of Julian Hawthorne, who has also achieved considerable renown as a writer. She made her debut in literature as winner of the prize offered by "Current Literature" for the best description of the World's Fair. The title of Miss Hawthorne's book will be "The Fairest of the Fair." It is an elaborate description of the features of the Fair as seen by a mind capable of interpreting their awe-inspiring beauties. Hereditary genius appears in the beautiful word pictures of the gifted writer, and with her, those who had the good fortune to visit the Fair can again recall its wondrous pleasures, and those who could not avail themselves of the great pleasure of a visit can read with keenest interest of the wonders of the magic city. Though the number of works relating to the Fair is legion, the character of Miss Hawthorne's book destines it to take its place as the standard description of the greatest of international exhibitions. The engravings will illustrate the most characteristic features of the Fair, and have been especially designed for this work. To introduce the book the publisher will issue a small first edition at \$1 per copy. When this edition is sold the price will be advanced. Those desiring to purchase should send their orders immediately to the publisher.

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THE treasury of the General Conference is in need of funds. The churches who have not paid their apportionments please take notice.

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, *Treasurer*.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1894.

REV. J. CLARKE, having accepted a call to the pastorate of the Verona churches and Utica interest, requests his correspondents to address him at New London, Oneida Co., N. Y.

A BUREAU of Information, designed to be a medium of communication between Seventh-day Baptists needing workmen or women and those seeking employment has its head-quarters at the RECORDER Office, Alfred Centre, New York. Address Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, with stamp enclosed if reply is desired.

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THE First Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds regular Sabbath services in the Boy's Prayer-meeting Room, on the 4th floor, near the elevator, Y. M. C. A. Building, corner 4th Avenue and 23d St.; entrance on 23d St. Meeting for Bible study at 10.30 A. M., followed by the regular preaching services. Strangers are cordially welcomed, and any friends in the city over the Sabbath are especially invited to attend the service. Pastor's address, Rev. J. G. Burdick, New Mizpah, 86 Barrow St.

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SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS in Providence, R. I., hold regular service every Sabbath, in Room 5, at No. 98 Weybosset street, Bible-school at 2 o'clock, P. M., followed by preaching or praise service at 3 o'clock. All strangers will be welcome and Sabbath-keepers having occasion to remain in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend.

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COUNCIL REPORTS.—Copies of the minutes and reports of the Seventh-day Baptist Council, held in Chicago, Oct. 22-23, 1890, bound in fine cloth, can be had, postage free, by sending 75 cts. to this office. They are on sale no where else. No Seventh-day Baptist minister's library is complete without it. A copy should be in every home. Address John P. Mosher, Ag't, Alfred Centre N. Y.

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CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS—Paragraphs; Weather Forecasts; From L. C. Randolph... 161
Child-Life in the Slums; The Creation Days... 162
Washington Letter... 163
Some Things from my Note-book; Telephones for Everybody... 164
MISSIONS—Paragraphs; From L. F. Skaggs... 165
WOMAN'S WORK—Omission Poetry; Prayer; Little Things; Forget-nots; Israel's "Heaps"; Importance of Small Deeds... 166
Unconverted—Poetry; Ill Words Fly Far; Missionary Society—Receipts... 167
HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL—George H. Babcock and Milton College... 168
From California; Correspondence... 169
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—Learn to Live—Poetry; Paragraphs; Neal Dow; Letter to Uncle Oliver Smith; Our Mirror—President's Letter; Paragraphs... 170
OUR YOUNG FOLKS—A Drama—Poetry; That Last Kiss; The Dying Soldier... 171
SABBATH-SCHOOL—Lesson; Christian Endeavor Topics; Paragraphs... 172
HOME NEWS—West Hallock, Ill.; Dodge Centre, Minn.; Nortonville, Kansas; Farnam, Neb... 172
Tract Society—Receipts... 173
From the Rambler... 174
LITERARY NOTES... 174
SPECIAL NOTIONS... 174
BUSINESS DIRECTORY... 175
CATALOGUE OF PUBLICATIONS... 175
MARRIAGES AND DEATHS... 176

MARRIED.

KENYON—CANFIELD.—At the home of the bride's father, Mr. George T. Canfield, in the town of Ward, Allegany Co., N. Y., March 8, 1894, by Rev. B. C. Davis, Mr. Walter D. Kenyon, of Hopkinton, R. I., and Miss Evangeline Canfield.
WING—ROGERS.—At the residence of G. W. Burdick, of Wirt Centre, N. Y., March 8, 1894, by Pastor M. B. Kelly, Mr. Willis E. Wing, of Onba, N. Y., and Miss C. Eloise Rogers, of Afton, N. Y.
VINCENT—STILLMAN.—At the home of the bride, near Nortonville, Kan., on the evening of Feb. 27, 1894, by Rev. J. M. Todd, Mr. William Vincent and Miss Ellen Stillman.
HOWELL—WILSON.—On the evening of March 7, 1894, in Nortonville, Kan., by Rev. J. M. Todd, Mr. H. D. Howell, of Nortonville, and Miss May Wilson, of Goff, Kan.

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.

MOLAND.—In the town of Alfred, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1894, of cancer of the stomach, Mr. Daniel Moland, aged 70 years.
Mr. Moland was born in Dryden, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1824. At the age of eight years he came to Alfred, where he has spent most of his life. He was an honored and beloved citizen. When about twenty-six years old he professed faith in Christ and was baptized. In 1872 he joined the First Alfred Church of which he remained, until death, a consistent and faithful member. For twenty years he has been a great sufferer. But with all his suffering his faith grew more and more strong and abiding, even to the last. He leaves a widow and six children. Interment in Alfred Rural Cemetery Feb. 21, 1894. B. C. D.

BEEBE.—In Andover village, N. Y., March 3, 1894, of paralysis, John Beebe, in the 71st year of his age.
He has left a wife, two sons and other relatives. He was by nature a genial man and had many friends. His funeral was held in the Seventh-day Baptist church of Andover, March 5th, a large congregation being present. Rev. Mr. Leach assisting. J. K.

HAMILTON.—In the town of Wirt, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1894, Joseph G. Hamilton, aged 70 years, 10 months and 27 days.
He was born in Truxton, N. Y., came with his parents to live at Main Settlement when seven years old, and lived there over forty years. He died at the home of his son-in-law, LaFayette Smith, and was buried at Main Settlement. Funeral services at that church Feb. 24, conducted by the writer. M. G. S.

MAXSON.—At Richburg, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1894, little Alice, daughter of Byron and Elizabeth Maxson, aged 4 years and 19 days.
Funeral services at the church March 3d, conducted by the writer, and assisted by Rev. B. E. Fisk. Burial in the West Genesee Cemetery. M. G. S.

MAXSON.—In Scott, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1894, of scarlet fever, Cecil E., daughter of Francis and Alice Maxson, aged 3 years, 1 month and 27 days. B. F. B.

SMITH.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., Feb. 13, 1894, Sergeant Oscar H. Smith, aged 54 years and 7 months.
He served his country faithfully for four years and two months. L. E. S.

BUTLER.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1894, Mrs. George H. Butler, aged 50 years, 1 month and 17 days. L. E. S.

VANBUSKIRK.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1894, Elizabeth Smith, wife of John VanBuskirk, aged 90 years, 9 months and 24 days. L. E. S.

SCOTT.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., March 1, 1894, Mrs. Lucy H. Scott, aged 77 years, 6 months and 4 days. L. E. S.

BREED.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., March 5, 1894, Delitha Luther, widow of Benjamin Breed, aged 55 years, 2 months and 16 days. L. E. S.

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CRANDALL.—In the town of Plainfield, Otsego Co., N. Y., March 2, 1894, Avery C. Crandall, aged 79 years and 7 months.

A life of nearly four score years which began in the town of Brookfield in 1814. A large company of relatives and friends were present to witness the last sad rites. Text, John 19 30, "I is finished." M. S.

BENTLEY.—At his home in Westerly, R. I., Feb. 26, 1894, of heart paralysis, supervening upon pneumonia, Benjamin Wilbur Bentley, in the 83d year of his age.

Mr. Bentley was the son of Benjamin P. and Hannah Wilbur Bentley, and was born in Hopkinton, R. I., March 8, 1811. At the age of three years he moved with his parents to Westerly, where he ever afterwards lived. In young manhood he was baptized and united with the First Hopkinton (?) Seventh-day Baptist Church. He married Jan 1, 1838, Mary Potter Maxson, daughter of Jonathan and Nancy Potter Maxson. In 1850 he united with the Pawcatuck Church, of which he was a member at the time of his death. He was an active and highly respected business man, devoted to his home, and is mourned by those who knew him best. He leaves a widow, one son and three daughters. Funeral services were held from his late home March 1, 1894, conducted by his pastor. Interment in River Bend Cemetery, Westerly, R. I. W. C. D.

KINNEY.—In Saginaw, Mich., Feb. 14, 1894, of apoplexy, Dan. W. Kinney, son of Samuel and Olive Kinney, in the 63d year of his age.

The deceased was born in Otsego county, N. Y. In August, 1854, he was married to Miss A. Elizabeth St. John, of Leonardsville, N. Y., who survives him. August 8, 1882, he enlisted in Company G., One Hundred and Fourteenth New York Volunteer Infantry, and served till the end of the war. He was in the famous charge at Port Hudson, June 14, 1863, and at the battle of Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864, was seriously wounded. After the war he returned to Leonardsville and resumed his business as jeweler, continuing the same at Saginaw, Mich., to which place he removed in 1874. The deceased was noble in nature, true-hearted, good to the poor, and kind and obliging to all. His funeral was largely attended Feb. 18th, the services being conducted by Rev. W. W. Washburn, D. D., of the M. E. Church, assisted by Rev. A. F. Bruske, D. D., president of Alma College, both warm personal friends of the deceased. Eloquent tributes of respect were paid to the generous and noble qualities of the honest, upright life which Mr. Kinney had lived, and to his sacrifice as a brave soldier in the late war. Interment at Leonardsville, N. Y. L. C. R.

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