

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WE certainly wish to greet all the readers and friends of the RECORDER most cordially in this, our first issue for the year 1895. We greet you from our new home, from whence we hope to call upon you all, with the same regularity and frequency as hitherto, and with not a shadow of abatement of interest in our common cause, but with increasing zeal and facilities for good work we hope to make the coming year the brightest and most fruitful of good works of any year in the history of our publishing interests. We ask for your hearty support of every good cause in which we are mutually engaged.

The old year has now become a thing of the past. The record of its mistakes, its follies, its sad experiences cannot be effaced. It is not profitable to dwell immoderately upon them.

"Where are they hidden, all the vanished years?

Ah, who can say?

Where is the laughter flown to, and the tears?

Perished? Ah, nay!

Beauty and strength are born of sun and showers;

Shall these not surely spring again in flowers?

Yet let them sleep, nor seek herein to wed

Effect to cause;

For nature's subtlest influences spread

By viewless laws.

This only seek, that each New Year may bring

Out of new gifts a fairer, softer spring."

Thus, if we turn our faces to the new and varied duties of the present time and hopefully, patiently, charitably join hands with all true Christian workers, this present year will close with a better record, with grander achievements than any that have passed.

Sabbath Recorder.

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NEW YEAR'S REVERIE.

I leaned down over the cavern
Time dug for the Old Year's tomb,
And laid my dead beside it
(For the sexton gave me room).
'Twas a skeleton form of sorrow
At last I buried away;
It had stalked through my soul's castle
And haunted me many a day.

And then, as I peered down deeper,
I saw there yet was space
For a grudge that long had shadowed
My heart's most sunny place;
And I cast the blighting burden
In the grave where it belonged,
As I said: "There are fates more bitter
Than to be the one who is wronged."

And down on the lid of the coffin
I laid a vain regret
For the time and pleasure vanished,
For a day whose sun was set;
And just as the tomb was closing
I flung in a selfish thought,
To lie in the dark and moulder,
And perish as it ought.

And while the bells were ringing
Their midnight chimes, I said:
"Since good endureth forever,
Let the dead year bury its dead."
And then, like a radiant angel
Outlined in the skies above,
With the glad New Year in his bosom,
I saw the Spirit of love.

And He spake: "It is only sorrow
And sin and folly that dies;
Whatever was good in the Old Year
In the soul of the New Year lies.
As you stand on the grave of error,
Look up, for the stars are true!
Let go of the things departed—
Reach out for the things that are new!"

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The *Chicago Standard* says: "When a preacher takes fifty minutes to say his say, and has little to say worth saying, it takes his hearers less than fifty seconds to say their say of his say, and what they say would be well worth his hearing and heeding." The Recorder says, nothing further need be said.

Few people remote from the sea think much about the perils of the deep; and as a matter of course, are not so deeply interested in the extraordinary efforts that are put forth to save endangered mariners. It is stated that through the efficiency of the Life-saving service there have been 4,000 shipwrecked persons rescued during the year just closed, and nearly \$8,000,000 worth of property saved. It has cost only \$1,250,000 to maintain this heroic service.

Be deliberate. Much of the trouble incident to this life comes through hasty impulses, words and deeds. All are familiar with the saying, "Haste makes waste." Even in emergencies take time to *think*; then act promptly but deliberately. An eminent surgeon was in the habit of saying to his assistants, when he had a critical case on hand, "Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen, for we have no time to lose." That was a wise precaution. All will work more effectually for being deliberate; yes, all will work more swiftly for working more slowly, methodically, surely.

A RATHER striking illustration of a mixed metaphor can be seen in the reported utterance of a lecture recently before a large audience: "All along the untrodden paths of the

future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen hand. We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts and leaves the ashes in our hands!" This was, perhaps, surpassed by the orator who, in one of his most impassioned addresses declared that "The British lion, whether he is roaming the deserts of India, or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns, nor retire into its shell!"

GROWING old? Well really what is your age? Fifty? Only fifty, and yet you call yourself *old!* It depends very much on what a person thinks of himself. Some seem old at forty, others young at seventy. Or, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "A man had better be seventy years young than forty years old." Then keep young. Obey the laws of health, so far as possible; do honest work, seek rest at the proper time, be cheerful, hopeful, happy; live out your allotted time in useful labor and then die *young*. Methuselah had a right to call himself old and yet we do not know that he ever did. But those who call themselves old at fifty or sixty, make a mistake.

THERE is a great difference between local and constitutional treatment for the cure of disease. Local treatment is often necessary and useful to allay pain and give temporary relief. Constitutional treatment looks toward a radical and permanent cure. In the searching investigations, and startling disclosures of corruption brought to light by means of the probe and scalpel of the Lexow Committee in New York, and similar measures in other cities, a correct diagnosis may be made, but whether an effective remedy will be administered and a permanent cure effected remains to be seen. Patient and persistent constitutional treatment alone can reach the seat of the trouble. The dissemination of the gospel of Christ, the purification of political and social methods in the formation and administration of civil and municipal governments must follow or there can be no radical cure. Let the professing Christians of the United States, with awakened consciences and united effort oppose every iniquitous traffic and measure, as they virtually stand pledged to do, and a great reformation will be accomplished.

COMPULSORY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

In several States there are stringent laws requiring the attendance of children between the ages of eight and sixteen years, or within about that range of years, in schools or under some competent instruction. The new law in New York State will be regarded favorably by those who believe that the future citizens should be fairly educated. It requires that every child between eight and sixteen years of age, who is in proper mental and physical condition to attend school, shall regularly receive instruction at a public or private school in which at least reading, writing, English grammar and geography are taught; or they shall receive equivalent instruction by a competent teacher elsewhere than at school. Parents, guardians and employers of children are made responsible for the proper care of children in this respect, and neglect or refusal to comply with the law is made a misdemeanor, with an appropriate penalty. "Attendance officers" must be appointed to carry out the provisions of the law. Truants must be arrested, and if such truancy continues they will be sent to a "truant school," for which the act provides. If any city or district will-

fully omits or refuses to enforce the law the State Superintendent of Public Instruction may withhold one-half of the public school moneys to which it is entitled.

All this is as it should be. It is a duty of the State to see that the children—the men and women of the future—do not grow up in ignorance.

THE PRAYER-MEETING AND THE PLEDGE.

There is nothing more important in the training of the young than the formation of good habits. A person's character is indicated by his habits, and is at the same time largely their product. Two elements in the performance of any duty, social, political or religious, are worthy of attention; namely, the regularity and promptness with which the duties are performed. Many kinds of work which are tiresome and distasteful when done irregularly and tardily, become sources of much pleasure and profit when performed with regularity and promptness. Here is one of the most valuable influences growing out of the active membership pledge when faithfully carried out.

The habit of Christian activity becomes a fixed element of one's nature, and he is much happier in doing than in not doing. And the habit thus formed extends its wholesome influence to all other lines of service. Thus the man who is prompt and regular in meeting his Christian obligations is apt to manifest the same traits of character in his business affairs. The reverse of this is also true, so that the man who is regular and prompt in his business relation is more likely, if a Christian, to be conscientiously faithful. True, it is not always the case that a good Christian is a good business man, nor that a good business man is necessarily a good Christian; still it is true that whatever habits are formed in one line of activity will so influence the entire being as to secure corresponding results in other lines. Hence this new departure in the prayer-meeting service, which is a prominent feature of the prayer-meetings of the Y. P. S. C. E., is of incalculable value as a means for educating and training the membership to active service and good citizenship.

But another point of wholesome influence is seen in the effect of such activity on the associate members and others who may be in attendance. An active prayer-meeting is always inspiring. However well attended such a meeting may be, it will always be pronounced "dull" and uninteresting if it is of the Quaker order, where nothing is heard save at long intervals, unless it be the ticking of the clock which reminds the listeners of the rapid flight of unimproved time. Those who come to listen, and to see whether Christians are in earnest or not will soon grow weary of such service and remain away. While, on the other hand, if all present who are members, are pledged to some active service other than singing, and are prompt to use each passing moment, the effect will be like magic upon those who come to hear. In a little time they will wish they were able to take such active part and will begin to entertain serious thoughts of taking the initiatory steps to secure such a state of service. In other words, all those who attend a live prayer-meeting will be influenced for good and will probably come into active service. Let no one hesitate a moment for fear he will not be able to keep the pledge. All can do it. The most of those who pledge do keep it and thus "grow in grace and in the knowledge of the

truth." The Lookout Committee should be faithful and diligent in securing as many as possible to the pledge of active membership.

[From L. C. Randolph.]

FROM one of the "Philos" came the past week a message to about this effect: "I am editor of the society paper for the Jubilee Session. Do write me a soliloquy or a reverie or something of that kind concerning the old days when you were a Philo. We all like to hear from the 'old boys.'"

It makes a man *feel* old to be addressed thus. An "old boy" indeed! Yet it does seem like a long time since we were back there. Perhaps it is because we are looking through the haze of swiftly flying events. Only about seven years ago we stood in his place and cracked our jokes and read our poems. Poor jokes they were, but the heart was young and laughter came easily. Halting poems they were, but they meant so much to us that they touched the fountain of tears. There was "Memory's Album," in which were roughly sketched pen pictures of the teachers we loved. The last verses ran:

"The glowing coals to ashes turn,
The flickering embers die,
I shut the book and close my eyes,
Yet before my vision still there rise
These dear, true faces, kind and wise,
In the book of memory.

God grant when the light of life burns low,
And the angel of death comes nigh,
These faces still may greet mine eyes
In a fairer land with brighter skies,
The land of eternity."

"Soliloquies and reveries" have been few and far between these past few weeks. Yet Memory sings her song in undertone, and though we may not stop to listen, the music sweetens life. Glowing hours shining out of the past warm the heart though we are intent on the "new occasions" and the "newer duties."

There was the Republican Convention. Wonder if Doctor Burdick has forgotten how we joined forces and nominated Gresham and Depew by one vote. Friends who lived up towards the "Junction" said afterwards that as they sat at home they could hear the responses to the roll of names that night. Debates, mock lawsuits, speeches, papers, recitations, parliamentary practice, good fellowship—but better than all the society gatherings was the Friday evening benediction on the week when we assembled in the Davis Room. What prayer-meetings they were! Even to-night those earnest faces look radiant to me across the years. It was the heart of all our life. We talked there of our hopes and aspirations, we prayed for God's blessing on ourselves and on our friends. It was only a simple and natural thing that twenty-five were converted in one winter. There was no evangelist. There were very few "extra" meetings. But God's sunshine was with us, and the ties that "bound our hearts in Christian love" will never be forgotten.

"Time goes on,
And the happy years are dead,
And one by one
The merry hearts are fled."

When I was a boy some one said to me once as I was playing about, "You are eating your white bread now." It isn't true. Life grows fuller and deeper and richer as we go on if we keep in the sunshine of God's presence. And the brightest part of the road is where it bends down to meet what men call the "Dark River." It all depends on where a man's treasure is and where his heart is. The last end of the road is the nearest home if we can

say with Paul: "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is a crown laid up for me, and not for me only, but also for all those who love His appearing."

"BEHOLD HE COMETH."

Are you watching for the Bridegroom,
Have you heard his voice divine?
Can you say, "O yes, I love him,
I am his and he is mine?"

Is your lamp now trimmed and burning,
And with oil are you supplied?
So that you can stand before him
When he comes to claim his bride?

If you thus are waiting, watching,
And your lamp is burning bright,
You shall share his royal splendor,
Mansions in eternal light.

O, what heavenly benedictions
Follow his majestic train;
Life and health and perfect gladness,
Joy forever to remain!

But if you reject his favor,
And will not his love receive,
You will mourn in bitter sadness,
When too late you must believe.

Haste, O hasten while he tarries,
Own your base ingratitude:
Let not Satan longer tempt you,
Or the world your heart delude.

—The Golden Rule.

SAINTS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM C. DALAND.

Saints are holy people, good people, such as we all ought to be. But they are not different from normal, healthy human beings except in their goodness. Their piety need not be of the conventional type, which makes them sickly and unappreciative of the good things of life. True piety has a healthy tone not easily to be mistaken. Perseverance in a good life, when once it is resolved upon, implies not only correspondence to divine grace, but a mind which reasons clearly upon ordinary affairs, and a good digestion. People whose religion is affected by a warped mind and an enfeebled intellect, or by a jaundiced liver, present an unwholesome type of piety, and their presence is invariably disagreeable. The world has little patience with a consumptive religion which takes no enjoyment in the healthy pleasures and pursuits of life, whose conscience is eccentric and erratic, and whose sentimental utterances give the impression of insincerity. The hypocrite and the Pharisee cannot long disguise themselves, and their presence communicates spiritual disease.

We are all called to be saints, and the more of them there are in the world the better. But a saint is not such a stranger sort of person as we sometimes imagine. He may be fat and jolly. He very likely will do a great many things that a Pharisee or a hypocrite, whose solemn and sickly visage presents the conventional type of sainthood, would not do. Nothing is gained nowadays by emulating St. Simeon Stylites. He may have had a mission in his day; but you and I will do little good in the world by getting up on a pillar, and looking serenely down on those who cannot ascend to our altitude. It is better for us to deny ourselves the admiration of others, and live among them in a more unassuming way, as did our Saviour, reflecting all that is good in healthy human nature, making it appear more beautiful as it is redeemed. An asceticism that repels healthy childhood and youth, or that awakens no response in active, busy manhood, is not calculated to have a saving effect upon the world. Nor is undoubted piety at its best in rude and unnatural forms. Because we read in delightful legends that the beneficent divine Love appeared in unexpected

guise, or because it seems to us natural, that a spiritual person must be very different from the ordinary man or woman of our acquaintance, let us not be misled.

Sainthood is unobtrusive. Saints do not usually wear long robes and halos. Nor do they ostentatiously emphasize the fact that they do not wear stylish clothes or jewelry, thereby making uncomfortable somebody who may chance to have on something of that kind. They are adorned, as the Scripture says, "with good works." Saints do not now-a-days live in hermits' cells, or go around, as we see them in pictures, with trademarks indicating their spiritual characteristics or themes of their constant meditations. Nor do they by word or act make prominent the fact that they do not do many things that their less sanctified brethren may do, so as to cast a chill over whatever society they may be in. When a saint turns down his glass at a banquet, or declines a cigar, or refuses to join in a dance, or to play a game of whist, he does it very quietly, in a pleasant manner, so as to give no offense. He does not preach a sermon about it unless he can do it as the Saviour did, making it a decided success. In short, by no very obtrusive marks can you tell a saint. But when you see about you people who are evidently trying to make their friends happy, going quietly here and there attending to their business, with no scandal to prattle about, doing their daily duties without any great parade, having a cheery laugh and a bright eye, people who are charitable without ostentation, church-goers without display, who quietly and humbly avail themselves of all the means of grace without being critical of others whose ideas on religion may differ from theirs, then you may be perfectly sure that you have seen a few modern saints, whose religion is healthy and whose piety is genuine. True religion is the gold which stands the test of the acid of the world, which remains pure even if, all unburnished, it may lack the glitter of pinchbeck and tinsel.

ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST CHURCH IN AMERICA.*

BY MRS. N. WARDNER.

Roger Williams was the first person to maintain the doctrine of religious liberty and unlimited toleration in the New World. He was born in Wales in 1606. Toward the close of his eventful life, he says, "From my childhood, now about three score years, the Father of lights touched my soul with a love to himself, to his only begotten, the true Lord Jesus, and to his holy Scriptures." Previous to his embracing the views of the Puritans, he had been a clergyman in the Church of England. Accompanied by his wife, he embarked for America in 1630, arriving at Boston, Feb. 5, 1631. He was a talented young minister, well educated and exceedingly zealous in promulgating his doctrines. He settled at Salem as Mr. Skelton's assistant pastor. His persistent advocacy of the rights of conscience and denial of the rights of magistrates to punish any but civil offenses, aroused the enmity of the authorities and brought on immediate persecution, which, in a few months, compelled him to retire to Plymouth. He remained there two years as assistant pastor of Mr. Ralph Smith, then returned to Salem and became Mr. Skelton's successor, as pastor of the con-

*Read at a Sabbath-school entertainment at Milton Junction, Wis., December 23, 1894.

gregation in that town. "In one year's time," it is said, "he filled the place with principles of rigid separation, tending to anabaptism." The court pronounced upon him the sentence of banishment, giving him six weeks in which to leave, and should he fail to do so the governor and two magistrates were authorized to send him to some place outside that jurisdiction, to return no more without license from the court. He had firmly maintained the doctrine of absolute and eternal separation of civil government and the Christian Church. Such a doctrine could not be tolerated. His views, however, were gaining ground and the authorities, seeing the danger of his founding a colony near by, determined to send him at once to England. A vessel was dispatched for that purpose, but he was informed of the movement and when it arrived was beyond reach. In the dead of winter he was compelled to leave family and friends and flee from his civilized and Christianized pursuers into the wilderness and seek refuge in the cabin of Massasoit, an Indian chief. Thank heaven that the Great Spirit had touched the heart of a savage and made him the willing protector of a representative of the vital doctrine of religious liberty. Mr. Williams "steered his course" for the shores of the Narragansett, reaching his destination after fourteen weeks of great privations. He purchased land on the eastern shore of the Seekonk river, and planted his corn for the season, when learning that he was still within the limits of the Plymouth colony, he again embarked with five companions, in a canoe, down the stream, turned the extremity of the peninsula and ascended the river to a spot which tradition has consecrated as their landing place. He made peaceable covenant with the sachems and nations around him, and, mindful of God's merciful providences in giving him protection, named the place Providence, desiring, as he said, "that it might be a shelter for persons distressed for conscience."

In the spring of 1639, Mr. Williams was immersed by Ezekiel Holliman. Mr. Williams then immersed Mr. Holliman and ten others; thus founding the first Baptist church in America. In the same year, 1639, the first Baptist church of Newport was organized by his contemporary, John Clarke. (I have taken these dates from Chamber's Encyclopædia. The "Seventh-day Baptist Memorial," says the Newport Church was not founded until 1644.)

Mr. Williams obtained a charter for the land he and his followers had colonized in 1644. It is now called Rhode Island. In this State, which might be called the cradle of religious liberty in America, the Seventh-day Baptist denomination, of the United States, sprang into being.

"In 1664 Stephen Mumford came from London to Rhode Island, and brought with him the opinion that the whole ten commandments were moral and immutable, and that it was the anti-Christian power which thought to change times and laws that had changed the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week. Several members of the Newport Church embraced his sentiments, and yet continued with the church for some years. They kept up a correspondence with their brethren in England, by which thing they were strengthened in their resolution to lead a pure Christian life."

This correspondence forms an intensely in-

teresting chapter in Seventh-day Baptist history, but we can only give it a brief notice in this paper.

The first letter is one received from the Church of Christ meeting in Bell Lane, London, upon the Lord's holy Sabbath which sends its salutations to the Sabbath-keepers in or about Newport. The church speaks of its own trials in the following words; "The Lord is further revealing his truth, that we may know that there are no wounds, like those we receive in the house of our friends, nor anything like the strong opposition of brethren differing from us in what we are persuaded is the mind and law of Christ. Although this be grievous to us, God hath promised that our bow shall abide in strength and the arms of our hands shall be made strong by the hand of the mighty God, and be fed with the heritage of Jacob our father, because the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it; and we know that he is not a man that he should lie or the Son of man that he should repent. Therefore, great will be the blessing of Sabbath-keepers, when they shall be exalted to ride upon the high places of the earth and have dignity and prosperity, temporal and spiritual. . . . We beseech you, dear brethren, be not discouraged but resolve through Christ's strength, to persevere in the ways of uprightness, before him that weigheth the paths of the just. Though you meet with hard things, know that truth never comes into the world without great opposition."

The letter also exhorts them to be very tender towards their differing brethren, to give them good example by their light, and by their holy conversation and to avoid harsh and bitter speeches against them that they might not be hardened in their present course nor made to stumble at the truth. The entire letter is pervaded by the Spirit of Christ.

The second is from Edward Stennett, dated Abingdon, Berkshire, Feb. 2, 1668. Mr. Stennett says: "We have passed through great opposition, for this truth's sake, repeatedly from our brethren, which makes the affliction heavier. I dare not say how heavy lest it should seem incredible; but the Lord has been with us, affording us strength according to our day. At present the opposition seems to be declining away; for truth is strong and this spiritual, fiery law will burn up all the thorns which men may set before it. . . . It is our duty as Christians to carry it (the law) with all meekness and tenderness to our brethren, who, through the darkness of their understandings in this point, differ from us. We have abundant reason to bless our dear Father who hath opened our eyes to behold the wonders of his law, while many of his dear servants are in the dark, but the Lord has in this truth as in others, first revealed it unto babes that no flesh shall glory in his presence."

He states that there are nine or ten churches in England that keep the Sabbath; and closes his epistle by committing the little flock in Rhode Island to the keeping of the eternal God.

Two men and their wives, who had embraced the Seventh-day turned back to the keeping of the First-day again, whereupon the Sabbath-keepers wrote to their friends in England for advice. An answer was received from Edward Stennett, dated Abingdon, March 6, 1670, in which he says: "As for those who have drawn back from the Sabbath to profaneness, after light and establishment there-

in, yourselves must not take pleasure in them, but must withdraw yourselves from them as sinful and disorderly persons; and if the church will hold communion with those apostates from the truth, you ought then to desire to be fairly dismissed from the church; which, if the church refuse, you ought to withdraw yourselves, and not be partakers of other men's sins, but keep yourselves pure, with all humility, meekness, and brokenness of heart."

This called out lively discussions on both sides. The Seventh-day people, however, were unwilling to separate themselves from the church if they could live together peaceably, and the matter quieted down for a time, and would probably have remained so indefinitely, had the Elders been content to let the subject alone. They would not do so, but in their sermons were constantly making remarks about those who had forsaken Christ and gone back to Moses and the law; affirming that the law had been done away in Christ, and that the Gentiles had never had anything to do with it. They spent their force preaching down the law of God in general, and the Seventh-day Sabbath in particular.

If time permitted it would be interesting to follow this discussion, which resulted in a separation Dec. 7, 1671.

On Dec. 23, 1671, just two hundred and twenty-three years ago, William Hiscox, Stephen Mumford, Samuel Hubbard, Roger Baster, Tacy Hubbard, Rachel Langworthy and a sister whose name is not known, seven in all, entered into covenant relations, thus founding the first Seventh-day Baptist Church in America. It was organized after the plan of the Seventh-day Baptist churches in London, with William Hiscox as pastor.

The church began to exert an influence in favor of the Seventh-day, that alarmed the Baptists Church, and in about a year's time it put forth an effort to win the members back to its fold; but they had counted the cost before withdrawing their fellowship, and having put their hands to the plow, they could not be induced to look back. They were people of unflinching courage and as true to their convictions of right "as the needle to the pole,"

Their house of worship was built in 1729. This building is still standing, but has passed into the hands of the Historical Society. It was my great fortune to visit this house in the summer of 1891. It is built according to the model of the churches in those days, with a gallery, high pulpit and sounding board over it. The seats have been removed and the audience room is a repository of relics of past generations.

A feeling of awe and deep solemnity came over me as I ascended the flight of steps into the pulpit, and stood before the open Bible, the leaves of which were yellow with age. A sacred stillness was brooding over the hallowed spot, and under its magic influence I thought I could almost hear the voices of those primitive heroes ringing out again in tones of majestic sweetness the principles of religious liberty, and the rights of conscience; and although the edifice had been diverted from its original purpose, it seemed to me it was none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.

If any Seventh-day Baptist of the present day is repining because of the sacrifices he is obliged to make for the Sabbath, let him study the history of those who adhered to that doctrine in Colonial times. They were subjected to heavy fines for their beliefs and

practices; they were imprisoned and their feet made fast in stocks; they were tied to whipping posts and beaten so they could not lie down for weeks; they were driven from their houses, the little colony of Rhode Island being their only refuge. Mr. Hiscox was arrested while preaching in New London, preparatory to administering the rite of baptism. Tacy Hubbard was twice arrested while residing in Connecticut, for advocating her views on baptism, which compelled her, with her husband, to move to Rhode Island. John Rogers embraced the principles of the Seventh-day Baptists, and his father-in-law came and took his wife from him. The historian has not informed us whether this was a calamity or a blessing, but we trust it was the latter.

It is fitting that we meet to-night to celebrate the two hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the organization of our first church in America. And while we cast our laurels at the feet of those who suffered so much to lay the foundation of the liberty we enjoy, let us thank God for the grace that enabled them to do and bear, praying that our own hearts may be possessed with the same spirit of devotion to the cause of truth.

NEW YORK LETTER.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

The *Recorder* of New York in to-day's issue has the following concerning the Seamen's Missions of this city which may interest those who have "lent a hand" in making this day so happy for Jack Tar. Last evening we had 73 men and a pleasant song service. C. Benedict Rogers, of Philips, Fla., sent us a barrel of Christmas oranges. We served the boys to this delicious fruit. To-day we have had 30 men. We have kept open house all day. It is so hard to help men whose environments are so against them. A bottle of free beer was served each man to-day. A majority did not refuse; some did. We have endeavored to make the day so pleasant to the men that they would stay with us rather than bum it all day. To-day we served apples received from C. T. Rogers, of New Market, N. J. To-night we have coffee and doughnuts. [The New York *Recorder* publishes an account of several missions but we have room for only the following which will be of special interest to our readers. Ed.] J. G. BURDICK.

The New Mizpah reading rooms, at 86 Barrow street, will not have a tree, but many useful presents will be distributed among the boys—a sailor never grows old—all of whom are regular and constant attendants at the rooms whenever they are in New York. A great number of books, useful and fancy articles, and cards have already been sent away on various ships to be delivered on Christmas morning, and the men who will dock here just too late for the real holiday will be remembered as soon as they land. Mrs. J. G. Burdick, the superintendent, has secured a large number of ditty-bags and other useful things from friends all over the country, and she will distribute more mittens, wristlets and other worsted goods than all the other missions put together. This mission differs from all others in being under the management of an American woman, in being self-supporting, and in having no paid workers. The expenses are entirely contributed by the superintendent's friends, who also send in reading matter and almost everything to be distributed among the men. Of all the seamen's resorts visited yesterday, the New Mizpah was the cosiest and most homelike. A tea was given last evening, followed by a fine concert by the seamen and volunteer shore talent.

Missions.

THE next regular Board meeting of the Missionary Society will occur January 16, 1895. Blank quarterly reports have been sent to all the missionaries and missionary pastors to be filled out. If any have failed to receive their blank please inform the Missionary Secretary and another will be sent them. He hopes to receive in time for said meeting reports, statements, and interesting items from all parts of the home field.

WE have spent a week with the Berlin Church, N. Y., very pleasantly and profitably. Pastor G. H. F. Randolph holds the fort there and is doing very acceptable work in his pastorate, and is much beloved by the people. He and the pastor of the M. E. Church begin a series of meetings the First-day evening before New Year. There was a precious revival in Berlin last winter through union meetings, but there are many precious souls in and about the village who are unsaved. This is a good field for an evangelistic effort, and we hope there will be a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon it this winter. The Berlin Church was one of our old mother churches. There was a time when it numbered about four hundred members. Out of this church brethren and sisters went into Otsego, Madison, Jefferson, and Allegany counties, N. Y., to settle and become constituent members of churches in those sections of New York, some of said churches being now among our strongest and most efficient. There were also Seventh-day Baptist churches at Stephentown and Petersburg, but they have become extinct from removals, deaths, forsaking the Sabbath, and other causes. There are left yet in those places, and on Grafton hills, families who are loyal to the Sabbath, but are so far from the Berlin Church that they get out to meeting only occasionally. We believe these places are good points to hold revival meetings to stir up the people to higher spiritual living, to reclaim wanderers from Christ, and also from the Sabbath, and save souls. Our people in and about Berlin are doing fairly well in maintaining systematic giving to the two Societies, and some give in addition thereto quite liberally. We see no reason why the Berlin Church should not grow in numbers and in spiritual power. One of the best things it could do to perpetuate itself is to build a good parsonage, which it greatly needs, and if the church should do it the people would say the Berlin Church is there to stay. Bro. Saunders commenced evangelistic labor with the First Brookfield Church, Leonardsville, N. Y., on the evening of the 14th. The meetings have started in very favorably. Several of the young people rose for prayers last night, and a deep and thoughtful interest is increasing. The pastor and many earnest workers are gathering around the evangelist with devout and hearty helpfulness as if they not only greatly desire, but also expect, a great revival in the church and whole community. The Lord is on the giving hand and he will not disappoint them if they work faithfully and unreservedly with him. O. U. W.

AMOS LAWRENCE adopted this motto and squared his practice to it to the amount of \$700,000: "He is not rich who lays up much, but he who lays out much." And, verily, to lay out lavishly for God in this life is to lay up abundant treasure in the life to come.

FROM E. F. SKAGGS.

In making my quarterly report, first I desire to thank our Father in Heaven for the life and health I still enjoy. I have visited the Corinth church, in Barry county, twice in the last quarter. The place where they hold their meetings is in a school-house, and, as the public school is in session at this season of the year, I could not hold a series of meetings in the Autumn or Winter, except evenings, so I have not held a series of meetings there this quarter. This little church has not received any additions to their number the past year, though the membership seems to be contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. There is one sister living here who keeps the Sabbath, but has not united with the church; there are others who are convinced they ought to keep it. The interest and attendance here are good. I am expecting to hold a series of meetings here at my next visit.

The Delaware Church, Christian county, has but one family that are resident members; that is the writer's family. This church has a house of worship of its own, but the membership is so scattered that it seems very discouraging at present. I have preached here once a month the last quarter. On the second Sabbath in September we commenced a series of meetings, which lasted twelve days and nights, resulting in two conversions and quite a number coming forward for prayer. There was a general awakening among the professing people, and perfect harmony among the Christians. The writer was assisted by Elders E. K. Peebles and James Bancum, Baptists; and L. P. Crank, Protestant Methodist. The meeting closed with a number of earnest souls at the altar of prayer, whom we are earnestly praying God will save. A weekly prayer-meeting has been commenced there and a number of backsliders were quickened and the joys of God's salvation restored to them. I have preached twice the last quarter at Lorenzo Chapel, two miles from the Delaware Church. I have visited Plum Valley, Texas county, once in the last year, preached about a week, evening and morning. They were very cold and on the back ground. They are very anxious that I hold a series of meetings at this place when I visit them in October, which I have agreed to do. Say they will contribute when I return.

The Providence Church is in Texas county. This is the church with which the S. W. Association met the 11th of October, 1894. We have visited this church twice the last quarter and held a series of meetings there in July, lasting two weeks, which resulted in two or three conversions and a great awakening and unity among the Christian people of the neighborhood, and seemingly all the unconverted were convicted of sin. The meeting closed and the writer went to another part of the field. The people rested one week, and commenced a meeting within one mile of the place where the two weeks meeting was held. It lasted for two weeks, resulting in about 20 conversions. This is one of the greatest religious awakenings it has had for years. A number of professing people were brought into the fellowship and love of the Spirit who had not enjoyed that sweet fellowship of the Spirit, and of one another, for so long, they must have been very hungry. There was one addition to the church at my visit in August, by experience and baptism.

It has been very dry here, which has made corn very light. Crops are very good near Corinth Church and the Delaware Church. Money is very scarce. Pray for this needy field, Boaz, Mo.

SELF-CONTROL.

An intimate friend of the deceased composer, Rubenstein, says of him, "When in good humor Rubenstein was the most genial, good-natured, big-hearted fellow to be imagined, but when he was in a bad humor—thank heaven that was seldom!—he was a fiend." The world is very ready to pardon lapses of temper to its geniuses, but it is questionable whether geniuses ought to ask special allowances from the world. Certainly we do not advise any of our readers to argue from the irritability of an ill-governed temper to the possession of genius. Rubenstein would have been a greater man if he had been less irritable and morose. And, if bad temper takes something from genius, how much more in proportion must it take from mediocrity? To be a great man is beyond the reach of most of us. To be an even-tempered, self-controlled man is within the power of all. And it is better to be lovable than to be great.—*Congregationalist*.

Dr. A. J. Gordon tells how it "happens" that the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, gave last year \$20,000 to foreign missions, while its own expenses were less than \$10,000. "My way has been to make collections for foreign missions and home missions every Sunday morning in the year, and to keep the subject constantly before the people. Then in April we make a special collection, which is always preceded by a week of daily prayer, in which we meet together at eight o'clock in the morning to pray for the one thing that the people may have their hearts drawn out to give for the work of evangelizing the world. I preach on the Sunday before the collection is to be taken, and then put the responsibility of giving upon the people, refraining from all special solicitation or urging." And so no wonder it comes to pass that only seven States exceed this church in their gifts to the Missionary Union, and the amount is nearly one-fourth of all the gifts that come from the entire State of Massachusetts!

ALAS for the pinching poverty to be found under the sun! President Eliot tells of a man living near Boston who was asked to give money to Harvard College, who received the suggestion kindly, promised to confer with his wife and report, and after a few days did report as follows: "We have talked over the question, and have been all over our accounts. We want to give, but actually find that we must deny ourselves. Our accounts show that we are spending every year \$70,000, and our income is equal to just about \$70,000. I am very sorry that I have not a cent to give." And another poor man has been heard of, who, when asked to make a subscription to a certain cause, answered with great seriousness, "I am sorry that I cannot. I have \$500,000 in Suffolk Bank, and it isn't drawing me a cent of interest."

AND, *per contra*, let us take note how it looks sometimes to a "heathen." A missionary woman received a call from a wealthy Hindu friend who spoke to her of the great improvement in her health resulting from a brief stay at a distant sanitarium. "Will you not go again?" he asked. "Oh, no," she replied, "it costs too much." "But," said he, "what is cost if it spares your life five or six years to work here and do good as you do?" After a while he suggested, "When you want to go again, you let me know what it will cost and I will give you the amount." At the close of the call, and when entering his carriage, this same Hindu remarked to the husband of the woman: "Remember and send to me if your wife needs to go to the sanitarium. I can give money for such an object."

Woman's Work.

THE NEW YEAR LEDGER.

I said one day a year ago,
I wonder, if I truly kept
A list of days when life burnt low,
Of days I smiled, and days I wept—
If good or bad would highest mount,
When I made up the year's account.

I took a ledger, fair and fine,
And now, I said, when days are glad,
I'll write with bright red ink the line,
And write with black when they are bad,
So that they'll stand before my sight
As clear apart as day and night.

I will not heed the changing skies,
Nor if it shine, nor if it rain;
But if there comes some sweet surprise
Of friendship, love, or honest gain,
Why, then, it shall be understood
That day is written down as good.

And if to any one I love
A blessing meets them on the way,
That will a double pleasure prove,
So it shall be a happy day;
And if some day I've cause to dread
Pass harmless by, I'll write it red.

When hands and brain stand labor's test,
And I can do the thing I would,
Those days when I am at my best,
Shall all be traced as very good;
And in "red letter," too, I'll write,
Those rare, strong hours, when right is might.

When first I meet in some grand book
A noble soul that touches mine;
And with his vision I can look
Through some "Gate Beautiful" of time,
That day such happiness will shed
That golden-lined will seem the red.

And when pure, holy thoughts have power
To touch my heart and dim my eyes,
And I, in some diviner hour,
Can hold sweet converse with the skies,
Ah! then my soul may safely write,
"This day hath been most good and bright."

What do I see on looking back?
A red-lined book before me lies,
With here and there a thread of black
That like a passing shadow flies.
A shadow, it must be confessed,
That often rose in my own breast.

And I have found 'tis good to note
The blessing that is mine each day;
For happiness is vainly sought
In some dim future far away.

Just try my ledger for a year,
Then look with grateful wonder back,
And you will find—there is no fear—
The red days far exceed the black.

—*Amelia E. Barr, in Treasure-Trove.*

FROM DR. SWINNEY.

SHANGHAI, China, Nov. 5, 1894.

Dear Mrs. Rogers:

There was a pleasant sight presented to my view on going into the hospital the other day; the matron was sitting by the large south window, and the dear little girl six years old suffering with hip disease, was reclining on a chair before her, and now and then playing, but much of the time looking up into Mrs. Ng's face and smiling, while one of the school boys who has nearly recovered, was sitting on a stool by the matron's side teaching her the more difficult characters in a book she was anxious to read. The whole scene was peaceful, happy, and pleasant to see and remember.

Mrs. Ng is especially interested in the little ones, often sitting by their bedside, or having them grouped about her when they are able to go into the sitting room. It has often been my portion to hear the curious traditions of the people; one of these sayings has interested me very much. My first occasion of hearing this was from Chung Lau's daughter Mary, who solemnly affirmed that what she said was true, because all the old people everywhere said so. Again, not long since, the gateman was helping me dust and re-arrange some books on the shelves when he asked if our books spoke of the people of ancient times. "Yes," I replied, "we have many books that teach of the long ago, especially the Bible, which goes back to the very beginning."

"Did the people die in those times?" "Yes, though they lived longer than we do now."

From this he gave me an account of what the aged people now living say has come down to them. "In olden times there were very few people; they did not die any of them, but every sixty years they lost the integument from off their bodies and the new being formed; they thus renewed their life. It was very rare that children were born to them, and they also went through again and again these cycles of sixty years.

The process of shedding their skins and the formation of the new, which required several months was so agonizing that it was a period dreaded by each one. Finally the older ones of their ancestors who had so many times been familiar with this excruciating process, with a unanimous voice declared they would rather die than endure this season of renewing. From that time it was never known to occur; the people died, even the young as well as the old; the population greatly increased and with it evil of every kind; suffering and sorrow abounded on all sides, and this state of affairs has come down even to this present time."

In writing to Eld. O. U. Whitford lately I mentioned Miss Tsu's letter to me, which I have now translated and send to you. The burden on this young lady's heart has been the same these years—anxiety for the salvation of the members of her own family. Her mother's faith has plainly increased during the last three years; yet she has times of wavering and doubt, which greatly distresses the daughter. Miss Tsu's belief in the Saviour remains firm through all the difficulties in her pathway. The letter is as follows:

Dr. Swinney:

Peace be to you. The seventh day of last month was my grandmother's birthday. You remember my grandparents and our family have always lived together. As she has reached one of the decimal years, according to our custom the whole family should go before her, kneel down and worship her as a part of the birthday celebration. On this day my mother and I did not do so. Toward evening my grandfather said to me, "Those that worshiped to-day were few! If when I am gone you do not worship me, I will send a fever to consume you."

My mother and I, out of respect, did not reply. At bed time my mother, who you know believes but sometimes wavers, came and said, "They are even now talking about our refusing to worship to-day I think if your grandfather supports and cares for us all our lives, after his death we must indeed worship him; if we do not, will not our own family and our neighbors say we do not reverence nor respect him? It seems to me we must worship your grandparents." I replied, "Mother, you have for a long time studied the Bible, and how is it that you still doubt? You already know the commandments of the one true God, and why do you not observe them? You are afraid of other people's remarks and thus disobey the Lord, and are in danger of losing eternal life, is it not so?" She replied, "I am not able to do the Lord's will."

I was in great sorrow on hearing this, went to my room and prayed to the God of heaven, saying, "Oh God, thou who knowest everything and who art wonderful in thy mercy, I am very sinful. I do not crave the blessings of this world, but long for life everlasting. I am decided in my own heart to do only according

to thy will, and trust in the Saviour's name for the forgiveness of my sins. Also I pray that thou wilt open my mother's heart and help her to understand more clearly so that she may not doubt, nor turn backward, nor stand in fear of other people's remarks."

I think on account of this want of faith and her timidity she makes little advancement in spiritual things; and because life is short and uncertain, I am the more anxious for her salvation and feel as though my heart was on fire. She thinks too, more of this world and less of those important things that pertain to the soul's good; therefore I wept much and bitterly and spent that night in sleepless agony.

In the morning I took the little book you gave me, "Leading the Family in the Right Way," and gave one each to my grandfather and father to read. Before this my father was never willing to look at it, but now took it and began to read. So I said, "Father if you would only go to the chapel and hear the gospel preached you would understand it much better," but he expressed his unwillingness to go. I am now trying to think of some way in which you can meet him more often, and thus have an influence in leading him to the light. The way seems full of difficulties and I do not know what to do. If he only could believe it would be a wonderful thing for him, and a wonderful thing in our home.

My mother too, is anxious for him to become a Christian, but knows also the difficulties in the way. "If he only would believe," she says, "he could help me to be strong and brave against other people's sneers, and it would be possible for me then to become truly a follower of Christ."

Pray for her and all of us, will you not? And write me if there is anything more I ought to do.

Your humble friend,

TSU SIAU TSIA.

MIDDLE KINGDOM. 25th day of 19th moon.

P. S.—After reading this letter several of us in the mission have agreed to remember her and her family in prayer, wherever we may be, at twelve o'clock each day.

WHERE THE SHINE COMES FROM.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbow on the old lady's arm chair, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma. "I have read a little and prayed a great deal, and then looked out at the people. There is a little girl that I have learned to watch for; she has a wealth of sunny brown hair; her eyes have that same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, here she comes now."

"Who, that girl with the brown apron on?" cried the boy. "Why, I know that girl; that's Susie Moore, and she has an awful hard time, grandma."

"Has she, indeed?" said grandma. "Then wouldn't you like to know where she gets all that brightness from?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly, and, to grandma's surprise, he raised the window, and called, "Susie, Susie, come up here a minute, grandma wants to see you."

The little girl seemed surprised, but she turned at once and came in.

Arthur met her at the door, and said: "Susie, grandma would like to know what makes you so bright all the time."

"Why, I have to," said Susie; you see papa's been sick a long time, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

And grandma put her arm around the little girl, and said: "You could not have a better reason for shining. Keep on shining, dear little sunbeam."

THE NEW YEAR.

Beneath the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year:
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear;

I grieve not with the moaning wind,
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within;
The patience of immortal love,
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

—Whittier.

SELECTION.

"There is a most beautiful custom in Germany on the first day of the new year. If there have been quarrels or estrangements between friends they are buried on this day; all is forgotten and forgiven. What a lovely example for us to imitate! Kindly greetings in the place of coldness, smiles in the place of frowns, love pushing anger aside—what a sweet picture! The Lord must smile upon it.

What a wonderful year of noble living we may make of the year just born if we will! Hand in hand, heart to heart, we can, with the help of the Mighty One,

Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Let us begin the new year by cleansing ourselves in the ever-flowing fountain. Romaine's New Year's wish for his people was, 'God grant that this may be a year famous for believing.'—*Ernest Gilmore, in American Messenger.*

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Instead of looking at the duties and burdens of the coming year until we are weary with a sense of responsibility, suppose we regard each day as an opportunity fresh from the hand of God. The outlook will be something like this:

Three hundred and sixty-five days in which to walk with Jesus. You remember the walk of the disciples to Emmaus. How their hearts burned within them as he talked with them by the way and opened to them the Scriptures! Three hundred and sixty-five similar walks for us, in a companionship just as close and intimate as we choose to make it.

Three hundred and sixty-five days of intercession for others. How much a single prayer has often accomplished! Think of 365 days of such opportunity, before an open mercy-seat, with the undivided attention of God and with the Holy Spirit to help frame your pleas and suggest what you forget. When you pass the children on their way to school lift up your heart in their behalf, "God bless the boys and keep them always pure." If a tramp calls at your door remember him and his class. Who needs your prayers more? When traveling ask God to bless the trainmen and all the passengers. Some are in trouble, others in temptation, all in need of the grace of God. Pray for the colleges, for the press that it may be pure and wholesome, for those who are making their wills that they may remember their Elder Brother. What a variety of needs are suggested by each day's contact with the world and what a privilege it is to be able to send a wave of righteousness rolling over the whole earth, even to its uttermost shores! Intercession is the mightiest weapon in the Christian's armory.

Three hundred and sixty-five combinations of Providence in our behalf, for "all things work together for good to them that love God." Consider what a single combination has often wrought. A word, a tract, a little loan or gift of money—how a sickness or bereavement has broadened our spiritual vision; how disappointment has revealed our self-sufficiency and brought us in penitence to our knees, how a letter or a chance acquaintance

has stirred our hearts and given life a new meaning. Three hundred and sixty-five just such combinations, and each the best that God can devise for that day.

Three hundred and sixty-five days for the Spirit to reveal to us the blessed will of God. A single glimpse of it has often fired our soul with a holy purpose, but think of 365 days in which the Spirit will pour the truth into us just as fast as we are able to receive it. Last year it was true of us as of the disciples, "I have many things to say unto you, but he cannot bear them now." This year, if we desire it, we may reasonably expect that he will unfold to us more of the deep things of God.

Three hundred and sixty-five days to witness for Christ in our appointed place, to stand at the post of duty though it bring no praise or honor save the approval of him who hath said, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Regarded in this way how attractive the new year seems. We are eager to enter it and to share in its joys and triumphs.

At the bloody battle of Marengo the French line fell back in a complete rout, and the officers rushed up to their commander crying, "The battle is lost." "Yes," exclaimed the general, "one battle is lost, but there is time to win another." Inspired by his faith and courage, the officers hurried back, turned the head of the retreating column, and when in a few hours the last gun was fired the French camped on the field of battle. Marengo had been won. So if we are thinking of battles lost during the last year, in school or business, or worse still in character—lost temper, lost patience, lost spirituality or prayerfulness—let us remember that there is yet a time to win another battle. Raise the standard once more, take fresh courage, put on the whole armor, and God will surely give us the victory. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—*Rev. H. W. Pope.*

YOUR SON.

You want him to be a man. It does not make so much difference whether he is a "gentleman," so called, or not. But a man is a man the world over. Imagine Pilate leading the man of Nazareth, thorn-crowned and robed in purple mockery before the people, crying, "Behold the gentleman!" Fancy the "two men in white apparel" saying to the men who were to revolutionize government and religion and conduct all over this world: "Ye, gentlemen of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" Your boy shall be a man, and the model of his life you will help him to find in the manhood of the New Testament. Meekness of spirit, noble aspirations, a merciful disposition, purity of heart, cleanliness of thought, chastity, right conduct, moderation in speech, generosity, magnanimity, forgiveness of wrongs, modesty, loyalty to duty, charity in judgment, practical wisdom—all these he will find in the Sermon on the Mount. All the cardinal principles, the sure foundations, upon which pure, true manhood is built, he will find in the teachings and model of the New Testament. There is no other standard, no other model of faultless manhood—*Robert Burdette.*

A PLEASING STORY.—A pleasing story is told by a boy who lives at West Troy, New York: "I recently caught a squirrel," he says, "but the animal was shy, and seemed decidedly averse to being tamed. In the cage was a wheel, such as one may see in most cages for squirrels, but my squirrel would not go near it while any person was looking. The other day a friend came to see me and began to play on his flute near the cage. The squirrel at once lost its shyness and appeared in the wheel. After listening a moment the little animal began to jump around in the liveliest manner. It made the wheel fairly spin, and was delighted. As soon as the music ceased the squirrel rested. When my friend began to play again the squirrel repeated its antics. Since that incident it has become quite tame."

Our Young People.

OUR GROWTH.

Membership of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches. Last two years actual count; prior to this the membership is estimated:

	Societies.	Members.
In 1885	5	219
In 1886	7	307
In 1887	11	494
In 1888	17	743
In 1889	25	1,098
In 1890	31	1,362
In 1891	36	1,582
In 1892	43	1,889
In 1893	53	2,185
In 1894	55	2,619

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

My Dear Young People:

Before this letter reaches you we shall all have finished our work for the year ninety-four, but not the influence we have exerted, for this must go on whether good or bad. Its opportunities will never return, we can never "redeem the time." Many of our Christian Endeavor Societies have held their last meeting for this year. Many of those last prayer-meetings were cold and formal meetings, not largely attended by even the active members and so little interest in the meeting that unconverted people were not attracted or invited, and you feel that it was better they were not there because the meeting was not a success. How to make it a success is what all wish to know I have no doubt. How did you make your sociable, your Christian Endeavor fair, your literary entertainment a success? Did you work for it, issue invitations, write letters to absent members, call committee meetings and give it your attention for days, and then when the people, your guests, came did you treat them just as you did at your last prayer-meeting? Or did you meet them at the door, exert yourself to entertain them and ask after members of the family who could not come? Now, my young people, we can correct some of the faults of our prayer-meeting. Shall we commence with our first meeting in ninety five? Suppose we appoint a reception committee in every Christian Endeavor where the prayer-meeting is dragging; then all help this committee. We hope to hear from many New Year's morning meetings through the "Mirror," hope to hear from non-residents, etc. We have been rejoiced at the news from so many quarters of good work done for the Master.

Here the usual holiday exercises have given way sufficiently for the revival meetings, so they have continued every night. The General Secretary, O. U. Whitford, spent the Sabbath with us and preached. God is here in power, and many have been redeemed. We hope to organize farther for personal work and be so led by the Holy Spirit that all in this community may be found at the foot of the cross of Christ, a lighter cross than many are now trying to carry.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

—How many Endeavorers are planning to subscribe for the National paper, *The Golden Rule*, for the coming year? This paper binds the Endeavorers more closely together, and each one will find something in it that will interest them. Let all who can take this paper, but those who cannot will find their interest increased in their State's work by reading their State paper.

—The society at Grand Junction, Iowa, was organized Aug. 11, 1894, with twenty-two members. On account

of the members being scattered and the shortness of the days, the afternoon meetings have been dropped for a short time. Their prayer-meeting takes the place of the morning service one-third of the time.

—The first district convention, comprising Moody and Lake counties convened at Madison, Lake county, South Dakota, Dec. 7th and 8th. Seven societies are represented in this union. The society at Smyth sent fourteen representatives, each of the others sending two or more, making a total of thirty delegates. An excellent program was presented.

WANTED.—C. E'S.

Who are business-like in the Master's service.
Who glorify small acts of service for Christ.
Who will devote heart and head to committee work.
Who will speak an encouraging word to the leader.
Who make soul-saving the ultimate aim of every endeavorer.

Who bear sunshine in their souls and smiles on their faces.

WISCONSIN ENDEAVORERS.

—One society with twenty-eight active and nine associate members, recently wrote that their society had pledged twenty-five dollars instead of twenty, (as had been reported previously) on Dr. Palmberg's salary, and that about one-half of that amount had been raised. This society also take, up a monthly offering, which is divided in the work, and amounts to two cents a week per active member.

Children's Page.

THEIR SAIL.

Said Charlie to Sam on a bright summer day,
"Come, let us go sailing in Chesapeake Bay;
We'll fish and we'll sail, and a big storm will come,
And rock the boat so that we'll hurry back home."

Said Sam unto Charlie: "O yes! let's jump in,
I'm ready, right now, for the storm to begin."
And just as soon as these boys got afloat
A big storm arose and kept rocking the boat.

Said Charlie to Sam: "There hasn't been time
For even one fish to nibble my line.
Such a terrible storm I didn't expect,
If it keeps on like this, our boat will get wrecked."

Said Sam unto Charlie: "This boat keeps on rocking,
And soon will upset, the storm is so shocking.
We'll surely get *drowned*, and there'll be a great fuss,
And we won't catch the fish, but the fish will catch us."

Said Charlie to Sam: "It is really too bad,
But Biddy is coming, and looks very mad;
So I guess we'd better get out of her way,
And finish our sailing on some other day."

And so Sam and Charlie both hastened in fear
To get out of the way before Biddy came near;
For when that big storm rocked their sailboat so hard,
They were in Biddy's wash-tub out in the back yard.

—The Outlook.

THE MINISTER'S DOG.

My father had a small and beautiful dog who rejoiced in the name of Fidelity. He differed from other good dogs only in being better than others, and in manifesting something that seemed like religious sensibility, or a peculiar attachment to religious places, people, and services. He attended family worship with a punctuality and regularity that other members of the household might well have imitated, and certainly did not surpass. If a stranger were present—and much company visited our house—the dog's attention to him was regulated by his taking the lead, or not, in the religious worship of the household. If the visitor at my father's request, conducted the worship, the dog at once attached himself to his person, and when he departed the dog escorted him out of the village, sometimes going home with him to a neighboring town and making him a visit of a few days. If the visitor did not perform any religious services in the house the dog took no notice of him while there, and suffered him to depart unattended and evidently unregretted.

Such a dog was, of course, an habitual attendant on the public services of the church on the Sabbath. It required extraordinary care to keep him at home. Shut up in a room he dashed through a window, and was at church before the family. He was once shut up in an outhouse that had no floor. He dug out under the sill of the door and was at church before the first psalm. In church he occupied the upper step of the pulpit within which his master ministered. He lay quiet

during the sermon unless other dogs below misbehaved, in which case he left his seat, and after quieting the disturbance, resumed it. He was equally devoted to the weekly prayer-meeting which was held from house to house, the appointment being announced on the Sabbath. He remembered the evening and the place, and was always present. As it was not agreeable to have a dog at an evening meeting in a private house he was confined at home. The next week he went early, before the family had thought to shut him up, and waited for the hour and the people. He knew the names of the families where the meetings were held, and where they lived, and could have gone to any of them on an errand as easily and correctly as a child, and the only knowledge he had of the place of meeting he got as the others did, by hearing the notice on Sunday. These habits of the dog were not the fruit of education. On the contrary, pains were taken to prevent him from indulging his religious preferences. He did not manifest a fondness for other meetings or for any individuals out of the family circle, except those whom he recognized by their habit of praying, as the people in whom he was specially interested.

My father was wont to relate many other anecdotes of this remarkable animal, and the relation of them always caused his eyes to fill with tears. He had a strong impression that there was something very mysterious about this propensity of the dog, and being himself a sternly orthodox divine he never ventured to express the opinion that the dog had moral perceptions—but I always thought he believed so.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.—One of the largest-life insurance companies refuses to take risks upon the lives of persons who have been habitual smokers of cigarettes between the ages of eight and eighteen. Shopkeepers and business men are discovering that the usefulness of boys who smoke cigarettes is so rapidly impaired that they are likely to prove of little service, and hence decline to employ them. In view of the enormous extent of the cigarette vice, we are more than pleased to note that Mr. Hubbell, a prominent lawyer of New York, has started among the schools of New York City a movement, the purpose of which is the organization of an Anti-Cigarette-Smoking League. Each member of one of these leagues is required to sign a simple pledge to abstain from the use of cigarettes until the age of twenty-one. Thousands of boys have already joined this movement, and it is hoped that it may extend throughout the country.—*Good Health*.

In some parts of Germany each family places a sheaf of grain on a high pole on Christmas day for the birds.

"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful." Luke 6: 36.

A PLAIN LITTLE GIRL.

Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain;
On her cheek no tint of rose
Paled and blushed, or sought repose!
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went,
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent;
So full many a beauteous thing,
In the young soul blossoming,
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the homely face
Lovelier grew;
With a heavenly radiance bright
From the soul's reflected light
Shining through.

Shall I tell you, little child,
Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
— You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth;
And this beauty, not of earth,
Will endure.

—St. Nicholas.

Home News.

New York.

CUYLER HILL.—The Quarterly Meeting, postponed on account of sickness, was held December 8th and 9th. Bro. Mills Frisby and family from Scott, and Bro. Adams and family from Otselic were present, which, with a good attendance from DeRuyter, Lincklaen and Cuyler made, under the blessing of God, a good meeting. Rev. O. S. Mills preached Sabbath morning and Rev. L. M. Cottrell in the afternoon, followed by a good conference meeting. On Sunday morning the pastor preached, and after conference and prayer adjourned to meet at DeRuyter the last Sabbath in January.

L. R. S.

Wisconsin.

MILTON JUNCTION.—On Sunday evening, December 23d, our Sabbath-school gave an entertainment, the principal feature of which was designed to be in commemoration of the organization of the first Seventh-day Baptist Church in America. A service of this kind was the thought of the late Elder Wardner. Believing there is no good authority for fixing the time of the birth of Christ upon the 25th of December, he discouraged the observance of Christmas and advocated some commemorative service upon the 23d of December. At a Quarterly Meeting held here in February last the subject was discussed and a committee appointed to arrange for such a service this year. Elder Wardner was one of that committee and with his decease the subject came near being forgotten. At a late date, however, (too late for very elaborate preparation) our Sabbath-school took it up and prepared a programme, which was offered to a well-filled house.

The first division upon the programme consisted of reading the Scriptures, and prayer by the pastor, two anthems finely rendered by the choir, together with class exercises and singing by the children of the Sabbath-school. The second division was historic and commemorative. A paper prepared by Mrs. Mattie Wardner, upon the subject of the organization of the church at Newport, R. I., Dec. 23, 1671, was read by Mrs. Alice Jewett, who excels in reading as the author of the paper does in writing. This paper was highly enjoyed and appreciated by the audience, and we hope soon to see it in the columns of the SABBATH RECORDER. Dr. J. M. Stillman, with a quartet of singers from Milton, assisted with two selections, one of which was behind the scenes in imitation of old time devotional singing. The effect was fine. A poetic selection read by Miss Mercy Gartwaith, and a short address by the pastor, Geo. W. Burdick, completed this service, which was quite impressive.

The distribution of presents to the children, introduced by a quartet song, was the concluding exercise. The arrangement of the presents was unique, tasty and instructive. Upon a base bearing the name "Newport" and the date, "Dec. 23, 1671," a fan-shaped figure was erected, designed to show the spread and increase of our denomination, six of the principal radials bearing at their outer extremities the names of the six associations.

On the whole, although it was a first effort of the kind and the arrangement was hastily made, the service was a success. A greater respect for the love of truth and the self-sacrificing fidelity and obedience to its requirements, exemplified by our ancestors, was in-

spired, together with a desire and a purpose to celebrate with similar services future, anniversaries of the day.

W.

DECEMBER 25, 1894.

LETTERS TO THE SMITHS.—NO. 13.

To Tom Smith.

My dear nephew:

I was not a little surprised last Tuesday evening while coming home from the post office. You recollect, of course, meeting me—you and James Reed and Will Brown; and you will also remember that you three were smoking cigarettes. As soon as you saw me you quickly took yours from your mouth and closed your hand over it as you passed me, but the others kept on smoking; you were ashamed of it, but they were not.

I say I was surprised, for I had never thought you could be led into such a habit. I could hardly believe my own eyes, yet I know that what they told me is true, and you know, my dear Tom, that you are being drawn into the habit of smoking.

I have always thought of you as one of the most promising young men I know. Your home life has been pleasant; your mother is everything to you that a good boy could wish for in a mother; your father is a man whose example you may well follow with profit; both parents are earnest Christians; your sisters have been a help to you in every way; your school advantages have been good; and the best of reading has been furnished you.

It has seemed to me, as I have watched your growth during the past few years, that you have been making the most of all these blessings,—that your character has been developing in harmony with your surroundings; but I must say that that cigarette has been the means of unsettling my best expectations concerning you.

You may think, Tom, that those expectations could not have been very well settled in my mind if so little a matter as your being seen smoking a cigarette could disturb them. But think again, Tom. You used to speak right out against what you called "the vice of smoking." I have more than once heard you talk of it as a vile habit, and you seemed to have settled principles concerning proper habits for young men. And now, Tom, since those notions of yours have become so far unsettled as to allow you to smoke cigarettes, do you wonder that my hopes for your upright manhood have been a bit shaken?

It is a sad day for anybody when he recedes in the least from right principles,—when he yields but little to temptation,—for it takes more or less of the temper out of his character; it is sure to be weaker thereafter. It may take years of earnest, prayerful effort to regain the strength lost by once yielding to sin. And this has led me to feel sure that ninety-nine boys out of every hundred who once smoke or drink will do so again and again; that is, it will become a settled habit—increasing in power as the years go by. And so I feel very sorry when any promising boy either smokes or drinks that first time.

You see, Tom, the second, and the fiftieth, and the hundredth, and the thousandth time always comes after the first,—and it never can come unless there has been a first. It is that first time that does the mischief. There is where the yielding of principle came; the others are but the natural results.

And then your smoking in company with James Reed and Will Brown! You and I

both know them to be young men of rather bad reputation. They indulge pretty freely in profane language, drink now and then, and never have anything in particular to do. They are good-hearted fellows enough, but they are starting out on a road in life that does not lead to true manhood.

I do not mean to say I would have you shun such boys altogether. You might do them good. But if you yield in the least to their bad influence and take on some of their bad habits, you are thereby turning from your own good principles and losing all power to do them any good. Yes, you might help them into better notions of life by associating with them in a friendly way, yet shunning every one of their questionable habits.

But I do not know, Tom, just what is your present opinion about the use of tobacco. You may have been smoking more than I think, and have come already to make excuses for the habit. That is what we are all apt to do concerning the follies we have come to love. Perhaps you have concluded that very little harm comes of the use of tobacco, and that you may as well indulge in it as your Uncle Henry and Deacon Coon.

But, Tom, you are not competent to judge about the harm it does. Three or four years ago I read that Dr. B., a physician of great authority concerning diseases of the eyes and much skill in treating them, said that the use of tobacco had been the cause of very much of the eye trouble that had been brought to his notice. I spoke of this one day to one of the best physicians I know, and she said that she believed the use of tobacco to be more dangerous than the drink habit; not that its present effects are so bad, but that its hereditary results upon the American people are worse. I cannot dispute these doctors. Can you?

Perhaps it may seem to you not so very bad a habit so long as your Uncle Henry—stout defender of the faith—chews so much tobacco. Oh, yes, I know about your Uncle Henry, and I wish his example were better in this matter, but it can't be helped. He knows he was foolish to form the habit when he was so young, but he doesn't think he can break it now. But, Tom, how would you like your Uncle Henry's black, jagged teeth, and his breath? Ugh!

I know a minister—a right good preacher—of whom I have heard it whispered that he uses a bit of tobacco—on the sly; that he just likes it and cannot quite let it alone. I don't know whether this is true or not for I have never noticed a trace of the habit about him. But I do not recollect that I ever heard him lift up his voice against the use of it. He denounces other evils, but seems to avoid speaking of this one; I am sure I don't know why. It may be that he is too consistent to use any influence against the use of tobacco among the boys, much as he would like to do so.

You may some day like to use all your influence in favor of right habits and against wrong ones. If you go on smoking, you will find yourself not a little held back from doing good. Oh, Tom, quit smoking! Those cigarettes have been "doctored." They have opium in them. It is intended by those who manufacture them that there shall be a demand for them. A bit of opium in each one soon begets a longing for more and more of them. Tobacco and opium—two strong narcotics combined! they are no help to one

who has a desire to make the most of himself. And I have really thought, Tom, that you were a boy of high and holy ambition.

Think this matter over, my dear boy; think it over candidly and carefully, and with a desire to do what is best for you. Do this, and I have no fear for the result; for I feel sure that you will quit for good the use of tobacco.

If a well-meaning boy could only have the experience of manhood to guide him he would be quite likely to shun many habits into which he is in great danger of falling. I wish that my boyhood could have had the advantage of the experience that has come to me since then,—I think I'd have come to be a better man. Keep your boyhood clean, and your coming manhood will bless you for doing so. Faithfully, UNCLE OLIVER.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

I wonder if all sections of the country are enjoying such pleasant, moderate, sunny weather as we're having here. It hardly gets down to freezing nights. The later fall was dry and cisterns and wells show the effects. I think I never saw the Missouri river lower than when I crossed it the other day.

Last Sabbath I attended the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Rev. McReynolds, the president of the State Conference preached and at the close of the sermon gave opportunity for any that wished to become Christians to rise. One rose up, and then another. Then the choir sang, the front seat was vacated, the seekers were asked to come forward and one after another came until eleven of the youth and middle aged were on the anxious seat. All bowed; the minister and the writer offered prayers. It was a melting time. Each of those forward gave some testimony. I was invited to preach in the evening and did so. They have held meetings since, had some baptisms and are to begin to-morrow night the observance of the week of prayer.

I am always amazed at the amount of work the Adventists are doing in certain lines and like to look into it for inspiration. In the basement of their church the ministers family resides, and the State Tract Depository, with two or three workers is located—with total assets of \$7,933. Amount of sales of their subscription books for the past Conference year \$15,225.

Receipts in tithes from this State Conference \$16,495. Total cash Conference receipts, \$20,226.

I notice by their year book that they have 76 churches in this State with 2,083 members; over 500 having joined them in one year.

For the whole denomination they report a membership of 37,404 and receipts from tithes for the year of \$350,000.

They have publishing houses at Battle Creek, Mich.; Oakland, Cal.; London, Christiana, Norway; Basel, Switzerland and at Melbourne, Australia. Schools at Battle Creek, Mich.; College View, Neb.; College Place, Wash.; South Lancaster, Mass.; Gainesville, Ga.; Mount Vernon, Ohio; Healdsburg, Cal; and in Texas. Sanitariums at Battle Creek, St. Helena, Cal., and in South Africa.

I mention these things to show what can be done through conviction and consecration, and as inspiration to ourselves for better, larger, intenser, and everwidening, increasing work. Shall we not expunge from our dictionary the word, *retrench*?

BISHOP MCNAMARA.

The reformed Catholic Bishop, McNamara, of New York, is in the city waging his warfare against Rome. He is the most fearless denouncer of all Romish humbuggery, that it was ever our lot to hear. He agrees with the interpretation of prophecy that makes Rome the mother of harlots, the United States the subject of prophecy—the lamb with the two horns; 1st freedom of worship; 2d, Democratic Republicanism. The Confessional he calls the devil's court house, and he showed up the filth of Rome's Theology by examining Archbishop Kendrick's book which is the text book taught the priests and its teaching used by them in the Confessional. He said every priest in the Confession box ought to be arrested—Protestants were not safe where one was in their midst. They were a menace to our homes, our families, our business, our schools, our lands. He asserted that there were at least a hundred thousand Catholics armed and under thorough drill, and that they were only awaiting the appearance of some military adventurer to make their attack, and when that time comes he says, they will be wiped out from the United States forever.

The Bishop despises weak-backed, knock-kneed Protestants that want to be friends to our greatest foes, about as much as he does the Catholics themselves. The Bishop has a beautiful young wife that he is evidently very proud of and seems to think Rome's priests would be a great deal better off if they were similarly blessed. She gives private lectures to the ladies. The Bishop is an A. P. A. man and I judge expects great things from that organization in overthrowing Catholicism. He is built much like Beecher, smooth face, perhaps resembling him and has more fire—and has the full force of his faculties. He was incarcerated in Kansas city by the Catholics and an unsuccessful plot laid to assassinate him but he still defies the whole Roman hierarchy and will go there again next month to celebrate the anniversary of their work there.

I start for Humboldt to-night for a few days work. The past year's work has been, on the whole, a very pleasant, and I think very profitable one. By the decision of the Board at the last meeting, the work of the Field Secretary will be discontinued at the end of this year, December 31st, after which date I have no engagement of work for the future.

G. M. COTTRELL, *Field Sec.*

AN OBJECT LESSON.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:—

Several days since as I was riding in the country adjacent to the canal, I saw some old horses and mules with galled breasts and other marks of hard service and neglect; turned out to graze on the frosted grass in the middle of December. While I had no doubt the young steeds were stalled, well fed and groomed, my soul said poor neglected beasts, and I wondered if they would be allowed to draw their food from some straw stack when the frosted grasses are covered with snow and stand in its lee as protection against the stormy blasts of winter. Brutal treatment of the beast that has grown old in faithful service to man's interest. "The merciful man will be merciful to his beast", and I hope the picture I have drawn is an exception to the rule. But may not this spirit be manifest among men? We see the pagan mother under a form of a religion casting her infant to the crocodile or moloch, a sacrifice, think-

ing she is doing the will of her god; children leading their aged parents into the sacred stream and breaking away from them, leaving them to struggle and perish alone. Strange that in pagan lands, even, humanity can be so dulled in its sensibilities as to be guilty of such atrocities.

But how surprising that in Christian countries, children sometimes allow their parents, and churches their members, when unable to take care of themselves because of old age and infirmity, to spend their last days in the poorhouse. I often think of aged ministers, who have spent their life in the Gospel ministry, receiving but a bare support, and of course having nothing laid up for the cold dependency of helpless declining years. They have borne the burden and heat of the day of battle. Their store of the knowledge of human nature, rich experiences and observation is abundant and what it will take young men a lifetime to acquire. And yet, because too infirm or too old, they give way to younger men and retire into comparative seclusion. What a comfort it would be to ministers when wearing out, and, finally, when superannated, if all denominations had an arrangement similar to the M. E. Church, of providing for its ministers when disabled, either by infirmity or old age. How comforting to feel assured that as he goes down life's declivity to the grave, his home and support are guaranteed. What an honor such an appreciation and reward of faithful services. What a joy thus domiciled, to survey the field upon which he has wrought, the battles fought, and the victories won through the blood of Jesus. And note the scars and marks received in heroic service! and also sharing the appreciative attentions and honors of his brethren, young and old, who represent the cause for which he has labored. Thus awaiting the Lord's welcome, "Come good and faithful servant," receive the crown and white robe. J. CLARKE.

VERONA MILLS, Dec. 24, 1894.

NEW MIZPAH MISSION.

Record of work done in New Mizpah Mission for the month beginning November 16th, ending December 16, 1894.

Seamen present.....	401
" helpers.....	91
Leaders.....	12
Ships visited.....	63
Visitors.....	44
Signed the pledge.....	8
Sick visited on ships.....	9

During the last month a barrel of apples was sent from Mrs. A. A. Allen, Alfred; ditty-bags from E. F. Clark, Clifton Springs, N. Y.; 1 barrel of papers and bags from Alfred; 1 barrel merchandise from Independence; several loaf cakes from Kings' Daughters, Alfred; ditty bags from Ladies' Society of Boulder, Colorado; 1 barrel papers from Little Genesee; 1 barrel magazines from Mrs. Taylor, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; papers from Mr. Stillman, Brooklyn; 1 box papers from Plainfield C. E. Society; 1 gallon molasses from Mrs. Capt. Burdick, New York City; 1 barrel of papers from Wellsville; 1 barrel potatoes and 1 box papers from Mr. Hamilton, Alfred; 1 turkey from Mrs. W. C. Burdick, Alfred; 1 turkey from Abbey Green, Independence; 2 barrels of merchandise from Nile; box doughnuts from Mrs. Crandall, Wellsville; souvenir cards from King's Daughters of Alfred; autumn leaf cards and leaf from Rachel Wardner, Friendship, N. Y. E. C. SMITH, *Sec.*

FOR THE SABBATH RECORDER.

CHRIST WITH US.

BY D. E. LIVERMORE.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."

There is always a friend at the Christian's side,
Always a Comforter near,
Ready to help you, strengthen, and guide,
Speaking sweet words of cheer.

We know His beautiful promise is given
To those who walk by His side,
And all His disciples will truly be blest
When His presence shall with them abide.

There are many temptations held out by our way,
That test the hearts that are true,
But the promise of Jesus will forever endure,
His grace is sufficient for you.

REACHING NON-CHURCH-GOERS.*

BY REV. E. A. WITTER.

How may we, as pastors, become more successful in reaching the non-church goers in our societies, is a question that not only ought to interest us, but one that should be a subject of constant and thoughtful consideration. Yes, and the theme of frequent and earnest conversation.

The theme recognizes the fact that there are non-church goers, and every pastor knows that there are many of this class in his society.

To know how to meet a difficulty, one must become acquainted with the cause or causes making such a difficulty possible.

To illustrate, I am very sick, a physician is called. His first business is to note the conditions carefully, and then his attention is turned to study the cause of the conditions found. It may be that the poison of disease has been taken into the system through food, water or external surroundings. All these things are looked after by the careful physician, and the cause of disease, when found, is removed as far as possible; while healing, health-giving remedies suited to the peculiar conditions of this particular case, are given in regular and oft-repeated doses.

The patient is not left with the giving of the medicine, but is carefully watched that if new symptoms appear the remedies may be at once changed to meet the new conditions. Thus step by step the patient by a wise use of proper remedies is led back to health.

Society is full of diseased, unhealthy, dwarfed, disaffected souls.

The pastors are, or should be, the physicians of society in their ministrations in Divine things, in their use of the all-healing Word of God. If we look carefully into the causes of non-church going on the part of so many, I think we will not be long in finding that it is for a want of interest, arising from a real or imaginary lack in the ministrations of the church.

If it be a real lack it becomes the pastor to correct, as far as possible, that lack. If it be not real but imaginary, then it is his to remove as far as possible the hallucination. Yes, he must seek to correct the spiritual vision of that disordered mind, not with caustic argument, for it often happens that this is irritating rather than palliating, but it must be with healthful, real life-inspiring portions of Divine truth, not in sermons, for they are used in the church for church-goers, but in personal contact in friendly Christian intercourse; nor yet in philosophies and well-laid theories, but in actual living and doing.

There is much of suggestive helpfulness in the story told of a pastor, who having settled upon a new field, had his attention called to

one who was not only a non-church-goer, but one who strongly opposed the church, and the pastor in particular. Upon receiving the information the pastor replied, "I will kill that man." As might be expected the declaration was reported to the man, who braced himself for the encounter and really wished to enter the fray.

Time passed on and no encounter came. One day in Summer in the midst of haying the pastor noticed strange signs of rain, and knowing that this wayward neighbor had much hay out he hastened into the field saying, let me help get your hay in. With earnestness he worked till all was done. Again he found his neighbor in trouble and again went to his assistance.

Thus did he continue to do till, on one occasion, when the work of kindness was completed the man stepping forward, with hand extended, said: "Well, parson, you have killed me." The work had been well done.

The Christ had been truly revealed, and that man had been saved from his own hard self, changed from a non-church-goer to a lover of Christ and a frequenter of God's house.

Non-church-goers as a class are those who have found no real satisfying help in the preaching of the Word, or have looked in vain for that healthful, hope-inspiring fellowship that should always be found among God's people, and should especially characterize the gatherings of God's house.

There are many who go to church hungering and thirsting and expect to find a satisfaction in the kindly expressions and friendly greetings for which they look in the church; but when no one speaks to them or shows a friendly interest they are disappointed, they return to their homes burdened with the feeling that they might as well stay there as no one cares to see them at church, or cares to inquire after their welfare.

In my first pastorate, after leaving school, I found a timid woman of about fifty-five years whose soul yearned for the Lord. In conversation with her I found that since she was fifteen years of age she had greatly desired that some one would talk with her upon the matter of salvation that she might know how to become a Christian. Many times during these forty years of waiting had her pastors called at her parents' home and had as often gone away without even asking if she would like to be a Christian. So timid was she that she could not tell them of her desire. Thus time passed on, until God, under the direction of the Spirit, enabled me to ascertain her need. I shall never forget the thankfulness that was hers when I assured her that she was a child of God and a fit subject for baptism; never can I forget the joy seen in her face when she, my first candidate, came up out of the baptismal waters. She was timid and needed only the help of a sympathetic friend to lift her into the joy of assured acceptance of the Father.

You say these are too sensitive. True. But are we not all possessed of more or less? Yes, too much of this unhappifying, soul-disturbing ingredient. Then, again, we find those who have been injured in their feelings by some wrong done them.

There are others who have become possessed of some religious ideas not in harmony with the generally accepted belief of their church or pastor, and they stay at home to strengthen themselves in their peculiar views

and impress upon others the fact of their independence.

There are very many in this class as a result of careless or improper training in the home.

These are some of the causes of non-church going.

To reach these people and help them it is ours, physician-like, to suit the remedy to the peculiar conditions of each particular case.

Yes, and it is necessary for us to repeatedly and prayerfully apply the remedy.

The human heart is wonderfully susceptible to that kindness of expression of friendly interest, no matter whether it beats in the breast of church-goers or a non-church-goer.

In this, we believe, may be found the key to the situation.

Make occasional friendly calls upon those wanting in interest; show real interest in their welfare.

Learn something of their prospects, not by inquisitiveness, but by real friendly intercourse. Read the Scriptures and pray with them. After you have told them about some of the good things you can about the church and the Sabbath-school, leave with them a warm invitation to attend these gatherings. On all occasions, with prayerful dependence upon the help of the Spirit, make the sermons warm, practical and personal. The first prerequisites for success in this work is close communion with the Dear Father and his Christ, and a Christ like love of souls.

May the Lord give us greater success along these lines.

LETTER FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SABBATH RECORDER:

In your issue of December 6th, you give an extract, from what I presume to be an editorial, in the *Biblical Recorder*, attacking the work of Rev. George W. Hills in this State. Now this is the spirit which nearly 1900 years ago "cried the more crucify him! crucify him!" but I hope people up North will not think we are all quite so cruel down here, the *Biblical Recorder* to the contrary notwithstanding.

I am not a Seventh-day Baptist (but I hope to be) nor am I a First-day Baptist, but I am a member of the Presbyterian Church, joined under the preaching of one of the "pastors who had grown up among us," but never knew the blessed peace of a truly converted soul until I sat under the preaching of that man of God, Rev. Geo. W. Hills, and I cannot stand idly by and hear his fair name and good works besmirched.

I count it a blessing to be allowed to call Elder Hills "Friend," and you may well say "Elder Hills is a man whom the editor of the *Biblical Recorder* might meet with pleasure and profit." We do not believe the *Biblical Recorder* voices the sentiments of the First-day Baptists of the South, or even of North Carolina. This is the testimony of one of our best citizens. (He is a Methodist). "Elder Hills' preaching and the Y. P. S. C. E. have done more to Christianize this community than all the other preaching done here in the last twenty years."

The man who wrote the article for the *Biblical Recorder* might read with profit 1st John 4: 20, 21; also 1st John 3: 14.

Well, if Rev. G. W. Hills is a "pious fraud," the *Biblical Recorder* man would do well to pray that he be transformed into the same kind of a "fraud." Mr. Hills begins an eight or ten days meeting at this place to-day and we are all praying God's blessing on the

*Read before the Ministerial Conference at Milton, Nov. 23, 1894, and requested for publication in THE SABBATH RECORDER.

"wolf in sheep's clothing," nor do any of us fear his fangs." But we all know that "the wicked flee when no man pursueth." Go and hear the Rev. G. W. Hills preach, and read some of the "literature" he is scattering before you condemn him or his work; lay prejudice aside and let the word of God and common sense and decency decide. Mr. Hills need have no fear when judged by these lights, and all fair-minded men must accord him this.

C. B. BETHEA.

GILLISVILLE, N. C., Dec. 21, 1894.

INTEMPERANCE IN THE CHURCH AND NATION.

BY NATHAN ERNST.

A paper read at the Semi-Annual Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches in Minnesota, held at Trenton, Oct. 12, 14, 1894, and requested for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

When we look back over the history of the United States previous to the Civil War, we find that there existed a state of things that was certainly appalling. The southern half of this country was engaged in what was regarded by the people of the North as one of the most sinful traffics that ever cursed a civilized nation.

The whole country was aroused over this great evil. In Congress it was the all-absorbing theme. The newspapers of the day were full of the slavery question. It was agitated in the pulpit, in the stores, on the street corners, and in fact everywhere that people came together. As time passed, the sympathies of the North and South were separated farther and farther, until the South seceded, and the greatest civil war ever known followed, which resulted in the abolition of slavery. And the country was free from the terrible curse that had existed ever since 1620. But to secure this, a national debt of \$2,750,000,000 had been incurred, and half a million lives were sacrificed, besides about half as many disabled.

And now we are confronted by a problem of much more importance than that of slavery. While that was only a physical bondage and injured the slaves chiefly, the product of the saloon destroys its slaves, body, mind and soul. And it is not satisfied to stop here. But it meets out its deadly blows upon thousands and thousands of innocent people every year. Fully three-fourths of all the crimes committed in this country are traceable directly or indirectly to the despotism of King Alcohol. He fills our almshouses, our jails, and our penitentiaries. When a man becomes addicted to the use of alcohol, it is next to impossible to break the habit, and many of our most intelligent men meet their ruin through the cup. I will cite a case I have in mind that illustrates, to some extent, the influence drink has over its victims:

"Mr. Holst came from Germany, a young married man of good character and industrious habits. He was poor, having barely enough money to pay his passage to this country. He settled on a good piece of land in the town of Rush Lake, and by his thrift soon acquired means to send for his family. By industry and good management he became well off. He had a good farm, well equipped and free from debt, and he had the confidence of all who knew him. But he had the beer-drinking habit, so prevalent among Europeans, and the appetite so grew upon him that it could not be satisfied with beer, but demanded the stronger alcoholic spirits. He became a frequenter of the saloons where he marketed his produce and did his trading, and became so addicted to drink that he sel-

dom went home sober. This produced a change in his disposition. From being a man more than usually genial and kind-hearted, he became cross and abusive to his wife, so that she obtained a divorce on the ground of ill-treatment.

"He was then persuaded by his sons to rent out his farm and go into the saloon business. From this time his downward career was fearfully rapid. Much of the time he was unfit to do business, squandered his money, and became embarrassed and hopeless. In his sober intervals he felt intense mortification at the unhappy change in his condition and his powerlessness to retrieve his former standing. He reproached his wife and sons, and when intoxicated made frequent threats to shoot them and himself. Finally he made a will leaving the remnant of his property to a niece, and a short time afterwards, on the 24th day of last June, ended his life by shooting himself in the head."

Hundreds of similar cases might be cited, but this is sufficient to prove that intemperance is an evil of no small magnitude. Is it not strange that an intelligent people, knowing the disastrous effects of the liquor traffic, will allow it to be carried on in their midst? During the last fifteen years the consumption of liquor has increased to an enormous extent. In 1869 the per capita consumption of liquors was about five gallons. Since that time it has rapidly increased until it is now eighteen gallons to each citizen. In Minnesota alone nearly 50,000 more barrels of beer were sold in 1893 than in 1892, while the total sales in Minnesota in 1893 amounted to nearly 416,000 barrels. New York City has a saloon for every 200 persons, and Chicago has one to every 212. The United States Supreme Court recognizes intemperance as the cause of much of the crime of the nation in the following: "The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor saloons than any other source."

It is in the power of the American people to stamp out of existence forever this, the greatest of all national curses. All we have to do is to give the word, and it will be done. But the government receives a revenue from the sale of alcoholic beverages, thereby lessening the taxes. The saloons of the little city of Austin pays into the city treasury \$11,000 annually in license fees. We, as a people, have recognized the evil of the rum traffic and have entered into a compromise with it. We have said to it: Take our children and our neighbors' children, and reduce them to bondage, yes, transform them into mere brutes, and if it pleaseth thee, take their lives and ours also, and we will protect you by enactment of law. And in consideration of this, our sacrifice and surrender to thee, O king, thou shalt pay our taxes to the amount of \$500 per annum for each and every branch office of hell conducted by your servants in our midst.

How does this harmonize with the principles of the Christian religion? Have we any record of Christ compromising with any evil in this manner? I think not. When he was tempted by Satan, and offered all the earthly fame and glory one might imagine if he would but fall down and worship him, his prompt reply was, "Get thee behind me, Satan." How can a nation laying claims to being a

Christian nation, foster and protect such a traffic? It is hard indeed to understand how such a condition can exist in the most highly civilized nation upon the face of the earth. But when we investigate a little farther, and find that among the influential members of the church men are found who support the traffic by their influence and their votes, we are led to say, Surely Satan is getting a stronghold upon the children of God.

The following sketch, taken from the *Western Leader*, reveals a condition of things that it would seem impossible to exist in the church: "A lamentable condition of affairs in Philadelphia has lately been disclosed by a member of the *Ledger* force, James F. Dailey, who has been engaged for six months examining the patronage of the liquor business in the City of Brotherly Love. He has discovered that of the 60,000 signers for saloon licenses, a very large number are members and officers of the various churches; also of different branches of governments and of courts. Mr. Dailey names certain prominent churches whose officers—Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, trustees and vestrymen—have their names affixed to saloon license applications; also police magistrates, city councilmen, State senators, etc."

It is a duty we owe to mankind, to ourselves and to God, to do all we can to drive intemperance from the land. It may be hard to reform those who are addicted to the habit, but the children and youth of the country are more easily reached. In our cities and towns there are thousands upon thousands of children surrounded by influences that will tend to drag them down to a life of debauchery and crime, and perhaps a drunkard's grave.

Can we, as Christians, behold the children around us surrounded by the very influences that we know are slowly but surely lowering their standard of morality, that are dragging them from a childlike purity down, down, to a most miserable existence, and sapping the very elements of virtue from their natures, and giving in return all the miseries and agonies of a drunkard's hell? Can we, beholding all this, sit with folded hands, indifferent to the consequences, without fear of the judgment of God? When we come to render an account of our lives to the Almighty Ruler of the universe, will not their blood be required at our hands?

God has called you and me, brother and sister in Christ, to this work. Come, let us not leave anything undone that can be done to save the youth and others from falling into the snares of the tempter.

FAMILY WORSHIP.—The neglect of family worship is one of the most alarming evidences of religious decline of the present day. We have no statistics upon which to base an opinion, and yet, from what we have seen and heard, we fear that there are very few families comparatively who gather stately together for prayer and the study of God's word. The truth is, our modern methods of life are not conducive to the performance of this duty. This only makes the reason for its performance all the more imperative. When you, dear brother, are gone from earth, your children will remember your earnest prayers in the family circle with pleasure, and equally will they show the influence of the neglect of this duty on your part.—*Central Baptist*.

Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1895.

FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 5. John the Baptist.....	Mark 6: 17-29.
Jan. 12. FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.....	Mark 6: 30-34.
Jan. 19. Christ the Bread of Life.....	John 6: 25-35.
Jan. 26. The Great Confession.....	Matt. 16: 13-23.
Feb. 2. The Transfiguration.....	Luke 9: 28-36.
Feb. 9. Christ and the children.....	Matt. 18: 1-14.
Feb. 16. The Good Samaritan.....	Luke 10: 25-37.
Feb. 23. Christ and the Man Born Blind.....	John 9: 1-11.
March 2. The Raising of Lazarus.....	John 11: 30-45.
March 9. The Rich Young Ruler.....	Mark 10: 17-27.
March 16. Zacheus the Publican.....	Luke 19: 1-10.
March 23. Purity of Life.....	Rom. 13: 8-14.
March 30. Review.....	

LESSON II.—FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

For Sabbath-day, Jan. 12, 1895.

LESSON TEXT.—Mark 6: 30-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He hath filled the hungry with good things. Luke 1: 53.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

THE RETURN OF THE TWELVE. 30. "And the apostles." The twelve. "Gathered themselves together." Returned. "To Jesus." Who had sent them out. "And told him all things," etc. Gave a full report of their work.

THE RETREAT TO THE DESERT. 31. "And he said unto them." Took them into his confidence. "Come ye apart yourselves into a desert place." Uninhabited region. "And rest awhile." They had been doing faithful work. "For there were many coming and going." So much going on that they could not rest there. 32. "And they departed into a desert place by ship privately." Not telling where they are going. 33. "And the people saw them." Those coming and going. "And many knew him." Having seen him before. "And ran afoot thither." In the direction they went by boat. "And outwent them." See their zeal.

THE SAVIOUR'S COMPASSION. 35. "And Jesus, when he came out." Of the ship. "Saw much people." Gathered and gathering. "And was moved with compassion toward them." Was sorry for them. "Because they were as sheep not having a shepherd." Scattered, and the prey of wolves. "And he began to teach them many things." Preached to them of salvation and peace.

THE HUNGRY MULTITUDE. 35. "And when the day was now far spent." At eventide. "His disciples came to him." As they ever did to find out what to do. "This is a desert place." Nothing there to be had. "And now the time is far passed." Time for their meal. 36. "Send them away," etc. Have them go where they may find something to satisfy their hunger. "For they have nothing to eat." They had come away in such a hurry they had brought nothing with them. 37. "Give ye them to eat." A command that needed an explanation. "Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread?" They knew that he was aware that they did not possess the means to feed the people. 38. "He saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? go and see." He wished to have them sure as to the amount they had on hand, that they might understand the full extent of the miracle. "And when they knew, they say, Five and two fishes." Thinking how small the provision for so great a multitude. 39. "And he commanded them to make them sit down by companies upon the green grass." They did as he commanded, although they must have wondered what he was going to do. 40. "And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties." This may have been for two reasons, 1st; That the number might be accurately given, the better to understand the power manifested, and 2d; That they might be served in a quick and easy manner.

THE MULTITUDE SATISFIED. 41. "And when he had taken the five loaves and the two fishes." They had been brought and placed before him. "He looked up to heaven." Took the attitude of prayer. "And blessed." Sought the benediction of the Father upon it. John has it, "And when he had given thanks." "And brake the loaves." Into pieces fit to handle for eating. "And gave them to his disciples to set before them." Showing to all the people that they were his chosen servants. "And the two fishes divided he among them all." That all might have a piece of the meat with the bread. 42. "And they did all eat, and were filled." There was not one but had a plenty. 43. "And they took up twelve baskets of the fragments." One for each of the apostles. 44. "And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men. Matthew says, "Beside women and children," (Matt. 14: 21) giving even greater proof of the wonder wrought.

LESSON THOUGHTS.—v. 30. God's servants sometimes need rest, and it is right, at times, for them to find it. They should be as careful of body and mind as any one. It is not right for them to waste years of life by working

themselves out in a short time. So Christ said to his apostles, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." v. 34. Christ loves the wandering ones, those who are scattered and lost. Think of it, dear reader, he would shepherd you. Where Christ is, even though it be in a desert place, he can make it blossom as the rose. We should always obey him, though we cannot always know why. v. 41. In doing his mighty works Christ used all the provision at hand. He might have performed the miracle as well with one loaf or with none, but he took it all. And he asks us to use all that is about us, trusting him to fill out only what is lacking.

THE CALIFORNIA COLONY.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

By your permission, and the forbearance of your readers, I wish a small space again in your columns, as there seems to be a wrong impression upon the minds of some made by my late article. When I said in my last that "we had been busy with the planning and development of a water system that would enable us to speak intelligently," I had no idea that any one would credit me with the financial or business ability to develop in a few weeks a system of irrigation equal to the great Bear Valley and other large systems in California which have taken years of labor and millions of money. Our system is the well system, and when we struck at 63 feet a strata of water 74 feet in depth, with a force sufficient to bring the water within 6½ feet of the surface, we considered that the question of supply was settled, even though we were working for a stronger flow. The well system is considered by many (if you can depend upon the word of the *Californian*) to be quite as economical as the average system, and even more satisfactory since you are not in the power of a corporation but have the control in your own hands. It will be understood that we are "tenderfeet," and are only giving the conditions as we understand them, yet any one visiting Riverside and Redlands who will take into account the time and means it has taken to develop these places, then compare with the young orchards and alfalfa fields of Perris and Morena, will say I think that I am justified in making the comparison we do. I am requested also to offer to Seventh-day Baptists some of these lands, *i. e.*, lands under the Bear Valley system of irrigation. These lands are not far from ours, and if any desire we will do what we can for them. I have been questioned also in regard to the lay and qualities of our lands. The soil is of two kinds, the up or dry land which is a decomposed granite, the bottom or damp land is evidently a deposit and as nearly as we are able to describe similar to the bottom lands of Iowa and Illinois. These lands are on what is marked on our maps as the San Jacinto River. This like many other rivers in California is dry during the dry part of the year, and sometimes overflows during heavy rains. It has no defined channel in places, and hence nothing else could be expected. We have commenced and have now well under way the opening of the channel through our tract. When this is completed, practical Californians regard the difficulty as overcome, and that these lands are to all appearance our most valuable lands. Bro. L. C. Thomas, a practical Californian of, I believe, eight years' growth, who has visited us and looked over the proposition and is now planning to take an interest with us, says, while he cannot recommend it as an absolutely sure thing (for no untried thing is sure in California) yet the chances are in its favor because we offer land at one-third its value when it is demonstrated that alfalfa

will do well upon it. We should be glad if any one interested would correspond with Bro. Thomas. Now, Bro. Editor, let me say once and for all that we do not wish to play the land shark and boom our colony. We cannot say, do not go to Hammond, Fouke, Kan., or North Loup, nor that it is better that you should come here. Our cause we understand to be a common cause. It would not be the part of a Christian brother for me to work against the interest of other places in order to upbuild this. Let those go to Hammond and Fouke who wish, and may God's blessing go with them. There are those who wish to come to California, and those we ask to visit us at this place. This we hope will answer all questions necessary to appear in the RECORDER, for I do not wish to make our paper an advertising sheet even for colonies. Any question not herein answered I will try and answer in a private way. My last article not appearing as soon as expected, some think the time for purchase at prices given to be short. To such I will say that I will do my best for special arrangements at the least possible expense, if notice is given soon.

J. T. DAVIS.

LAKE VIEW, Cal., Dec. 11, 1894.

OBITUARIES.

ELIZABETH D. HOFFMAN.

Elizabeth D. Hoffman, daughter of Moses Hand and Elizabeth VanHorn Hoffman, was born in Harrison county, W. Va., April 11, 1805. She was converted at the age of eleven, and united with the Lost Creek Church in the fall of 1816; was married to Milton Stout March 21, 1822. Mr. Stout was killed by a falling tree July 14, 1829. Sister Elizabeth was thereby left a widow at the age of twenty-four with three boys dependent upon her. She supported these by the loom. During the evangelistic work of Robert Alexander in the fall of 1833 she felt it her duty to offer prayer in the church. This was so scandalous a matter that many left the church.

March 16, 1837, after eight years of widowhood, she was married to Elder Simeon Babcock, whose labors she shared till he was called home January 14, 1870. In this second union she was mother to two sons and a daughter. Since the death of her second husband her home has been with her son Simeon.

She died at Walworth, Wis., Dec. 20, 1894, being 89 years, 8 months, and 9 days of age. Funeral services held at the Albion church Sunday, December 23d, conducted by the pastor, assisted by Rev. E. M. Dunn.

PAUL GREEN, JR.

Paul Greene, Jr., was born in the town of Pinckney, Lewis Co., N. Y., March 16, 1808. He was the second child, and the oldest son, of thirteen children, born to Paul Greene and Nancy Gardner. All of his brothers and sisters lived to have families of their own. In 1830 he was happily married to Hannah Jones, who departed this life some twenty years ago. Their children, eleven in number, all lived to adult years, and ten of them to have families of their own. In 1838 he joined the Adams Seventh-day Baptist Church, of which he remained an honored and a valued member till death. He was a resident of the town of Adams nearly all his life, and as a citizen was very widely known and highly respected. In social life he was genial and companionable, a warm friend, and one who made friends. The needy always found in him a generous helper. He was loyal to the church

and denomination, always taking a great interest in our cause and our people.

He retained his vigor of mind in a remarkable degree to the last hour of his earth-life. The day before his death he harnessed his horse and drove alone to town—two miles—and made several calls. The next day, the 19th of December, 1894, he experienced a severe pain in the chest, and while walking the house seeking relief, he suddenly exclaimed, "I am going," and, assisted by kind hands to the couch near him, he expired in a few minutes without a struggle. Thus from a long life of activity and from dear earthly associations, he was suddenly translated to the world of spirits. At his funeral, Sabbath morning the 22d, the church was crowded and nearly half the space was occupied by relatives. Text of the sermon 1 Pet. 1: 3-5.

A. B. PRENTICE.

ADAMS CENTRE, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1894.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.

The semi-annual meeting of the churches of Berlin, Coloma and Marquett, held their recent session with the church of Berlin, Wis., commencing Dec. 7, at 7.30 P. M. Rev. E. M. Dunn, by invitation, was present and preached the introductory discourse, of which the following is a synopsis:

Text, John 14: 16, 17. Theme, The Holy Spirit. Great mistake to regard the Holy Spirit simply as an influence. He is a person. He has a work to do distinct from the Father and the Son. His first work is to convict the sinner, then he imparts love to God and love to men in the heart of the individual who yields himself to his power. He gives hope. The pessimist is not indwelt by the Holy Spirit. He gives liberty. He gives power. Mr. Moody says that nine-tenths of professing Christians have no power; it is because they are not indwelt by the Holy Spirit. In our church organization we have all the machinery that is necessary; what we lack is the power. Oh! for a baptism of fire that the church may rise in its might and be instrumental in the conversion of the world.

Sabbath, Dec. 8, at 11 o'clock, Bro. Geo. W. Burdick preached from Psa. 27: 4. An outline is given below:

Our desires govern our conduct and character. Every one has some supreme object of desire, some real or supposed good toward which his aspirations go out. The specific object of desire may not always be clearly defined in the consciousness or the desire be recognized as a present motive. The supreme desire includes all accompanying good. We earnestly seek after and strive for the object of desire. We can determine the nature of the object of desire by observing the conduct of men. The amount of effort put forth is the measure of the intensity of the desire. The Psalmist's desire was comprehensive of much.

First. It included companionship with God; dwelling in his house continually implied not a single view of God, but continued association with him.

Second. A desire for the fitness of the blessing.

Third. A comprehensive knowledge of God.

Fourth. A knowledge of his own duties under these relations. The Psalmist knew the good he sought to be the highest or best good. How may we change the character of our desires?

First. By carefully reflecting upon their nature and probable results.

Second. By informing ourselves through the

study of God's Word, and the advice and counsel of good men, as to what is the best good.

Third. Seeking the help of God in ridding ourselves of selfishness.

At 7. P. M. of the same day, after praise service, conducted by E. D. Richmond, President W. C. Whitford preached to a crowded house. Theme, Christian duties taught in the conversion of Paul. Text, Acts 9: 6. "Arise and go into the city."

Surrender to the control of Christ was instantaneous and whole-hearted. Asking for something to do, some outward effort to promote the religion of Christ was the immediate result of this new power in the heart of Paul. He is commanded to go into Damascus, not to make that city the center of his future work, but to be ordained and commissioned there to preach the gospel to the greatest kings and his countrymen. He specified some of the duties that Christ requires of his followers.

First. They are permitted usually to follow the proper pursuits and enterprises in which they are already engaged, only there must be a radical change in the purpose actuating them.

Second. The character of the duty is measured by the ability to perform it in the moment when it is enjoined. It is never burdensome nor impossible of performance.

Third. The duty required is confined to the immediate present, not to the past nor the future. Paul knew what he was ordered to do from only this brief interview with Christ.

Fourth. Performing the present simple duty prepared the way to engage in more difficult and important ones. In the city, Paul would be told what he must accomplish in the future. What if he had refused to "arise," when commanded to do so? There runs through any distinct line of duty a continuous thread, holding them together, often beginning in a very ordinary one.

Fifth. Each series of religious duties required of Christians is perfectly adapted to the spirit, the bias of mind, the calling, in which the converted person can labor with ease and effectiveness.

Sixth. Doing of duty. The disposition to be obedient constitutes the principle qualifications needed to understand correctly the truths and way of life taught by Christ.

Conclusion. This subject comes practically, to the heart and the every-day life of professed followers of the Saviour.

The meeting on First-day was a very interesting one. The examination and ordination of Bro. D. B. Coon to the gospel ministry being the order of the day, an account of which was sent to the Recorder for publication by the Secretary of the council.

The closing session was held First-day evening, which opened with a song service, conducted by E. D. Richmond, after which President Whitford again preached to a crowded house, from Matthew 19: 30, followed by a conference meeting, conducted by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick.

E. D. RICHMOND, Clerk.

FACTS CONCERNING NEBRASKA.

To the Editor:

After reading the "Home News" from North Loup in THE RECORDER of December 13, we wish to say a few words.

There were a few farms along the banks of the North Loup River, in Valley County, Neb., where some hay and grain were raised this year. These few farms do not number more than six or eight in this county. Outside of these few, not one farmer out of fifteen in Valley county got so much as his seed back.

True, some things have been very favorable to the people in this county. Notwithstand-

ing the drouth and financial depression the North Loup Irrigation Co. pressed the work on their ditch right along. This has furnished work for many of the people of this county though at very low wages. This ditch is now completed and the prospects for other sources of income are very limited indeed.

All the farmers under the irrigating ditch, of course, are hopeful of securing a crop for next year. This system of irrigation will doubtless add greatly to the future wealth of this county.

This county appropriated \$2,500 for the improvement of public roads, the work to be given to the needy ones. A goodly number have availed themselves of this opportunity to secure something for the Winter.

Another favorable thing for us here is the beautiful weather that God has bestowed upon us all the Fall and Winter so far.

This has not only been favorable for the people, but for the stock as well.

I wish here to give some statements made by Mr. P. Mortensen, ex-county treasurer. Mr. Mortensen is also president of the First National Bank of Ord.

He said: "The needy are much greater this year than usual. People that are unwilling to own it now will have to be helped in a few weeks.

The pleasant weather is all that has kept man and beast from actual suffering. If the weather should turn cold for two weeks scores of families that now seem to be in fair shape would be in want. Scores of farmers have not provisions for their families and stock for one month ahead.

The struggle has not begun. But, the first cold wave that comes will reveal what now is covered up."

I would like to make a few more quotations from Mr. Mortensen in regard to the outlook for another year. He showed me an estimate he had just made of our county needs for the Spring.

He says: "There are about 95,000 acres of plow-land in Valley county. More than one-third of the seed for seeding this amount of land in the Spring will have to be furnished to the farmers. Not only the seed but the feed must be furnished for the horses while doing the work.

In the north and west of this county to-day there are families that are much worse off than many of us suppose." I give these quotations from Mr. Mortensen because he is considered to be as good authority as we have in the county. Mr. Mortensen thinks the acreage of Fall plowing far below the average, and he does not seem to be flattered over the prospects of next year's crops.

Nebraska is a fine State and she is peopled with a noble class of people. But a dark cloud is passing over her and the deep, dark shadows have by no means gone. Stubborn facts are before us and we may just as well own them for we must meet them. We have no desire to make a dark picture. The facts as they stand before us are dark enough. But we do desire to stand in a true light before the world about us, as well as in the sight of God.

For this reason we have stated these facts.

Signed:

J. H. Hurley, Henry Thorngate, H. A. Chase, E. C. Hibbard, A. J. Davis, W. L. Green, Oscar Babcock, E. P. Boswiek, F. O. Burdick, J. L. Williams, H. N. Davis.

DECEMBER 19, 1894.

THE STORY OF A COMFORT BAG.

BY MRS. GEORGE A. PAULL.

It was a dreary day. The good ship Hope was outward bound, and the raw wind that whistled through her rigging was doing her good service, for it filled her sails and sped her on her course.

There were some days when it seemed as if nothing could be more beautiful than to be upon the ocean. When the sun shone down brightly and tipped the crests of the waves and the broad wings of the sea-gulls with silver, when looking over the side of the ship down into the water it was a deep translucent green, and the calm sky bending over the ocean and meeting the horizon in every direction was studded with fleets of cloud ships, then nothing could be more delightful than life on the ocean waves.

But it was different on such a day as this. The sky was a heavy leaden grey, and the water reflected the same dull color. The great waves seemed to roll themselves sullenly along instead of leaping and dancing joyously as they did sometimes, and the wind instead of being fresh and invigorating, was raw and cold.

Jack Lane, one of the crew, was glad to go below when his watch was over, for he felt chilled "to the very marrow of his bones," as he would have expressed it.

He had a button to put on his peajacket, and as he set about this task, he remembered that when he was in port last a comfort bag had been sent to him among others, by the Secretary of the American Seaman's Friend Society.

"Guess I'll overhaul that comfort bag and see what's in it," he thought to himself, remembering, that he had not thought to open the package before.

He untied the string and taking off the wrapping paper found a comfort bag that brought out an exclamation as soon as his eyes fell upon it.

It was indeed a beauty, made of strong gray linen bound with bright red braid, while a pretty pen and ink drawing of a ship under full sail decorated one side of the bag, and an anchor the other side.

Would you like to look over his shoulder as he opened the bag and took out one thing after another? Of course you would, for perhaps you would like to make a comfort bag for a sailor yourself, and then you will know what to put in it.

There were spools of strong linen thread, black and white; there were buckles of several sizes, and buttons, too; there was wax, a pair of scissors, a large thimble, a box of paper and envelopes, a little pocket inkstand that screwed up so tight that the ink could not get out, and a penholder large enough for a sailor's rough hand to grasp comfortably; there were balls of strong tape, both black and white; there was a package of court plaster (one might guess it was a boy who packed that bag;) an emery, a needle-book full of needles; a small copy of St. John's Gospel, with large clear print; a prettily illuminated text, in the shape of a small carboard anchor with the words on it, "He careth for you," with a silk cord by which to hang it up, and a letter directed in a round boyish hand to "The Sailor who gets this comfort bag."

Jack opened the letter with a new feeling of curiosity. He very rarely received a letter, and he never wrote one, and he wondered who had written this letter and what there might be in it for him.

"My dear Sailor," the letter began, "I wish I could know who you are and where you will be when you get this letter. I am a boy ten years old, and I made this comfort bag for you all myself, and put in it what I hope will be of use to you, and a real comfort, especially the Gospel and Text. I have wanted to be a sailor all my life, and I was sure I should be one when I was big enough, until six months ago. I got knocked down by a horse then, and ever since I have had to stay in bed all the time. The doctor says I can never walk any more, except with a crutch, so I know I never will be a sailor now. That is

worse than the pain, I am so disappointed. Now that I cannot be a sailor myself I want to do all that I can for sailors. When I was first hurt my doctor gave me a text like this to help me to be patient. If I remember all the time that God cares for me, I am more willing to stand the pain and not mind my disappointment too much. I hope you love God, too, and that you know that he is your friend and cares for you. I wish you would write to me. Every night I shall pray for you that you may be kept safe in all the storms and that you will be a good man. I do not know who you are, but God knows, and he can take care of you. I wish you would pray for me too, that I may be very patient and brave. Good-bye, dear Sailor. From your friend,

SPENCER HAWLEY."

"Poor little chap," said Jack softly to himself as he read the last page of the long carefully written letter. "And so he's praying for me. I never had any one to pray for me before, since mother died, when I was a little shaver not his size. He thinks that God cares about an old hulk like me, does he? Well, maybe it's true. It would be mighty comforting to think I was going to drop anchor in a safe harbor some day. I suppose this little book would be a good chart to steer by. Well, I'll see, I'll see."

Spencer did not get the letter for which he had hoped, for Jack was a poor penman, and there are some things that are easier to say than to write, but one day Spencer was surprised by a visit from his unknown sailor friend, who came to tell him how he had learned to steer by the Gospel chart, and hoped some day to make a safe harbor in heaven.

The little text with its assurance that God cared for him, and the knowledge that he had an earthly friend who without having ever seen him, cared enough for his comfort to send him the bag with its useful contents and the loving letter, and who would pray for him, had been the means of bringing him to Christ. Who knows how much good each one of us can do for the brave men who spend their lives upon the ocean, exposed to all its perils and dangers. Shall we not try?—*Christian Work.*

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a room. Then too, the matter on the flaps deals with a subject in which there is a growing general interest.

That the demand for this calendar increases each year, we can easily understand, for we do not believe that any one who has spent one year in company with it, will be willing to spend another without it.

The price is 25 cents, delivered everywhere post paid, and in perfect condition.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corner of Church and Genesee streets, at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school following preaching service. A general invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath. *GEORGE SHAW, Pastor.*

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Hebron, Hebron Centre, and Shingle House Churches will convene with the Shingle House Church commencing Friday evening, January 11, 1895. Ministerial helpers have been invited. A cordial invitation is extended to all. *G. P. KENYON.*

The First Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds regular Sabbath services in the Boys' 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.

The Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N. Y., will meet the last Sabbath in September and in each month following for public worship, at 2 P. M., at the residence of Dr. S. C. Maxson, 22 Grant St. Sabbath-keepers in the city and adjacent villages, and others are most cordially invited to attend.

The Chicago Seventh-day Baptist Church holds regular Sabbath services in the lecture room of the Methodist Church Block, corner of Clark and Washington Streets, at 3 P. M., Sabbath-school at 2 P. M. The Mission Sabbath-school meets at 1.45 P. M., at No. 461 South Union Street. Strangers are always welcome, and brethren from a distance are cordially invited to meet with us. Pastor's address, L. C. Randolph, 6124 Wharton Ave.

The regular meetings of the Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society are held at the session room of the Seventh-day Baptist Church in Plainfield, N. J., on the second Sunday of each month, at 2.15 P. M. All members are requested to keep this appointment in mind, and visiting friends are always welcome.

MARRIAGES.

PERKINS—KEMP.—In Independence, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1894, by Eld J. Kenyon at his home, Alonzo Perkins of Andover, N. Y., and Miss Nettie Kemp, of Oswayo, Pa.

WOLFF—COON.—In Merrill, Wis., 12, 1894, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. James K. P. Coon, Herman Wolff and Miss Mamie Genevieve Coon, both of Merrill.

DEATHS.

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.

ROSS.—In Plainfield, N. J., Dec. 17, 1894, suddenly, from apoplexy, Alexander Martin Ross aged 34 years. Interment at Woodlawn, N. Y. *A. H. L.*

BUNDY.—In Andover, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1894, of consumption, Marsh Bundy, in the 39th year of his age.

For several years Mr. Bundy has been a great sufferer. Once one of the strongest young men in our country, but disease wasted the manly form to a mere skeleton. He was a successful man in business having spent the most of his life in mercantile business, his father, Menzo Bundy, was a merchant before him. We were informed that for several weeks before his death he was deeply interested upon the subject of religion. His friends enjoy the consolation that he rests with Jesus. He has left a wife, two sisters and other relatives. His funeral was held at his late residence on Friday, Dec. 28th. We were assisted by the Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist ministers of the village. *J. K.*

GREENE.—Paul Greene, Jr., born in Pickney, N. Y., March 16, 1808, died at Adams Centre, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1894. *A. B. P.*

A CALENDAR WORTH HAVING.

Almost everyone has use for a calendar, and by the same token, they ought to have one that is of some use. A calendar that you have to study or "set" has little excuse for existence.

The one we like best of all is that published by N. W. Ayer & Son, the Newspaper Advertising Agents of Philadelphia.

The handsome copy for 1895 carries on its seal their famous motto, "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success," which will alone each day be worth to all who use it far more than the price of the calendar. The size is generous, and the work a beautiful specimen of the printers' art. Each day, as is becoming to such an important slice of time, is printed large enough to be read across

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