

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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DEATH.

BY MARY B. CLARKE.

THE autumn glory of the forest fades
With winter's withering breath,
The brown leaf floats upon the water's edge,
We say that this is death.

The bird, whose songs of liquid melody
From hidden springs outpour,
Veils his bright head beneath his glossy wing,
And wakes for song no more.

The human heart, which through long, changing years,
Continually doth repeat
Joy's blissful song or sorrow's wailing cry,
Ceases at last to beat.

And sometime all, of every age and clime,
Must yield the mortal breath,
To that invisible, mysterious power,
Which men have sir-named Death.

Yet shrink we from the vast and dread unknown,
Reserved for us in store,
Which stretches through eternity, to which
This death is but the door.

'Till faith with golden key unlocks the cell,
Revealing by its light,
Beyond the gloomy shadows of the tomb,
A pathway clear and bright.

Then death becomes the opened door of life,
The sundering of a chain—
The messenger of God, to bear the soul
From earth and earthly pain.

The chosen angel, unto whom alone
Commission has been given,
To open wide, unto the waiting soul,
The unbarred gates of Heaven.

Sabbath Recorder.

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We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

—Holland.

FOR the true Christian there will always be something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

As to attitude in prayer, two sentences, by Victor Hugo, are quite expressive and satisfactory to many Christians: "Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when the soul is kneeling, no matter what the attitude of the body may be."

CONSCIENCE is the voice of God in the soul. He who stifles his conscience grieves the Holy Spirit and does that which is most fatal to present peace and future joy. Keep the conscience keen by promptly heeding its admonitions and you will be amply rewarded.

Good manners are not gloves to be put on and off at will, but they are more like good health, the result of correct living, the outflowing of a good heart. There must be good blood and good habits as the foundation of good health. There must be a good heart and kindness of purpose as the foundation of good manners.

Who has not noticed in the life of Christ, as narrated in the Gospels, how small a portion of his life was devoted to reproof, and how large a part to making people happy? A few sentences of reproof, volumes of instruction, encouragement, promises, healing and blessing men, women and children. What an example of love, kindness, sympathy, helpfulness. "If any man hath not the spirit of Christ he is none of his."

It has been truly said that a man's capacity for happiness is no greater than his capacity for making others happy. The selfish man is not a happy man. He who tries most to be happy simply for the sake of being happy himself is really most miserable. He who forgets himself in his efforts to do good and bless others, is, though somewhat unconsciously, a happy man. Such is our nature and for such service were we created.

A GREAT many failures in matters of business are from want of energy, or what is sometimes called "push." Many men of small natural or acquired ability and a good supply of energy, courage, and perseverance accomplish much more than others of large natural ability and liberal scholastic attainments without much energy. This truth has been embodied in a sentence thus: A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy.

THE best time to kill weeds is just before they appear above the soil. Turn the soil over, stir it up, and the germs just starting into active life will be easily overcome. The

same plan holds good in the treatment of bad habits and sinful indulgences, which are the weeds that choke out the good seeds in human character. Let the young heart be stirred by good, wholesome instruction, warnings, and judicious employment in useful service, and the nauseous weeds of sin and harmful habits will be easily killed while they are only germs.

HE who will not answer to the rudder must answer to the rocks, is a saying which seamen at least can understand. But its moral is not limited to seafaring men. Its application is wider than the ocean. It reaches around the globe. There are times of warning and opportunities for escape from the dangers that beset the tourist, whether estimated in merely physical or spiritual things. Many a wreck in body and in character lies helplessly stranded, simply because the beacon warning was not heeded. Overwork, excessive indulgence of appetites, passions, amusements, temper, surely lead to the rocks of ruin. The rudder of conscience and common sense, with the chart of the Holy Scriptures, is given to guide men in a safe way; but unused, unheeded, the victim will surely be hopelessly wrecked.

SOME excellent things are said in an article which we copy this week from the *Chicago Standard*, in answer to the question, Why are young ministers sought after and preferred to older and more experienced ones? There are some men and women who never seem to grow old in spirit. They keep up with the times in general information and sympathy with every progressive movement. There are others who rest on their laurels and make little or no effort to keep themselves informed and in sympathy with the present age. They live in the past and deplore the degenerate present. They see little to encourage, but much to condemn. They become pessimistic, cheerless, hopeless, and to a great extent useless. It is no wonder that in such a frame of mind they are not the first to be sought after as leaders and instructors of young and old. The best informed man in the world will wear out, as a preacher, unless he keeps receiving fresh supplies of knowledge and divine grace. Such men, if otherwise competent, will always be in good demand while there is room and financial support for anyone.

TO WHAT extent the service of the Lord's Supper should be made an instrument for church discipline and the occasion for general examinations and comparisons among the participants is a question worthy of careful thought. Without entering upon the discussion of the old question of close and open, or restricted and unrestricted, communion, it is only intended, here and now, to call special attention to the plain and all-important injunction of our Saviour at the institution of the supper, "This do in remembrance of me." . . . "For as often as ye eat this bread and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come." The primary object, therefore, of this ordinance is here set forth in the Saviour's own language.

There is no intimation in the narration of the institution of this commemorative service, as recorded in Luke, 22d chapter, or in 1 Cor., 11th chapter, that Christ's disciples were to sit in judgment against each other when coming to his table. There is no intimation that

it is to be made a "test of fellowship," between the communicants, or that the act of communion virtually declares to the world that each one participating endorses the character or religious belief of each other person likewise partaking. Herein lies the great mistake sometimes made through a misapprehension of the nature and design of this beautiful ordinance. The question of fellowship has sometimes been made the most prominent feature, even distracting the mind and perverting the object for which the supper was instituted. It was evidently our Saviour's design, after each disciple had carefully examined himself, to turn him away from self and all distracting thoughts to a higher, diviner contemplation of Christ, and by this act to proclaim him as the Saviour of perishing men. If my brother who sits with me at this service has not my fullest confidence as to his belief or practice, this is not the time to dwell upon it to the distraction of my mind from the act of love and blessed remembrance of Him whose life blood was freely poured out on Calvary to save a sinful world. If I have neglected to "go and be reconciled to my brother," before coming to the table of the Lord, I will do my part now, and forgive if I have "aught against any," and then in the serene, sweet consciousness of also being forgiven, I will gratefully eat the bread and drink of the cup, not unworthily, but "discerning the Lord's body."

CO-OPERATION.

We do not know of any better word for our present use than the one at the head of this article; and this is chosen because it is the core of the earnest and comprehensive appeal which comes to us from the Corresponding Secretary of the American Sabbath Tract Society. If there is any one thought that needs to be especially emphasized, yea, burned into the hearts of our people by red hot words, it is the importance of co-operation in the special lines of our denominational, Christian work. We are too sensitive, self-seeking, independent, and lacking in that spirit of self-sacrificing devotion to our cause that will enable us to work for the general good when our own preferences cannot be fully satisfied. We stand apart, look at each other suspiciously, speak unkindly, and in many ways fail to co-operate, and therefore fail of that success which might and should crown our efforts as a people. We are not sufficiently well acquainted with each other. There are sections, geographical lines, that never ought to exist. We should know no North or South, East or West, *unfavorably* as a people. To unify our efforts, stimulate acquaintance, systematize work, and promote the individual and general well-being and doing, is the object of the following letter which has been sent out to many Christian workers, and which we most heartily endorse:

"The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society, desiring to come into closer union with all our pastors and people, and to enhance the effectiveness of our work, would ask your earnest attention to the following considerations:

I. SOME POINTS WE DESIRE TO ATTAIN.

1. Close and constant communication between this Executive Board and all our workers, that, in all matters pertaining to the work of this Society, the two may be related as heart and brain are to hand and fingers,

the former quick to know and feel every impression, the latter responsive to every throb.

2. A working and living medium between this Society and those outside our own ranks. Every pastor and layman should be, in a sense, a "Field Secretary" of this Board, systematically and persistently following up every impression made, to the end, that we may hold and use every inch of vantage ground as it is attained.

3. More of system, thoroughness, and persistency in training our young people in the distinctive principles of Seventh-day Baptist belief.

4. Increased support of our publications, and a more systematic and effective mode of tract distribution.

II. SOME METHODS WHEREBY TO ATTAIN THESE ENDS.

1. By pastors and workers frequently communicating to the Board the results of their experience and observation upon the field, and offering such advice as may seem to them wise. Suggestions will always be cordially welcomed and carefully considered.

2. Aside from what may be accomplished from the pulpit, much may be done in the line of proper training of the young by the formation of classes for Bible study and for investigation of denominational history and doctrines.

3. Occasional programs (under the auspices of some sub-organization of the church, as the Y. P. S. C. E., in conjunction with the pastor), may be presented, in which the various lines of our denominational work are set forth, and interest therein aroused. This may be supplemented by utilizing more largely the talents of our ministers, editors, educators and laymen, in the delivering of lectures and addresses.

4. By the services of a standing committee of the church, or some organization within the church, whose work shall be to forward the cause of Sabbath Reform in your church and community. The Good Literature Committee of the Y. P. S. C. E., or the Ladies' Aid Society, could be constituted such a committee for denominational work. There are several important lines of effort that this committee could carry on. The following are suggested:

1. Procure the names of isolated Sabbath-keepers, and of those who are interested in the Sabbath question, to whom literature may be sent from time to time, and their names and addresses reported to this Board.

2. A table provided with an assortment of our publications, placed near the main entrance of the church, would furnish free Sabbath literature to strangers and provide an opportunity among our own people for becoming more familiar with our publications.

3. This committee could undertake the work of placing our publications in every family, and gaining support for the same. To those who are too poor to subscribe old copies may be remailed, or a special fund formed to pay their subscriptions.

Allow me to call your attention to that part of the Annual Report of the Executive Board, given on pages 200-202 of the last Conference Minutes, and to ask your support and earnest co-operation to the securing of the ends herein set forth, that the year just before us may mark the beginning of a new era of aggressiveness in denominational work.

An early reply is solicited.

Yours for the triumph of truth and righteousness,
F. E. PETERRON, Cor. Sec.

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THERE are indications of a general tariff war (of words) with European countries.

It is rumored again in Washington that Secretary Carlisle contemplates resigning.

HAMILTON FISHER has been chosen Speaker of the New York Assembly by the Republican caucus at Albany.

THE Vanderbilts have recently given Columbia College \$350,000 for its college of Physicians and Surgeons.

THE latest reports place the Armenian butchery by the Turks at 15,000 lives, and the destruction of thirty-five villages.

ONE hundred and twenty lives were lost in the bay of Rio Janeiro last week by the explosion of the boiler of an excursion steamer.

FORTY-ONE persons were burned to death and sixteen were badly injured by the explosion of a lamp at a Christmas eve festival in the village of Silver Lake, Oregon.

MORE than twenty villages in Italy are in ruins from the effects of recent earthquakes. Forty thousand persons are rendered homeless, five hundred were injured, and eighty-six killed.

JAMES G. FAIR, the California capitalist and ex-Senator of the United States, died suddenly in San Francisco, Dec. 29th. He was sixty-three years old. His estate is estimated at \$40,000,000.

It is estimated by Hon. F. P. Loomis, formerly United States consul to France, that about ninety-five thousand Americans visit Europe every year, and that they spend, in the aggregate, \$100,000,000 annually on these visits.

A MOTHER in Rome, Ga., locked three of her children in her house one Sunday recently while she went on a visit. The house was in some way set on fire and the children perished. Why will not parents be wiser, after so many such accidents?

ATTENTION is called to an advertisement in our columns this week under the head "For Sale." This is a good opportunity for any of our people who desire to invest in a well-established grocery and book business at Alfred, N. Y. It is a rare chance, and well worth looking after.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW advises young men to never endorse a note for anyone. He has sworn off, after rather expensive lessons. It is said that he lost \$40,000 last year in that way. It is a wise caution, and if it had been observed many a present bankrupt would have remained prosperous.

THE strike in Brooklyn, N. Y., now in progress, has resulted in much inconvenience to those who depend upon the surface cars. The elevated roads are doing double duty and reaping a harvest. The leading papers of New York and Brooklyn indicate a leaning of public sentiment and sympathy toward the strikers.

ANOTHER eminent woman has been taken from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop died at her home in Jackson, Michigan, the 3d of this month. She was born April 25, 1838. She was a professional lecturer in the W. C. T. U., and a very interesting speaker. Her absence from the work will be keenly felt.

THE *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook* is necessarily delayed in its January issues to give all possible speed to the RECORDER. The work of removal and of reorganization, in which the Tract Board is engaged, is no small matter, and when accomplished will place our entire publishing interests upon a broader, firmer, and more satisfactory basis than hitherto.

THE *Outlook* says: "The influence of the denominational press on the Methodist Church is perhaps stronger than in any other denomination with the possible exception of the Baptists." If our pastors worked for Baptist papers as do Methodist pastors there would be no "possible" or "probable" in this matter. But there are many pastors who never dream of commending a denominational paper, or the issues of the Publication Society to their people.

FRANCE is in deep political turmoil. The ministry first resigned and now the President has resigned. In this crisis the French Republic may be on the eve of a socialistic revolution. The President, M. Carimir-Parier, was regarded as a "strong man," but this unlooked-for and disappointing act has led his supporters to regard him as weak and incompetent. Some, well versed in the affairs of France, do not apprehend any immediate danger to the Republic, but admit that if there is no socialistic revolution it will be due to the weakness of her foes rather than the strength of her friends.

FOR years Superintendent Byrnes has stood at the head of the police force of New York City. His name has been almost a synonym for thoroughness and efficiency in detective investigation. It is not strange therefore that people should, at first, think Dr. Parkhurst a little too fast in his severe strictures upon the Superintendent. Some were disposed, as in other instances, to make unfavorable criticisms on the Doctor's persistency in demanding a most searching investigation of the Superintendent's police history. Now Dr. Parkhurst's traducers again admit their surprise at the rottenness unearthed, and the undaunted courage of this irrepressible reformer.

It is a pity that the new head of the municipal government of New York, Mayor Strong, should in any sense fail to be a strong mayor. Many good people among his friends and supporters look with alarm upon his conference with the liquor dealers' representatives, in which he declared himself in favor of allowing them to sell liquor on Sundays from 2 o'clock to 11 P. M. Every such tampering with the liquor question is deplorable. It should be the effort of all good citizens and officials to diminish rather than to increase the legal sanctions of this wicked and destructive business. It would greatly increase the Mayor's popularity with good men if he would enforce existing laws in favor of good morals and encourage still more stringent enactments against evil doers.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. Question. Having read the questions and answers in the columns of the RECORDER for several months with much interest, I also would ask a question or two: Should we call the male member of our church "Mister," or "Brother"? I find in the word of God where Christ said, "Ye are brethren;" also where Ananias, inspired of God, said to Saul (or Paul), "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest," etc.; also Paul addressed the churches as "brethren," but I have never found where one of them was spoken to as Mister. If you can give me any light on this subject please do so.

2. Question. What position should we be in while praying? The only attitude that I have found in the Bible—with the exception of one Pharisee and publican—is kneeling or falling upon the face. Why is it, then, that some in time of prayer remain sitting or standing? Please give me all of the light that you can upon these questions, as they are of great importance to me.

Your brother in Christ. x.

1. ANSWER. This question may be raised in all candor and therefore shall have as candid an answer. It would be very impractical to adopt, as a rule for our guidance, the use of terms and language which appear only in the English version of the Bible. We notice the brother raising the above question does not write in strictly Bible language, otherwise he would always say "thee," "thou," and "thine," instead of "you" and "yours." And really neither Christ nor Paul ever used the words "brother" or "brethren," for they did not speak the English language. They used the Greek word *adelphos* or *adelphoi*, brother or brethren. So, if we must use precisely the word that was used by our Saviour or Paul we cannot even say "Brother." We see no sound objection to using the words "Mister," "Miss," or "Madam." We violate no Scriptural law in so doing. It is pleasant and fraternal to address Christians as brethren and sisters, but in our opinion it is not wrong to say "Mr., Miss, or Mrs. Smith."

2. ANSWER. As to one's position in prayer, both the standing and kneeling postures have Scriptural examples. In 1 Kings 8:22, we are told that "Solomon stood before the altar of the Lord in the presence of all the congregation of Israel, and spread forth his hands toward heaven"; and in this attitude offered one of the most remarkable prayers on record. See also 1 Sam. 1:26. If our brother will now turn to Mark 11:25, where our Saviour is giving instructions to his disciples, he will read this, "And when ye stand praying, forgive if ye have aught against any." It is not so much the posture, my brother, as it is the condition of the heart that is the object of God's solicitude. One may pray equally as acceptably to God on his knees, or his feet, or sitting or lying upon his bed. Remember this: "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him." Acts 10:35, (R. V.)

"Ah, life is not so strong to bear
Its griefs without companionship,
Yet there are secret woes that press
The seal of silence on the lip,

"And beckon with despairing hand
The tenderest sympathy away,
And in some lonely garden seek
A spot to agonize and pray."

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

THE "chain letter" is at large again in more seductive form than ever. It does not even ask for money this time—simply for cast-off postage stamps. The story has crossed our orbit two or three times and runs somewhat like this: "Some poor girl (whose existence you must take on faith) somewhere has some disease which some doctor has guaranteed to cure providing she will collect for him one million cancelled postage stamps; so, dear friend, please send her at least ten cancelled stamps and mail three copies of this letter to three of your friends. Do not fail to do this, for if you do, it breaks the chain."

The effectiveness of this appeal is illustrated in a recent item of the daily paper to the effect that one girl in Illinois is receiving letters at the rate of ten thousand a day, and has a million or so more stamps than she knows what to do with.

Now, of course, you do not know who the party is for whom the stamps are wanted, nor what she proposes to do with them when she gets them, nor whether she has any disease, nor whether said doctor can cure it; but those blurred miniatures of Washington and Grant are worthless to you, and if there is anything the average man loves to do, it is to make presents of things he has no use for. You sit down at your desk, and in writing the four letters and cutting off cancelled stamps with the butcher knife you spoil ten cents worth of postage and stationery and twenty cents worth of time.

What you *ought* to do is this: Rise up as did your forefathers when England tried to perpetrate a "stamp act" upon *them*, and say, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Then walk over to your thank-offering box and drop in thirty cents for the Tract and Missionary Societies.

LANDMARKS—A REVERIE.

THE fast train is plowing its way toward Milton in the teeth of a "nor'-wester." Solid comfort it is to sit here watching the woods fly past through the slanting lines of white, while the rumble of the train and the swirl of the storm conjure forth memories.

When a little fellow, playing around under the old Victrolas and Drink apple trees, some one told me, "You are eating your white bread now." I did not believe it then, nor do I to-day." Boys and girls, life grows fuller and richer and grander as you go on, if your heart is in the Lord's keeping. Along with the great burdens fall the great blessings, the "loving kindness and tender mercy."

Perhaps I can make you see the panorama which floats to-day over the background of memory.

Scene first. Vague, shadowy. Just the happiness of simple existence. A far-off hint of a gentle swinging to and fro, and a sweet face bending fondly over the cradle. Memory tries to grasp it but cannot, and the face fades out and the soft, weird undertone of a song dies away.

Scene second. The first pair of trousers. Here again memory falls short, but older ones can remember how proud and happy the boy was, and in the family album it is on record.

Third scene. The sports of boyhood have come. The sun shines blithely on the acad-

emy turf where the ball players are "choosing up" at noon time. Being short of players they have put the boy in the right field. With the score close, a "fly" rises toward him. Can he get it? Every nerve is tense. He runs backward, a twist of the arms and the ball is in his grasp while the crowd cheers.

But life deepens and widens. The landscape bristles with interrogation points. He dimly feels the "great throb" of the world, and his breast is stirred with longings which he does not understand. Then academy and college, and finally there comes a bright day when he stands upon the platform underneath the great elm tree with the parchment in his hands, and, looking down the rows of kind friends, he sees a little grey-haired man leaning forward with his heart in his eyes.

But the pulse beats grow stronger. "It is not good for man to be alone." Two are strolling together in the June moonlight. They talk it all over. She is in favor of their walking the way of life together. Possibly he mentions the matter first—memory is a little dim here. But the future takes on a new hope and the world a new beauty.

Once more—and he sits in a class room surrounded by other men of mature years. And while the sober problems of theology wait the stroke of the hour, some one takes the chalk and writes on the blackboard above his head, "pa." There is more love in the world now. Burdens and responsibilities? O, yes. But some of the deepest chords of the human heart are struck at twilight by the fireside when childish voices sing their tuneless songs. Hard work and responsibility are not burdens when love lights the pathway. Life grows richer and happier just as the heart grows greater and warmer.

Once more the panorama flashes, and shows the dear old church around which the tender recollections cluster. It is like the Conference time of years ago; for the house is full—aisles, platform, and all. Many souls have been redeemed, and all over the house the voice of praise and thanksgiving is rising. The thoughts fly back swift as a weaver's shuttle and weave a thread down through the years. Yes. Each succeeding landmark has been a happier one than that before, and surely this is the crowning blessing—to preach the "glorious gospel of the blessed God," and see the victories of grace in the very place where the foundations of usefulness were lain.

REMARKABLE VILLAGE OF CLIFF DWELLERS.

THE most wonderful village of cliff dwellers ever discovered has just been found in an almost inaccessible canon in the Bradshaw mountains in Arizona. The canon was stumbled upon by accident by two prospectors who did not attempt a thorough exploration, owing to the great size of the ancient settlement. From the description given by them there is no doubt that this is the largest village of the kind ever discovered. It is located along the high banks of Willow canon, and the houses are estimated to number 260. It is a difficult matter to reach the canon even with pack animals, which accounts for its having been so long undiscovered. There are three natural terraces in the canon wall, and the dwellings open back from them. Narrow steps in the rock—now almost worn away—seem to indicate that this was the method employed in ascent and descent. Several of the houses were explored and large quantities of pottery and some instruments, evidently used for cultivating the soil, were found. In one house a skeleton of a man was discovered, not over four feet eight inches in height. A party is being organized to explore the newly found village.—*Christian Secretary.*

History and Biography.

HENRY B. CRANDALL AND HIS ANCESTORS.

(Concluded.)

The severe financial depression of 1837 in this country, and the almost total failure of the harvests that year, made it very difficult for Mr. Crandall to provide adequately for his large family. He became very anxious in regard to their future support and settlement in life. On returning at this time from a trip to Rochester, N. Y., with his team and a wagon filled with provender, bought in that city for his horses, and with corn at \$1 50 a bushel for his wife and children, he lay awake all one night on his load under a shed belonging to a tavern on the way, reflecting upon what course he must pursue at once for the sake of his family. Before morning he had made his decision. The country south and west of the Great Lakes was then tempting people in the East to remove and seek homes on its fertile lands, and to recover such fortunes as they had lost. By June in the following year, he had arranged to accompany Hon. Joseph Goodrich, now deceased, and James Pierce, Esq., still living in the village of Milton, Wis., on a tour of inspection into the West, with the view of selecting a location somewhere in it for his future residence. This party left Alfred with the expectation of visiting some places in Ohio, which had been recommended to them. At Buffalo, N. Y., where they stayed a few days waiting for a steamboat up the Lakes, they changed their minds, first, to a plan to examine some inviting sections of land in southern Michigan, and finally to a decision to proceed at once to Southern Wisconsin, and particularly to the Rock River Country, which was highly extolled to them by persons they met in that city, who had explored it. Accordingly they landed in Milwaukee about the middle of July, 1838, and traveled on foot to Du Lac Prairie lying principally in the town of Milton. They visited different places at no great distance, but soon reached the conclusion to settle on this prairie, which is rather small, was then surrounded by oak-openings, and always presents very beautiful scenery. By a study of the map of this region, they decided that the main thoroughfares between prospective cities in Wisconsin must pass across certain portions of this prairie, and intersect each other at certain points in it. Mr. Goodrich bought the claim where the village of Milton is located; and Mr. Crandall, the one where Milton Junction now stands. These claims were a mile apart. The land had not then come into market, and no roads of any sort had been laid out.

A short time afterwards, roads located by commissioners of the Territory, and leading from Chicago, Ill., to Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, and from the cities of Beloit and Janesville on the south, to those of Fort Atkinson, Jefferson, and Watertown on the north, passed and crossed each other within a few feet or rods of both of their homes. A highway from Janesville to Milwaukee also runs through Milton village. A line of one of the most extensive railways in the north-west, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, is constructed through Milton, where it sends a branch into the south-western portion of the State. This main line continues through

Milton Junction on its way to Iowa and Minnesota, and is intersected at the Junction by a line of another great railway, called the Chicago and North-western, which pursues its course into upper Wisconsin and Michigan. The house subsequently erected by Mr. Crandall on his claim became the beginning of the village on his quarter section, as that of Mr. Goodrich became the nucleus for the one on his half section.

Mr. Crandall stopped about a month on his claim, and then returned to Alfred to close up his business there, and to bring his family to Milton. He started from the former place, October 14th, following, with two double teams and lumber wagons well loaded, and with his wife and all his children on board, except the eldest, who had married previously, and who was expecting to settle in Michigan. He traveled all the way by land; was thirty-four days on the road; met with no accident; and experienced no sickness of any kind. He arrived in Milton, November 16th following, just as cold weather was setting in; and lived six weeks in a small frame house, which Mr. Goodrich had built on his claim the summer before. During this time he was busy in the erection of a double-log-house on his own claim. At the end of this time he and his family with him moved, just after Christmas, into his new home in which there were then no doors, windows, floor, chairs, or table. The winter was passed in finishing his buildings and in splitting rails for his fields. In these tasks he was assisted by his older sons. During the working days of the week, they all were kept exceedingly busy; and on the Sabbath, they rested at home, not roaming about in hunting or fishing on that day. They had no religious meetings, and no books or papers to read. There was no chance to enjoy such privileges. Here then books were said to be worth their weight in gold.

Mr. Goodrich came to Milton on the following March 4, 1839, with his family and some neighbors from Alfred. On the 9th of this month, the first Sabbath after his arrival, there met at his home all the members of his household and those of Mr. Crandall's twenty-two in number, for the purpose of forming what was termed "a Seventh-day Baptist Moral Society," which should be composed of both professors and non-professors of religion. At this gathering Mr. Crandall presided and acted as chairman of a committee that submitted a written report of the articles on which this society was organized. These articles, after an expression of the belief that the seventh-day of the week is the Sabbath appointed by God, present, in substance, the following pledges: (1) To observe the Sabbath as required by the Scriptures; (2) to use their best endeavors to promote good order and good morals, by obeying the laws of God and the just laws of the Territory; (3) to meet every Sabbath at a designated hour, if circumstances will reasonably permit, for the purpose of advancing the Christian religion; (4) to watch over each other for good, and when necessary, to reprove or rebuke each other in love. This report closed with the statement that any moral person could join the society, and leave it on giving one month's notice, and also, with the rule, that any member, on the violation of any of its pledges or regulations, could be expelled by a majority vote. These articles were adopted at this

meeting, and signed by all present, both old and young. This society conducted for some time a Sabbath-school each week and a prayer and conference meeting. It was soon changed into the Milton Seventh-day Baptist Church, the first of that denomination, organized west of the Great Lakes; and became also the origin of many other churches of this people in the great West. In about three months after this society was formed, a revival of religion prevailed among its members, and eight of them were soon baptized. They were thus the first candidates belonging to this order, who ever thus confessed Christ in all the States bordering on the Mississippi River and west of them. Four of these candidates were the older sons of Mr. Crandall.

For some years, the weekly religious meetings held by these people were made to alternate usually between the houses of Mr. Crandall and Mr. Goodrich. When they became large on extra occasions, they were conducted sometimes in the barn of the former. This society grew in numbers quite rapidly from the beginning. On the organization of the Milton Church, November 12, 1840, Mr. Crandall took a prominent part. The meeting for this purpose was held in his house. As chairman of a committee, he reported the articles of faith and the covenant, on the adoption of which the church was then constituted. With only slight changes, these few and comprehensive articles and this covenant remain to the present day as the formal statement of the tenets and the bond of fellowship sustained by the church. He was chosen at this meeting the deacon, but he declined the office. For Rev. Stillman Coon, the first pastor of the church, he furnished accommodations for living for some months in his home. During the succeeding nine years, a critical period in the history of this church, he served occasionally as its moderator, often in the position to raise funds for the support of the pastor, and almost constantly on committees to attend to the management of its important affairs. It was his privilege for years to furnish the symbols for its communion seasons. He was so discreet in his judgment, and so sincerely loved by the other members of the church, that he scarcely ever failed of having his suggestions in respect to its administration accepted and carried out.

At the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Milton Seventh-day Baptist Sabbath-school, held in the spring of 1889, Mr. Crandall was present, then ninety-two years old, the patriarch of the occasion. In his remarks he feelingly referred to his associations with the other founders of the school and the church. He said that in the beginning he had never even imagined that such Sabbath-keeping societies as are existing in the State would grow out of the feeble efforts which the little company put forth a half century before. He felt it was marvelous that he had survived so many others, particularly most beloved friends, and was present to witness the exercises of the anniversary. He trusted that the good work would advance in the years to come, even more prosperously in the hands of those to whom it was then and should afterwards be committed.

By the second winter after the arrival of Mr. Crandall in Milton, he had erected a log-addition, eighteen feet square, to his double house for a school-room. In it during that

time was kept the first common school in the town of Milton, and doubtless in all Rock county, except the city of Beloit in the southern part. The teacher was Miss Olive Hall, now Mrs. James Pierce, of the village of Milton. The number of pupils was sixteen, gathered from various homes in the town, though Mr. Crandall furnished more than any other family. The popularity of the school was tested by the attendance on the last day of people, not only in the neighborhood, but from a distance of six and eight miles, crowding the room to its fullest capacity, and witnessing the exercises of the pupils. Subsequently, the school was continued for some winters under different teachers in the same room.

In the earlier years of the town of Milton, Mr. Crandall was often honored by election to prominent offices, as first supervisor, treasurer, and assessor. He showed in these the same courtesies, attention to business, and integrity of heart, which he had exhibited in other positions of life. He sustained, at Milton Junction, April 2, 1849, the great loss, by death, of the companion of his younger days. She had borne him nine children, the youngest of whom was then thirteen years of age, and some of the older ones had families of their own. She had been a very faithful, industrious, prudent, and sagacious helpmate. He again married, June 1, 1851, at Albion, Wis., Miss Emiline Cordner, who had then recently come from the vicinity of Rockville, R. I., and who was descended from a very early settler in that State. She was to him an affectionate and efficient wife, and a beloved and careful step-mother to his children, especially those in their minority. She bore him one child, a daughter, named Ada Francesca, and died July 11, 1895. Seven years previous to this date, he removed his residence to the city of Edgerton, Wis., where he remained, attending to light work, and esteemed by his new acquaintances, until May 27, 1894, when he returned to Milton Junction, and joyfully to his old home, a frame house, which he had built soon after 1894, near the site of his former log-house, and which he had never sold. Three years before he left for Edgerton, he assisted in the organization of the Milton Junction Seventh-day Baptist Church, of which he continued a member until his death. Besides having been associated with others in the formation of the Milton Church, as already noticed, he was, before settling in Wisconsin, an active worker in the First Alfred Church of the same denomination.

Of his five brothers and two sisters, Silas, the eldest, became a sea captain, and died in Havanna, West Indies; Lester, the next, was a shoemaker, and lived in Montville, Conn.; Amos, the third, served as a respected deacon of the First Alfred Church; Paul, younger than Henry, was in 1848 an influential member of the second Constitutional Convention of Wisconsin, and removed to Salem, Oregon; Oliver, the youngest, resided for years on farms in the town of Milton; Ruth, the older sister, was twice married; and Mary, the younger, became the wife of Wm. P. Stillman, for some time a deacon of the Milton Church. None of these are now living.

Of his Children, Aurelia married Wm. Anson Goodrich, one of the founders of the Seventh-day Baptist Society at Farina, Ill., where they both died; Silas lived, after marriage, in the town of Milton, where his widow and several

of his children still reside; Amos has, since his father moved west, had his home usually in or near Milton Junction; Clarke lives in the village of Milton, whose son is a professor in the college there; Horace has lived for years in Farina, Ill., and John in Dodge Center, Minn.; Harriet, now deceased, married Hon. Edward Vincent, a member of the Wisconsin Legislature for two terms; Amy married Frank Vincent, now a farmer near Farina; Mary became the wife of James Bonnell, and resides in Yakima, Wash.; Ada has given the years of her young womanhood to caring, before and since the death of her mother, most tenderly and constantly for her father.

Mr. Crandall retained the use of his faculties to the last. He was greatly interested in the passing events of the community and of his county, to the latter of which he gave, even in his final days, the devotion of an earnest patriot. He received, with great cordiality, his acquaintances up to the last conscious hour; and enjoyed with keen satisfaction the visits of his remaining children and grandchildren, who were near his home. He expressed to his pastor a short time before his decease, "I have found God better than his promises." His funeral was held at Milton Junction, and was numerously attended. Rev. G. W. Burdick, pastor of his church, preached the sermon; and Rev. E. M. Dunn, pastor of the Milton Church, and Pres. W. C. Whitford, of Milton College assisted in the services.

The Milton Seventh-day Baptist Society, at its annual meeting held January 6, 1895, voted in behalf of itself and the church with which it is connected, that a record should be entered upon its minutes, stating how gladly both organizations cherish the memory of Mr. Crandall; how earnestly they esteem his character as a worthy citizen and a devout Christian; how deeply indebted they feel to him for his labors and sacrifices in establishing at first and upholding afterwards for years the society and the church; and how sincerely they desire to imitate his example, continued through such a long life, in adhering conscientiously and unfalteringly to the stern religious principles that they consider so sacred.

ASLEEP AT HIS POST.

Of all men a sexton ought to be wide awake during service. A sleeping sexton is a bad example indeed. One who fell into this habit relates his experience thus:

I was sexton of Grace church when Rev. Mr. Blake was rector there. It was a Summer night and rather warm, so when the rector commenced his sermon I turned down the gas in the body of the church to make it a little cooler.

The text that night was, if I remember it, "Let there be light." I was sitting in the rear part of the church, not paying particularly close attention to the sermon, nor, in fact, to anything else. Suddenly the rector exclaimed loudly: "More light! More light!" I jumped to the stop-cock in the gas supply pipe and turned on the gas full head all over the church. Well, sir, you ought to have seen those people! Some of them laughed right out, and those that didn't had hard work not to. I found out afterward that when the rector said "More light!" he was not giving direction to me, but quoting the dying words of Goethe."

THE TWO DOORS.

[In the dales of Westmoreland it is customary to open the west door to let the Old Year out, and the east door to let the New Year in.]

Whisper "Farewell!" at midnight,
To the Old Year whisper low;
Then open the western door,
Open and let him go.

The work of the hands not good;
The will of the wavering mind;
The thoughts of the heart not pure;
The will of the lips not kind;

Faith that is broken or lost;
Hopes that are fading and dim;
Love that is selfish and vain—
These, let him carry with him.

Whisper farewell to your doubts,
To follies and faults that you know;
Then open the western door,
With the Old Year let them go.

Turn to the surprising next,
When the shadows are growing thin
Set open the eastern door,
And welcome the New Year in.

Welcome the order brave!—
"More faithfully do your part"—
Welcome the brighter hope,
Welcome the kinder heart.

Welcome the daily work,
Welcome the household care;
Clasp hands with the household love,
Lift hands in the household prayer.

Forgotten be all mistakes,
And over again begin,
When you open the eastern door
To welcome the New Year in.

—Independent.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The following letter will explain itself. The omission of the words "on board ship" from the letter of our correspondent in last issue puzzled the compositors at our office, since they had supposed the Mizpah Mission to be conducted on strictly temperance principles. But we insisted that it must be a case of *lapsus lingua*, or *lapsus verba*, at least, though we could not safely supply the words that were wanting.—Ed.

86 BARROW ST., Jan. 14, 1894.

In one of my sentences in the New York letter three words were omitted. Please refer to article in the RECORDER of Jan. 3, 1895. Many letters have been received by me on the subject, and I thank my friends for their confidence expressed in us, although appearances might be against us. One brother writes: "I am amazed to read in the RECORDER which has just come to hand, that at your Mission a bottle of free beer was distributed, please explain. Knowing you and Mrs. B. as I do, I know you mean something else." While some of the missions allow smoking, card-playing, etc, we have no games, no smoking, no beer. What a difference two or three words may make in one's meaning. I had them in mind but they failed to get on paper. "It is so hard to help men where environments are so against them. A bottle of free beer was served each man *on board ship* to-day." Not in our mission, thank God. If ever in my life I was disgusted and out of temper with this accursed traffic it has been the Christmas and New Year's experience of this year. God hasten the day when Christian men and women shall unite heart and soul in the suppression of this terrible evil. J. G. BURDICK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

—May I ask if any of our sisters have either worsted or calico pieces that they do not care to use? Our little Missionary Society are out of work, and we want to do something for the cause and keep up our organization. We will put all pieces sent into quilts for the China Medical Mission. Can any of our well-to-do sisters send us this or other work?

J. S. WILLIAMS.

CALHAN, Colo.

Missions.

MISS RIDDELL, a missionary in Kumamoto, Japan, says that when the Buddhist priest, Yatsubuchi Banryo, was sent to the Parliament of Religions, Buddhist believers were asked to defray his expenses. He received subscriptions amounting to \$80,000 that he might put in a worthy appearance, a sum representing the expense of 130 missionaries for a year.

THE *Japan Mail* reports the substance of an address made by Doki Horyu Shi, a Buddhist priest, sent to the Parliament of Religions at Chicago as a representative of the Shingon sect. After the close of the Parliament he traveled widely through Europe and India, and on reaching home was welcomed by a meeting of 200 priests and other adherents. Among other remarkable things Mr. Doki stated that he was told that the Buddhists in the vicinity of Boston now numbered over 20,000! Affirming that Christianity is now declining in England, France, and Germany, he declared that, "side by side with this gradual decay of Christianity Buddhism is steadily gaining ground, and there are many indications that it is going to replace Christianity. The people of Europe are indeed eager for the coming of priests." Well, well! well!!

A PUBLIC farewell was given Rev. and Mrs. H. S. DeForest, missionaries of the American Board, on the eve of their departure from Japan. Among the addresses was one by the editor of a daily in Northern Japan, who said: "The message I beg you to bear to the people of America is this: Christian missionaries have now been working here a full generation. There are hundreds of men and women who have brought half a million dollars annually here to establish Christian schools and churches. And how much have they accomplished? Really, when we see that they have gained only a few tens of thousands of converts, we can only be sorry for them, and must call their work a failure. And yet, look all over Japan. Our 40,000,000 to-day have a higher standard of morality than we have ever known. There is not a boy or girl throughout the empire that has not heard of the one-man, one-woman doctrine. Our ideas of loyalty and obedience are higher than ever. And when we inquire the cause of this great moral advance, we can find it in nothing else than the religion of Jesus."

FROM DR. PALMBORG.

Dear Friend:

I will use this first opportunity of sending a letter home, to write to all the friends through the columns of the RECORDER. I arrived in Shanghai Sabbath morning, December 1st, and found all of our workers at the landing to meet me. They seemed glad to see me and I was certainly glad to see them. The voyage was a pleasant one, except for the time of sea sickness which several of us endured. There were about twenty missionaries on board, and among them I found several who will be dear friends for life. At Japan the number was increased and they were all bound for China! Some were returning to their work, but most of them were going out for the first time.

Fortunately I had a cabin alone for the whole voyage. Mrs. Bolton, the stewardess, was very kind to me and cared for me as a mother might have done. In fact, every one seemed to be filled with the spirit of kindness. The most delightful thing that happened was the arrival of my "daily post" as the passengers called it. I think the pleasure it afforded me made a bright spot in the day for some of the others. If time permitted every letter should have an answer, but I am afraid that

may not be. I thank the dear friends very much for the words that told me of their interest in, and sympathy with, this work. I do think this is a great work, and the thought grows stronger each day. You must not think too much of the results in numbers. Figures cannot tell of the growth and development of the people, which must come first, as one can see it here. Christ's kingdom is surely spreading.

Our missionaries are working very hard; it seems almost a cross that I must take so much time for the study of the language, but that must be the foundation. I hope to be of some use soon. My teacher for a time is to be Dzau Yong Chung, brother of Dr. Swinney's teacher, Dzau Sing Chung. He is a good English scholar, which will be a great advantage in the beginning.

Sunday afternoon Mrs. Davis and I, two of the helpers and Li Erlow's widow, set out with Dr. Swinney for the home of her teacher to attend the burial of his father, Dzau Chung Lau, his mother, his grandparents and his older brother. You have already learned why they have not been buried before and how it is now made possible. The trip was made in two house boats on the river and canals. It was a new experience to me, and as such I enjoyed it. We reached the place late in the evening. After breakfast the next morning we all went up to the house for prayers. Quite a number of the relatives were already there. Most of them are heathens, and it made a deep impression on my mind to see the teacher, Dzau Sing Chung, as the head of the family, conduct the prayer service so beautifully. How I did wish I could understand him as he talked to his people, as Dr. Swinney said he did, so wonderfully about Christ and his power to save. Mr. Davis, expecting to come by land, was prevented at the last moment from coming, therefore the burial was conducted as well as possible without him. It was in every sense a Christian burial. The teacher spoke to the people, explaining to them why it was not necessary to have the heathen rites and ceremonies that they were accustomed to; that his father was a Christian safe in heaven and needed no priests to get him out of purgatory; that instead of a great mourning and wailing for his spirit they sang, "Because he was now happy." Then we sang, "There is a happy land," and Mrs. Davis led in prayer. After singing again we left the graves. The more I learn of the beliefs and customs of this people and their opposition to Christianity the more I realize how hard it must be for one living among his own people to resolutely live a Christian life and throw off the relics of heathenism. It must be a *continual* struggle.

I believe mission work *does* pay, and am so glad of the privilege of having a share in it. We reached home Tuesday morning and have been busy ever since. We know very little about the war here excepting what we see in the papers. There is much anxiety felt concerning the future.

SHANGHAI, China, Dec. 7, 1894.

OBITUARY.

Peter Wooden was born in Plainfield, N. J., May 24, 1800. He died Jan. 14, 1895, in the ninety-fifth year of his age. April 28, 1825, he was married to Rachel, daughter of Nehemiah Randolph, who died Oct. 11, 1837. In 1840, March 22d, he married Margaret Cory, who died March 22, 1890, the date of their

"Golden Wedding." Bro. Wooden united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Plainfield, by Baptism, Feb. 11, 1843; being baptized by Rev. David Clawson. He was a man of simple habits, in which economy, humility, and honesty held the first place. He was loyal to all his church relations, and always at the house of God on the Sabbath unless detained on account of sickness. His life embodied quiet, but genuine Christian faith and character in an eminent degree. He was "Uncle Peter" to a large circle of acquaintances and friends; enemies he could not have. He passed the last day on earth in usual avocations about his home. During the afternoon he visited a neighboring place of business in his usual pleasant way. Just at nightfall he came in from attending to little duties about the place and sat down by the stove for warmth and rest. A little later those sitting in the adjoining room heard him fall from his chair. His warm heart, under the strain of more than ninety-four years, had come to its final rest without pain or struggle.

Spiritually "Uncle Peter" was ripe, waiting for the call, ready and fully fitted to enter into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Never were these words of the poet more appropriate.

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward:
Nor deem that kindly Nature did him wrong,
Softly thus to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hands grew palsied,
And his eyes dim with the mist of age,
It was his time to die."

Truly God giveth his beloved sleep on earth but everlasting waking in the blessed life beyond.

RESIGNATION.

Source of my life's refreshing springs,
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all the wish might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease
From restless wishes prone to sin,
And, in Thy own exceeding peace,
Yield to thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,
As air we breathe, as light we see;
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in thee.

A HUMOROUS INCIDENT WITH A MORAL.

In the "Life of Bishop Simpson," by Dr. Cooks, there is an interesting account of Methodism at Meadville, Pa., and the early struggles of the college there located. Reference is also made to the establishment of a Unitarian Church in the town, and an amusing incident of the dedicatory services is given. It is in the Bishop's autobiographical notes, and is as follows:

One of the distinguished Unitarians of New England came to officiate on the occasion, preached an eloquent sermon to a full house, setting forth in a forcible manner the views of his people. A well-read man of the Presbyterian church had become insane, and yet was quiet and inoffensive. He wandered about among friends, and was fond of talking of religion. By some means he was present in the congregation that day, and listened attentively to the discourse. At the close, rising from his seat and stepping out into the aisle, he reached out his hand, and said, in a tone of sadness, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him," and left the house. The utterance of those simple words, it is said, produced a profound impression on the congregation.

Woman's Work.

A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK.

"THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT."

BY P. J. B. WAIT, M. D.

When people live in comfortable homes upon farms, with broad acres of green fields and waving grain surrounding them, or if the homes lie in a village or country town, and have spacious lawns dotted with shade trees and decorated with flower beds and flower borders, a tennis court or a croquet ground, for such it is very hard to appreciate what it means to be deprived entirely of all such everyday, and often never-thought-of blessings, as clean sweet air, pure sunshine and green grass. But in a large city like New York, there are children who live and die without ever filling their poor little lungs with unadulterated fresh air, or looking upon the sunlight except through the dust cloud of the narrow street; or once treading upon the soft green turf. The only green grass which is their very own is that which covers them, when, after life's fitful fever, they sleep their first quiet sleep, and even in the grave they may not claim its full measure of green turf, for the grave itself is shared by others, three or four occupants sometimes sharing the space measured by the dimensions of a single grave. Hence the poor of cities, whether living or dead, are never quite alone, but are forced to meet in proximity, so close as to be heart-rending to contemplate and appalling to experience.

Mrs. Ballington Booth tells of families whom she has found living in the space occupied by one bed. On that bed the family slept at night, while during the day the children are left to spend their time upon it, their parents being out to their daily toil or beggary or vice.

The tenth ward in New York covers an area of one hundred and ten acres, and is, I read, the most densely populated of any spot of similar size upon the face of the earth. Whether this be true or not, it is the most densely populated of any ward in New York, having a population, according to the United States census in 1890 of 57,596, and according to the tenement-house census of 1893 of 68,383.

To appreciate just what this means, let anyone imagine a house lot of two or two and a half acres, bordered by a narrow street, and covered entirely by buildings, three, four or five stories, high and then tenanted by upwards of six hundred men, women and children, living, walking, eating, sleeping, sick and well, night and day, summer and winter. Then think of this lot bounded upon its four sides by another of the same character, the only refuge for these six hundred men, women and children from the crowded tenement being the dirty crowded street, and one will gather a meager idea of how these people have to live. Even with tenement houses, four, five and more stories above the level of the street, all cannot live above ground, but many are crowded into dark damp cellars or basements from whence no leverage seems strong enough to lift them out. Says a recent correspondent of a daily paper in an article, "Underground New York," "In underground New York there are homes below the pavements, homes where men and women sleep and where children are born and reared; habitations called homes by those too poor to have the free air and light from heaven, while they insist upon living in a great city. To see these places go along Hester, Divis-

ion, Madison, Ridge or other of the streets on the crowded east side and descend into any of the open cellars and force your way through the throngs of children. Little, dark, unventilated rooms. Sunlight never reaches them, and the air has a struggle to enter. On Essex, below Rivington street, in one block, I found seven such basements, which averaged five rooms to a cellar, and six inhabitants to a room. Squalor, filth, disease and crime must of necessity almost displace all else in such homes. Here is found the darkest view of the picture of underground New York."

The locality here spoken of is a part of the tenth ward, which is a triangular space bounded on the north by Rivington street, east by Norfolk, south, south-east by Division, and west by the Bowery, and includes six streets from north to south, by seven east to west, with forty-eight blocks and parts of blocks, solidly covered by buildings. Within its one hundred and ten acres, the largest spot of uncovered earth, and the *only* one ever reached as a play ground, is a back yard, surrounded upon every side by forbidding brick walls, belonging to the house occupied by the "College Settlement," and which, without measuring, we judge to be twenty-five by possibly forty-five feet in size. In it, two poor stunted trees struggle for their lives, though not a blade of grass ever finds its way up through the hard ground to the light of day. So precious is this bit of mother earth, and so greatly prized by those who are privileged to tread upon it, that the sweet young women who form the College Settlement, give permits to the children by ticket, to visit it, as we give tickets to our Sabbath-school children for an excursion, a ticket being good for one hour on Saturday, a different color designating each hour from ten A. M. to three P. M. inclusive. Forty children is the limit for any hour, but in five hours two hundred poor little children, who otherwise would not know the sensation of "ground" under their feet are, through this philanthropy, enabled for one hour a week, to stand or sit, to lie down or play as best they may, upon the naked mother earth. Where are there any other children so poor that they may not press the bosom of dear mother Earth but one single hour a week?

The College Settlement located at 95 Rivington street just east of the Bowery, is the *one* bright spot in the midst of more sin and sorrow, more crime and care than can be found upon any spot of similar size possibly on the face of the earth. Five years ago the settlement was established with a view of infusing into the lives of the wretchedly poor who by their very poverty seem condemned to spend their lives in this locality; something of the social comfort which the world looks upon as one of the natural rights of every human being.

A mission station without church or creed, without priest or altar, without rites or ceremonies, and yet embodying the great principle of Christ himself, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them," is this College Settlement. A social mission or school where, both by precept and example, are taught to young and old the things which in well-regulated families are taught to children from the cradle up, and which your home, your school, your church and your neighborhood, dear reader, stand for, viz., good living, good government, good works, and righteousness in all things.

The settlement idea did not originate in America, but like the Red Cross and White Cross movements, the Salvation Army, and many other wholly or in part humanitarian movements, is of European origin from whence it was transplanted to American soil where all good things flourish if given even half a chance.

The establishment of colleges for women with their consequent training of young women, have made College Settlements possible. Many young college women are from families of wealth, having been brought up in a manner corresponding to their social station and then educated upon as broad and liberal lines as are young men at Harvard, Yale, or Princeton.

One element in colleges for young men has been omitted in those for young women; the element of lawlessness made manifest by smoking, chewing, drinking, hazing and rioting in many ways too well-known to be described. These unfortunate adjuncts of young men's college study are the exuberance of youth, guided or misguided into evil channels. A similar exuberance of spirits, modified by feminine tastes, has turned the hearts of young college women towards the establishment of College Settlements, out of which so much good is being slowly evolved. Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Wells, and all the other colleges for women have taken a hand in Settlement work, each one having formed a "chapter" for promoting settlement interests which chapters number in the aggregate hundreds of members.

How, you ask, does the Settlement "idea" materialize into practical work? The young women who have studied Ethics, Economics, Civics, Psychology and kindred sciences have learned that upon these very lines, ethical, economical, etc., excellent results ought to be obtained in work among the poor of cities to whom the sciences are unknown. With an "open sesame" to liberal pocket books, they first secure the lease of a house in the midst of the most unpromising surroundings; as for example the one at 95 Rivington street, which street is the northern boundary of the wretched tenth ward. By a generous application of soap, water, paint, varnish and kalsomine, with some help from carpenters and masons, the house is soon converted into a clean, inviting, homelike place, into which moves a family as unlike the families upon the right hand and the left as is the house now, unlike others in the street.

There are no men in the family, but gentle, refined young women make up the entire household. Young women who are as much at home in French, German, Latin or Italian as in their native English; young women who draw and paint, who are cultivated in music, who write magazine articles, and who would grace the most elegant drawing room, but who choose life in the Settlement rather than an aimless one such as wealth and idleness impose.

No members of the Settlement family receive any salary, except a superintendent and one assistant. The others all pay their board and otherwise assist in the running expenses of the place. A physician is always included in the house staff. Dr. Mary B. Damon, (Wellesley) who was physician at 95 Rivington street for a year, and who was succeeded by Dr. Jane E. Robbins, (Smith) wrote most interestingly of Settlement work. In her

article, "Medical Women in Tenements," she says: "It is worth much to know life in the mass and to have learned to look at the condition of the poor through their own eyes, and this is knowledge which does not come from seeing people in institutions, but by knowing them where they were born to be—in their own homes."

The Settlement young women make friendly acquaintances among their neighbors, inviting them to their home and in return going themselves up rickety stairs to top floors or into dingy basements carrying flowers or delicacies to the sick, doing little acts of courtesy and kindness to young and old. Everywhere they win friends. "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend," says the wise man. Then how can they help winning friends, as they show by their daily lives the simple, unaffected friendliness for all with whom they come in contact, which must insure a return in kind.

It is an inspiration to make a call at the Settlement and chat for a while with the young women, some of whom always seem to find time to enlighten callers upon their work.

A polished hard wood floor with rugs here and there, a piano in one corner, bookcases filled with books which are "loaned out to friends in the neighborhood," pictures upon the walls, one window filled with growing plants, comfortable chairs not upholstered, and sweet young women as hostesses give a picture of the Settlement parlor or reception room.

I picked or pushed my way, as every foot of sidewalk was crowded, for half a mile through Rivington street, without hearing one word of English spoken. German, Russian, Bohemian or Polish are the principal languages of that locality, very few Irish or other natives of the British Islands being found here. "One Bohemian woman," says Dr. Robbins in her report, "began to study German as soon as she arrived in America, as German seemed to be the language of the country."

The organized work of the Settlement is largely directed to the formation of "clubs," this being the most ready way of reaching large numbers. An additional house upon the same street opposite the Settlement has been hired for use as a club house and for class-rooms to meet the growing requirements of these busy women. Classes for children in singing, wood carving, kitchen garden and drawing are regularly maintained, while clubs have been organized for girls and for boys, for young men and young women, for married women and married men, in which all of these various useful subjects are taught, together with gymnastics and games of various kinds. Clubs for boys and girls are graded in their membership according to age, so that all the members of any club may enjoy a common interest in the club work. One club of girls from six to ten years of age sew, sing, practice gymnastics and play games. Another of girls, from ten to fourteen years, follow much the same lines, while a third of girls, from fourteen to eighteen, are taught sewing, millinery, dressmaking, cooking, English literature and singing, with games and dancing.

A similar gradation appears in clubs for boys, while in those for young men there are debates upon political subjects. Young men—we moralize—are expected to become factors in shaping the political destiny of the republic to which they have so recently been trans-

planted, but politics are not introduced into young women's clubs.

Fourteen different clubs are reported in active operation together with quite a number of weekly gatherings, one being a reception to the members of all the older clubs, and another a Sunday evening "Vespers" where hymns are sung and stories "with a lesson" are told.

Small circulating libraries are placed in private houses, and in a number of public schools for use in the "neighborhood," while a reading-room "is opened on certain evenings for anyone who wishes a quiet hour."

A part of this detail we glean from Annual Reports of the Settlement which give only a faint idea of all the industry required to first organize out of the "material" available, and then maintain so many and such varied lines of education.

Should we be asked to select an appropriate Settlement motto, we should say "Agitate, educate, cultivate, regenerate," for this in brief is certainly what the Settlement is doing. There is no place for laggards, neither does there seem to be any lack for workers, as young women who cannot remain for long periods—a year or more—volunteer for a few weeks or months to lend a hand in this beautiful humanitarian mission, none of them being bound by any "order" or "vow" for any fixed period.

Who can say to what limit the influence of these College Settlements may not penetrate? New York is not alone in the work. Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Jersey City have each their Settlement, and other cities will no doubt soon follow.

One thing which particularly interests a caller at the Settlement is the apparent feeling of ownership which the boys (evidently club boys) in the street have for it. College Settlement? asks half a dozen boys in concert of us as we are looking for the number on the door. They are apparently used to such visitors, and to our equally laconic "yes" they all fairly tumble over each other up the stoop to ring the bell, which ring might have been a fire alarm by the force applied to the bell pull. Then they all step aside while we pass in between boys to the right of us, boys to the left of us, while each boy has a word to say to Miss Wolfert, the sweet young Wellesley graduate who bade us welcome. Half an hour later when she bade us adieu, half a score of boys were still waiting to have a pleasant word from her. "How do you get along with all these boys, Miss Wolfert?" we ask, as we make our way out of the door and off the stoop. "Oh, they take care of us," was her pleasant reply, to which the boys answered by a whoop of approval. This, it seems to us, is an epitome of the reason for the success attending settlement work. A conceded mutuality runs through it all—a you take care of us, and we help you—spirit, which is strong as bands of steel.

These young women go everywhere freely among their "neighbors" upon their errands of love and mercy, scattering seeds of kindness, but also plucking flowers of gratitude in return. Without fear or doubt they go into the highest attic or the lowest cellar, by night or day, not wearing any distinguishing garb like the "Sisters" or the "Salvationist," but all the same everywhere their manners and the very tones of their voices are passports to the homes and heart about them, and

everywhere they are as safe, possibly even more safe, than in some much "better" localities, for as expressed by the bright little Wellesley girl, everybody "takes care of us."

BOOTH AND THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A good story is told of Booth, the tragedian, and his impressive rendering of that matchless prayer which our Lord gave as a model to his disciples:

Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had in this instance overcome all scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company reseated in the drawing room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to do this, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair! It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upward, were wet with tears. And yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, till at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth: "Our Father, who art in heaven," etc., with a pathos and solemnity that thrilled all hearers. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, till from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman, their host, stepped forward, with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man; and every day from my boyhood to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's prayer; but I have never heard it—never!" "You are right," replied Booth, "to read that prayer as it should be read has caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years; and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production."

THE TEST OF AFFLICTION.

One would hardly expect to find selfishness in sorrow, yet there is no department of human experience where it is more frequently manifested. Affliction is an excellent test of unselfishness. A selfish person in deep sorrow will expect others to be much occupied with his trouble, but will never think of the pangs which ring other hearts. Those who are overwhelmed with trouble will often be found contrasting their own condition with that of others who are called to endure affliction, and their verdict often is that there is no sorrow like their sorrow. They can see mitigating circumstances in the cases of others, but none in their own.

One who visits those that mourn will soon learn not to try to comfort them by pointing out the fact that their trouble is less severe than that of a neighbor. This will irritate rather than soothe. The afflicted are too much occupied with thoughts of their own sorrow to listen patiently to the story of another's woe. But this is the worst course they could pursue. If those whose hearts are broken would go out and look with sympathy on the afflictions of their neighbors, they would be greatly strengthened themselves, and afford great help to others.—*Christian Advocate*.

Young People's Work.

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	749
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 Aug. '94	2,619

THE past month has been one of encouragement for the Christian Endeavorers of Welton. Pastor Socwell, assisted part of the time by Rev. E. A. Witter, of Albion, has been holding a series of revival meetings which have been very beneficial to the church and Christian Endeavor Society. Several of our associate members have come to see their need of putting on Christ before the world, and we hope soon to have their names on the list of active members. New Year's morning at sunrise found quite a number of Christian Endeavor workers gathered at the church for prayer-meeting, and each one present expressed a determination to live for Christ during the coming year.

COR. SEC.

AT fifteen minutes before seven, Jan. 1, 1895, the clear, sweet tones of our church bell at New Auburn, Minn., rang out upon the frosty air calling the young people to worship. In a short time the bright, happy faces of the young people of both societies began to appear at Pastor Crofoot's. At seven thirty the services began under the leadership of the pastor. After prayer, a short Scripture lesson and very appropriate remarks by the leader, several earnest prayers were offered by the young people, interspersed with such songs as "Every day will I bless Thee," "God is love," "Lord I would clasp Thy hand in mine," etc. There were twenty-two present. If all the resolutions made at that time are kept many souls will be brought to Christ in 1895. Love for the Master and his cause was strongly manifested throughout the exercises. At the close of the meeting the little company arose and joining hands sang, "Blest be the tie." Voices trembled and many eyes were moist with tears as the words of the beautiful song were breathed upon the air. After benediction by the pastor a time of handshaking was enjoyed by all, and the company departed feeling that it was good to be there.

C. C. VANHORN.

I was much interested in Jean Gray's article for the Prayer Meeting Committee. I think there are some excellent suggestions in it, and I hope our society can make use of some of them at least. I wish some one would send some suggestions particularly applicable to a society of very few members, where half of them, for various reasons, are not regular attendants; some being away, others having no way of coming to the meetings, for we are badly scattered. It is somewhat discouraging at times when there are not more than half a dozen in attendance. There are those in the church who have no fault to find with the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, but who object to joining because

they do not want to bear any responsibility as they would have to, to become members. There are many outside of our church whom we would like to interest in Christian work, who at present seem to care for nothing but dancing and like amusements. The country is full of such young men and women who could be very useful in the Master's work if we could but interest them in some way and get them into our Endeavor Society. Now, Mr. Editor, if you or someone else can and will help us we will be very grateful. We are inexperienced in this work and feel the need of assistance. We have excellent meetings, but so few to enjoy them. Our members are all very active and willing to do all they can.

QUANDARY.

THE Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor, both Senior and Junior, of the First Genesee Church held a sunrise prayer-meeting on New Year's morning, at seven o'clock with good attendance. General invitations were extended to all. The morning was beautiful, but very cold; and among those who came were several who had walked a considerable distance at that early hour. The pastor led the meeting. The theme was "The Dream of Solomon." It may be safely said that it was the earnest desire of many present that the young in our community in the morning of life may have right ideals which shall take substantial shape, as the years go on, in character building and in aggressive service for Christ. Our society goes forth determined to pray for the conversion of many souls during the coming year. All present took part. A letter was read from one of our number who is helping Rev. G. W. Hills in his tent work. One brother, by the expression of his interest in the appeal recently sent out in behalf of the building fund of the Boulder Church awakened interest in others to do something in response. In closing all pledged themselves to bring each at least one soul to Jesus if possible during the coming year. Our society has just elected officers for the present term. Brother Albert J. Crandall, who served efficiently through the preceding term was re-elected President.

S. S. POWELL.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

My Dear Young People:

The work here at Leonardsville is still growing, this is the fourth week of the meeting. Since we wrote last week a men's noonday meeting has been started, a gospel meeting conducted by one of their own number, and continues only thirty minutes. On last Sabbath afternoon, at the same hour as the men's meeting, a woman's meeting was held at the church; this was largely attended. Arrangements were made for personal work and a deep interest was manifest.

There are about a hundred now who have been converted, or reclaimed, or are asking prayers. The sleighing makes it possible for people to come from several miles around. On last Sabbath night the Christian Endeavor Society at Brookfield adjourned and came. Loads came from West Edmeston and from the Forks frequently. The church is crowded every night and seats frequently brought in to accommodate the people. We are thanking the Lord for wonderful things which are going on among us. Some old people have found the Lord, some who have been traveling al-

most a lifetime in the wrong direction have now turned back and started for the promised land. We are now praying that all may surrender all to Christ and take a stand which will be lasting.

I have just received a letter written by Father Endeavor Clarke to our General Secretary Whitford, and forwarded to me, an appeal for the Christian Endeavor Societies of each denomination to make collections or appeal for funds to carry forward the work of missions, each in its own denomination, on Christian Endeavor day (Feb. 2nd). He says that \$138,205 93 was raised last year as a result of the appeal made. This is a good letter, and very thoughtful of the President to remember us and very kind to offer the columns of the *Golden Rule* to present our claims to our young people. This is a good way to commemorate the anniversary of the organization of the first Christian Endeavor Society. Make it Missionary day. Let us give this event some thought. I know our Christian Endeavor Societies are responding nobly for the work of our Boards, many of them more than the amount suggested by our Young People's Board. Are there not some who have not given who can make a special effort at this time, or are there not some of our Societies which have been so blessed in this giving for our regular Missionary work, that they are now at liberty to give Elder S. R. Wheeler and his new church a collection? The Boulder Church is having a hard struggle; many of us have given them something, and many have not had an opportunity to contribute. I wish every Christian Endeavor member would contribute enough to make him remember to pray for this western outpost every day during this year. If each of our societies should send even \$1, with a God bless you, it would bring great joy to this people. If there are scattered Sabbath-keepers who can remember this people in its struggle to build a place of worship, I hope they will do so. We admire success. Elder Wheeler has been successful in building up churches. As for Leonardsville there are as nearly as we can tell, one hundred and fifteen now who have asked prayers, been converted, or reclaimed.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.

WHATEVER thy hand findeth to do, be it great or ever so small, do it—now, thoroughly, completely, with all thy might.

THE Society at DeRuyter, N. Y., held a sunrise prayer-meeting on New Year's morning. Nearly all present made new resolves for the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five.

GOD never put a man or a woman into the world without giving him or her a life work—something to do in it and for it, and some sure means of finding out that work.

THE test of love is sacrifice. Little love forgets to bring water for the Master's feet, while great love breaks the box of alabaster. The cross attests the greatness of God's love.—*Sabbath Evangel*.

THE Walworth Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor held a sunrise prayer-meeting at the parsonage, where thirty-three resolved to trust God to help them to be more consecrated in his work in the future.

THE Milton Junction Junior Society reports 31 members enrolled, with an attendance of

from 25 to 30 each week. Sixteen attended the Senior sunrise prayer-meeting. This was not as many as would have attended had all understood the hour of meeting.

THE Bethel (or Crab Orchard, Ill.) Y. P. S. C. E., gave an interesting entertainment on New Year's eve, to a large audience. The program consisted of music, readings, essays and declamations. Twelve verses of Scriptures were read; each verse being appropriate to one of the months of the year. Rev. T. J. Van Horn closed the entertainment with an interesting talk concerning the coming year.

THE society at Nile, N. Y., is small, but *alive*, and its members generally interested in the work of the church and denomination with a steady growth in interest during the entire year. At our last monthly meeting, nine names were presented for active membership. At these meetings, which occur the evening after the first Sabbath in each month, a literary program is usually well carried out. The last was an evening with John B. Gough. Sometimes it is an evening with the poets, prominent authors or a miscellaneous program. The Weekly prayer-meetings are well sustained. During the winter the Christian Endeavor and Church prayer-meetings are united, the pastor leading, excepting the praise service, which is led by one from the Christian Endeavor Society. A sunrise prayer-meeting on New Year's morning was greatly enjoyed by those present. During the fall, out-post meetings were held conducted by the pastor; as a result several were hopefully converted to Christ. This work is to be resumed in the near future. One of our young men is enjoying the advantages, so kindly given by Alfred University, of a free college course. COR. SEC.

PERNICIOUS AMUSEMENTS.

The sacrifice of one's regular business is a mistake. I never see a man go out with fishing rod to sport but I silently say, "May you have a good time, and the right kind of bait, and a basketful of catfish and flounders." I never see a party having a pleasant ride but I wish them a joyous round, and say, "may the horse not cast a shoe nor the traces break, and may the horses' thirst not compel them to stop at any taverns." In the world where God lets his lambs frisk and his trees toss, and his brooks leap, and his stars twinkle, I know he intended even at times to laugh and sing, and sport. Out upon that fashion that will let a man smile, but pronounce him vulgar if he ha-ha's. Out upon that style of Christianity that will make a man's face the counter on which to measure religion by the yard. But while all this is so, every thinking man will acknowledge that too much devotion to amusement is ruinous. Many of the clergy in the last century lost their theology in a fox chase. Many a splendid business has had its brains knocked out by fast horses. Many a man has smoked up his prospects in Havanas of the best brand. I offer this as a principle: Those amusements are harmless that do not interfere with home duties and enjoyments. Those are ruinous which give one a distaste for domestic pleasure and recreation.

I offer home as a preventive, as an inspiration, as a restraint. Home! It is a charmed word. Through that one syllable thrills untold melody, the laughter of children, the sound of well-known footsteps and the voices of undying affection. Home! Upon that word there dropped the sunshine of boyhood and the shadow of tender sorrows and the reflection of ten thousand fond memories.—*Christian Herald.*

Children's Page.

A FORMIDABLE RIVAL.

BY ANNIE L. HOLBERTON.

The sun never shone upon a more joyful wedding than that of Arthur Wilmont and Ethel Vane. He was a prosperous young lawyer, she was the daughter of a clergyman and the belle of her native village; and when her father pronounced the blessing upon their union at the altar of the village church, he felt that he had given his only child into the keeping of one who was worthy of the sacred charge.

The young husband had purchased a beautiful home, and if anything could be wanting to perfect their earthly paradise it seemed to have been supplied when a few years later two lovely children, first a son and then a daughter, became theirs to cherish, whose childish prattle was the music of their home and hearts. But a serpent was entering that Eden whose coils were gathering closer and closer around its victim, to whose environment Arthur Wilmont had secretly succumbed until his life and the happiness of those he held dear were involved in the fatal ruin.

Little by little he had indulged in the social cup, until at length the habit grew upon him with a thirst that could not be satisfied. Gradually he came to neglect his business, and people who had once gladly availed themselves of his counsel and recognized his superior talents, could no longer depend upon his ability. Consequently he became a bankrupt. And soon after when disease attacked him, his constitution never strong, was at once a ready prey; and the broken-hearted wife was made a widow, two children fatherless, with but a heritage of poverty to face a selfish world.

To recount the mother's struggles to support and educate her children, her nights of vigil and her days of toil, would be but to tell the familiar story that has been acted over and over again and again, by so many weary lives: it is but too familiar to the many and of little interest to the reader.

But Frank and Dora Wilmont grew to be a help and comfort to their mother, able scholars and general favorites in society. Frank became a book-keeper in a thriving establishment in the city and Dora a teacher in the village school.

They occupied a neat little cottage where they spent many happy hours together, and the weekly visits of Frank were looked forward to with fond anticipation as the days went by. Mrs. Wilmont had felt some anxiety for her boy, exposed to the temptations of the city, but as he boarded in the family of his employer, where he usually passed his evenings, both mother and sister thought he might be saved from many of the snares that lie in wait for the unwary.

As time passed they sometimes missed his weekly visits, and at times Dora's quick eye had noted a slight faltering in his step or confusion in his utterance that struck her heart with a chill foreboding, but she could not speak the words that might wound or alienate her sensitive, noble-hearted brother, nor would she breathe a word to probe the wound of the mother's early grief, whose pride was now centered in her darling boy.

One memorable night he was borne home stricken with a fatal wound. There had been

a railroad accident and he was among the passengers. But when he knew that he must die he spoke to mother and sister words that, however deep their sorrow, told them the hand of Providence had interposed to avert a possibility far more bitter.

"Do not mourn for me," he said, "I believe that I am being saved from the enslaving sin that was taking possession of me. I once had little charity for my poor father's weakness, and never dreamed that I should inherit or form a taste for intoxicating drink, and I have avoided the saloon. But I had no thought of the danger of the wine-cup when offered by the hand of ladies who were as ignorant of my weakness as I was myself; and, mother, I had grown to love the fatal beverage until I could not trust myself. I could not have told you this if God had left me to my fate, but I believe that in mercy He will forgive and take me to save me from ruin and the shame of disgracing the dear mother and sister I would gladly have remained worthy to protect. If I had only signed the pledge it would have kept me from yielding to temptation. Oh, sister, darling mother, forgive your brother, your erring boy!"

A few days later a long procession of mourning friends followed his remains to their final resting place, but only the two who loved him best knew of the threatening shadow more hopeless than the shadow of death that had hung over his young life while seemingly so full of promise.

Dora Wilmont was a beautiful girl whose earnest character and intrinsic worth lent an additional charm to her personal attractions. She had many admirers, but for none did she entertain a preference until she met Ernest Hartley, a young merchant who established a business in that vicinity one year subsequent to the death of her brother. He sought an introduction to her at a social gathering and ever after lost no opportunity of enjoying her society. The inclination grew to be mutual and at length deepened into love; and when Ernest Hartley asked her to become his wife she believed that he was in every respect worthy of the great love she gave him, while underlying all was that implicit faith which alone could retain the affections of one like her.

There was a series of Gospel temperance meetings in the public hall, conducted by an able philanthropist whose true merit and persuasive eloquence were stirring the community to a realizing sense of the growing power of the alluring friend of intemperance, that was yearly and daily desolating so many homes and drawing so many thousands of the precious youth into the vortex of ruin. It was on a pleasant evening when Dora and her betrothed had returned from one of those meetings, that they lingered in the moonlight at her mother's door, talking of the topic they had heard discoursed, and in reply to some remark of his she said, "You surely do not believe it right to license the sale of a beverage which causes the destruction of both soul and body? Is not the sanction that makes the traffic lawful as much a crime as that of the dealer who tempts husbands and fathers, sons and brothers to their ruin?"

"Dora, the traffic is bound to have existence, whether licensed or not, and as long as the venders are reaping the harvest the State may as well share the revenue."

"Oh, Ernest, money that is the price of

ruin and misery is but a curse and a shame upon our civilization, and the laws that legalize such wrong I consider as much a national sin as was that of slavery."

"But who makes it wrong? Liquor in its place and not used to excess is as harmless as many other things. The man who perhaps may now and then indulge in a social glass is not obliged to make a beast of himself any more than he should gorge himself with the food he eats, and if he has not self-command enough to control his appetite, it is of little consequence, whether we pity or blame."

"Ernest, you have always led me to believe that you were a firm believer in temperance. Did you never sign the pledge?"

"And so I am. I think a drunkard the most contemptible object of fallen manhood. But I have had no reason to sign the pledge, though I confess that I have occasionally drank the health of a friend, and should not refuse to take a glass of wine on a social occasion if I felt so inclined, but have no fear, love, Ernest Hartley will never degrade his home, and the wife of my bosom shall never have cause to regret her choice."

The young girl's cheek grew pale while he was speaking, and she trembled with emotion as he drew her to his side. She forced back the rising tears and controlled her voice to speak calmly.

(Concluded next week).

BEGINNING SOMEWHERE.

There is always a "somewhere" we can begin our work for Christ and the church.

The work may not be just what we would like, but if it be faithfully performed, it may lead to results of which we could never have dreamed.

The Westminster teacher tells the following story of a young lady who had just united with God's people, thus consecrating herself to the Lord's service.

She was asked to take a class in Sabbath-school, but replied, "I cannot teach; I have had no experience."

"One has to begin somewhere," remarked the superintendent, with a smile of encouragement.

And Miss A. began "somewhere."

She took the lowest class in the school, not the youngest, but the roughest and most undesirable—a class of street Arabs. They were dirty and rough, as uninteresting to the masses as Rembrandt's first dull picture at Rotterdam. But Miss A. earnestly, patiently and sweetly began to sow seed in those young, untutored hearts. Faithfully she worked, trustingly she waited. And the years rolled by, six of them.

At the beginning of the seventh there was a happy party at the tea-table at Miss A's home one evening. The dear old superintendent who had advised Miss A. to begin "somewhere" was there, and so were three fine-looking young men, each one a professed Christian.

They were all going away, one "beyond the sea," as assistant to a young missionary, to help in active Christian work; another as general care-taker and cheery companion of an invalid youth belonging to a wealthy, but irreligious family, and to sow seeds of immortal life in his soul; the third to enter a college preparatory to study for the ministry. At last the supper was over, and the good-byes were to be spoken.

"Good-bye Miss A.," said one; "God bless you for your goodness to me."

"I shall always pray for you, Miss A.," said another; "you are the best friend I ever had; the very best except my Lord and Master."

"I shall climb as far as I can, Miss A.," said the third, "both for your sake and for the sake of the Christ who died for me."

Their tones were tremulous, and their eyes were dim with tears. Then the superintendent

and Miss A. were left alone, and the former said, "You began your work on rather unpromising material, my dear friend, but only God knows where it will end."—*Exchange.*

HURT BY CIGARETTES.

Tobacco smoking is bad for grown men, but a great deal worse for little boys. What do you say to a boy of only eleven years of age being taken to an insane asylum because he had smoked too many cigarettes? Yet this is just what did happen to a boy in New York who learned to smoke cigarettes when only a very small boy. He was never contented unless he was puffing a cigarette. His brain was weakened by the poison—for tobacco is a poison—and he became so violent that he was taken to an insane asylum. It is doubtful if he will ever be a sound, well boy again. Just think of it, boys! Is it not awful? Take our advice, and never smoke.

IF WE WOULD.

What a beautiful life we could make of our own
If we stopped not to weigh all the stones in our path,
And muffle our voice in a sad monotone,
But count all the blessings which daily we hath;
Could we know how in mercy the cloud which we see,
Is a veil sent to cover temptation and sin,
Where oft we might fall if we really were free,
Or be lured by some traitor whose foils we are in.

We oft see the glitter of something afar,
Which we fancy, if ours, would make life most complete.

And we reach forth our hands for the glittering star,
Nor discover the rubies that lie at our feet.
So we stumble thro' life, while the promises given,
That he who is willing and walks without fear,
Shall find all the crosses but steps unto heaven,
And the darkness precedes the fair dawn which is near.

If we had our own way our frail bark would be stranded
On rocks where the breakers doth rumble and moan,
Our little ship shattered to pieces and landed
On the Isle of Remorse, and could never atone.
Then give thanks to our Father who wisely hath given
The instinct of faith for to guide us aright,
Tho' the path may be narrow it leadeth to heaven,
Where the glad morning breaks on the perilous night.

—Mrs. Jennie E. Jones.

THE SALOON MUST GO.

Men have said to me,—and they have never known the serpent's sting,—“You are too rapid, Mr. Baer; the saloon is not what you claim it is. You have had no experience.” Would to God I had not. But for five years in my earlier life I was in and out of the saloon, and my life has its soot-marks, and I know whereof I speak; and I speak of the saloon only to curse it. I hate it, and I ask God to give me more intense hatred for the saloon business. Saloon-keepers want saloons for revenue only—theirs is a selfish and personal wish. I, too, am selfish in my demand that they be blotted out of existence,—I want my boys to live and grow up in a community that will not tolerate a saloon. Come, men, fathers, I appeal to you, vote to protect my boys. Will you? I'll vote to protect yours. Come, mothers, throw your influence, as always, upon the right side and protect my home. I'll protect yours. Come, young men, I appeal to you in my selfishness, vote to protect my home and your father's roof-tree. Young women, I appeal to you; tell that young man who sees in you all that true manhood sees in true womanhood that if he values your respect and affection you expect him to cast his vote to protect you, and that it is as much of a crime before God for him to sell his vote as it would be for you to sell your virtue. Up, everybody! Young men and maidens, old men and women—up, and to arms! Strike palms in this battle for home and humanity.

God curse the saloon business and put it to confusion! God save the saloon-keeper and give him a clean heart and a prosperous life! God save America.—*John Willis Baer in Golden Rule.*

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of what things to do by and by;

For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—Alice Cary.

Home News.

New York.

WATSON.—The winter is quite changeable in this place. The thermometer registered 25 degrees below zero in some places and 30 in others. Then in a short time it registered 40 above, and has been continually changing ever since. Considerable snow has fallen, but there is no good sleighing in consequence of the large drifts. The snow began to melt on the 9th, and we had rain on the 10th. The snow remains in patches.

U. M. B.

Kansas.

NORTONVILLE.—The reception given Rev. J. M. Todd, at the Seventh-day Baptist church on last Sabbath evening, Jan. 5th, was throughout a grand success, and the general social interspersed with a few short talks, and music by the singers and band, continued until 8.30 o'clock. When the leader called them to order, and after singing Beulah Land, read the first part of each verse of the 136 Psalm, and the congregation arose and repeated in concert the latter part, for his mercy endureth forever, followed with a short prayer by Eld. Todd, and after a song, the following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Rev. J. M. Todd has just closed his first and entered upon his second year as pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist Church and society of Nortonville, Kan., and by the blessing of the Lord upon his work of the past year, it has been crowned with abundant success, and been the means of untold blessing and benefit to the church and society in furthering them on in spiritual and divine life; therefore be it

Resolved, That we do heartily tender to our esteemed brother in Christ, and co-laborer in his name, our sincere and heartfelt thanks and appreciation for his valuable services, and bid him God-speed as he enters upon the work of the new year. Moved and carried that a short account of the experiences with the above resolutions be tendered the SABBATH RECORDER, and Nortonville News.

After this the leader, in behalf of the church and society, presented the Elder with a nice gift, who in a feeling and tender manner responded in a few well chosen words. After singing, “God be with you 'till we meet again,” and benediction, this pleasant occasion closed.

Rhode Island.

NIANTIC—I closed a very successful meeting at Niantic First-day night. Niantic was surely an irreligious place four weeks ago, but now is emphatically for Christ and religion. The number of conversions was not large—30 or 40—but the victory was complete so far as winning the minds and hearts of the people in favor of truth and religion is concerned. The entire place is changed. In my last meeting in the First-day Baptist church on First-day afternoon, the congregation was large, and nearly all present were saying either they were Christians or desired to be. An unconverted man told me he could not get persons enough now to play a game of cards, and before the meeting there was playing all the time.

One man came out in religion who had had another convicted in last term of court for attempt to murder. As soon as he found hope he went to the court and asked the judge to dismiss the man; as God had forgiven him he wanted that man forgiven. The judge had not yet given his sentence. He said he could not dismiss the criminal but he would suspend sentence and release the man so long as he behaved himself. The man came home. It is surely wonderful what God can do. To him be all the praise.

I commenced here last night with good interest. The church house here is large, and we are expecting crowds of people. Pray that the Lord may give us success.

J. L. HUFFMAN.

HOPE VALLEY, R. I., Jan. 15, 1895.

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. 14.	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 IV.—THE GREAT CONFESSION.

For Sabbath-day, Jan. 26, 1895.

LESSON TEXT.—Matt. 16: 13-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God. Matt. 16: 16.

INTRODUCTORY.

After the teachings of our last lesson the multitude, failing to understand Jesus, forsook him, and left but a few earnest disciples who knew they had nowhere to go but to him. Then came again the Pharisees, complaining of the disciples not observing their customs, giving the Master a chance to tell them some wholesome truths. After this he went away into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, healing the daughter of the Syrophenician; going to Decapolis, healing the deaf and dumb man, and many others; feeding the four thousand with the seven loaves and few fishes; from thence traveling to Dalmanutha; departing thence, he again crossed to the north-eastern side of Galilee, and journeyed to Cæsarea Philippi, healing a blind man at Bethsaida on the way.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. v. 13. "When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi." Towns or villages near to this city which had been built and beautified by Phillip, the brother of Herod Antipas, and named Cæsarea Philippi, to distinguish it from the Cæsarea of the Mediterranean coast. Its ancient names were Dan and Paneum. "He asked his disciples, saying." Probably to pave the way for the next question. "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" He may have desired to know just what the people thought of him and his work; but we think more to see how the disciples looked upon the ideas of the people. "And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist." Especially Herod Antipas, and those who were under his influence. "Some Elias, and others Jeremiah, or one of the prophets." Notice that all looked upon him as different from other men; but while there were many opinions none seem to have grasped the right one. v. 15. "He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?" A personal question, one of great moment, and one asked of each one of us. v. 16. "And Simon Peter answered and said." Peter in this case, as in many others, seems to have spoken for all the disciples. "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The Messiah, the Saviour who had been promised so long. Here was the confession of him such as he wishes. The Rock built church. "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona." The answer showed that he was favored of God. "For flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee." It is not by human wisdom or human reason that we are to find out the divinity of Christ. "But my Father which is in heaven." A true insight into the beauty and office of the Saviour is revealed to the heart by the Father, through the Holy Spirit. "And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter." The name had been given before; but now its meaning was evident. "And upon this rock I will build my church." Not on Simon Bar-jona, but on him as the heaven-taught confession of a faith (Jamieson, Faussett & Brown). Jesus Christ did not say, On thee, Peter, will I found my church; but changes immediately the expression and says, "Upon that very rock (Clark's Com.) And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The powers of darkness shall not succeed in overthrowing it. "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." His confession would be the key to unlock the door of everlasting life. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Rom. 10: 9. "And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven." The writer of these lessons would not comment upon these words about whose meaning so many wise ones differ. But to him they have the force simply of being explanatory to the preceding words in relation to the keys of heaven, showing the binding or loosing

power of that confession which is the foundation of the church. It was not Peter's power alone, but was given to all the disciples, as seen in Matthew 18: 18, 20. "Then charged he his disciples." Commanded them. "That they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ." The time had not come to proclaim this truth openly.

THE SAD ANNOUNCEMENT. v. 21. "From that time forth, etc. They having an understanding of who he was; he seeks from the time that knowledge is shown to prepare them for what is to follow. It was contrary to their idea of the Messiah that he should be slain, and that there should be a seeming triumph of his enemies.

PETER REBUKES THE LORD. v. 22. "Then Peter took him." Conversed privately with him. "And began to rebuke him." Expostulate with him. "Saying, Be it far from thee, Lord." Do not let such things happen. "This shall not be unto thee." It cannot be possible that such evil will befall.

THE SAVIOUR'S ANSWER. v. 23. "But he turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan." Peter was an erring man, as all men are. A little while ago the Lord calls him a rock, and had given him keys to unlock heaven; now he dominates him Satan. "Thou art an offense unto me." His talk offended the Master. "For thou savourest not of the things that be of God, but those that be of men." His speech was directed by human wisdom and understanding, and was not wisdom in its true sense.

THE EVIDENCE FROM THE BOOK.

BY EDWIN W. RICE, D. D.

The Bible gives the only authentic record of the founding and founder of the Christian religion. Yet Christianity did not have its origin in the Bible, for the New Testament was not completed until Christianity had spread over large portions of the then civilized world. Nor is the Bible a product of Christianity. The truths upon which the religion set forth in the Bible were founded surely existed before God set up his kingdom on the earth, and before the call of Moses or of Abram. For the religion of the Bible is essentially one, as the God of the Bible is one. Christianity, therefore, and the Book of Christianity are two distinct things, though both may claim the same author. Hence the one is a competent and credible witness in respect to the facts of the other.

What is the evidence of the Book in respect to Christianity? Only a few points of this testimony can be noted in a brief article.

The following seven groups of evidence will be sufficient to indicate the character and abundance of the entire testimony from the Book.

1. *On the Origin of Christianity.* We must not forget that Christianity designates two distinct things: (1) the doctrines of the Christian religion; and (2) the adherence to those doctrines. The term Christianity is not found in the Bible. The followers of Jesus Christ are there first called disciples, and later Christians, from which the system appears to have derived the title of Christianity. The disciples of Jesus were to preach the good news of the kingdom of God to all the human race. This command they received from Jesus, the immediate founder of Christianity, and the most wonderful person in human history. His life and character will be considered presently.

Of Christianity as an organized society, that is of the formation of the first Christian Assembly, a specific account is given in the book of the Acts. Observe that Jesus did not during his ministry organize any formal society among his disciples. Choosing the twelve apostles cannot be regarded as forming a living body. Organized Christianity began after the crucifixion of the founder, when his disciples rallied in Jerusalem on the day of Pente-

cost. The bodily presence and magnetism of their leader had gone. Yet they calmly went on to form an organization upon the instructions of this crucified Christ.

The disciples gathered in Jerusalem as usual for prayer and worship. Suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind, strange forked tongues as of fire rested on the head of each disciple, they were filled with a strange power, and could speak in tongues before unknown to them the wonderful works of God.

Peter then explained the meaning of these wonders as a fulfillment of Hebrew prophecy. Jesus had risen from the dead, and ascended to heaven, of which facts the apostles were eye-witnesses. And this gift of the Holy Spirit as promised by the ascending Jesus was added proof of that fact. A crowd had gathered to behold the signs, and Peter urged them to repent, believe on this Jesus Christ, receive remission of sins, and a like gift of the Holy Spirit. Three thousand complied, and that day joined the company of Jesus' disciples. From this time Christianity became a recognized organization in the world.

It grew mightily after this glorious beginning at Jerusalem, and that too in the face of ostracism of its members and a severe and bloody persecution. Some of the leaders attested the sincerity of their belief by suffering a cruel death rather than deny that Jesus was risen to be their Saviour. This served to increase while it purified the body of disciples. The persecution became so fierce at Jerusalem that it scattered the disciples, but they went everywhere proclaiming the "new way," so that it speedily spread over Palestine, and into many provinces of the Roman Empire, penetrating early to Rome itself.

The apostles, evangelists, and early disciples accompanied their teaching by many wonderful works, healing the sick, making the lame to walk, and raising the dead to attest the truth of their teaching. This power, like their teaching, they ascribed to Jesus Christ alone.

They proclaimed Jesus as the Messiah of the prophets and of the Old Testament, the glory of Israel, the true Immanuel, God with us. Thus while Christianity as a distinct organization was begun by the apostles after the death of Jesus, it was an outgrowth and fruit of the Hebrew faith. It was the frequent theme of the most fervid of the Hebrew prophecies, and the complete fulfillment of them and of the symbols and sacrifices of the Hebrew law and worship.

Thus the Book testifies that in the fullness of time God sent forth his Son to found Christianity by the disciples he taught, building upon Jesus, and at first out of the forms and members of the older Hebrew religion, but afterward from all the world. These were not, however, two diverse religions, but essentially one in the author, spirit, and purpose of their worship.

In the revelation of the God of Christianity. Man everywhere seeks to know God. Only one Book in the world tells us with authority of his attributes and character. The so-called sacred books of the Oriental religions indeed profess to tell us something about God, or rather their gods, but their ideas are vague and misty, or coarse, debasing representations unworthy of a supreme being. Moreover, like the Greeks, they have a multitude of gods, all powerful, often selfish, cruel, lust-

ful, indifferent to the miseries of mankind, and by the conduct and thoughts ascribed to them, tending to corrupt and debase their worshippers rather than to pity, reform, and uplift them. But the Book reveals the Christian's God as the beneficent ruler over all, the personal Helper for all his creatures, the loving, forgiving Father, the compassionate Redeemer, the just Judge. He is infinite in his wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth, a personal, invisible Spirit, dwelling in the heavens in unapproachable glory, such as no man may or can see, yet he has graciously condescended to manifest himself to us in Jesus Christ, and to dwell by the Holy Spirit in all those who believe on Jesus.

The Christian's God as revealed in the Book is in marked contrast with the gods of other great religions. Though infinitely pure and holy and just, he pities the gross and the impure, has compassion for the unjust, and while he will punish the wicked, he is nevertheless a God of love.

The sweetest and most exalted act of the Supreme Being, that which is so unlike man that we instantly think of it as divine, is this: "For God so loved the world [in sin and disobedience] that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." What stronger evidence could be offered of the divine origin of Christianity?

3. *Evidence from the Teaching of the Book.* The exalted character of the teaching of the Bible, like its exalted purpose to save man from sin, is evidence of the divine origin of Christianity. The Book proceeds upon the best known scientific methods, first to reveal the causes of human wretchedness, then to offer a sufficient remedy. The causes revealed in the Book are reasonable, and fully confirmed by the average experience of the race so far as recorded or known. The misery of mankind does not spring from nature or her law, nor from some inexorable fate, nor from man's environment, but from disobedience, sin, moral guilt, of the man himself. This is the testimony of the Book; it is likewise the testimony of the enlightened conscience of mankind, as evidenced by the general, if not universal, sense of guilt.

The Book offers a remedy for sin, a removal of guilt, a change that will make the heart of man right before God, and promises peace and joy to the spirit of man now and forever. To those who accept the offer the Book gives instructions in respect to thought, speech, conduct, and manner of life here, the most exalted ever conceived of. The non-Christian scientist can find no delusion here. If he supposes that the miracles of Christianity are in part the exaggerations of enthusiasts, he must confess there is no delusion in its exalted moral truths.

The chastity in conduct, the purity of thought, the love to our neighbor, the breaking off all wrong, the restitution for wrong done in the past, the command to love and pray for our enemies even, and above all the perfect consecration and spiritual worship of the perfectly holy, wise, and almighty, and loving, personal God, are teachings of this single Book, which place Christianity on a lofty, moral, and spiritual elevation never before conceived of by the human mind.

The recent study of comparative religion has brought out this feature of Christianity with an emphasis and argument that puts beyond question its lofty character as immeasurably above the teachings of all other religious systems.

(Concluded next week.)

THEOSOPHY.

RY. W. H. WALLICK.

We are told that Occultism is the wisdom of primal ages, a revival of the only true philosophy held by all the great teachers of the world, and communicated to the initiates of the Mysteries. And we are all admonished that Christianity, although it did continue to displace the old religion in the West, has proved a failure; and that we must therefore return to that which is better, and confess to the superiority of ancient sages.

"Unless we mistake the signs of the times," says one of their writers, "the day is approaching when the world will receive the proofs that only ancient religions were in harmony with nature, and ancient science embraced all that can be known. An era of disenchantment and rebuilding will soon begin—nay, has already begun. The Cycle has almost run its course, a new one is about to begin, and the future pages of history may contain full evidence, and convey full proof that, 'if ancestry can be in aught believed descending Spirits have conversed with man and told him secrets of the world unknown.' Then is there no basis of fact for the catalogue, contained in the mysterious book of Enoch, of arts which the Nephilim are said to have introduced among men; (Book of Enoch 2-8) no reflection of truth in the appeal of Micheal and his companions, when they say, 'See, then, what Azazel hast done; how he has taught all wickedness on earth, and has revealed the secrets of the world which were prepared in the heavens.' Book of Enoch 2:9. If we glance at the world to-day, do we not see the men of this nineteenth century returning to the wisdom of the long past ages, and modern thought sustaining its flight upon the wings of ancient love? Yea, almost every characteristic of antiquity seems to be re-appearing. Open intercourse with demons is being renewed on a vast scale in the very heart of christendom, attempts are being made to restore the influence of those ancient mysteries which are said to have been always kept up by a few initiates: The old mesmeric healings are performed; the star-gazers and planet-rulers have greatly increased; the use of the divining rod, and countless other practices of primal and mediæval times, are once more becoming common. And, impossible as it would have seemed a few years ago, all these "superstitions" are floating back to us upon the tide of "Modern Thought." They come no longer veiled in mystery, nor claiming to be miraculous or divine; but in accordance with the spirit of the age present themselves as the *fruit of science*, as an evidence of the progress of knowledge in regard to the laws of the visible and invisible worlds."

Hippolitus, a Christian bishop of Cappadocia, who suffered martyrdom A. D., 235, is supposed to have been an initiate of the "Greater Mysteries"; but upon his conversion he appears to have conceived the greatest horror of them.

In the preface to his treatise, he affirms that the secret finally imparted was "the consummation of wickedness."

"Mysteries" is a term used to denote the secret rites of the pagan superstition which were carefully concealed from the vulgar. Such, then, are some of the reasons which forbid us to rejoice at the prospect of a restoration of the Mysteries. Moreover, we cannot but observe a sinister omen. Just as the initiates were the avowed enemies and persecu-

tors of the early church, so a great number of theosophical utterances are already breathing a terrible spirit of hatred against pure Christianity, which they sometimes term "Paulism," and delight to charge with all the sin of Pagan and infidel christendom. A specimen or two, and I close this article which has already grown too long.

Kenealy, in his "commentary on the Apocalypse" pp. 655-6, makes the beast of Rev. 13 represent the British Empire, and remarks, "The dragon is said to have given it dominion, because the dragon represents Atheism, or the denial of God, which Paulism is, and England has done more to extend the dominion of this baneful heresy than any other land. The Bible Society distributes millions of our corrupted Scriptures yearly." In his "book of Enoch" the same writer remarks of Paul, "I do not wonder that Swedenborg, who had studied his works for over forty years, thought he saw him in hell, 'connected with one of the worst of devils;' I do not feel surprised that he speaks of him as 'a nefarious character.'" p. 7. This animosity is on account of Paul's teaching in regard to the female sex, because it is opposed to the teaching of theosophy that there is a female element in the deity, and to the worship of the "Great Goddess" which theosophy is to restore.

DENVER, Colo.

NEVER bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

Special Notices.

ALL persons contributing funds for the New Mizpah Reading Rooms for seamen will please notice that Mrs. W. L. Russell is the Treasurer. Please address her at Plainfield, N. J.

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 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 2.30 P. M., Sabbath-school at 3.30 P. M. 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 Sabbath-school Board of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference through its Secretary requests the Vice-President for the North-Western Association, H. D. Clarke, to arrange for Institutes in said Association during the present Conference year. Will the Sabbath-schools of the North-Western Association act upon this matter, and through their Superintendents or Secretaries communicate with Rev. H. D. Clarke, Dodge Centre, Minn., in regard to time when they would like such an Institute. Two or more schools near each other might unite in such a profitable convention.

MARRIAGES.

HUBBARD—POTTER.—In Plainfield, N. J., Jan. 15, 1895, by the Rev. A. H. Lewis, Mr. William Charles Hubbard and Miss Mabel Louise Potter, both of Plainfield.

REED—HILL.—At the parsonage, in Watson, N. Y., Jan. 5, 1895, by the Rev. U. M. Babcock, Mr. Justin E. Reed and Miss Geneva M. Hill, both of Watson.

BRUNDIDGE—WITTER.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Witter, by Rev. A. B. Sears, Oneida, N. Y., Jan. 9, 1895, Mr. Willis A. Brundidge, of Chicago, and Miss Eva M. Witter.

SHRADER—KNIGHT.—At the home of the bride's mother, in Garwin, Iowa, Jan. 9, 1895, by Rev. E. H. Socwell, Mr. D. V. Shrader and Miss Julia Knight, both of Garwin.

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.

WOODEN.—In Plainfield, N. J., Jan. 14, 1895, Peter Wooden, in the 95th year of his age.

PICKHAM.—In Watson, N. Y., Mrs. Dora Peckham, widow of Lodowick Peckham, Dec. 26, 1894, aged 83 years.

The funeral service was held at the Watson Seventh-day Baptist church, Dec. 29, 1894. Text, Job 14: 20. U. M. B.

BERRY.—At Stannard's Corners, N. Y., Jan. 5, 1895, Stephen W. Berry, in the 85th year of his age.

He complained of his head Sabbath morning as paining him very severely, and in about two hours he was dead. His funeral was held in the Protestant Methodist church near his late dwelling, on Monday, Jan. 7, 1895, the pastor assisting. He has left a wife and other relatives, who enjoy the hope that he rests with Jesus. J. K.

SPICER.—At Adams Centre, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1895, Thomas D. Spicer, aged 64 years and 10 days.

Bro. Spicer served his country in the army in the late civil war. From the exposures and hardships of this war service the seeds of disease were planted which shortened his life. He was a true man, an affectionate husband and father, and a devoted and active Christian. For many years he was a member of the Adams Church, and was a loyal supporter of its services. He loved the prayer-meetings and was sure to be there, always speaking for Jesus. For many months he was, as he often said, "waiting and longing to go to the better country." His wife and daughter, left to walk life's dark way alone, are comforted as they remember that "at evening time it shall be light." Zech. 14: 7. A. B. P.

THE ORGANIST'S STORY.

"This is a fine view of your organ, Doctor, but I would like it better if the organist faced this way. What a grand face he has, anyway! It looks as if it might have a story."

"And so it has," said Doctor Marsden; "that of a man led by God's grace from the lowest depths of sin and shame up to the place he fills so well."

The two gentlemen were sitting in Doctor Marsden's quiet study, the thick curtains shutting out the darkness without, the rain dashing in wild slashes against the windows they hid.

But the storm and darkness without only served to deepen the sense of light and comfort within. At least, that is what Mr. Avon thought as he settled himself more comfortably in the easy chair, saying:

"It's just the night for a story, Marsden; so let us have it, by all means."

"Doctor Marsden took from a stand drawer a picture, which he placed in Mr. Avon's hand.

"This is Edward Lacy as I first saw him, George. Can you trace any resemblance?"

Mr. Avon studied it in silence a few moments. It was the picture of a man with the manhood crushed and brutalized out of him. Ragged, unkempt, a slouch hat drawn well over the haggard face, the whole attitude was one of despair.

"Can it be possible that your grand young organist ever looked like that, Doctor?" queried Mr. Avon.

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"Yes, and only three years ago, too. You remember that I always had a liking for photography."

"Yes," laughed his friend; "people said you spoiled a first-class photographer when you turned dominie."

"Well, perhaps I did. At any rate, I've taken a great deal of pleasure in it, and I hold that everybody ought to have some pet recreation to rest his mind. But to my story: Three years ago this Thanksgiving I was out on the veranda with my camera, and was just going into the house, when Lettice said, "Turn your camera to the other corner, papa." And doing so I saw the scene depicted there. He soon became a familiar figure to us, having gone as hostler at the hotel on the street below us. His face attracted me at once; it was so sad, and would have been so noble had it not been for the finger-marks of sin. I grew to watching him, especially as I found he had a genuine love for music. For when, on Sabbath afternoons, our choir met for practice, I always noticed him standing near the church walls, where they adjoined the hotel grounds. And while the grand organ music ebbed and flowed in waves of harmony, and the fresh young voices of our choir sang the dear old church hymns, the hard look would die out of his face; leaving it for the moment fresh and innocent. I tried to make his acquaintance; but he shrank from me so painfully that I gave up the attempt. But God laid him as a burden on my heart, and I daily prayed that he might be saved. And God, ever mindful of his children and his promises, gave me my request.

"That winter was a season of special interest in religion, and for weeks God's Spirit brooded softly over our city, and our church became a very Bethel to many a soul. And day after day, while I rejoiced over the wanderers coming back to their Father, my heart yearned over the poor outcast. I had several times invited him to the meetings, but had met with so decided a refusal, spoken, withal, in voice and language which showed him well educated, that I desisted. For I was afraid I would drive him from the one pure pleasure of his life, that of listening to the music from the church. But as the days went by I saw a change in Lacy, as I found his name to be. His rags had given place to de-

cent clothes, and he did not so often show signs of intoxication as at first. But I believe it was our grand old organ, after all, with God's blessing upon it, that made a man of him.

"One Sabbath afternoon Lettice, who is the leading soprano in our choir, was in despair because the organist had been suddenly called away, and there was no time to procure another. We stood talking over the matter near the rear walls of the church, not noticing Lacy in the adjoining yard. In a moment he came forward, and begging pardon for his intrusion, asked if we were not speaking of the organist being away. On my replying in the affirmative, he continued, 'If you would trust me, I could fill his place, I am sure.' I looked at him, not able to veil my astonishment. He colored as he met my eye, and turned away, but Lettice stopped him. 'We would be glad to have you play, if you are accustomed to an organ.'

"If you will kindly try me and see," he answered, his face growing white with suppressed feeling. He leaped lightly over the wall, and in a few moments we three stood in the organ loft. I shall never forget his face when he got his hands upon the keys. It seemed as though ten years of sin and remorse dropped from him as he touched the notes lovingly. Silently Lettice and I drew back and listened. He began with loud, wild strains, a minor key sounding harshly through the clangor. But as he played—great drops of moisture upon his face—the wild mood gave place to softer feelings. The harsh minor strain grew soft and pleading, wailing through the low notes like the sob of a grieved child. Suddenly he stopped, and leaning forward upon the organ, he burst into a flood of tears such as strong men seldom shed. We stole away and left him there, and by-and-by we heard him playing over the old familiar hymns. He filled the place both then and on the morrow, though the people stared to see him there. It was easier after that to get him into the meetings; especially after some of us interested ourselves in getting him a better situation.

"Not all at once, though, did he reform, but when his besetting sin threatened to engulf him, or he found himself sinking again into the mire of sin, he would escape to the organ loft, and there

fight out the tempter. But before the meeting closed he sought and found the 'One who is mighty to save,' and one night when the church was crowded, he stood up in the altar and told his story. It was pathetic in the extreme. I can only give you the outlines.

"He had been the only son of well-to-do parents, ruined, as many are, by college life. He had made music his profession, and had gone to Germany, there to perfect his education in that branch. His life there had finished what college life had begun, and he came home a wreck. His father would have turned him off, but the mother clung to him, shielded him as only mothers will. But by-and-by the crisis came, and, to save his only son from prison garb, the father had sacrificed his all, leaving them destitute. The proud father sank under the blow, and passed away, leaving the poor mother and little sister to bear up alone. In vain she pleaded with her boy; he told her it was too late, and, leaving her in the care of friends more tender than he, he had gone away. For five years he had been a wanderer, sinking farther down as each year rolled by.

"When he had finished a hush fell upon the crowded church; and many wept whose eyes had long been strange to tears. His first thought was of his mother, and he did not rest until he had sought her, and brought her and his sister Myra to our city. Soon after this our organist left us, and Edward Lacy was chosen to fill his place. He is doing well, and has a large class in music, besides his place as organist here."

Mr. Avon had listened with intense interest, and as Dr. Marsden finished he said:

"And was not that dear old lady who sat in one of the front pews with a lovely young girl his mother? I judge so from the love which shone in her eyes as she watched him."

"Yes, and they were waiting for him as we passed out."

Mr. Avon looked again at the picture as he said:

"What hath God wrought?" And yet there are people who mock at the power of religion, and call God a myth."

"Yes," responded the doctor, "but remember it is the 'fool' who 'hath said in his heart there is no God.'"—*Hope Alton, in the Christian Intelligencer.*

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