

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

A SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST WEEKLY, PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

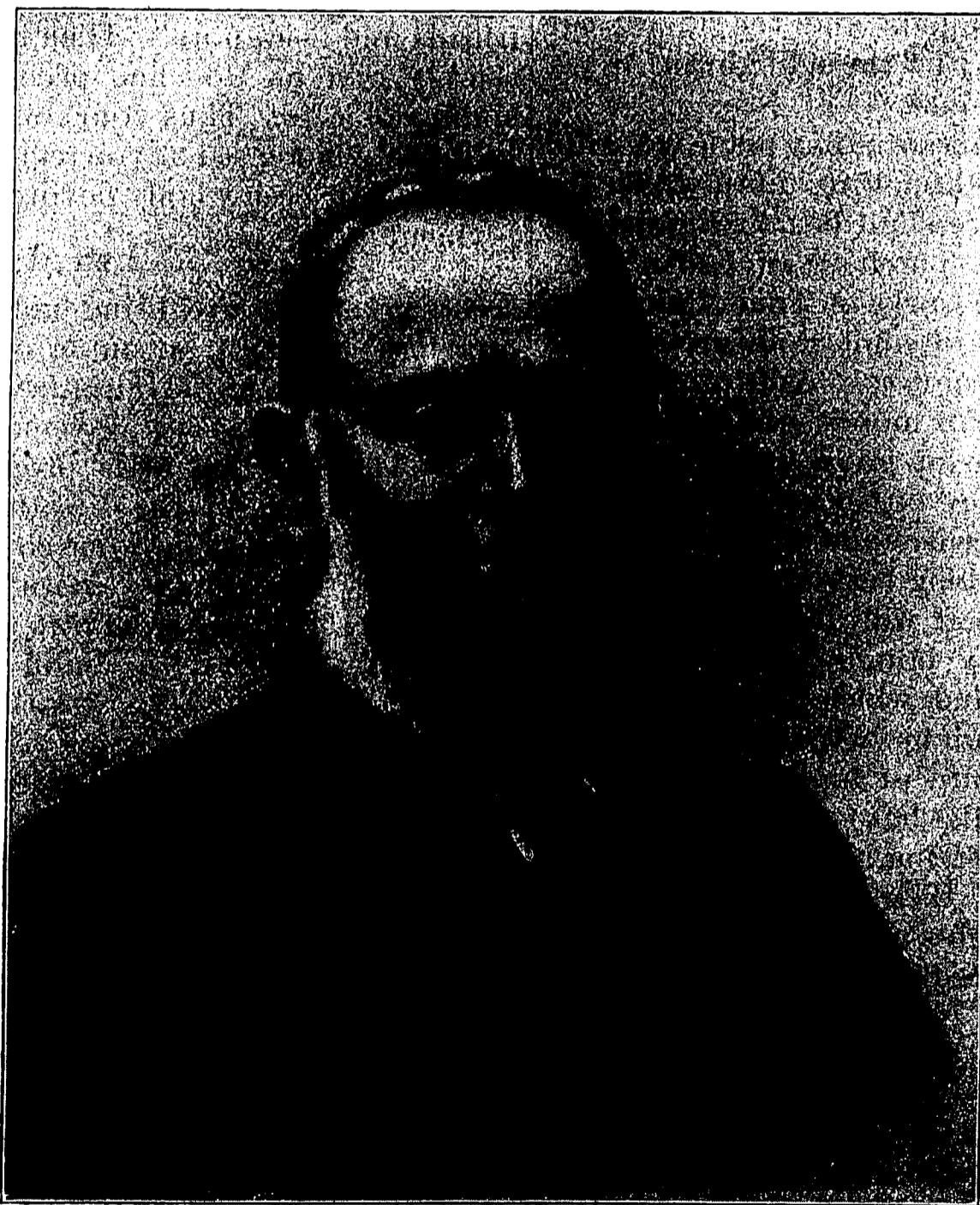
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Sabbath Recorder.

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THANKSGIVING and the voice of melody, joy and gladness shall be found in Zion. The Lord will comfort her waste places, and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her waste places like the garden of the Lord. Isa. 51: 3.

THERE are many rules for healthful and happy living, but the following by Robert Collyer is about right. Sleep eight hours of the twenty-four, eat three meals a day, and walk on the sunny side of the way. It is true that nearly all rules have their exceptions, but let this simple direction be your aim, and it will be much better than medicine.

Do NOT be afraid of sunshine. Many homes are so constructed, or so shaded, that the pure sunlight seldom, perhaps never, enters. Sunshine is one of the greatest foes of disease. An Italian proverb says, "Where the sun does not come, the doctor does." This saying is based on observation and experience. Throw open the blinds and the doors; cut away dense shades; let the sunlight in!

AN infidel, in Minnesota, has made a certain town a gift of \$5,000 for its library, on the condition that there shall be no religious discrimination in the purchase of books hereafter, and that the works of Tom Paine, Ingersol, and others of similar nature shall be bought with the money. A town must be very hard pressed for money, and the authorities very destitute of good judgment, that will accept of money on such conditions. Of course, if that place is made up chiefly of that kind of people, nothing better could be expected. But even then it will undoubtedly prove to be a very dearly bought gift. Any compromise of that kind which deliberately barter away God and his Word, together with the holiest literature of human hands, and readily accepts the base and blasphemous words of heaven-defying men, will find a fearful reaction upon their children and their homes, of ungodliness and crime. Such experiments have repeatedly been tried, in one way and another, but inevitably with the same results.

THE cost entailed upon our country by intemperance is beyond human power to estimate. We usually see only the direct effects. The indirect cost is beyond our sight in most instances. But that which we can see is enormous. Statistics show that the number of arrests made every year for crime will average 100,000. The cost of such arrests, together with the trials and punishments, will aggregate \$100,000,000. This great sum is raised by taxes upon the people, and not less than four-fifths of this great tax, or \$80,000,000, is due to strong drink. But this is only one phase of the costs. Look at the amount expended for the liquors drank, the millions taken from the bread due to the drunkard's families; the great amount of money ex-

pended for jails and prisons; the property destroyed by rash acts of drink-insane men and women; the fires and other accidents caused. Every fiber in our being should revolt at the thought of licensing or in any way perpetuating this greatest of all evils, the saloon. While on this Thanksgiving day we should be grateful for all blessings, we should not forget to repledge ourselves to undying hostility to the rum curse.

THIS is Thanksgiving week, and this paper bears the date of Thanksgiving day. Many will be the happy gatherings, and many extra dollars will be expended to load the tables with tempting food. But will we in the meantime remember the poor, large numbers of whom cannot enjoy the luxuries of this Thanksgiving day? Every family which God has so signally blessed should not forget to seek out others upon whom they can bestow some favor and thus cause a ray of sunshine to enter other homes darkened by sorrow, or distressed by poverty. This is an appropriate time to remember the poor. There are constant calls for the exercise of benevolence and in giving for various church and denominational enterprises, but do not allow the gifts of this occasion to be diverted from their most natural, needy and appropriate channel. Do not wait until the close of the day, but go early to some lonely household and make the day radiant with good cheer, and give the unfortunate an opportunity to thank God for thoughtful friends and neighbors? Then in the public assembly, give as God has prospered you for similar objects. Thus your own pleasure will be greatly increased as you remember that the day has not been wholly devoted to selfish enjoyment.

GREAT efforts are being made in certain quarters to effect a union of the various bodies comprising the Christian Church, upon some common basis of agreement and fellowship. Thus far but little progress seems to have been made in the direction of merging individual churches into one common church. Each body still clings to its own peculiar views of church government, doctrine and ordinances, so that, a union thus effected, would be only in outward form. Evidently, the time has not yet come, and will not, for just such a union, until Christians can come nearer, "seeing eye to eye," than they now do. But while waiting for that good time to come, the next best thing to do is already being done. Christian people of diverse sentiments can unite in common labor for the good of the race without dissension. In New York City there is already a federation of over sixty churches, banded together for various kinds of practical Christian labor, embracing charitable, humanitarian, social and reformatory efforts. This is, for the present, the kind of Christian union that is practical and desirable. It is a possible unity without attempting an impossible uniformity. To this measure of unity many Christian people have already attained, and thus far they can "walk by the same rule," and such walking Paul seemed to have in view in Phil. 3: 16, when he said, "Nevertheless, whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule." Nothing more than this is practicable or desirable until we attain to real unity of sentiment, based on acceptance of God's Word as the supreme authority in religious faith.

THANKSGIVING DAY, as a social, home-gathering occasion, has increasing attractions. There is evidence that such a family gathering occurred annually in the family of Jesse, the father of David. This is naturally inferred from the statement of David when planning to escape from Saul's wrath: "For there is a yearly sacrifice there for all the family." 1 Sam. 20: 6, 28, 29. It is a beautiful sight, when father, mother, children and grandchildren can gather about the fireside, in the old and loved homestead, for an annual reunion. It gives all something to anticipate, and there is much of joy in the anticipation of such homecomings, as long as the children are situated so that it is at all consistent for them to make this annual pilgrimage to their paternal roof. Your ranks will not always remain unbroken if they now are, and it will give occasion for much satisfaction to those still living, and in coming years to all who may be able to remember these happy reunions. It will keep fresh in mind the holy home influences of childhood, the unselfish love of father and mother, the attachments and innocent sports of brothers, sisters and friends, the growing aspirations of youth and the sterner duties and trials of approaching manhood and womanhood. All of these reflections, these scenes lived over again in memory, with the greetings of loved ones are not only restful but of positive value in renewing courage, vitality, hope, making us less selfish, more useful. These happy family reunions are typical of the heavenly, and can hardly fail to turn the mind heavenward and thus increase the desire for that final home gathering which here is but dimly foreshadowed.

THANKSGIVING, as a religious and grateful service in recognition of divine favors, dates farther back in history than most people suppose. It did not originate with our forefathers, unless we count our ancestry back more than three thousand years. In Exodus 23: 16, after directing the Israelites to keep a feast three times in the year, that which corresponds to our Thanksgiving was established thus: "And the feast of harvest, the first fruits of thy labors, which thou hast sown in the field; and the feast of ingathering, which is in the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in thy labors out of the field." This was the third of the three, and was called the Feast of Ingathering. It continued seven days. It was the annual thanksgiving for the fruits of the soil.

The Romans also held a feast similar to this, in the autumn, in honor of Ceres, the goddess of grain. History tells of many public thanksgiving services held by the early Christians. A noted festival of this kind was held in 1575 in Leyden, Holland, to celebrate their prosperity, and especially their deliverance from the besieging Spaniards. In this country the first Thanksgiving recorded is the one in July 1623, originally appointed as a day of fasting and prayer, on account of prolonged drought and scarcity of food. But while praying for rain, it came in great abundance, and their mourning was turned into joy; their fasting into thanksgiving. In 1631 a similar event occurred, when in the midst of their anxiety and prayers a ship with food-supplies came to their relief. During the Revolutionary War several Thanksgivings were held. George Washington issued the first Presidential Thanksgiving Proclamation in Oct., 1789; and in 1795

he issued a second proclamation, because of the "Whisky Insurrection" in Western Pennsylvania. What a glorious Thanksgiving we could hold, were it to celebrate the suppression of the whisky insurrection of the present day!

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

NEW JERSEY has a population of 1,672,942. This is an increase of 228,009 in the past five years.

A COMET just discovered at the Lick Observatory is announced as coming this way. It may be generally seen later.

A GOLD craze is reported in Colorado. Rich veins of ore are said to have been discovered in the southern part of the State.

IN Arabia there is a revolt of the Arabs against the Turks. Forty-five thousand armed Arabs have defeated the Turks in three successive fights.

VENEZUELA is greatly excited over the attitude of the British government toward them. It does not seem probable that she will submit to England's ultimatum.

THERE are 240,000 licensed liquor saloons in the United States; and allowing twenty feet to each saloon, a low estimate, they would fill a street 265 miles in length.

ANARCHY reigns in Constantinople, and practically throughout the Turkish Empire. There is no doubt that some great conflicts leading to important political changes are near at hand.

IT is said that squadrons are now sailing under six flags for Turkish waters. This is a different hunt for the Turkey than the one which is most common in our country for Thanksgiving.

IT is rather difficult to get evidence against liquor dealers who sell contrary to law. In Vermont a man can be imprisoned for drunkenness and held in prison until he tells where he bought his liquor.

A BLIZZARD visited northern Indiana the 19th inst., and various other western points. The cold wave came on east and drove out the summer-like weather which had been with us most of the month up to the 21st.

IT is said to be very difficult to enforce a boycott against those railroads whose employees are required to be temperance men. Strikes, boycotts and the like flourish best under the influence of saloons.

THE horseless carriage left New York for Chicago last week, passing through Albany and thence westward. It attracts great attention in its journey. They will soon, without doubt, become very common and useful.

A FEARFUL accident took place in the viaduct over the Cuyahoga river at Cleveland, Ohio, November 16th, when a crowded street car went through a draw and was precipitated 100 feet into the river. Thirteen or more were killed.

THERE is unusual interest taken, in Japanese schools, in the study of the English language since the recent war with China. It has long been predicted that the English lan-

guage is destined to become the universal language of all nations.

TWO students of Union College, Schenectady, have been detected in continuous theiving and burglary. The police had long been baffled until fellow-students made the discovery and informed President Raymond, and he notified the police, who now have them in custody.

A LARGE audience of noted women met in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, Nov. 12th, to celebrate the 80th birthday of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. The highest compliments were paid Mrs. Stanton, who has been such a faithful advocate of the rights of women for forty years.

THE total enrollment of students at Alfred University is 146, a marked increase over the depressed condition of attendance for a few years past. The wide-awake policy of trustees and faculty is bearing its legitimate fruitage. There are several very hopeful indications of returning prosperity.

A NEGRO in Kentucky was recently examined by the proper educational authorities for a position as teacher. Among other things he was asked, "What is delirium tremens, and what causes it?" He replied, "Delirium tremens are a kind of fever, and caused by filth in the system." That is somewhat original and is not far from correct.

DURING the past three years the Congregational Society of this country has had an increase of 651 churches, and an increase of 58,442 members. This is a very encouraging showing for that people. Doubtless one chief cause of this growth has been the great activity of the Y. P. S. C. E., which had its origin and its greatest development among this body of Christians.

REPORTS from the Life Saving Service for the past year show good work done. The number of disasters to vessels within their field was 483. The whole number on board of these vessels was 5,402 persons, of whom 5,382 were saved, leaving a total loss of life of only 20. The total value of the property imperilled was \$10,647,235, of which \$9,145,085 was saved, and \$1,502,150 lost.

A FIREMAN on the New York and New Haven Railroad, near Middletown, Conn., a few days ago, seeing a little two-year old child on the track, sprang in front of his engine going at full speed, and seizing the child, rolled down an embankment with the little one safe in his arms. Such acts of heroism usually get a brief notice and are soon forgotten, but they are worthy a lasting remembrance.

THE new Carnegie Library in Pittsburg was formally dedicated Nov. 5th. In architecture this is said to be one of the finest buildings in the world. The style of structure is Italian Renaissance. It is, in general length and width, 303 by 150 feet. Aside from the Music Hall 112 by 68 feet, and 60 feet in height, and rooms for museum, art and lectures, its general book capacity is 250,000 volumes.

THE votes taken at the autumnal Conferences of the Methodist Church, have carried, quite strongly, the proposition to admit women as delegates. This problem which has been waiting solution for several years, would

seem to be nearing a decision in favor of such representation. The votes thus far show 4,365 in favor of admitting women to the General Conference, and 1,662 against. Since three-fourths of all the votes cast are necessary to carry, there is, in the figures given, a surplus of 294. It looks as though the question were practically settled.

THE vote on woman suffrage recently in Massachusetts was only an expression of the wishes of the people, as an aid to the Legislature in settling the question. Many were disappointed in the results. Out of a vote of 275,000, there was a majority against woman suffrage of over 76,000. Also an expression of the women was taken, and out of nearly 250,000 women who were competent to vote on this question only 16,500 cast votes in favor. The conclusion therefore is that women do not want suffrage and it would be a kind of oppression that would impose it upon them!

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

NUMEROUS and enthusiastic as were the visitors at Plainfield last August, there was another company—much larger and no less interested—of those who quietly said, "We have looked forward to this Conference and longed to be present, but the Lord has other plans for us."

In no small measure the spiritual power which marked the Conference throughout was due to the prayers of those who, remaining at home, enjoyed the Conference and sent up their petitions in the midst of active work.

The proposal to place Doctor Lewis in the Sabbath Reform work entirely, was eagerly noted. The practicability of such a plan is a question outside of our province; that is in competent hands; but of the desirability there can be little doubt. The time is ripe for the widest possible presentation of Bible truth on this subject—what the Sabbath is, how it should be observed, and what means may be rightfully used to promote its observance. One of the four great movements for which the new Christian Endeavor monthly is to stand is "The rescue of the Sabbath." There is one Bible way to rescue the Sabbath, and it is ours to present it. We must either let our light shine or haul down the flag. In this intense age no half-hearted movement can live. The Sabbath issue must either stand before us as a great cause, or we shall lose our own.

Now, nothing else will take the place of the living human voice. That was strikingly manifest at Louisville. Hundreds of people who had never seen the *Outlook* and could not, perhaps, have read it, if they had seen it, hung on the words of Dr. Lewis with profound attention. The Sabbath question, and whatever discussion of it may come under their notice in the future, will have a new meaning to them. The *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook* will be to them a friend, they having felt the personal influence of its editor.

Doctor Lewis's power to win a strange audience even when presenting views which cut square across their cherished customs, is well known. Such expressions as these were common at Louisville: "I could sit and listen to him all night." "There is nothing in the city to approach him as a speaker." The thought that came to my own mind again and again was of regret that, having such a man,

we should not have used him more. It was a disappointment to hear from his own lips the statement that health would not now permit pulpit and platform work to any general extent.

Doctor Lewis's mission during the remaining years must be largely that of student and historian, leaving in permanent form the results of a lifetime of investigation. Who will take his place upon the field, and receive the mantle when it shall fall? Is there among us some young man whose heart is drawn to this great work? It would be of great value, could such a man be with Dr. Lewis in his ripest years, imbibe his spirit, glean from his experience and engage in active campaign as a public speaker.

Not much encouragement is offered that the petition prepared by the Woman's Educational Union of Chicago will be successful in restoring the Bible to the public schools. President D. R. Cameron says there is an entire absence of sectarian friction on the school board at present, and he does not think that further agitation of the vexed question will be welcomed.

It has been proposed to compile a book of readings including selections from Scripture. A popular Unitarian pastor has come out in favor of "any compilation which would include selected ethical passages from the Scriptures of all religions. On this point we are of the opinion which David Titsworth expressed at Chicago two years ago when the Orientals were having quite a hearing in the Parliament of Religions. Some of us were impressed with the gleams of light in the heathen faiths represented. "But," said Titsworth, "compared with the noon-day of Christianity, their's is only the palest kind of Chicago moonlight." Some people, it is sometimes said, stand up so straight that they lean over backward. To import the Koran and the literature of other decaying religions with which to instruct our children, would be leaning backward indeed.

ONE of the new methods which Johnston Meyers has brought into requisition for the work of Immanuel Baptist Church, Chicago, is the use of colored posters such as are commonly used on street corners for billing the theatrical attractions. While alterations are in progress at Immanuel, the congregation is accepting the hospitality of other churches in the neighborhood. Sunday night Mr. Meyers preached in Plymouth Church, all the region round about having been previously billed with large posters. Having made a remarkable record while still a young man for building up not only members but spirituality in a church, his ideas are worthy of a respectful consideration. In his own words:

"At one of our meetings this week I put one question two ways to 150 people who were present. I asked them if they knew where Dr. Barrow's Church was situated. Nearly fifty did not know. I then asked them if they knew where the First Presbyterian Church was. An equal number answered in the negative. And that church was only a block and a half away from where we were at the time.

"The fact is we have goods for the people, but the people don't know where to find them. There is nothing outside of the theaters that deals so directly with the people as the churches, and they are wholly dependent on

the people. We want to show them our goods."

At the end of a week's meetings at Stokes, Ohio, we are in the midst of one of the most blessed "times of refreshing" that it was ever our privilege to have part in. The people seem anxious for better things, the time is ripe, and the Lord has been with us in power from the first. Sinners are converted, and backsliders are returning every night.

WITNESSING FOR CHRIST.

"We are his witnesses of these things: and so is also the Holy Ghost whom God hath given to them that obey him." Acts 5: 32.

The highest duty and privilege of mankind is to witness for Christ.

It is following out God's plan of salvation. He has had his witnesses all down through the ages, to the present time, who were true and faithful. The apostle says, "He left not himself without witnesses."

The fact that there is, and always has been, a controversy going on in the world, proves that witnesses are needed—a case is being tried. Yes, the world is in rebellion against God; it ignores, denies and misunderstands his plan of salvation.

Christ came to earth to reveal God to mankind; to reveal the love, power, and divinity of God and his plan of salvation; and so Christ became the great Witness. After giving his testimony, he sealed it with his blood.

Established His Witnesses. Christ says to all his followers, "Ye are my witnesses;" "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God." "Whosoever" includes all followers of the Lord Jesus, and each one who will obey this injunction is promised his divine support in this grand and glorious work. In witnessing for Christ we are honoring him and the cause he came to establish. It is God's supreme will, hence we can pray "Thy kingdom come and thy will be done" and feel as though we were doing something to bring the kingdom of God into the hearts of mankind when we so witness for him.

Christ said, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

His words abiding in us will insure our trusting him; not an occasional trust, but an abiding trust; not a trust for to-morrow, or next week, but a moment by moment trust, an ever-present trust.

Witnessing for Christ brings us closer to him, completes the union between him and us, so that we can draw our all-needful strength from him. The union between the vine and the branch is complete, and we draw from him that faith that is ever faithful—that love which enables us to not only forgive but love our enemies; that meek and lowly spirit that "esteems others better than themselves;" a willingness to be misunderstood, if God thereby is to be magnified; also draw from him that peace and joy "that passeth all understanding." As the miner carries his lamp before him in his cap, that he may not cast his own shadow upon his work, so we should ever carry Christ before us in all life work. Self is the greatest enemy that we have. It is self that will not permit us to recognize and appropriate the blessings that our Heavenly Father has in store for all them that love him. It is self that will not allow us to witness for Christ, because we have been

making reputation with the world instead of character with Christ. When we are emptied of self, we then have the capacity to absorb spiritual things, just as the dry sponge absorbs moisture. We care little or nothing about what the world thinks or says then, because our eyes are fixed on "the prize of our high calling." We turn from the world to him who endured worldly shame and disgrace that we might have eternal life. Have we absorbed enough of this Christ-spirit that we can endure this shame and disgrace, endure being misunderstood and misrepresented that others may have eternal life? We must decrease that he might increase. In this manner we become true witnesses for him.

Faithful Witnesses. If a person is a faithful witness, he must have a knowledge of the facts to which he is to testify.

When a person is called to witness in our courts of justice and begins telling what he "thinks," "believes," or what he "heard some one else say," the judge says, "Stop; what we want is *positive knowledge*. If you have not this, you are excused." So it is in the Christian's experience. The world is ready to receive our testimony if we have positive knowledge as to what salvation has done for us, but if we begin telling that I "think," I "believe," or "trust," they turn away in derision and call us hypocrites for professing to have what we have not, and so bring reproach upon the cause of Christ. Is it possible that our Heavenly Father would plan a salvation for man, and Christ go through all his sufferings to complete this salvation, and we be left in doubt of our inheritance? "The gods of this world hath blinded our minds." Jesus' testimony to Nicodemus was, "We speak that we *do know* and testify that we *have seen*, and ye received not our witness." John 3: 11.

We find the average professing Christian struggling with their doubts and their duties. This is not as it should be. Doubt is a weakness, and until we can take hold of God's truth with a firm grasp, we will be powerless to help others. One person lifted out of the mire of doubt, and set upon the bed-rock of assurance, is worth a dozen workers in bringing the kingdom of God into the hearts of men who are uncertain and want interrogations after every testimony. Many person's doubts amount to an argument; they simply want it that way; it gives a little more lee-way for them.

I am acquainted with a pastor who has charge of a large church in this section who smokes his cigars and claims that the cause of Christ is not injured thereby. As I hear him preach I am reminded of the disciples when crossing the Sea of Galilee. Jesus had gone to the mountain to pray, and he saw them "toiling and rowing" as they went. "The wind was contrary." The cigars undoubtedly make "contrary winds" for the pastor in his life work. He seems to toil so hard that my heart goes out in sympathy to him. How calm and peaceful it is when Jesus comes into the ship (our life). He cannot only give us salvation from sinful habits but from sinful appetites as well; not only may we be saved from the act of sinning, but from the taste of sin. All it needs is faith, simple child-like trust and prayer that says, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

If we recognize the fact that we have habits or appetites that are sinful, and realize our inability to overcome them, and look to Jesus

for strength, believing, he will not keep such an one long in suspense.

Testimony witnessing. "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit" (testimony). John 15: 8.

It is safe to say that it is not possible for us to realize the honor conferred upon those that reach out after spiritual things. Think of our adding any glory to God. Yet these words are true. The question is, Will we let his Holy Spirit teach us? "He will guide you into all truth, he will teach you all things." Through him is Christ to manifest himself to us. He is to shape the yoke to each co-laborer's shoulder, which Christ said was easy. Do you find it easy, reader? If not, what is there between you and Christ? The great Architect who drew the plan for this yoke knew the shape of each human shoulder, and with loving compassion he made it.

We are co-witnesses with the Holy Spirit, and if we will place ourselves unconditionally in his hands he will mold us into such shaped vessels as will subserve the cause of Christ best; mold our thoughts, our testimonies, direct our ways, make impossible things possible, turn our attention away from worldly things to things spiritual, cure evil habits and appetites, take us out from under the law when it becomes a blessed privilege to witness for Christ anywhere, anyhow, and so bring to us the great joy of salvation.

"He will guide you into all truth. He will teach you all things."

To let the Holy Spirit guide us and teach us is to tarry at Jerusalem until we are filled with this Spirit. See what Peter accomplished in one day, after he was endued with this power. His testimony was such as to convert three thousand souls in one day, and only a short time before this he denied his Lord three times in one night. Peter found, like all of us, that the arm of flesh will fail us. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." Through the Holy Spirit Jesus is revealed to us in the beauties of his holiness, and we love to study his life, his ways and his character; we love to sit at his feet, and weep and pray, and from his fullness gather grace and comfort every day.

D. D. R.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Nov. 5, 1895.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING.

The Yearly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches of Southern Illinois convened with the church at Bethel, Sixth-day, Sept. 27, 1895. In the forenoon a prayer service was held, led by Eld. M. B. Kelly. In the evening a very interesting sermon was delivered by Eld. Robert Lewis which was followed by a conference and prayer service, a special prayer being offered in behalf of the sick in the neighborhood. Sabbath morning Eld. F. F. Johnson delivered an excellent discourse, after which a Sabbath-school was held under the superintendence of Mrs. M. A. Burdick.

Sabbath evening the meeting was regularly organized, C. W. Threlkeld elected chairman and Thos. Zinn, secretary. A committee was then appointed to arrange a program for the next meeting and to recommend time and place for holding the same. The regular Introductory Sermon was then delivered by Eld. C. W. Threlkeld, Theme, Missions; Texts, John 4: 22 and Acts 2: 2.

First-day morning Eld. M. B. Kelly preached from Luke 10: 41, 42, following which a paper

by Mrs. A. B. Howard, entitled, "Three Essential Elements of Church and Denominational Growth," was read by Mrs. M. A. Burdick. The reading of this paper was followed by remarks from several persons, all of whom highly commended the manner in which the subject was handled by the essayist, and it was voted that the paper be submitted for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER. First-day evening the committee to arrange programme for next meeting reported substantially as follows:

We the Committee appointed to arrange a program for the next Yearly Meeting and to recommend the time and place for holding the same, would respectfully recommend the following programme of exercises. Preacher of Introductory Sermon, C. A. Burdick, alternate F. F. Johnson; paper by C. W. Threlkeld, subject, "The Time of the Resurrection"; paper by Mrs. M. J. Irish, subject, "The Object and Growth of The Christian Endeavor Movement"; essay by Thos. Zinn, subject, "By What Course can our Churches Gain More From our Evangelical work?" We recommend that the next Yearly Meeting be held with the church at Stone Fort, and that the time for holding the meeting be fixed by the church where the meeting is to be held.

ROBERT LEWIS,
C. H. WEST,
W. H. TARPLEY, } Com.

On motion, the report of the committee was accepted. A paper by C. A. Burdick, entitled "How can our Evangelists and Missionaries More Thoroughly Arouse the Consciences of the People in Regard to the Claims of the Bible Sabbath?" was then read by Mrs. M. A. Burdick. After some commendatory remarks, it was voted that the paper be sent to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

The remainder of the time, First-day evening, was taken up by the Christian Endeavor Society, the exercises being very interesting and instructive.

On account of the unusual amount of sickness in and around the Bethel society, the local attendance was rather light. About the usual number were present from Stone Fort and Villa Ridge, while the attendance from Farina was larger than usual. The weather was fine throughout. Our people evidently went to the meeting with earnest, prayerful hearts, and the Lord blessed them. The few short days spent with the kind-hearted people of Bethel completely won the hearts of the visiting brethren, and they were loth to leave them in their affliction. It was a joy to all to meet our venerable brother Kelly who carries his seventy-nine years with a vigor that is truly remarkable. His mind seems as clear as ever, while his faith in God and the joys of his service seem to grow with him as the years go by. Those stalwart defenders of God's truth, in Southern Illinois, Elders Kelly, Lewis, Johnson and Threlkeld, form a phalanx that our people may well be proud of.

THOS. ZINN.

IS THE WORLD GETTING BETTER OR WORSE?

J. T. HAMILTON.

In pursuing this subject still farther, I will refer to the awful crimes that have become so frequent in these last years of the nineteenth century, the reading of which, as they are published in the papers, make a person shiver involuntarily, they are so awfully horrid. I remember reading in my youthful days of the terrible tortures which the savage Indians were accustomed to inflict upon the helpless victims who were so unfortunate as to fall into their murderous hands, so horrid as almost to make the blood curdle in my veins. But it has been left for the people of this civ-

ilized and Christian land, to inflict tortures upon helpless human beings—citizens of the same country—which equal, if not surpass, what the wild Indians ever did, in fiendish barbarity and unmitigated cruelty. It is admitted that the poor victims themselves deserved to be put out of existence in this world, or shut forever from the privileges of society, and from association with human beings, for they were guilty of committing crimes so cruel in their nature and character, that the sun even in his noonday splendor, might have blushed in darkness, as he did when the Redeemer of the world expired on the torturing cross. Just the reading of them, by every right-minded person, makes the ears tingle. But this only goes to prove that human beings are "waxing worse and worse," for in this enlightened day, amidst all the educating and elevating influences of these modern times, such awful crimes ought not to be known. But when respectable people and otherwise good citizens, take the law into their own hands, and in the name of justice—and in spite of it, too—rack their excited brains to invent some wicked way to inflict the greatest amount of excruciating pain and exquisite torture, as long as the victim is conscious of it—certainly there is not much evidence of improvement in the times. Imagine, if you can, the awful suffering a person must undergo by having his nose and ears cut from his head, of being flayed alive, or having glowing firebrands thrust against the quivering flesh of his naked body, or having his fingers, one by one, pounded to a jelly, while a crowd of thousands of people not only witness the scene with savage complacency and approval, but actually jeer and shout with fiendish delight over the contortions of the suffering victim. Such awful things in the civilization of the nineteenth century, saying nothing about the Christianity and educational culture of it, certainly shows degeneration, equal even to that of the pagan Roman Forum, or papal inquisition of the dark ages.

Again, the crimes of burglary and robbery are becoming so frequent, that a daily paper that does not contain an account of some such transaction, is the exception, instead of the rule; and the perpetrators have become so expert in doing these things, that in the full blaze of the shining sun, a bank will be entered, a railroad train boarded, or citizens held up right in the streets of a populous city, and large sums of money forced from the owners, by the presentation of a deadly weapon, and the perpetrators make their escape without any harm to life or limb, so that in many places it is running a great risk to walk along the streets, even in daylight, with any amount of money on the person.

HARVARD, Ill., Nov. 17, 1895.

A FEW HEALTH HINTS.

If the throat is very sore, wring a cloth out of cold salt water and bind it on the throat when going to bed; cover it with a dry towel. This is excellent.

A very good authority gives us a simple remedy for hiccough: A lump of sugar, saturated with vinegar. In ten cases, tried as an experiment, it stopped hiccough in nine.

The following is a splendid liniment for chilblains: One ounce of camphor gum, four fluid ounces of olive oil. Dissolve together by a gentle heat, and apply to the afflicted parts.

Soak the feet and bind on baking soda dampened, and in the morning you will be surprised to find the soreness all out of the corns.

To make the eyebrows grow better, rub common salt into them every night before going to bed.

Missions.

AIDS TO CHRISTIAN LIVING.

The large influx of foreigners, the complex civilization that has followed, the vastly differing religious convictions of the people in every community, the migrating habits of many Americans, the rapid accumulation of vast fortunes leading to pride, luxury and abandonment, make it quite a different thing to do Christian work now from what it was thirty years ago. This makes new methods on the part of pastors a necessity, and it requires a corresponding adjustment of the rank and file of the Church members to these methods. To be good fishers of men, we must go where the fish swim. If they will not come to our ponds, we must go to their streams. If they will not bite at our manuscript, then we must try them with the spoken words that burn and glow. If they refuse when found in the school, then they must be tempted when alone.

The so called laity must come to the rescue. In apostolic time there were many "helps" and helpers. Such agencies ought to be multiplied now. But there are some helps that hinder. "Give me," said Wesley, "one hundred men who hate nothing but sin, who fear nothing but God, and who are determined to know nothing amongst men but Jesus Christ and him crucified, and I will turn the world upside down." "Aye, there's the rub." But where is the Church with its hundred of men of that stamp? Where is the pastor who can produce them? When I find a man who can rouse the whole membership of his Church into such a condition, as Robert Hall said of John the Baptist, "I shall feel a reverence for him bordering upon terror."

It may be fairly settled now that the people we have about us do not, and will not, come into our Churches. We must go to them, and our laymen must go with us. It is a false notion that if we preach the Gospel the house will be filled. Will it? Laymen have a smart saying, that no one need tell squirrels where to find the best nuts. True, but all men are not squirrels. Squirrels know what is good for them, but men do not. Many men would rather drink poisoned water from a painted pump than pure water from an old bucket. Birds never make mistakes about berries, but men do about messages. "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord." The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but not so with puffed-up and blind-hearted men. If men were what they ought to be, they would soon find out the men who preach the Gospel and fill the pews. But the very reason why we preach to them is because they are not what they ought to be—they are not morally sane.

No, our Church members must help to bring in the people. Minister and members must go out into the highways—to the streets, alleys, and lanes, to the clubs, parlors and marts of exchange—to carry the gospel message to them. Gospel wagons and street preachers must be used to catch the ear of the deluded, led as beasts to the slaughter. Do I hear you say, "That would be undignified and degrading to the Church?" What was the dignity of Christ? It was this, that he left the glory he had with the Father, and came to the dis-

grace given to him by men! That was his dignity! And the dignity of the Christian will be to stoop down to the gutters, and ransom men and women, who, when washed in the blood of Christ, will be jewels in the crown of his rejoicing. Undignified! Did not our Lord preach by the seaside, on the mountain crest, at the roadside, in the cottage of the poor, as well as in the homes of the rich? Did not he do nine-tenths of his preaching in the open air? Was not his appearance in synagogue and temple the exception rather than the rule? But we have reversed the order, preaching in the Churches often, but in the open air seldom. We have preserved our "dignity" at the expense of our obedience. We are not commanded to bring all men to Christ, but we are commanded to bring his gospel to all men; and we have failed to respond—we are failing still. We build costly Churches, and endow magnificent universities, for which we have no command, and we leave millions of our race unevangelized, although our Lord's parting words solemnly charged the Church to go to "all nations," and to "every creature."

If we confine our preaching to houses of worship, the people must fill the building. Every one that "heareth" must say "come." It is not always a gain—it is sometimes a loss—to turn a pastor into an evangelist. A pastor, after God's pattern, feeds the people, and teaches them knowledge and understanding. The Lord charged Peter to feed, but not to gather, the flock. Feed my sheep, and feed my lambs, but he did not utter a word about gathering either sheep or lambs. It is for the pastor to remove the stones and leaves veiling the waters, and it is for the people to say, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." It is for the pastor to give to each one his portion in due season, and for others to "go into the lanes of the city, and compel them to come in."

Let us not be too hasty in speaking of success or failure of the pastor. These are difficult times; and there are some elements of success that cannot be tabulated by figures. This is a fast age. The lightning is too slow, and the thunder too faint. Men want their nerves addressed, and not their consciences or hearts. They seem to think the engine is doing most when it puffs hardest. Many a man can say with Rutherford: "My witness is with God that your heaven would be two heavens, and the salvation of your souls two salvations to me," who never sees any wonderful results. A story is told of a visitor listening to the complaints of a deacon about the failure of his pastor. When asked for the proof, he replied that only one person had joined the Church during the whole year. "But who was that person?" "Robert Moffat." The addition of that man was the addition of tens of thousands. Quality as well as quantity must be taken into account. But suppose only one. Do we not know that in heaven they once rang the bells because one sinner—only one—repented? Cheer your pastor, stand by him, and uphold him. The army of David said that he was as good as ten thousand men. And why? Because his name was the talismanic power to gather the tribes about the throne. Let your pastor's name, and work, and teaching be upheld in all of his earnest efforts to reach and to feed the people, and you will multiply his power many fold.

We need also a readjustment to God. This is the most solemn and important of all. We are living in the closing decade of the nineteenth century. In five years the nineteenth century, with its boasting and bluster, its gasconade and swagger, will have passed away. All thoughtful men are looking for some great change, some great cataclysm, to usher in a new order of things about the beginning of the twentieth century. Some think it will take the form of an utter abandonment of the Christian faith; others think it will be the overthrow of all tyrannical governments and the adoption of governments and the reign of anarchy, others think it will be the overthrow of all republican liberty; others again think that the Church is about to seize upon the government of the world and thus usher in the kingdom of God. Then there are some of the most learned, most godly and most prominent men in the paths of Christian usefulness who think we are upon the very threshold of the second advent of our Lord. I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but I deeply share the feeling that our times are pregnant with the coming events. The air is charged with thunder and the coming days may be days of storm.

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime."

Yes, it is sublime, if we are in touch with God, and adjusted to his plans, purposes and power, but awfully solemn if we are not. "The men of Issachar had understanding of the times and knew what Israel ought to do." Can we understand the times, and, adjusting ourselves to God, know what to do? Of one thing we may be sure. Our Lord's last solemn charge was that the Gospel should be preached amongst all nations. Nearly nineteen hundred years have passed away, and that sacred trust has not been carried out. Surely it is his wish and plan to have the world evangelized at the earliest possible day. And we must get back to these first principles—back near our Master's heart—back to the Holy Spirit's power, and then go forth to do the work planned by our Father, with the power supplied by our Saviour, and filled with the love begotten by the Holy Ghost.

A bell stolen by British officers was being carried down a river in India, on a raft. The bell fell into the stream and sank into the quicksand and could not be recovered. It was handed over to the natives, who gathered tons upon tons of bamboo, and when the tide went out they fastened it to the bell. By and by bell and bamboo floated and were taken ashore. That bell tolls on a heathen temple to-day. Do we not need to gather the many promises of God from his Word, fasten them to the "lapsed masses," and when the tide of spiritual power comes in, they will be raised, and their tongues will ring out the message of salvation from the temple of the living God until the whole earth shall have heard its sound. Readjustment to our surroundings, to the masses of the people, to our spiritual leadership, and to the purposes and the power of God, these are the needs of the hour!—*The Examiner*.

RECALLING the patience and longsuffering of the Heavenly Father toward us will often restrain the hand moved to punish, and silence the tongue prompt to censure.—*Selected*.

Woman's Work.

FOR WHAT SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

MRS. C. M. LEWIS.

For what shall we give thanks to-day?
Let us look back along the way
Our feet have trod, as one by one
The passing days have come and gone
Since last Thanksgiving day.

What good in added store has come
To bless each life, and make each home
A brighter, happier, dwelling place
Where lovelight beaming from each face
Drives discord from the door?

Has each day some good deed embraced?
Has the recording angel traced
The record of some kind word spoken
To heal the heart with sorrow broken;
Kind deeds some lonely life to cheer,
And make the way more bright appear?
For this we may give thanks.

If the mistakes which we have made,
O'er which we grieved with hearts so sad,
Have made us look with pitying eye,
With broader, sweeter, charity
On human frailties in another—
The sad mistakes of sister—brother,
For these we may give thanks.

If looking on a brother's need
Has stirred our hearts to kindly deed,
If self-denial has been sweet
That we another's want might meet,
For this thanks should be given.

If we have stretched forth helping hands
To save the lost in foreign lands,
Have helped our Home Evangel Band
To spread the truth in our own land,
And tell the "old, old story" sweet
That brings the lost to Jesus' feet
Thanks we should give for this.

If God's great love has been made clearer,
If we have drawn a little nearer
The type of character we sought,
The high ideals toward which we wrought,
We know God's hand has led us on,
We could not upward climb alone,
To him we should give thanks.

The fruitful earth has not withheld
The bounteous products of the field,
Her garnered stores, if all should share,
Are ample for both rich and poor;
For these we should give thanks.

As falls the rain in gentle showers,
As falls the dew on fragrant flowers,
So have God's tender mercies come
To every heart, to every home;
Unnumbered as the stars of heaven
Each day, each hour have they been given;
For these rich blessings all should raise
In gratitude the voice of praise
And give God reverent thanks.

A THANKSGIVING PIE.

MRS. E. C. W. LIVERMORE.

Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Wilson were neighbors, in the small village of C—. They had lived side by side ever since they began married life, and had taken down the picket-fence between their lawns so that a neighborly feeling could be cultivated more conveniently. They were both nice little women, and delighted to see how pleasant and attractive they could make their homes. Thanksgiving day neared, and they were anticipating the return of their children. Mrs. Gilbert had a son in college and so had Mrs. Wilson.

The boys had been intimate from earliest childhood and both had gone out from home, with about equal promise. Their fathers were business men. Mr. Gilbert was the owner of a mixed store—groceries and dry-goods—while Mr. Wilson was a mechanic, by trade, and went daily to a neighboring city to work. It was nearing Thanksgiving, when one of those wide-awake, November afternoons, Mrs. Wilson crossed the yard, to pass an hour with Mrs. Gilbert. She took her pretty tidy with her, to learn from Mrs. Gilbert how to complete the edge. Both had been deeply engrossed with the execution of the pattern, when Mrs. Wilson broke out with, "What are you going to have nice for Thanksgiving? You know our boys are coming home."

After talking over many recipes, they made out a tempting menu, and when through, Mrs. Gilbert said, "You do not use wine or cider in your mince-pies, do you?"

"Certainly," responded Mrs. Wilson, "for I cannot secure *that taste* with anything else."

"That is just why I do not use it," responded Mrs. Gilbert, "it is *that taste* that leads so many of our young people downward to ruin. I dare not tempt my boy so, nor even my husband."

"Well! I'm astonished!" replied Mrs. Wilson.

"Why! your husband and son are both Christians, and I have not a ray of thought that a little wine or cider in a mince-pie would lead to any harm. I am not at all afraid for *my* husband and son. The former was born and brought up in New York, and so for Dick he is as firm as his father." Not a fear for either one.

Mrs. Gilbert looked pained and with deepening color she timidly said, "My dear Mrs. Wilson, while you would not, for the world, harm your husband and son, I consider you are putting one of the worst temptations in their way."

Mrs. Wilson dimpled with smiles and said, "You are not so well acquainted with them, as I am. They have firm principles. I know when Mr. Wilson was quite young—in his teens—he did imbibe a little, but he is all right now. Not one fear for him. So I shall put a little '*stingo*' in my pies."

Mrs. Gilbert saw it was useless to expostulate with her, and for the next week both ladies were busy, "baking up," for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Wilson was "half tempted," as she stood over the dough-board, not to put any intoxicant in her pies, but—then, she wanted them "to keep," and they would be "so much richer" that she poured in considerable cider and a good deal of the ruby fluid, to give "flavor."

It was evening. A team halted in the darkness, and two students bounded out and rushed to their respective homes. How well they looked and appeared, and Dick Wilson was positively handsome.

"We have reason to be proud of our boy," Mr. Wilson said, as they retired to their room.

"Where can we find his equal for his years?" The mother's heart swelled with honest pride, and she added, "I am going to have an elegant Thanksgiving dinner for him—for us."

Meanwhile, over in their neighbor Gilbert's home, they were speaking gratefully of their son, Owen, and the mother said, "I shall not have anything harmful, Thanksgiving day, but I do tremble that Mrs. Wilson dares to tamper so with alcoholic flavors."

Both tables groaned with goodies, when Thanksgiving day arrived, and each one arose feeling they possessed a heavy freight of edibles.

"You deserve great credit," remarked Mr. Gilbert, for preparing such a choice dinner, and I thank you, dear, for not using any wine, cider or brandy, in the puddings, pies or cake." The wife smiled thankfully, from her loving heart and a "conscience void of offence."

Across the lawn, the other family had completed their Thanksgiving dinner. Mr. Wilson patted his digestive organs and said, "Wife, that mince-pie was a touch extra! You don't hit it like that, every time."

"No," responded Dick, who was taking on some college slang, "it was '*mighty nice!*'"

While both designed this as a compliment, Mrs. Wilson's face flushed to a hue not unlike some of the "flavor" in the pie, and she said, faintly, "Thank you, I wanted them nice."

Again, the old stage-coach paused before the lawn, and again Owen and Dick said "adieu" for college. Letters soon came of their safe arrival and several allusions to Thanksgiving, among which Dick said, "Mother, I wish I had a piece of that pie, to-night, the very thought makes my mouth water."

When the next letter was due, it did not arrive.

"What can have happened to Dick?" she asked Mr. Wilson. After two weeks of anxious waiting, they received the following:

Dear Father and Mother:

I should have written before, and am surprised to see how long it is since I sent my last letter, but I am very busy of late. Of course, I want to keep pace with my class, and evenings "*we boys*" get together and have piles of fun, and I think I work all the better for it. Lately we have introduced a little refreshment, and Bob Hutchins—he's a jolly, good fellow—furnished a 'harmless beverage,' that tasted so strikingly like your delightful mince-pie, mother, that I felt quite at home, and really anticipate these little, social times, very much.

But lessons press. More next time.

Your affectionate son,

DICK."

The next letter was still more tardy and unsatisfactory, and when the long vacation came, there returned to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson a changed young man. His language was not carefully chosen, his manner was defiant and reckless and his boyish beauty marred by intemperance. Mrs. Wilson noted these things "and pondered them in her heart," while a shadow fell over her smiling face.

Mr. Wilson was disappointed and desperate. He had fondly doted on Dick, and now his path seemed all the way down-hill. Mr. Wilson began to remain late in the city, to the Club, until at last Mrs. Wilson saw that the cup had drowned both her husband and son.

"Oh!" she moaned, secretly, "Would I could recall that Thanksgiving dinner! Truly 'Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'"

A hasty ring at the door. "A messenger boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson. "Telegram, lady," said the youth. She signed, and requested him to wait, adding, "Perhaps it needs reply."

Tremblingly, she tore open the envelope and read:

"Come. Dick is injured.

CHUM."

She hastened to Mr. Wilson, and from thence both went to the college, where Dick entered, two years before, so young, ardent and hopeful. He had been thrown from a carriage while on a reckless drive, with his chum. The horse took fright and precipitated him head-long against a curb-stone.

There was a large contusion on his temple and his life was fast ebbing.

"Dick, do you know me, darling?" said the agonized mother, as she listened with bated breath, and gathered the following from the pale, stiffening lips. "Yes—mother, but—tell Chum—that it biteth like a—serpent—it stingeth like—an—adder."

The youthful spirit had gone to God who gave it.

Mr. Wilson never rallied from the shock,

and before the year closed Mrs. Wilson stood in sable robes, over another "new-made mound."

When Thanksgiving arrived she was invited to pass the day with her prosperous and happy neighbors, and as she was about to say, "Good-night," putting her face close to Mrs. Gilbert's, she whispered, tremblingly, "Mrs. Gilbert, I made a *fatal mistake*, but it is 'too late.'"

THANKFUL FOR WHAT?

Have you ever been tempted to feel that you had no reason to keep Thanksgiving? Ernest Gilmore, in the *Intelligencer*, comments upon such an ungrateful spirit as follows:

Some one tells the story of an English preacher who takes a hungry man into a hall with plates laid for 1,460 persons. Here are supplies of all kinds in bountiful profusion. The man would like to sit down at one of these plates.

"Ah!" said his guide, "would you be thankful?" "Then you shall have your breakfast, something quite as good as anything here; only just wait until I tell you something. You cannot have these, for they are the ghosts of what you have already had. They are the 365 breakfasts, the 365 dinners, the 365 teas, and the 365 suppers you had last year. They make 1,460 in all."

"You don't mean to say I had all those?"

"Yes, and many basketfuls of odds and ends besides."

Buck, in commenting on the above story, said, "And now we will dismiss our friend to eat his meal, we trust with some new feelings dawning upon him of what heaps of mercies he has had even in this one matter of food." Our mercies are continuous. If we should attempt to make a computation of them, we would find that we could never pay the debt we owe our Lord. We may live to be old, but we can never outlive eternal love—it is a shoreless ocean.

Spurgeon calls providential goodness "an endless chain, a stream which follows the pilgrim, a wheel perpetually revolving, a star forever shining, and leading us to the place where He is who was once a babe in Bethlehem."

THE VEGETARIANS AND THE KUCHENG MASSACRE.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

It occurs to me that the following clipping from the *North China Daily News* may be of interest to some of the readers of the RECORDER.

The article is of greater value, as the writer, the Rev. W. Banister, was a missionary of the Kucheng district for years and was succeeded by the late Rev. R. W. Stewart not more than eighteen months before the terrible Kucheng tragedy. He knows the place and the people, and is familiar with the local dialect. He has been a member of the Kucheng Commission of Investigation, and his statements are reliable.

Sincerely yours,

SUSIE M. BURDICK.

ALFRED, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1895.

We owe to the Rev. W. Banister the following account of the Vegetarians at Kucheng and their motives for the perpetration of the massacre at Whasang:

Those who have lived any time in China will have heard of the Vegetarians as a harmless sect, who only differed from their neighbors in that they abstained from meat, but in nothing else. The first time I heard of the operations of these people in Kucheng was about five years ago, when the leader and one or two others appeared in the city of Kucheng and began to cure men of opium

smoking. Their plan of action was to get the young and able-bodied to join them by breaking off the opium, and then compelling them to take an oath that they would remain loyal to the body they had joined. For some years they went on quietly, but it soon became apparent that they differed from the Vegetarian sects in other parts of the country. They began to take up cases of litigation between neighbors and villages, and settle them by main force. The authority of a class of men amongst them was very great. Any individual could by influence obtain the office of local leader or propagandist who had authority to admit members, who while being members of the general Vegetarian body were bound by oath to follow their local leader and to obey his commands implicitly. The first time we heard of them in conflict with any members of the Christian Church was about one year ago at a place called Hengtangpang, when a dispute had arisen between an adherent of the English Mission and one of the Vegetarians, or rather a man who subsequently joined the Vegetarians, for at first he did not belong to them. The result of this appeal to the Vegetarian body was that a company came and cut down the corps of the Christians. Appeal to the magistrate was useless, and not only did this family suffer, but both heathen and Christian suffered in the same way in different parts of the country until cases could be counted by scores in the magistrate's *yamen*. Things went on like this until November or December of last year, when the magistrate arrested three or four members of the sect in the city, and imprisoned them in the *yamen*. A few days later an armed body of Vegetarians entered the *yamen* and compelled him to release these men (who had been arrested for using seditious language) and send them home in chairs decorated with red cloth. And not only did they compel the magistrate to do this but they insisted upon his confidential servant and adviser, who had led him to arrest these men, being beaten 400 blows and dismissed the *yamen*. It was at this time reported in Foochow that the Kucheng magistrate had been killed by the Vegetarians. After this conspicuous triumph of lawlessness over the civil power in Kucheng the numbers of the Vegetarians increased day by day and their attitude grew bolder and bolder. Instead of cases being settled in the law court of the land, the Vegetarians settled them by main force, and undoubtedly they began to think that the time had come for a final outburst against the reigning government. This view is substantiated by the evidence given in Court and by that collected from outside sources, and also by the posters issued by the Vegetarians. If the magistrate issued a proclamation, the Vegetarians immediately posted another underneath it, saying that the magistrates were oppressing the people and it was time for them to throw off their allegiance. Things went on this way until about last March or April, when it was reported that the Vegetarians were about to attack the city. One evening at midnight the members of the English Mission who lived outside the city were hastily summoned by the magistrate to come into the city, as he had information that the Vegetarians were about to make an attack. For several days the whole city was shut up, the gates being walled up with stone, and a guard of citizens perambulated the

walls, the magistrate pledging his word of honour that in answer to his request the Viceroy would send soldiers in three days. Not only did the Viceroy not send soldiers, but he sent a bitterly anti-foreign deputy named Li instead, who came up to Kucheng and without any inquiry, after spending one night in the city, returned to Foochow and reported to the Viceroy that everything was quiet and there was no cause for alarm. The real fact was that by a weak concession of the magistrate the Vegetarians had been induced to defer any further proceedings, and they had returned to a place about twelve miles off where they remained in force, exultant at this further victory.

Shortly after this the magistrate was changed and another weak, feeble man was sent to succeed him. This made no difference to the Vegetarians. They went on increasing in strength and violence, and several other cases of robbery and violence occurred in different parts of the country, until a man was killed in resisting the attempts of the Vegetarians to carry off cows at a place called Tohyong, some twenty-seven miles from the city of Kucheng. This seemed to have impressed the authorities in Foochow that something serious was taking place in Kucheng, and the result was that a former magistrate named Ho was sent as deputy, with two hundred soldiers under a military commander. This was a very short time before the massacre at Whasang. The deputy and the military commander remained at Kucheng in a state of inactivity and nothing was done, the excuse given by the magistrate Ho to Dr. Gregory being, that the force was altogether inadequate to cope with the Vegetarians. In the meantime the latter were not idle; they began to assemble at the fastness and discuss means of defense. They said that Mr. Stewart had hired the soldiers to come and they must have vengeance. Then came the plans for open hostility. About this time a fortune-teller from Foochow who is called Tanghuai, or Kau Kau, or Long Finger Nails, appeared on the scene, and he soon acquired great influence over the Vegetarians by working on their fears, by telling them that unless they killed the foreigners they themselves would suffer, and upon their superstitions by pretending to possess supernatural powers.

They assembled all their forces at the fastness and for three nights lots were taken as to which of three plans should be followed. Either to attack the house of a rich man at Tangteuk, or to attack the city after firing it in three places and killing the magistrates, or to attack Whasang and slaughter the foreigners. The lot fell on Whasang for three nights in succession. The result is known in the awful tragedy which has shocked the whole world. Without any doubt our friends have been the victims of the corruption and misgovernment of China and the true culprits are the dishonest and selfish and corrupt men who rule this country only to fill their own pockets by oppression and injustice. This is a brief account of the causes which have led to the death of eleven persons connected with the English Mission, and the wounding of Miss Hartford of the American Mission, and Miss Codrington and Mildred Stewart.

There are statements in a poem posted up at the Vegetarian fastness which suggest that they were hoping (at least the leaders were) that the disturbances which would arise with foreign nations would afford them an opportunity to successfully rebel and change the present dynasty.

EAST AND WEST.

REV. H. P. BURDICK.

The coldest part of last winter I traveled by rail, and was in Cattaraugus and Chautauqua counties. Almost as soon as I could travel with horse and buggy in the spring, I went to Hornellsville, preached once, thence to East Canisteo, preached three sermons, gave three lectures, and followed that tier of towns in an easterly direction through Steuben county. As a rule I preached one or more sermons, and gave talks on temperance and education in each place where there was a church. I then went south into the next tier of towns and came west through the county. So I went east and west, sometimes into other counties, until I reached the southern part of Tioga county, Pa. I stopped in a few places where I had not been before. Generally my congregations have been large (quite often union meetings) and always good attention.

COURTESY OF THE PRESS.

Largely my appointments have been noticed in the local papers, and frequently favorable mention made of the meetings. From the *Wellsboro Register*: "Last Sunday morning, Doctor Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y., preached an excellent sermon in the First Baptist Church. In the evening he gave a powerful and convincing address on temperance in a union meeting before a large and appreciative audience. We wish the Doctor could talk in every church in this county."

The editor of the *Westfield Free Press* said, "Doctor Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y., has been giving a series of sermons and lectures on education and temperance in this county, that has created a good interest, on these subjects. For temperance he has done twenty times more than any of us have ever done. He is full of sound logic, good reasoning, and has the language to tell all in an interesting and convincing style."

Cuba Post: "Doctor Burdick is probably the oldest and best informed temperance worker in the State."

Most of the temperance work in the past has been done along the line of the railroad and in the large places. When one plows a county for temperance, as a farmer plows his field, he will find many uncultivated places, some of which it will pay well to work. While on the road I was overtaken by two men in a buggy. One of them said, "I used to hear you talk in Cohocton, N. Y." At his request I went with him to an out-of-the-way place, preached for him in the afternoon, and lectured in the evening. It is not always that I feel as well satisfied with results.

THE CROPS.

In portions of Tioga, Lycoming and Sullivan counties, Pa., crops were never better. In portions of Allegany, Cattaraugus and Chautauqua counties the crops, with the exception of potatoes, were quite poor. Frost and drouth injured the hay crop very much, and the grasshoppers injured the other crops.

On the last days of October, potatoes were put in cars, at Fillmore, for ten cents a bushel. After they would car no more at that price, two loads were sold at five cents a bushel. Money is very scarce. If, according to Senator Blair's estimate, drink in all its forms and results costs us annually one billion, seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars, tears and lost souls thrown in, we must look for hard times to be included in the

woes God has promised upon those "Which justify the wicked for reward," i. e., license them!

EDUCATIONAL.

My congregations were large when I talked upon the subject of education, and many admitted that the Alfred School is one of the best in the country, and had sent more first-class men and women into their part of the country than any other school, however large or popular. Yet, when entirely among First-day people, we have the following to meet: Every denomination and school of any note have their representatives out looking up students. While all are good men and represent good schools, I was particularly pleased with Prof. Hopkins of the Hariman school in Tennessee, when he said, in view of the great number out at work for their respective schools: "We are all helping each other, and, in an important sense, we all work for the same cause." I found myself in the field at least five years late to work to the best advantage. Doctors Coit, Reeve, Hopkins and many more whom I met, or who had preached education in the same houses where I did, could tell a story better than I could, yet I had the best story to tell. But they had been telling theirs for several years and had the ears, hearts, and largely the names of the prospective students, when I commenced to tell my story, or present claims and advantages. No one thing that I ever said, or heard said, on education, and I have recently heard some grand things, seems to so inspire young people for an education as short sketches of the lives of our loved, honored and now promoted Presidents, Wm. C. Kenyon and Jonathan Allen. The school that does not have its agents out and place its publications where other schools place theirs, has a good chance to be forgotten.

What we now need is, that the people know of the struggles, trials, successes, and especially of the ability, power, skill and friendliness of the present managers of the school. In a general way the press can and does give an idea of them. But it is not in the nature of the case that the press can show where and what is most needed, the desirable qualities of a President or of each teacher in each department, as the living speaker can. I am glad that so many students who go out from Alfred become living advocates of the school.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

I do not, as some others claim, find this settled. Case 1. Two ladies said, "We have been reading the Bible to find where the Seventh-day Sabbath was changed to Sunday. Can you tell us where we can find it?" I answered, I can tell you where you cannot find it. They seemed about as sure that the change of the Sabbath was in the Bible, as that the Book of Isaiah was in it. More questions, answers and explanations, and they thought it would not pay to read the Bible through again to find where the Sabbath was changed from the seventh day of the week to the first.

Case 2. Directed by some friends, I called on a minister who, when told what denomination I was a member of, jumped out of his chair, stepped out to the middle of the floor and said, "I cannot see how any man can read the New Testament and keep the old Jewish Sabbath for Sunday." He said many things that I had heard before. He talked so

loud, that if I had been seven times deaf, I would not have accepted an ear-trumpet as a gift. If ministerial gestures are indicative of previous occupation, I think he must have worked at some kind of circular work. Oh! how he pitied the poor, mistaken, blinded Jew that was providentially his guest. There was no question as to his duty. He said let us have a season of prayer. He fell on his knees and I do not know that any man ever more earnestly prayed that I might see my error, the darkness that I was in, than he did. Then his exhorter, that was assisting him in revival meetings, prayed for me much as the pastor did. I remembered when he suggested prayer he said "us," so I included myself, though I think he did not intentionally do so. But over their shoulders and in their ears I told the Lord some things that these dear brethren never thought of, and I counted it no irreverence either. The tenor of their prayers was that I might see the light. In my prayer I remembered their darkness and their great need of understanding God's Word as it reads, and the great sin of teachers changing, adding, or taking from it. Prayer over, and there was a great calm.

I preached and lectured in his church. A goodly number professed a hope in Christ. Others were inquiring the way. But temperance was not asked to take a back seat, nor wait for any one, any number, nor any thing. The spirit of the Lord was there, and salvation came to the people.

Case 3. A gentleman on learning that I kept the Bible Sabbath, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I thank God that I have found a man that has the courage of his convictions. I have always told our preachers here that Sunday is only a man-made Sabbath. I have had more controversy with them on that subject than on any other subject in the world. I had a horse that I sold for thirty-three thousand dollars. I offered that horse to any minister, any person that would find one passage in the Bible where God, Christ, or any of the apostles, ever changed or said one word about changing the Sabbath from the seventh day of the week to the first day of the week."

DIET AND THE TEETH.

The most superficial knowledge of hygienic law will teach the necessity of providing for the future of the child through a proper course of diet. The teeth are but indications of the constitutional vigor of the child; if he be weak and subject to disease, the teeth will be pretty sure to show at an early age the lack of proper nutrition, and general strength will give its corresponding result. It is hardly possible to make pure milk too much an article of food for children—but purity is a very important consideration. In connection with milk, as the child advances in age, plain, nutritious food should be used, and that which is difficult of digestion or has little nutriment should be avoided. Many a digestion is spoiled and the seeds of life-long misery laid, by the pampering of the child with articles wholly unsuited to its delicate stomach, and which were it possible to digest them, would add little to the growing youthful tissue. If the mother is in doubt as to what may properly be used as food for her child, let her consult some standard work on hygiene, or her family physician, and watch carefully the welfare of her darling. The elements of strength and soundness of teeth and bone must be supplied through the food.—*Good Housekeeping*.

THE devil generally puts in an appearance with a fit of the "blues."

Young People's Work

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

I wish we could have about fifty warm-hearted young Christian Endeavor workers to sing, pray, and work in this town a few days, and we would sweep some of the devil's cobwebs down, I think. A few have been here from Ashaway, Westerly and Quonocontaug. Some have been raised from the dead now, dead in trespasses and sin. There was no amen corner, while the Quonocontaug boys were here, for it extended all over the hall, Sabbath night and all day Sunday, or most of the time from nine in the morning until past four o'clock in the afternoon. Notwithstanding it rained all the afternoon, the hall was nearly full. At evening all the churches in town closed for their bi-monthly gospel temperance union meeting. At 6.30 the three young people's societies held a union meeting. It rained hard all the evening, still many came. Fully half of the testimonies were from those converted or reclaimed during our revival here. I should say not one in five of the C. E.'s kept their pledge by taking part in the meeting. Is this a sample of Christian Endeavor work in our land? God forbid. I spoke at the temperance meeting which followed. Interest is growing at the hall, and some three or four of our Seventh-day Baptist people attend very regularly. I am reminded of a story which one of our Seventh-day ministers told me not long ago. He was assisting the pastor of the M. E. and First Baptist Churches in a union revival effort with his own people. They were to hold a day meeting; the pastor of the M. E. Church came in and walked down the center aisle; when he had reached the center of the church he looked and saw none of his church there; he knelt right there and commenced to pray, "O, Lord, where are the Methodists?" Well, some of us are old, some sick, some cannot attend. We had a very good meeting Sabbath afternoon at the home of one invalid brother. God is answering your prayers.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

MYSTIC, Conn.

RYTHMICAL THANKSGIVING PROGRAMME.

REV. MARTIN SINDALL.

Upon this glad Thanksgiving morn,
Let each and every one arise,
While with sweet praise you now adore
The God which all your need supplies.

OPENING HYMN.

(Tune: Old Hundred.)

Praise God for all your blessing great,
Praise him while now you gladly wait;
Praise him on this Thanksgiving Day,
Praise while you sing and read and pray.

Read Psalm 95: 1-6.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

(Tune: Sweet hour of prayer.)

Praise to the Lord, our God most high,
He who doth all our wants supply;
Give him your praise with heart and voice,
Sing to the Master of your choice;
Oh, praise his name, his precious name,
And tell your friends to do the same;
For God delights in praise sincere,
In whispered voice or ringing cheer!

Have you been born in Christian lands?
Have you been reared by loving hands?
Then you must give the greater praise;
Give it in service all your days;
On farm, in shop, or kitchen neat,
Just lay your trophies at his feet;

For God delights in deeds of worth,
When wrought by loving hands of earth.

RESPONSIVE READING:

(Psalm 136.)

Leader read first part of verses. Response: "For his mercy endureth forever."

SONG.

(Tune: Stand up for Jesus.)

Oh, day of joy and blessing,
We welcome thee once more;
Thou hast a recollection
Of heaven's Corner Store;
"Goods sold without hard measures,
No one need turn away;
The poor may get its treasures,
For God supplies the pay."

Within the store of heaven
Are crowded fresh supplies
Of Bread with best of leaven,
For which the hungered cries;
Of clothes to clothe immortals,
And crowns for each fair head;—
Oh, let us pass the portals
The heavenly streets to tread!

READING: THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING.

In the new and early spring,
When the snows have gone away,
And the Winter's chilly blast
Has sung its long and freezing lay,

Then the farmer, in his glory,
With his sturdy team and plow,
Plods with measured tread the furrow
Which with seed he'll soon endow.

Soon the sunshine, God's great blessing,
Warms the ground well sown with seed;
Then the rain in gentle showers
Lends a hand for times of need.

Man can plow the ground well kept
By the mantle thick and white,
He can sow the seed in plenty,
Lost a moment to his sight.

But it takes a greater Power,
Watching o'er the hidden mite,
Which will quickly bring it forward,
Introduce it to the light,

Watch its progress, slow but steady
Till it reaches height sufficient;
Then is seen a thing of beauty,—
Heaven and earth together blent!

Heading out in wondrous clusters,
Showing God's own handiworks;
He has wrought in brightest daylight,
And in hours when darkness lurks.

Have you then a bounteous harvest?
Corn, potatoes, apples, wheat?
Then do not forget to quickly
Lay your tribute at his feet.

RECITATION: THE AGED COUPLE'S THANKSGIVING.

"Well, John, here's another Thanksgiving,
With its cooking, and visits and praise,
And a thousand or more recollections
Of the hap'nings in earlier days;
Of the numerous cups filled with sorrow,
And others well heaped up with joy;
Why, to reckon up all of our blessings
We'd another long life-time employ.

We can look through the windows this morning,

Far out on the farm, good and wide,
There's the crib, with its treasures so plenty,
And the huge, well-filled barn by its side;
The beautiful acres, now cleared of their crops,
Remind us of hard-working days,
When minutes and hours seemed far too short,
As we toiled in the old-fashioned ways.

We've seen many a ship roll to and fro,
A-tossed on the billows of life,
There've been ups and downs of many a kind,
Since we've become husband and wife;
And now looking back on Thanksgiving morn,
Through the windows of time passed away,
We can thank the good Lord for everything,
And give him our best while we stay.

The children? Where are they? You tell,
Dear John,

As you gaze through your spectacled eyes;
Our first—little May—is up in His arms,
Who sits far up in the skies;
And Hiram, dear boy, so faithful for years,
Came to manhood with prospects so bright,
Has gone to the realm where there are no
tears,

Where 'tis said "there shall be no night."

But there are silver linings to all dark clouds,
(So they told me when I was a girl),
And now through the tears that so easily
come,

I gaze toward Jason and Pearl;
And can think with joy, they're coming to-day,
From the East, and the far-away West,
To cheer their parents with stories and songs,
And tell us of how they've been blest.

So let's dry our tears this beautiful morn,
For the clock keeps saying, "They'll come,
they'll come;"

Replenish the fire, and sweep the hearth,
We'll give them a welcome to Home, sweet
Home;

'Tis blessed to have an abiding place,
And the pleasure of meeting loved ones
there;

Then let's keep our praise with blessings apace,
And make it a day of earnest prayer.

A THANKSGIVING SURPRISE.

I was sitting in a tavern
On a cold Thanksgiving night,
When a scene I well remember
Was impressed upon my sight.

'Twas a country place, you know, sir,
Where was only one good store,
So the keeper of the tavern
Kept some groceries near the door.

He could show you a good bed, sir,
And your mouth with grog could wet;
Tea and coffee he could sell you—
But my story you must get.

Through the door a woman entered,
She was dreadful poor, I guess,
For her shawl was thin as nettin',
And she wore a freezin' dress.

She was follered in a minute
By a beastly looking man,
Whom she spoke to sort o' sparin',
And I think she called him Dan.

That old brute he brushed a past her
To the bar for "suthin' good"
While his woman, poor old martyr,
Stood it all the best she could.

When he'd drank for two whole shillin,
And his lips he'd fairly dried,
He stalked over to the counter
That was on the other side.

"Give me some o' that terbaccer,
That what's called 'Old Yankee Plug,'
It's six shillin', did ye say, sir?—
Almost big enough to hug!"

Here the wife, with timid pleadings,
Asked if she might buy a shawl.
She was really sort o' handsome,
Finely formed, nigh six feet tall!

When she asked him for the garment,
(Just eight shillings was the price),
His old eyes shot forth hot lightning,
Though his voice was cold as ice.

"What, old women, buy that garment!
Times are pretty middlin' hard,
So I guess you'll have to stand it—
Don't you think she will, old pard?"

This was talked to me, now mind you,
And I looked him in the eye,
And I says to him, "Old fellow,
You aint fit to live or die.

"Here you've gone and spent eight shillin'
For some stuff that you don't need,
While your woman, dear old creature,
Wears old clothes that's gone to seed.

"I'm no preacher, I can tell you,

But I'd like to have ye know
That if ye don't quit you meanness
You will reap as now you sow.

"You will lose that dear good woman
Whom you promised once to love,
Then you'll find a hell on earth, sir!
While she's resting up above.

"Now you just fish out your dollar,
And take down that nice warm shawl;
Quit your drinkin' and your chewin';
There, I've had my say,—that's all."

Well, I never thought he'd do it,
But he bought a shawl and hood,
And, you know, I left that tavern
Feelin' pretty middlin' good.

A COUNTRY PREACHER'S THANKSGIVING
SERMON.

We've come to another Thanksgiving to-day,
With its turkeys and sermons and such,
And I reckon, beloveds, we've never been wont
To appreciate gifts overmuch!

You farmers work hard a plantin' your crops
And feeding and milking your stock,
A cutting your hay, your oats and wheat
And getting your corn in the shock.

But you musn't forget, my brethren dear,
The Lord is back of it all,
He warms the earth, and gives the rain,
So you can have your crops in the Fall.

And there's you house-wives, one and all,
You mix and bake and stew,
So me thinks it right to give you a word,
Lest I forget before I am through.

What is there which gives you the heat you
need,
As you boil, or you fry, or you bake?
Which helps you to place on the table a pie
Or a nice frosted cocoanut-cake?

Its the coal or the wood which you burn, my
dears,
Which borrow their heat from the sun;
God gives you the heat, the tinware and
dough
And things by the thousand and one!

The children must have my attention at once,
Their faces expectant I see;
Christ said, as he sat, while here upon earth,
"Suffer children to come unto me."

Yes, children, the Saviour has blessed even
you,
He gives you your play-grounds and toys,
He gives you your voices and trumpets and
drums,
And delights in hearing your noise!

Why, I could go on and tell every one
Of the blessings we daily receive,
But the time forbids—for the old clock says,
"Its about time to go home, I believe."

But ere I close, permit me to say,
Praise the Lord for every good thing,
And you'll find as you tread life's pleasant
paths
That praises will great blessings bring!

CLOSING HYMN.

(Tune: America.)

Our Father now to thee
We bow with bended knee
Our praise to sing,
Thou hast our wants supplied;
And been our Shepherd-guide,
Be ever near our side
While now we sing.

(Continue, singing the four verses of "America.")

BENEDICTION.

May Mercy, Peace, and Grace, Divine
Now rest upon you all,
That we may be prepared to go
When God to us shall call. Amen.

No TRULY great reform was ever accom-
plished without suffering.

HE who cares for no one but self, is the
greatest enemy to himself.

Children's Page.

THE OBLIGING BEAR.

A honey-loving grizzly-bear,
In a great bee-tree made his lair;
"There is a law," he told the bees,
"That honey sha'n't be kept in trees."
"I'll take it out for you," said he,
"Nay, nay, sir," cries the old queen bee,
"Take yourself out!" and then and there
The stinging bees fell on the bear.

—Harper's Round Table.

A NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING STORY.

So you wish me to tell you a Thanksgiving story? It will not take me long to decide who and what it shall be about, for although nature is spreading her silvery veil over my locks, it seems like a short time since I was a little girl, and loved to have grown-up folks tell me stories too. I might have been seven years old, when one cold November morning my dear grandpa came up to our house and said grandma wanted us to eat Thanksgiving dinner with them. I skipped and danced for joy, for to me there was not quite so nice a place in all the "wide, wide world," as grandpa's. I can almost see him now, with his clean, shiny, bald head and mild, beaming blue eyes, with features as beautiful as though just from the hand of the sculptor. I can almost hear his peculiar tread, for he was a sailor, in his youth, and ever afterward he kept pace as though the ship was about to careen with the boisterous sea. But, under his home-made suit, of gray satin, beat a heart that was noble and true, and the "dear, old homestead," with its sloping roof and small window-panes, was the most attractive place on earth. The "school-children" said my grandpa was "rich," and I believed it, for the hill on which he lived had a road over it that was "yellow as gold," and glistened so, in the summer's sun, that I selected some of the shining bits, from the wheel-tracks, and when a learned man came to my father's, I told him that I knew where there was a hill of gold, and it belonged to my grandpa, and I was not very well pleased when he informed me that it was "fool's gold." But, even if that proved a disappointment, I knew the dandelions were more yellow there and lay in little mats on the tender, green grass, like so many fifty-dollar gold-pieces, and the butter and the pumpkins were deeper golden than any other, and the goslings, as they waddled down to "the corner pond" looked like real balls of gold walking off. I can see, on a leaf of memory, the native, gray granite steps that led up to the "offset," and the line of "love-lies-bleeding" and cock's comb, along the border, with flowering "pusley," Province roses, larkspur, and "young-man's-love," with now and then a spire of double, pink holly-hock. This is a little word-picture, in summer-time, of the place where I was to pass Thanksgiving.

The night before, I went down there—I lived on a higher hill than they—to see what the prospect was, and found grandpa about to slay some chickens, for a pie. But, what was my dismay to learn they had decided to kill "Old Amber," a large, burnt-orange colored hen, with fluffy leggins from her hips down to her pretty feet, that looked like three-tined, gold forks. She was my pet of the whole flock, and I begged and plead with grandpa not to have her killed. I argued her eggs were so large and she was so handsome, and

it would *not* be a *chicken-pie*, if they put her in, for she was an *old hen*. Grandma smoothed the folds of her clean "blue and white checked; linen" apron, and said something low, to grandpa, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, and he soon decided to put poor squalling, bristling, "Amber" down, saying, "Old Amber ought to help along, some way, on Thanksgiving."

The next day, by one o'clock, I appeared on the scene in grandma's large, sweet kitchen, arrayed in a blue merino gown, with a bow of scarlet velvet at my throat, as "the town-street girls" did.

I can never forget the quantity of goodies. A big turkey, cranberry sauce and a variety of well-grown vegetables, roast beef, chicken pie (without any "Amber" in it) was the nicest dish of all. Then, there was the "yellow-corn-meal brown-bread from the big, brick oven, and smoking hot biscuit, pumpkin, squash, apple, tart and cream pies, rice-pudding and "raised cake," with delicious tea and a tiny pot of chocolate, all for me.

I was, for eight years, the only grandchild and I had a *grand time!* When evening drew on and the table was cleared away and dishes washed, the flames rolled high up the chimney, over a big, hickory back-log, and grandpa roasted chestnuts for me, in the ashes, now and then leaving one with its top uncut, to pop like a toy-pistol, and told stories of his going to South America, until the neighbors began to make their Thanksgiving evening calls, as was the custom in New England, and the good house-wife "passed 'round" a generous sample of all her pies and cake. They all enjoyed coming to "Aunt Harriet's and Uncle Harry's," as they called my grandparents. I curled up, Turk-fashion, in a red-post, splint-bottom chair, by grandpa, to hear their stories, watching the fire-light tint to redder hue a string of bright, scarlet peppers over the mantel.

They had two tallow candles, that night, because there was company in, and on the low, "three-legged stand" where they burned, in brass candle-sticks, was a bright tray and snuffers, to "snuff off the wick," as it lengthened. Besides, there was a fruit-dish, shaped like a gondola, piled high with polished apples, "seek-no-farthens," Baldwins, greenings and gilly-flowers.

Oh! such a home, and such dear, elderly people! I am not ill, children, but I feel a mist gathering in my eyes—sometime, you will know why.

Best of all, in one corner, on a "chest-of-drawers, lay a large, well-worn, leather-covered book, with heavy gilt letters, forming the words, "Holy Bible." Grandma used to open the great, beautiful volume, on her lap, and read to me, about a dear Child who once came on earth to save us from our sins, "and they called his name Jesus."

But the neighbors talked about farming and taxes, and lots of things that I did not understand, until I fell asleep and dreamed that my grandma gave me "Old Amber," and I saved all of her large, yellow-brown eggs, and when she wanted to set, I made her a nest of bright, yellow straw, in the "shop-room" and lined it with soft, sweet hay and put in fifteen eggs, and in three weeks she came off clucking and bristling, with thirteen little, downy things, with tiny, bead-like eyes and such dear, little, yellow toes, such as

"Old Amber" had when she was a chicky-baby. And I dreamed more, that all lived to grow up, and when Thanksgiving came I gave nine chickens to poor families and saved the four little hens to raise more chickens, to gladden more homes next Thanksgiving, and I was so delighted to think how happy I had made other little children, as well as their fathers and mothers, that I awoke, suddenly, exclaiming, Oh! grandmother, give me "Old Amber," and I will do lots of good with her, and ever so many poor children that have only had a crust to-day shall have a nice Thanksgiving next year. Will you let me have her please? She answered, with an approving nod, "I think I shall have to, my child," looking smilingly toward grandpa, and I said, Ar'nt you real glad, grandpa, that "Old Amber" was not baked in our chicken-pie? He concluded he was, for I kept my resolution; but it may be going too far to tell how many homes were made happy by "Old Amber's" life work. She lived to a good, old age, and a large, yellow stone, composed mostly of "fool's gold," marks the spot where she rests, in the garden, near the old homestead.

But, before we separated, that night, grandpa began to grow thoughtful, and rising brought out, from the buttery, the old, lignum-vitæ mortar and pestle, and said, "I wonder if we all know why we observe Thanksgiving? When our Pilgrim Fathers were in the pangs of starvation, and had only five kernels of corn apiece, each day they used to parch that quantity and mix it with molasses to make it go as far as possible. After asking God to save them, they found a kettle of corn that the Indians had buried, as they were digging a grave for one of their number, and thereupon they appointed a day of Thanksgiving." Then, grandpa counted out five kernels of corn, from that he had been parching in the ashes, and mixing it with molasses passed each one a spoonful, beginning with the oldest, to keep in recollection the privations of our Forefathers.

So closed the day and I went skipping home, with my parents, and "Old Amber" under my blanket-shawl.

Children, see what you can do Thanksgiving, Christmas or New Years, to make somebody happy. E. C. W. L.

REMEMBERING A COMRADE.

A band of wild young horses was driven into a corral. A fourteen-year-old girl walked in among the frightened stock toward a three-fourths blooded stallion and said:

"Hello! Frank, how large you have grown!" The horse came to her at once, and took sugar from her hand. She patted his neck and then said: "Now, Frank, I shall put a saddle and bridle on you, and I want a pleasant ride." Erelong the first saddle that had ever been on the stallion's back was adjusted, and he was led out to a wagon, from which the girl sprang into her seat. Her mother looked on alarmed, but noticing that the steed went off quietly, her fears were partly allayed. An hour later the horse and his rider came back, both seemingly well pleased with the outing.

There was a secret connected with this strange occurrence. Three years previously Frank was a sucking colt kept alone in that corral because his mother was at work. He was restless and lonesome, but Clara, this same girl, came to cheer the little fellow. She petted him and put him through all sorts of training antics. She lifted his feet as if he were to be shod; threw a blanket over his head, or a sack filled with straw across his

back; and after a time Frank, as she called him, could not be scared by any of her playful acts. If he behaved well she rewarded him by dainty bites. With confidence gained as to her kindly intentions he became an obedient pet. After the colt went to his mountain-range Clara saw him rarely; but the first ride she claimed proved that he remembered all that had passed years before. She often rode him after that, and he was always gentle. It was noticed that he was never ridden by anybody else.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

HISTORY OF THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY OF NEW MARKET, N. J.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of New Market was first organized on the 7th day of April, 1850, at the house of Rev. W. B. Gillette.

Article first of the Constitution at that date reads as follows:

This Society shall be known by the name of the Seventh-day Baptist Female Benevolent Society of Piscataway, the object of which shall be to aid in certain benevolent objects.

Mrs. Phebe D. Rose was elected President, and was re-elected each succeeding year until May 8, 1854, when her resignation was offered and accepted.

Mrs. W. C. Whitford then became President, and at the end of ten years was succeeded by Mrs. H. H. Baker.

Prominent among the names of those who have served as President of this Society, during the intervening years, are those of Mrs. L. C. Rogers, Mrs. L. A. Platts, Mrs. L. E. Livermore, Mrs. E. P. Saunders, Mrs. F. E. Peterson, and others.

From July 6, 1862, until November 11, 1874, no minutes were recorded, and, presumably, no meetings were held.

On Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 11, 1874, the ladies of the church met at the home of Deacon I. H. Dunn, and under the supervision of Mrs. L. A. Platts organized a society, which was called the Seventh-day Baptist Female Benevolent Society of New Market.

From that time until the present, the meetings of the Society have been held continuously, at regular stated intervals.

On January 20, 1887, at the residence of the Rev. J. G. Burdick, a new Constitution was adopted which gave the Society the name of the Seventh-day Baptist Ladies' Aid Society.

During these nearly forty-five years the object of the Society has been to aid in all charitable and benevolent enterprises, those of our own denomination receiving especial attention. The China Mission, Home for the Friendless, Sabbath Tract Society, mission fund for "Woman's Work for Missions," the "Susie Burdick Mission Fund," etc., have been generously remembered, while the "Macedonian" calls for help from many directions have been promptly responded to.

The sick and needy among the home church and Society have been made recipients of supplies and personal labor, and our own church has, at different times, received timely financial aid from the Society.

It has been customary for several years past to send a barrel of clothing to the family of the pastor of some of the smaller churches, while the semi-annual opening of the mite-boxes has come to be regarded as quite an important and interesting feature, and one worthy of adoption throughout the denomination.

The Society at the present date is in a thriving and prosperous condition, the mem-

bers manifesting a spirit of willingness to "reach forth their hands to the poor and needy." "Give her of the works of her hands and let her own works praise her in the gates." L. R.

NOVEMBER 13, 1895.

NEW YORK CITY CHURCH.

The Yearly Meeting was held, as per announcement in the SABBATH RECORDER, Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., preaching at the home of Dr. Wait and conducting the after meeting; 155 were present Sabbath morning in the Y. M. C. A. A good congregation listened to a discourse by the Rev. I. L. Cottrell, of Shiloh, N. J. Then followed an enjoyable dinner, 106 seated at table; a good, nice family gathering. At a quarter to three the great feature of this Yearly Meeting to us as a church occurred—the fiftieth anniversary exercises, under the direction of Dr. P. J. B. Wait. A beautiful souvenir has the portraits of Thomas B. Stillman and Elder Thomas B. Brown, "the promotor and first pastor," as the church was organized at the home of Thomas B. Stillman, 551 Fourth avenue, Nov. 9, 1845; following this was a list of the constituent members, only three of whom are now living. The program was full of interest, the papers were excellent, and with the remarks of the ex-Pastors, Revs. A. H. Lewis, O. D. Sherman, I. L. Cottrell, and W. C. Daland, are to be put into permanent form. A list of pastors and preachers, from the foundation of the church up to date, closes this beautiful souvenir. The closing session was held at the Mizpah Mission. The sermon was by the Rev. F. E. Peterson, 85 being present. While the delegation may be considered large for a yearly meeting, yet our people entertained their friends, we trust, to their satisfaction and with perfect ease. Sunday morning our friends occupied four boxes in the Academy of Music. As the papers of Miss Rogers and Prof. Babcock are to be published, with the remarks of the visiting brethren, it is not necessary for me now to attempt to give their remarks in this article. We feel grateful to the friends who came from the neighboring churches, and to the ministerial brethren who helped us to make this a memorable event in the history of this little church. J. G. B.

IN MEMORIAM.

On May 7, 1810, Benjamin F. Langworthy was born in the town of North Stonington, Conn. He died in Alfred, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1895. In the vicinity of his birth, his early manhood was spent, characterized always by the earnestness of purpose, yet the humility of spirit for which we afterward learned to esteem and love him.

For two years a member of the legislature of Connecticut, he was a man whose loyal public spirit was keenly alive to all the interests of community or State, but whose life both as a public and a private citizen was always dominated by high Christian motives.

He was ordained deacon of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hopkinton City, R. I., and served in the office of deacon in both the Pawcatuck, R. I., and Greenmanville, Conn., Seventh-day Baptist Churches.

On moving to Alfred in March, 1857, he became deacon of the First Alfred Church, in which office, and for many years the senior deacon, he served most faithfully as long as he lived.

Many who have received a home under his

hospitable roof; many who have received the helping hand in time of need; many who have received words of wisdom and advice, given in the spirit of love, will testify that not only for the name but for the spirit of that office will Deacon Langworthy be remembered.

No factor has been more prominent in the making of the history of Alfred than has Alfred University; and no man could have been more faithful and devoted to the interests of Alfred University than was Deacon Longworthy.

During the entire time of his nearly forty year's residence in Alfred, he has been a valued trustee. For nearly thirty years of the time he was president of the board, and resigned this position in 1892, only when failing health made it necessary to do so.

When personal sacrifice has been necessary for its financial support, Deacon Langworthy has been most generous. When in times of perplexity, it has needed the advice of cool, experienced men, he has been equal to the emergency.

As an executive officer, he has served with tact and wisdom. As a friend in every way, Deacon Langworthy has been to Alfred University just what he has been to his fellowmen, brave, loyal, true.

Deacon Langworthy was married April 11, 1833, to Amy Lewis, of Hopkinton, R. I., and Aug. 24, 1835, to her who was the mother of his children, Eliza Irish. Dec. 26, 1877, he was married to Maria Louise Wells, of Woodstock, Conn., who still survives him, and whose faithful help and tender care have done much to lighten the burdens of his declining years, and soften the pains of his last, long illness. He leaves, besides his wife, three sons and a daughter, nineteen grandchildren, four great-grandchildren.

To no life are the words of the poet more appropriate than to his.

"All hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the sake of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown."

B. C. D.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It is well to remember that vaselin makes the best dressing for russet shoes.

That spirits of turpentine is the best thing with which to cleanse and brighten patent leather.

That moderately strong salt and water taken by the teaspoonful at intervals is a cure for catarrh cold.

That a level teaspoonful of boracic acid dissolved in a pint of freshly-boiled water and applied cool is the best wash for inflamed sore eyes or granulated lids.

That the same is an excellent gargle for inflamed sore throat.

That soft newspaper is excellent to cleanse windows or any glassware.

That cold tea cleanses paint better than soap and water, unless the paint is white, when milk is better.

That milk should be used to cleanse oil cloth.

That a bit of raw onion will remove fly specks from gilding without injury to the gilding.

That a rough flat-iron may be made smooth by rubbing it when warm over a teaspoonful of table salt.

That a pinch of salt put into starch will prevent its "sticking."

That the white spots on a varnished surface will disappear if a hot flat-iron is held over them for a second.

That hard soap is better than grease to quiet creaking doors or to make unwilling bureau drawers submissive.—*Womankind.*

Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1895.

FOURTH QUARTER.

| | | |
|----------|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| Oct. 5. | The Time of the Judges..... | Judges 2: 1-12, 16 |
| Oct. 12. | The Triumph of Gideon..... | Judges 7: 18-23 |
| Oct. 19. | Ruth's Choice..... | Ruth 1: 14-22 |
| Oct. 26. | The Child Samuel..... | I Sam. 3: 1-13 |
| Nov. 2. | Samuel the Judge..... | I Sam. 7: 5-15 |
| Nov. 9. | Saul Chosen King..... | I Sam. 10: 17-27 |
| Nov. 16. | Saul Rejected..... | I Sam. 15: 10-23 |
| Nov. 23. | The Woes of Intemperance..... | Isalah 5: 11-23 |
| Nov. 30. | David Anointed King..... | I Sam. 16: 1-13 |
| Dec. 7. | DAVID AND GOLIATH..... | I Sam. 17: 38-51 |
| Dec. 14. | David and Jonathan..... | I Sam. 20: 32-42 |
| Dec. 21. | The Birth of Christ..... | Luke 2: 8-20 |
| Dec. 28. | Review..... | |

LESSON IX.—DAVID AND GOLIATH.

For Sabbath-day, Dec. 7, 1895.

LESSON TEXT.—1 Sam. 17: 38-51.

GOLDEN TEXT—The battle is the Lord's.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Lord's guiding and sustaining spirit had been withdrawn from King Saul, an evil spirit possessed him, and it was suggested by his servants that he seek a man who could play skillfully on a harp and soothe the evil spirit. Accordingly, David was sent for, who became not only his musician but his armor bearer. But after Saul was in a measure restored, David returned to his flocks again at Bethlehem, and there is where we find him when the Israelites went out to war with the Philistine army, and from whence he came to look after the welfare of his brethren and take up the challenge of the Philistine chief.

EXPLANATORY.

I. THE PREPARATION.

v. 38. "Saul armed David." The margin gives it, "Clothed David with his clothes." The Revised Version, "Clad David with his apparel." In all probability it was the military dress over which was put the coat of mail. While Saul might have recognized the fact that the Lord would strengthen David for the battle, still it was prudent that no pains should be spared on his part to secure success. v. 39. "David girded . . . and he assayed to go." As yet he might not have known fully which would be the best way to meet his enemy, and by making this trial he could not only satisfy himself, but Saul, as to the adaptability of the armor. "I cannot go with these." The armor proved not only useless, but an actual hindrance. In every way too cumbersome for such a lad. Besides I have no doubt he became fully aware that it was not God's plan that he should meet the Philistines in that way.

v. 40. "He took his staff." A common shepherd's staff or crook. "Choose him five smooth stones." Five, so that if one failed more would be at hand. No significance in the number itself so far as I can discover. Smooth, as it would enable them to go to the mark more swiftly and accurately. "And put them in a shepherd's bag." A bag or scrip was usually worn from the belt containing food or anything else needful to a shepherd. "And his sling was in his hand." The sling was a favorite weapon of the Syrian shepherds, and they were experts in the use of them, slinging stones at a hair without missing. (See Judges 20: 16.)

II. THE CONTESTANTS.

v. 41. "The Philistine came on . . . and the man that bear the shield went before him." Doubly protected by his own armor and the shield in the hand of the attendant. A striking contrast between the armaments of the two combatants; but a little reflection will enable us to see that David had a decided advantage, leaving out of account divine assistance. It has been estimated that Goliath's armor weighed nearly 275 lbs., and of course it had to be used at short range. While on the other hand the sling could be used at long range like a rifle; then, too, if the weapon failed, unincumbered by the heavy armor, he could readily flee from his enemy.

v. 42. "He disdained him." So unprotected, so young, so effeminate, Goliath looked upon David contemptuously.

v. 43. "And the Philistine cursed David by his gods." Dagon, Baal and Astarte, *i. e.*, he called upon his gods to curse him.

v. 45. "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts." Over and above the weapons of warfare with which each was equipped, the one comes relying upon his gods of wood and stone, the other in the name of the Lord of hosts. Thus we see the conflict is not alone between David and Goliath, but between the *true* and the *false* gods.

v. 46. "This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand." This was in response to Goliath's threat, "I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air." The custom was

then as now among the warlike tribes of Bedouins to exchange threats between the contending parties before the affray.

v. 47. "The Lord saveth not with sword." David leans firmly upon the arm of the Almighty, however much confidence he may have in his weapons or the dexterity with which he can use them.

III. THE BATTLE.

v. 48. "The Philistine arose . . . David hasted." The one coming with a great deal of pomp and "dignity" in gorgeous armor, the other in calm reliance upon God and his own skill with familiar weapons; "like Cromwell's soldiers who trusted in God and kept their powder dry."

v. 49. "David took thence a stone and slang it and smote the Philistine." It is thought by some that the reason why Goliath's forehead was unprotected was that on seeing David he threw back his head in a sort of contemptuous laugh, thus throwing back the helmet.

v. 51. "Stood upon the Philistine and took his sword . . . and slew him." The weapons which the wicked sometimes use in their own defense are turned to their own destruction. "Their own tongues fall upon them." Psa. 64: 8. "Haman was hung by his own gallows."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

In the minutes of the meeting of the Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society, of November 10th, I note with special interest the report of the committee appointed to confer with Dr. Lewis, concerning his employment by the Board in the work of Sabbath Reform, giving his entire time thereto.

The correspondence embodied in this report places the whole matter succinctly before us, and the question viewed in the light of that report means one of two things: A move forward, or a move in the other direction. There is no middle ground. We cannot continue the work under the present arrangement. Dr. Lewis pointedly says: "I must give up the Sabbath Reform work which I am now carrying, unless some definite modification is made in my work as a whole. I cannot longer carry the double load under which I have been struggling for many years."

Dr. Lewis is unquestionably the one man among us who is pre-eminently fitted for the Sabbath Reform work, which we as a people have espoused; and we cannot afford to do otherwise than to continue to avail ourselves of the services of the very best leader among us for that work, but under improved conditions. To change leaders at this juncture is to seriously weaken our front, and to unnecessarily delay the work.

The Board through its committee has done all in its power to carry out the wishes of the denomination as expressed by its representatives at Conference, and we shall be false to our professions of loyalty and our duty if we do not promptly supply the necessary financial aid, so enthusiastically and so unqualifiedly pledged at that time.

The December meeting of the Board is almost in sight. Let us see to it that every church has put its pledge for this work in the hands of the Treasurer of the Board before that time.

Yours truly, CORLISS F. RANDOLPH.

GIFFORD, Staten Island, N. Y.

PROVIDE good winter quarters for your ducks and feed plenty of grain during the winter, so as to start them laying early in the spring. If you don't raise ducks it would pay you to investigate. They do not occasion as much trouble as some people think, and there is money in them.

HAPPINESS, when looked into through another man's eyes, loses its charm.

WHAT-SO-EVER is brought upon thee, take cheerfully.

Popular Science.

A NEW system of underground railway for rapid transit, called the "Great Head System," is now in successful operation in London passing under the river Thames and several miles out into the suburbs. This system simply embraces a comparatively small tunnel, appearing much like a large sewer pipe, with a lining either of brick or cast iron, and having room for only one track. The cars have their sides and top made circular, so as to nearly fill the tube, thus they drive the air before and ventilate at each station, producing a vacuum in the rear, drawing into the tunnel fresh air. By this means, a change of atmosphere takes place every time a train passes through. These tubes can be safely laid at any depth, under buildings, or streams, without disturbance to either, and electrical power being used the same can drive the elevators at the stations. Apparently this system is cheap, safe, durable, and we see no reason why for rapidity of motion it would not fully meet the demands of the public.

ANOTHER big telescope has been projected to beat all other records. This time the challenge comes from France, and the monster is to be completed for the opening of the nineteenth century World's Fair in Paris. This telescope is to have an aperture of four feet. The Yerke's telescope for the University of Chicago has an aperture of three feet, four inches, and the Lick telescope of California has an aperture of three feet. This now is the largest refractor in use in the world. We await with interest the first reports from the Yerkes at Lake Geneva, Wis., which will come soon. This Paris telescope will embrace some novel features; for instance, the tube is to be immovable and to stand in a horizontal position; then by means of a large mirror, outside of the observatory, and adjustable, the images of the heavenly bodies are thrown into the refractor and are continually reflected in precisely the same direction. Whether Alvin Clark's Sons of this country, or the Henry Brothers of Paris, will construct these lenses is yet to be settled, a wonderfully delicate work which will take years to accomplish. Let us have the bright views from above, for the "Heavens declare the glory of God," and truly they "show forth his handy work."

THE agents used in the past to do the work of horses (so far as we know), have been steam, electricity, and more lately, petroleum. Since we referred to the trial of speed between Paris and Bordeaux in France, a distance of 358 miles and back, for a prize of \$8,000, further particulars have been received at the State Department in Washington, from which we extract the most important. These horseless carriages that competed were driven by steam, electricity, and petroleum, and those that succeeded averaged a speed of fifteen miles an hour. This certainly was fast traveling, considering the long lines of hills that had to be surmounted; of those propelled by electricity, only one made the 716 miles. Those driven by steam, lost time frequently to take coal and water, but the petroleum carriages carried force enough for twenty-four hours, and made the return journey without a single stop. The ordinary feeder used for petroleum carriages for a run of twenty or thirty miles, holds less than a gallon of oil. This oil

drops into the cylinder, drop by drop, in connection with atmospheric air, and by the heat of a small lamp is converted into a gas called gasoline, thus creating the power that drives the machinery. Evidently there will be rapid improvements in utilizing and applying this power in this country.

H. H. B.

ROTTED OFF BY BEER.

This is not a temperance treatise, but it has a bit of fact in it that the total abstainer may show to the beer drinker, whenever occasion offers. The attention of the New York hospital surgeons has been called to the big number of bartenders that have lost several fingers of both hands within the past few years. The first case was that of an employee of a Bowery Concert hall. Three of the fingers of his right and two of his left were rotted away when he called at Bellevue one day and begged the doctors to explain the reason. He said that his duty was to draw beer for the thousands who visited the garden nightly. The man was in perfect health otherwise, and it took the young doctors quite a time to arrive at any conclusion. But they did finally, and it nearly took the beerman's breath away when they did.

"Your fingers have rotted off," they said, "by the beer you have handled."

Other cases of a similar nature came rapidly after this one, and to-day the physicians estimate there is an army of employees of saloons whose fingers are being ruined by the same cause. The acid and resin in the beer are said to be responsible.

The head bartender of a well-known downtown saloon says he knows a number of cases where beer-drawers have, in addition to losing several of the fingers of both hands, lost the use of both members. "Beer will rot iron, I believe," he added. "I know, and every bartender knows, that it is impossible to keep a good pair of shoes behind the bar. Beer will rot leather as rapidly almost as acid will eat into iron. If I were a temperance orator I'd ask what must beer do to men's stomachs if it eats away men's fingers and their shoe leather. I'm here to sell it, but I won't drink it, not much."—*New York Mail and Express.*

THE WOMAN WHO LAUGHS.

For a good, every-day household angel, give us a woman who laughs. Her biscuit may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace dislocated buttons; but for solid comfort all day and every day, she is a paragon. Home is not a battle field nor life one long, unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or, if the matter has no bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty, one of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try.

Special Notices.

WANTED.

Copies of the *Seventh-day Baptist Quarterly*, Vol. I., No. 3. Fifty cents apiece will be paid for a limited number of copies.

Address,

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH,
(Great Kills P. O.) Staten Island, N. Y.

REV. J. T. DAVIS, having returned to his home in California requests his correspondents to address him at Lakeview, Riverside Co., California.

THE next Quarterly Meeting of the Hebron, Hebron Center, Shingle House, and Portville Churches will convene with the Portville Church, meeting commencing

Sabbath evening, Dec. 13, 1895. A cordial invitation is extended to all who are interested in the success of Christ's work. Come with the expectation of a good meeting.
G. P. KENYON, *Pastor.*

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 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.
M. B. KELLY, *Pastor.*

WHEN you receive the new Minutes, please turn first of all to page 48; and then see that your church is not behind on the financial question. Money is needed at once to pay the expenses of our exhibit at Atlanta, and to pay for publishing the Minutes. Nineteen churches have already paid. Please follow their good example.
WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, *Treas.*

ALFRED, N. Y.,

NOVEMBER 10, 1895.

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 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, 509 Hudson St.

THE Churches of Berlin, Coloma, and Marquett, hold their next Semi-annual Meeting with the Church of Berlin, at Berlin, Wis., on the first Sabbath in December. Elder S. H. Babcock of Walworth was invited to be present and preach the introductory discourse, and Elder W. C. Whitford as alternate. The Meeting to commence at 7 P. M., and continue over Sabbath and First-day following. A. L. Richmond, Dr. A. L. Burdick, Mrs. John Noble and Henry Clark were requested to prepare essays for the occasion.
E. D. R., *Clerk.*

THE Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin Churches, will convene with the Church of Milton Junction, on Sixth-day evening, Nov. 29th, at 7 o'clock.

The following is the program of services as arranged:
For Sixth-day evening, sermon by E. M. Dunn.

Sabbath, 10 A. M., Sabbath-school, conducted by Wm. B. West, Superintendent of the Milton Junction Sabbath-school.

Sabbath, 11 A. M., sermon, E. A. Witter.

Sabbath, 2.30 P. M., sermon, S. H. Babcock.

Sabbath at 6 P. M., Praise and conference meeting, conducted by E. A. Witter.

First-day, 10.30 A. M., sermon, Pres. W. C. Whitford.

First-day, 2 P. M., program under the direction of the Y. P. S. C. E. Committee.

First-day, 7 P. M., sermon, Rev. S. L. Maxson.

THE Ministerial Conference of the Southern Wisconsin Churches will convene in connection with the Quarterly Meeting, with the Church of Milton Junction, on Sixth-day, Nov. 29, 1895, at 10.30 A. M.

The following is the program:

1. What is the best way to conduct Sixth-day evening prayer meetings? Prof. W. D. Thomas.
 2. What aid, if any, may be derived from tradition, in the investigation of the scriptures? Prof. E. B. Shaw.
 3. Compare the preaching of forty years ago with that of to-day and account for the change. S. H. Babcock.
 4. What are the causes which prevent the highest usefulness of the churches? E. M. Dunn.
 5. What is meant by the Resurrection? When, relatively, will it occur? W. D. Tickner.
 6. What is Christian Science? What are its effects upon its adherents? E. A. Witter.
 7. What is the duty of our churches toward our colleges? Pres. W. C. Whitford.
- What should be the attitude and duties of the Christian in politics? S. L. Maxson.

Secretary.

DIDN'T NEED ELOCUTION.

Bishop Simpson preached some years ago in the Memorial Hall, London. For half an hour he spoke quietly, without gesticulation or uplifting of his voice; then, picturing the Son of God bearing our sins in his own body on the tree, he stooped, as if laden with an immeasurable burden, and rising to his full height, he seemed to throw it from him, crying, "How far? As far as the east is distant from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." The whole assembly, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, rose, remained standing for a second or two, then sank back into their seats. A professor of elocution was there. A friend who observed him, and knew that he had come to criticise, asked him when the service was over, "Well, what do you think of the bishop's elocution?" "Elocution!" said he, "that man doesn't want elocution; he's got the Holy Ghost!"

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

MISS GORDON CUMMING in "Two Happy Years in Ceylon," says, "Government holds a monopoly of the whole liquor traffic of the isle, and has, therefore, a direct interest in pushing the sale of drink. Hence railway refreshment cars and rooms are exempt from paying license, and the stations are placarded with advertisements of the whisky which has dug more British graves in Ceylon than malaria, sunstroke and cholera put together."

Literary Notes.

Jerome K. Jerome's Short Stories.

Jerome K. Jerome has written a series of short stories for the Ladies' Home Journal. They will be published during the ensuing few months, under the caption of "Stories of the Town." Mr. Jerome portrays well-known types or characters in these stories, the first of which he calls "Blase Billy." The series is interesting from the fact that it constitutes the first short stories that Mr. Jerome has ever written directly for an American periodical.

THE Hartford Seminary Record opens its sixth volume with an interesting number. Professor Jacobus discusses the question: "Do the times suggest doctrinal preaching?" with tact and breadth. His article shows the skill

AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS! The grandest and fastest selling book ever published in DARKNESS & DAYLIGHT or LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE By Helen Campbell, and Supt. Byrnes, with introduction By Rev. Lyman Abbott. It overflows with pathos, humor, fact and story, splendidly illustrated with 250 superb engravings from flash-light photographs of real life. Ministers say "God speed it." Every one laughs and cries over it, and Agents are selling it by thousands. \$100 more Agents wanted—men and women. \$100 to \$200 a month made. Send for Terms to Agents, and choice specimens of the beautiful engravings. Address: HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

of the trained exegete brought to bear upon a topic of current discussion. Having strongly dissented from the method of preaching doctrine for doctrine's sake, he shows how the Epistles of Paul, which are usually called most purely doctrinal, owed both form and content to the needs of those to whom they were addressed. They were not doctrinal treatises, they were practical applications of the truths of Christianity to the issues then uppermost. Because they brought to the questions of the hour the truths of Christianity which the hour needed, they were effective. To-day has its live issues. Among them are the sociological problem, the question of municipal reform, and the attitude of young men to the churches. Unquestionably there lie within evangelical Christianity truths

that apply to those topics foremost in the thought of the day. The times not only suggest but demand that the minister should seek these out and preach them with directness and vigor. It would be a good thing if ministers when preparing to preach doctrinally would enter into Professor Jacobus' idea of what doctrinal preaching is.

The editorial pages are taken up with pithy editorials on live-topics, and the department of Book Reviews shows the same method of compact presentation of judgment that has been the custom of the magazine.

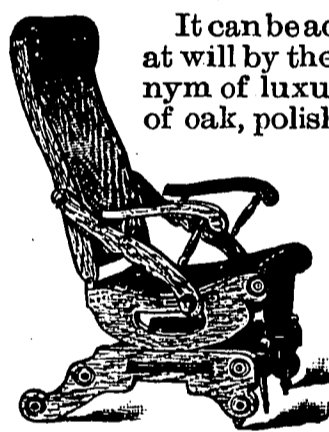
There appears also an account of the opening of the year with an abstract of the President's address on that occasion, and the Roll of Students, the latter showing a considerable gain over last year.

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A "CHAUTAUQUA" DESK, MOST POPULAR EVER MADE.

Number in use exceeds any other one article of furniture. Has gladdened half a million hearts. Solid Oak throughout, hand-rubbed finish. Very handsome carvings. It stands 5 ft. high, is 2 1/2 ft. wide, writing bed 24 in. deep. Drop leaf closes and locks. A brass rod for curtain.

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Our soaps are sold entirely on their merits with a guarantee of purity. Thousands of families use them, and have for many years, in every locality, many in your vicinity.

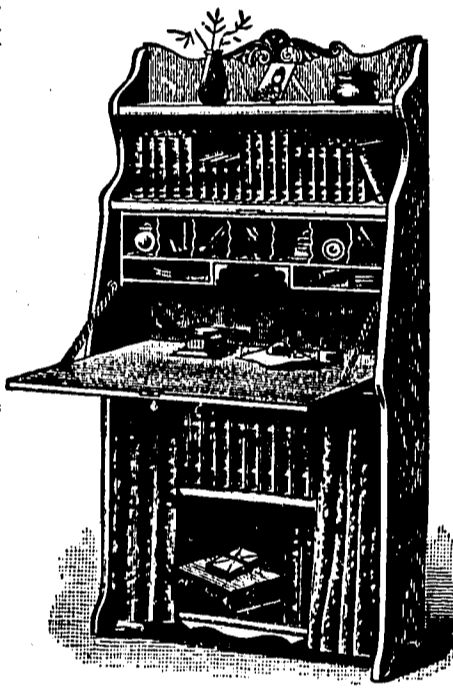


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NOTE.—We are personally acquainted with Mr. Larkin, of the Soap Manufacturing Company of Buffalo; have visited their factory; have purchased and used their goods and premiums offered, and we know that they are full value. The only wonder is that they are able to give so much for so little money. The Company are perfectly reliable.—The Evangelist.

MARRIAGES.

CLARKE—KING.—In their future home at Alfred, N. Y., by Rev. B. C. Davis, Oct. 23d, 1895, Mr. Alvord B. Clarke and Miss Lucy F. King, both of Alfred.

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.

LANGWORTHY.—In Alfred, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1895, Deacon B. F. Langworthy, in the 86th year of his age. Further notice will be given in another column. B. C. D.

RANDOLPH.—In Berlin, N. Y., Nov. 1895, Esther H. Randolph, aged 87 years.

In early life she embraced Christ and became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist Church, in Berlin, of which she remained a member until transferred into the fellowship of the church above. "We all do fade as a leaf."

SAUNDERS.—Son of Joshua and Olive Saunders, was born in DeRuyter, N. Y., in 1807, and died in Preston, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1895.

About 1829 he was united in marriage to Louisa Hills. A few years later he was baptized by Eld. Maxson and united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church. He afterward went with the Adventist movement of 1844. Most of the time for the past 25 years he has been with his daughter, Mrs. Clarinda Coon, of Lincklaen Centre. Funeral services were held the 17th, in the Seventh-day Adventist Church, of Lincklaen. Sermon by the writer. Text, "The Master is here and calleth thee." John 11: 28. (R. V.) O. S. M.

WILCOX.—In Westerlo, R. I., Nov. 14, 1895, Welcome Stillman Wilcox, in the 65th year of his age.

Funeral services were held at the home of his sister, Mrs. J. G. Raynor, Westerlo, R. I., Nov. 16, 1895, conducted by the pastor of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist Church. W. C. D.

SATISFACTORILY ANSWERED.

The editor of the Christian Work although convinced by a visit to the manufactory of the Larkin Soap M'fg. Co., and by personal use of their goods in his own household, of the merits of the wonderful offers this Company makes, one of which is advertised in our columns, desired to obtain a consensus of opinion of their goods from subscribers of that paper, who had become patrons of The Larkin Soap Co., and these are some of the replies he received to a letter of inquiry, which he mailed to each:

"I consider the box of soap worth \$10 alone without the Chautauqua Desk, and would not hesitate for a moment to advise any of my friends to send for it. I expect soon to order another box."

Another: "We will patronize them again."

It is very gratifying to a publisher to learn that an advertisement which has appeared in his paper has proved so satisfactory, even though the offers made by the advertiser seem prodigious.

Starved to Death

In midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. Infant Health is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

Advertisement for Premium Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos, and Violins. Includes text: "WONDERFUL PROGRESS In one hour by the use of our LETTERED FINGER-BOARD and SIMPLIFIED INSTRUCTOR. Latest Musical invention, which can only be had with the 'PREMIUM' GUITARS, MANDOLINS, BANJOS, VIOLINS. FINEST ON EARTH. Sold Direct from the manufacturer to the user. You save 25 per cent, the Dealer's Profit. PRICE RANGE FROM \$5.00 UP. The United States Music Co. CINCINNATI, O."

Advertisement for Barley Crystals. Includes text: "TRADE MARK REGISTERED. BARLEY CRYSTALS New Diuretic, Rheumatism, Tonic Cereal; also Gluten Dyspepsia Flour, and Diabetes Flour. Pamphlet and Cooking Samples Free. Unrivalled in America or Europe. Ask Dealers, or Write Farwell & Rhine, Westport, N. Y., U.S.A."

