

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

TO BE, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposiug, end them. To die—to sleep
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep:
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

—Shakspeare.

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Press on! for it is Godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!
Press on! "For in the grave there is no work
And no device." Press on! While yet you may!
—Willis.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY has published one of the finest catalogues we have seen. The printing was done at this office. It is finely illustrated with portraits of the late President Allen and Geo. H. Babcock; also with elegant views of the buildings and of the campus. It gives all needful information respecting the courses of study and facilities for a thorough college education, and the fine arts. Its theological seminary, preparatory school, training class for teachers, alumni association and various other lines of information are ample. It is a beautiful souvenir for all who are interested in this useful institution. For a catalogue address President B. C. Davis, Alfred, N. Y.

AFTER Thanksgiving. Did you really do what you should have done in kindly looking after some of the sick and needy ones in your vicinity? Did you make some person or some families happy with your thoughtfulness? If so you are the happier now for your deeds. But if you were forgetful then, and now regret it, why not do your best to make amends by going at your *first* opportunity and doing this neglected duty? Do not wait for another Thanksgiving to come around. Those whom you can and should bless may not be with you then. Try and make their few remaining days bright with tokens of your love and service, remembering, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me."

LAST week a person spoke to the editor of the RECORDER about a certain widow who was not able to take the RECORDER, but who would be delighted to have it. The next day a letter came to hand asking if we knew of some person who could not pay for the paper, but who would be glad to have it. We answered the inquiry at once, and that provided for one new subscriber. Now are there not many other people who will be willing to bless some of God's worthy poor by paying for a RECORDER for them for a year or more? This is one of the best ways for doing good. The RECORDER circulation might be considerably extended in that way. Now is a good time to begin. For all who will send the RECORDER in that way, \$2 will pay for it from now until the first of January, 1897.

THE tide seems to be setting in very heavily in favor of a union of Church and State, a sentiment that to the majority hitherto has been very repugnant. This effort now appears to have only a partial application, and would not be tolerated at all were it not for the purpose of enforcing the observance of Sunday

and thus over-riding the conscientious convictions and guaranteed rights of many loyal citizens. To carry this one point of religious legislation, Protestants unite with Roman Catholics, reformers with conservatives, and political organizations consort together to compel all men to bow to the will of the majority in matters of conscience. Carried out logically in States where Baptists happen to be in the majority, a law may be passed compelling all who would enter into church relationship to be immersed, forbidding infant baptism by methods now acceptable to pedobaptists. Then, when the latter is in the ascendancy it would be easy to secure legislation forbidding baptism by immersion, since sprinkling is believed to be more convenient, and accompanied by less exposure. Therefore as a health measure, for the public good, immersion would be ruled out. Just such a condition now exists in Saxony (Europe), where Baptists are forbidden to immerse or do anything to disturb the quiet of the Lutherans.

THE *Advent Review* and *Sabbath Herald* quotes our language in the RECORDER of Nov. 7th, in reference to the German pretender and healer, Schlatter, then in Denver, Colorado, but since having fled to parts unknown. We quoted Mark 13: 22 as applicable to his case, which view the *Review* and *Herald* pronounces correct. It then adds: "Precisely! And now will the RECORDER allow us to inquire if it was not in the last days that such things were to appear; and if, when we see them, we are not to know that the second coming of the true Christ is at the doors?"

Certainly. We have not the least objection to the inquiry. Nor do we imagine that the RECORDER and the *Review* and *Herald* would be very greatly at variance on the general interpretation of the prophecies relating to the second coming of Christ. There are many "signs of the times" indicative of the approach of important changes, and even of the second coming as foretold in Scripture. Probably the greatest difference of views would be in regard to the stress to be laid on the confessedly uncertain time of the advent. To our mind it matters little whether that great event shall come to-morrow, next year or the next century. Our duty is plain, and all men should live in a constant state of readiness to meet the Saviour, whether he shall come in person to establish his reign upon earth, or to judge the world, or whether he shall call us home by disease, accident or any other form of his providence. Men should have some other incentive to righteous living than the fear of the Judgment. Seventh-day Baptists generally believe that the "second coming of Christ" is taught in the Scriptures. But remembering the numerous times in the past which men have set for his advent, backed up by (to them) the most positive proofs of figures and prophecy, and remembering the emphatic declaration of Christ touching this question (Matt. 24: 36), "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only," they deem it unnecessary, and even presumptuous, to attempt to fix the date of that event. It is true that Adventists generally have learned, by many disappointing experiences, the folly of attempting to fix the exact day for that event; but they continue to place greater emphasis upon the nearness of the coming than we do, or than we think is wise. Still if

men can be found who will believe the gospel, reform their lives and become faithful servants of Christ, quicker, by being taught that the second coming is an event liable to occur any moment, we shall rejoice in their reformation, and righteous living, and hope that it will endure, even when they find many years passing by without the literal fulfilment of that doctrine which was an incentive to their change of purpose.

STRANGELY enough, the Bible, as it is, does not seem to be sufficiently generous and liberal to suit the demands of some of the women of these progressive times. It is announced that soon there will be a "Woman's Bible" on the market. Our venerable friend and advocate of woman suffrage, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, is the editor in chief, and this new edition of the Bible, it is said, will be more to her liking than the one she has had before her in former years. When this new Bible is out, will it be necessary to change the title of the one hitherto in use, and designate it as man's Bible? There is already a distinction in Bibles, as the "Catholic Bible," and the "Protestant Bible." Now if it is necessary to divide it on the sex line, why not also on the race line, and thus give us a "Black man's Bible," and a "White man's Bible?"

It has been supposed by some that the "Woman's Bible" would differ essentially from our King James' version, or the Revised. But now it is said the difference is to consist in the comments made, and the interpretations given. Well, women have just as much right to publish their views and comments and to make their interpretations as men have, and their comments will be accepted or rejected according to their worth, judged both by their intrinsic merits and by the known views and character of those who submit their opinions. Mrs. Stanton has made a very poor announcement in her preface, if she desires to have her views accepted by most of the suffragist-women. She says in her preface that she does not believe in the "divine authority" of the Scriptures, nor that the Old Testament or the New was inspired, and that she does not believe that woman's emancipation is possible as long as she accepts the position assigned her in the Christian or any other religion, for "all the religions on the face of the earth degrade her."

Is it any wonder that devout Christian men and women hesitate to enlist in a "reform" movement under the leadership of a person of such pronounced sentiments of infidelity as the above? In her address given at the recent interesting occasion of the celebration of her eightieth birthday, in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, where there were probably three thousand women present, speaking of what women must demand of the churches, she said:

First, we must see that the canon laws, Mosaic Code Scriptures, prayer books, liturgies, be purged of all invidious distinctions of sex, of all false teachings as to woman's origin, character and destiny.

Third, we must insist that all unworthy reflections on the sacred character of the mother of the race, such as the allegory of her creation and fall, and Paul's assumptions as to her social status, be expunged from our Church literature. Such sentiments cannot inspire the rising generations with respect for their mothers.

Fourth, we must demand that the pulpit be no longer desecrated with men who read these invidious passages of Scripture, and preach from texts that teach the subordination of one-half of the human race to the other.

Extended comment is unnecessary. It will

not be difficult for people of discrimination to see that such a leader is unsafe. It is a pity, but the fault is not with those who regret that Mrs. Stanton feels called upon, in her last years, to give utterance to such sentiments. Could she have her own way, she would sweep the Bible out of existence. But her efforts will be as futile and harmless as the waves that beat against the rocks of Gibraltar. The Bible has withstood such assaults for many centuries, and is capable of resisting for as many more, without injury. Had Mrs. Stanton been satisfied to make the proper and rational interpretations of the Scripture, rather than to condemn it, and all ministers who even read it from the pulpit, it would have seemed more modest, to say the least. A fair and just interpretation of the Scriptures will not degrade any woman. It is in Christian countries that woman receives her greatest elevation and freedom from the bondage in which she is held where the light of the Gospel does not shine. There may be, and we honestly believe there are, just grounds for complaint that she is still denied some rights and privileges to which she is entitled. But it is a great mistake to attempt to slide the responsibility off on the Bible. This is an error which will react fearfully against the cause in which Mrs. Stanton has expended her best efforts for the past fifty years. We do not predict a very large demand for the "Woman's Bible."

CONFERENCE MINUTES.

The Minutes of our late General Conference have been sent out to the churches in packages to some central point from which each church can get its individual package. Those designed for the churches in Rhode Island and Connecticut have been sent by freight to Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I. For Churches in the Western Association to Prof. W. C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y. For churches in the Western States, to L. T. Rogers, Milton Junction, Wis. For Shiloh and Marlboro, N. J., to Rev. I. L. Cottrell. For churches in West Virginia, to Pres. T. L. Gardiner, Salem. For Central Association, First and Second Brookfield and West Edmeston, to J. A. Platts, Leonardsville. For DeRuyter, Otselic, Linklaen, Cuyler and Scott, to L. R. Swinney, DeRuyter. For Adams Centre and Watson, to A. B. Prentice. For South-Western Association, Geo. W. Lewis, Hammond.

Charges will be prepaid in cases where they can be. When charges are paid by those receiving packages, if the same is reported to this office, they will be reimbursed. Scattered Seventh-day Baptists can receive a copy on application to this office.

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

Two robbers took \$55,000 from the Express Company's agent at Colorado Springs, November 11th.

THE next regular meeting of the Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society will occur in Plainfield, N. J., Dec. 8, 1895, at 2.15 P. M.

It is said that Portugal is practically bankrupt; and yet her crown jewels are among the most valuable in the world. The crown alone is valued at \$8,000,000.

THREE bears near Foxboro, Wis., broke into a shed recently, and two men attempting to

trap them were attacked fiercely by the brutes and almost instantly killed.

Two Mormon preachers in White Post, Ky., were forcibly taken from a church and placed astride of a rail, and in that way were given a free ride into West Virginia, and would not return.

HEAVY SNOWS and blizzard weather was reported in Texas, Indian Territory, and other localities, last week, while it was almost warm enough to do without artificial heat in Plainfield.

JERUSALEM, that once famous and holy city, now has 135 saloons for selling liquor within its walls; the license fees go to Constantinople. An application to establish a brewery there has been refused.

THE Cuban war still drags its slow length along. A battle between 10,000 Spaniards and 4,000 Cubans occurred Nov. 19th. It lasted 36 hours, and the Cubans, being reinforced, were victorious.

IN Granada, Mexico, Nov. 12th, a school-building was burned and many lives were lost in the flames. Two boys had been punished for misconduct and it is supposed this was the work of their revenge.

SCHAFFER, a gambler of New York, has testified that he regularly and systematically divided his profits with Supt. Byrnes. Mr. Byrnes is now in Europe and cannot stop to answer to such charges.

THE New York Bible Society has distributed 86,311 Bibles and Testaments during the year. These distributions have been in New York city alone and have reached persons in twenty-five different languages.

REVIVAL efforts are reported from different places in New Jersey. Bro. J. L. Huffman is expected this week in New Market, to conduct a series of union meetings there. He was expected last week, but was not able to come.

DEBS, who figured so prominently in a striking farce a year and a half ago, is now out of jail and apparently ready to stir up the same kind of strife. He now takes to lecturing. Perhaps Corbett and Fitzsimmons will do likewise.

THE great forty-inch object-glass of the Yerkes telescope is finished and has been accepted. The observatory on Geneva Lake, Wis., is progressing finely. It does not seem likely that the telescope will be mounted before next spring.

A DISPATCH from Rome reports the Pope ill again. His advanced age leads to an anticipation of a speedy departure whenever there is any slight illness. There is much speculation about his probable successor. Cardinal Satolli is in the line.

It is stated that Dr. Cyrus Edson, the former president of the Board of Health, New York, has discovered what he believes will be a specific for consumption. He calls it asepin. He makes no disclosure yet of its formula, but continues to experiment.

A FORTUNE of \$15,000,000 has fallen to Miss Elizabeth Kelly, of Philadelphia, the daughter of a poor gardener. Her father's brother left his estate to her. It is suggested

that some duke or earl should at once start for America and capture the prize.

THE new discovery of argon, an element of air hitherto unknown, was made by Lord Rayleigh and Prof. William Ramsey of England. These gentlemen have just received a check of \$10,000 from the Smithsonian Institute for a prize paper on the discovery.

KANSAS has 100,000 more population than Texas; but in the former State saloons are prohibited, in the latter, allowed. In Kansas there is one penitentiary and 995 culprits. In Texas there are two penitentiaries, numerous saloons and 3,000 convicts. Does not prohibition prohibit?

THE report of the Postmaster-General shows the gross receipts of post-offices, for the year, to have been \$60,538,097. He estimates that \$12,960,300 will be needed for free delivery next year. There are 19,691 money order offices, and orders to the amount of \$156,709,089 were issued.

COLGATE UNIVERSITY has a total enrollment of 213 students, distributed as follows: Seniors, 21; Juniors, 41; Sophomores, 57; Freshmen, 48. Total, 167. In the Theological Seminary, Seniors, 10; Middle, 20; Juniors, 16. Total, 46. Of the 46 students in the Seminary, 41 are college graduates.

THE fast mail train on New York Central Railroad was wrecked near Rome, N. Y., last week, by miscreant boys. Two men were killed and the lives of fifty passengers were jeopardized. But strange to say none of the fifty passengers in the three sleepers were seriously hurt. Four boys from 18 to 19 years of age are under arrest.

THE chilly announcement last week of snow drifts six feet deep in Michigan, and that, even before Thanksgiving, caused us to feel thankful for the balmy spring weather of New Jersey. Still we were aware that sooner or later our time would also come; for even balmy Jersey is not an entire stranger to cold and blizzard-like weather.

MR. SMALLS, a Negro, and ex-member of Congress, in a speech made in a convention in South Carolina said, "Since reconstruction times, 53,000 Negroes have been killed in the South, and not more than three white men have been convicted and hung for these crimes." This seems like a very grave state of affairs between the two races in the South.

THE Baptists in Saxony are protesting against the legality of an order which the government has issued forbidding them to baptize or do anything which might disturb the peace of the Lutheran Church. Certainly, and it will not be long before the same thing will be witnessed in our country, if Church and State are united, as many people now propose for the enforcement of Sunday laws.

THE potato crop this year has been pronounced a failure in many localities, because of its great abundance. Well, that is better than to fail in getting any crop at all, or to have the potatoes rot seriously, as they sometimes do. In this country the total crop has been estimated at 282,000,000 bushels. In some places it does not pay to dig them because the price is so low, ranging from five cents per bushel and up.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

ONE of the fruits of the Parliament of Religions appears in the resignation by Dr. Barrows of his pastorate at the First Presbyterian Church, Chicago, to accept the call to India. A year ago last October Mrs. Caroline E. Haskell wrote to Pres. Harper: "I take pleasure in offering to the University of Chicago the sum of \$20,000 for the founding of a second lectureship on the relations of Christianity and the other religions. These lectures, six or more in number, are to be given in Calcutta, India, and, if deemed best, in Bombay, Madras, or some other point of the chief cities of Hindoostan, where large numbers of educated Hindoos are familiar with the English language." This lectureship has been earnestly requested by representatives of India themselves. Dr. Barrows by reason of his connection with the Parliament of Religions and by his general qualifications is, by universal consent, the man to fill it. It is the opinion of missionaries in India that the cordial treatment given every representative of a religion from India at Chicago will doubtless lead many people of the non-Christian faiths of India to give Dr. Barrows an enthusiastic reception and sympathetic hearing.

OUR friend, E. H. Lewis, will pardon us if in return for his courteous correction of November 14th, we note two misleading points in his excellent article. He states that Prof. Laughlin was not at the head of Prof. Bemis' department when the latter left the University, and seems to imply that the former had nothing to do with the latter's dismissal. Mr. Bemis' original place—the one which he came to the University to fill—was in Prof. Laughlin's department, and his transfer from that department was the beginning of the troublesome history which culminated in his dismissal from the University.

We quite agree, as Mr. Lewis well states, that the only true and proper business of university instructors is to teach "not their own personal views on noted questions of public interest, but all the facts in such cases so far as their investigation has discovered them." We cannot, however, take as flattering a view of Prof. Laughlin's reputation in this regard as does he. Prof. Laughlin is a partisan—enough of a partisan to engage in a heated public discussion last summer with W. H. Harvey on the money question. That a man of his pronounced and uncompromising opinions should not permit those opinions to color his teaching is too much to expect.

We are glad that Dr. Harper could state so emphatically that neither the expressed nor the supposed wishes and views of the patrons of the University have had anything to do with the case in hand; also that he could absolutely deny the statement placed in his mouth: "It is all very well to sympathize with the workingman, but we get our money from those on the other side, and we cannot afford to offend them." Coming from a man of such unquestionable integrity, these statements must be regarded as final.

The public could hardly be blamed, however, for its suspicions. It was certainly a very unhappy coincidence that the one man in the university who had a reputation for fearlessly pointing out the sins of the corporations should have been the man to prove "incompetent" and a "misfit," while his colleague

who is so constructed as to see economic problems from the capitalists' standpoint continues in favor.

The class of facts which Mr. Bemis had the reputation of presenting should have a place in the instruction of a great university. We trust that the authorities will soon be able to secure a competent well-fitting and fearless man to present them; and we shall watch for such action with much interest.

"TOO FINE," is the judgment passed by a north-western correspondent on the papers and addresses delivered at the recent Congregational Council at Syracuse. "Some were too uniformly lofty and profound in thought, and some were too constantly rhetorical and brilliant in expression. We should have liked a little plain bread mingled with the rich sweets and dainties pressed so lavishly upon our taste." It is worthy of note that at the Sunday morning service—considered the most important of the whole assembly—the cultured audience listened with profound attention to "a Scriptural and simple sermon from that unlettered but truly anointed preacher of the Word, Mr. D. L. Moody.

Welcome, education and culture as handmaidens in the work of preaching the gospel; we need to be often reminded that it takes something more than original epigrams and rhetorical fireworks to bring sinful men to the foot of the cross.

"GRAPHO," of the *Advance* thinks our American civilization has some very peculiar aspects. It is a case of chills and fever. Here are our college boys beating and bruising and thumping and kicking one another right under the eyes and noses of presidents and professors who carry bundles of D. D's., LL. D's., Ph. D's., and other titles at the end of their names; and there is the whole country rising up in hot and solemn protest against two prize fighters getting together and having it out then and there without going through the form of entering freshman or sophomore classes to get it.

"And here is another peculiar, shamefully peculiar, aspect of our civilization, in the same State in which the prize fight is kept out at so much cost and with such commendable courage, a negro offender is tied to a stake and burned, burned with slow fire, which is partially quenched to prolong the writhing victim's agony, burned in a public square of a leading city with all the town and surrounding country there to look on."

And, by the way, we read in the morning paper that a mob got the wrong negro again yesterday and hung him by mistake. It does seem to us they might be a little more careful.

"GRAPHO" cheers himself, however, with the remembrance that after the long, hard pull at the Atlanta Exposition as to whether they would have a Mexican bull fight or a revival meeting by Moody, the revival won.

A TIMELY WORD.

One cold, sleety, gloomy November evening, when I had settled comfortably down before my bright fire, with the pleasant jingle of the tea things in my ear and an entertaining book in my hand, a furious ring was heard at my surgery bell.

"Dear me!" I thought, putting my feet snugly on the fender, "surely nobody wants the poor doctor to-night."

"Wanted, please, sir," said my servant, as

he slipped a note into my hand. I looked at it in dismay. Yes; I was really wanted, and that without delay. Only a distance of eight or ten miles, and that right across the dreariest part of the forest. There was no help for it; I must put on my dreadnaught, and start immediately. The moon was nearly at her full, that was one good thing.

"Who brought the note, Giles?" I inquired eagerly, with a vague hope that the messenger might bear me company.

"Old Peter Cox, sir."

"Is he going back, then?"

"Oh, no, sir. He'll sleep at his daughter's, sir."

"Well, get Jerry saddled, Giles. I must start in five minutes."

Jerry came round at the appointed time—a fine, stoutly built, brindly cob, capable of doing a vast amount of work, with a splendid head and a pair of large, lustrous eyes. Jerry and I had been fast friends for several years. He knew the forest almost as well as I did. I always selected him for difficult journeys. I think he knew it was rather unpleasant now, so he gave a snort of determined acquiescence.

We cantered pleasantly along the straggling village road, catching glimpses of snug firesides and busy farmsteads, then out into the lonely, dreary forest.

Not a single wayfarer did we meet, though we had passed over five or six weary miles. Suddenly Jerry pricked up his ears and gave a snort of intensified delight. I listened, and by and by saw something looming in the far distance; then the creak of wheels was heard breaking on the silence. What could it be? A coal-huckster's cart, drawn by a wretched, half-starved horse, dragging his weary load painfully along. But where was the huckster himself? Not with his cart; oh, no; the patient and diligent creature was fulfilling his task more faithfully than his master. Where could he be? Jerry seemed concerned, and cast a pitying glance on the lank, lean, much-enduring animal; but he went on, and so did we. For a full mile nothing was to be seen; then a small, dark speck was discernible in the road—a man careening along, legs apart like a pair of compasses, making vain endeavors to steady his steps. The man, though evidently under the influence of strong drink, apparently knew me, and remembered my profession.

"I say, doctor," he stammered out, "Is that you? Stop, if you please; I want to ax you a question."

"Well, my friend," I replied, gently drawing Jerry to a stand, "what is it?"

"Why, I want you to give me a prescription. You've a great name, doctor, in these parts, and you're a good friend to the poor; maybe you'll give it to me for naught."

"What for, my friend? What ails you?"

"Well, sir, I want a prescription for keeping my legs from turning into the public house. If I could only get that, I should be all right, you know, doctor."

"You set me fast, my man," I replied, quite puzzled for a moment; "you set me fast. I really cannot give you such a prescription. But, now I think of it, there is a very great Physician, a friend of mine, who both can and will give you what you want, if you apply to him."

"Where is he, doctor? Does he charge high?"

"He is not far off, and he gives his advise

quite freely, without money and without price. He is a very great physician, as I said. Your only plan is to go to him."

"That will I. Only tell me his name, and where he lives."

I hesitated, looking steadfastly at the poor, reeling, staggering figure of the drunken huckster, and wondering if indeed he might be able to understand me. The man thought I was undecided about the great Physician's address, so he cried out imploringly:

"Oh, doctor, let me know where he lives. Now do, doctor; for indeed I'll take it, whatever it may be; I will, indeed, and in truth, doctor." And the man fixed his keen gray eyes earnestly upon me. He really meant what he was saying. I be a poor, wake, frail body, doctor, an' I be feared of losing body and soul; I be indeed. Now, tell me his name, doctor."

"Well, my man," said I, touching the tip of his shoulder with my whip, "listen to me, and mark my words. The great physician is the Lord Jesus Christ. Go to him straight. Go to him, and he alone can give you what you want."

The poor fellow seemed suddenly sobered. He gathered his feet together, and stood erect; he neither spoke nor stirred. His thoughts were powerfully, irresistibly engrossed; he seemed riveted to the spot. I wished him good night, and passed on my lonely track. I looked back; there stood the small, dark figure, transfixed. I looked again; there it was, scarcely discernible in the great distance. There was a turn in the road, so I saw the coal-huckster no more.

Some weeks passed, and again I beheld the small, wiry figure; not drunk now, but alert and brisk about his small traffic. He avoided me, however, so I took no notice.

Another day, some months after, when the dull winter had passed away, and the spring flowers were peeping, and the birds building among the trees or in the thatch, and all nature wore a smile, I espied the little coal-huckster sitting on his cart. He, too, wore a smile. He caught my eye, bounded toward me, took hold of the rein of my horse, of my hand, of both hands, shook them warmly, pressed them between both his own, quite unmindful of their state. Tears rolled softly down his cheeks—blessed tears, such as angels love to see. "God bless you, dear, good doctor! God bless you!" That was all, and enough; we understood each other entirely. I returned the grateful pressure. I fancy my own eyes grew dim; I know that tears were in my voice when I returned his benediction.

The coal-cart was never seen standing before a public-house again. The old horse grew sleek and trim. He, too, may have felt, as I did, the truth of the words, "A word in season, how good is it!"—*American Tract Society.*

TAUGHT A GOOD LESSON.

My father played a queer trick on me the other night. You know I used to feel that I had done myself an injustice if I did not go to the theatre about five or six nights a week. Well, you know how I am situated as to my business. I work for my father, and I have to be at the office early in the morning, just as the rest of the family are sitting down to breakfast. In consequence I get my breakfast and leave the house before they are up. I had been doing it for about six months, and when I look back I remember that about the

only time I saw my mother and sister during that period was at Sunday dinner. Nothing unusual in that, of course. The same thing is true of hundreds of young men in town. But they haven't a father like mine. He came to me one afternoon and asked me if I had an engagement for that night.

"Yes," I said; "I've promised to go to the theater."

"How about to-morrow night?" he asked.

"Nothing on at present," I replied.

"Well, I'd like you to go somewhere with me."

"All right," I said, "where shall I meet you?"

You see he leaves the office about an hour before I can get my work finished. He suggested Lenox Restaurant at 7.30, and I was there, prepared for a quiet lecture on late hours. But when he appeared he said he wanted me to call on a lady with him. "One I knew quite well when I was a young man," he explained.

We went out and started straight for home.

"She is stopping at the house," he said, when I spoke of it. I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Lenox Restaurant under those circumstances, but I said nothing.

Well, we went in, and I was introduced with due formality to my mother and sister. The situation was ludicrous, and I began to laugh but the laugh died away. None of the three even smiled. My mother and sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but had not seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated. It wasn't a bit funny then, though I can laugh over it now. I sat down, and she told me one or two stories of my boyhood, at which we all laughed a little. When I finally retired, I was courteously invited to call again.

I went upstairs, feeling pretty small, and doing a good deal of thinking. Then I made up my mind that my mother was a most entertaining lady, and my sister was a good and brilliant girl. Now I'm going to call again, as I have been doing quite regularly for the last week. I enjoy their company, and I intend to cultivate their acquaintance.—*Evangelist.*

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Will some one kindly tell us just exactly and precisely what the Monroe Doctrine is which we read about so much in the papers?

As we understand it Great Britain owns about half of North America, and Mexico has another immense slice.

The smaller nations south of Mexico own more or less.

Then comes South America owned by various nations of greater or less importance. Under these circumstances we would like to know exactly and precisely what claim we have to control the Isthmus of Panama more than other nations.

We can readily understand that with two enormous sea coasts, separated by a continent, and requiring for protection in case of war two enormous navies, or vast expense in fortifications—[and in case of trouble with Great Britain a third coast on the great lakes and St. Lawrence river]—we can readily understand, under these circumstances, how unfortunate would be our position in a war with most European nations, and how very pleasant it would be if we could hold against

the civilized world the control of the Isthmus of Panama; and also have ship canals connecting the navigable waters of New York with the Mississippi and connecting the Gulf of Mexico across Florida with the St. John's river.

But in view of the two very important questions, 1st, Whether we have any more right to hold the exclusive control of the Isthmus of Panama than other nations, and 2d, Whether we have the power to do it, would it not be much better in the interest of "Peace on Earth" to have the isthmus or the canal across it declared by international treaties, as were Nantucket and Provincetown during the war of 1812 with Great Britain—neutral territory, open on equal terms both in peace and war to the vessels of all nations?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A DAUGHTER'S PART AT HOME.

One of the sweetest things a girl can do is to receive friends graciously, particularly at home. In one's own house a cordial manner is peculiarly fitting. Do not stand off in the middle of the room and bow coldly and formally to the friend who has called. Walk over to meet her; give her your hand, and say pleasantly that you are very glad to see her again. Stiff, cold, and formal ways of greeting acquaintances are not proper in a girl welcoming guests to her father's house. A daughter's part is to assist her mother on every social occasion. The girl pours the tea in her mother's drawing-room when friends drop in at five o'clock. Quite often, when no maid is present, she helps the guests to the sandwiches, and the cakes which are served at a five-o'clock tea, and herself hands the cups, and takes them from the guests who would like to be relieved.

Apart from and more important even than her manner to a guest who happens in for an hour or a day, is the manner of a daughter to her father and mother. The father returns to his home after a wearying day at business. He is tired in body and mind. Coming back, as his latch-key turns in the home door he throws off care; he is joyous at the thought of the dear ones he will meet after hours of absence. His young daughter, in a pretty gown, with the bloom and freshness only girlhood wears, should be ready to give him the attentions he loves—the kiss, the cherry word—to help her mother and the rest in letting her father see how much he is loved at home. Men give up a great deal for their families—their time, their strength, the knowledge they have gained in life's experiences—they spend everything freely for their home's sake, and the home should pay its debt in much outspoken love.—*Harpers' Round Table.*

JESUS IN THE HOME.

A little girl went on an errand to an elegant house. This lady was proud of her home, and she showed Jennie the carpets, pictures, ornaments, and flowers, and asked, "Don't you think these things are lovely?"

"They are pretty," said Jennie. "What a beautiful home for Jesus to visit! Does he ever come here?"

"Why, no," said the lady.

"Don't you ever ask him?" asked Jennie. "We have only a room and a bedroom and we have no carpets or pretty things, but Jesus comes and makes us very happy."

The lady told her husband what Jennie had said, and he replied, "I have often thought that we ought to thank God for his goodness and ask him to come and live with us."

They became Christians, and Jesus came to live with them and made them happy. Jesus blesses every home to which he comes.—*Little Learner's Paper.*

Missions.

FOUKE, Ark., where the South-western Association was lately held, is located on the Gate City Railroad 16 miles south-east of Texarkana, Texas. Here Eld. J. F. Shaw and others who had come to the Sabbath and were living in Texarkana began a Seventh-day Baptist colony. It is situated in an oak and pine forest. The chief business in the village and along the railroad is lumbering. The hard pine of Arkansas is fine in quality, and the inside of a house finished with this wood oiled and varnished is beautiful.

The climate of Fouke is fine. The soil is good, especially for horticulture; not so good for general farming, though they raise there good crops of corn. While we were there roses, pinks, geraniums and various flowers were in bloom. Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, figs, pears, plums, peaches, grapes can be produced in abundance and no doubt if people make it a business to raise these fruits for market they can do well at it.

The water is good and almost as soft as rain water.

It has been and is the plan and purpose of Bro. Shaw to induce the Sabbath keepers in Texas, Indian Territory, and Arkansas who are scattered so far apart to settle in Fouke, to concentrate and build up a Seventh-day Baptist settlement and Church that shall be self-supporting. To that end he secured a portion of land and the privilege of having more if needed. He started and is publishing the *Sabbath Outpost* monthly in the interest of Sabbath Reform in the South-west and to strengthen and establish our people there in Sabbath truth. This is a good enterprise, and it will help him materially very much to aid him in it by taking the paper. We wish our people North would do it. The paper has been taken in our home during all its publication.

Again Bro. Shaw and others of our people in Fouke desire to establish a school there of Academic grade for the benefit of our young people in the South-west. That will require money and patronage which are not now forthcoming. Whether that will succeed is a problem. Indeed, whether his scheme of the colonization of Seventh-day Baptists in Fouke will succeed, time will tell. We wish it might succeed in view of the hundreds we lose in the course of time by the scattering of our people. The plan of Bro. Shaw is not only to draw together in a colony those who have and do come to the Sabbath in the South-west, but draw there those Sabbath-keepers in the North who wish to escape the rigors of Northern winters by settling in a fine Southern climate. May he succeed in his laudable enterprise.

OUR journey from Texarkana to Hammond, La., was by the way of New Orleans. We left Texarkana on a Texas and Pacific Railroad train at 1:15 P. M. and arrived in New Orleans the next morning at 9:15. The scenery on this route as far as we could see during the afternoon was very monotonous, consisting of a level country of pine and oak forests. Some swamps abounding in cypress and cedar trees were passed through and the festoons of Spanish moss, gray and hanging so gracefully from the limbs, gave a wild and weird look to the scenery. In the morning as soon as it was light enough to see there appeared vast

fields of "living green" on either side. We were passing through large sugar plantations, in the rich Red River Valley. For two hours or more until we came near New Orleans only fields of sugar-cane interspersed now and then with rice fields could be seen, with here and there sugar mills, with their tall smoke pipes throwing out curls of black smoke, where the juice of the cane was pressed out and converted into raw sugar. In some fields gangs of colored men and women were seen cutting the cane; others were stripping off the leaves and piling the cane in heaps. On some of the plantations there were narrow railways running out into the fields with flat cars thereon, and gangs of men and women were piling upon them the cane, and teams of mules were drawing the laden cars to the sugar mills. On other fields there were large wagons being loaded with the cane and were drawn to the mills by four to six teams of mules. On some fields were seen workmen burning up the sugar-cane leaves, for they are of no use for fodder, and preparing the fields for plowing. In other fields were workmen plowing with a single horse or mule. We saw no workmen putting out the cane. We were told that they do not plant seed, but set out a joint of the cane, which takes root and from the joint springs forth the new cane.

A sugar-cane field looks like a corn field before it is tasseled out, only the cane grows much denser in the rows than corn, and looks like one mass of vegetation of a light green color. The cane grows from six to eight feet in height, twice as large round as our sorghum cane, and is of a purple color with streaks of white in it. We saw it in grocery stores for sale by the single stalk, as colored people buy it to chew for its sweet juice.

These sugar plantations were a new sight to us, and we became very much interested in them. It takes a good deal of capital to run a large one with its sugar mill, and an owner of one free from debt is a rich man. It can be seen what political power the rich sugar planters of the South can have and wield in the interests of sugar production. We were told that the sugar crop would be very large this year, and that raw sugar was bringing from three to four cents per pound, according to quality.

The rice fields were harvested, so only the stubble could be seen.

There was not more than half as much cotton raised in the South this year as usual, because of the low price of cotton, but since it has come up almost double in price those who have raised their usual amount are getting the money, and others who raised none or little are lamenting their mistake.

In traveling in the South one sees many things quite different from what they are in the North. For instance, the Southern people chew tobacco more than Northern people, and so in some of their most elegant day cars a spittoon is put in each seat. Now and then a woman will be seen rubbing her teeth with snuff or powdered tobacco, hence she needs a spittoon, but this practice among the women of the South is growing beautifully less.

The color line is sharply drawn in the South. At railway stations there are separate waiting rooms for the whites and the blacks. Over the door of one is printed in large letters "White," the other, "Colored." So it is with

the railway cars. On the end of one car in large letters will be seen, "White;" on the end of the other car, "Colored." Sometimes a car has a partition through the middle, one-half to be occupied by whites, the other half by blacks. No colored person is allowed to ride in a car with the whites unless a servant of some lady or family traveling.

The whites call the blacks "niggers," and the blacks call themselves the same; but let a white man call a black man or woman a "nigger," and an offense is committed which is frequently resented.

The same color line is drawn in the public schools and in the churches. The blacks have their own schools, and as a rule, their own churches. If they attend a church with whites they have their own separate seats.

It is held by Southern people that it is not safe in any respect to treat the blacks socially as they are in the North. We can see the force of this view and position in the South.

But the lynching of the blacks in some portions of the South for real or alleged crimes is just terrible and fiendish. When in Texarkana, Texas, we took up a Dallas newspaper, a whole page of which was devoted to an account of the crime and lynching of a black man in Tyler, Texas. He had committed a fearful outrage upon a white woman. He was arrested and lodged in jail. A mob broke open the jail and took the black with them. Did they hang him, or mercifully shoot him? Nay, verily; they tied his hands and feet, drove an iron rod into the ground and lashed him to it. Then they piled wood about him, applied the match and tortured him for an hour or more with a slow fire. The writer of the account describes the agony, the terrible sufferings of the victim, his cries for mercy, his fearful struggles and writhings, his moans and groans, his howls of pain, his piteous appeals with as much elaborateness and finish as if he were describing a marriage scene in high life, or a yacht race. He seemed to have keen delight in describing the cruel scene worthy only of savages. Then after they had thus fiendishly tortured him, they beat him down to unconsciousness, piled the fagots and wood upon him, and burned him to ashes. In conversation with a man who read the same, and in full sympathy with the fiendish act, we asked him why did they not hang or shoot him instead of so cruelly torturing him and burning him up? "We have to do it to keep the niggers down. You Northern people don't know what they are down here." When asked if those who composed the mob were Christian people, he replied he supposed they were. "What do you think is the effect of such a procedure upon Christians and Christianity?" "Degrading, no doubt." "What upon law and citizenship?" "Equally degrading." "What upon the value of a human life?" "Makes it of little worth, and the taking of it of little account." "Then lynching should be stopped." He thought it could not be stopped under such fearful crime and provocation, it so aroused violent passion and revenge. We said to him we thought such an act even against a brutal negro was a dark blot on a Christian civilization, and that Christian people should not treat a snake in that way. This lynching case, we have seen by the papers, created considerable feeling in the North, and the expression of some very strong sentiments against lynching in the South. We hope the sentiment will so grow in our land that lynching will be an impossibility among the people, that law will have its full effect, and justice be meted out to every proven criminal by due enforcement of law.

Woman's Work.

CONSECRATING SELF.

MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

You have feet—then run God's errands,
Here and there and everywhere—
Feet that should be ready, eager,
Every day to go—and dare.
Consecrate them now to Jesus!
He will show just where to go;
Place true guide-boards 'long your life-path,
Tho' you wander to and fro.

You have hands—then do his bidding—
(Hands so strong, that folded lie,
Strength and youth to be his servant,
As the moments quickly fly.
Consecrate them now to Jesus!
He will give you work to do—
Lay it just within your grasping—
Work which you will never rue.

You have lips—then tell his goodness,
So that all the world may hear;
Loudly, gladly sing his praises,
How he daily grows more dear.
Consecrate them now to Jesus!
Guard and keep them ever pure,
Saying naught to give him sorrow—
Thus unto the end endure.

You have eyes—then see his mercies
Crowding round on every hand—
Health, home, friends, and all possessions,
And this great, free, happy land.
Consecrate them now to Jesus!
They were given you to see
All his works, so grand and wondrous,
Wisely planned for you and me.

You have ears—then hear his teachings;
They are whispered clear and low,
Morning, noon and in the night-time,
As you still in wisdom grow.
Consecrate them now to Jesus!
Hear his pleading, tender voice,
Heed his oft-repeated warnings,
For his friendship now rejoice.

You've a heart—give that to Jesus;
Lay it humbly at his feet,
Saying, "As I am, oh, take me,
Make me for thy service meet."
Give it gladly, don't withhold it,
He has bought it with his death;
Just for you, on dark Golgotha,
Did he then yield up his breath.

Consecrate them all to Jesus—
Feet, hands, lips, and eyes, and ears!
He will give you strength to serve him,
Scatter, too, your many fears,
All for Jesus—all our talents,
All our labor, all our love:
Then, when earthly work is finished,
He will summon us above.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

MRS. ABBIE M. CLAWSON.

In order to receive the fullest blessings of God we must make use of all the means of grace which he has given us. Our spiritual wants will be most fully supplied when we are most faithful in our attendance upon all the appointments and ordinances of God's church. "Had not Thomas been absent from just one meeting of the disciples he would have received, eight days earlier than he did, the proof he required to save him from skepticism. It may prove in our case, as in that of Thomas, that the meetings we miss are the very ones which contain the thoughts, the prayers, the songs and the experience for lack of which our souls are famishing." This thought is in line with the experiences of many who read this page. Ofttimes they have had to overcome great weariness of the flesh in order to be found in their accustomed places in the prayer-circle; but they have there obtained not only that comfort which the soul craved, but rest for the body as well. It is well known that an exalted spiritual condition will cause one to rise above and forget bodily weakness.

AMONG our many Aid Societies there may be one that has not yet outlined its winter's work and that would like to know of a plan

tried, somewhat more than a year ago, by the Ladies' Society at Salem, and was pronounced a success.

Pledges ranging from twenty-five cents to two dollars were secured from the women and children of the church and congregation. These were to be paid by a certain time and the money thus pledged was to be earned by each individual.

At the expiration of the time stated, a public session was held in the church and an interesting program of recitation and song was presented. The closing feature was the payment of the money promised, with a brief account of the way in which it had been earned. These accounts proved very interesting and, in some instances, amusing. Some who could not be present had previously sent their money to the treasurer together with a written statement of the method of earning it. One of these was ingeniously arranged in rhyme.

The evening was thus pleasantly spent and the Society had the satisfaction of netting nearly seventy dollars toward the cancellation of the debt then resting on the parsonage. It may not be out of place to add that the debt has since been fully paid by the members of the church.

WHEN the voice of duty calls, it often seems easier to hide away with Saul than to respond with Samuel, "Speak, for thy servant heareth."

In this very shrinking from responsibility we see the element of weakness which led to Saul's rejection by the Lord. He had already received unmistakable evidences that he was chosen of God to be ruler over the people of Israel. Had his character possessed that strong faith which would have caused him to trust and obey God at all times, how different might his end have been!

Conscious of our own unworthiness, we often refuse to accept sacred trusts, forgetting that although in our own strength we can do nothing, yet God can use even the humblest and weakest among us to his honor and glory.

If we run from duty we have no assurance that God will reveal our hiding place and bring us forth as he did Saul, for he delighteth only in willing service. If we would not lose the blessing, if we would claim the promises made to the faithful, be the service small or great, we must be quick to hear God's call, prompt to respond, and must go forth, "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might."

SALEM, West Va., Nov. 11, 1895.

THE MISSIONARY AND PRIVATE PRAYER.

Early in September the many missionaries in Shanghai, either in attendance upon annual meetings or on their way to or from their work, missionaries hailing from Szechuan to the sea, held a Missionary Conference.

Among the speakers was the Rev. M. H. Houston, D. D., of the Southern Presbyterian Mission, who spoke on "The Missionary and Private Prayer." He emphasized the advice given many years ago by an old missionary to a young colleague, the advice found in the Apostle Paul's first Epistle to Timothy, the second chapter.

The speaker dwelt upon four points: First, that they should pray for all men. The next point was, "With holy hands." "I will

therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands." The speaker pressed home the thought that no amount of prayer prevails unless there be holy living and holy helping of others. The third point was, that the prayer must be "without wrath," and the speaker drew attention to the fact how easy it is when driven out of a Chinese city to wish vengeance, even in our prayers, on those who, without cause, are our enemies, or in hearing of brutal massacres and our souls are stirred, how we are tempted to pray "with wrath." But he told of a martyr, long ago, who, in the agonies of a horrible death, yet prayed for his enemies; and, because Stephen prayed, Paul, afterwards, preached. "Let us imitate him, and perhaps from some of these assassins of our day there may arise a Paul to preach the gospel to his fellow-countrymen."

The last division of the subject was, "without doubting." SUSIE M. BURDICK.

THE LORD'S BENEFITS.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"

This, dear reader, is an important question, —one that concerns us at every step in life— one which we should ask ourselves every day.

Benefit means advantage, profit, anything which contributes to prosperity, to health, to personal happiness. David exclaims, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Now, what are the benefits which Christ bestows upon us? Have we prosperity in our earthly pursuits, God grants it. Have we health in our families and good cheer in our homes, God gives it. Are we at peace with our brethren and neighbors around us; this, too, is of the Lord's benefits. Have we intellectual good; God in his kindness bestows all this. This is earthly good and demands abundant thanksgiving in return. What shall we render unto the Lord for these benefits? Much, yes very much, is due him for the abundant blessings which he bestows upon us; and yet how slow we are in making our returns. But infinitely above all earthly good are the benedictions of his grace. All good is from God, but nothing is of so much value to us as the blessings of divine grace. Only think of what benefit would life, health, prosperity and wealth be to us, were we but removed from the only good which can sanctify all and make life hopeful for the future. Blow out the light of the gospel, and where would be our hope? The greatest benefits which God bestows upon us are those which relate to the souls of men. If earthly store is good, the heavenly is far better; and he makes a great mistake who hoards up wealth for this life and is not rich toward God. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

What shall I render? This is to be settled. God has done much for you. You have food and raiment, you have health and prosperity, and many good and dear friends; and above and best of all, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit which gives a good hope of heaven, and you say that you would not exchange that blessed hope for all that the world can give. Now, dear friends, stop and ask, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"

There are a great many ways we can render to the Lord. He says, "Son, give me thine heart." He wants our whole heart. God

condescends to accept the service, efforts and means of Christians, but I believe that far above it, in divine estimation, is real heart speaking to and fellowship with God himself. O that we may all know more of abiding in him by constant prayer and meditation, that we may realize more outgoing of soul to him in faith, trust, love and desire; may there be more yielding of heart and mind to him, more heavenly aspiration to be near and like him. Oh, for the faith of little children to trust Christ, to rest on his precious promises, to lose ourselves in him, to live only in him; then shall our peace flow as a river. This, beloved friends, is the true and only secret of victory, and this also is the true and only secret of living. Faith is the victory. Our whole lives we commit to the Lord Jesus, our service, our thoughts, our words, our walk, our down-sitting and our uprising; by faith we abandon ourselves, and as it were plunge into Christ and abide in him; by faith we realize that our only life is Christ living in us; and ceasing from our own works we suffer him to work in us to will and to do of his good pleasure; it is no longer truth about him that fills our hearts, but it is himself, the living, loving, glorious Christ, who has in very deed made us his dwelling place, and who reigns and rules within us, and subdues all things unto himself; and oh, what joy and peace, and blessedness, and power must accompany a life thus hid with Christ in God! Surely, here is the supply for all our needs; here is continual victory and triumph; and to those who, by faith, have been enabled to enter here, there is truly no condemnation, because they walk not after the flesh but after the spirit. To be one with Christ. Oh, who can measure the height and depth of a love that could call us to so glorious a privilege.

Praise God, it is an actual truth, and we who are so vile, and weak, and miserable, may by faith realize the fulness of God's love in our own experience, and may live daily and hourly in its mighty power, and thus be enabled to render unto God our best service.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

PRUDIE L. SMITH.

RICHBURG, N. Y.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At the regular meeting of the Ashaway Ladies' Sewing Society held Nov. 13, 1895, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS it has pleased an all-wise Father to remove from us, by death, our loved friend and faithful fellow-laborer, Mrs. Louisa L. Lewis; therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow in submission to the Divine will, we desire to express our sorrow and sense of loss, and our appreciation of her lovely Christian character and life.

Resolved, That we will strive to emulate her faithfulness in duty, and her zeal and earnestness in every good work.

Resolved, That this token of our esteem be inscribed on the record of our Society, and be sent for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

By order and in behalf of

ASHAWAY LADIES' SEWING SOCIETY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has said a multitude of good things, but none better than this: "The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, 'Why wasn't it done the other way?'"

SALEM COLLEGE.

The fall term at Salem will close on the day before Thanksgiving, and we are all in a Thanksgiving mood over the blessings of God upon the school. It has been a most enjoyable term for both teachers and students, without a single suggestion of unpleasantness. More of our old students are in for the entire year than is usual, and they are doing excellent work. As the terms go by we find a larger number in our higher collegiate studies.

The enrollment is seventy-five for the term, which would have been greater had not sickness in the outlying communities, caused by the "great water famine," kept some students away.

It is probable that the enrollment for the winter term, which begins December 3d, will be somewhat below that of the present term, because such a host of the students go out to teach. But they will return in the spring, bringing others with them, and our halls will be crowded again. We were enabled to add a few pieces of apparatus at the opening of the year, from funds given for that purpose. Only those who know by experience can tell what a great blessing our excellent apparatus is to both teacher and students. We feel thankful every day for the good friends who have made it possible for us to have this, and the library and periodicals. The reading-room table is well supplied with the latter. There is no one thing that attracts more attention now than the little cabinet of rocks and minerals which we have collected during the past few months. This already numbers more than three hundred specimens, containing some very fine fossils, corals, Indian relics, shells, ores and concretions from various parts of the land. We would be very glad to receive gifts to this interesting cabinet. Any geological specimens or curiosities peculiar to various sections of our country, that would be of value by way of illustration or instruction, will be gladly received. Scarcely a day passes in which we do not find some occasion to use such things. These also help to give the college a reputation, and have some influence in drawing young people to its halls of learning. Books for the library and specimens for the museum will be gladly welcomed.

Words are too feeble to fully express the gratitude felt by the Board of Trustees here for the generous manner in which the good friends at Conference came to our relief.

The subscription list was indeed a God-send, and came as we believe in answer to prayer. The way in which the Lord has led us on does indeed seem wonderful. It is literally a walk by faith. Let me tell you how marvelously he has shown his guiding hand this term. All the bills were promptly paid for the first half of the term, and the day was drawing near when the bills of the last half must be met. The funds did not come in time, and the burden grew heavy upon our hearts. Day and night we prayed that God would move some one to send relief. We were exceedingly anxious to get through without having to hire money, and yet if it did not come this would have to be done.

Day by day we watched every mail for nearly three weeks, and nothing came to hand; yet some way we felt moved to say each time: "It will come yet," and often as we walked the street, before we were aware, the prayer would escape our lips: "O Lord, do send help."

Thus it went till the very day of the Board meeting and the last through mail, and we began to feel that perhaps the Lord was about to let us go ahead and hire the money, and so test our faith a little farther. We had about decided that such was his will, and that we must report the bills to the Board that night and recommend that they make a loan of \$300 to meet them. Friends, it was just at this critical moment, after all these days of waiting and trusting, that the mail brought us a letter containing a check for exactly \$300. It came from the dear old Shiloh Church. It was a title offering from their share of the proceeds of the old Philadelphia burial ground, which money had recently come into their possession. How our hearts did leap for joy as the news spread among us! We certainly gave thanks then, and thanksgiving is still in order. Of course God put it into the hearts of the Shiloh people to vote this money and send it to Salem. It was just like Shiloh to do this. She always did have the true missionary spirit; and she is the mother of missionaries. Time and again, in years gone by, did she give leave of absence to her own pastors to come into this very field and preach good tidings to the scattered families round about Salem. And now again she sends this gift to bless the harvest of that early seed-sowing. Who shall say that God does not lead in all this? How marvelously he provides! If the givers in this case get a richer blessing than we do, how happy they must be.

This gift puts us on our feet, and ensures full payment of all bills this term as soon as they are due. Another happy surprise has come to the College in the gift of 160 acres of land situated near North Loup, Neb. This came from the hand of Miss Mary Grace Stillman of Rhode Island.

How I do wish that all the good friends could see and realize for themselves what a blessing the College is to this part of West Virginia. Those who have visited this country from time to time can see something of the transformation it is making, but even to these "the half has not been told."

Of course the Lord will never let such a work be crippled for want of means, so long as it is so much needed, and so long as so much good is being done.

Therefore we expect that friends will multiply as the work enlarges, and trust that in some way or other the Lord will provide.

THEO. L. GARDINER.

SALEM, NOV. 25, 1895.

AN English Earl who was an infidel, went not long ago to visit the Fiji Islands. "You are a great chief," he said to one man, "and it is a pity for you to listen to those missionaries. Nobody believes any more in that old book called the Bible that they try to teach you, that you have been so foolish as to be taken in by them, nor in that story of Jesus Christ; we have all learned better." The eyes of the chief flashed as he replied: "Do you see that great stone over there? On that stone we crushed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that native oven yonder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. Now, if it hadn't been for the good missionaries and that old book, and the great love of Jesus Christ which has changed us from savages into God's children, you would never leave this spot. You have reason to thank God for the Gospel, for without it you would be killed and roasted in yonder oven, and we would feast on you in no time."

—Selected.

DESERTING JESUS CHRIST.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

From a Roman prison Paul writes of Demas as his "fellow-prisoner in Christ Jesus." From the same place he sadly writes to Timothy some time afterward, "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." There is the secret of this lamentable desertion by a man who had won a good name as a soldier of Jesus Christ. What was true of Demas is true of every one who has backslidden and brought reproach on his Christian profession. There is always a secret reason. If we could get at the inside history of every backslider, or of every open apostate, we might find such indictments as these written beside their names—"deserted from inordinate greed for money"—or "deserted from love of the wine-cup or some other sensual lust"—or "deserted through neglect of his Bible and his closet"—or "deserted through the enticements of godless associates"—or "deserted from tampering with skeptical books or kindred poisons of faith." We are not left to conjecture as to the reason for poor Demas's desertion; he forsook his post of duty from "love of this present world."

Was Demas a genuine Christian at the start? Did he sink into utter apostacy? The Bible narrative does not give a point-blank answer to either of these questions. There is indeed a tradition that he fell away utterly from the faith and became a priest in a heathen temple. But without attaching any weight to this tradition, it is enough to know that his loyalty to his Master gave way under strong temptation. It ought to be known also that every Christian is liable to strong temptations, and that our Master never promises to keep any man who ventures out of the path of duty and over into the enemy's territory. No Christian is safe when he voluntarily yields to any seductive influence, and lets a sinful affection grow until it roots Jesus Christ out of the heart. We are not mere passive machines; we are responsible free agents; and there is a deeply true sense in which it depends upon every professed Christian whether he is saved or not. "I say unto you all, *watch!*" "Beware not conformed to the world." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." What do all these solemn admonitions mean except to keep us from presumption and to teach us that no Christian is absolutely safe unless he holds fast to his Lord and Saviour.

Demas fell. So may you or I. Demas began to love the world. When that love began to work into his heart, it ate out his spirituality and his loyalty to his Master. Let the same, false, sinful love begin to eat into our hearts, and it will produce the same result. It is a subtle, silent process, this pushing Christ off the heart-throne, and sometimes it is a slow process. Very few Christians go to pieces suddenly. Commonly the process of demoralization is quite gradual and the external forms of religion are kept up long after the heart has become cankered with indulged sin. One of the saddest crashes I ever knew was in the case of a man very prominent in the church and who conducted a public prayer meeting the very week before the exposure of his secret acts of fraud.

In one of the West India islands they tell us that often articles of furniture or other pieces of timber used in dwellings or shops

have a very solid look. If a heavy pressure is put on those apparently sound pieces of wood, they snap asunder and a fine white powder fills the air. The reason is that a little worm had eaten its way stealthily into the heart of the wood and slowly devoured its fiber until there was nothing left but a hollow shell. This is the history of all backsliding. Desertions from chastity, desertions from sobriety, desertions from integrity in business, desertions from posts of Christian duty are the results of gradual corruption at the core of the heart. And as Carlyle once pungently said, "It is astonishing how long a rotten tree will stand *if nobody shakes it.*" Often the external appearance of an orthodox piety may be maintained for some time after the heart has become worm-eaten with sin. Love of the world seems to have been the busy borer that in poor Demas's heart ate out his love and loyalty for his Master. He deserted when there was no inward stamina left to stand the strain of strong temptation.

In nearly every church there may be some members who—like old "receiving ships" in navy yards—were dry-rotted with love of the world. They lie moored at the dock of formalism, and present an orthodox appearance. If sent to sea and struck by a gale, they smash into utter wreck. There is a certain sense in which every Christian should love the people of the world as Christ did when he died to save them, or as Paul did when he consecrated himself to bring the world to Christ. But in trying to draw the world up toward God, we must beware lest it drag us down into sinful conformities with its habits, its pursuits, and its practices. It is not love for sinner's souls, but love for sins that endanger a Christian's character. Christians were put into the atmosphere of this world to purify it, and not to be poisoned by it. "Ye are the salt of the earth," says Jesus to his followers. But if Christians do not salt the world, then the world will soon rot them through and through.

Everything depends upon the *heart*. Christian brother, the vital question with us is, do we keep up a close heart-fellowship with our Saviour? Do we maintain this by prayer, by watchfulness, by Bible study, and by aggressive Christian activities for the good of others? Does the love of Christ constrain us, as the master-purpose of our lives? It is the people of *low vitality* that, as Dr. McLaren says, "catch all the fevers that are going."

Let us be on our guard. He who becomes worldly-minded is soon drawn away from loyalty to Christ. When we begin to love the world, the love of Christ cools off. When we begin to worship gold, we soon cease to worship God. When we begin to relish haunts of sinful pleasure, we lose our relish for the place of prayer. When we take to irreligious books, we drop the Bible. When the greedy lusts of the flesh or the lusts of the world are allowed to eat into the heart, they weaken conscience, and deaden the spiritual affections, and grieve away the Holy Spirit, and then we are ready to *desert*. "Demas hath forsaken me," cries the grand old caged hero in Nero's prison. And Jesus Christ says of every backsliding Christian, "Thou hast forsaken me, and art loving this present world!"

Desertions of Christ begin with occasional neglects of duty, and occasional yielding to what we may regard as small sins. "This once only" is what we whisper to ourselves.

"This once only" has made all the tipplers, and all the gamblers, and all the adulterers, and all the Sabbath-breakers—yea, and all the backsliders from a pure, clean, honest and Godly life. When a Christian deserts Christ, he soon finds that Christ has deserted him. Peace is gone, purity is gone, power is gone, and he soon learns that it is an evil and a bitter thing to depart from the living God. If any reader of this article is in such a state of backsliding, I entreat him to "repent and do his first works." It will be awful to die in such a condition. Hasten back to Christ! Hasten to thy deserted post of duty! Seek *re-converting* grace, and like the deserting Peter thou mayest be restored, and saved as a "brand from the burning!"

IN HEAVEN ALREADY.

In a lonely part of Scotland lived a poor man with his wife and daughter. They were all he had, but death came and took them from him. Those who have suffered as he will understand something of his loss. His health gave way, and soon he became totally blind. I do not know what his attitude in the spiritual life was at that time, but I know what the Father was doing. "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." He was drawing him to himself. In his loneliness and pain he bethought him of the poor, untaught shepherd boys on the mountain, and these he gathered together, and told them of the love of God, of the life of Jesus, of the power of the gospel of that love and that life. And he did not tell them in vain.

The lonely, fruitful years went by until one day a man of God visited the blind teacher, and, seeing everything as it was to outside eyes, he told him how he sympathized with him, and how God was touched with the feeling of his infirmities, and how there would one day be an end to it all, and at last he said: "You have the great consolation, you will soon be in heaven."

The sightless eyes lifted themselves, the worn hands were clasped, a beautiful smile illuminated the scarred face.

"Soon be in heaven, did you say, sir?" asked the old Christian; I have been there ten years already!"

Ten years in heaven! And you, mourner, may have been carrying your burdens all that time alone, and you might have been there too!

Step out from among the embers of your grief, and they will soon be ashes. No matter how heavy your cross, how bitter your cup, how deep your chastening, the hand that bruises is the hand that blesses, and in the house of your mourning you may, even now, as you arise and seek the arms of your Father, begin the first year of many years in heaven.—*M. B. Gerds, in Onward.*

REV. GEORGE R. DODSON, the popular Unitarian minister of Alameda, Cal., tells a rather good story at his own expense. While spending his summer vacation at Skagg's Springs one of his greatest friends was a fellow boarder, a little girl of about eight years old. The two were constant companions, and the child daily accompanied the clergyman on his excursions in the neighborhood. One evening the little girl remarked to her fellow diners: "I like going out with Mr. Dodson." "Why?" queried a stranger, hoping to draw the child out. "Because he has no morals," was the startling reply. When the summer boarders recovered their equanimity they instituted an investigation, the upshot of which was the discovery that the curly-haired maiden had an insatiable craving for stories. This desire was frequently gratified by Mr. Dodson, but, unlike the anecdotes of the child's mother, the minister's tales were never pointed with a moral for the youngster's government.—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

Young People's Work

"MANY good causes are hindered by the premature, half-baked, partly correct and partly mistaken, utterances of their advocates."

The foregoing is a quotation from the comments on the temperance lesson found in the *Sunday School Times*. It is part of a comment on the twentieth verse of the fifth chapter of Isaiah. I have a doubt in my mind as to the appropriateness of the comment on this particular verse, but the thought it contains is so good that one may be pardoned for bringing it in whenever there is any chance for it. Doubtless the Christian religion, doubtless our own denomination, has been hindered, and even injured, in this same way, by the unwise, mistaken words of its loyal followers. We cannot be too careful of what we say. We ought not to make statements until after careful, thoughtful study of the subject.

PERSEVERANCE is a rare virtue; but it should not be mistaken for mere stubbornness. It is often an advantage to let go for a moment in order to get a fresh hold, a new start. We are sometimes inclined to hang on like a dog to a root, until we are completely exhausted, saying that we are of that sort of persons who *never give up*, when we might accomplish much more if we would but use more judgment and less mulishness. Did you ever see a man unload a load of hay? If the man knows how, he will often take his fork from a place where he has been working and try it in another part of the load, and not pull at one place all the time; he will often let go of a fork-full and get a new hold. In all kinds of work this can be done, but remember the purpose never changes, and the new hold has the same result as the ultimate end. Are you weary in your work? Let go, and get a new hold.

JUNIORS IN PLAINFIELD.

I have referred previously, through the *RECORDER*, to the envelopes that the Juniors of the Plainfield Society fill with stories. We have sent them to hospitals and missions, and last spring I communicated with the Lend-A-Hand Society of Boston. They send, on application, addresses where literature will be acceptable, freight or express charges prepaid. I forwarded twenty-five filled envelopes to an address in Texas. In due time came a letter thanking us for the envelopes. The writer said the people of the little town were too poor to buy books for the Sunday-school library, so these envelopes of stories had been numbered, added to their library, and distributed as regular library books. The bright ribbons with which they were tied were removed and used as rewards for regular attendance and perfect lessons, "and," said the writer, "the plan works like a charm." It had been very hard to get the children to attend regularly or to learn their lessons, but for the sake of calling their own, less than a yard of ribbon, at a cost of about two cents, they would be present and with lessons learned; our boys and girls are filling more envelopes and expect soon to send them to the same place. One of our members, who is clever with his brush, has decorated some of the envelopes as a special Christmas offering. We feel that to add fifty books, as this really means, to the library of a Sunday-school, is

worth striving for. If there are Sabbath-schools in our own denomination that would like the story envelopes (Junior library) for their libraries, we should be glad to hear from them, and will be pleased to send the filled envelopes as soon as they are ready. As the stories are gathered by children, most of them would be applicable for children under fourteen, although some would be suitable for those older.

We are also at work on scrap-books that will be sent somewhere for Christmas. The early part of next month, all the Juniors of Plainfield are to have a rally, for which our boys and girls are making ready. The spirit that has been shown in this, the beginning of our winter work, is very satisfactory. They are regular in attendance and are deeply interested in the work, in whatever form it is presented to them.

MRS. HENRY M. MAXSON.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Nov. 20, 1895.

BUSINESS RELIGION.

It has been taught that we should take our religion into our business. Is it not high time that we should also take our business into our religion? Use the same methods in our religious work that we do in our everyday affairs; viz: be prompt, systematic, thoroughly in earnest, always on the lookout for a chance to advance the cause,—in short, work at our religion—make a business of it.

Count on your fingers the number of slack, easy-going, careless indifferent business men who are successful; can you expect anything different of people who work at their religion in the same way?

Paul says that we should be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." We should use the same diligence, the same principles in serving the Lord that we use in our every-day business.

Satan, our common enemy, is ever on the alert; in a thousand different ways, he is constantly striving to lead poor, weak humanity away from God. Satan knows our weak points better than we do ourselves—if he cannot trip us on one point he tries something else—never gives up. So Christians must be awake and active seven days in the week, not one day in seven, and then feel that they have done their whole duty if they keep awake one-third of that day and sleep or feel indifferent the other two-thirds,—but they must be about their Father's business. He has given them a work to do.

If Satan can keep our thoughts and feelings occupied with worldly affairs, he does not fear any injury we can do to his business, but he becomes alarmed and calls out several extra regiments of the hosts of evil as soon as we prayerfully commence work on the beam that is in our own eye, for he knows that when so much is accomplished, we will help some poor struggling brother with his mote.

Push and hustle are business watchwords, and Satan keeps pace with the procession or a little in advance.

What are we doing? Are we getting a nineteenth century move on us? or do we act as though we were a back number?

Let us young people step into the ranks at once, do the duty lying nearest. Work hard to get as many of Satan's customers as possible, build for all time, never give up.

First of all praying for Divine help and

guidance, then work hard to answer our own prayers, and we can safely leave the results to God.

C. U. PARKER.

OUR MIRROR.

THE Indiana State Convention was held at Greengburg, October 25-27, with 1,529 delegates, representing 74,265 Endeavorers present. Thursday evening was occupied with consecration services; Friday, "The Christian Endeavorers in Christian Citizenship;" Saturday, conferences and parliaments; Sunday, missions and the closing services of the Convention.

The music of the entire convention was under the direction of Mr. E. O. Excell, who added much to the interest and success of the services.

A warm reception was tendered Dr. Clark, showing the high esteem in which he is held by Indiana Endeavorers. He gave the closing address and conducted the praise service.

The leaders for the coming year are: President, Judge L. J. Kilpatrick; Secretary, Miss Jennie T. Masson; Treasurer, Chas. J. Buchannan; Superintendent of Junior Work, Mrs. M. L. Hageman.

FOR THE MASTER, NOT THE MAN.

You are God's steward, are you not? And you have something, money or a helping hand, which a man or woman in desperate straits stands in need of, have you not? It would certainly be agreeable if that poor creature whom you lift out of the mire should express a warm appreciation of your act; but because he does not, will you pass coldly by all others who are in the mire and refuse assistance? Do you suppose that God is indifferent because the receiver of your good gift is? Did you do the good deed with the expectation of receiving your pay in gratitude? Then it was merely a matter of speculation on your part, a sort of spiritual venture, with the Lord left out of it, and instead of winning you have lost. Your motive was by no means the highest of which you are capable, nor was it quite worthy of the faith you profess.—*N. Y. Herald*.

LIKE MANY GONE BEFORE.

This was one of Dr. Mutchmore's stories told in his sermon at the Pittsburg Assembly: "A prosperous member of a church in Scotland was often besought by his pastor to give to the work of evangelizing the poor in Glasgow, but would always reply: 'Na, I need it for myself.' One night he dreamed that he was at the gate of heaven, which was only a few inches ajar. He tried to get in, but could not, and was in agony at his poor prospect. The face of his minister appeared, who said: 'Sandy, why stand ye glowering there? why don't ye gae in?' 'I can't; I am too large, and my pocketbook sticks out whichever way I turn.' 'Sandy, think how mean ye have been to the Lord's poor and ye will be small enough to go through the eye of a needle.' He awoke, and began to reduce both his pocketbook and his carnality by giving to Christ's cause."—*Watchman*.

A poor woman in New York City who keeps a small fruit stand gives regularly twenty-five dollars a year to the cause of missions—and this, too, when her entire income is not over two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars a year.

Children's Page.

PERSEVERE.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

List! my boy, a thought for you:
In this life, what e're you do,
Be your labor great or small,
Do it well—or not at all.
And whatever you begin,
Work! until success you win.
Keep your courage, never fear,
You can reach the goal, my dear,
If you only persevere.

If some object you'd attain—
Keep at work with might and main!
All things come to him that works;
Never to the one who shirks.
Fall not out beside the way;
Labor faithfully each day.
Never falter, never fear,
You will win the prize, my dear,
If you only persevere.

There are rich rewards to win;
If you'd have them, now begin.
Bear in mind, my boy, that luck
Is another name for pluck.
All things good are waiting you,
If you're faithful, honest, true.
Keep your courage, keep your cheer,
You can win success, my dear,
If you only persevere.

A POINT OF HONOR.

MATTIE M. BOTELER.

It all happened—well, it really must have been a dozen years ago. At any rate, it is five years this June since Harry Bourke established himself in his profession at Albany, and as for Nell Gale—it used to be—but, as Kipling would say, that is another story.

Never, in all the annals of Green Township had there been such goings on. For fully six weeks the whole neighborhood had been in a flutter of excitement, and there had been an unusual whirring of sewing machines and basting and fluting of lawns and laces.

For a good many years Green Township had boasted of the banner school in that section. Not only were the pupils better behaved, but were further advanced than those in the schools around them. The last teacher, Mr. Willis Marks, had outstripped all his predecessors by organizing classes in some of the higher branches, not usually taught in country schools. A little over a month ago he had announced his plans for a grand exhibition, with which they were to close the year's work. Prof. Grant, the President of the academy down at Lawson, had consented to be present. Mr. Marks was one of his former scholars; therefore, he had manifested a great interest in the school, and had offered a scholarship in the academy to the pupil who should write the best composition on a subject that he had selected. The prospect of a visit from this great man, who, in the eyes of Green Township, was second to the Governor himself, was exciting enough. The prize lay between two of Mr. Marks' scholars—Harry Bourke, who could write the most graceful things, and always with a spark of wit about them, and Helen Gale, whose strong point was earnestness and logic.

"If there were only two prizes!" people would say regretfully. Not that Harry Bourke had the least need that any one should present him a scholarship. His father was the master of broad acres, and the cattle on many of the hill-sides were his. Still, this did not make the winning of the prize less tempting. The Gales, though, were poor people, and the little gray farm-house seemed to be literally running over with small Gales. Helen was a born student, and had all her life

longed for the opportunity that, until now, had seemed beyond her reach.

All of the afternoon the boys had been unloading flowers at the school-house, and running hither and yon with ladders and hammers and wreaths and festoons of myrtle.

"There! I call that perfect," Frank Danner said; putting the finishing touches to a wreath of red roses that hung directly over the stage.

"Wait till you see Helen Gale walking from under it with the prize," one of the girls interposed.

"Do you really mean to capture it, Nell?" Harry Bourke questioned, looking up from his work.

"Really, my lord," Helen rejoined, bowing mockingly.

"Prof. Grant must have a good deal of confidence in human nature," Frank Danner was saying a little later, as he and Tillie Trubens walked home together, "because, of course, he has no means of knowing that any of the compositions are original."

"Pshaw!" Tillie returned. "Anybody could tell. Harry Bourke's compositions are just like him. As for Nell Gale, anyone could tell to look into her eyes that she wouldn't, for the world, read a line as her own that some one else had written."

Helen was a little distance in front of them, but she heard quite distinctly. Tillie was right, of course. She had always prided herself on her honor, but what was it that sent her blood tingling to her cheeks and made her heart beat so rapidly for a moment? Nothing but the paltry little scrap of paper that she wished heartily now that she had never seen. On her way to school over two weeks ago she had picked it up. It had attracted her notice because it looked like a page from some book, and was printed on but one side. The astonishing thing had been that it bore directly on the subject on which she had been writing, and seemed to furnish the graceful ending that her composition needed. It summed up the whole subject so beautifully that she could not leave it out now without ruining everything. "Oh, how can I help it?" she groaned. "But then I will," shutting her lips very tight, if it spoils everything."

Perhaps there would be time to write something else, she reflected, but there wasn't a minute. There were so many extra things to be done at home, and before she had fairly gotten into her white dress, her father was calling to her that it was time to go.

Harry Burke had read his paper and there had been a good deal of laughing and clapping, still Helen was undecided,—"only I will do right," she kept saying in her heart even after she ascended the stage and began to read. When she reached the last page she hesitated a moment, then lifting her eyes said gravely, "I wish I knew the author of this quotation, but I do not. It tells everything as I have found it impossible to tell it." There was another burst of applause, and almost before she knew it she was being called back to the platform. After that everybody crowded about to congratulate her, and Harry had declared that he was glad of it, as his father had promised to send him to the academy, and there would be two of them instead of one.

The next morning, as she flitted joyously about dusting the little parlor, she saw Pro. Grant coming up the walk.

"I came to talk a little with you, Helen,"

he said kindly. "But first tell me about the quotation you used last night."

"You noticed, then," she said, blushing a good deal, "I've been thinking about it all the morning, and it seems quite like a story book."

"Have you kept the page?" he questioned as she finished her story.

"Oh, yes, sir," going to her atlas and taking out a crumpled piece of paper. There was a queer little smile on the Professor's face as he took it, but he only said:

"I believe this belongs to me."

"Oh!"

"Yes; I am publishing a book on that subject, and this is one of the proof-sheets I sent to Marks to read, and which it seems he lost."

"Oh, I am so glad."

"Yes: I am glad, too, but we will not talk of that now."

Then there was a long delightful talk about the academy and the work before her. When at last he went away, Helen stood for a long time looking after him, shading her eyes with her hand.

"I'm glad I *did* stand up for honor," she said softly to herself, as she turned to go into the house, "but I hope I'll never come so near not doing it again."—*Christian Standard.*

A YOUNG EVANGELIST—A TRUE NARRATIVE.

ELIZABETH GORDON.

The shortest sermon I ever heard was preached by the shortest preacher I ever saw; and it was not on Sunday, nor in a church, but on Monday, in a small steamer plying between Toronto and the Island.

Ever since the boat left Church Street Wharf I had been amused by hearing a clear, high-set voice asking questions, one after another, as fast as the little tongue could go. Nothing could be seen from our point of view but a great hat of fine brown straw, which covered it like a tent, underneath which an edge of white skirt showed, and from it peeped a pair of tiny slippers.

Some of the questions asked by the voice were so original that I thought I would move around and see what was to be seen on the other side of the big hat; so I sat down on the other side of the lady, and looked on one of the loveliest child faces I had ever seen. But, O, such a delicate looking mite! features perfect, eyes of softest hazel, and rings of silky brown hair curling all around the blue veined forehead. I was wondering how long the fragile little body would stand the wear and tear of that voice, when the boat touched at the Wiman Baths, and a big policeman came on board and walked toward a vacant seat beside the child. The little one looked around, then turned to the lady, and put a little hand in hers.

"You need not be afraid of the policeman, darling. You are a good boy. It is only the bad boys who are afraid of policemen."

"O!" said the child, with a bright smile. And when the big policeman sat down beside him he turned up the beautiful face to him and asked:

"Are you a policeman?"

"Yes," answered the man, looking down at him kindly.

"Why are you a policeman?" was the next question.

The policeman gave a puzzled laugh, but

did not seem to have an answer ready. So the child helped him by asking:

"Is it 'cause you like to be a policeman?"

"Yes," said the man. Then, as if afraid of any more questions, he took out the key of the patrol box and a pair of handcuffs, and began to explain that they were to put on bad boys when he took them away.

"You won't take me away," said the little fellow, bravely, looking him straight in the face; "I am a good boy."

"No, my boy, I won't take you. Whom do you belong to?" asked the big man, still smiling at the mite.

"I belong to Jesus," said the child.

The big policeman got very red in the face, and, rising hurriedly, jumped on the wharf at Island Park.

"So you see, dear children, that the sermon was only four words. Could any of you preach it?"—*Exchange.*

TITHING.*

W. D. TICKNOR.

Are we required by the law of tithing, as given to the Jew, to set apart as sacred one-tenth of our income?

The origin of tithing dates from antiquity so great that it is lost in obscurity. Melchizedek is said to have received tithes from Abraham. This is the earliest date recorded to which we can trace the practice. Whether this was a voluntary offering, whether the proposition of one-tenth was arbitrary with Abraham, we are not told. The next intimation we have of it is in Gen. 28: 20-22. And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God; and this stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house, and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

From that time till the giving of the Law to Moses, there is nothing said in regard to the matter. When the law was given to Moses, the system of tithing was included.

That it was ceremonial, is evident from its association with other ceremonial laws and also from the nature of the law itself. The requirements are so peculiarly Jewish that they could not be applied to us in the present dispensation.

The same law that required the setting apart of one-tenth of the increase of every one's possessions, required also that the tithes should be used in a particular manner. In Deut. 14: 22-27, we read: "Thou shalt truly tithe all the increase of thy seed that the field bringeth forth year by year, and thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God in the place which he shall choose to place his name there, the tithe of thy corn of thy wine and thine oil and the firstlings of thy herds and of thy flocks; that thou mayest learn to fear the Lord thy God always. And if the way be too long for thee so that thou art not able to carry it, or if the place be too far from thee which the Lord thy God shall choose to put his name there, when the Lord thy God hath blessed thee, then thou shalt turn it into money and bind up the money in thy hand and shalt go unto the place which the Lord thy God shall choose; and thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for

sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth, and thou shalt eat there before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice, thou and thine household. And the Levite that is within thy gates, thou shalt not forget him for he hath no part nor inheritance with thee."

When Christ passed through Samaria he held conversation with one who came to the well to draw water.

In the conversation the woman said, "Our fathers worship in this mountain, but ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." Jesus replied, "Believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father; and a little later he added, "But the hour cometh and now is when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him." Since God withdrew his special presence from Jerusalem and the temple where he had caused his name to be placed had been destroyed, the conditions embodied in the law of tithing as given to Moses, cannot be applied to any people. If the conditions do not exist whereby one part can be obeyed, the conclusion is but natural and (to me) logical that the whole law, having served its purpose became null and void. Are we then released from all obligation to give of our substance to God's cause?

Certainly not. We are bound by the law of love to give as God has prospered us. While there is no law defining the proportion of our earnings that should be set apart as sacred, yet there is a law written in our hearts that prompts us to give, not grudgingly nor of necessity, but willingly and cheerfully, knowing that God loveth a cheerful giver. Many, I believe, "withhold more than is mete but it tendeth to poverty." When a man is born into the kingdom of God, and consecrates himself to the work of God, his pocket-book should also be consecrated. Instead of regarding nine-tenths of his income as his own, to be used as he pleases, he should regard the entire amount as God's, and himself as only a steward.

THE CUBAN CAUSE IN CHICAGO.

At the recent meeting in favor of Cuban freedom Chicago the Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus said: "I am a Spaniard. The name Gunsaulus is the name of the Smith family in Spain and Cuba. Those of us who did not get into the ministry went into the cigar business. But, while I have Spanish blood in my veins, every drop of it tingles with the memory that one of my ancestors was sent to a jail in Holland, put into a dungeon, and kept there by the rapacity of Spain, until at last, inch by inch and day by day, the water of the river let into that dungeon almost silently rose to his lips, and as he died his prayer was that no descendant of his might forget the violence and the outrage of wrong-headed Spanish government. He was sensible enough to marry the daughter of a Puritan. Her father helped to lay the foundations of this Government in the first town-meeting at Plymouth, and that Puritan grandmother has complete control of this house to-night.—*The Outlook.*

I FIND that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—*Holmes.*

Home News.

Arkansas.

FOUKE.—The meetings here have continued since our Association adjourned, and are still continuing, and I do not know when they will stop, as our little Church is greatly revived and seems to have renewed zeal. The attendance has not been large, but good interest has prevailed all the while. Bro. F. F. Johnson is doing good work, he preaches every evening, and through the day he is preaching from house to house. Surely the harvest is ripe, and some are gathered in. There have been calls for baptism, a Brother Harvey, at the age of fifty-three years. Brother Harvey seems to be very happy in the change from death to life; also a sister Coyl, who comes from the Missionary Baptists. There have been several more conversions, and it is our hope that there will be more added before the meetings close.

The more I see of the house to house preaching, the more I am constrained to work for the Master. Oh! that we could have men in every nook and corner doing this kind of preaching. It makes my heart ache to find so many who never heard of a Seventh-day Baptist. Almost invariably when they find out that I am a Sabbath-keeper, the first thing is, "You are an Adventist;" then I have to take time to explain the difference. In my opinion we should make great sacrifices to go to the people, for this is what our Saviour did; on one occasion he said he must be about his Father's business; so also we as a people should be about our Father's work.

Bro. S. I. Lee has been called to Cross County, Ark., to organize a church in that part of the field. May the God of heaven attend his visit and much good be done. From what opportunity I have to learn, it seems to me that there are more people who are studying the Sabbath question now than ever before. May God stir their minds, so that they will lay hold on the truth.

The health of our society has been very good through the year, while now there seems to be a general complaint with colds. Bro. Shaw has been suffering from the effects of cold, and we did so much need his assistance in our meetings, but we are happy to say that he is now improving, not only physically but spiritually. In the conclusion of our services last evening he gave us a most stirring exhortation.

Bro. C. G. Beard and myself have been talking of trying to buy our old church house back again at Texarkana. We think we can get it for two hundred dollars. Bro. Beard has agreed to give \$25, and I have agreed to give the same, and we think we can raise one hundred of the amount. Bro. Beard thinks that everything is ripe at Texarkana for a harvest, if some man could go there and hold a series of meetings. May God put it in the minds of some one to go there. There are six members there, and around there, that possibly could commence to keep house for the Lord.

The Baptists carried on a protracted meeting for a while, and tried to stir sinners to repentance by preaching no-Law, but failed. The preacher became alarmed at the coldness that prevailed, and went to Bro. Beard to see if he could tell him what was the matter. Bro. Beard told him that if there was no Law,

*Read at a Ministerial Conference held at Rock River, Wis., and requested for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

the people had nothing to repent of. Bro. Beard also told him that the truth had been preached in that house, and God would not drive out truth and bring in an error.

Now, brethren, let us rally and buy this old church, as it is the first place as a church the truth was ever preached in the great Southwest. Will all the friends of truth pray that the work may go on, and that we poor soldiers may stand all the storms that may come against us?

B. F. GRANDBURY.

Nov. 25, 1895.

PICTURES, OR BANK-NOTES?

REV. J. K. WILSON.

An old woman in Scotland was living in the most abject poverty. Her neighbors thought it strange, knowing that she had a son in America reputed to be in comfortable circumstances. One day one of them ventured to ask her about the matter.

"Does your son never send you money?"

"No," reluctantly answered the mother; but, eager to defend him against the implied charge of forgetfulness and ingratitude, she quickly added, "But he writes me nice long letters, and he sends me a pretty picture in almost every one of them."

"Where are the pictures?" queried the visitor; "may I see them?"

"Why, certainly," was the answer. And the old woman went to a shelf, and took down the old Bible; and there between the leaves lay the "pictures" that her son had been sending her from America through all the years.

What were they? Nothing more nor less than bank-notes, each for a considerable amount. During all this time of need the woman had had under her hand a sum of money sufficient to satisfy her every want; and she did not know it. She had looked at the pictures; she had thought them pretty pictures; they had been to her reminders of her far-off son, and evidence that he had not forgotten her; and that was all.

Of what does the little story remind you? Are we not often like this woman, finding "pictures" in the Book, where we should find wealth for the supply of all our needs? God's promises are bank-bills; they are checks and drafts upon the bank on high. We look at them, read them, admire them; we think of the love that prompted God to make them and give them to us; we imagine circumstances in which they would be peculiarly and exceedingly precious and helpful. Then we shut the Bible, and leave them there, and go out to face the poverty and destitution of life. We do not use them, spend them, buy with them, live upon them as we might and ought. Yet the mistake is ours, not God's. He has given them to us. He means that they should be used as the "coin of the realm." He is not to blame if we persist in seeing only the pictures in them and upon them.

What are the promises to you, "pictures," or bank-notes?—*Golden Rule.*

TRUE NOBILITY.—At a slave market in one of the Southern States, many years ago, a smart, active colored boy was put up for sale. A kind master pitied his condition, and, not wishing him to have a cruel owner, went up to him and said:

"If I buy you, will you be honest?"

The boy, with a look that baffled description, replied:

"I will be honest whether you buy me or not."

DANGER SIGNALS.

A writer who has not sufficiently the courage of his convictions to call himself anything else but "M" takes exception to the remarks of the *Republican* in regard to the danger of putting in the Constitution of the United States a clause naming "Christ as the nation's Sovereign, Lord, and King," and says: "We do not see the 'great world's council' assembled to elect the representative of Christ." This simply proves that "M" does not look into the past, nor open his eyes to the facts of to-day. It places him in the ranks of those who "having eyes see not." Can he be oblivious to the fact that there is to-day, on earth, a representative—elected to his office—for whom it is claimed that he should be recognized by all nations as a supreme arbiter? But "M" says:

Intolerance and persecution in the past had their stronghold, not in belief in Christ or acknowledgement of him, but in the ignorance of the masses. The spread of education renders such bloody scenes as the world has witnessed in the name of religion highly improbable if not quite impossible in this day.

It is because of the value of information and acquaintance with the warnings of history and the signs of the times, and because of the good that an enlightened press may do in sounding these warnings that we have hope. We trust that before the proposition referred to is put to a vote of the States, the intelligence of the people and the "campaign of education" will insure its defeat. Mind that we have not said a word against belief in Christ, nor against trust in God. The proposition does not touch these. These pertain to the individual; but when any man or set of men undertake to rule others in the name of Christ, and invoke the civil law to help them, there will be persecution.

Men are lying in jail to-day in this "land of the free," simply for obeying the dictates of their own consciences in a matter of religious (Sabbath) observance. They are persecuted in the name and by the authority of the civil law. Referring to these things, no less a person than Dr. Lyman Abbot, in the *Outlook*, says:

Let these abuses be ventilated. The sooner we understand whether this is actually a free country, the better it will be for all concerned.

The *Examiner and National Baptist*, of New York, says:

In not a few of our States religious liberty is grossly, wickedly, infamously violated through the abuse of what are called the Sunday laws.

The *Church Bulletin* (Baptist), of Chicago, says:

Let us be careful how we let in the camel's nose of religious legislation.

The *Louisville Courier Journal* says:

People are asking if we are returning to the days of Cotton Mather or the Spanish Inquisition.

But "M" says there is no danger. Let's sleep on while the choir sings. Yet at the very moment a determined and persistent effort is being made to wipe out what constitutional guarantees there are against this dangerous tendency.

The *New York World* says:

It [the State] has no more right to prescribe the religious observance of sabbaths and holy days, than to order sacraments and ordain creeds.

Yet the convention referred to demanded that the "religious observance" mentioned be put in the Constitution, and further demanded the very thing that would lead to the ordaining of creeds,—in fact, demanded that a creed should be put in the Constitution itself!—*Midland (Mich.) Republican.*

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: 13-23
Oct. 19.	Ruth's Choice.....	Ruth 1: 14-22
Oct. 26.	The Child Samuel.....	I Sam. 8: 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 Rejecte ^d	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 XI.—DAVID AND JONATHAN.

For Sabbath-day, Dec. 14, 1895.

LESSON TEXT.—I Sam. 20: 32-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

INTRODUCTORY.

We now reach a most important part of David's life. After David had slain the Philistine, and the Israelites had defeated the Philistine army, Saul from some unaccountable reason, pretended not to know David, and he sends Abner to inquire who he is, and thereafter taking him into the royal family. Consequently a great friendship springs up between David and Saul's son Jonathan. But King Saul again becomes jealous of David's growing popularity and he seeks to take his life, but Jonathan intercedes for David.

EXPLANATORY.

v. 32. "Jonathan answered Saul his father . . . wherefore shall he be slain." Respectfully and reverently as he was both a father and a king, Jonathan answers regarding the absence of David and then tests his father to determine his attitude toward David.

v. 33. "And Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him." A little before (v. 31) he seems to be anxious about Jonathan's danger in losing the crown, but now in this exhibition of spite he would himself cut his son off from the throne by taking his life. The sparing of Jonathan's life may be considered another manifestation of God's providential care as well as when the king sought David's life on other occasions.

v. 34. "So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger and did eat no meat." An exhibition of just indignation, and it was entirely proper for him to withdraw from the feast and from his father's presence. He was deeply grieved, more than angered in all probability. At any rate it was no time to eat holy things.

v. 35. "Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed with David." Faithful to his friend, he went to the appointed place by the stone Ezel (v. 19) where David had hid.

v. 36. "He shot an arrow beyond him." Sending the lad first he could easily put the arrow on the side he choose, as prearranged.

v. 37. "Is not the arrow beyond thee." Signifying danger to David's life (v. 22).

v. 38. "Jonathan cried after the lad. Make speed, haste, stay not." While these words were addressed to the lad, they were intended for David's ears, informing him that a speedy flight was necessary for the king was intent on his life.

v. 39. "The lad knew not anything." Knew not the full import of what Jonathan meant by his random shooting or what he had said to him.

v. 40. "Jonathan gave his artillery unto the lad." The French word "artillerie" signifies "archery," and the term is still used in England in the designation of the "Artillery Company of London," the association of archers though they have long disused bows and arrows.—*J. F. & B.* "Go carry them to the city." This furnished a good excuse to be rid of the lad.

v. 41. "David arose out of the place." Finding the way clear, the two could spend a moment in parting before David fled. "Fell on his face to the ground." This was a mark of homage to the prince, but on a close approach every other consideration was sunk in full flow of the purest brotherly affection.—*J. F. & B.* "And they kissed one another and wept one with another until David exceeded." A most sorrowful parting of these two friends who for aught that appears never came together again but once (chapter 23: 16) and that was by stealth in a word.—*Henry.*

v. 42. "And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace." The parting was equally grievous to both parties. To better understand the magnitude of this friendship, we must have in mind that Jonathan the prince and heir to the throne exercised this friendship knowing that David was to supplant him. It is more than likely that he knew that David had been anointed to the kingship. "The Lord be between me and thee and between my seed and thy seed forever." A most impressive and solemn covenant that this friendship shall not only abide during their natural lives, but that it shall extend to coming generations.

Popular Science.

A FRENCHMAN wants to disfigure the great pyramid in Egypt by a railroad to the top to be run by electricity, but the Khedive will not let him. We advise this enterprising Frenchman to come over here, and *soar a la* railroad to the top of Mt. Washington and Pikes' Peak, then make an application to the Swedish authorities for a franchise to the top of the Matterhorn, and if unsuccessful there we will assure him a favorable one here to the top of Mt. Elias.

THERE has lately been discovered a new gas, giving the most brilliant white light known, even surpassing electricity. It is made from carbon (coal), and calcium (lime), and water. It can be made in the household with safety, in a machine that costs only \$1 50; one jet equals fifteen ordinary gas jets. This compound which is called the carbide of calcium, will be placed on the market before long and sold the same as kerosene oil, also the illuminating apparatus. Owing to the simplicity of the apparatus, the brilliancy of the white light, and the cheapness with which the compound can be made, it seems well calculated to be used largely in rural districts, in the place of kerosene and other forms of light. Having referred to this gas before, that it may not be lost sight of we mention it here again.

It is thought by the Weather Bureau at Washington, that if the observations, or readings, could be taken from over three miles high, the forecast of the weather could be made far more accurate, and for a greater length of time than can be done where the observations are taken on the earth. The Chief of the Bureau is planning to take aerial observations and readings, and for this purpose is constructing a machine that is neither a balloon nor aeroplane, but rather a combination of both, on which he is to put the self-recording instruments, and that when the proper height is reached the recording machine will be released, and act immediately. The weather soar being captive, will be at once recalled to earth; and the records brought down which were taken high up in the heavens will cause the forecasts and the hindcasts to be in agreement.

It is well understood that very much if not most of the liquors sold and drank, as brandy, whisky, rum, gin, etc., also various kinds of wines, are simply chemical productions from inferior substances and are flavored to represent in taste the pure article. Lately, the chemist has succeeded in manufacturing tartaric acid, turpentine, and conine (this last contains the deadly principle of the hemlock), and in combination, they are very nearly the same thing as nicotine, which is the essential principle of tobacco. With this compound, cabbage leaves, turnip leaves, corn leaves, or any sort of leaves may be impregnated with it, and with some of the flavoring oils turns out a cheap substitute for the real tobacco, for tobacco is only so much dry vegetable leaves in which nicotine and the flavoring oils are stored. Already the manufacturer of cigars, cigarettes, snuff, and other forms of tobacco full well understands the process of adulteration, so that but very little of the genuine article can be found in the market.

H. H. B.

AN APPEAL TO THE DAVISES.

We have determined to undertake the task of writing a brief history of the Davis family, and shall endeavor to show, in addition to the historical sketches, the relationship of all the different families that descended from the Wm. Davis of Wales, who gave the famous mug to his son John with instructions inscribed upon it as to how it should be handed down—John to William, William to John, etc.

The success of the work will depend largely upon the interest taken in it by its friends, as each individual interested will assist in collecting desired information.

If you know of any member of our family who does not take the RECORDER, please write him or send me his address, that none may be omitted. Remember, very much depends upon your individual effort in this matter.

Give your father's name, tell where he was born, his age, and *as much of his history as possible*, the names of all his children in the order of their birth. Give the names of your own children. Give the name of your grandfather, where born, to whom married, and the names of his children, etc. Give as much of your genealogy as you can; do not withhold any scrap of history pertaining to our ancestors that would be of any interest whatever in such a work.

Will some reader please give the address of the person now holding the mug above referred to?

If correspondence requires answer, please enclose stamp.

T. C. DAVIS.

817 WALKER St., Des Moines, Iowa.

IT MOVES.

Even in benighted Tennessee the spirit of progress moves, as is proved by the acquittal of several Seventh-day Baptists for Sabbath-breaking, as charged. The accused were found at work on the first day of the week, arrested, imprisoned, finally arraigned and tried. That they have been acquitted is a sign of returning common sense. Other religionists of the same denomination have been punished by fine and imprisonment in the past, and in the same State. The people of Tennessee probably average about the same as elsewhere, taken as a whole, but they certainly cannot claim to be any better than people in the lump elsewhere. It would be better were all persons to agree upon one day to be set apart as a time of rest and refreshing, and that will probably be done in some not distant time. As Sunday best accommodates the nominal Christian world, that should be the most satisfactory day to the greater number.

But so long as the features of the Jewish Sabbath are insisted upon, no sensible Christian can justly complain of any denomination which hews to the line and letter of the law, and observes Saturday as the Sabbath. They have the law and the commandment on their side, and in fact the entire foundation of the ordinance. We may regard them as too literal and rigid, but if we assume the right to name some other day to take the place of the seventh, and hedge it about with penal laws to restrain other Christians from observing the Scriptural day, we become yet more literal and rigid than the latter, and as much more literal and rigid as we are more numerous, and, as we claim to be, more enlightened and liberal. The Christian world

should agree upon the same day of rest and worship, but if any refuse to so agree, we have no right to force the consciences of men by statutes. The object of true religion is to make men free, not slaves, and if we have sometimes lost sight of this fact, the fault is ours and not Christianity's.—*North American* (Phila).

THE custom of the women of the Sandwich Islands is thus told by Dr. Titus Coan: "The mother gives to the baby a penny, holding the little hand over the contribution box. Instinctively the hand closes over the penny. But the mother shakes it till the penny drops in the box. Then she kisses the child, and pats and kisses the little hand. The child appreciates that something pleasant has been done, and soon learns how to earn the reward, and thus learns how to love to give." Cannot American mothers learn something from this?

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*.

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.

Fogg.—Near Shiloh, N. J., Nov. 12, 1895, of typhoid fever, Albert J., son of Charles D. and Anna M. Fogg, aged eleven years.

Albert was a member of the Shiloh Sabbath-school, and had the reputation of being a good boy. He was the oldest son of the family, and his early death is a severe blow to the fond parents.

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors; Amid these earthly damps What seems to us but sad, funeral tapers May be heaven's distant lamps." I. L. C.

COTTRELL.—At Shiloh, N. J., Oct. 21, 1895, of diphtheria, Jessie Faith, daughter of Ira Lee and Angella Dye Cottrell, aged four years.

She had a choice place in the hearts of all her family, and others. She came as a ray of light that faded in the early morning. Owing to the nature of the disease, and the sickness of other members of the family, her little form was quietly laid to rest, with only prayer by the narrow chamber, that loving ones had lined with fleecy white, adorned with flowers and green.

"She is not dead,—the child of our affection,— But gone unto that school Where she no longer needs our poor protection, And Christ himself doth rule." I. L. C.

BONHAM.—At Shiloh, N. J., Nov. 2, 1895, Mrs. Sarah Gaspy, wife of Deacon Geo. Bonham, aged 70 years and 8 days.

In 1844 she united with the Baptist Church, of Roadstown, N. J., and in 1851 transferred her membership to the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Shiloh, of which she remained a member until death. She was married to Geo. Bonham Feb. 8, 1849, and to them were born six children, four of whom are still living; three were permitted to be with her during her last brief sickness, of one week, to minister to her wants, who had always so tenderly and lovingly watched over them. One son resides in Fairland, I. T. A faithful wife, a devoted mother and grandmother, a good neighbor, a friend to the afflicted, a decided character, a woman of integrity, that loved her home and its duties, has departed from our midst. I. L. C.

BOWDEN.—Near Shiloh, N. J., Oct. 3, 1895, Francis Willard, infant son of Joseph C. and A. Belle (Gillespie) Bowden, aged 2 days.

"Brightest hopes are soonest blasted, As they blossom but to die." I. L. C.

CONTINEAUX.—Near Dodge Centre, Minn., Nov. 19, 1895, of paralysis, Mrs. Thresa Contineaux, wife of the late Alexander Contineaux, aged about 76 years.

Funeral services conducted by Eld. H. D. Clarke, at the home of Earnest Glarve, who had cared for the lonely widow for a number of years.

SPAULDING.—In the town of Deerfield, Wis., Nov. 17, 1895, Mrs. Adaline Spaulding, in her 56th year.

Adaline Brown was born in Franklin county, N. Y., in 1840. She came to Wisconsin in 1867. She has been twice married and leaves three children to mourn her loss. During the last five years she has been a constant sufferer with lingering consumption. When quite young she experienced religion under the Methodist faith. She began the observance of the Sabbath in 1891 and united with the Coloma Seventh-day Baptist Church. Jesus and the Sabbath were very precious to her during her long illness. She died happy in the Lord. Funeral services were conducted at the Fish Lake School-house, by the writer. D. B. C.

JOHNNY EXPLAINS.—Teacher: "Why did you hit Willie Winkum with a stone?" Little Johnny: "He—he got mad, and looked as if he'd like to hit me with something, so I jus' chucked the stone over to him so he could throw it at me."

FLATTERY is a species of false coin which only our vanity enables us to pass current.

AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS! The grandest and fastest selling book ever published is DARKNESS AT DAYLIGHT or LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE By Helen Campbell, and Supt. Byrnes, with introduction By Rev. Lyman Abbott. Illustrated with pathos, humor, fact and story, splendid photographs of real life. Ministers say "God speed it." Every one laughs and cries over it, and Agents are selling it by thousands. 1000 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.

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

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GENERAL GRANT.

"General Grant was," says General Horace Porter in McClure's Magazine, "without exception the most absolutely truthful man I ever encountered in public life. He was not only truthful himself, but he had a horror of untruth in others." An anecdote illustrates this trait.

One day while sitting in his bedroom in the White House, where he had retired to write a message to Congress, a card was brought in by a servant.

An officer on duty at the time, seeing that the President did not want to be disturbed, remarked to the servant, "Say the President is not in."

General Grant overheard the remark, turned around suddenly in his chair and cried out to the servant:

"Tell him no such thing! I don't lie myself, and I don't want any one to lie for me!"—Our Dumb Animals.

WHAT, then, is death? It will be a concealment of me from the world, but not a hiding-place of the world from me. Always there will be something of me lasting on in the world; and to the end of it the world will be known to me in some things, I think. It is not to be estranged from this world utterly, oh, no! For it is to be taken into the bosom of the Father, and to feel his feelings for this world, and to look back upon it from under the light of his eyes. Death is this, and it is beauty, and it is peace.

LIFE and death are near neighbors, and we should be friendly to both. Love life and fear not death.

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well that looks natural" said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

MOUNT EGO.

Robert Louis Stevenson, so it is said, being asked once what was the dizziest height he had ever climbed, replied: "The giddiest height I ever climbed was Mount Ego. I reached the summit and looked down. I have never got over that dismal purview. I scrambled down again ignominiously, and went and idled in a sunny place, and said that except as a sleep-walker I would never again peer over that crest." A good many mortals have climbed the same height and have mistaken their dizzy feeling for one of inspiration.—Observer.

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.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1895.

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.

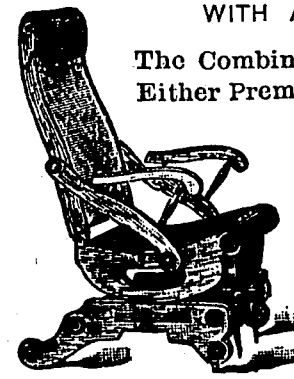
A STORY WELL TOLD.

A gentleman from North Carolina wrote to the Editor of the Christian Work, referring to an advertisement of The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co. in the columns of that paper: "If everything you advertise in your paper repays the purchaser as well as this advertisement has me, you are conferring a benefit on mankind

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YOU GET BOTH FOR \$10.00

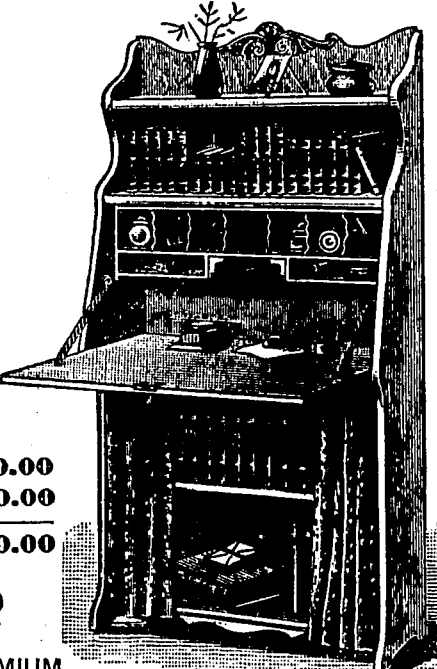
WE WILL SEND BOX AND EITHER PREMIUM ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL; IF SATISFACTORY, YOU CAN REMIT \$10.00 IF NOT, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

Our offer fully explained in THE SABBATH RECORDER, Nov. 14th, 21st, and 28th.

NOTE.—A member of the staff of the Christian Standard recently visited Buffalo and called at the factory of the Larkin Co. That the goods are made by practical men, are excellent, and give splendid satisfaction is beyond a doubt. The premiums offered are truly all claimed for them. The Company are reliable as many of our readers know.—Christian Standard, Cin.

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, New York.



in bringing such good things to notice. I do not really see how they can afford to give so much for the money." Everyone who accepts the wonderful offers made by this Company gives the same verdict, yet the Company do not disclaim the fact, that they make a fair manufacturers' profit on each sale. The "Larkin Idea," which saves the entire middle-men's profits, by dispensing altogether with their services, effects an aggregate saving which makes easily possible, seemingly, wonderful, offers. Of course, years of study, a wonderfully perfect system, large capital, and the highest reputation for integrity, are all necessary in making the Larkin method a success.

Harper's Magazine IN 1896.

Briseis, a new novel by WILLIAM BLACK, written with all the author's well-known charm of manner, will begin in the December Number, 1895, and continue until May. A new novel by GEORGE DU MAURIER, entitled The Martin, will also begin during the year. It is not too much to say that no novel has ever been awaited with such great expectation as the successor to Trilby. The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc will continue and will relate the story of the failure and martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans. Other important fiction of the year will be a novelette by MARK TWAIN, under the title, Tom Sawyer, Detective; a humorous three-part tale called Two Mormons from Muddlety, by LANGDON ELWYN MITCHELL; and short stories by OCTAVE THANET, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, MARY E. WILKINS, JULIAN RALPH, BRANDER MATTHEWS, OWEN WISTER, and other well-known writers.

Prof. WOODROW WILSON will contribute six papers on George Washington and his times, with illustrations by HOWARD PYLE. POULTNEY BIGLOW'S history of The German Struggle for Liberty, illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE, will be continued through the winter. Two papers on St. Clair's defeat and Mad Anthony Wayne's victory, by THEODORE ROOSEVELT, with graphic illustrations will be printed during the year.

A noteworthy feature of the MAGAZINE during 1896 will be a series of articles by CASPAR W. WHITNEY, describing his trip of 2,600 miles on snow-shoes and with dog-sledge trains into the unexplored Barren Grounds of British North America in pursuit of wood-bison and musk-oxen. Mr. WHITNEY'S series will have the added interest of being illustrated from photographs taken by himself.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order.

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