

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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SABBATHS MILITANT.

THE militant Sabbaths like soldiers are marching,
The long, dusty marches of time to complete,
And down through the valleys and over the hillsides
The lines are advancing, nor think of retreat;
The order was given at Eden's fair portals,
To march right across the broad deserts of earth,
Up, up to the gates of the happy immortals,
And there be reviewed in the land of their birth.

Just look at the columns so quietly passing,
And see by the guidons how perfectly dressed;
By companies, marching in bold, open order,
And each one appearing so like all the rest!
Their uniform royal, their plumes proudly waving,
Complete their equipments, all worthy of praise;
No straggling militia, these militant Sabbaths,
These Sabbaths of God are the best of our days.

But see, they are crossing an enemy's country,
For few are the cities that open a gate,
Or fling out the bunting from flagstaff and steeple,
And welcome the vet'rans to march in, in state:
So off of the highways, in byways of earth,
The militant Sabbaths go marching along,
Where the birds and the brooks, the fields and the forests,
Salute the battalions and join in their song.

The head of the column to Zion ascending,
Now sees just ahead an enrapturing sight;
The towers and turrets of heavens fair city,
By rainbows encircled, embosomed in light;
And soon they will be there, these militant Sabbaths,
Will cross over safe on Eternity's shore,
And all who have known them and loved them on earth,
In heaven will see them and love them the more.

—Lester Courtland Rogers in *Golden Link*.

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Sabbath Recorder.

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It is one thing to get, but quite another to keep. Some people have facilities for earning, or at least getting, much money; but they are spendthrifts. The money is soon gone. Others, receiving much less, still save more. These observations hold good in spiritual things also. Many have superior religious opportunities who make very little or no progress. Others, of very limited spiritual opportunities grow rapidly in the Christian graces. The former are religious spendthrifts; the latter, religious economists.

RELIGION has been likened both to an armor and a cloak. It would be better to regard it as an internal cleansing, a purifier, a disinfectant. It is not so much an external garb to be worn, as an internal fire to give warmth and light to the whole being. An armor is only for defensive warfare; religion is essentially aggressive. A cloak is designed to shut in the warmth and ward off the cold. Religion is more like the sun, made to shine, cannot long be hidden. The sun needs neither armor nor cloak.

GREAT things are done by constantly doing little things. Fortunes are acquired by earning and saving the pennies. Coral islands appear only when built up by the secretions of myriads of marine zoophytes. Floods are produced by the union of many drops of water. So the most beautiful Christian characters are formed, not by enormous gifts for founding colleges, maintaining missionaries, building asylums; but by kind thoughts, words and deeds; by prayer, spiritual meditations, regular benevolent contributions "as God has prospered you."

THE man whose insurance expired only twenty-four hours before his house burned, because he was too busy to attend to the renewal of his policy, had ample time to regret his folly. The man who has no time to attend to religious matters, because of his urgent business obligations, will soon have all eternity in which to regret his mistake. The wise man will not allow a moment to pass without a new insurance policy, after the old one expires; nor will he dare to sleep until he is at peace with God, in possession of a life insurance policy, executed by the Saviour of men, and approved and accepted by the Father.

THE Annual Message by the President is devoted chiefly to our foreign relations, and in most instances is a very satisfactory showing of peaceful relations. There will undoubtedly be severe criticism in the matters of diplomacy. There are several questions of importance concerning our own domestic affairs that need enlightened legislation that do not appear to have received any attention in this message. It would have been refreshing to read some clearly expressed plan for

increasing our national revenue and filling up our depleted Treasury. But the things omitted in the message can be considered, all the same, by Congress in its own time and way.

THERE is a distinction between the terms atheism and infidelity which is not always preserved. A writer recently speaking of Thomas Paine calls him the atheist. An atheist is one who does not believe in the existence of God from the Greek word "Theos," which signifies God and "a" which as a prefix denotes privation or taking from. Thomas Paine declared himself a believer in God. But he did not believe in the Bible as a revelation from God, and hence was an infidel or unbeliever. This word is from the Latin "fides," faith, and "in," not. Ingersoll is not an atheist, but an infidel. One who rejects the Christian religion and the authority of the Bible is an infidel. But he may still believe in the existence and power and even goodness of God.

THE most brilliant scholar, the most profound thinker, the most eloquent statesman, the man of the greatest wealth, each and every one may be, and will be, an eternal failure without a simple, child-like faith in Jesus Christ. It is possible to live a few years here in disobedience and disregard of God and his plan of saving men. But disappointment, shame and anguish are just as sure to follow as the night is to follow the day. Esau sold his birth-right for a single meal, a momentary gratification. He could not buy his birth-right back. He had no inheritance, nothing with which to redeem his lost fortune. The sinner has bartered away his hope of heaven for a momentary pleasure. But in his case there is one way by which he can regain the lost inheritance. One way, and only one. "For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby he can be saved." The name of Jesus is his talisman. He is wise who secures that name as his passport; who retains that Friend as his Advocate.

THE first church to send its contribution of extra money for the Tract Society since Conference, is Milton, Wis. This may be designated as the "Banner Church" in this relation. Just as the Treasurer of the Tract Society was about to hire \$500 more to meet current expenses, the Milton Church, through its treasurer, sends \$200. Now why will not other churches "Go and do likewise?" The Tract Board are not unaware of the fact that in some localities farming communities are somewhat restricted in their ability to raise extra funds in consequence of low prices for crops. But whatever can be done should be reported at once. The Board has been instructed to do certain things. But unless that instruction is accompanied, or very soon followed, by the necessary financial support, the Board will be powerless to carry out the instruction. It is an easy thing to vote a debt upon the Society, but a much more difficult matter to pay the debt. The Board will not feel at liberty to "launch out into the deep" in creating new demands for money until there is assurance that such an enterprise will not lead to bankruptcy.

SOUTH AMERICA is called, in the last issue of the *Golden Rule*, "The neglected continent." A cut accompanies the article showing the

greater part of the continent in black, indicating the religious condition as either heathen or under the dominance of the Roman Catholic Church. Protestant missionary stations are in white, indicative of the light of the Gospel as Protestants understand it. From this showing it appears that only about one-seventh of that great continent has been reached by the rays of light as reflected by Protestant missionaries. Brazil is the great republic of the South, being 299,000 square miles larger than the United States, and not more than two millions, out of its fourteen millions of population have come under the influence of Protestants. But Brazil is much better off in this respect than any other part of South America. Bolivia is a large republic, whose form of government is much like our own, with a population of 2,200,000 and yet has no Protestant missionary. Peru is also a republic with 3,000,000 people and only three missions, with twelve missionaries. About the same can be said of Ecuador, Columbia, and Venezuela.

In view of this neglected condition of religious affairs in South America, recent organizations have been effected for the sole object of carrying the Gospel to these provinces. There is an interdenominational organization, dependent for its funds upon the free-will offerings of Christians everywhere. Its headquarters are No. 4 Simpson Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

What an opportunity is here presented for Christian Missions! "Darkest Africa" is little darker than this vast territory where so little has yet been done for perishing men.

ALL the terror which is often accompanied by extremely sad and unhappy results, over the possible near approach of death, can be avoided by more frequent contemplation of that very probable event, and by a determination to live honestly and religiously, as is every persons duty. It is stated that the recent trembling of the earth in Michigan and other localities in the slight earthquake shock caused the insanity of a rich farmer living near Buffalo, N. Y. He was so terrified, thinking the end of the world was near, that he is now in an insane asylum. Why should any man allow himself to be so overcome at the thought of death? All men know that this event is, of all others, the most certain. No man can escape death. It is liable to come to anyone at any moment. It matters little whether it may come by disease, accident, tempest or an earthquake. Such terror is unmanly and unnecessary. Let each one think calmly of this possibility, probability, certainty, and then calmly ask himself, what, under the circumstances, is the best thing for him to do. If he finds his fear arising from a consciousness of his unfitness to be ushered into the presence of his righteous Judge, he should at once seek to place himself on terms of reconciliation, friendship and intimacy with those who are to be his future companions and with the only One who has the power to forgive and to save. Then there comes into the soul such a sweet restfulness, such freedom from fear, such joy and comfort in living, and such joy and fondness of anticipation when the change, called death, is thought to be near. It will be a very poor time to make this change at the moment of the earthquake shock, or when disease is doing its rapid work. Do it now. Keep ready daily, hourly.

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THOMAS B. REED was chosen speaker of the House of Representatives in the Fifty-fourth Congress, upon its organization December 2d.

SPAIN has sent an additional force of 30,000 troops to Cuba. The leaders of the insurgents are said to have ordered the destruction of all sugar plantations found in operation.

THREE wild animals, a lioness and two leopards, escaped from a show in the vicinity of Delaware, Ohio, and are now roving about as they please. Attempts to recapture them have not been successful.

ACCORDING to the New York *Outlook*, both Theosophy and Mohammedanism, which have had quite a craze in this country for four or five years past, are very much over-shadowed by recent Turkish events.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, who has come to be so well known by his writings, has been seriously ill, but he is recovering and it is expected that he will soon be able to resume his accustomed labors in Scotland.

Now there comes a "cry of woe" from Armenia. Following the Turkish outrages, as yet unchecked, thousands are said to be famishing with hunger. Steps are being taken to supply food to the sufferers.

THE *Boston Herald* states that the amount of New England rum sent from Boston to Africa has decreased in the last two years from 1,025,226 gallons, to 561,265. No positive reason for this falling off is assigned.

Two faith curists, in Anderson, Ind., John Bennett and his wife, refused to employ a physician for their child who was sick with diphtheria. The child died, and the parents have been arrested for criminal neglect.

THE proportion of male and female school teachers in the United States may be seen from the following statistics: There are 260,954 women teaching; and 122,056 men teaching. The total number of school buildings is 236,426.

THERE is a building in Passaic, N. J., that has been used for a liquor saloon for over 120 years. But strange to say, this time-honored but sin-cursed place has at length been refused a license! The Excise Board so decided last week.

JUDGE RUFUS W. PECKHAM, of New York, has received the nomination for associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. All parties seem to agree that this nomination is eminently deserved and satisfactory.

WHILE the Fifty-fourth Congress will be quite strongly Republican in its make-up, still it is doubtful if many strictly partizan measures will become laws. The Senate is rather uncertain, and the President still has the veto power.

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE has given expression to her sentiments on the question of Woman's Suffrage, by a vote of the fair ladies in attendance, resulting in 185 opposed, 114 in favor, 68 not voting; or in a total number of 367, there were 114 in favor.

WATER from the River Jordan is to be bot-

tlled, imported, and sold in this country. Probably it will be dipped up and bottled in this country also. Only the labels will indicate its Jordan origin. But suppose it is the real water of the Jordan, what then?

THE pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist Church at Westerly, R. I., Rev. W. C. Daland, has tendered his resignation, and accepted the call of the Missionary Society to the pastorate of the Mill Yard Church in London, England. His resignation is to take effect the first day of May, 1896.

ORANGES are being shipped from Florida to a limited extent. The first carload left Jacksonville Nov. 26th. It contained 500 boxes. The crop is estimated this year at 60,000 boxes, while last year it was 5,000,000 boxes. The greater part of the trees were killed by last winter's freeze.

ONE of the principal events in educational circles (?) this season have been the football games between Yale and Princeton, Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania. An exchange significantly asks, "What do John Harvard and Eli Yale think of these mighty battles of education?"

THE Senate in the new Congress is said to contain 43 Republicans, 39 Democrats, and 5 Populists; hence the Populists will form what is called the "balance of power." If the Democrats and Populists should hold together on any question against the Republicans it will be possible thus to secure 44 votes, or a majority of one.

HARVEY, Ill., was founded as a strictly temperance or prohibition city. Prohibition was incorporated, as an essential condition, in the title deeds. But, not long since, the common council of the city decided to grant licenses and the word went out that this fair city was to be cursed with rum, notwithstanding all guarantees to the contrary. But the matter came before the courts for decision, and Harvey is declared to be beyond the reach of the rum power. The two saloons already established are now, and doubtless forever, closed in Harvey.

PARK RIDGE, N. J., is very much stirred up because a resident, Mr. James Leach, has posted in conspicuous places the names, amount of property owned, and the church connections of all those who have signed the necessary papers for a certain notorious rum-seller's license. The parties thus exposed are tearing mad. These posters, 9 by 12 inches, will probably have the effect to make men more cautious hereafter; but why should men be so incensed if they are doing an honorable thing? And when they know they are liable to have their deeds exposed they will refuse to vouch for the "good character" of a degraded rumseller.

AN illustrated tract, bearing the title, "America's Crisis," published by the International Tract Society, Battle Creek, Mich., is at hand. Uriah Smith is its author. The illustrations show at a glance the whole history of the arrest, trial, imprisonment and punishment in the chain gang, of innocent and conscientious Sabbath-keepers under the charge of doing work on Sunday; while at the same time railroads, street cars, newspapers, saloons, and sports of all kinds are

allowed to go on with their noisy demonstrations unhindered. While these stories are being told by the illustrations, the printed pages are devoted to the interpretations of prophecy, which finds fulfillment in these times and events.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

WHY is it that many of the children of Christian parents turn from religion, while some of the strongest soldiers of the cross were brought out from amidst the blackest infidelity?

Infidelity, when it has brought forth its legitimate fruit, drives men back to God. Religion "gone to seed" drives men to unbelief.

SOME men are like the ostrich, who hides his head in the sand when danger is impending. If they can fight off conviction of sin they are satisfied. Perhaps you once felt that you were a sinner and needed a Saviour. You resisted the voice and you do not feel so any longer. But that does not change the facts. A thing is not all right because you can make it seem so. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

THE voracious newspaper man finds a fruitful field for jocular headlines in the prayers sent up by Christian Endeavorers, December 1st, for the conversion of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. It seems to be regarded as a good joke on "Infidel Bob" (as some of his friends affectionately term him), that anybody should pray for his conversion.

The matter is not a humorous one, however, from the standpoint of Christian people. Neither have we any disposition to criticise, however small may be the faith of some of us in the proposed object. If it is "free advertising," it is the kind we need more of. We are glad to join in prayers for any for whom Christ died.

There is a difference, however, between Mr. Ingersoll and Saul of Tarsus. Saul verily thought he was doing God's service. If Mr. Ingersoll has any motives on that high plane, they appear to be pretty badly mixed with others more ignoble. Sam Jones says that Ingersoll is an infidel for \$500 a night. Mr. Ingersoll's old law partner reports the occasion of his vengeance against the churches to be the persecution of his father by the church of which he was the pastor. Others believe that Mr. Ingersoll's political disappointments have made him bitter against the religious people who refused to exalt him as an example for their sons. To read his writings his quarrel seems to be largely with—not Christianity—but with worn out creeds that the world has discarded. Perhaps we should not go far astray in saying that all these motives, as well as others not mentioned, enter into the course of this complex man. But as for real, genuine, earnest, unselfish desire to serve his God and his generation, we have never been able to find much in Mr. Ingersoll.

Prayer is mighty to strike conviction of sin to the souls of men, but we are by no means certain that Mr. Ingersoll has not been under conviction for years.

ALL men are *created* equal, but that equality ceases at birth; it is for each one to elevate or lower himself according to his own inclination.

THE CHARM OF SECRECY.

REV. WILLIAM C. DALAND.

There is no question that everything secret has an indescribable charm for most people. Stolen fruit is proverbially the sweetest, and it makes any small clique extremely happy to feel that they are the only possessors of any secret sign or means of communication. The tendency to form secret organizations is as old as the human race and is found among all ages and classes. At school when we were boys many were the cabalistic alphabets and ciphers we used to devise for the purpose of writing notes about wonderful meetings after school in neighbor's attics and other subjects equally momentous, and strange languages were invented by us for similar purposes. And the number of secret organizations among grown men and women in these days shows that the taste formed in childhood grows with age.

People on the other side of the Atlantic marvel at the number of secret organizations we have here in the United States. They are amused at the combinations of letters employed to designate them and at the high-sounding appellations given to many of them and used to indicate the common officers of any organization. Now, if one stops to think, he will see that we are becoming too prone to this sort of thing. We are knighted and ordered to the last degree. We have secret societies religious, and secret societies anti-religious. We have secret societies for offensive and defensive purposes among religious sects. We have secret societies political, moral and social. We have secret societies benevolent without number. Now this may all be very well if the exigencies of the case demand it, but otherwise it is simply ridiculous.

A western paper calls attention to what may be perhaps the latest secret society organized, and yet a few weeks afford time enough for a half-dozen others to have sprung up. This valiant organization is called the "Silver Knights of America," and is designed to advance the 16 to 1 views of the free silver people. As a political movement it may or may not be effective, but in this day of light and free discussion, does it not appear a little childish for men to go behind carefully locked doors, giving mysterious passwords and secret grips, and addressing their excellent neighbors, Baggs and Boggs, as "grand worshipful moderator," and "supreme high supervisor," merely to talk about finance and discuss the currency question, or to resolve to vote for free silver candidates?

There may be nothing wrong about these secret toys, and I have no interest in opposing them, but it is possible to overdo a very good thing, and the multiplication of these very lofty and terribly secret ceremonials renders them objects of contempt and lessens their value in cases where they might be filling a worthy place.

IN THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

When I read the last paragraph under Young People's Work, in the RECORDER of Nov. 21st, and noted the questions, I felt moved to answer them.

It began in this way: "Not long ago a man styling himself an ex-priest passed through this part of the state lecturing on the evils of Roman Catholicism," etc. I just want to say right here to the writer of that

article, have more charity; "styling himself" sounds suspicious.

He became converted after leaving the priesthood, hence now a Christian man. Why despise him? What if an obnoxious drunkard should become converted and then pass through this part of the State lecturing on the evils of intemperance; would it be wrong to encourage him by going to hear him and putting fifteen cents in the collection box?

Our pastor and quite a number of "through and through" Seventh-day Baptists, the M. E. pastor, and some of his good people, went to hear the ex-priest's lecture. God bless them all! I am sure they did not go to satisfy "the abnormal, inordinate curiosity of things which smack of scandal." Now the questions, "But what was the good of it all?" "Who was helped or inspired?" I venture to raise my hand, because I can thank God with greater fervor, deeper gratitude that I live in a free country, and that I believe in a free salvation. I pity the people who try to buy their salvation. I feel a deeper interest in the school-children with whom mine associate. I feel inspired to live carefully and teach the children to live pure lives, casting an influence over their companions. Yes, inspired to pray, "God protect 'the little red school-house!'"

I do wish the good people all over our land would encourage the efforts of those converted from Romanism. I wish they would not refuse their hand bills, but take them and read thoughtfully. I once heard that an old veteran of the cross said, "I would take a hand bill if it was the devil's! I want to know what the devil is doing." Knowledge is power. If we know the evils which surround us, or others, we can better guard ourselves against them or help others.

WATCHMAN.

THE PIECE THAT WAS LOST.

It was a midsummer morning. The grass was waiting for the scythe; but after breakfast Silas Rogers took down the old Bible that had been his mother's daily companion for eighty years, and they sat reverently down to worship. The reading was that tender lesson of the wandering sheep, and the lost piece of silver, and ended with the heavenly rejoicing "over one sinner that repenteth;" and then, after an earnest though homely prayer, they were ready for work. Abner, the hired man, and Reuben, the boy, as they started out of the house, almost stumbled over a woman sitting in the doorway, absorbed in thought. Silas looked at her, but did not stay to question her. And when they were gone, she rose abruptly, and said, "Will you give me some breakfast?"

Mrs. Rogers looked at her. She was a tall and not uncomely woman of about thirty, but with something undefinably evil about her face. The hard mouth, the bold, defiant eyes, repelled her, yet it seemed as if at any instant they might break into scornful tears.

"Who are you?" asked the good wife coming nearer, with a pan of bread in her hand. Again the face darkened and lightened, grew hard and yielding, with the sudden declaration, "I am the piece that was lost!"

Martha Rogers had not a particle of poetry in her nature, but she had the most profound reverence for the Scripture; therefore the words both puzzled and shocked her. But she was not the woman to refuse bread to the

hungry; so she placed food upon the table, and motioned the woman to a chair, saying, "Sit up, and eat."

All the time that the woman was eating—and she did not hasten—her eyes followed the mistress and Hetty, the bright young daughter, until Martha Rogers grew nervous, and sent Hetty to "red up the chambers."

"Will you give me work to do?" she demanded rather than asked.

"Who are you?" asked Mrs. Rogers again, simply to gain time.

"I thought you knew. I am Moll Pritchett; they have turned me out of my house—burned it over my head;" and her eyes grew lurid.

"What can you do?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

"Anything that a woman can do, or a man. I can work in the field with the best of them; I have done it many a time; but I should like to do what—to be like other women."

"Are you a good woman?"

The question came straight and strong, without any faltering. She had heard of this Moll Pritchett, a woman who lived alone in an old tumbledown hut below the sawmill, and won a meagre living by weaving rag carpets, picking berries for sale, and, it was suspected, in less reputable ways; but Martha Rogers took no stock in idle rumors. If she had not divine compassion, she had something very like divine justice, which is altogether a sweeter thing in its remembering of our frame "than the tender mercies of the wicked."

The woman looked at her curiously—at first with a mocking smile, then with a sullen, and at last with a defiant, expression.

"Is it likely?" she said fiercely. "A good woman! How should I be a good woman? I tell you, I'm the piece that was lost and nobody ever looked for me. If I was a good woman, do you suppose I should be where I be—only twenty-eight years old, well and hearty, and every door in the world shut in my face? I tell you, the man who wrote that story *didn't know women*; they don't hunt for the piece that's lost; they just let it go. There's enough of 'em that don't get lost."

Poor Martha Rogers was sorely perplexed, all the more that her way had lain so smooth and plain before her that she might have walked in it blindfolded. If this was a lost piece of silver, it was not she who lost it; but what if it were the Master's, precious to his heart, and a careless hand had dropped it, and left it to lie in the dust? And what if he bade her to seek it, and find it for him? Should she dare refuse? On this very day, when she needed so surely the help she had so looked for in vain, had not this woman been sent to her very door? and was it not a plain leading of Providence? It is a blessed thing for us that we are driven to act first and theorize afterward, even though the afterthought sometimes brings repentance. The bread was ready for the oven, the wood-box empty.

"You may fetch in some wood," said Martha Rogers, and the woman promptly obeyed, filling the box with one load of her sinewy arms, and then stood humbly waiting. Hetty came into the kitchen, and began to clear the table; but her mother said, "Go up-stairs and fetch a big apron and one of our sweeping caps; and then you may get at your sewing, and see if you can finish up your dress."

Away went Hetty, her light heart bounding at the unexpected release; and the mother

turned again to the woman, furnished her with a coarse towel, and sent her to the wash-house for a thorough purification. Half an hour afterwards, with her hair hidden in a muslin cap, her whole figure enveloped in the clean calico apron, a comely woman was silently engaged in household tasks, doing her work with such rapidity and skill that the critical housewife drew a sigh of relief.

"There's a handful of towels and coarse clothes left from the ironing; you might put the irons on, Mary, and smooth 'em out."

The woman turned a startled face upon her, and then went quickly for the clothes, but something—was it a tear?—rolled down the swarthy cheeks, mingling with the bright drops she sprinkled over them. When had she ever heard anything but Moll? Not since away among New Hampshire hills a pale woman had laid her hands upon the tangled curls of her little daughter, and prayed that someone would watch over these wayward feet, lest they should go astray. It made Moll shudder to think of it. What did she know about joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth?

* * * * *

Silas Rogers listened to the day's story, as he sat mending a bit of harness with clumsy fingers, and among his other thoughts he grasped the idea that his wife had secured a valuable and much-needed helper.

"It seems a risk to run," said Martha anxiously, "and I don't know but it's presumptuous; there's Hetty and there's Reuben—"

"And there's the Lord," said Silas, stopping to open his knife.

"Yes," said Martha, with a little start, "and I can't quite get red of what she said about 'the piece that was lost,' though to be sure the woman who lost it ought to hunt it."

"She never does; folks are always losing things for somebody else to find; 'taint many of them can say, 'Those that thou hast given me have I kept,' right straight along."

"But if you lose your own piece looking after other folks'—"

"Well, there's resks, as you say, but I'd rather take a risk for the Lord than agin him."

Martha Rogers took the risk for the Lord, and he abundantly justified and rewarded her faith: for the piece that was lost becomes *my piece* to the heart that finds it again in the Master's hand; and, locking the story of the wanderer in her own breast, it was only to the angels that she said, "Rejoice with me."

And when years afterward the woman herself said before the committee of the church, "I am a woman over whom there is great joy in heaven," there was not wanting those who thought she was presumptuously claiming to be a saint.—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

IS THE WORLD GETTING BETTER OR WORSE?

J. T. HAMILTON.

In this number I shall write about what ought to deeply interest all members of churches, from the highest to the lowest, from the greatest official dignitary, to the weakest one in the private membership thereof. Is the state or condition of the churches, in relation to real Bible Godliness, and spiritual life and power, better or worse than it was in the former days of their history? In answering this question I will allude to something that the world-renowned preacher, Talmage,

said about this very thing, in an editorial in the *Christian Herald*, the past summer. I regret that I did not preserve the paper in which it was printed, so that I could give it *verbatim*, but it was one of the severest criticisms of the present state of the churches that I ever read, and I never was more surprised in my life than when I read such utterances from his pen. There never was a preacher whose sermons were read more universally, in all parts of the world, than his are; and I cannot help raising the inquiry, whether his sermons may not have something to do in producing just such a state of things, or whether it is so in spite of them. I will leave the reader to judge for himself.

A man of the writer's age, fourscore years, might be supposed to know something about these things from his own observation, for he has a recollection running back nearly seven decades. And in what is written about this, the reader's attention will be more particularly directed to the church with which he was connected for more than forty years, for he knows more of that than of others, and the truth compels him to say that in respect to real vital Godliness the church of the present day is vastly different, and for the worse, too, from what it was in its earlier history, and innovations of a very questionable character have been introduced into it, and practiced by its members, which would have excluded them from its fellowship in its earlier history. And the said innovations are very clearly and plainly in direct opposition to the teachings of the Bible, and to the rules which the founder of Methodism enjoined upon all his followers. Such is the degeneration in some portions of it, that petitions from some of its members were sent to its last General Conference, asking to have the rules abolished which forbid card playing, dancing, and other practices so contrary to the spirit and practice of true religion. Those special and peculiar means of grace, love-feasts and class-meetings, though not *quite obsolete*, are now attended by but a very small portion of its members, and are regarded as of but little account by the larger portion thereof. Attendance upon these meetings, in former days, was absolutely enjoined upon all its members, as a duty which must not be omitted unless in case of impossibility, and the regular presence or absence of the individual was taken as an indication or test of the religious condition of said individual. Genuine, thorough revivals of religion were of frequent occurrence, with the use of nothing but the ordinary means, such as preaching by the "circuit" preachers, only every other Sunday, prayer meetings and class-meetings. Such efforts as "protracted" or "revival" meetings were thought to be of so little account, that a circuit preacher of Scotch nationality, which the writer knew very well, when asked if he intended to hold a "protracted" meeting in a certain place, replied, "No, for I don't believe in making bees for people to get religion." The matter and manner of the preaching of those times generally produced the deepest and keenest conviction for sin, and conversions were of the most thorough and marked character. In these days a college-bred and theologically-educated minister will preach from one to five years in the same place and not think of having any conversions only at set times when a so-called Evangelist will be employed

to preach a series of sensational sermons, which produce great excitement for the time-being, and *that* will be taken for conversion, which in the former days would hardly be recognized, as very mild conviction. The expression of a mere desire to lead a Christian life, merely written on a card, will entitle a person to become a candidate for membership in the church, and if the person goes forward for the consummation of that object, he is required to make the most solemn promises, which he has no idea of fulfilling, and of which, in some cases, the meaning is as little understood as if made in an unknown language. The writer knows whereof he affirms, for he has been told so by the persons themselves. The sermons that are preached by some of the preachers of these modern days sound more like "Fourth of July" orations or lectures on moral or scientific subjects, than like downright, plain, Gospel sermons, such as Paul preached to a wicked Felix.

HARVARD, Ill., Dec. 3, 1895.

PRETTY, USEFUL, AND SALABLE THINGS.

Many pretty and salable things may be made for fairs by girls who know how to embroider. You may, for example, make a note-book by cutting a piece of white linen a little larger than the ordinary pad which you buy at the stores for five or ten cents. On this either draw in pencil or stamp a pretty pattern of leaves, flowers, forget-me-nots, or vines, or, if you choose, the letters which form a motto or a friend's name. Embroider these in delicate colors, and then cover the outside flap of the pad as neatly as possible. You will need a yard or so of ribbon to bind the back and finish off the book with a graceful little bow. A spool-case is a convenient thing to add to one's work-basket. You take two oval pieces of pasteboard, cover them very neatly with silk or linen, on which you have embroidered some dainty device, and on the inner side of each you run little shirrs of silk, in which you fasten spools of different sizes. One is always losing spools or getting them tangled up, and by this contrivance you can keep a half-dozen spools in order. Such a case as this, if properly made, should sell for one dollar at a fair. A pad for the bottom of a writing case or bureau drawer, made by laying a fold of wadding, sprinkled with sachet-powder, between two covers of silkoline or silk, is a dainty gift, and an acceptable offering for a friend's table at a sale.

A convenient case may be made to hold the magazines which accumulate in a family by simply covering two large pieces of thick card-board with silk, linen, or canvas, on which the little artist may paint a delicate design if she prefers to do that with her brush rather than with her needle. These covers should be fastened together by long pieces of broad white silk elastic, and a neat person will be very glad to put in such a case the half-dozen papers or magazines which otherwise litter up her table. A pretty little book for engagements, addresses, etc., may be made by covering card-board with crepe paper. Make this just like the cover of a little book. Fasten inside a small pad and pencil, and to the outside attach a little bunch of paper violets perfumed and tied with ribbon.—*Harper's Round Table.*

WE have some cases of the pride of learning, but a multitude of the pride of ignorance.

Missions.

WE arrived in New Orleans in the morning, and found that the first train out for Hammond would not leave until evening, so we must spend the day in the city. A quaint city it is, especially the old French portion of it. Part of the day was spent in viewing its business streets, its parks, its monuments, particularly those erected to the memory of General Andrew Jackson, Benjamin Franklin, and General Robt. E. Lee, the last being the largest and finest. LaFayette Park with its tropical plants is beautiful, and there was being erected in it a temporary building for a flower show, which proved to be a magnificent affair. There are three points of interest in the city which one should visit when in it if he has the time, viz., the levee, the French market, and the cemetery. The last is of especial interest, as all burials are above ground in cemented, air-tight tombs, and some are very costly and beautiful. Hammond is 52 miles north of New Orleans on the Illinois Central Railroad, and all trains stop there. It was started in a pine and oak forest, and is now a busy and growing town of about 2,500 inhabitants. It is made up largely of Northern people. The country all about is quite level and the soil either a sandy loam or a clay loam. It is especially adapted to fruit raising, and the cultivation of the strawberry takes the lead, though figs, pears, peaches, plums, Japanese persimmons, and certain kinds of oranges are successfully produced. What seemed a marvel to us was that they set out their strawberry plants in November and gather strawberries from them for market in February, March and April, and being the first in market they get the highest price for the luscious fruit. We have seen strawberries sell in Chicago in February for fifty cents a pint. The climate is delightful for winter residence, and many Northern people are making them homes there in which to live during the winter. Cottages are built to rent and there are hotels and boarding houses for those who desire to make Hammond a winter resort. Being so near to New Orleans, they can go to the city in the morning, spend the day, and return home at 9 o'clock in the evening. Some people in New Orleans build them residences in Hammond in which to spend the summer. Pine is so plenty, lumber is cheap. Fuel costs almost nothing, for one can get it for the chopping, that the land may be cleared. People from Iowa, Minnesota, Illinois, Kansas, the Dakotas, and other Northern States are settling there to escape the long rigorous winters of the North. Some of these settle in groups and take on such names as the Minnesota Park, the Dakota settlement, etc. Some do well in certain lines of general farming, and truck raising or gardening is a good business. There are dairy farmers who are doing well in sending their milk to New Orleans. There is a large range of pasturage for their cows on the extensive, unfenced lands which costs them nothing, and but little if any foddering is required in that climate. Water is abundant and is as soft as rain water. We never saw finer Artesian wells than they have in and about Hammond. By boring from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet they obtain a continuous flow of water as clear as crystal, filling a two-inch pipe, and one in town we saw belonging to the railroad company which filled a four-inch pipe. Our people have a good

foothold in and about the town, and have a good standing socially, religiously, in business, and in the general affairs of the town. The church is increasing in numbers; the congregation at Sabbath service is about seventy. There is a good Sabbath-school and a live Christian Endeavor Society. Pastor Geo. W. Lewis is beloved by all, and though a Seventh-day Baptist, a *Jew so called*, is on the whole the most popular minister in the town and community. We were two Sabbaths in Hammond and preached five times and enjoyed our stay there very much. In situation, soil, make-up, and prospects we were happily disappointed in Hammond.

It was our privilege to spend a day at Hewitt Springs. Through the kindness of Bro. Ellis Thompson we were able to call on all the families left there, and do the neighboring towns of Beauregard and Wesson. With what magnificent proportions, and on what a grand scale did Mr. Hewitt lay out the town! We rode on the proposed streets and avenues, went where the college building was to be erected, the cotton mill was to be built, drank out of the wonderful spring and saw the hill just above it where the great hotel, as a winter resort, was to rear its sightly walls, its broad and shady verandas and have its fine grounds and cooling fountains. We saw where was to be the thriving business street and the fine railway station. It was all to be a Seventh-day Baptist town. And about it were to be fruit farms, cotton fields, and productive gardens. Flowers were to be in perpetual bloom, and happiness, pleasure and thrift were to roll into the laps of the possessors of these Elysian fields. Well, what high imaginative powers Mr. Hewitt must have possessed and what grand visions must have passed through his brain. If he had had great wealth and people had listened to his persuasive plans and been obedient to his bid, perhaps the big scheme would have materialized. Who knows? The climate was and indeed is fine and the soil good. About twenty Seventh-day Baptist families as it was, settled there without much capital, most of them poor. They formed a church, had good times socially and religiously together, and struggled on. Others purchased lots but never moved there to increase the colony. Victims of a visionary and a wildcat scheme and unable to surmount the inevitable, family after family moved away wiser and sadder than when they came. Five families who went there from the North are left to tell the sad tale. It will soon be said: They are all gone. The author of this magnificent scheme and visionary town forsook his faith and the child of his unbounded imagination, and moved away to parts unknown. It seems to me Seventh-day Baptists should learn from this a good, abiding lesson. It is better to look before you leap. Know your man before you trust him.

A PLEA FOR THE CHINESE.

REV. MADISON C. PETERS.

The people of the land have used oppression and exercised robbery and have vexed the poor and needy; yea, they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully. Ezekiel 22: 29.

Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. Matt 7: 12.

What you do not like when done to yourselves, do not do to others.—*Confucius*.

In the name of God, who of one blood made all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth, I protest against our unmanly, un-

American and un-Christian treatment of the Chinese. They are human beings, having the same parts, affections, passions, and the same natural rights as other men have. When we needed cheap labor to develop our country, we begged the Chinese to come. In 1844 our government began to coax them to come. In 1867 our government sent Mr. Burlingame to China, and he presented the invitation to the Chinese to come and stay with us in such a diplomatic way that when he died the emperor deified him, and he is one of the gods of China to-day.

What could be further from the spirit of Christ than the way in which we have abused and maltreated the Chinese? They did not come by their individual motion, but were imported in overwhelming masses by the concerted action of capital. I have studied this question in San Francisco, and it is dreadful enough. But the Chinese quarter there, with its maladors of opium, is a heaven compared with the brazen-faced beastliness of lust in the French quarter, and the Hungarian, Italian and other foreign quarters in New York are more filthy and more iniquitous than Chinatown.

The Chinese are no worse than the same number of the same class of any other nationality in our midst. The 30,000 Chinese in San Francisco pay the landlords of that town \$3,000,000 annually in rent. The Chinese in California pay nearly \$4,000,000 a year as taxes to the State government, and in customs to the United States government more than \$9,000,000 annually. Official statistics show that the Chinese in taxes and in work give to California in a single year the amazing sum of \$14,000,000, and this is exclusive of their contribution in railroads and redeemed lands. The surveyor-general of California declared that in two items alone of railroads and redeemed land the Chinese had enriched California by over \$280,000,000.

And I want Christians to note this fact—the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco recently sent \$42,000 to China for the cause of missions in that country.

It has been estimated that of the \$15,000,000 made by the Chinese every year in this country, \$13,000,000 is expended here. But the Chinese are not the only people who send money out of the country. The late J. Boyle O'Reilly, in a lecture on the wrongs of Ireland, declared that the "Irish send out of this country every year to Ireland \$70,000,000," and what is good for one nation ought to be good for another. The Chinese are not found begging, they never reel through our streets, they do not defy our Sabbath, they do not commit the fearful crimes we read about in our daily papers. They are peaceable, industrious, economical, law abiding, and pay their honest debts. But they are heathen. They must be to do that! "The Chinese do not Americanize." They never had a chance to do so. Other nationalities who have had the chance have failed to do so. "They do not come to stay."

In 1889, 11,000 Italians returned to Italy with their earnings. If only more of our un-Americanized foreigners would go home, we would be able to control our own politics and be given a chance to work out the problem of a republican government. The Chinaman with his laundry is not so dangerous a man to our civilization as some other nationalities

in our midst, who run gin-mills, commit our crimes and then fill our offices. I bespeak for the Chinese American fair play. If we have a Christian civilization, let us present it to the Chinese in a Christian way. We send missionaries and money to China and profess a deep interest in them, thousands of miles away. There they are an interesting object to us, but at our doors we avoid them, and the very ministers who make the most eloquent pleas for the Chinese in China will, without protest, allow the Chinese in America to become the victims of political cruelty. Some people have more religion than humanity. If the Chinaman had a vote, our demagogues in Congress would profess great love for the Chinaman, and they would go around on election day with an opium pipe sticking from their pockets. Our political parties will do anything for votes, and this whole business is to catch the alien vote.

The Chinese are no more slaves than the Italians and Hungarians. The six Chinese companies prepay the passage for the Chinese, and then the Chinese here work it out. Investigation shows that the Italians and Hungarians are brought here in the same way, and they will work as cheap and in every way interfere as much with the white man earning a white man's wages as the Chinese. You can buy one or a thousand laborers from the Italian padrones in this city. Within three years we admitted into the American labor market 427,000 Huns, Italians and Poles. Everywhere immigrants swarm in the path of Americans, competing with native industry, glad to do the work for half the price paid the American laborer.—*Christian Cynosure*.

PAINLESS, BUT NOT PROFITABLE.

The dentist was torturing his victim in the usual double fashion.

The story he was telling at that moment was on himself.

"When I was young in the profession," said he, "I was working in a country place for a few weeks to help a friend. One day a farmer came in—a big, muscular chap, full-blooded—one of the sort whose teeth come like the roots of oak trees.

"As he sat in the chair he asked, 'Will it hurt?'

"Feeling in rather a jocular mood, I answered, 'Well, if it doesn't it shan't cost you anything.' Then I fell to work.

"The tooth came even harder than I expected, so as the man got up from the chair and pulled himself together—he had not uttered a sound—I said, 'Well, did it hurt?'

"'Not a bit,' answered the countryman, and strode out of the office, leaving me minus a fee, completely nonplussed, and the laughing-stock of my friend and the two or three patrons who sat about the office.

"I have never tried to be funny professionally since," said he, meditatively.—*Chicago Tribune*.

WHERE THE CANARIES COME FROM.

A great many of our finest singers have come from Italy and France, but until we read it in an English newspaper some days ago we never knew that Germany carries on a very large trade in the rearing and exporting of canaries, and that the largest establishment in the world for the breeding of these creatures is situated within the domains of that empire, away up among the Hartz Mountains of Prussia. From this and the few surrounding but much smaller nurseries no fewer than 130,000 birds are despatched every year to the United States and Canada; while in the same time at least 3,000 go to Great Britain, and about 2,000 go to Russia.—*Harper's Round Table*.

Woman's Work.

HAVE PITY, LORD.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Have pity, Lord, upon the poor,
The poor who think themselves the rich,
Who only of this world are sure
And know not of the treasury which
Thy children hold, who with Thee stay
And share thy glory day by day.

Thy poor Thou dost release from care
Of earthly things that come between
Man's heart and Thine; Thou callest where
Thy palace walls arise unseen—
Heirs to thy many mansions free;
Eternally at home with Thee.

Have pity, Lord, on hearts that lie
Wrapped in a selfish peace, asleep,
That will not wake at misery's cry,
That can be glad while others weep,
That shut Thy holy light away
And dream that their own night is day.

Thou art awake, Thou slumberest not,
And all Thy children wake with Thee
And work with Thee, nor have a thought
That any peace or joy can be
Except in keeping Thee in sight—
The happy children of the light.

Have pity, Lord, on us, the blind,
Who lead Thy groping souls astray;
On us, the proud, whose foolish mind
Will not believe in Thee, the Way!
Pity us, humble us, till we
As little children follow Thee!

Have pity, Lord, upon us all,
Us sinners, judging other's sins,
Scoffing at stumblers while we fall!
O loving Lord, whoever wins
A place beside Thee in Thy heaven
Must win it as a soul forgiven.

No reports from our Benevolent Societies were called for during this first quarter of the Conference year, but on the cards sent out this month we request full statements of all work done and money paid in, from the *first of September to the first of January, 1896*.

A WORD from the experience of a devoted and eminently successful missionary to the Chinese for forty years, in regard to their language, may be interesting to our readers, and awaken more sympathy for Dr. Palmborg in her great undertaking. He found it no easy task to learn the Chinese tongue, and endorsed the statement that it required "a head of steel, lungs of brass, a heart of oak, the patience of Job, and the lifetime of Methuselah." He found that some who ventured too soon into public address did themselves more good than their hearers; and that the thorough knowledge of the Chinese "character," the "book language" of the country, was more difficult than to get hold of any other language in the world. But there was another study which exhausted his whole forty years—the study of the contradictions and complexities of the Chinese *character* in another sense. This remained to the end a half-solved problem.

DR. SWINNEY writes that "it is very pleasant to know so many are becoming more and more in earnest in helping forward the effort being made for the Boys' School. I think it is the one great need now in our work there."

No doubt all will enjoy hearing that the Day of Prayer for missionaries was observed by a meeting in her room. She says, "The room was crowded and it seemed a very impressive time; all seemed particularly to remember the Armenian Christians whose sufferings were then so clearly portrayed in the daily papers. They enjoyed hearing the late account given in the SABBATH RECORDER of the Emperor of China, who has his scribe write in large characters each day portions of Scripture for the Emperor's daily reading.

Earnest prayer was made for him and the Empress Dowager who received the handsome present of the New Testament last year from the Christian native women of China. So great is the missionary spirit growing that a committee came to me to-day, saying they were planning to have in one of the entertainments given now and then in the parlors, a collection taken up to send to the Armenian Relief Fund. In that way, practical good seems to be resulting."

MRS. ALBERT WHITFORD, *Cor. Sec.*

SAID a poor overworked, overburdened sister to a friend, "I never knew till now, what a *Companion* Christ is. During all this time he seems so close, and the only One to advise me about everything. I am quite afraid to look at the *human* helpers now. I like to take everything straight from his hand.

ON returning home from a preaching tour, a missionary of Singapore found his church all newly whitewashed. He was greatly surprised and gratified, and asked, "How was the work done?" He was told that it was done as a labor of love on the part of a new Chinese convert, who said, "I did it to thank God."

WHEN the cholera was raging in Madura, last winter, meetings for prayer were held by the native Christians in behalf of those who were sick, and more than one native Christian prayed, "Take our people, Lord, if some must go; but spare the missionaries." And this when their own people were dying daily.

I HAVE read somewhere the story of a poor woman who looked longingly at the flowers in the king's garden, wishing to buy some for her sick daughter. She was angrily repelled by the king's gardener, who rudely told her, "The king's flowers are not for sale!" But the king, chancing to pass, plucked a bouquet and gave it to the wistful woman, saying, "The king does not sell his flowers; he gives them away." Our King does not sell eternal life; he gives it.—*Rev. J. L. Russel*.

A LADY, once writing to a young man in the navy who was almost a stranger, thought, "Shall I close this as anybody would, or shall I say a word for my Master?" and, lifting up her heart for a moment, she wrote, telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illustration of the word, "Here we have no continuing city," and asked if he could say, "I seek one to come." Tremblingly she folded it and sent it off.

Back came the answer, "Thank you so much for those kind words! I am an orphan, and no one has spoken to me like that since my mother died, long years ago." The arrow shot at venture hit home, and the young man shortly after rejoiced in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace.

How often do we, as Christians, close a letter to those we know have no hope "as anybody would," when we might say a word for Jesus! Shall we not embrace each opportunity in the future?

HEATHEN POVERTY FACTS.

On Foreign Mission day in Emory Grove Camp, Miss Bonafield, six years a missionary in China, said: "In the villages you can always attract the attention of the Chinese women by speaking to them of heaven. It is not what the missionary has to forego for

himself that makes life hard; it is seeing the hopeless misery all around. A poor woman said to me, 'I hear that in your country people can eat their fill three times a day. Is it so?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'most of our people do so.' 'Well, what in the world do you want to leave your country for? Since my husband died, twelve years ago, I have never once had enough to eat; I am always hungry.' Her face showed it; she was half starved. The Chinese are very industrious and wonderfully economical. The cause of their poverty is heathenism. One-third of their income goes to the support of the magnificent idol temples that are everywhere in China. Here we have fine homes; there they have grand temples, and miserable huts to live in. If sickness comes, it is believed to be because some one idol has been neglected, and a costly offering must be made at once, if property and children are sold to obtain the means.

"You would be surprised at the generous giving of our native Christians. We have heard of the massacre of the English missionaries, but we have not yet heard of what has surely taken place, the deaths of hundreds of native Christians." In India, the starving, wretched Hindoos give yearly one hundred and eighty millions of dollars to the support of idolatry. America gives to her two chief idols, strong drink and tobacco, nine hundred and fifty, and six hundred and fifty millions. And after great efforts, sermons, addresses, and appeals, innumerable, to the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom we owe everything, a few paltry millions. Lord, touch the conscience, enlarge the heart, and open the eyes of the church.—*Jane Boswell Moore.*

READ GREAT BOOKS.

Cannon Farrar says: "Read great books; enrich your mind with noble sentiments." The truly great books are good books, and no young person can afford to read any other than good books. The curse of thousands of young people of to-day is the reading of *little* books—books which are little because they contain small ideas of manhood, of citizenship, of society, of personal honor, of righteousness. There are many popular books which are interspersed with little flings at Christianity, with caricatures on personal piety, and with shy suggestions that the Bible is a book behind the times. Remember that the devil never advises any young person to read the really great books. He is too selfish to do this.

Remember also, that the devil is greatly interested in books, and in that sort in which he is exceedingly anxious to have the young people interested. And forget not that when the adversary cannot get the young people to read his little books, he prefers that they read small books, good so far as they go, instead of the great book full of solid thought on high subjects. Why? Because the little books cannot furnish strong mental discipline, cannot develop large intellectual power, cannot rightly equip the mind for the best service for God and humanity. If Satan cannot prevent a young person from becoming a Christian, his next best scheme is to try to have the young person remain as little and inefficient a Christian as possible. This is Satanic sharpness. Now, we all know that it is vastly easier to read a good *little* book than it is to read a good *great* one; but the very effort required in reading a great book—

one far beyond our comprehension in some respects—is invaluable as a mental discipline, to say nothing of the moral influence of the book upon us. And be sure to read the great Bible.—*Young Men's Era.*

"TOO LATE FOR ME."

After hearing the gospel for an hour, a Hindu woman went to the missionary and said, "Lady, is it true that you have known this gospel all these years, and never till now come to tell us of it? I am an old woman, past seventy years of age, and never before knew there was a God that *loved* me, and now I am old, too old to change. My forefathers worshiped these idols, so I must worship them, but take our children; tell them of this God of love, that he loves them; tell them to love him, and they will all be your caste," meaning Christians.

BULLARD HILL.

"A DESERTED VILLAGE."

On the map of Hillsborough County, N. H., that hangs on my wall, I had often noticed a blank space of considerable extent between the village of Frankestown and Mount Crotchett. Looking toward the mountain, I could see only a bare hill-top. So one day last summer some lads and I started out to explore that *terra incognita*. Following a road toward the mountain for a mile and a half perhaps, we found an ancient road turning to the left, grown full of trees, yet the granite walls, eternal as the hills, keep the old road clearly defined.

After a climb of half a mile we emerged upon a bare plateau, running back to the mountain, upon which, to our great surprise, we found old orchards, walls, cellars, wells, barn-yard and garden walls, showing that once quite a hamlet had been there. At one place seventy-five apple trees still remain in what had been a large orchard, the garden wall was intact, the barn-yard walls eight feet thick, the foundation of barn and house, were all in place, and yet a tree nearly three feet in diameter was growing in the cellar. Near by was a large door-stone of soapstone, hewn out with an axe, and on the edges and under side showing every blow, while the upper surface is worn smooth by feet long dead. Up the sides of the mountain, terraces still remain which were formed by the settlers for patches of rye.

Going on down the hill on the other side, we follow the old road along the base of the mountain and at last turn back toward the village, still finding old orchards, cellars, wells, walls, and in one place a dam, but not finding in a distance of about five miles a single building, or meeting a human being, where on every hand were signs of past life and activity. Were it not for two houses, in one of which dwells an aged couple more uniquely ruinous than the ruins about them, we might have extended our walk two miles further with the same conditions along our road.

As we sat on a wall on the hill and looked about us, a sense of desolation I had never felt before, though I had seen dead oil towns and had walked the streets of Virginian Alexandria, came over me, and all that I had read of the ruins of the old world took on a new and intense meaning to me. One of the lads after gazing about him with amazement shown in his face cried, with a sigh, "I tell

you there was lots of work laid out here, just to make a cow pasture."

On returning home full of new and strange sensations at what we had seen, we sought the town historian, a man who can tell you who once lived over every cellar hole in town, save one, and whose spirit will never be at rest because he has never found anyone who has any recollections or traditions of inhabitant or house over that old cellar. We tell him where we have been. His eyes begin to flash. "Yes," says he, "that is Bullard Hill. It was settled in 1780, and has been utterly deserted for more than half a century. That old road full of trees used to be a county stage road. In that district there were once sixty-seven children of school age at one time. In the house at such a point, Mr. So-and-so settled and lived all winter with a blanket for a door, with the wolves howling every night, and once a bear came sniffing about the house. (This impressed the lads immensely, though probably a wild beast would push through a blanket-door no sooner than an oaken door). The settler at such a place shingled his house after the day's work was done, his wife holding a lantern for him. Such a lot was entirely cleared by night work, after days of hard labor. On those terraces up the mountain side such an one used to raise rye." So he ran on with tales intensely interesting to me, after seeing the ground, but no doubt not to you.

As this experience was so strange to me I thought I would jot it down, Mr. Editor, in the hope that it might interest some of your young Western readers who live where everything is new.

W. F. PLACE.

REV. W. C. DALAND RESIGNS.

At a business meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Church held last evening, the pastor, Rev. W. C. Daland, presented his resignation as follows:

118 MAIN ST., WESTERLY, R. I., Dec. 1, 1895.
Mr. J. Irving Maxson, Clerk of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist Church:

My dear Brother: Believing that I see the hand of divine Providence in the call recently extended to me by the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society to become the pastor of the Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist Church of London, England, and thinking that by accepting the same I may better serve the cause of our Lord and Saviour as a whole, I have signified to the Missionary Society my acceptance of their call.

I hereby tender, through you, my resignation as pastor of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist Church, the same to take effect on the first day of May, 1896.

Praying that the blessing of God may attend this church, and committing her interests to our Master, the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, I am

Faithfully and fraternally yours,

WILLIAM C. DALAND.

As only a small proportion of the membership of the church were present at the meeting, it was voted to call a special meeting for Sunday evening, Jan. 5, 1896, to consider what action shall be taken upon the resignation.—*Westerly Sun.*

MR. WIMAN gave two handsome public bath-houses to Toronto, which are situated on each side of the bay, and inscribed in bold letters "Wiman's Baths." Some time ago, as the British Association excursion was sailing into that city, one of the scientists discovered the signs. "Ah," said he, turning to a friend, "I told you the Americans were an uneducated lot!" "Why so?" returned the other in amazement. "Don't you see those signs there? What an atrocious way to spell 'women's!'"

HALLELUJAH.

LEWIS ABRAHAM.

Each hill, each vale, each lake, each sea,
Breathes one melodious symphony;
On every zephyr's balmy notes
One universal anthem floats;
Grand psalms of praise, grand hymns of prayer
Reverberate each breath of air.
All nature is repeating on,
As on one great harmonicon—

Hallelujah!

Each bud, each tendril, grove and tree
Blends in the sacred minstrelsy;
The golden-tasseled nodding grain
Waves one perpetual holy-strain,
While every joyful sound inspires
And moves unnumbered mystic choirs:
Till babbling brook and waving wind
All swell entranced in cords combined—

Hallelujah!

Each bloom, each blossom on the trees
Pours incense on the passing breeze;
Each ray of light, each line of shade,
Each painted leaf, enameled blade,
Each humble twig, each bursting seed,
All join the all-pervading creed,
And feathered songsters tune their throats
And pipe eternal dulcet notes—

Hallelujah!

Each star, each sphere but seem to be
United in the harmony,
Revolving all in one accord,
Obedient to his holy word.
The gentle dew, the generous rain,
Forever chant the one refrain,
And grateful verdures upward spring
And consecrated numbers sing—

Hallelujah!

Each swelling mound, each upturned sod
Where loved ones rest in peace with God,
Invite us from the sacred ground
To join with angels in the sound;
Sweet mother's lips, wife's smile so dear,
Each little prattler's laugh and cheer,
Each friendship's grasp, each lover's kiss
Swell universal ecstasies;
Each craftsman's blow, each anvil's ring
Perpetually united sing—

Hallelujah!

Each streamlet that the oceans fill,
In gentle cadence, throb and thrill;
Then waves arise in every zone,
Responding in sweet monotone,
And swell and flow in harmony
That fills all space with symphony;
The earth its hidden treasures yield,
And strews its wealth on every field—

Hallelujah!

Each gem within the crusted ore,
Reveals its splendor on each shore,
Scat'ring splendors far and wide,
On briny deep and ebbing tide;
Each creature from its hour of birth,
Breathes pæans o'er the air and earth,
And messengers of peace and love
Chant holy echoes from above,
In hope, in trust, in life, in death,
Repeating in each act and breath—

Hallelujah!

Each foot, each hand, each lip, each eye
Moves in the measured melody;
All-hallowed voices canonize
Thanksgivings as they pierce the skies,
Till every spot of earth is found
Anointed by the sacred sound;

Let everything created praise the Lord,
Proclaiming evermore with one accord—

Hallelujah!

THE INDUSTRIAL MISSION OF ALABAMA.

The nearly eight millions of people of African descent who have become residents and citizens of our country are not here of their own choice. Nevertheless they are here to stay. Any scheme of emigration that may be adopted will take away but a small fraction of the increase. It is inevitable that the great cotton-growing region of the South shall be in the future, as it has been in the past, the home of the American Negro. Every impulse of patriotism and every instinct of self-preservation coincide with the demands of Christianity to rescue them from the dominion of ignorance, poverty and moral degradation, and to labor as best we may, to make them intelligent, self-respectful Christian citizens. We must *save them*, or they will *ruin us*.

Doubtless very marked progress has been made in education and in the accumulation

of property. Good people, in both the South and the North, have done and are still doing much for these "brothers in black." But this improvement is mainly restricted to those living in towns and cities, and where the white population is largely in the ascendancy.

In the great "black belt" which includes the large majority of the colored population, and where, in the rural districts, the blacks are to the whites often more than ten to one, there has been very little improvement since the days of slavery. Here in Alabama, there is a public school system, but with no provision for school-houses, and with generally incompetent teachers. The three months school in the year does but little for education. There is no deficiency in the *number* of colored preachers, and they fairly represent the better class of colored Christians. There are now very few, if any, who cannot (though with great difficulty and hesitation,) read a passage from the Scriptures. But they very poorly understand the meaning of words, and their knowledge of Christian doctrine and ethics is purely traditional. In the cities of the South there are many well-educated and able colored ministers, but what I have said is largely true of the country districts.

The Industrial Missionary Association of Alabama has for its object to furnish homes, schools and church privileges for these people of the plantations. Four thousand acres of good land have been purchased and nearly paid for. A good school has been provided, a grist and saw-mill, a cotton-gin, and a post-office. The people have the gospel preached to them, and a beginning has been made in a training-school for country preachers. The work is not denominational, but mainly in the rudiments of Christianity. It is a work requiring much patience and sometimes long-suffering, but the people are teachable and there is not a little of genuine Christianity. Land is rented in small tracts to colored families, and facilities are afforded to the people to purchase their homes. Some have been able to purchase houses.

I am endeavoring, by example at least, to teach my co-workers as well as the people, that the fourth commandment is binding in both letter and spirit, but in the main the great work is to teach men the great truths of practical Christianity. I am here laboring without salary, and for an indefinite period. I trust I may have the sympathy and prayers of the readers of the RECORDER.

H. H. HINMAN.

BELOIT, Dallas County, Ala., Nov. 26, 1895.

BIBLE CONTRADICTIONS.

Years ago there lived on a farm in one of the western counties of Ohio a young physician who besides overseeing his farm had a very good medical practice. He was kind and good-natured, and of a very sociable disposition, but very skeptical in religious matters, and took special interest in arguing with his neighbors about what he termed the inconsistencies of the Bible. About the year 1863 or '4, a man of middle age bought a farm near the doctor's. This man was an old-fashioned preacher of the gospel. He would work on his little farm until noon, Saturday, then start afoot to his appointment to preach, which was from four to fifteen miles. He would preach Saturday evening, Sunday forenoon and evening, go home Monday morning, and work on his farm till the next Saturday. This

he did summer and winter, rain or shine, pay or no pay.

The doctor who had been almost too strong in his argument for his neighbors, soon got acquainted with the preacher, and for the first time in his life he found a man who had studied his lesson with care and knew how to recite it. One day the doctor said:

"I am surprised that a man of your good sense and judgment should believe a book that is so full of contradictions as the Bible is."

"Well now, doctor," said the preacher, "I will make a bargain with you. You read the Bible through carefully, note all its contradictions, and when you get through revise your list, so that you are certain you have only those passages of Scripture that are contradictory. Then come to me and we will investigate the subject, and I will agree to show you that the Bible is *not* a book of contradictions, and if I fail I will renounce the book entirely; as I do not want to have anything to do with a book that contradicts itself."

The doctor agreed to the proposition and began to search the Scriptures. But shortly after the above contract, he sold his farm and moved to the far West, and the preacher did not hear from him directly for several years. But at last the doctor wrote from his western home. After the usual compliments he referred to the Bible subject about as follows:

"I suppose that you are expecting to hear from me on those Bible contradictions. When I made that bargain with you I felt perfectly confident in my ability to show you many irreconcilable contradictions in the Bible. I read it carefully, but before I got through I found that the author of that book *knew more about me than I knew about myself*. And when I read that, 'The word of God is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart,' I was forced to acknowledge that the book was too powerful for me. I could argue with you and my other neighbors, but I could not contend against a two-edged sword. I am practicing my profession some and I am trying to preach the gospel. I would like to quit practicing medicine entirely, and spend the remainder of my life in preaching the gospel of Christ which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes."—*W. W. D. Taylor, in Gospel Echo.*

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Esther Hill Randolph, widow of the late John F. Randolph and eldest daughter of Amos and Nancy Green, deceased, entered into rest Nov. 11, 1895, at the ripe age of 87. When about 18 she united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church in Berlin, N. Y., in which place she resided the greater part of her life. Naturally of a quiet and retiring disposition, she made few but lasting friends. Especially did she endear herself to those nearest to her and with whom she lived. Her chief delight from earliest childhood was to help others, thus leading a life of quiet but constant usefulness. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

V. B. C.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Dec. 2, 1895.

"This rich relative of yours, is he a distant relative?"

"Yes, extremely distant since he became rich."

Young People's Work

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR now illumines the land of the midnight sun. The first society in Norway was formed a few weeks ago in Christiana.

TENNESSEE JUNIORS are circulating pledges among the mothers, asking that all the eggs laid by the fowls on Sundays be given to them for missionary purposes.

CURE FOR DISCONTENTMENT.—Do not compare your surroundings with those of the few who are more favorably situated. Compare your condition with that of the great majority who are far worse off than you are.

GOOD literature to the extent of seventy-five thousand or one hundred thousand pieces, in the shape of papers, magazines, and books, was distributed last year by the Chicago Good Literature Exchange, Box 1013, Chicago.

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR society of ninety members exists among the soldiers at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas. Out of it have come a Sunday-school and a mid-week gospel meeting. Many conversions have also been effected.

THE missionary spirit so marked among Christian Endeavorers in America is not peculiar to this land. At the recent convention of the New South Wales Union, twelve delegates offered themselves for service in the foreign mission field.

CURE FOR THOUGHTLESSNESS.—Never neglect to do a thing when you *do* think of it. Nineteenths of the thoughtlessness of the world is nothing more than a fixed habit, for habitual neglect to attend to a duty when it comes before us breeds a condition of thoughtlessness which is often wrongfully attributed to our nature.

THE name of the Christian Endeavor Society in Germany has been changed from Jugend Verein Christlicher Bestrebungen (Young Peoples' Association for Christian Activity) to Jugend Bund für Entschiedenheit Christenthum (Young Peoples' Society for Decisive Christianity). This was done so that the monogram, "C. E.," might be preserved. There is no foreign language that can literally translate "Endeavor."

IT shows a true spirit to be rebuked and hold your temper. In a certain place the leader of a meeting followed the suggestion given in an article on this page in a recent number, and hung a card on the church door, bearing the words, YOU ARE LATE. Some of the tardy ones laughed, some looked sober, a few turned about and went home. "Rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee."

WHILE in general, nature gives us beautiful examples of harmony and consistency, yet now and then there come before us things that are painfully incongruous and out of harmony. A beautiful flower growing in a farmyard or a thistle in a field of wheat. Sometimes out of a family whose members are by nature coarse and vile and sinful will come one pure and sweet and noble; while again oftentimes the son or daughter of grand Christian parents goes astray from a home of purity and refinement. Or in the same indi-

vidual, as when a beloved pastor speaks forth exalted words of wisdom and counsel from the Holy Scriptures, and at the same time leads a life of deception—false to his own home. There are in sermons and poems and all sorts of books very many thoughts that are pure and noble and helpful; but how often, if we only knew the facts, have those same thoughts been written down by a man who was shut up in his study in such a state of mind that his wife and children dare not speak to him for fear of his harsh, cross words. How can a thistle bear grapes, or a bramble bring forth sweet berries? These things are rare, but they exist, perhaps for a purpose, too.

"OH DEAR," said Ben, as he came in from the barn with the milk-pail, "how much time is lost in this world in putting on and taking off rubbers. Every time I go in with an armful of wood, every time I get a pail of water, every time I step outside the door this rainy weather, I have to stop and put on and take off rubbers. Let me see; it must take at least half a minute to put on and take off one's rubbers. I do this perhaps fifteen to twenty times a day; there are ten minutes wasted. Take it winter and summer, I have to wear rubbers at least half the time. Ten minutes a day is about an hour a week; that would make twenty-six hours a year spent in putting on and taking off rubbers. "But," said his sister Ruth, who was washing the supper dishes, "just think how much sweeping and mopping and scrubbing it saves for mother. I really believe that if you would count up the minutes of hard work which you save mother from, by your care in keeping your shoes clean, it would amount to more than twenty-six hours a year." "Well, I guess it would," replied Ben. "Come to think about it, I do not believe that it is a waste of time after all. Perhaps it is rather a saving, at least for mother.

I HAVE been wondering if any of the societies of young people in our denomination at their prayer meeting for October 19th discussed the question suggested to them in this department. I have heard of no such discussion as yet. Perhaps it was not wise to suggest a change from the regular topic used by nearly every society of young people in America. I could think of no better way to bring a matter of real importance before all the young people, and that was my reason for making the suggestion. I am still of the opinion that it would have been a good plan to follow. Now the topic cards are all right so far as they go. They are arranged by wise and good men, but of necessity they must be of a general character all the time, in that they are arranged for any denomination. Now, if you will permit me to make another suggestion, I shall not feel at all hurt if no more attention is given to it than was given to the one regarding the discussion of the subject, "Need and Nobility of Loyalty to the Bible." I have an opinion, and take this way of expressing it. I believe that as often as once in two months the topic for the prayer meeting of the young people should be something pertinent to our own denomination. I suggest that the Prayer Meeting Committee confer with the pastor and select six topics for the year 1896, which shall have a direct bearing upon our own denominational beliefs

and works. Or, what seems to me far better, would be a series of six topics, selected and arranged by some one, say the Permanent Committee. Let these topics be put in the RECORDER, with suitable Bible references and helps, once in two months. You who read this may not realize it as I do, but let me tell you frankly that in my opinion one of the reasons why we as a denomination have so slow a growth, is a lack of denominational loyalty. No one can be truly loyal to a cause of which he knows little or nothing. Now, I suggest this as one way in which we can become better informed in regard to our own beloved cause. Many a Seventh-day Baptist young person thinks more of the *Golden Rule* than of the RECORDER. They have used the former to get hints for the prayer meeting, and, so have come to read it all. I hope you will think of this matter, even though you disapprove of it, even if it makes you angry; I am better pleased with that than with indifference, for you will get over being angry, but if you are indifferent, I fear your case is hopeless.

QUESTION.

Editor of the Young People's Page:

A young woman in my Bible class, a sweet, Christian girl, is about to enter school where she can receive training in a special line of study. This plan necessitates her attendance at an institution where all the other students keep the first day of the week. Is it advisable for her to make known her peculiar belief regarding Sabbath, or quietly observe the day by herself, and avoid all unpleasant discussion, wonderment and possible ridicule? She feels that even were her convictions known among her fellow-students, only unprofitable argument would arise.

BIBLE-SCHOOL TEACHER.

A ship sailing without colors is liable to get into trouble. The sooner your pupil lets her associates know her convictions and practices in regard to the Sabbath, the easier it will be for her. Less mistakes will be made, less embarrassing situations will be encountered and less temptations to shun, facing the truth, will come before her. On the other hand, never tauntingly flaunt a flag in the face of companions. Your pupil will find it unpleasant if she begins and keeps up debates on the subject of the Sabbath; but never for a moment let her think that she will ever be ridiculed for quietly standing by a principle which all enlightened people know has the "thus saith the Lord" to maintain it. No, the sooner people know what she believes the better for her.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

Between the constant storms and Thanksgiving, our meetings at Mystic were broken up for the week, and it was thought best to close them. We had intended to go from the hall to the M. E. Church, which they very kindly offered us. Quite a few have been converted and some reclaimed. Friday night, Sabbath-day and evening I spent at the Dunn's Corners Church. The interest here is still good. Three came forward for prayers. Sunday and Sunday night were spent at Quonocontaug. The church was well filled and interest ran high. Three came forward for prayers here. We learned by taking an expression at the evening service that there were some fifty in the congregation, either converted or reclaimed, during the Dunn's Corners and Charlestown revivals. There was so much interest it was thought that we must hold at least one more meeting at the former church, so one was appointed for

Monday night. A wonderful change has come to this entire locality since the commencement of revival work last winter under Bro. Huffman. How wonderfully God has answered our prayers. Glory to his name,
I expect to write next from my home in the West.
E. B. SAUNDERS.

OUR MIRROR.

THE Juniors of Albion believe in letting their light shine, as they recently placed a lamp in front of the church. These same Juniors gave a very pleasing entertainment, consisting of recitations, solos, duets and quartets, on Thanksgiving night, expecting to use the funds received to buy Christmas presents for the children of the neighborhood.

THE young people's hour of the Quarterly Meeting held at Milton Junction, December 1st, was enjoyed by all present. Mr. E. M. Holston, President of the union of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches of southern Wisconsin, presided. After Scripture reading by Ethel Brown, Lillie and Rose Coon sang "My God is a God of love," in a very pleasing manner. The paper by Addie Miner, a Milton Junction Junior, gave many helpful suggestions and ideas. She spoke of the pledge as a strong rope to bring them together. Miss Bessie E. Clarke read the paper on "The Golden Rule" which was presented at the young people's hour at General Conference. Miss Clarke spoke of the contents of the Golden Rule and its value to Endeavorers in their work in a pleasing manner, and it is to be hoped that many who have not been subscribers in the past will be in the future. The paper, "What more will you do? What more will you give?" by Reta I. Crouch, referred to the progress and work of the Endeavor movement in the past and offered some suggestions about methods of giving.

The discussion, "Where will you spend your missionary money?" was discussed by Dr. Ticknor, W. K. Davis and Rev. George Burdick. The music by the male quartet of Milton furnished two appropriate selections, which were much appreciated. A consecration service conducted by Fred E. Whitford and Eli F. Loofboro showed a deep spiritual interest, 102 taking part in half an hour.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Receipts in November, 1895.

Church, Walworth, Wis.....	\$ 8 00
" Plainfield, N. J.....	28 15
" Milton, Wis.....	20 00
" Alfred, N. Y.....	25 00
" Hartsville, N. Y.....	5 00
" Leonardsville, N. Y.....	4 40
" New York City.....	12 12
" Milton, Wis., Thank offering.....	200 00
Income, Memorial Fund, bequest of D. C. Burdick, Hebrew paper.....	225 00
I. N. Loofboro, Calhan, Colo.....	25 00
Dr. C. H. West, Farina, Ill., L. M., for self.....	25 00
Mrs. J. B. Davidson, Big River, Wis., Dr. Lewis Fund.....	5 00
Young People's Board.....	26 03
Prof. W. A. Rogers, Waterville, Me.....	15 00
Collection, Quarterly Meeting, Lincklaen, N. Y....	3 66
A Friend, Hope Valley, R. I.....	2 00
Anonymous.....	62
Income, Permanent Fund.....	15 00
Mrs. Ida F. Kenyon, Alfred, N. Y.....	2 00
A Friend.....	1 00
Hattie Washburn, South Hamilton, N. Y.....	3 00
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lindsey, New York City.....	2 12
Mrs. C. T. Hallock, Wellsville, N. Y.....	2 00
	\$655 10

E. & O. E.

J. F. HUBBARD, Treas.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Dec. 1, 1895.

THE good actions we perform in this world take form and meet us in the world to come. "Thy righteousness will go before thee."

Children's Page.

GRANDPA'S WAY.

My grandpa is the strangest man!
Of course I love him dearly;
But really it does seem to me
He looks at things so queerly!

He always thinks that every day
Is right, no matter whether
It rains or snows, or shines or blows,
Or what the kind of weather.

When outdoor fun is ruined by
A heavy shower provoking,
He pats my head and says: "You see,
The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm
For any kind of pleasure,
He says: "The corn has grown an inch—
I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind
Has set my things all whirling,
He looks at me and says: "Tut! tut!
This close air needs a stirring!"

He says when drifts are piling high,
And fence-posts scarcely peeping:
"How warm beneath their blankets white
The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face
His sweet smile shines so clearly,
It would be nice if every one
Could see things just as queerly.

—The Children's Friend.

MORE BLESSED.

It was a beautiful May afternoon. The trees were looking so trim in their new dresses; the apple blossoms made the air quite sweet; the birds were singing such happy songs. But all these sights and sounds seemed lost to Edith Altman, as she walked down the street on her way from school. Only the day before, the new church had been dedicated, and each class in Sabbath-school had brought its offering. To-day at recess, the girls were telling how they had earned the money.

Mabel Wright had raised sweet violets through the winter and sold one hundred bunches; Reba Lark had hemmed dusters, having more orders than she could fill; Hettie Miller had knit worsted capes and caps; Sara Main for ten weeks had helped her mother at home, spending three hours every day in real work.

Edith, it is true, had given her share, but had not earned it herself. She was one of the girls who had everything she needed and much more besides. Her papa gave her an allowance every week and from this she had saved a large sum. "But that is not like earning it yourself and having lots of pleasure," she said. "If I had given up anything I wanted very much, it would be different. Sometimes I almost think it might be nice if one's father wasn't rich; but then, if he weren't I couldn't have my birth-day treat;" and her face brightened and she was soon lost in plans for the coming twentieth of May. "My May flower," her papa often called her, and Edith herself was glad that her birth-day came at such a pretty season.

Having reached the house, she went in to find her mother lying on the couch, looking pale and weary.

"What is it, mamma dear?" inquired Edith affectionately. "Tired out?"

"Yes, I do not understand why I cannot get rested. The long strain of Aunt Jennie's illness seems to have used up all my strength, and then the spring weather did not help me to regain it. I must try. You know next week is your birthday, and I must be getting ready for your 'treat.' Let me see—what was it you decided that you would like? To have the girls here all afternoon and evening,

wasn't it? Then that means making some tempting dainties, having lanterns hung up among the trees on the lawn. The veranda, too, should be decorated and the rooms trimmed with flowers. If only I were like myself! I always have enjoyed preparing for your birthday. Perhaps I'll feel better tomorrow. Now run over to Miss Benson's and see about your dress. I sent the material yesterday, and she has promised it by the nineteenth."

Edith obeyed, but she felt anxious about her mamma, usually so bright and active, and even the pretty white muslin with delicate embroidery could not drive away the recollection. On the way home, she saw just before her the familiar figure of Dr. Gray, the family physician, who had always been Edith's warm friend. Acting on the impulse of the moment, she hurried on to say breathlessly, as she at last caught up, "O, Doctor, can't you give mamma something to make her feel strong? She seems so weak and miserable."

"Why, Edith, how you surprised me! I had not seen you were near me. Yes, I know your dear mother is all tired out. She must have complete rest—that's the best tonic for her. She's been overworked with all this strain on her nerves. My orders are that she must not lift a finger. Now don't let her be making any parties for a certain little girl we know, nor going out to visit all the invalids in the neighborhood, nor doing any of the thousand and one kind deeds she always wants to do."

The doctor did not know anything about Edith's birthday so near at hand. He knew that rest was what Mrs. Altman needed and it was hard to persuade her to take it. But Edith's quick brain saw an opportunity. Should she let it slip? Ever since she could remember, May twentieth had been a festive day. Sometimes an excursion on the river; one year Signor Castella to perform all sorts of wonderful tricks for her little friends; this time she had chosen an afternoon on the lawn at home. Her mamma just knew how to get up the nicest sort of a time for the girls. Should she let her this year? A dialogue seemed to be going on inside.

First Voice—"She might be much worse after all the fuss that she will go to for you."

Second Voice—"O, she'll soon get over it."

First Voice—"But is it quite considerate of you?"

Second Voice—"O, she just loves to have these parties for you."

So it went on till poor Edith was quite bewildered. Duty and pleasure would persist in arguing for and against. Sleep was long in coming that night and left early in the morning; but the battle was fought. Duty won the day. Edith stopped for a few minutes in her mother's room before going to school.

"Mamma dear, I've decided I'd rather not have my birthday party."

Mrs. Altman looked astonished. "Not have the party! Why not, dear? Surely you must not mind my seeming so poorly yesterday. I think I'm better to-day."

"Well, at any rate, mamma, I'd rather not;" and Edith's eyes pleaded that her mother should yield. Then she ran away, for she did not feel that she could talk about it. But all through that day the thought was with her, "At least I can offer this much. The giving up of my own pleasure for the sake of dear mamma, will, I know, be accept-

able to the King, who, when on earth, was always doing the will of his Father, and caring for others. This gift I really earned myself."

No persuasion could change Edith's decision. The birthday was spent quietly at home, but none had ever been happier. The freedom from care and the knowledge of her little daughter's unselfish thought had already made Mrs. Altman better, and Edith found *giving* more satisfactory than *receiving*; it was indeed "more blessed."—*Mission Studies*.

A NOBLE YOUTH.

How many young men, just budding into manhood, have taken the first fatal cup! And not stopping at the first, as they may have thought of doing, but taking a second soon after the first, and so on, until their ruin was complete.

There was once a young man who was clerking in a large dry-goods store where many other young men were employed.

Some of the latter urged the newcomer to accept a social glass, but he refused. The young men laughed at him, calling him a "baby," and they also said that "one glass would not hurt him."

"Ah, no," he replied, "If I should take one glass, I could easily be persuaded to take another. My mother taught me to shun the fatal cup. And when I was a little child, she taught me this verse among many others, 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'"

The lads laughed and sneered at him, but it was useless to try to remove his scruples.

"My father," the brave boy continued, "went that downward path, and at last filled a drunkard's grave. I do not intend to follow in his footsteps."

If other young men would only stand their ground firmly for the right, doing nobly as this one did, there would be fewer drunkard's graves and a great many more happy hearts and homes.

CLEANSED AS SHE WENT.

A young lady was deeply concerned about her spiritual interest, and after a severe struggle started to visit her pastor to ask him to show her the way of life. As she entered the horse car, in carrying out her purpose, she saw seated there several of her friends, who asked her where she was going. The tempter immediately said, "Don't tell them where you are going, but answer them in some evasive way." At the same time the Spirit whispered to her, "Be brave and conscientious about this. Tell them of your purpose, and ask them to go with you." She obeyed the latter voice. Her friends declined to accompany her, and she went on alone. When she came to the minister's house he came to the door to meet her. She paused from embarrassment for an instant, and then said, "Doctor, I started to come to see you to ask you to lead me to Christ; but now that I am here I have come to tell you I have found Christ." "As they went they were cleansed."—*Rev. B. Fay Mills*.

At the Zoo. Bertie.—"You say that is the bird of freedom, mamma?"
Mamma.—"Yes, Bertie."
Bertie.—"Then why is it in a cage?"

Home News.

Colorado.

BOULDER.—"Home again" is the word on every hand. It is cheering to be welcomed home by church, family and friends. Thanksgiving day was a very pleasant one, especially the evening. We were quietly seated in our cosy room talking over the affairs of the day, when suddenly the door bell rang out with unusual vigor, and in rushed the company with baskets, bundles, boxes and sacks. We surrendered. Had to. Could do no other way. The refreshments were fine and the social cheer finer. After the good-nights had been said, we discovered to our surprise that we had been pounded with more than pound weights. The pastor could only say: Thank you, and God bless you all. The things left are of real value, but the cordial welcome home and the good-will thus expressed are far more highly prized.

The improvements of the city, during these weeks of absence, are worthy of notice. The two large structures, Masonic Temple and Preparatory School building, have been completed and occupied. Also we find two large church edifices being built of brick to take the place of the smaller, less pretentious and time-worn buildings. The Presbyterian and Christian churches want to keep up with the increasing demands of the thriving city. Also we look across to the north-western part of the city, just at the base of the abrupt rising of the mountain, and there stands the great sanitarium just being completed. We also find numerous private residences in various parts of the city with foundations laid, and the super-structures being built thereon. Also the sewer system, arranged for last August, has been pushed forward with remarkable speed. And many pieces of wooden sidewalk have given place to the nice flag stones, which abound in the mountain side. Boulder is becoming a larger city every year. Property, both within and without the city limits, is not dead property. If you buy and don't like it you can sell again. Now is a good time to invest.

We are all here and some more. None have gone to California. This is said for the information of some who seemed to think all the Boulder Church was on the way to some other country. Possibly there are better places than Boulder, but when people are in as good a country as this, why go to the expense of an experiment with some other locality? There is always more or less uncertainty as to what a new locality may prove to be. Boulder is no longer an experiment. The cost of irrigation and the work of getting the water where needed has been fully tested these many years. The expense of this is much smaller here than in many places of which I am told. Also the markets have proved very satisfactory. During our absence one of our good brethren from a distant state visited here and bought an entire block of land adjoining the city limits.

The Church will continue. Whether it is to remain small or grow into a strong church cannot be answered now. But let it always be remembered that small churches should not be underrated because they are small. Some of our churches have been small through a long career and done most excellent work—not only saving many precious souls, but also sending out some of our most efficient ministers. Small churches should not be

discouraged. God knows his own, be they few or many. Through the favor of God, and the financial encouragement of many Christian friends, we have a neat and substantial house of worship, paid for so far as we have gone. There is much more to be done, and we must keep working at it until our church and lot shall do credit to our people. It will not do to remain in an unfinished condition as at present.

Thanks be to God for his care over us while we have been separated from one another. No deaths have occurred in our society. One dear girl is now rapidly recovering from a severe sickness. The city ministers have filled the pulpit nearly all the Sabbaths of the pastor's absence. And now here we are to move forward this blessed work, as God shall give us strength, wisdom and courage.

S. R. WHEELER.

BOULDER, Colo., December 2, 1895.

"Y-E-S BUT."

It was a bright autumn day, so summerlike that, in spite of the gorgeous dress of shrub and tree, winter seemed far in the distance. Nature, as if loath to leave us to the mercy of Jack Frost, was in so balmy a mood as to make me forget for the moment that the sweet peas I was gathering were the last the vines would ever yield. But the sun seemed to go under a cloud, and my joyous thoughts were momentarily dispelled by one of those "Y-e-s—but" people who, unfortunately for my peace of mind, just then appeared upon the scene in the person of our milkman, who has come to my door daily for the past eight years. He is an honest and good sort of a man, too, but, he has one failing. If he is greeted by, "Nice rain, good for wheat," he is sure to shake his head and say:

"Y-e-s—but it is bad for the corn."

If it comes off warm and dry, and we venture, "Good weather for the corn," his reply is:

"Y-e-s—but it is bad for the potatoes," and so it goes, he answering to all hopeful remarks throughout the summer, winter, spring, and fall by a sigh and "Y-e-s—but."

Perhaps I am wrong, but it has many times occurred to me that farmers are especially given to this "Y-e-s—but" habit. To be sure, there are farmers and farmers. But many in the face of the greatest prosperity indulge in this mode of expression. So farmers' boys would do well to guard against this habit of their sires.

Well, this morning my heart was attuned to "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and my body was basking in nature's warmth, while I picked the dainty beauties, all unmindful of the wintry gloom just before us, until reminded of it by the milkman. At his approach I said, "Glorious morning to be out."

"Y-e-s—but winter will soon put an end to your pleasure," replied he, pointing to the flowers in my hand, as he said it, and then passed on with a sigh.

It was foolish, I know, to be thus influenced, but sighs are contagious, as well as yawns, and the next instant I caught myself echoing that sigh, as for the first time I realized that in all probability the morrow would find the garden a mass of blackened foliage and flowers. With one stroke that "Y-e-s—but" had hushed my song of gladness, and for the moment a requiem was in my soul, in which plant and flower seemed to join and to say, "We bloom for you for the last time."

Then the words of the croaker, "The winter

will soon put an end to your pleasure," came to my rescue, for they awakened the query, "Is it true?"

Then for answer thought traveled over the vanished months back to the early spring-time, when the crocus and lily of the valley gladdened many hearts. Then on to the month of roses, until reaching autumn, with its wealth of bloom and these last flowers.

Then the many loving messages spoken through them to weary, lonely, sick, and dying, and made answer, for I seemed to hear the vanished flowers saying, "No, a thousand times no, the pleasure we gave has no death; it does not end with us; it will live on and on. The season of winter may come, and plants which made so much heart pleasure possible may die, and we may never again put forth bloom, but wintry blasts will not put an end to the memory of the pleasure we gave."

Thus musing or listening, the dreary thoughts awakened by the "Y-e-s-but" man vanished, and my heart again took up the song of "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Still those words "Y-e-s-but" ring in my ears, and I find myself thinking how much happier this world would be if there were not so many people in it who continually mar the joys of others by "ifs" and "buts." For at every turn in life hopeful, cheerful greetings are met, as was mine a few hours ago, by a sigh and "Y-e-s-but."

However, the words in themselves are innocent enough, and there is a right as well as a wrong way of using them; for instance, if the heart grows earthweary, then hopefully says, "Y-e-s-but it is better farther on."—*Helena H. Thomas, in the Presbyterian.*

A LITTLE SEED.

We have heard of an idol temple which had stood for centuries unshaken upon its firm foundation; but birds dropped seeds upon the dust-covered roof and battlements; "through the scent of water" they germinated and sent their roots down into the crevices of the masonry, and so in the course of time the great stones were separated, the little rootlets worked their way down among them, and the temple was tottering to its fall, because of the power of these little seeds.

God sends men into this world, not so much to build temples and heap up stones and monuments, as to sow seed. The sower soweth the Word. It may be by living voice, or printed page; by the written word, the New Testament, a tract, a leaflet, a paper cast by the wayside, given to a friend, handed to a stranger, sent through the mails,—in a thousand ways we may sow the Word of God; and oh, what a harvest there will be for those who "sow beside all waters." Some seeds will fall by the wayside, some on stony ground, and other seed will die upon the rocks; but some will fall on good ground, and bring forth fruit, thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. Who would not be a sower, even though it may cost time, and labor and expense? for they that sow in tears shall reap in joy, and "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves."—*The Christian.*

Dr. BOLUS: "And how are you enjoying life, my dear?"

Miss GRACIE YOUNG: "Oh, not very well, Doctor; you see, I'm not in society yet."

Dr. BOLUS: "Is that possible? Why, I clearly remember being present at your first ball!"—*Life.*

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. 3: 1-13
Nov. 2.	Samuel the Judge.....	I Sam. 7: 5-15
Nov. 9.	Saul Chosen King.....	I Sam. 10: 17-27
Nov. 16.	Saul Rejected.....	I Sam. 15: 10-23
Nov. 23.	The Woes of Intemperance.....	Isaiah 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 XII.—THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

For Sabbath-day, Dec. 24, 1895.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 2: 8-20.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy."—Luke 2: 10.

INTRODUCTORY.

The birth of Christ was the most important event in the world's history, coming at a very opportune time when the world was at peace, allowing the gospel to have free course. It is thought that the Roman Empire at that time numbered 120 millions, Palestine 6 millions and Galilee 2 millions; and that there was a high degree of intellectual activity and a general disintegration of the old religions. Horace had been dead only two years and Virgil thirteen. Augustus Cæsar was emperor of Rome and Herod the Great was king of Judea.

EXPLANATORY.

I. THE HEAVENLY ANNOUNCEMENT.

v. 8. "And there were in the same country shepherds." In the field near Bethlehem. "Abiding in the field." There is no intimation here that these shepherds were exposed to the open air. They dwelt in fields where they had their sheep penned up.—*Clark.* Schubert says that the period about Christmas is often one of the loveliest periods of the whole year in that country.

v. 9. "The angel of the Lord came upon them." Probably appeared not far above them, and the glory rays radiating from the heavenly visitant startled them and made them "sore afraid."

v. 10. "Fear not . . . I bring you good tidings." Naturally enough their fears must be quieted before they could be in a frame of mind to receive the best news the world has ever heard. "Which shall be to all people." Not only to the Jews, but a universal gospel to all who would believe.

v. 11. "Born in the city of David." Bethlehem, David's birth place. "A Saviour which is Christ the Lord." Deliverer and preserver, the Messiah, the anointed come from God.

v. 12. "And this shall be a sign." That they might know his message was true, they were invited to go to the manger in Bethlehem and see for themselves "the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes." "Swathed in bands wrapped round and round in lack of more comfortable clothing."—*Bliss.*

II. SONG OF THE ANGELS.

v. 13. "And suddenly . . . a multitude of the heavenly hosts praising God." The curtain between visible and invisible was suddenly drawn by Jehovah, that Bethlehem's shepherds might know something of the importance attached to the babe to which their attention was called by the angel visitant.

v. 14. "Glory to God in the highest." "Only the most exquisite music and song is worthy to express this theme."—*P.* "Glory to God," expresses both the fact that God is glorious in the work of salvation and the feeling that would express and make known his glory."—*P.* "On earth, peace." The coming of the Messiah to the earth was to honor God, establish peace on earth and unite earth to heaven. "Jesus has brought peace to the earth, peace between man and God, resulting in peace between man and man and the soul's peace with itself and with its surroundings and with the law of God."—*P.*

III. SEEKING THE BABE.

v. 15. "Let us now go . . . and see." So impressed were they by what they had seen and heard that they lose an time in seeking the child Jesus. It would be wisdom for every one to whom is made known the mission of Christ to delay not seeking and finding the world's Saviour.

v. 16. "They came . . . and found." Just as they had been told, and so will every one who seeks Christ find a perfect Saviour.

v. 17. "When they had seen . . . they made known." News too good to keep. When they became convinced of the truthfulness of the Christ-message, they tell it to the

world. Even so to-day should the precious gospel be proclaimed from mouth to mouth of those who become convinced of the value of the religion of Jesus Christ.

v. 18. "All they that heard it wondered." Heard the message of the shepherds. "They treated the good news as many now treat religion; they are interested in it, but don't seek for it as for a hidden treasure."—*P.*

v. 19. "Mary . . . pondered them in her heart." Weighing is the English translation of our word pondering."—*Clarke.* She let nothing pass from her notice which had reference to the child Jesus.

v. 20. "The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God." The evidence had been sufficient that all the angel messenger told them was true. Thus we are informed of the first gospel messengers.

DR. LEWIS AND SABBATH REFORM.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

You and your readers will pardon the repetition, if I also press upon our people the importance of speedy and definite action in the matter of the employment of Dr. Lewis in Sabbath Reform work. The Tract Board must know soon what *business basis* they have for wisely planning to carry out the expressed wishes of the Conference; Dr. Lewis should know; and it is only fair that the Plainfield Church should know before the beginning of another year.

Never was there a time more favorable for active work on Sabbath Reform lines. There is throughout the land a wide-spread revolt against the social and political influences of Romanism. Sunday, as one of her creatures, will come in for much discussion. The coming months will see many hot shot exchanged over "Sunday" and "no Sunday," and the advocates of the Sabbath should be on the alert to claim a hearing.

Some of the churches already have their interest in this matter reduced to figures that speak forcibly. Will not the other churches which have not yet taken action, under the leadership either of the pastor or of a special committee appointed for the purpose, at once make a thorough and earnest canvass of their members for pledges, and forward a definite statement of results to the Tract Board?

Yours sincerely,

FRANK L. GREENE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 3, 1895.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

Passed by the Pleasant Grove Y. P. S. C. E. on the death of Miss Celia Maxson, who died Nov. 17, 1895, in the seventeenth year of her age.

WHEREAS, By the all-wise providence of God, it has been his will to remove a faithful sister from our midst, therefore,

Resolved, That while we deeply feel the loss in our Society, we truly realize the loss to her parents, brothers, and sisters.

Resolved, That we as a Society tender the bereaved family our deepest heartfelt sympathy, and pray that our Heavenly Father will comfort them in this great trial as he alone can comfort.

Resolved, That we consider the departure of one who was usually with us in the enjoyment of health as a lesson which all her surviving associates will not fail to study with solemn interest.

Resolved, That these resolutions be put upon the records of the Society, and a copy be presented to the family, and also sent to the SABBATH RECORDER and *Moody County Enterprise* for publication.

MARTINA M. LANPHERE, }
 ELLA W. LANPHERE, } Com.
 MISS ANGIE SEVERANCE, }

SMYTHE, S. Dak., Nov. 23, 1895.

A MAN may be an eternal failure, although his footsteps glitter with gold and his words sparkle with knowledge. That man is the most successful in the divine kingdom who sets in motion the greatest amount of spiritual power, power for the glory of God, whatever may be the opinions or rewards of fallen mortals.—*John Reid.*

Popular Science.

The new scientific discovery for producing insensibility, by means of oxygen gas and ether, has been improved upon by Dr. J. H. McClelland of Pittsburg, and Dr. Herbert L. Northrop, formerly of Hahnemann College, Philadelphia, by substituting chloroform in the place of ether. These doctors state that the chloroform compound is giving very gratifying results.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in his lecture on the "lost arts," among other things noticed that of tempering copper, so as to be used as cutlery and other edged tools. Various experiments have been made from time to time throughout the world to find or regain that "lost art," so that copper could take the place of steel, for purposes where steel would soon be destroyed by corrosion. We are advised that a man in the city of Detroit, Michigan, has rediscovered that lost art, and that he has made springs, of great elasticity, both coiled and flat; that he makes good knife blades, and can weld the metal itself, or weld it to iron, or steel, and by so doing does not destroy the pureness of the copper, or disturb any of its peculiar qualities.

As electricity is coming fast into use, and as it prefers copper for its agent to most other metals, the finding of this "lost art" of tempering, at this time, seems to be most opportune, to meet the varied demands to which this metal is most appropriate.

ALL medical and sanitary authorities should hail with delight the information that ozone, the powerful deoderizer and disinfectant, is now being produced on a commercial scale. Experiments, that have been going on in the Siemen's laboratory, in Berlin, have culminated in inventing a machine that yields a certain amount of ozone every hour. It is produced by a peculiar discharge of electricity into enclosed atmospheric air.

Ozone is to be found in the atmosphere, in the country, in its greatest quantity; in villages it is greatly diminished, and in close-built cities it entirely disappears. The atmosphere, when sufficiently charged with ozone, is compressed under a pressure of about one hundred and thirty-five pounds to the square inch, when it is ready for transportation.

This curious and remarkable product has been frequently alluded to in Scientific Journals, and its wonderful disinfecting properties portrayed. Now since a cheap machine has been invented for manufacturing ozone and in a compressed form it can be transported, certainly, and speedily, should it find its way to the relief of those who reside in the vicinity of impure water, or the decomposition of organic matter. Cities, by all means, should have a plant for its manufacture.

THE Fourth Avenue line of street cars in New York, owned by the Vanderbilts, and on which they use 1,400 horses, has been for some time looking for a system of storage batteries, by which they could propel their cars, and compete with the cable and other roads. Lately a device has come to hand which appears to promise success. Last week they equipped two cars, and placed them on a cross town line, where they have

been running satisfactorily, and with evident success. Heretofore the great weight of storage batteries has been seriously objectionable, on the account of jolting, and the wear of the trucks; this now seems to have been obviated. The cars are controlled in the same way as the overhead trolley lines, and can go at the rate of twenty miles per hour if desired. By this new device, cars are propelled on any railroad having the ordinary rails in use, as the electricity goes into the ground the moment it is used. We are told that each of these batteries will run for sixteen hours, and can be changed in one minute. Really, it now looks as though before long 1,400 more horses would take a needed rest. Electricity is rapidly coming to the front. H. H. B.

THE CROPS OF 1895.

The present year will go on record as one of the most remarkable, from the farmer's point of view, in the history of American agriculture. It has been a season of contradictions, and at a cursory glance it would almost seem that like causes have failed to produce like effects. One of the driest years on record, it has proved also one of the most fruitful, although during the growing season there was almost constant apprehension of crop failure. In spite of late frosts and spring freezes, of droughts almost unparalleled in intensity and extent of territory covered, and with unusual visitation from insect enemies, the harvests, with the exception of wheat and cotton, are more abundant than for years.

The area planted to corn last spring, amounting to 81,500,000 acres, was the largest on record. For three years the crops had been small, and prices had suffered less than any other grain in the general depression of values. Low prices for wheat and cotton induced a curtailment of their area, and this land was largely given to corn. In addition to this voluntary increase a considerable acreage of winter-killed wheat was ploughed up in the spring and put in corn. In no State of importance was the acreage smaller than that of the previous year, and the overshadowing importance of the great American crop may be realized when it is remembered that the area devoted to this one crop alone this year amounts to almost one-fourth of the total area of improved land in farms in 1890, while its immensity may be measured by the fact that its acreage equals the combined area of New England, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, and is greater than the total area of the United Kingdom of Italy or Norway. The season was not entirely favorable, most districts suffering at some period of growth from lack of rainfall, but the average rate of yield for the whole country was higher than in recent years.

The fruit crop of the year was phenomenal, especially in view of the frosts in May, after apples and small fruits were in bloom. The apple crop is one of the largest ever grown, a heavy deficiency in New England and a small crop in New York being made up by the heaviest crop on record west of the Allegheny Mountains. The extension of fruit culture in recent years has been rapid, and as new orchards are constantly coming into bearing a liberal supply of fruit for the American table, at moderate prices, is now assured in almost any season.

The yield of all kinds of vegetables was in

keeping with the character of the season in other lines of production, assuring abundance and variety as well as low-priced food for all classes.

The following statement shows the acreage and production of the principal and some minor crops of 1895, as estimated by the writer, based upon systematic local returns received during and after the growing season:

	Product.	Acres.
Corn..... bush.	2,272,378,000.	81,488,000.
Wheat..... "	459,589,000.	36,565,000.
Oats..... "	904,095,000.	30,130,000.
Rye..... "	33,707,000.	2,414,000.
Barley..... "	98,381,000.	3,791,000.
Potatoes..... "	282,148,000.	3,204,000.
Flaxseed..... "	15,687,000.	578,000.
Tobacco..... lbs.	442,585,000.	659,073.
Broom Corn..... "	114,142,500.	200,100.
Apples..... bbls.	66,256,000.	

—Harper's Weekly.

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 First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moine Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. L. C. Randolph, 6124 Wharton Ave.

ALFRED WILLIAMS, Church Clerk.

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 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.

MARRIAGES.

RICHARDS—WEEKLY.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Quiet Dell, W. Va., on Nov. 21, 1895, by Rev. W. L. Burdick, Mr. W. M. Richards, of Mount Clare, W. Va., and Miss Laura Weekly.

MITCHEL—WEEKLY.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Quiet Dell, W. Va., on Nov. 28, 1895, by Rev. W. L. Burdick, Mr. John A. Mitchel, of Mount Clare, W. Va., and Miss Lizzie Weekly.

LEWIS—JAMES.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. James, on Nov. 21, 1895, by pastor J. H. Hurley, Mr. Willis E. Lewis and Miss Eva E. James, all of North Loup, Neb.

NICHOLS—RUNDLE.—In the M. E. Church, at Horse Run, N. Y., on November 21, 1895, by Eld. G. P. Kenyon, Mr. Malech Nichols, of Horse Run, and Mrs. Elizabeth Rundle, of Montous Falls, N. Y.

WOLCOTT—DYKE.—At South Bolivar, N. Y., on November 27, 1895, by Eld. G. P. Kenyon, Mr. Aaron D. Wolcott, of Shingle House, Pa., and Mrs. Elizabeth Dyke, of Genesee, Potter County, Pa.

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.

McHENRY.—At his home in Milton, Wis., on Nov. 22, 1895, of heart failure, Mr. Roswell W. McHenry, aged 76 years.

The deceased was born in McHenry Valley, near Almond, N. Y. He was one of a family of thirteen children. He had resided in Wisconsin about forty years, on a farm north of Milton Junction, whence he removed to Milton within the past year. He leaves behind an aged wife, two brothers and four sisters. In early life he united with the First-day Baptist Church, and in that faith he lived and died.

VAN HORN.—In North Loup, Neb., November 27, 1895, Obadiah D. Van Horn, in the 61st year of his age.

When thirteen years of age he united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church, at Stokes, Ohio. He has always found a church home with our people. He was a man true to his convictions of duty, always seeking the purest and best of life; and loved, honored and respected by all who knew him. In his last conscious moments he commended his soul to God, and prayed for his family and neighbors. Five sons and one daughter, a wife and an only brother, are left to mourn their loss.

SOME STORIES OF PAT.

Pat is a delightful fellow when he is natural. The curious things the Irishmen say, and which are called bulls, have excited a great deal of merriment in the world. The latest instance of the bull that we have encountered is the will of a deceased resident of Dublin, which reads as follows: "I give and bequeath to my beloved wife, Bridget, the whole of my property without reserve; and to my eldest son, Patrick, one-half of the remainder; and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left it may go, together with the old cart without wheels, to my sincere and affectionate friend Terence McCarthy, in swate Ireland."

Another amusing bull was that of a certain Paddy Murphy, who, with a number of others, was discussing what they would do in

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case they were shipwrecked far out at sea without even a plank to get ashore on. After the others had told what they would do, Paddy's turn came. "You're a selfish lot," he said. "Ye'd all be afther saving yourselves an' not savin' any of the others. Oi'd do it different. Oi'd swim ashore an' save miself first, an' thin oi'd swim out again and save the rest of yez." —Harper's Young People.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss. LUCAS COUNTY. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. 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.

Literary Notes.

"It is possible that there never was a case when the United States needed to watch her English cousins more closely and to announce her Munroe doctrine more vigorously than in this international dispute over the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana. If England succeeds it means a loss to Venezuela of a territory as large as the State of New York, and of gold deposits which are believed to be the richest in South America, and, what is more important, it means the entire control by the English of the mouth and four hundred miles of the Orinoco River. The question is one of historical records and maps, and nothing else. Great Britain fell heir to the rights formerly possessed

by Holland. Venezuela obtained by conquest the lands formerly owned by Spain. The problem to be solved is to find what were the possessions of Holland and Spain, and so settle what is to-day the territory of England and Venezuela. Year after year Great Britain has pushed her way westward, until she has advanced her claim over a territory of forty thousand square miles, and has included Barima Point at the entrance to the Orinoco. She has refused to recede or to arbitrate, and she should be made either to submit to the latter method of settling the dispute or to be sent back to the Pomeroon River, where she was content to rest her claims in 1840. If the Munroe doctrine does not apply in this case, it has never meant anything in the past, and will not mean much in the future."

This is an extract from an article entitled "The Paris of South America," by Richard Harding Davis, in the December number of Harper's Magazine. An uncommonly attractive description of Caracas and its inhabitants will be found in the same article; and recent political events have directed so much attention to Venezuela that many persons will be glad to turn to Mr. Davis's vivid pages for instruction in regard to that easily accessible yet little-known portion of the continent.

Harper's Weekly dated December 7th will contain a double-page illustration by Wenzell, showing the interior of the Metropolitan Opera House. The final paper in the notable series of articles on Public Schools will be given in the same number; and another important feature will be an article expressing the necessity that is felt to exist for stricter building laws in the United States, with especial reference to safeguards against fire. Maps of Paris and New York, with details of the number and location of fires in each city during one year, will afford a basis for comparison.

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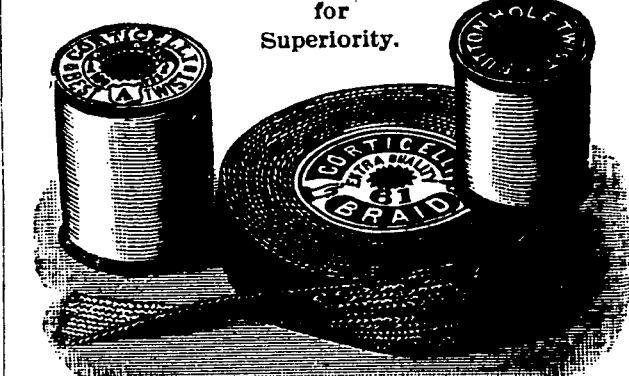
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