

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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THE MESSAGE OF THE SNOW FLAKES.

BY L. COURTLAND ROGERS.

HO, ye snow flakes, light and fair,
Falling slowly through the air,
What the message ye declare?

Hear us, sons of men, we pray,
This is what we have to say,
Heaven's not far from earth away.

As we come with truth to you,
Be ye each to other true,
'Tis a debt oft overdue.

Field and forest, mountain height,
Mantled are in purest white,
Being pure be your delight.

As in gentleness we fall,
Be ye gentle each and all,
To the erring gently call.
Ever helpful we would be,
Clothe the land, shield vine and tree,
This the rule for thine and thee.

* * * * *

Melted in the vernal sun,
To the sea we straightway run,
Where are ye, your life work done?

We from earth to heaven rise,
Again returning from the skies;
Such our message to the wise.

ALFRED, N. Y.

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Sabbath Recorder.

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"Be not o'er mastered by thy pain,
 But cling to God, thou shalt not fall;
 The floods sweep over thee in vain,
 Thou yet shall rise above them all;
 For when thy trial seems too hard to bear,
 Lo! God, thy King hath granted all thy prayer;
 Be thou content."
 —P. Gerhardt.

WE are indebted to Bro. D. H. Davis, of our China Mission, for a very interesting Chinese calender which he sends for the "use of the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER." We have it in our sanctum for easy reference. We are certainly glad Bro. Davis can print so fine a calender, and we hope he and his co-laborers can read it even if we cannot.

IT was not a mere sentiment in Rowland Hill who said, "I would give nothing for that man's religion whose very dog and cat are not the better for it." The spirit of the Master will be impressed upon, and to quite an extent reproduced by, the dumb animals under his care. Religion aims to make us kind, considerate of life and suffering, in man or beast, and no one under the control of the peaceful principles of Christianity can be cruel.

ON Sunday, Jan. 13th, H. S. Giddings, of Orlando, Fla., was arrested for following his usual occupation of house-building. He was building a chimney inside the house and was not making any disturbance. At his trial Mr. Giddings plead that having observed the Sabbath according to the Bible, he felt bound to labor on Sunday, and that he must obey the law of God rather than the law of Florida, which conflicted with it. The judge seemed much impressed, and reserved his decision.

SEVERAL letters have been received, good naturedly and patiently asking, "when will you 'catch up' on the RECORDER?" We are happy to announce that the good time has come. We issue this number on time and hope to continue thus hereafter. It is confidently expected that the RECORDERS will reach all points west as well as east about one day earlier than formerly. Our present facilities for getting into the early mails warrant us in thus encouraging our patrons.

LAST week Robert G. Ingersoll delivered one of his latest lectures at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on the subject, "Which Way?" He said, "There are two ways, one of reason and experience, the other of faith and credulity." Since Mr. Ingersoll confessedly knows nothing of the latter way, would it not be more reasonable and safe to trust the opinions of those whose equally reliable "reason and experience" have been supplemented by a most precious faith, which is also a valuable experience?

WHAT is "perseverance" but a life, or a portion of life made up of new beginnings? We attempt and fail. Immediately we try again, and still again, until at length we suc-

ceed. In other words, we persevere and conquer. "Evil habits, wrong tendencies and dispositions are overcome by new beginnings every day, or as many times each day as failures occur. This is the discipline, the watchfulness and the victory which our Saviour desired for his disciples when he said, "What I say unto you I say unto all, WATCH."

DIFFICULTIES, however great they may appear, are much more likely to be overcome by grappling with them than by dreading them. By doing our duty we learn how to do it. While we sit and question whether it is our duty, we get no nearer its accomplishment. Go about it and you will be surprised at your own strength and the ease with which apparently formidable difficulties will be overcome. This is true in every department of human effort. Do right, do every present duty with modest self-reliance, and supreme reliance upon God, and mountain barriers will melt away.

"Doing God's will as if it were my own,
 Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength alone."

IT is beautiful, wonderful. These words are in frequent use to describe things a little outside the ordinary lines of our observation. But really where is there an object that is not either beautiful or wonderful, or both? Just think a moment and see if you can find one created thing that is not, at least, wonderful. Take the most inferior objects from the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms; examine them carefully, with microscopic aids, or chemical analysis, and tell me if they are not wonderful beyond description. A drop of water, a grain of sand, a blade of grass, a fossil, a gem, the forests, mountains, rivers, lakes, oceans, clouds, starry worlds, every thing, all things are beautiful and wonderful. They all tell us of God, the Creator, the all-wise and adorable Sovereign. Who can study the wonderful works of God and remain unmoved by emotions of love, wonder and praise?

MANY people seem to have a superstitious dread of making their wills. To them it seems that death is more likely to overtake them. We very well remember an old man who, at the age of more than fourscore years, had never made his will. He represented quite a large property but thought he would be more likely to die if his will was made. Finally he made his will and continued to live until nearly ninety-five years of age. He also feared that in some way the making of one's will would so tie the property that he could not make use of it while living. We have thought that such fears are not unlike the sinner who hesitates to commit himself to the saving care and service of the Lord. He fears that his hands will be tied, his liberty lost. No greater mistake could be made. The Christian is a free man; no longer in bondage; no longer under sentence of the Supreme Court; no longer under condemnation, because of violated law. He is pardoned, set at liberty. True he is not free to sin; neither is the sinner himself. If any one fears he will lose his freedom to sin, by becoming a Christian, he makes a great mistake in the supposition that any one, under any circumstances, enjoys that freedom. All sinners are under condemnation. A pardoned sinner is set at liberty, and he only is free. "If the Son therefore shall make you free ye shall be free indeed."

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

AN attempted revolution in Hawaii has been promptly quelled by the government.

THE constant depletion of the United States treasury is cause for serious apprehension.

THE income tax law will be referred to the Supreme Court for a decision as to its constitutionality.

GREAT storms were raging in various parts of the West last week, and also along the Atlantic coast.

ANY pupils of the St. Joseph (Mo.) public schools discovered smoking cigarettes will be expelled, by order of the Board of Education.

THE bill in aid of the Nicaragua Canal has passed the Senate and is quite likely, though modified by several amendments, to become a law.

THE new Maxim flying machine, as described in the January *Century* magazine, is attracting much attention among those interested in aerial navigation.

THE steamer Chicora was crushed to pieces by the ice in Lake Michigan last week during a great storm. It is supposed that all on board, 26 persons, perished.

IT is reported that the Japanese, in bombarding Ting-Chow, paid no attention whatever to the American flag, which waved over the mission colleges and residences.

THE legislature of New Jersey has done itself credit and displeased the enemies of good government by passing the anti-gaming amendment to the State Constitution.

THOMAS A. EDISON, the electrician, when asked what had led him to be a total abstainer from alcoholic drinks, said, "I think it was because I have a better use for my head."

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., is suffering severely from the panic occasioned by the deficit and closed doors of the National Bank of Broome county, in which the public funds were on deposit.

WAR between Mexico and Guatemala seems inevitable. The United States authorities have attempted to advise in the interests of peace, and such proffered intervention may result favorably.

THE *Daily Graphic*, London, says: "The United States finances are drifting into a serious condition. It seems best to issue a large gold loan, which would be favorably received in Europe."

THE trolley strike in Brooklyn has been very expensive and troublesome, and like most efforts of the kind is a serious mistake, the strikers and their families being the greatest sufferers for their folly.

THE papal power in France is evidently waning. For several years previous to 1893 the papal revenue was 3,000,000 francs. In 1893 it was 1,800,000 francs, and in 1894 it was less than 1,000,000 francs.

THERE is an anti-cigarette league, in New York, which now numbers 40,000 schoolboys. They are pledged not to smoke until they are twenty-one years old. Probably the most of them will remain free from this baneful habit.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND last week sent a message to Congress urging legislation to relieve the Treasury. It proposes the issue of fifty-year bonds, payable principal and interest in gold, bearing interest of not more than 3 per cent.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, recently deceased, was one of the most conspicuous characters in the British parliament. He was a political opponent of Gladstone, and though frequently in sharp controversy with the great man, still there was mutual respect.

PROF. BEHRING, the discoverer of the anti-diphtheretic vaccine, says that diphtheria need no longer be regarded as a dangerous disease. It has been one of the most cruel and pitiless maladies known to medical science, but is now practically conquered.

In the Kentucky penitentiary there are 1,200 convicts. Every one of these sinners received a kind religious letter from the Christian Endeavor Society of Louisville, on Christmas day. Many of them are answering these letters. This is practical and doubtless valuable Christian Endeavor work.

THE new anti-toxine treatment for diphtheria seems to continue to attract attention in scientific and medical circles and to inspire great confidence in its value. The results of the experiments thus far have been remarkable, and the mortality under anti-toxine is as much less than with other methods as is small-pox with the aid of vaccination.

THE steamer Elbe, of the North German Lloyd Line, leaving Bremen for New York, Jan. 30, was sunk in a collision and probably more than 300 lives were lost. This sad occurrence has caused great excitement and grief. There is much mystery connected with the disaster, as it was not a foggy night, and such a collision ought not to have been possible.

COOKING BY LIGHTNING.

Dream after dream has come true and passed into commonplace reality, so far as the use of electricity is concerned. Street cars driven by it rush past the office front, where this is written, every few minutes. The press, upon which these pages are printed, is run by electricity, at evening the editor writes by the light of it. Long ago it belted the world by telegraph, and placed the ends of the continent together by the telephone. Now it is invading the kitchen, as the following, by a correspondent of *Black and White*, shows:

"Cooking by electricity sounded almost too good to be true, but when I heard that at one place in London—and only one place—its practicability was being daily demonstrated by Miss Fairclough, a *diplomee* of the National School of Cookery, I set forth to behold the miracle. If she had lived a few hundreds of years ago, she would very likely have been drowned or burned at the stake. This statement requires an explanation—but perhaps if I describe a certain table, and a

few little ovens (which look like safes) in the large, bright, class-room kitchen, it may explain itself. The table was an ordinary one, to the casual observer, of unpainted wood. Miss Fairclough stood beside it, rolling pastry, while in front, in a neat little row, were six cooking utensils. All were of bright and shining copper and steel, from the kettle to the fluted "griller," and they simply stood on the table, without any fire, or apparent signs of heat. Yet there, on the griller, was a chop cooking gayly away, "with an independent air;" in the kettle water was boiling; on the "hot plate," scones were toasting; in a frying-pan, potatoes were frying; while two little pots were occupied by stewing bird and simmering jam. I touched the table. It was cold, and I found I could lay my gloves and handkerchief upon it with impunity. I noticed, too, that a bowl of chrysanthemums was not in the slightest degree disturbed by the neighborhood of the kettle.

I learned that all the cooking at the Gloucester Road School is done by electricity, that the two months' trial has resulted in a brilliant success, and that, though the weird table and its contents suggested a scene from fairyland, where all the viands are prepared by enchantment, it was all very simple and practical indeed. No other means of cooking is so eminently satisfactory and free from all disagreeable accompaniments, according to Miss Fairclough. Unless a house is lighted by electricity, the preliminaries are expensive, afterward the process has been proved most economical.

Fully protected wires, connecting at the main, ran unobtrusively up the top of the table, and each cooking utensil is especially made to connect with its own particular little "knob" (would that I knew the technical name! but there are six of them) beneath the overlapping edge in front. Then the kettle, or griller, becomes as hot as may be required, and the process of cooking is triumphantly accomplished.

The ovens, too, though not as startling in appearance, were soon proved to my satisfaction to be equally delightful. Each one (and Miss Fairclough has several) contains six shelves, which admit of an infinite variety of roastings and bakings going on at the same time, and as the ovens, heated by electricity, retain their warmth for an almost incredible time after the electrical current has been removed, their many advantages need no recounting.

I insisted on touching before I would believe, against Miss Fairclough's advice, and the consequence was instant conviction and—a blister."

What would our grandmothers have said, before their great fireplaces and their old-fashioned ovens? What will our grandchildren say? Who can tell!

THE NEW vs. THE OLD.

I have watched every number of the RECORDER with very much interest since the 25th day of December to see how many reports it would contain of the old popular way of celebrating the advent of the Saviour into the world, and am very much gratified that there have been so few, and on the other hand, that there have been so many reports of sunrise prayer-meetings held on the morning of the New Year's advent. I think that those who have had experience in both ways cannot help saying that the new way of observing

the holidays is much better than the old, as far as real spiritual profit is concerned, though there may not have been so much fun and carnal amusement obtained from the change, for it is always best to give up wrong ways and choose to practice right ones.

I was very deeply affected, even to tears, as I read the account of the morning prayer-meeting at New Auburn, Minn., and think I must have had some of the same Christian fellowship which the worshipers enjoyed as they joined hands and united in singing that dear, good old song, so expressive of the real union of soul that exists in all real Christian hearts, "Blest be the tie that binds." I think the Saviour's prayer for his followers is really answered when such experiences are realized. I like the plan that was adopted by the church at Milton Junction of giving the so-called "Christmas" the slip and having exercises commemorative of an entirely different event. The blessed Saviour need not be any the less remembered and loved by discarding the papal traditional day of his birth, and I have not the least doubt but that he looks upon the omission with approval. And when such men as Elder Wardner would, if he had lived, no doubt have done all he could to bring about the total abandonment of Christmas celebrations as such, then those who would rather continue to pursue the old way had better look about them for some stronger reasons for so doing than the authority of the traditions of a paganized and apostate church. Of those who have reported Christmas observances this year I think only one has said anything about having the silly old legendary Santa Claus connected with it. Possibly others may have done so, and if they have, to all such I would say, better "cast your idols to the moles and the bats," and "worship the Lord thy God, for him only shalt thou serve." I pray that all Sabbath-keepers may be willing to walk in the light as God lets it shine from his holy Word upon their pathway.

J. T. HAMILTON.

WHITEWATER, Wis., Jan. 28, 1895.

GREETING.

FROM MOTHER SWINNEY.

I am much pleased with the appearance of the dear old SABBATH RECORDER, with its beautiful new dress and large type. It is very different from the *Protestant Sentinel* of about half a century ago; but those good old brethren (not many sisters wrote then) gave us good reading.

I do not want to miss the reading of the RECORDER one week in these days of wonderful going and doing.

Does it pay to take this paper? Yes, it pays to keep well up to these times of thought and action! I so love to read of the dear sisters' work. A prayer follows every article. That is only a little, but it is about all I can do now—to read and pray for all. Then, too, my heart is with the young people in their work for Christ and his Church on earth.

Now I trust the RECORDER will be nobly sustained, as it deserves to be, and be a grand success. And may the Lord bless those faithful ones who are striving so hard to make it successful. And my prayer is that God's blessing may rest upon all the work done at the Publishing House at Plainfield, New Jersey.

SHILOH, N. J., Jan. 18, 1895.

THE "AYES" HAVE IT; LET THE VOTING CONTINUE.

Many responses to the appeal recently issued to our pastors and people have already been received, but there are still many more from whom we should like to hear. The first criticism or negative vote is yet to come. The "ayes" have it so far, in favor of "systematic aggressiveness" along all the lines of denominational work.

These letters are not meant for publication, but, begging pardon of the writers, we take the liberty of giving our readers a few extracts. Appropriately enough and gratifying too, the first response was from our loyal and energetic missionary secretary, Bro. Whitford. We must give this in full:

"Dear Brother: "The circular letter of the Tract Society, in regard to "bringing itself into closer touch with all our pastors and people, and to enhance the effectiveness of its work," was duly received, and has been carefully read three times. I like the purpose, plans, and methods set forth in it. If they are carried out by our pastors, missionaries, workers, and churches, there will be decided advancement in all of our lines of work as a people. I hope this circular letter will be heartily responded to by every one to whom it is sent, and that each one will become at once a 'Field Secretary' to execute its plans and methods. You may count on me to aid you and the Tract Board as far as I can in the accomplishment of the things desired and set forth in the letter."

The following are extracts from other letters, which show a spirit of hearty approval:

"Your strong appeal has been carefully read; and I am desirous of doing all I can to help forward your great and growing work."

"I am in full sympathy with the aims and purposes set forth therein, and wish to fall into line and do my part in pushing forward, in every reasonable way, the very important work to which the Lord has called us. * * * The suggestions in your letter are certainly practical as well as important, and ought to receive a hearty response from all our people."

"I am in full accord with the Tract Board in its earnest effort to increase the subscription list of all our publications and the distribution of our tracts. If in any way I can serve you, let me know."

"Your letter was received in due time, but have been unable to consider earlier. The box of tracts has been received, and we will go to work as nearly in line with your suggestions as time and circumstances will allow. * * * Shall let you hear how we are doing from time to time."

"I have carefully considered the suggestions and plans of the Board, as set forth in your letter, and believe them wisely made, and hope they will be carried out and prove to be efficient."

"I am interested in the work of the Society and want to do all I can to extend its work. As a 'Field Secretary' in this part, I will scatter Sabbath literature and urge our people to take our denominational papers. I acknowledge the receipt of a box of literature from the Publishing House, which I have begun to distribute. I am teaching a Christian culture course to the young people in town. At the request of some First-day young people we had the "Sabbath" for our subject one evening. Some are quite interested in the subject, and I am in hopes they will have conscience enough to keep it according to the commandment."

"Your letter was received, and was placed before our Permanent Committee. This committee voted to refer it to the next regular church meeting."

"I am most heartily in sympathy with the Board in its efforts to build up the Redeemer's kingdom. Whatever I may be able to accomplish in the line of your suggestion, shall be most heartily done."

As Seventh-day Baptists we surely cannot expect to accomplish anything by sitting down and lifting up our voices with the cry, "Why do we not grow faster?" The reason is quite apparent. We are still employing too largely the easy-going methods of our fathers. The twentieth century, now so near, demands a new type of Christian faith and effort—faith that is thoroughly intelligent; effort that is fully abreast with the best methods of our times. Systemization, co-operation, indoctrination, continuation should be the watchwords of our churches in training its young for the battles and victories of Christ's kingdom.

F. E. PETERSON.

TRANSFIGURATIONS OF DAILY LIFE.

Did you ever go into a cathedral in the evening, when all the light was from within? The windows are dark blots of dull coloring, and have no beauty nor charm. They are unsightly, and one could almost grieve that they took up so much space against the grand old walls. But wait till the sun flings his lances through them. Then they burn and glow with coloring which is rich enough to defy the brush of an artist, the pen of a poet. The gloomy, irregular patches of glass become crimson robes that quiver with the richness of their hue. The dreary white oblongs become angels' silver wings, through which the light streams as if the glory of heaven itself was illuminating them, while faces, tender and holy, shine out in the great windows, and speak to the hearts of heroes and saints who followed the Master of old and would lead others in those same blessed steps. The sunlight transfigures the windows and makes them radiant with unsuspected glories. Just so it is with our daily lives. If we look at them in the shadows of the light that shines out only from self they seem meaningless, marred and blotched with unsightly patches of dull and leaden hue. We can see no comeliness nor beauty in them, and we may think that if we could but have had the choosing of the events of our lives in our own hands we could have made them much more beautiful. But let the light of God's love stream through them, and in an instant the humblest duty becomes ablaze with beauty. Nothing can be unlovely, dull nor unsightly that God has ordered for us. He is the great Designer, and each part of his work is perfect. Each every-day act becomes a parable of spiritual significance and is transfigured by the Divine love. If we would see the beauty that is all about us, we need only to fling open our hearts to God's love, and then we may walk in scenes of the rarest beauty, even although our way may seem but a dreary one to those who know not the beauty that we ourselves can see. The mother whose life is wrapped up in her children, finds a sweeter interpretation of God's love for her, in the care and tenderness that she gives her children, and her desire to give them every good thing and withhold from them only that which is hurtful for them, than she could find upon any written page or hear in any pulpit. The physician going about on his gracious work of healing, walks reverently among the broken and bruised spirits with whom he comes in contact, and he recalls the tender compassion of the Great Physician, who in the days of old pitied all who were brought to him, and "laid his hands upon every one of them and healed them", and as he sees disease yield to his skill, or pass out of his control, he finds in each phase some lesson that interprets

God to him more powerfully than he could be interpreted in any other way.

To any of us, to all of us, life becomes luminous with meaning, and none are so much to be pitied as those whose spiritual eyes are blinded to the glory with which our slightest contact with our fellows may be invested if God's love but floods our lives.

Nature becomes an unsealed book, second only to the Bible in its lessons of God's ever watchful care, and the seed-time and harvest, the budding leaf, and the death of nature's life in Autumn to re-awaken in resurrection glory in the Spring, are anthems of the eternal life.

We need not go upon a mount like the disciples of old to witness a transfiguration, for life is full of them. Everything that has Christ in it is transfigured by him, and we live upon the heights of continual privilege if we live beside him, while our own lives become radiant with the reflection of his transfigured glory.—*Christian Work.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

While renewing subscriptions, I wish to state why I have not attended to this sooner. A Methodist sister brought me the *Christian Herald* containing an account of the terrible destitution in the drought-stricken districts of the West, asking if I could not collect a barrel of goods for the sufferers there. I condensed from it an appeal, which was published in our county papers, and the response has been prompt, though not as large as the necessity demands. Two other Methodist sisters have helped by soliciting, and neighbors by repairing garments given. Our little Seventh-day Baptist chapel, my home, is the headquarters to which the people of various beliefs cordially bring their contributions, and are together blessed in the work. We have sent six barrels, and the goods keep coming, and it is a joy to see the interest manifested by so many, from the little boy of six years, bringing his patched mittens, and saying, "I wish I had more fings to send to them out there," to the wealthy, with a cutter load of valuable garments, bedding, etc. I have watched the RECORDER anxiously for something in regard to this, wondering whether any of our people are among the sufferers, and also whether we, in comfortable homes, are doing our part in trying to relieve those of whatever name, in such distress from hunger and cold. I wish every one could read the accounts of it in the *Christian Herald* of New York. Out-of-date-and-partly-worn clothing that would not seem suitable to send our home missionaries, would be a priceless treasure to these famishing, freezing ones in their "dug outs," for want of which many may perish.

In accordance with the gospel plan, "Let him that heareth say come," let us do as we would be done by in similar need. That sublime 58th of Isaiah mentions this work even before Sabbath reform, important as that is, and dear to us. Note the 10th and 11th verses. And the pockets of garments sent are a good means of conveyance for "evangels," etc. "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." May we not hear from any engaged in this good work?

Our little church has recently lost one of its non-resident members—Mrs. Helen R. Green Reed. Though not within reach of our meetings, we feel that our number has been broken. She and her sister—Mrs. Mallory—practiced holding their regular Sabbath services, and when formerly living here, I often enjoyed the

sacred hours with them, the memory of which is precious. We rejoice for her in what we trust is her gain.

A. F. B.

P. S.—Have just read with joy Elder Potter's letter in last RECORDER. We wish we could have many such soul-refreshing testimonies of personal experience and answer to prayer.

NORWICH, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1895.

OUR SCHOOLS.

BY PROF. L. A. PLATTS.

In a short series of articles upon this subject several weeks ago, an effort was made to show the character and equipment of our schools. In this article I desire to emphasize the claims of our schools to the patronage and support of our people.

1. They are worthy of our patronage and support. In respect to the strength of their courses of study and thoroughness of instruction in point of facilities for carrying on their work, and in point of economy for the student, our schools challenge comparison with other similar institutions throughout the country. If they could not stand such comparison they could not rightfully appeal to the denomination for support. Sabbath-keeping mechanics or others wanting employment, must go before Sabbath-keepers who employ such help on the strength of their being competent to do the work which the employer wants done. Being competent workmen, they have a right to plead their Sabbath-keeping principles and practices as a ground for their preference to other applicants who are no more competent than they, and who are not governed by such principles. This is just to all concerned. In precisely the same way our schools appeal to our people for patronage and support. First of all, they are worthy of such patronage and support. They are competent to do for our young people what the mass of such young people go to college for, and that at a minimum of cost to the student. In the matter of extended, special graduate courses, except to a limited degree, our schools do not put themselves into competition with the great schools of the land; but in the range of their legitimate work they invite investigation and claim support.

2. These are times of special need. Some of us, who are not yet old people, remember when from two-thirds to three-fourths of the students of Alfred and Milton were from First-day families. Now the proportion of First-day to Seventh-day students is very nearly reversed. The number of Sabbath-keeping students has somewhat increased, but the number of First-day students has greatly fallen off. The causes of such falling off are not far to seek. Twenty years ago there were no high-schools with academic departments in all the regions round about us. Students from neighboring villages and adjacent counties came to us for academic work, many of whom thus acquired the desire for more extended study, and, finding facilities for such study where they were already established and acquainted, remained with us for their college work. Now every village of any importance has its graded school, and many of these schools have their academic departments. There are eight or ten of these schools within twenty miles of Alfred, and they abound throughout the State. Naturally and rightly young people take their academic work at these schools, which many of them can

do without going away from home. Some of these pursue their studies no farther, and others, looking for college facilities, are attracted to the large institutions, with the result that the small college suffers. Another cause of the diminished attendance of First-day students upon our schools is a rapidly and widely developing tendency among other denominations to provide schools for their own young people, and to insist upon their attendance upon them. A movement to establish and maintain at least one good Baptist college in every State in the United States is scarcely more than ten years old, but the influence of the movement is already being widely felt. Other denominations are adopting similar methods of providing school facilities for their own youth. Students have been taken from our schools and placed in others no more satisfactory, in some instances not so much so, for no other reason than that the schools to which they were sent were their own denominational schools. Again, during the last ten or fifteen years, our people have become more widely known than during all the rest of our history, through our Sabbath-reform work. During this time thousands and tens of thousands of people have heard of us through our publications upon the Sabbath question who know nothing else about us; and very naturally they judge us and our work by this single standard. When, therefore, our school circulars fall into their hands, and they learn that they are from Seventh-day Baptist sources, they do not care to look any further in those directions. This is a natural result, which it will take much time and patient effort to overcome. We do not complain of this; nor would we have our people less active and zealous in our Sabbath-reform work, but there can be no doubt that its tendency is to restrict the attendance of First-day students at our schools. While, therefore, the multiplication of academic schools about us, and the great increase of denominational schools throughout the country, together with a prejudice against our denominational views conspire to keep First-day students from us, and while our schools are seeking to adjust themselves to the changed conditions of the educational movement of the country, these are the most substantial reasons why Seventh-day Baptists should patronize and support their own schools. Since these schools do not offer advantages inferior to those of other schools of similar grade, these reasons are rendered doubly strong. If we do not support our own schools, who will support them?

ALFRED, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1895.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

This plaintive wail of Mary of Magdela has come to us as the expression of shattered hopes and disappointed expectations. True, the Lord had something better for Mary than to find his body in the tomb. He had risen, and soon her sorrow was turned into joy. But there are some hearts broken that are never bound up, and some sorrow that is turned into anguish; for whatever makes the trusted promises uncertain, or if still true to the ear, yet false to the heart, inflicts an incalculable wrong over which there is no redress.

Quite undesignedly, I hope, but nevertheless truly, the higher critics have accomplished this result, for whatever undermines faith in

the Christian Scriptures in their inspiration and inerrancy undermines faith in Christ and tends to destroy the hopes of the Christian. The higher critics have especially assailed the Old Testament Scriptures. They tell us that probably Moses did not write the Pentateuch—that it was a compilation of ancient manuscripts and traditions, and that Deuteronomy was written in the time of Ezra. They tell us that there were two Isaiahs, one of whom lived and wrote after the Babylonian captivity, and that the book of Daniel was written in the time of the Maccabees, not two centuries before Christ. These are but specimens of the havoc made with the time-honored and holy Word.

But it was just these Old Testament Scriptures to which Christ and his apostles continually refer as the basis of their teaching. It was these that we are told were "written by inspiration of God," and that holy men wrote as they were "moved by the Holy Ghost." Matthew makes five quotations from Isaiah, Mark one, Luke two, John three, the Acts two, and Romans three. Our Lord quotes from Moses and endorses his authority and that of the prophets. Now if Moses, Isaiah and Daniel did not write the things that are attributed to them, and if some of these things are untrue, then Christ was untrue, or at least mistaken, and his apostles were the compilers of lies. We must either accept the inerrancy of the Scriptures, so far as they teach us religious truth, or we must dismiss the doctrine of a divine and infallible Christ. So, too, if the book of Daniel was written in the time of Antiochus Epiphines, then it is not prophecy but history, or in part an Apocalypse, which we dare not interpret and which may have been merely the fancy of the writer.

To those of us who have been accustomed to rest in the Word of our God as something more enduring than the heavens and the earth, and to join with the Psalmist in singing

"Remember, Lord, thy promises,
For all my hopes are there,"

there comes the fear that perhaps there were no promises, and the Word is *not* a safe lamp to our feet or a sure light to our path.

The inevitable tendency of this entire system of teaching is to lead to the broadest Unitarianism—practical infidelity, or to the papal church; for if we may not have an infallible Word, it will be sure comfort, at least, to think we may have an infallible church, and that somewhere we may find rest for our souls.

But we are asked, Ought we not to desire the absolute truth? Shall we not be all the wiser for careful investigation? Certainly, but investigation ought to be careful in all respects, and it ought, also, to be reverent. I have just finished reading a large, elaborate and learned work in which the writer attempts to prove that Christianity had its rise in the tenth and eleventh centuries of our era; that David, Solomon, Christ, and Paul were myths, originating in the fancies of the works of the Middle Ages, and that our Bible was manufactured out of the Roman. The learning is extensive and the argument ingenious, but the conclusion most shocking to common sense. So too, I fear, are some of the conclusions of the higher critics. It requires far greater credulity to accept their beliefs than to trust the most difficult and intricate statements of the Christian Scriptures.

H. H. HINMAN.

OBERLIN, O., Jan. 27, 1895.

Missions.

THE RELATION OF THE MISSIONARY TO THE HOME CHURCHES.

BY REV. D. H. DAVIS.

We give a synopsis of an essay on the above subject by the Rev. R. K. Massie, read before the Shanghai Missionary Association, Dec. 4, 1894.

After his introduction, the essayist asks; "What is the relation of the missionary to the home church?" The first and obvious answer is that from one point of view the missionary is the paid agent of the Board at home. After due consideration the Board has chosen him, appointed him and sent him out to do certain work. He on his part undertaking to do that work. They on their part undertaking to support him while doing that work. This of course is only a partial view and not the highest view of the missionary's relations to the home church; but so far as it goes it is a true view and involves certain duties. One of which duties is, not only that he shall do faithful work, but that he shall inform the Board at home of what he is doing so that they may have a clear and accurate idea of the work with its needs and its opportunities, its encouragements and its difficulties. So much at least the Board has a right to expect on the ground that the missionary is their paid agent.

But there is another and higher view of the relation between the missionary and the home church, and that is that the church at home is the missionary's agent, or means which he uses in order to accomplish the purpose of his life in working for Christ among the heathen.

The missionary has as the object of his life, leading men of heathen nations to Christ, but in order to accomplish that object he must have the sanction and support, both material and spiritual, of some organized body of Christian people at home. And from this point of view also we see that it is clearly the duty of the missionary to inform the church at home in order that they may have the knowledge, without which there can be no interest in the cause of missions. For upon such knowledge of and interest in the cause of foreign missions depends not only the advancement, but the very existence, of that cause. Let us look at the work now from the side of the home church.

Of those Christians at home who do show an active interest in the cause of missions many have a strong desire to see immediate and large results in the foreign field. They want to hear of new stations opened, of new churches built, and of large numbers of converts; in short, they want to see all the signs of immediate and tangible results.

Now this desire to see results is in part natural and proper, but in part it is based on a mistaken notion of the ultimate motives for missions, and brings undue pressure to bear on the missionary in making out his reports to make as good a showing in results as possible. The Boards and others at home who feel the responsibility of rousing indifferent church members to a sense of the needs of the mission field sometimes come to look for success in the mission field to be used as an argument to convince the church of the excellence of the mission cause, and so the larger the figures, the more stirring and telling are the anecdotes; the more graphic and visible

the growth the better argument does all this furnish and the better means of stirring up the interest of those indifferent to the cause of missions. While this notion is not wholly wrong, yet it places too great a premium on rapid growth and brings unintentionally too great pressure to bear on the missionary to have something visible to point to as the result of his work.

But to go back of the boards to the people of the church there is a desire for results which comes from an impatience of anything but immediate fulfillment, an inability to appreciate anything but a large number of converts, a failure to realize that in addition to the actual church members in heathen lands, there is a great number whose moral horizon has been enlarged and enlightened, who have gotten new ideas of the truth and their duty to it. We in the field hope and believe that this general diffusion of light is good in itself, and is a seed-sowing and a preparation for the greater harvest that is to follow, but it does not show at present in figures.

But besides this failure to appreciate any success which is not apparent in the number of converts, there is the mistaken notion as to the real ground and basis of the whole cause of missions. The ultimate motive for missionary effort is not the success of that effort, but obedience to the command of Christ. The spirit which says in effect if not in word, "we will support missions because they succeed," is not the ground on which to rest missions. That ground as found in the Spirit of Christ himself, who had compassion on the people scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd, is the great need of the heathen world, and is in obedience to the plain command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

I believe the fault of the church at home is the bringing in of too much of the element of sensationalism to the support of the mission cause. There is need of enthusiasm, a consecrated enthusiasm, founded in the solid rock of the need of the world for Christ and the power of Christ as the Saviour of the world. Such enthusiasm is deep rooted and abiding, but very different from the passing emotionalism excited by some rather sensational speaker on missions, who has contrived to throw over the whole subject a glamour of romance, and who urges for an immediate decision to go as a foreign missionary. I have seen meetings at home where young men and women, some of whom had never given the subject serious or careful consideration soberly and calmly in all its bearings were encouraged to make an immediate decision to go to the foreign field, and unsound arguments are used to urge to such decision. Some keep in the background the trials and difficulties and emphasize the romantic side of missionary work.

Those who may be led by the sensational element to work in the foreign field are doomed to bitter disappointment. Sensationalism may do very well at a missionary meeting at home, but the only motive that can stand the strain of a life amidst a heathen population is deep-seated conviction and loyalty to the example and commands of Christ. It may be asked how this bears upon the missionary in his relation to the home church, and the answer is not hard to find. This spirit at home which shows itself in sensational methods and impatient looking for large results to appear immediately, brings

to bear on the missionary a pressure which he feels plainly enough. The missionary has already all the proper reasons for wishing to see results that the home church has. He wants to see his own work grow and succeed; he wants to see success that he may have the assurance that his plans and methods are good; and he wants to see individual souls brought to Christ and the spread of Christ's kingdom on earth.

When to all of these natural and proper reasons for wishing for good results to appear there is added this pressure from home, often unintentionally and unconsciously brought to bear on him, it becomes hard to state the real condition of his work so plainly as to leave no room for misunderstanding, it becomes hard not to give things somewhat of a rose-colored appearance in his reports. Of course there are many missionaries who carefully guard against giving the wrong impression at home, but it is not always the case. I knew a missionary who after preaching to a heathen audience of a hundred people offered to give away some copies of the Scriptures. He afterwards wrote a letter to the church paper at home describing it and said that the people thronged around him in their eagerness to get a copy of the Scriptures. He had only fifteen copies and so he had to pick out here and there the most eager, intelligent looking and give copies only to them, and he said eighty-five people went away longing for the Bread of Life. "Every missionary knows that an audience of this character has not yet reached the point of longing for the Bread of Life." When such reports go home they foster, and indeed help to create, misunderstanding about the mission question and that in turn reacts more or less on the missionary who knows that the people at home want something striking in his reports.

Again I do think that we ought to inform people at home that the native Christians are less trained, less developed in the Christian life than is as a rule the case of church members at home, for we know that they are in need of training, patient, gentle, loving training in the elementary truths of Christianity.

What then is the missionary's duty in view of his relation to the home church? It is on the one hand to inform the home church fully and candidly of the nature of his work, to give them the knowledge without which they cannot have the interest which they must have in order to continue to support the work; and on the other hand to avoid writing sensationally and thus encouraging the sensational spirit at home. He should endeavor, so far as he can do so, to educate the home church to place the mission cause not on the unsure basis of passing emotionalism looking for immediate results, but on the unchanging basis of obedience to the example and command of Christ. Let him do his work faithfully, and then let the home church see it as it is; by so doing his work will be permanent and abiding, and he will most effectually help to enlarge the bounds of the kingdom of God on earth.

MERCY to the righteous is destruction to the wicked, for it is God coming to save. There cannot be salvation without judgment.

THE gospel prepares men for active labor. When Paul was born into Christ's kingdom he asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do."

Woman's Work.

MUCH prayer should follow, as has preceded, this endeavor to bring the knowledge of salvation to the Empress Dowager.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BIBLE PRESENTED TO THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

(From the Chinese Recorder.)

The book, casket and box were displayed in the M. E. Church, Shanghai, on Monday afternoon, so that the native Christians and others might have an opportunity of seeing it. Many hundreds came, and were much pleased. The book has solid silver covers, beautifully embossed with bamboo designs, and is enclosed in a handsome silver casket, lined with old gold plush, and the whole is enclosed in a teak wood box. On the left hand upper corner of the cover are the characters for the title—"Complete New Testament"—in raised gold, and in the middle is an oval plate of gold, on which is engraved: "Scriptures for the Salvation of the World."

A congratulatory sentence, stating that the book is the gift of the Christian women of China, is engraved on the gold plate on the cover of the casket.

The total amount of silver used is twelve pounds. The size of the book is 10x13x2 inches, and costs altogether some \$1,100. Many prayers have preceded and will follow this book, that it may be blessed of God to the comfort and salvation, not only of the Empress-Dowager, but through her to many more in this nation, now in the hour of their great need.

LETTER CONCERNING THE BIBLE.

PERIN, China, Nov. 14, 1894.

REV. T. R. HYKES, Shanghai:

The Testament for the Empress was exhibited here last Saturday, and it won the admiration of all who saw it.

It was sent into the palace on Monday, and the prayers that followed it seem already to have been answered, for on Monday morning, at half-past ten, a finely-dressed eunuch, named Lei, who said he was one of the "inner palace men," went to our bookstore to buy some books. He carried a slip of paper on which was written, "one Old Testament, one New Testament." Wang Yu-chou, my helper at the store, who is an educated fellow, was struck by the uncommon look of the characters, and was led to ask who had written them. The eunuch replied, "the Emperor." "Indeed," said Wang; "to-day the women of the Christian Church in China have presented the Empress-Dowager with a copy of the New Testament." "Yes," answered the eunuch, "the Emperor has seen it, and now wishes to see copies of the books of the Jesus' religion."

When the books were got ready and had been paid for, Wang secretly took the slip of paper and laid it away on one of the shelves, but the eunuch soon missed it, and he was in a great state until it was returned to him, when he said, "It will never do for me to lose the Emperor's."

As he was leaving, Wang gave him a catechism and a copy of the Proverbs for his own use. He was very pleased, and promised to show it to other eunuchs in the palace.

At half-past twelve he returned to the book store with the New Testament, many of the leaves of which were turned up. He said that the Emperor had looked it through, and had picked out a number of imperfections in the printing. It was quickly changed for a perfect copy, which the eunuch took possession of.

While he and Wang were talking about it, another eunuch hurried into the store and called out, "Get one with large characters," but not having the whole Testament in large type, the copy just selected was taken.

That the eunuch came directly from the Emperor is undoubtedly true, and I think he learned the names "Old" and "New Testament" from the Introduction to the Imperial present.

Our hearts should go out in prayer that God will by his Spirit take the things of Christ and show them unto the Emperor of this great land. If he is really seeking Christ, how we should pray that satan may not hinder and prevent his finding him.

I have spread this news amongst all I have come in contact with during the past two days. It ought to be circulated throughout the world. I hope all the Chinese women who gave their mites toward the Empress-Dowager's present will hear of it. Our book-store is having a royal patronage.

Sincerely yours,

L. J. N. GATRELL.

CELEBRATION OF THE SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY OF THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER, IN SHANGHAI.

"On the 12th the foreign representatives in Peking were received in audience by the Emperor in a building near the Palace, situated in the forbidden city. The handsome copy of the New Testament presented to the Empress-Dowager by the Christian women of China was handed in by the British and American ministers."

"This Dowager-Empress is *not* the mother of the Emperor. He is the son of the second wife of the old Emperor, and was educated under the joint guardianship of these two women. We are told that the administration of the Dowager-Empress compared favorably with that of her ablest predecessors in Chinese government."

The treasurer of the presentation fund says: "Striking an average from the number of contributions given, the treasurer finds that the total number must have been about 10,900."

HERESY ACCORDING TO THE CATECHISM.

BY A. H. LEWIS.

J. K. Andrews of Antrim, Ohio, is under treatment for denying that Sunday is holy. His case was considered at the late session of the "United Presbyterian Synod of Ohio," at Wheeling, W. Va. The record indicates that the purpose was not to discuss but to pass the report which decrees Mr. Andrews a heretic. It also shows that when a man dares to call the "fundamental" law of the catechism in question, he forfeits all rights and loses all standing in the United Presbyterian Church. Even the right of appeal is denied him. This is "quick shrift and short rope" policy indeed. Here is the record from page 149 of the Minutes of the Synod:

The Synod resolved to take up the report of the Judiciary Committee on the appeal of J. K. Andrews. By motion, all speeches on the matter were limited to three minutes. After some discussion the report was unanimously adopted. It is as follows:

The Committee on the Judiciary, in reference to the appeal of Mr. J. K. Andrews, from the action of the Muskingum Presbytery respectfully submit the following report.

Mr. Andrews was suspended by the session of London-dery Congregation for making determined opposition to one of the principles of the United Presbyterian Church, viz. that the First Day of the Week is the Holy Sabbath, as set forth in the answer to the fifty-ninth question of the Shorter Catechism.

From this action an appeal was taken to Muskingum Presbytery.

Upon the hearing of the case, on April 3, 1894, the Presbytery of Muskingum unanimously refused to sustain the appeal.

From this action of Presbytery, an appeal was taken to the Synod of Ohio, and the records and papers in the case are regularly before the court, according to the law of judicial process.

It is submitted that this case is not to be determined by the law of judicial process, but reaches back of that, and involves, and is to be determined by Fundamental Law. That all the steps required by the law of judicial process necessary to bring a case regularly before the court, have been taken in this case, is admitted. But, that any one may claim the advantages of compliance with the law of judicial process in any case of actual process, he must stand upon and express his adherence to the fundamental, organic, constitutional Law of the Church, upon which the law of actual process is based. Again, it is submitted, that there can be no defence against the charge, which is admitted by the appellant, but such as will involve "making a plea against the principles of his public profession," which is in direct violation of the law of judicial process.

A plea against his own public profession, is not only a virtual but an actual plea against and denial of the public profession of the Church and consequently of the truth and righteousness of her fundamental, organic, constitutional Law.

The appellant, in adhering to his determined opposition to the fundamental law of the Church, as a matter of conscientious conviction, has placed himself without her communion and beyond the shield of her legal protection, and has no right to claim any privileges that might accrue from compliance with the law of judicial process while at the same time denying Constitutional Law upon which the law of process is based.

Therefore Resolved:

1. That the appellant, by his plea against his own public profession, against the public profession of the Church, and her fundamental law, can claim no rights under a law that he has renounced, and can have no standing in this court, or any court of the United Presbyterian Church.

2. That this position can in no sense be construed as an infringement upon the appellant's personal liberty or his rights of conscience.

T. BALPH,
D. M. SLEETH,
T. F. MOOREHEAD.

Mr. Andrews gave notice of appeal to the Assembly. Synod declared that the right to appeal would not be granted.

The United Presbyterian Church claims to be extremely and supremely Biblical in theology. But this record shows that its fundamental organic law as to Sunday is found in the Catechism instead of the Bible. That "fifty-ninth question of the Shorter Catechism" is exalted above the Law of God, and the example of Christ. It states a falsehood, according to the Bible. Andrews ventures to believe the Bible, and deny the Catechism; hence he is excluded, refused a hearing, and denied the privilege of appeal.

Considering the time in the world's history, and the extraordinary superiority which these United Presbyterians claim over the Roman Catholic Church of the Middle Ages, the Spanish Inquisition has nothing more illiberal, unscriptural, and despotic than this unchristian treatment of Mr. Andrews. Reduced to its lowest terms the case is this: The Bible declares that the Seventh day is the Sabbath, sacred to Jehovah. The Catechism of the United Presbyterian Church declares that Sunday is the "Holy Sabbath." Mr. Andrews, thinking that it is better to obey God rather than man, keeps the Sabbath; to punish his temerity, this Catechism-founded United Presbyterian Church blots its record and shames the name of Christian, as shown above. And this is the Church which clamors for "God in the Constitution of the United States"—according to the Catechism!

"Well, God and the Bible, and Mr. Andrews can afford to wait."

A CHICAGO MAN'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

It is not too late in the new year to spoil the excellent points made below.

My name is Wood B. Better, and I live in Chicago, of course. On New Year's day I swore off. It was not a very big swear, but covered several of my bad habits. I meant to make it specially strong on temper. For I had read what a good bishop said: "Temper is nine-tenths of religion." I had plenty of temper but it was not of the right kind. It went off too easily, staid off too long, and was often more trouble than a hot axle. I had gotten into the way of cultivating righteous indignation against old evils, and I easily took to bluster and strong expressions about all sorts of things. In fact I suspected that I was becoming a hopeless victim to the delusion that I hated evil because I could so easily get mad about it.

So I made a good stiff resolution to do myself over in New Year fashion. I read all the strong things that the Bible has to say about anger and about its being better to rule one's spirit than to be a bad mayor of a big city. Then I buckled on my resolution and went down to business. I felt nice and strong and manly and cheerful; I stepped high and looked everybody full in the face. Nobody ever got out from under a mortgage with quite as fine a feeling as I had that day. The only thing that annoyed me was that the type-writers and young fellows around the office kept whispering and casting side glances at me. I overheard one of them say that he was afraid I was going to die soon, just like the good boy in the Sunday-school book.

But I got along well until Friday. I was on top and my temper was the under spoke in the wheel. But when I was out at lunch that day, one of my neighbors told me that he had just paid his taxes, "only sixty dollars on three stone-front houses." So I thought I would go around and ask what the tax on my brick-front was. "Ninety dollars," said the clerk. "Ninety dollars for one house. And my neighbor only pays sixty for three stone-fronts!" "Can't help it," said the clerk. Then I felt an upheaval of wrath setting in away down in the foundations of my moral nature, down in the region of the azoic age. I tried to keep it down, but it was no use. It snapped all the buckles and buttons off my New Year's resolution quick as a flash; and then there was an explosion that filled the air and the office and the next room and the hall, and made the clerk hurry upstairs to see a man.

When I got home that night I had not recovered myself, but was still brooding over the iniquities of city government and the meanness of the modern tax-gatherer. At the door I braced up and tried hard to put on the new New Year smile which had begun to tell on my wife. But when I got in, my wife was not there, and dinner was not ready, and we had a new servant girl, and she was trying to roast a turkey with a poor little fire which she was vigorously poking on top. I knew it would be midnight before that dinner turned the corner to come my way. Then the strain on my moral nature began again. I asked the girl in a tone hotter than the fire, where my wife was. But before she could get her Norwegian understanding into an English attitude, my bosom companion came in, loaded down with bundles and a big triumphant air all over her face. Of course she expected my New Year's smile, but it wasn't there, by a thousand miles. I was just about to tell her what I thought about her being away and leaving a man to starve with a new girl in the house; but she broke in about the "Friday bargains" which she had bought. "Such bargains. There never was anything like it before." She was afraid to leave them there over night for fear the store would change its mind and recall the sale. I got a boy and brought them all home," she said with a burst of enthusiasm, "except the new dress; and you know it takes so much goods for the sleeves now, that we couldn't carry it. They said they would send it up in a two-horse wagon in the morning." "You mean a four-horse wagon," I said with a with-

ering look of sarcasm. Then I told her that if the merchants added another bargain day to the week and sleeves kept on growing I expected to end my existence in the poor house, and I made some savage remarks about how my mother used to stay at home and get dinner, and a lot of other things. We ate dinner in an awful silence. I saw a tear stealing down her handsome cheeks, but she said nothing. When I came to myself, I felt that I should be willing to sell out my whole battered-up moral outfit for a dollar bill in Confederate currency "redeemable in gold in six months after the recognition of the independence of the Confederate States of America," etc.

The next morning I got myself together again and went to the office intending to be nicer than ever. But everything about the establishment was at sixes and sevens. Nobody was attending to business. All the clerks were doing things in their own way or not doing them at all. I knew what was the matter, that the sudden irruption of my sweetness was demoralizing the force, that the boys were not educated up to it yet, and that I did not know how to run the business with that kind of a mot. So I went around to a junk shop and asked if they bought second-hand New Year's resolutions. The dealer said he did, but that such an awful lot of them had been brought in that day that he couldn't take any more. I took mine back with me but when I was going home on the street car I had to hang on by the strap and a big man who weighed more than two hundred pounds stepped on my corns and stood there. Then there was an explosion that blew my New Year's resolution through the roof of the street car, and I don't expect to see it again until next year.—*Grapho, in the Advance.*

UPON THE CROSS.

We claim to be "down at the cross" before we have left the city walls. O my soul, come outside the city of selfishness and self-will. Pass along the road which Christ trod,—through the horse gate, and there art thou abased by the sense of thy animal propensities. Leave them behind with loathing. There take up thy cross of humiliation and confession, bear it up the hill of Calvary. There let thy conscience nail self upon it, with the Master's hand holding thine. There art thou to be *lifted up* upon the cross—not cast down by it. True there are those who revile and scorn thee, who pass thee by wagging their heads,—fear not them, they are the ungodly and unbelieving; but all they who love and rejoice in Him whom thou art obeying shall render unto thee sympathy, confidence and love. Truly thou art thereby exalted, not cast down." After thou hast been crucified with Him, now canst thou say with glad exultation and holy rejoicing, "Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"; and thou shalt know that "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save; he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love; he will joy over thee with singing."

M. J. M.

HIGHER CRITICISM AND THE SABBATH.

BY A. H. LEWIS.

Some people are anxious to know what the final results of Higher Criticism will be upon the Sabbath question and what position Seventh-day Baptists ought to take concerning it. With this is closely allied another question, viz., how shall we meet the growing tendency to consider the Bible as a book of general principles only? The case is not so difficult as it may seem at first glance. The following are some fundamental points

1. We must hold firmly to the fact that dishonest and superficial criticism cannot over-

throw the Bible. Centuries of criticism have demonstrated this. The noise and lofty assertions of ranting opponents is not dangerous in the long run. On the other hand, honest and reverent criticism however "high," can not fail to strengthen the Bible. Certain temporary dangers attend a transition period such as now obtains in the field of Biblical criticism, but those evils and dangers adjust themselves or disappear with the progress of thought. Granite is granite; truth is truth; and no amount of supposing, or theorizing, or resolving, or asserting can change fundamental truth. We must abide only on this platform. The Sabbath and the Bible are safe there.

2. We must welcome with heartiness whatever new developments of truth may come, not hastily but heartily, when they have made themselves assured by their credentials of fruitage. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is Christ's safe standard. Do not rush to conclusions when the half-opened bud of some fine-sounding theory is offered as truth; study carefully and withhold final judgment while it passes on to blossom. Do not go wild over its exquisite color and say "this is the end of all perfection." Wait. Possess your soul in patience while blossom changes to fruit. Let the fruit ripen. Then note its effect on those that eat thereof. When at last you measure its effect on life and character pray for double wisdom that you may decide whether it be all truth, all error, or as will be most likely, part truth and part error.

3. As to the Sabbath question, study well the history of all theories and practices which have been hitherto. Note how God in history has sifted them, how the chaff has been eliminated, and the wheat retained. Recognize that in all things God leads on toward larger and better views; or if men will not heed his voice how he lets them test their follies and errors while the truth waits patiently and calmly for the hour when error, defeated by itself, is compelled to turn toward truth, long neglected, but still truth; still patient, because heaven-born. This is the present state of the Sabbath question so far as Seventh-day Baptist's views are concerned. The fundamental truth held by our fathers and handed to us, has entered into the theories concerning Sunday more or less, especially for the last three hundred years. But the results show that the larger element in those theories was not fundamental truth. The lack of this has borne fruit in the apparently hopeless tendency to Sunday holidayism even among Christians.

As these new issues arise, inquire whether God does not seek to lead us into larger and richer spiritual life in meeting them; I firmly believe he does. We need a more spiritual conception of what the Sabbath and Sabbath-keeping mean. We have not fully learned how, nor how much God seeks to increase his Divine Life in us through the recognition of him in his Sabbath. Mark, not our "rest-day" but the Sabbath of Jehovah. This demands a broader, not a looser view of the Sabbath law, a higher idea, but not a less imperative one of what obedient Sabbath-observance is.

4. In short we must meet the new issues which Higher Criticism has raised with such answers as this.

"Certainly the Bible must be treated to candid criticism as other books, are weighing all the facts and considering all its history.

It is a book of general principles," but when those principles are formulated in laws they have taken the form which their spirit demands. Change the words as much as you will and the essence of the seventh commandment will still be expressed by "Thou shalt not commit adultery," better than in any other way. If you wear a seven inch hat and some adroit salesman cajoles you into buying a six inch one because most men wear that size, and because it is difficult for him to furnish what you ask for, you may have kept to fundamental facts in so far as procuring a hat; but you are not fitted and you have insured a permanent difficulty and a self-induced headache.

5. These new issues are not to be feared, much less are they to be disregarded. It would be false and foolish to say that they are not grave and weighty, not so much because they are partly true, as because men are thoughtless and easily captivated by that which promises salvation by the easiest and shortest method. Whatever appeals to spiritual indolence, whatever promises heaven by the shortest route, and baggage transferred without cost or care will always be popular. Therefore these new issues and new forms of old issues have an element of danger in them. On the other hand, important truths often lie behind imperfect forms of statement and issues which are crudely developed at first. The Bible is a book of general principles; but the form in which it states those principles is as necessary a part of them as the photograph of your face is a fair and truthful picture of yourself. The photograph of another may be substituted for yours. It is a photograph, but it is not your photograph. On general principles it is like you, but it won't do to swear by, and your children will not recognize it as the picture of their father.

So all counterfeits must fail. The Bible and the Sabbath have nothing to fear from any genuine criticism, or from any true application of "general principles."

AN OPEN LETTER TO S. I. LEE.

My Dear Brother:

A high-spirited horse will sometimes shy at something along the road which, on closer inspection, proves to be harmless. I have great confidence in your Christian honesty and consecration; but permit me to say that this disposition spoken of above seems to me to be a fault of yours. How else shall I explain the fact that you have found in my writings a spirit which I most emphatically never felt.

I have not the slightest "root of bitterness" in my heart toward the South. I have only the kindest feelings toward all my Southern brethren. With you, I do not think "the pages of a religious journal the proper place nor the followers of Jesus the proper persons to stir up or agitate sectional or political feuds," and I shall be glad to nail your motto to the mast-head under mine, "Look on the other side." I abominate "the bloody shirt" and any disposition to make political capital out of it. It has always seemed to me that there would be much more sympathy between the two sections, if each could be put in the other's place and face its problems. Two pleasant occasions come to memory as I write: One when as a student, I plead with my fellows in the college chapel for greater liberality and charity toward the "other half" of our one great country; the other occasion when on Memorial Day, 1892, in Southern Illinois,

I addressed an audience in which both Northern and Southern sympathies were represented, and received a cordial hand-shake from all. When veterans of the two armies can meet at the same camp-fire and lovingly discuss "old times," the rest of us surely ought to be in line with the same spirit.

As to that mule, while one could but be dazzled by your cleverness in handling it, and the facility with which you worked in a reference to the "historic Chicago cow," one is puzzled to know what that had to do with the main body of your letter. It is not difficult to make vague personal thrusts which say nothing, but mean a good deal. I have enough confidence in my command of the English language to believe that I could match most people at it, give me a week to think about it, but frankly, I do not think "the pages of a religious journal the proper place nor the followers of Jesus the proper persons" to engage in it.

My brief item in the issue of Dec. 6th, regarding obstinate people was entirely distinct from the other items, was marked off from them in the usual way, and the idea of connecting them had never occurred to my mind.

You and I are both loyal to our nation, we both believe that slavery is gone forever and we would not for any consideration have it back. I used "patriotism" and the "incubus of slavery" as illustrations. If I was so bungling as to thoughtlessly stir up "dead issues," I am sincerely sorry. If you were so high-spirited as to see a "root of bitterness" where there was none, I hope you are sorry. The Lord causes all things to work together for good to them that love him, and because you and I both love him he will bring good out of this correspondence. I look forward with pleasure to the time, when, either under your vine and fig tree in the sunny South, or at my fireside in bustling Chicago, or in the glory of the better world up yonder, we may sit down together and talk it over.

Sincerely and lovingly yours,

L. C. RANDOLPH.

TO THE SORROWING.

Mourning friend:

Look up to Jesus. These heart-wounds will never heal if we spend our lives in selfish grief. It is our privilege to weep. Jesus wept. Our loved ones may be near us as ministering angels. They are now perfectly happy, sanctified and holy. We must go to them. We cannot burst this mortal frame without just these struggles and pains. This life chain must be linked with heaven. Our lives are valuable to God. The souls left to our care must be saved. Only a few short years to work, and our account must be rendered to him who has loaned to us our trusts. We each have a great life work to perform. In our homes the little ones to lead into the true path of life; the little word of kindness or the touch of comfort, when sorrow is beyond the reach of words; the prayers for help; the example of our loving Saviour in deeds of kindness, where it is unexpected and unlooked for. The tears will flow; we can, we must weep, for, if we do not selfishly grieve, tears promote the growth of the soul. Jesus weeps with us. But look to God. Pray more earnestly than ever before. Just live for to-day. Pray every hour. Pray all the while,—Lord, help me, I am thine. Give me wisdom, discretion and good judgment. When the soul grows, as it must, this mortal frame will

burst with its spiritual fullness, and sooner than we anticipate we shall fly to our dear ones, to Jesus, home, and heaven. May God teach us how to hasten this growth, that we may be filled with divine grace and bid farewell to sin, sorrow and death.

A MOURNER.

CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

Your correspondent last week confounded the "Ministers' Union," of Philadelphia, with the Baptist Ministerial Conference," of that city, and so gave the former credit for having repented, and therefore having passed resolutions asking for justice and religious liberty for Sabbath-keepers under the oppressive Sunday Law of 1794. The credit belongs to the Baptist meeting only. The representations of all the "evangelical" denominations still rest under the shadow of their refusal to allow even a fair discussion of Dr. Wayland's resolutions. We shall await the March meeting (Quarterly) of the Union with interest, for unless we greatly mistake the temper of Dr. Wayland the Union will hear more about religious liberty when the "Ides of March" arrive. We have no doubt but that the repentance for which our correspondent gave them credit in advance, will come at last even though it may be long delayed.

A. H. LEWIS.

HEALTH-HINTS FOR BOYS.

In the first place always rise at the same time in the morning. Lying abed Sabbath morning three hours later than any other day in the week is not really any pleasanter, and, besides, it throws the whole scheme of your meals out for that day. I know a family—and they ought to know better—who have breakfast at eight on all week-days, lunch at one, and dinner at six. On Sabbaths, that is once in seven days, they have breakfast at ten, dinner at one, and a hearty supper at five. The result is that by seven o'clock Sabbath night every one in the family feels stuffed, unnatural, tired, cross, and everything else that is disagreeable.

Don't do this. Eat breakfast at the same time every morning in the week. If at eight on Tuesday, then at eight on Sabbath. And the same with lunch and dinner, or dinner and supper.

When you get out of bed in the morning, strip and go through a five-minute exercise, after studying what particular parts of your body and what muscles are weak. By going through these exercises, whatever they are, for five minutes, you will end by being in a glow, perhaps in a perspiration. Then take a bath.

Don't make the mistake some people make of thinking that the water must always be cold as it runs out of a cold faucet or as it comes out of the pump. That is wrong. Englishmen very often do this; but the temperature in England is much evener than in the middle latitudes of the United States, and consequently "water the temperature of the air" does not mean water that is nearly ice one morning and comparatively warm the next. A good plan is to let cold water run until the bath is perhaps three inches deep. Then put in a little warm water. That takes the chill off the water, and then it will not give any one a shock.

A bath can be had in any house on the earth, and no one can say that he cannot bathe every morning because there is no bath-tub in his house. There is always water near a civilized house, or any house, for that matter, and you can pump it or carry it to your room the night before if there is no running water in the house. If there is no bath-tub, get a "hat-bath," or, if you cannot well do that, take a big tub, but on no account give up the bath.

Afterwards give yourself a long and hard rub until your skin is red—and then the day is well begun.—*Harper's Young People.*

Young People's work

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

My Dear Young People:

I wonder if you have all missed the SABBATH RECORDER as I have since it has been delayed in making its usual visits. I know I was always glad to see it, but never before knew how glad. Some of us keep track of one kind of denominational news and some of another kind, whatever we feel the most interested in. Some read first marriages and deaths, some home news, some Young People's Page, some history, and some of us are coming to be much interested in the amusement question as appears in the RECORDER. This is a practical question and something might be said to the point, it seems to me. I am no alarmist, but think of all our theology we must have some which young people can use in the settlement of such practical questions as these are. I do not believe one of the men on the field trying to harvest souls are in any doubt about these questions, and if no one else writes about this matter I am going to tell of some of the things I have seen and heard.

Sunday night closed the meetings at Leonardsville, one of the best meetings I ever saw. The order of the after meeting was for each one who wished to give from the Bible the promise which seemed the dearest to them. One hundred and forty spoke, and at least a hundred of the richest promises came as rapidly from hearts aglow with the love of God as were ever heard. At the close of the meeting we formed in circles around the room, taking hold of hands, and sang "Blest be the tie that binds," etc. On Sabbath morning four were baptized before morning service, then all repaired to the church, where, after laying on of hands, giving right hand of fellowship, receiving some by letter, etc., (26 in all), the Lord's Supper was administered. This was a happy day for many people. Plans are being made for regular organized work there. The work at West Edmeston opens up good, some coming forward from the start. Pray for us here.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

WEST EDMESTON, N. Y.

OUR MIRROR.

STILL the answers to the annual letter come. This week from the Societies at Albion, Buckeye, W. Va., and Berlin, Wis. Who will be the next?

THE Berlin (N. Y.) Society report twenty-two members, and Rev. G. H. Fitz Randolph, president; also a Junior Society with Mrs. L. F. Randolph superintendent.

SABBATH-DAYS, Jan. 13th and 20th, were days of especial interest to the Milton Junior Society. For the meeting of the 13th a committee of arrangements had been appointed two weeks previously. The committee, Edna Potter and Blanche Babcock, besides arranging the programme took charge of the meeting, except in the class work. The meeting was similar to all others, but it showed to the superintendent and teachers what the boys and girls are capable of doing.

The meeting the 20th (last Sabbath) was especially interesting because we held our first prayer and conference service, and to say that it was a decided success does not express it.

Of the thirty-six present twenty-three took part. About fifteen offered prayer. We are doing something for "Christ and the church," and "hope to grow in grace, and a knowledge of the truth as it is in our Lord and Saviour." Lester Randolph was with us and encouraged us with his words.

ABRAM'S SLED.

BY ANNIE GRIER CALLENDER.

It was a cold, dreary Christmas eve. The first snow of the season was falling, and the boisterous wind whirled it into the pedestrian's face as if to say, "Here it is: look at it; winter is here at last!"

People were hurrying homeward, anxious to step from the dark and cold of the night into the warmth and light of their homes.

Up one of the handsomest avenues of the city toiled two old men. One on that side of the street, the other on this. At last one ascended the steps of a stately old house, and the other was left to continue his journey alone. Every one on the avenue knew their story. Some laughed, others pitied. The majority didn't take time to do either.

All, however, decided that as both Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Jackson were very wealthy and neither had kith nor kin dependent on him, it was much the best policy to keep on the good side of both, and soon found the way. They noticed that John Hamilton seemed thoroughly to enjoy any remark derogatory to Henry Jackson and that Henry Jackson never waxed so eloquent on any subject as that of John Hamilton's short-comings and failures, and that they must govern their conversation accordingly.

The oldest residents remembered when these two men had been inseparable, in the "days of long ago" when they were starting out in life's journey together. They remembered, too, some twenty years back, when the Hamilton vs. Jackson case first came into court, what a bitter war was waged over a "strip of dirt," as some one called the piece of land contested for, and how at last, when Henry Jackson came off victorious, what bitter enemies the one-time friends had become.

And so it had gone on from year to year. Losses, disappointments and the sorrow of death had come to each, but had only served to make them more bitter, and at the present time we find two old men, alone in the world, passing each other every day of the week with no bow of recognition, each nursing his secret wrong and each growing more miserable every day of his life.

Let us follow John Hamilton up the steps this cold winter's night and into the large, dim hall. The butler relieves his master of coat and hat and then, dismissed by the usual remark, "That will do, Thomas," vanishes as noiselessly as he appeared. The room Mr. Hamilton enters resembles himself, handsome, stately and lonesome. The furniture is old fashioned and elegant with high-back chairs, a mass of rich carving, massive book-cases, and queer three-legged tables, resting on claw feet. In one corner stands a tall old clock whose majestic pendulum has swung backward and forward, backward and forward as long as John Hamilton can remember. The draperies are heavy and sombre and the velvet carpet is so thick that the footfalls cannot be heard as the master crosses the room and sinks into his arm-chair by the fire. A paper, on the table close by, attracts his attention, and picking it up he glances carelessly at the heading.

"Merry Christmas!" he reads, and then throws it down with an impatient sigh.

"It looks like a Merry Christmas, doesn't it?" he says grimly. "Well, I ought to be happy. I wanted money and I have it. Twice, three times as much as Jackson. They tell me his health is poor, but then Henry is getting to be an old man. Why, I'm an old man myself. Every swing of that old pendulum marks off so much of my life. Pshaw, I'm getting morbid! This solitary life isn't good for me. It makes me fanciful. I need some one to

cheer me up. I'll have De Ruyter eat Christmas dinner with me. I like the man. He lives next to Jackson; that's the only fault I have to find with him.

"I wonder if Henry would come if I should ask him. We always used to eat our Christmas dinner together. What am I thinking of? John Hamilton, you are becoming feeble-minded. Twenty years ago to-morrow I swore he should never cross this threshold again, and he never shall. I'll send the note to De Ruyter now. What does make the past come up to me so to-night? Oh, I'm a miserable old man; miserable, miserable!" and leaning his head on his hand he gazes into the fire.

So still he sits that Thomas, opening the door to announce dinner, tiptoes softly out again and hastens down to the kitchen to tell mammy to "have dinner a little late to-night, old master's asleep." "Po deah," said mammy softly, "old marse gitten bery old. He done take no notice of nuthin' no more. Lan', how he use to mek things fly when he war mad; but he's jus' suited with mos' everything now, and nevah say nothin' to nobody."

"Yes he do too," said Abram, mammy's ten year old son, who was perched on a corner of the kitchen table.

"He war drefful mad at me jus' day befo' yistady."

"Cose he war," answered mammy promptly; "cose he was, Abram Lincoln, and ef you done got yo' deserts, he'd be mad at you de whole blessed time. You certany is a mos' zasperatine niggah."

Abe didn't seem to mind the compliment, but slid off the table and pressed his little black face against the window-pane.

"Golly, mammy! look at de snow! Jus' a comin'." Wish a goodness I had a sled."

"Well, yo' won't git none, so they ain't no use talkin' 'bout it. Wha' dat soap box what yo' had las' wintah? Dat a good nuf sled fo' any one. Had it all painted fo' you, too. Don' let me hear you say nothin' mo' 'bout a sled."

Just then the electric bell rang twice, and that meant Abram.

"Dap Marse Hamilton ringin' fo' Abram. Skute along lively now, don' lose no time 'bout it."

"Wondah what he want now," said Abe, turning slowly away from the window.

Mammy made a lunge at him and boxed both ears. "Will you hustle, Abram? Wouldn't blame old marse, if he strung you up by yo' ears. Will yo'—"

"Ise a-goin', Ise a-goin', mammy," whimpered Abe, as he shuffled hastily out of the kitchen.

Abram stood in wholesome awe of "Marse Hamilton." He crossed the big room so quietly that his master was startled to see the little black face appear on the other side of the table on which he was writing. "Just a moment, Abraham; you may sit down if you wish." Abe cautiously roosted on the corner of a velvet chair and gazed with undisguised admiration at the roses in the carpet.

"Mos' a shame fo' to walk on 'em," he soliloquized.

Mr. Hamilton addressed the envelope, threw down his pen and read over the note. "Come take dinner with me to-morrow night," it ran. "If I hear nothing from you, shall expect you at seven. John Hamilton."

"Here, Abraham, I want you to take this to 453, one block down the avenue. You can find it all right—a double brown stone house. The gentleman lives in the one this way. The first one you come to, remember."

"Yes sah," answered Abe, pocketing the note, and making good his escape.

"Got to go on an erran'," he grumbled, as he entered the kitchen. "S'pose I'll freeze dead befo' I git back."

"My lan'!" ejaculated mammy, "what a lazy niggah yo' is, Abram. If you jus' start right off, you'll git back in less en no time."

Abe pulled his hat down over his eyes, wound a worsted muffler, resembling Joseph's coat of many colors, round his small body, and stepped out into the stormy night.

"My!" he exclaimed, as a gust of wind blew

a blinding cloud of snow in his face; "I can't see nuthin', no way. My lan' of love! dar go Marse Hamilton's note." Sure enough, there it was whirling gaily down a side street, and Abe in a frenzy of terror started after it.

"If I loose dat note, my goose is cooked, shuah," he thought.

The wind seemed to laugh at him, for he would almost get his hand on the precious missive when off it would start again. At last it landed in the gutter and he pounced upon it in delight. His joy soon changed to consternation, however, when he glanced at the envelope. It was covered with dirt and wet with snow.

"Jerus'lum! w'at am I gwine to do now?" he murmured to himself. "I know, I'll jus tek d' envelope off and give the insides, w'at's all nice and clean."

He suited the action to the word, and, in a moment more, the envelope addressed to Richard De Ruyter was reposing in a corner of the side-walk and being hid from sight by the fast falling snow.

The excitement over, Abe began to look about him. "Dun forgot de numbah, but I kin tell de house when I see it, I reckon," he thought as he stood on tiptoe before a lamp-post and spelled out the name of the street.

"W'y, I'm on anoder street, cose I kint find no house," he laughed, and, toiling on through the storm, he finally reached his own avenue. On he trudged, nearly frozen, until he came at last to the double brown stone house, and saw the lights of Marse Hamilton's house about a block distant.

"Marse Hamilton said it war de fust one I come to," he said to himself as he rang the bell and delivered the note for the gentleman of the house, "so cose I'm right now."

It never entered Abe's mind that he was walking in exactly the opposite direction from what "Marse Hamilton" expected.

Christmas day dawned bright and clear. The wind, after piling the snow into soft white drifts, had given way to the sun which smiled down on the beautiful world with unusual splendor.

Mr. Hamilton spent a quiet day. He read, slept, and evening found him once more in his arm-chair by the fire.

"I expect a gentleman to dinner; you may show him in here," he said to Thomas, who bowed and withdrew.

The lights in the big room were dim and the firelight cast queer flickering shadows over the walls. The old clock in the corner struck seven with its sweet muffled chime. Mr. Hamilton leaned his head wearily against the back of the chair and closed his eyes.

"I wish I hadn't asked DeRuyter here to-night," he thought.

"I don't feel like talking, I'd rather sit and think. Every one else is so happy. Even the servants, with a few extra dollars. There's nothing left for me in life. If God would only soften my heart. He has softened it to-night. If Henry would only come to me now, I'd humiliate myself; I'd get down on my knees to him. Humiliate, there's no humiliation about it. I own it, I'd rather have his friendship than anything else on earth. Twenty years, twenty long, weary years. Oh, I can't see De Ruyter to-night, I can't with these miserable tears in my eyes. Who is there?" he exclaimed, starting from his chair as the door opened softly and closed again.

Before him stood an old, man his trembling hands extended and the tears streaming down his face. John Hamilton stepped forward with a glad cry, "Henry, God bless you! God bless you!"

They couldn't talk much at first. At last when he could control himself, Mr. Hamilton said, "What good angel brought you here to-night, old friend? you were the person I least expected."

"Surely you knew I would not ignore your note, John. It came a message of 'peace on earth, good will toward men.'"

A puzzled expression crossed Mr. Hamilton's face. "Note?" he repeated; "was it addressed to you, Henry?"

"No," replied Mr Jackson, "here it is; a

little colored boy brought it last night. Is it a mistake, John?"

"Mistake? no!" exclaimed Mr Hamilton. "The only mistake has been in the past twenty years. We'll have dinner now; it will bring back old times," and, leaning forward, he touched the bell.

In a few moments Abe's little wooly head appeared in the doorway. "Abraham," said the master in a voice that made Abe shake in his shoes, "how much did I give you this morning?"

"Two dollahs, Marse Hamilton;" answered Abe anxiously, "was it too much?"

"Too much? no; here's some more. Now get out as quickly as possible and tell mammy we are ready for dinner."

Abe fairly flew down to the kitchen.

"Mammy! mammy!" he shouted, "Look heah! Ole Marse gone plump crazy. He jus give me ten dollahs, ten dollahs! and I'gwine to git a new sled, a big red one with a yaller horse on it, and I ain't a goin to use a soap box no more. Ain't I the mostest lucky niggah you ever see? Ole Marse want dinner right away to wonce, mammy."

"La' sakes! Abram Lincoln, seems as tho' you war clean crazy 'sted of Marse Hamilton, but mammy's powerful glad fo' yo', honey, and I'll take you down town to-morrah 'bout dat sled."

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

Clad in robes of silvery whiteness,
Pure and cold in their uprightness,
Sentinels they stand:

For the Frost Queen—magic charmer,
Decks each tree in glittering armor
Over all the land.

Twigs and branches interlacing
Form a dainty, airing tracing
Of a lace design,

While from out the wondrous netting,
Diamonds, in a silver setting,
Seem to flash and shine.

Over all, the moonlight drifting,
Softly through the laced boughs sifting
On the frozen snow.

And the stars in glittering brightness
Gaze in wonder on the whiteness
Of the earth below.

Now and then a slim twig's cracking
Underneath its burden snapping
The calm silence breaks,

Or the sleighbell's distant jingle
Setting every nerve a-tingle,
Joyous music makes.

What a night for poet's fancies!
It an artist's soul entrances
With a sweet delight.

Like some fairy scene enchanted
To this dull old world transplanted,
Glorious, lovely, night.

—Buffalo Sunday News.

LET US QUARREL TO-MORROW.

My wife is one of the sweetest little women in the world, and I am not considered peculiarly cranky, but sometimes differences would arise, beginning with the most trivial things, which, however, being duly nursed, became of monumental proportions and often threatened the peace of the family. Of course, I was commonly the one to blame; in fact, as I look back on it now, I am sure I was always to blame, for I should have had the wisdom to give way on the non-essentials, and by a little restraint and gentle talk win my little wife over to my way of thinking. But instead of that, I feared I should sacrifice my dignity (!) as head of the family, by yielding. So sometimes I went to business without my good-by kiss, and two people were miserable all day.

But my little wife had an inspiration (most women have when things come to the breaking point), and the next time our argument was drifting near the danger line, she turned aside the collision by this womanly suggestion, "Howard, dear, let's quarrel to-morrow!" This was a proposal for an armistice. What husband could refuse. "All right," I said, "we will put it off till to-morrow," and we laughed and talked of other things. But to-morrow did not come. Indeed, to-morrow never comes; it's always a day ahead; and if we can only keep our quarrels till then, there will be no more heart-broken little wives at home and fewer "blue" husbands at the store or office. "Let's quarrel to-morrow!"—N. H. Junior, in *Evangelist*.

Children's Page.

THE LITTLE ARMCHAIR.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Nobody sits in the little armchair:
It stands in a corner dim;
But a white-haired mother gazing there,
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sees through the dust of the long ago
The bloom of her boy's sweet face,
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,
With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil and slate,
And the lesson is hard to understand,
And the figures hard to mate;
But she sees the nod of his father's head,
So proud of the little son,
And she hears the words so often said:
"No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear sweet days,
When a child with sunny hair
Was hers to scold, to kiss, and to praise,
At her knee in the little chair.
She lost him back in the busy years,
When the great world caught the man,
And he strode away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees the head with a golden gleam
Bent over a pencil and slate.
And she lives again in the happy day,
The day of her young life's spring,
When the small armchair stood just in the way,
The center of everything.

—Christian Advocate.

IKE MILLER.

Henry Moorhouse was holding a series of meetings in a mining district in the North of England, when one evening a notorious tough, Ike Miller, came in and took a seat near the front. Preacher and helpers trembled; this was the man who had threatened to break up the services.

The sermon was on the love of Christ, and the "Boy Preacher" longed to reach the heart of the wild, grimed miner who sat so strangely quiet gazing into his face. He could but think there was an eager look in those hard eyes. But when the meeting was over, some of the good old men gathered around regretfully.

"Ah, Henry, you didn't preach right! You ought to have preached at Ike Miller. You had a great opportunity, and you lost it. That softly sort of preaching won't do him any good. What does he care about the love of Christ? You ought to have warned him. You ought to have frightened him, and tried to make him see his dreadful danger; and the dreadful punishment he is going to get."

"I told them," said Mr. Moorhouse, in his childlike tone, so sweet to recall—"I told them that I was real sorry I had not preached right to him. I wanted so to help him."

Meantime the big miner was tramping home. His wife—poor gaunt woman!—heard his step and started—"Home so early?" and she ran in front of the children, crowding themselves into a corner. But as he entered she started in bewilderment; he was not drunk; he was not scowling.

He put his arms around her and kissed her, and said, "Lass, God has brought your husband back to you;" then, gathering up the shrinking children: "My little boy and girl, God has brought your father back to you. Now let us all pray," and he knelt down. There was a long pause, a silence but for the many sobs; he could not think of any words; his heart was praying, but Ike Miller had uttered no prayer and heard no prayer since his boyhood.

At last words from those distant days came to him—something that his mother had taught him—and from that hovel floor, in the midst of that remnant of an abused family, sounded out in rugged gutturals:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to thee."

We know well that he was suffered to come, helped to come.—Margaret Meridith, in *The Outlook*.

Home News.

New York.

LINCKLAEN CENTRE.—Some may wonder if the good people of this vicinity are all dead. Far from it in any sense of that term. This is a healthful place and there has been very little sickness in the past few months. We are having fair winter weather, with good sleighing most of the time since Christmas.

The interest in the Sabbath services is good, although the attendance is usually small during the winter months. Pastor Mills and wife have been assisting in revival meetings at Lincklaen, three miles below the Centre. These meetings have been largely attended, a surprising percentage of the attendance being avowed skeptics. The interest has deepened, about twenty have professed conversion or been renewed, and the good work still goes on. Some who came to criticise are now praising the Lord.

On the 15th inst., as Eld. Mills and wife were driving home after the night meeting, they turned out on meeting a team, the cutter struck a log which had been left in the snow very near the track, and was broken; they were thrown out and Mrs. Mills was quite badly bruised, although no permanent injuries were received. Their horse, which is quite spirited, was frightened, and after dragging Eld. Mills for several rods until he began to roll down a bank, ran away. After running about one mile she was caught and returned uninjured. With no delay they were kindly cared for at the home of friends near by, where they remained until the next morning. Some of the kind people who were attending the meetings paid for having the cutter repaired. Eld. Mills and wife are out again, Mrs. Mills having a plaster on her forehead and a black eye.

L.

ALFRED.—We are having delightful winter weather. A heavy snow fell the day after Christmas, which has been replenished at intervals ever since, keeping the sleighing in splendid condition.

Yesterday, January 31st, the day of prayer for colleges was observed by the University. The Rev. Ward Picard, pastor of the Park Methodist Church in Hornellsville, preached a most inspiring sermon in the chapel at eleven o'clock, and at three in the afternoon there was held a blessed meeting for prayer and Christian testimony. This meeting was led by students, F. C. White and Geo. Shaw, and was participated in by students and teachers with great profit to all; several persons, not professed Christians, took a decided stand for Christ. A series of morning prayer meetings under the auspices of the Christian Associations of the school prepared many hearts for this good day.

Rev. A. P. Ashurst, of Quitman, Ga., is visiting the Second Church with a view to a possible settlement as pastor. He was with us yesterday in the service of prayer for colleges. The missionary committees of the Y. P. S. C. E. Societies of the two churches have charge of appointments for preaching and prayer in the school-houses in the East Valley and the Lanphear Valley. A good interest is reported at both these points.

L. A. P.

Pennsylvania.

HEBRON.—The fields here are covered by snow to the depth of at least about two feet on the level, and in the roads it is still deeper, being drifted several feet deep in places. We have had this month several severe snow storms and cold weather most of the time. The general health here now is very good.

We hope it will continue so the rest of the winter. The writer entered upon his pastorate of this church the third Sabbath of last November. We found a people who were earnest and faithful in trying to carry the work of the Lord along here in their midst, and also in doing what they can for the mission work of our denomination. The young people are organized as a Y. P. S. C. E., and had been for some time previous to our coming among them. The Sabbath-school is well attended, most of the congregation staying to it after the morning preaching service. We are looking and praying for the revival of religion here in our midst. Pray for us on this field that the Spirit in power may rest upon us and many souls be saved.

The society has just had a well drilled on its parsonage lot at an expense of \$50, and hopes to be able in the near future to build a parsonage on the lot for the use of the pastor and family. The people are not blest with this world's goods as some are, but are self-denying and devoted, ready to do all, and at times more than they are able, that God's cause shall not languish or die in Hebron.

On the 6th of this month there was a birthday party given to Mrs. Amy Brock, of this place, to celebrate her 86th birthday. She was among the first settlers of this country. She has been a member of the Hebron Church for fifty years. She is in excellent health and her reason is still unimpaired. The gathering was at her daughter's, Mrs. Henry Dingman. There were about fifty present. There were represented at the gathering five generations; children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren, making with Mrs. Amy Brock five generations. It is seldom one is permitted to be at such a gathering.

A. LAWRENCE.

JANUARY 28, 1895.

Iowa.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS IN IOWA.—In the State of Iowa there are three Seventh-day Baptist churches, located at Welton, Garwin, and Grand Junction respectively.

Welton is located 28 miles north of Davenport, on the Maquoketa division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and is 194 miles west of Chicago. This church was organized in 1855 by emigrants from Jackson Centre, Ohio. The membership of the church at present is 77, of which number 5 are non-resident.

The Carleton Church is located in the town of Garwin, a station on the Hawarden division of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, 281 miles west of Chicago. This church was organized in 1863, and now has 79 members, 27 of whom are non-resident.

The Grand Junction Church is located two miles west of the town of Grand Junction, which is a station on the Council Bluffs division of the Chicago & North-Western Railway and the Ruthven division of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, and is 362 miles west of Chicago.

The Carleton Church has no pastor at present, but has preaching occasionally by home talent. E. H. Socwell is pastor at Welton and missionary pastor at Grand Junction, and is the only ordained minister of our faith in the State.

While there are but three organized Seventh-day Baptist churches in the State, yet there are loyal Seventh-day Baptist people living at various places throughout the State as follows: Marshalltown, Cedar Rapids, Shellsburg, Webster City, Gowrie, Shell Rock, Perry, Dedham, Grinnell, Des Moines, Iowa City, Knoxville, Dow City, Zeoring, Sioux City, St. Anthony, Rippey and Cambridge. There may be isolated Seventh-day Baptists

at other points in the State, but if so they are not known to the writer. Should any readers know of others they will confer a favor upon the writer by advising him. Our people residing in the places mentioned above are largely isolated Sabbath-keepers, but are true, earnest people, nearly all of whom subscribe for the RECORDER and read it.

It has been the writer's privilege to visit the most of these isolated ones in their homes and to correspond with many whom he has not been permitted thus far to visit; he hopes to visit all of them during the year upon whom he has not already called. May God bless and strengthen every loyal Seventh-day Baptist in Iowa and in the world.

E. H. SOCWELL.

JANUARY 28, 1895.

THE STOWAWAY.

The sun had set, but the lower edges of the wild, stormy-looking clouds massed in the west were still aglow with vivid, crimson fire. In the east the gray gloom of the coming night was mounting up to the sky, and here and there a pale star already glimmered in the dusk. A brisk wind, or what sailors call a "half-gale," was blowing, and the waters of the English Channel were breaking in short, angry waves of deep green in the hollows, and snowy white where their crests curled and spouted in hissing foam. Far off to the southward a dim, bluish line, which only the experienced eye of a seaman could have recognized as land, marked the coast of France, while in the opposite quarter the chalky headland of England gleamed faintly in the fading twilight.

The stout ship Falcon, leading gallantly to the wind, was making her way down the channel bound for America. The sails had been reefed, the cables coiled, and everything was made snug for the night. Captain Essex, pleased, as an old sailor always is when his vessel is well away from the dangers of the land, and making good progress under a steady wind, paced to and fro on his quarter deck, gruffly humming a little song, the greater part of which was lost in his thick, bushy beard, though now and then you might have caught some words, as "The sea is the place for me, my lads," or "A lively ship and a willing crew."

Captain Essex's little song was interrupted by a sudden commotion in the forward part of the vessel. There was a sound of loud, angry talking, a hasty scuffling of feet, followed by the frightened sobbing of a child.

"Helloa!" exclaimed Captain Essex, "what is the meaning of that row?"

"A stowaway, sir," answered one of the men from below.

"A stowaway on my ship!" growled the captain. "Bring the rascal here! We'll give him a taste of the rope's end first, and then—but what is that?"

"The stowaway, sir," was the response as a row of the crew approached, leading between them a very small and very ragged boy.

The anger in the captain's face gave place to a look of astonishment mingled with pity, as his eyes rested upon the shivering form of the intruder. But he maintained the sternness of his tone as he addressed the boy.

"Well," said he, "what are you doing here?"

"N-nothing, sir," was the trembling reply.

"Who are you, and where did you come from? Speak up, now; no nonsense!"

"I'm Joby—Joby Oliver, sir," said the boy, between sobs which he vainly endeavored to choke down. "I live in London, by the docks, sir."

"What are you doing here, then?"

"I—I hid away down below, and—and they found me. I wasn't doing anything. I didn't touch a thing. I thought they wouldn't mind. I'm not very big, you see, and I don't weigh much."

He broke down with a gasp, and pressed his small, grimy fist into his streaming eyes. Then, as the captain remained silent, but continued to gaze at him with a tremendous

frown, he made a brave effort to go on with his story:

"I haven't any father or mother, you see, and have to earn my own living. Everybody says, 'He's too small. What's he good for?' and they don't take me; though I am strong. I can lift a trunk—a little one. I can run on errands very fast, but everybody says, 'Oh, he's too ragged and too dirty.' If I could get me a new suit of clothes, and everybody don't want me, and—" Here a fresh storm of sobs shook the small frame.

"But you haven't told me yet what you are doing on board this ship!" said the captain, preserving his severity with an effort.

"The ship was going to America," answered the boy. "Everybody is rich in America. Everybody wants you there, you see. Tom Dixey went there, and makes a load of money."

"That's all very well," responded the captain; "but people who go to America pay for their passage, and to hide away so as to go without paying is just the same as stealing so much money. Don't you know that?"

Evidently the boy had never taken that view of the question. He looked up at the captain's stern face with a frightened and startled expression. Then he began a hurried search in the pockets of his ragged jacket. From one he drew forth two coppers, from another a silver sixpence, and from a third a shilling, much battered, chipped and defaced. These he held out toward the captain.

"This is all I've got now. I earned the sixpence and the two pennies; the shilling a gentleman gave me. Its broken, but it's good silver all the same."

"And what am I to do with these?" asked the captain.

"To pay my fare," replied the boy.

"It's most enough I think. I will earn the rest soon when I get over there."

The good captain could maintain his gravity no longer. A smile lighted up his rugged features as he said kindly:

"There, there, Joby, keep your money, my boy. You are an honest little fellow after all. You shall stay with me on the Falcon, and we will make a man of you. How will that suit you?"

Joby was delighted, of course. The sailors, who are wonderfully handy at such things, devised a suit of clothing for his small body. He speedily became a great favorite with the crew of the Falcon, proving himself to be active and intelligent, and what is far better, absolutely honest and truthful. The captain had grown very fond of Joby; and as for Joby—well, it was not long before everybody on board knew what Joby thought of the captain.

The Falcon, which was a sailing vessel, had met with head winds constantly since leaving the channel, and on the fourth week out was struck by a heavy gale from the north-west. All day long the good ship labored with the mountainous waves, leaping and plunging till it seemed as though the groaning, creaking masts must come out of her. But she was a staunch, well-built craft, and had passed safely through many a worse tempest.

With the fall of the night, the gale increased in violence. The sails had been reduced to the heavy lower canvass, just sufficient to steady the vessel. The captain remained on deck, taking a position near the rail, where he could keep an eye on the rigging. Near him, sheltered by the bulwarks, sat little Joby, on a coil of rope.

At first the noise and confusion, the thunder of the water, the shriek of the wind through the cordage, and the wild pitching of the ship had frightened the boy. But when, by the light of a lantern near by, he saw the captain's face, he felt relieved, and rather enjoyed the excitement of the storm.

Suddenly, just as the captain was shouting an order through his trumpet, a vast billow seemed to rise out of the gloom and bear down upon the ship. It struck the vessel's side with an awful roar, throwing tons of water on the deck. Before he could save himself the captain was lifted from his feet and flung overboard into the sea.

Almost at the same moment a small figure was seen to lean upon the rail, cling there a moment, and then leap outward into the darkness and disappear.

"Man overboard!"
The terrible cry rang above the roar of the tempest. For a moment all was panic and confusion. Then, under the mate's command, the ship was rounded to, with her head to the wind, and a boat ordered to be lowered.

"No use," said one of the men to the mate, who stood by the rail, where the captain had fallen overboard. "We could never find them in the daytime, let alone such a night as this."

"I am afraid not," answered the mate, sadly. "Poor old man! Poor boy! Hark! What was that?"

"Falcon, ahoy!" The shout came long and strong from the darkness not twenty yards from where the ship lay.

"The captain!" cried a dozen glad voices. "Belay your jaw there, ye lubbers! Tail on that line and haul us aboard, or we'll be adrift."

Line! Us! What could he mean! But the mate had already discovered a curious thing—a light but strong rope fastened to a ring in the bulwark, and extending outward into the darkness, toward the spot whence the captain's voice proceeded. It was drawn tight, as if some heavy burden were towing at the end of it.

In an instant sturdy arms were pulling at it with a will. Then a stout rope was lowered, and up it, like a monkey, scrambled Joby, followed more slowly by Captain Essex.

Then a great cheer went up, drowning the roar of the storm itself, as the crew gathered about the dripping forms of the captain and his little friend. A few words served to explain what had happened. Joby, with his eye on the captain, had seen him carried overboard. He knew that one end of the coil of light though strong rope upon which he sat was secured to the bulwark, for he had tied the knot himself that very day. Without pausing to think of his own danger, he took the free end of the rope between his teeth, and was in the water nearly as soon as the captain himself.

Though he could swim like a duck, he was borne helplessly along on the crest of the waves almost into the arms of Captain Essex, who caught him as he was sweeping by. The captain fastened the line about both of their bodies; and, partly swimming, partly towed by the ship, they managed to keep their heads above the water until the Falcon was hove to.

The storm blew itself out during the night, and the next morning dawned clear and calm. All the forenoon Joby was observed to be very grave and silent, as if he were pondering some very important question. Finally he presented himself before the captain in the cabin.

"Well, my boy," said the captain, "what can I do for you?"

"A man's life is worth a good deal of money, isn't it?" asked Joby, twirling his cap nervously, as he spoke. "Not a boy like me, but a grown man."

"Yes, of course, my lad," replied the captain.

"Well, then," said Joby, twirling his cap still more nervously. "they say I saved your life last night. I don't say it was much, you see. Any fellow who could swim could do the same; only I happened to do it."

"Yes, you certainly did it, Joby, what then?"

"You see—you see," stammered Joby, "I—I thought that would pay for my passage; then it wouldn't be stealing, you know."

Joby couldn't make out why the captain's honest eyes should suddenly grow moist, nor why the captain's right arm almost squeezed the breath out of his small body; nor yet why the captain's voice should be so husky, as he said:

"Joby, my lad, while old Tom Essex's hulk holds together, and a single timber of him floats, you shall never want for a berth nor be without a friend."—*Tid-Bits.*

Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1895.

FIRST QUARTER.

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

LESSON VII.—THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

For Sabbath-day, Feb. 16, 1895.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 10: 25-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; I am the Lord. Lev. 19: 18.

INTRODUCTORY.

Time, a few weeks before the crucifixion. Place, in the neighborhood of Jerusalem. During his last days Jesus spent much of his time between Bethany and Jerusalem, or thereabouts. "In one of our Lord's journeys in the neighborhood of Jerusalem a Rabbi, skilled in the Mosaic law, and as such, a public teacher and interpreter of the Rabbinical rules, rising from his seat among his students, as Jesus passed, resolved to show his wisdom at the expense of the hated Galilean, and trap him, if possible, into some doubtful utterance. "Teacher," asked he, "what shall I do to inherit eternal life? We know what the Rabbis enjoin, but what sayest thou?"—*Geikie.* Then follows the conversation as given in the lesson.

ILLUSTRATIVE.—Many of the Hebrews have steeled their hearts against Jesus as the Messiah. Not only are Jews guilty of so doing; many people who live all their lives within the sound of the church bell, refuse to hear the word, and consequently die "without God and without hope in the world." The longer we resist God the harder our hearts become. The ploughman frequently comes upon a tough place, through which it is very difficult to drive the plow. He finds that it is an old road-bed or trodden path.

"Habitual sins make such tough spots in our natures. Ordinary influences will not break them up. The pick and pointed shovel must be applied. Extra spiritual aid must be sought that these hard places do not ruin the crop of grace."—*Foster.* Thus the sins of a man's life make road-paths in the heart of him who would always gratify self until he becomes insensible to the gentle influence of God's mercy, and even tries to injure Christ by endeavoring to "expose his ignorance," as the lawyer tried to do. But Christ was equal to the emergency. He overcame Satan, and so we know he is able to overcome all evil agents.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—*The Lawyer.* A man whose profession was for self-aggrandizement; whose meager knowledge was used as a reviler of those whom he thought might have less learning than himself. Every lawyer should use his powers in behalf of the wronged, the oppressed—as Abraham Lincoln plead for the widow's innocent son. All honor to such lawyers!

The Priest. He may have had the outward appearance of a priest; he may have discoursed to a large congregation upon the Sabbath, but he was not a real "man of God." Our Saviour should be our example, and as "he came not to earth to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many," so we should endeavor to do service, great or small, for our fellowmen. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The Levite. Should the heart photographs of this man and that of the priest be placed side by side, you would be unable to see any difference.

The Samaritan. A "true-hearted, whole-hearted" man of God. "Go thou and do likewise."

THE origin of man: Dame Nature, when she takes a lump of clay and lovingly molds it, always intends to make a woman. But sometimes the clay is brittle and obstinate. Then, losing patience, she tosses the lump to the sixth assistant deputy nature, and says: "Here, take it. There's stuff enough there for a dozen men."

DICKEY was overheard saying his prayer the other evening at bedtime in this fashion: "O Lord, bless Johnny and Billy Holliday and me, and don't let any of us die; but if any of us has got to die I'd rather it was them. Amen."

THE SUMMIT OF LIFE.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

After the death of Dean Stanley's wife, he wrote to a friend, "I have now crossed the summit of my life. All that remains can be a long or short descent cheered by the memories of the past." "With her departure the glory of life, if not its usefulness, is brought to an end—the mine worked out, and no energy to continue the old routine."

How many of us have felt just as the good Dean did when a loved one has been taken from us. It seemed as if the end of life had come, and we could never take up its duties again. But to us came the "afterwards of sorrow," as it did to him. Nothing connected with the dear one's life with us "had its eye dimmed nor its natural force abated," but we took up our daily work with new strength given us by him whose grace is sufficient for all needs and times. Our sympathy for others in trouble brought them nearer to us; we grew more pitiful toward the weakness of others; we thought more of the treasures laid up in heaven than we did of the treasures of earth—so perishable. To those who have lived to old age the summit of life has been crossed. One after another of the loved companions have fallen by the wayside and been carried from their sight. They are walking almost alone as regards traveling companions of their own age and experiences. The home they were once the leading characters in has been broken up; the little children who made its walls ring with happy song and merry play, have grown into men and women. The friends who came and went through its hospitable doors have been scattered far and wide, and only now and then some remaining traveler comes to hunt up the remnants of the old days, and talk over the scenes that are passed, and there seems to be an emptiness about the rest of the journey. What a boon it is to the lonely travelers to meet after their paths in life have been so long and widely diverged, and to clasp hands again to talk over the things that were such important factors in their lives in the long ago when they lived neighbors to each other. The young people of the new generation "knew not Joseph," and how can they be interested in Sally Brown's remarkable love affair, or the way old Asahel Graves always talked in meeting, or how the church was run in their day, or why folks that are nearly all dead now did this or that?

Yes, so it looks to young folks, but the two dear old souls who have met again on the road of life so far away from the "old familiar places and the old familiar faces" are living once again the days that were enjoyed before the summit of life had been crossed. Very few young persons understand the loneliness of old age. It is not strange, surrounded as they are by such a goodly company of companions all facing the same way together. Why should grandfather or grandmother be lonely, they ask, with a home full of young life filled with enthusiasm and vigor of youth? They wonder why the dear old folks often sit so quietly, and evidently in such deep thought. These two beautiful little verses written by James Buckham explain it all:

My grandsire sits and twirls his thumbs,
And as he muses slowly comes
The thread of memory's joy and pain,
Unwinding from life's tangled skein.

So sits he there from sun to sun,
Unraveling what time has spun,
While faintly o'er his brooding face
The thoughtful smiles and shadows chase.

A dear little child seemed to divine something of the sympathy grandamma needed one day when she was ill. Grandamma sat in the large rocking-chair by the fire, and the little one came and stood beside her for a few moments, then ran away to a box in which were the remnants of a Christmas wreath, and picking out a spray of green and a little bunch of red and yellow life-everlasting flowers, she pinned them onto grandamma's black house-gown, and then patting grandamma gently on the shoulder said, "There, Grand, dear, I think you will feel better now." Grandamma needed petting and a little nickname too,

thought the child. It was midwinter, and there were no other flowers at hand, but the little girl recognized the fact that grandamma would be made happier by this bit of honor.

Older people often feel that younger ones are not in sympathy with them, and oftentimes, perhaps, they expect too much from them. It is such a beautiful type of life—that of the serene, cheerful, happy grandfather or grandmother—being interested in what interests the young folks—helping without being meddlesome—offering kindly counsel in a way that will not give offense, and showing patience with and charity toward the faults and mistakes of youth. Even after one has passed the summit of life there is a pleasant path yet to be trodden, a path that leads up to the Father's house, and there is only a short bit of travel left, and then it is reunion with those loved ones who have entered in before, and the glory and honor of being "forever with the Lord."

Stepping westward is nearing the beautiful land, and our feet should not dread to tread the way. Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy were walking by Loch Lomond after they had "been getting on in years." Two Highland women met them, and one said in a soft friendly voice, "What! you are stepping westward?" "I cannot describe," said Wordsworth, "what an impression these words made on us in that remote place with the western sky in front yet glowing with the departing sun." He says in his poem written on the occasion:

What! you are stepping westward? Yea,
'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,
If we who thus together roam
In a strange land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of chance;
Yet who would stop or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold,
Behind all gloomy to behold,
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny;
I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness, with the thought
Of traveling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

—Christian Work.

A HARD-WORKING MAN.

"Can you recommend Sam Greeg as an industrious, hard-working man?" inquired Squire Sampson, who was in search of a man to take care of his place. He was talking with old Mr. Potter, in whose judgment he had great confidence.

"Well, now, as to Sam's bein' industr'ous, I ain't precisely prepared to say," replied the old man with a genial smile, "for, of course, folks' ideas on that pint is very various. But when you come to hard-workin', why, Sam is one of the hardest-workin' men I know."

"I don't exactly understand you," said Squire Sampson in evident perplexity.

"No, I din't expect you would," replied Mr. Potter tranquilly, "but it's jest like this. If Sam hears of anythin' onpleasant bein' said agin him or any of his fam'ly, he won't rest a minute till he's hunted it right down to the folks that said it an' expressed his mind to 'em, full an' free. An' if so be he thinks anybody's put a slight on him or any of his folks he won't set still till he's done what he calls 'takin down' them that was the cause—or causes.

"Then if anybody's got anythin' that's any better'n what he has, he's up an' doin' till he's outdone 'em on their ground, as ye might say. An' if there's any gossip goin' the rounds Sam he jest works night an' day till he's got it all sorted out an' salted down in his mind.

"Them all take consider'ble time; an' then, what with keepin' an eye to see that none o' the neighbors' children are growin' up the way their payrents hadn't orter let 'em, an' advisin' folks of their faults as soon as he catches sight of 'em, an' seein' that noboby in town loses or gains anythin' without explainin' why an'

wherefore, he is kept on the keen jump the whole time.

"His wife allows he don't git a minute to help her round the house. He aint drawned any wood or split any kindlin's in the mem'ry o' man. So I should call it that Sam is the hardest-worked feller I know, an' gits the least enjoyment out of it. But when you come to *indus'rous*, as I said when I begun—folks' ideas on that p'int is very var'ous!—*Youth's Companion*.

A YOUNG lady was explaining the meaning of the word "missionary" to her Sabbath-school pupils.

"Missionary," she said, "is from the Latin *missionarius*, which means one sent."

She looked heavenly enough to inspire a whole cargo of missionaries, and seemed to possess enough learning for an entire lexicon.

"Now, Charlie," she said to a little urchin, with shining morning face, "what is a missionary?"

"One penny."

Special Notices.

THE next Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago Seventh-day Baptist Churches will be held with the church at Albion, commencing Sabbath evening, Feb. 22, 1895, at 7 o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

Sabbath evening, preaching, E. M. Dunn.
Sabbath morning, 10.30, Sermon, L. C. Randolph.
12 M., Sabbath-school in charge of Superintendent of Albion school.
3 P. M., Sermon, W. C. Whitford.
Evening after the Sabbath, praise, prayer and conference, led by L. C. Randolph and S. H. Babcock.
Sunday morning, 10.30, Sermon, Geo. W. Burdick.
2.30 P. M., Young People's Hour.
7 P. M., Sermon, S. H. Babcock.

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

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

THE First Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds regular Sabbath services in the Boys' Prayer-meeting Room, on the 4th floor, near the elevator, Y. M. C. A. Building; corner 4th Avenue and 23d St.; entrance on 23d St. Meeting for Bible study at 10.30 A. M., followed by the regular preaching services. Strangers are cordially welcomed, and any friends in the city over the Sabbath are especially invited to attend the service. Pastor's address, Rev. J. G. Burdick, New Mizpah, 86 Barrow St.

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

THE Chicago Seventh-day Baptist Church holds regular Sabbath services in the lecture room of the Methodist Church Block, corner of Clark and Washington Streets, at 2.30 P. M., Sabbath-school at 3.30 P. M. Strangers are always welcome, and brethren from a distance are cordially invited to meet with us. Pastor's address, L. C. Randolph, 6124 Wharton Ave.

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

A VICTORY WITHOUT THE ENEMY.

"Now, Sandy," said mother, smoothing down the new jacket, and polishing off the brass buttons, "you'll have to quit being a baby, since you have taken off petticoats."

"I ain't a baby," said the small boy, looking with disdain at the little pile of ruffled petticoats out of which he had just stepped. "I helped to fight a bum-bee's nest yesterday."

"Ho!" cried Fenton, the brother, who had been wearing trousers ever since Sandy was born, "they were white-faced bum-bees; they don't sting."

Sandy looked a little sheepish. "I rode old Mac to water too," he said.

"And father held the bridle," mocked Fenton.

Sandy walked up and down the carpet to see how big steps he could take, and mother said, in that soft little preaching way mothers have:

"When a boy puts on trousers, he must do all the hard things that come along, like going to bed at eight o'clock and getting up at six, and washing his face and hands for dinner, and—"

"But his curls ought to be cut off first," interrupted Sandy, who hated his beautiful yellow curls as much as mother loved them.

"Very well," said mother, smiling, "as soon as you win a real, sure-enough victory, you shall have your curls cut off."

For Sandy was a timid little chap, and very much inclined to hide behind mother's petticoats; and his father was beginning to say that it was time he had some bones in his character.

Sandy hadn't an idea what father meant by having bones in his character, but he knew that when the beetles flew in the room at night he felt like screaming, and so he screamed; when Mr. Ford's big Newfoundland came about, he felt like running, and so he ran; when the lightning flashed, he hid his eyes. He had never tried to do anything else. But this thing of being a man and wearing trousers was different, and Sandy thought that it was only his curls that hung between him and manhood now.

The trousers had been finished none too soon; for that very evening there was a lawn party at Aunt Ellen's, a whole yardful of children playing "Come" and "Prisoner's Base," and eating ice-cream, and spilling lemonade, and falling out of the hammock, and doing all the rest of the things that children do at a lawn party.

Sandy joined a party of little boys sitting on the big square-topped stone posts at the gate; he felt very big-boyish sitting on a gate-post.

"Yes, sir-ee," Tom Ross was saying, "that dog certainly is mad."

"What dog?" asked Sandy, his heart beating rather fast.

"Why, Mr. Ford's 'Rip,' didn't you know he was mad?"

"Is he Tom? How do you know?"

"You're blind, — ain't you? Didn't you see him run past here just now with his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out, and his eyes glaring?"

Now Sandy had promised to

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come home at eight o'clock by himself, and he had to pass Mr. Ford's big yard for a long piece of the way; it seemed to him a very long piece. Would the open mouth and lolling tongue and glaring eyes meet him at that low stone wall? He might stay all night with Aunt Ellen, he thought; but then he had promised to come home. He might ask her to send John the butler with him. No! he had said he would come by himself, because that would please papa.

Sandy lost interest in "I Spy" and "King George and his Men," while he was sitting on the grass behind the spruce-pine, and wishing he had his petticoats on again, with leave to be a baby.

But he got home on time, flushed with haste and excitement, his curls hanging damp and tangled about his face.

"I did it, mother, I did it!" he cried, eagerly. "Now cut off my curls."

And he told, with many a big word, the story of the mad dog, of the open mouth and lolling tongue and glaring eyes; of how much afraid he had been to come home alone; how he had actually seen the creature at the gate; how he had turned back in terror, once, twice, but the third time had set his teeth and determined to keep his word with papa if the dog "chawed him up."

"But I got away from him, and now, mamma, where are the scissors?" Quick, I want to hear the old curls go snip, snip!"

"But, little green-pea, Mr. Ford's dog isn't mad at all," said Fenton, coolly. "I've been playing with him all evening. Tom Ross was just guying you, that's what he was doing."

Sandy looked dazed for a minute, and then burst into tears. Poor little soldier! All his trying to be brave had been for nothing then. He had not earned papa's praise, and they would not cut off his curls, if all he had done was to pass Mr. Ford's big, good-natured Rip.

But papa came and lifted him up from the floor, and called for the scissors, and himself cut every golden brown ring of hair. (He cut it so badly, too, and snagged it so, that the barber had to do it all over.)

"That was just as much a victory, my boy," said the big, kind voice, "as if Rip had been foaming with hydrophobia. The enemy that you got the victory over was not curly and white-pawed and soft-eyed little Rip. He is a cruel, crawling thing, and his name is Cowardice. You've got him down to-day, and, please God, we'll make you a true knight *sans peur et sans tache*. Now go and kiss mamma, and ask her what that means."

But mamma was in such a hurry between laughing and crying, to get the little head to look less as

if a mad dog had mangled it, that it was a good while before Sandy found out that the queer words meant "without fear and without stain."—*Sunday School Times*.

THE BOY AND HIS FATHER.

Many men do not discover the true relation of father and son until it is too late to save the boy. But some who have been neglectful take warning in time, and apply that "love that covereth a multitude of sins"—in the boy. Not long ago a gentleman related his experience to me, as follows:

"Once a friend said to me, 'Do you know that your boy is reading bad books?' I said, 'No, I don't believe any such thing.' My friend said, 'Perhaps you would better investigate.' I was inclined to treat the whole matter with contempt, for I did not think it possible for my boy to be reading bad books without my knowing it. Finally, however, I decided that common sense is better than pride, and I will investigate. So I went to my boy's room, looked over his belongings, and at last, under the mattress, found the books. I put them back where I found them, and hunted up the boy. I said to him, 'My boy, what kind of books are those you have been reading lately?' He was taken by surprise, and did not know just what to say. So I said to him, 'I would like to see the books; I've made up my mind to read the same books as you do.' Finally he stammered out, 'Papa, I don't think you would like those books very well.' I said, 'I would like to look at them. I want your opinion of them.'

"That threw him into a very peculiar state of mind, but we went up to the room and he brought out the books. We sat down side by side; I put my arm around him, and as we turned the pages of the books I said to him: 'Well, what do you think of that?' as we looked at the pictures and I read here and there a sentence. His only reply was, 'Well, papa, I guess it isn't very good.' Then I said to him, 'Lay the books aside, and this evening let us come up and read together; I have something I want to read to you.'

"My boy was delighted. The evening came, and we went to his room. I placed the lamp beside the bed and laid down where he had lain to read his book. I read a story from the *Youth's Companion*. Before I had finished he had crawled up and was leaning on my side. Then I read him a story with illustrations from *Science*. When I stopped he laid his head on my shoulder, put his arms around me, and said, 'Papa, why can't I have such reading as that?' As soon as I could control myself—for he

had shown me that I was the sinner—I said, 'My boy, you shall have all you want; let us go down stairs.' I led the way right down to the stock I had laid in, and put out my books and papers before him. He looked at them a moment; then picked them up and fairly hugged them. We soon decided what to do with the bad books; we took them out into the back yard and burned them.

"Then and there my boy and I started out on a new career. When I can I spend the evening with him; one reads and the other listens. Henceforth my boy and I are going to be confidential friends, even if it takes a little time from business."

That father discovers some very important and valuable secrets. Would that others would set about the same work! Usually, when the Christian teacher approaches the wayward boy or young man, he finds the boy's father—by his neglect or wrong example, or both—standing between him and the boy. Quite frequently the father is a professing Christian, and his influence decides the boy's case against religious influence. The question is often asked, Why does not the church reach the boys? and it usually suggests the still more perplexing question, How can we reach the fathers, and through them the boys?

The gentleman referred to above said: "I believe God has forgiven my sinful neglect of my boy; henceforth my service of God will include a loving and watchful care over the precious soul he has committed to me."—*The Rev. W. S. Philpott, in Michigan Christian Advocate*.

Literary Notes.

A FLYING-MACHINE that actually flew—not wisely but too well, or rather, not exactly when but distinctly before it was required to fly—is described by Hiram S. Maxim in *Harper's Young People* for January 29th. A weight of eight thousand pounds, lifted from the ground and carried along through the air, in opposition to the will of the designer, and in spite of the mechanical restraints which he had contrived, ponderously emphasizes the claims of this invention to be seriously regarded—and no longer lightly dismissed as a mere mechanical toy. Professor Maxim's failure in the instance now described is the sort of failure that proves strength and promises future success.

THE same number of the *Young People* contains "The Brownie Play," by John Kendrick Bangs, illustrated by C. D. Graves, and the first installment of "The Scutney Mail," a new serial story for girls and boys.

AN evening cloak, engraved by Baude, several beautiful dinner, evening, and reception gowns, and other attractive fashions will distinguish *Harper's Bazar* for January 26th. Among the literary features may be mentioned the first of a series of articles on house plants and their culture, by Eben E. Rexford. This is entitled "The Window Garden in Winter." "Ice Sports on the Shrewsbury," by Adelia K. Brainerd, is timely and entertaining.

UNDER the title "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," a new historical romance will begin in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*, and will continue through the remaining numbers of the year. The name of the author, a conspicuous figure in contemporaneous American literature, is for the present withheld. Illustrations from historic material and sketches made amid the scenes of Joan's career will be contributed by F. V. duMond.

A TRAVELER from Altruria, by W. D. Howells, will soon be published in "Harper's Franklin Square Library."

