

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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

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SONG IN DYING.

I'M fading away to the land of the blest,
Like the last lingering hues of the even;
Reclining my head on my kind angel's breast,
I soar to my own native heaven.

My warfare is finished, the battle is won,
To a crown and a thorn I aspire;
My coursers are brighter than steeds of the sun;
I mount in a chariot of fire.

The world is fast sinking away from my sight,
A trifle appear all its treasures;
I see them from hence by eternity's light—
How vanish its pomp and its pleasures!
How faint are the notes of the trumpet of fame,
Rehearsing its soul-flattering story!
How tarnished the lustre of each noble name:
A meteor flash is its glory!

Lo! upward I gaze, and the glory supreme
That illumines the heights of Elysian,
Shines down through the veil—there is life in each beam—
It renders immortal my vision.

The notes of soft melody fall on my ear;
Harmonious the cadence and measure;
'Tis the voice of the harpers on Zion I hear;
Full high swells their chorus of pleasure.

Lo! there are the towers of my future abode,
The city on high and eternal!
See, there is the Eden—the river of God!
And the trees ever-bearing and vernal.
Haste, haste with me onward, companion and guide,
Let me join in that heavenly matin;
Fly wide, ye bright gates! swiftly through them I ride,
Triumphant o'er sin, death and Satan.

—William Hunter, D. D.

\$2.00 A YEAR

BABCOCK BUILDING

PLAINFIELD N J

Sabbath Recorder.

L. E. LIVERMORE, Editor.
J. P. MOSHER, Business Manager.

Entered as Second-Class mail matter at the Plainfield, (N. J.) Post-Office, March 12, 1895.

ON another page will be found an interesting article written and published in the *Narragansett Weekly* just twenty-five years ago. The author, the Rev. George E. Tomlinson, was the pastor of the Pawcatuck church in Westerly. The article is headed, "Musings of a New Year's Eve," and will be read by many who will remember him as one of our most gifted and scholarly young men. Though he rests from his earth-laborers, his works do follow him.

WE gladly extend to the readers of the RECORDER the customary greetings of the holiday season, and wish all our friends, and enemies if we have any, a "Happy New Year." Probably some who read these words will do so with hearts full of sadness and a look which will seem to say, "There is no Happy New Year for me!" Sorrow has entered many a home and desolated many a heart, since the dawning of the last "Happy New Year." But remember that nothing of our sorrows has escaped the notice of our kind Father. Whatever has come to us has been by his permission and will be for our highest good if received with the spirit of submission and trust which all Christians ought to be able to exercise. Yes, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." And again, there is comfort in this: "There hath no temptation [trial, affliction] taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." So, even in sorrow there may be joy. Therefore, greet the New Year courageously, hopefully. Seek for the crumbs of blessings that fall from your Master's table. And, "be ye also patient; stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

A BEAUTIFUL example has been set by one of our live pastors, in sending to this office a select list of names for our literature. We take the liberty to publish that part of his accompanying letter which will be of most interest to our readers. We commend its spirit and purpose to all of our pastors and others who will help the Tract Society in its desire to uphold the authority of God's Word among men. Here is an extract from the letter:

Dear Brother:—Some months since, I went carefully over the records I have kept in every place where I have been stationed as a preacher, and from these I have made out a list of names of persons to whom I would like to send Sabbath literature. In my judgment it is a "select" list; they are not all prominent people, but they are all persons of more or less influence, who, if converted to the Sabbath, would very likely lead others with them. Besides, I esteem them to be candid persons, willing to read, and likely to give the matter fair consideration. I believe them all to be friends of mine, who would certainly read with care anything that they knew came in any way from me. I have been holding this list, hoping to be able to send at least ten dollars along with it,—and when I have about laid by that amount, here comes some needy cause to which a contribution must be made; and so, several times I have thus been kept from sending this list.

What shall I do with my list of names? Time is flying; some of them may soon be in eternity, then it will be too late to lead them into the full truth. I do not

like to ask the Tract Society to send out so much literature at my instance. It is possible that the soil which I present for the sowing might not yield any return. In such a case, I would much prefer to be myself personally the loser, so far as the expenses are concerned. But, in addition to my regular weekly contribution to the Society,—which I do not intend to abate,—I will hand our Treasurer five dollars to be forwarded to the Society; and as fast as I possibly can I shall add to this until it reaches \$25. I would not like to ask you to send out so much printed matter, without giving that much toward it, for I know that is but a small part of the expense that will be incurred in doing so.

IN our issue of December 7, we called attention to one particular action taken by the last General Conference, relative to an increase of RECORDER subscribers proportionately by the churches. While we are pleased to add new names to our list at any time during the year, we do feel that it would be an increased pleasure to make additions at the opening of a new volume, and also that new readers would take and maintain a deeper interest in their paper if they could begin with number one of any given volume, and especially if it be Number 1, Volume 53. Now, if these statements be facts, it will be necessary, in order to carry with the effort the most pleasure, to send all new names for the year 1897 to us during the coming week. If any who are to make a canvass in this special effort, or any who have it in mind to help their church in its apportionment, find it impossible to finish their work during this week, do not give up the effort, but keep at it until success crowns the work, and we will send all back numbers from Number 1, so long as the supply lasts.

How would it please you to make a New Year's gift to some of your friends in the line of a year's subscription to the RECORDER?

BUSINESS MANAGER.

WINE at the White House dinners during the prospective McKinley administration is, in certain circles, a fruitful theme for discussion. It is generally understood that both the President elect and his estimable wife are fully committed, in theory and practice, to the principles of total abstinence. Those who know anything of the public life of Mr. McKinley will not look for him to violate his own convictions and set an example to encourage drunkenness and crime. Those who favor wine drinking will be expected to oppose McKinley's temperance sentiments. The *Buffalo Commercial* questions the propriety, if not the right of the President to exclude wines from the table of his guests. The following is the argument used:

It would be proper for any President to "exclude the use of intoxicating liquors" from his own apartments, if he saw fit, but it would be an offensive assumption on his part to refuse to give guests accustomed to the use of wines, etc., nothing but water, or cocoa, to drink. He is not elected to pass judgment on social conventions or to reform modern society. His hands will be quite full enough with the conduct of public business.

Of course it would give offense if the President and Mrs. McKinley should break in upon this long-established custom. So also it would offend many for him to favor any prohibitive temperance legislation; or if he should favor a protective tariff, or the independence of Cuba, or the doctrine of religious liberty. But the fact that some people may be offended will not deter him from doing what he deems to be his prerogative and duty. If we mistake not there will be something of the old-time Christian statesmanship shining out in the McKinley administration.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were severely criticised for pursuing the same noble course during his administration. The late Mr. Conkling regarded their act of excluding wine from their tables as discourteous and transcending the rights of such a public official. It was sitting in judgment upon the habits and tastes of the White House guests. But such strictures did not change the mind or practice of the President. The *Catholic Mirror* in commenting on the probability that Mr. McKinley will exclude wine, says:

What if he were a vegetarian and conscientiously opposed to allowing meat at his board? As he has invited them to dine with him, it is, of course, his duty to entertain in the best manner possible and in all the ways which the customs of the society to which they belong allow. He knows that the members of the Diplomatic Service, at least, always drink wine at dinner and that it is always provided for them wherever they go, and for any one to ask them to dinner and deny them what they expect, and virtually intimate that they are culpable in partaking of this refreshment, seems, as Mr. Conkling considered it, an assumption, if not an impertinence.

The *Mirror* is not candid in thus comparing the use of intoxicants to a vegetarian diet. The eating of meats does not produce drunkards and criminals. It does not ruin families, beggar the children, fill the jails and penitentiaries, and swallow up three-fourths of the wealth of the nation. Those who can speak so lightly of the great iniquity of drinking intoxicants are unsafe leaders of public opinion and their opposition to wholesome reforms ought not to weigh very heavily with the next administration.

ANOTHER REFORM NEEDED.

Is it not well for our people to consider the advisability of adopting some better system of raising money, annually, for the support of our benevolent operations, that will avoid the confusion and frequent surprises coming from so many separate calls for funds? As it now stands we have calls from the Missionary Society, the Tract Society, the Education Society, the Woman's Board, the Young People's Board, the General Conference, Associations and, often, needy churches. Then, these calls are subdivided into funds, for the Foreign Missions, the Home Missions, and colleges; and, again, these worthy objects are subdivided into Boys' Schools, Girls' Schools, the Hospital, Miss Burdick's salary, Dr. Swinney's salary, Dr. Palmberg's salary, until people become confused and discouraged, and dare not pledge for any object, for fear they will not be able to meet subsequent unlooked-for emergencies. Would it not greatly simplify the whole matter for a judicious committee, appointed annually by the General Conference, or by the benevolent Societies, representing these varied interests, to make an estimate of the amount needed in the aggregate to carry on these works? Aided by the light of experience, the diminishing or increasing demands, and the knowledge of the situation of those from whom the funds are expected, they would be able to say to each pastor or church just how much would be needed to make up the amount essential to the successful prosecution of the Lord's work entrusted to our care. This would give a definite idea of our work for the year. Each church could then add its own needs to the amount asked for outside work, and set about the duty of meeting these necessities in a systematic way. Churches are glad to know what is their proportion. If this call comes once for all, instead of the

present haphazard way through all the Societies and Boards, and at all times during the year, would there not be much less confusion and much happier results?

BREVITIES.

THE champion bicyclist of 1896 is Tom Monarch Cooper, of Detroit, Mich. He is 23 years old, 5 feet, 10½ inches tall, and weighs 172 pounds.

MARK TWAIN (Mr. Samuel Langhorne Clemens) is spending the winter in London. He is writing a new book, descriptive of his recent tour around the world.

WAS it not Pope (not the pope) who said, Narrow-souled people are like narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out?

A HEAVY bank failure in Chicago has just occurred. The Illinois National, the strongest bank in that great city, has been compelled to suspend. Its liabilities are \$11,000,000. Several other smaller concerns suffer in the general crash.

ENGLAND sent 41,000,000 letters to the United States last year, and only 65,000,000 to all the countries of Europe combined. This shows something of the strength of the social and commercial ties that bind us to the mother country.

THE public debt in France is enormous, and is steadily increasing. In 1875 it was \$4,500,000,000. In 1895 it had grown to \$6,000,000,000. Unless some radical change occurs soon in her finances, nothing can prevent the ruin of her credit.

LI HUNG CHANG, the noted Chinese statesman who was so recently an honored guest in our country, has, since his return to the Empire, been stripped of his honors and position and publicly disgraced, by the jealousy of the semi-barbarous rulers who outrank him.

THERE is a saying that ought to have very careful attention, to wit: "The love that is not deep enough to touch the purse is not high enough to reach heaven." If that is true it is greatly to be feared that some miserly Christians (?) will fail in their anticipations.

THE *Golden Rule* tells of a party of Americans who visited the Pope recently and took with them an American flag. The Pope reverently blessed the flag, declaring that America had done more for the Catholic church than any other country. That is rather a doubtful compliment after all.

A GANG of tramps was arrested on Jersey City Heights. They were housed in a cave, where were found ample provisions which had been stolen from people living in the vicinity. They were well supplied with silver-plated knives, forks and spoons, marked "Continental Hotel, New York."

BRO. MARTIN SINDALL has an advertisement in this issue of an illustrated lecture which may be of special interest to pastors and Sabbath-school Superintendents. This original production, we are assured, is artistic and will afford much that is entertaining and instructive. Write him for particulars.

STRONG efforts are now being made in New York City and some other parts of the state to secure the appointment of Joseph H. Choate as United States Senator. Thomas C. Platt is his rival. Mr. Choate is a man of superior ability and qualifications for a statesman of the old-time order.

GREAT demonstrations of sympathy for Cuban independence are becoming common in the large cities of the United States. An immense crowd gathered in Cooper Union, last week, and passed resolutions in favor of declaring the Island free and demanding that the Spaniards cease further hostilities.

THERE are now four of the United States in which women have the same suffrage privileges as the men. In Idaho the courts raised a technical point that threatened to nullify the privilege thus accorded to woman; but the Supreme Court has rendered an opinion that clears away the objection.

THE great evil and public disgrace of a saloon in the basement of our capitol at Washington, which has been allowed for many years, is likely to be routed. The House of Representatives, by an almost unanimous vote, passed the bill prohibiting its continuance. The Senate will be likely to pass it also.

IT is said that the city of Chicago is made up of two foreigners to every native-born citizen. There are many other evidences also that this great city is foreignized. There are, according to the Secretary of the Chicago Associational Charities, about 15,000 families, or 70,000 persons in destitute circumstances at the opening of this winter.

IT is a grave question whether foot-ball, as now so frequently played, is worthy to be classed among the manly sports. Several colleges have pronounced it detrimental to the morals as well as to the intellectual training of boys. At all events the game needs reforming. Parents are becoming afraid to send their boys to college lest they shall be killed, or maimed for life.

AN eminent Italian physician, Dr. Amigo Bignani, has written an article, which has been translated and published in *The Lancet*, showing that the mosquito has much to do with the propagation of malaria. Living and thriving, as do these pestiferous insects, in malarious localities, he maintains that they carry the poison with them and that it is propagated by inoculation.

DURING the present administration of our government, our navy has been greatly increased in its efficiency. Twenty-four new steel ships have been added: three first-class battleships, the Indiana, Massachusetts and the Oregon; two second-class, the Maine and the Texas; two armored fast cruisers, the New York and the Brooklyn; three coast-defense monitors; five protected cruisers; three small cruisers; three gun-boats; one ram and one torpedo boat.

CONGRESS does not seem to be very near any definite action in the Cuban troubles. The much talked of Cameron resolution has absorbed much time and attention, but is finally laid over until after the holiday recess. Spain continues to make war-like preparations and to resent the evident sympathy of the United States with the insurgents. But it is not likely that Congress will take any hasty or ill-advised action. That Cuba ought to be "free and independent" is the undoubted sentiment of our country, and this sentiment will yet culminate in positive aid.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

"Not your own!" to Him you owe
All your life and all your love;
Live that ye His praise may show
Who is yet all praise above.
Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power,
Consecrate to Him alone
Who hath claimed you for His own.

—F. R. Havergal.

YES, we had an interesting service December 5. Through the *Gleaner*, of DeRuyter, attention was called to the special service and we secured the attendance of a few who do not often attend our services. The theme was, "Our obligation to keep the Sabbath." Text, Fourth Commandment. We ought to keep holy the Sabbath-day.

1. Because God, in a most impressive manner, commanded it. This command is by the eternal God, classed with the other nine of the Decalogue spoken with his own voice and written upon stone. And it has never been revoked. Who then dares to call the Sabbath Jewish, a burdensome, ceremonial law? Here we briefly reviewed the history of the Sabbath in Old Testament.

2. Jesus, our example of righteousness, kept the Sabbath and commanded others to keep it. See Luke 4: 16; 13: 10-16, Matt. 19: 16-22, and Luke 10: 25-28. Note that Jesus made no exceptions in referring to the Decalogue. He expected his followers to keep the Sabbath for at least forty years. Matt. 24: 20.

3. Our physical and spiritual well-being demands it. Dr. Crafts, and thousands of others, with great zeal and eloquence, urge this point. Truly we need the Sabbath as well as did the Jews. In conclusion we impressed the meaning of "holy," and urged the importance of attending and engaging in public services of divine worship upon the Sabbath-day.

The following Sabbath we spoke to the same congregation concerning "The abominations of the second half of the nineteenth century." Text, Jer. 5: 30, 31. Dear brethren, are we filling the measure of our obligation in this matter? God help us to stand where the blood of crushed victims will not cry out against us!

O. S. MILLS.

LINCKLAEN CENTRE, N. Y.,

WEEK OF PRAYER TOPICS.

Suggested by the Evangelical Alliance.

- Sunday evening, Jan. 3. Sermon.
- Monday evening, Jan. 4. Thanksgiving and Humiliation.
- Tuesday evening, Jan. 5. The Church Universal.
- Wednesday evening, Jan. 6. Nations and their Rulers.
- Thursday evening, Jan. 7. Foreign Missions.
- Friday, Jan. 8. Home Missions and the Jews.
- Sabbath-day, Jan. 9. Families and Schools.

THE happiest, sweetest, tenderest homes are not those where there has been no sorrow, but those which have been overshadowed with grief, and where Christ's comfort was accepted.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

A MINISTER took as his text: "Much every way." Rom. 3: 2. He divided his subject thus: First, he would say much; and, second, he would say it in every way.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

Sunday Classes.

This is the latest innovation at the University of Chicago. The courses are religious in their subject matter and intended primarily for the divinity students; but they call for examinations and count toward a degree the same as other courses. They are offered by the President and the head professor of New Testament Greek.

The sentiment of faculty and students is not unanimous touching the new plan. One of the latter, who has vigorously defended Sunday on "Lord's-day" ground in months gone by, expressed himself yesterday with much regret and disappointment. He is by no means of the most narrow and illiberal sort; but he looked upon such use of Sunday with pain and a kind of Davidic resentment. We ventured modestly to suggest that this was a logical sequence of the views of the Sabbath which were there taught. Dean Hulbert had for a long time held that everything in the Old Testament had been done away; that we have no Sabbath, that the observance of the "Lord's-day" was scarcely more than a voluntary matter. Dr. Northrup, three years ago, had practically come to the same position. If the bulwarks of the old orthodoxy held to such theories as these, it need not be surprising to find their more liberal brethren putting the theories in practice.

Our friend shook his head very resolutely and positively. "Sunday," said he, "is the Christian Sabbath."

However apologists may present their no-law theories as a defense against the claims of Jehovah's memorial, the Christian world are continually coming back to the idea of a definite divine day, something sacred, something to tie to. The minds of more earnest and thoughtful men demand this. They know that, if there was ever one age more than another that needed a Sabbath, it is this restless, feverish vestibule of the twentieth century. The pitiful thing is the attempt to make a rock-bound Sabbath out of no more solid material than out of shifting inference and misty tradition.

A Christian Endeavor Balance of Power.

One of our "popular" preachers of the West said in the course of a recent Sunday morning sermon that it was time Christianity took a controlling interest in politics. We had heard much about the saloon vote or the German vote or some other vote as holding the balance of power. "In five years," said he with a triumphant wave of his hand, "the Christian Endeavor Society, with its allies, will hold the balance of power in this country."

While the audience cheered, we pondered.

Surely it is a hopeful sign of the times that the rising Christian manhood of America is being swept by a revival of patriotism. The saloon and the money bag have been in control quite long enough. They who have watched for the morning must hail with joy reinforcements in the fight for clean, honest government.

It may seem ungracious to sound right here a word of warning to every Seventh-day Baptist Christian Endeavorer. But we ask you to watch and see what this balance of power means. If it means a call to good citizenship, the election of clean men to office, the

enactment and enforcement of laws worthy of a moral, orderly and liberty-loving people, well. It is a battle worthy the strength of your young manhood. But if it means the election of church members, because they are church members, a crusade of Sunday laws, and the acknowledgement of Christianity as the state religion in the Constitution of the United States, let your voice of solemn protest be heard. You have no choice. As you love your religion on the one hand and your country on the other, you must either speak or withdraw from the organization.

It seems to your Western Editor a sad thing that a movement otherwise so timely, so excellent, so vital to the welfare of our country should be tainted with the leaven of religious legislation which must work its decay. We have no desire to be of the suspicious, critical temper which kicks just to keep its hand (or its foot) in. Read the literature of this movement for yourselves. Whither does it tend? What is its dearest ambition?

There are those who think that the Christian citizenship organizations intend by and by to combine their strength and say to the politician: "Do you want this vote? You can have it on the condition that you give us laws to protect and promote the observance of Sunday." Perhaps not. But, mark this. If ever the Christian church and state join hands in official compact, for mutual promotion, it will be a blue day for both.

Four Cent Fare.

The city council of Chicago, in a kind of ante-election spasm of reform, passed, a few days ago, an ordinance fixing street car fares at four cents by ticket. The ordinance appeared to be backed by an overwhelming public sentiment, and the mayor was said to be in line. But a change has come over the spirit of their dream. His Honor has worked up quite a case of moral indignation against the "repudiation" said to be involved in the measure, and the redoubtable council has recognized the validity of his arguments by endorsing his veto.

Your Western Editor comes out of the episode with little disappointment, but with the usual profound sense of humiliation for his adopted city. It will not take a great deal of figuring, if you are good with the pencil and slate, to demonstrate the handsome profit on capital actually invested, which a thriving metropolitan line can make at a three-cent fare. Some day our financiers who water their stock, and water it again, sell it at two hundred per cent in the market, and then snap their fingers contemptuously in the face of the public which gave them the franchise, will hear something drop. Of course, the thing dropped may prove to be the public again; but we can not get over the impression that the day is rapidly coming when our sovereign cities, casting aside the grave-clothes of rotting politics, will elect honorable, trustworthy men to office and run their street cars for the accommodation of their citizens.

HOW DIPHTHERIA SPREADS.

A serious epidemic of diphtheria in Detroit, Mich., among school children, was traced to the changing of lead pencils. At the close of school each day all pencils were deposited in one box, and the next day distributed again among the pupils. The disease was spread by the habit of putting pencils in the mouth, as all children do. Thus an infected pencil would

serve to infect several children. Such a rule in a school should be abolished.

In a county in this state a family of nine children, who had passed through a siege of whooping cough, became nearly convalescent; with their parents, they visited a relative several miles distant New Year's day, and one, a babe, took cold. During the evening the babe was held several hours by a woman from another county, in whose family two deaths had recently occurred from diphtheria. The babe was immediately attacked with diphtheria and died, and the other children exposed, with the probability that not one will escape. A person who thus knowingly exposes another to a contagious disease is no less guilty of an attempt to kill than he who puts poison in food or drink, and they should be made to suffer a like penalty.—*Iowa Monthly Bulletin*.

MEMOIR OF PRESIDENT ALLEN.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

I beg to call the attention of the readers of the RECORDER to the Memoir of the late President Allen printed in connection with the Minutes of the Education Society in the volume of the Conference Minutes just published for 1896. Of this Memoir the *Quarterly Bulletin* of Alfred University for July, 1896, says: "On Alumni Day, in connection with the exercises celebrating the Sixtieth Anniversary, Dr. Daniel Lewis, of New York City, delivered a Memorial Address upon the 'Life and Character of the Late Lamented President Allen.' The address showed a familiar acquaintance with the life of, and a keen analytic insight into the heroic and sacrificial character of its dignified and scholarly subject. We have known of no more appreciative or exact estimate of President Allen's life work than that of this Memorial Address, and the Alumni Association is to be congratulated upon its being able to secure Dr. Lewis to deliver it." This address is one which should be read by every Seventh-day Baptist.

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH.

CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

In the "suggestions" made by the Sabbath Reform Convention, of Milton, Wis., as appears in your issue of Dec. 21, 1896, page 805, item four has been robbed of its original meaning. Please change the first word of that item to *When*, and the period after "it" to a comma, and you will have what the committee wrote and what the convention approved: "When the interest of Sabbath truth and the cause of religious liberty require it, Secretary Lewis should be at liberty to attend legislative sessions and raise the voice of protest against all state and legislative interference in matters of religious faith or practice." L. A. PLATTS.

COLD IN THE HEAD.—Do not forget that a cold in the head may be relieved by the inhalation of vapors arising from a solution of pulverized camphor or compound tincture of benzoin, about a teaspoonful in a pint of boiling water, which should be put into a pitcher having closely fitted over it a cone of thick paper, with an opening at the top, through which the patient may breathe. He should inhale by the mouth and exhale through the nose.

Do not forget that if you have a sick person in charge, that sore lips frequently result from want of drying the lips and corners of the mouth after feeding.—*The Trained Nurse*.

Tract Society Work.

By A. H. LEWIS, Cor. Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

A LETTER from Dr. Platts, of Milton, says, "The Convention held here will long be remembered by our people, and its influence will be good." The interest which the pastors and people of Southern Wisconsin evinced in the Convention is a source of help and encouragement to the Secretary of the Board. The pastors and deacons in the denomination hold the keys to success more than any others. To them the Board must look for that steady growth of interest and effort which, with God's blessing, will insure success, and the lack of which will promote failure. We have in hand something concerning the Convention from the Janesville *Gazette* which will appear next week.

At the present writing, Dec. 16, 1896, a National Reform Convention is being held in Chicago, Ill. We shall give our readers some account of it hereafter.

"SUNDAY-DESECRATION" at Pittsburg, Pa., seems to increase steadily, in spite of all local opposition which centers at the headquarters of the National Reform movement. After a full canvass of the case, with many petitions *pro and con*, "Sunday concerts" have been established in the hall of Pittsburg Carnegie Library.

THE *Christian Endeavorer*, Nov. 26, asserts that three millions of people in the United States labor on every Sunday, as on other days, and that the "majority of church members are either indifferent to this fact and to the interests of Sunday reform, or are, as is too often the case, themselves Sabbath-desecrators."

Certainly they are, they begin by desecrating God's Sabbath and end by indifference toward the American Sunday. The result is logical and unavoidable. No one ought to be surprised at it.

THE ministers of New York City, in "United Conference," lately appointed a committee, consisting of the Rev. Drs. J. M. Buckley, D. J. Burrell, J. Wesley Johnston, R. S. McArthur, H. A. Stimson and John Hall, to consider and report on the project of starting a new daily paper in New York, which should be an ideal of cleanliness, and should not have a Sunday issue. Dr. McArthur thought it better to interview wicked editors. Speaking of the matter, *Christian Work* (December 17, 1896,) says:

But instead of adopting Dr. McArthur's suggestion, the ministers voted for that new ideal paper advocated by Dr. Burrell—[capital necessary about \$5,000,000]—the prospect of which, to our view, is about as dim as a vision of angels hovering around Diana on that tower on Madison Square Garden on Christmas Day. No; the Sunday newspaper has come to stay; put that down as fact number one. There are clean Sunday sheets, such as the *Times* and the *Tribune*—that is fact number two. When you want to reform a great institution like the newspaper press, the reform must be from the inside; that is fact number three. Lastly, it is a beautiful thing to advocate a new "ideal" daily newspaper for New York—but be careful that it is established, if at all, with other people's money. Don't put in a cent of your own unless you have more money than you know what to do with, and not then unless all the missionaries are at work that can be employed, and well paid, church debts are simply a memory, and there is not a hungry or ill-clothed person in the world.

It looks as though *Christian Work* is not wholly in favor of the proposition.

IGNORANT? YES, INDEED.

All students of the Sabbath-question, so far as we know, agree in the belief that the decline in the reverence and love for the Sabbath has been brought about mainly through ignorance of the subject.

The main difficulty with the Sabbath-question is with God's people. It is they who have lost their love and respect for it to a large extent. It is they who have been thoughtless about it, and it is they who are exceedingly ignorant about it. They do not understand the real grounds of Sabbath-observance, nor what the Scriptures teach on the subject.—*Christian Endeavorer*.

We answer "amen" and "amen." Our Chicago contemporary is right. Christians are ignorant. When the *Endeavorer* says Sabbath, it ought to say "Sunday," but the ignorance is equally great concerning what the Scriptures teach, and what history shows concerning both Sabbath and Sunday. The *Endeavorer* makes these remarks in defense of its Special Department, "Rescue of the Sabbath." Such special work is needed because Christians are so ignorant. So it argues, and while up to date, the *Endeavorer* is a leader in continuing the ignorance, by its own erroneous assertions about the Sabbath and Sunday we are glad that it is coming to the "rescue." All honest endeavor and agitation are to be welcomed. Out of the prevailing ignorance knowledge will come. Light will rise in the darkness. Order will come out of confusion. Harmony will yet overcome discord. God's law will at length be restored, larger, stronger, and sweeter as to the fruits of obedience in human life.

INTEREST IN THE NEW SABBATH REFORM MOVEMENT. JACKSON CENTRE, OHIO.

In former letters the writer said little of the details of his work at places visited, because he desired to avoid much direct reference to himself. He is now assured by many that the readers of the RECORDER desire to know more of the details of what was said and done.

In general, at all the places visited there was abundant evidence that the people believe in the new movement. They feel that the times and the providence of God in behalf of his truth have brought us to a place where there are great demands and greater opportunities for going forward. Eager interest, quick response, and earnest attention met the Secretary at every point.

The coming of the Secretary to Jackson Centre had been well announced by pastor Burdick. On reaching the ground he assured me that the first meeting would be attended by not a few who were not Seventh-day Baptists, who expected to hear our reasons for keeping the Sabbath. In response to this I preached on Sixth-day evening upon "Some Reasons Why We Are Seventh-day Baptists." Because we believe the Bible to be the Word of God and the supreme rule of faith and practice. We do not fear, but rather invite, the most careful and critical examination of the Bible as the source and ground of our faith concerning the Sabbath. We believe in salvation through Christ and seek to show the loyalty of our faith in him by following his example in keeping the law of God, and hallowing the Sabbath. This we do because we are saved—and not that we may be saved. We reject Sunday, because it has no place in the Bible, nor in the example of Christ and his apostles.

There was deep interest from the first. Some persons—Sabbath-keepers and non-Sabbath-keepers—came both at evening and in

day time, more than ten miles to hear. Some of them were among the last to linger at the close of the final service, that they might thank the Secretary for coming, and to express a deeper interest in what they had heard.

On Sabbath morning I discussed the new demands, duties and opportunities which are pressing upon Seventh-day Baptists, and the need of higher ideals and larger consecration. That the truth found a place in the hearts of the people, was shown by their faces while I spoke, and by many words of cheer at the close of the service. One could not doubt but that many felt deeply the importance of rising into higher and stronger spiritual life, and greater activity in denominational work.

On the evening after the Sabbath the Young People's Society took charge of the service; those of our own church and many others were out in force. I urged that all Seventh-day Baptists ought to be reformers by virtue of their faith in the Bible and righteousness. I counselled them to stand firm on the Sabbath-truth, even though the general indifference might smile at what the world calls the folly of having a conscience on so small a matter. Temperance reform and moral reform in politics were urged, while the comparatively new, but important Social Purity Reform was discussed at greater length. I sought to awaken all to the magnitude of the reforms which we of this century must pass to the twentieth century unfinished. The intense interest in this session gave assurance that the young people were moved to higher ideals and greater effort.

The afternoon of First-day was given up to a Conference and an address on "Ways and Means," especially upon the value of systematic methods in raising money for the Lord's work. The Secretary urged that the church adopt such methods and that the money so raised be divided equally between the Tract and Missionary Societies, and that we should exalt the idea of denominational work rather than society work; should spell denomination with a capital D.

The closing service on First-day evening, was, in some respects, the culminating one. Large numbers of First-day people, business men, and others, were present to listen to "Sabbath Reform as Related to the Issues yet Unsettled Between Protestants and Roman Catholics." For a full hour this audience gave close attention while the speaker showed that the fundamental differences between Roman Catholics and Protestants center around the question as to whether the church, Roman Catholic, is the supreme authority in religious matters, or whether the Bible is the final standard. It was easy to show that on the question of the Sabbath, Protestants have not carried out their theories; and that the challenge lately issued by Roman Catholics, that "Sunday-keeping is Non-Protestant," has introduced a new factor in the coming discussion of Sabbath reform. The audience seemed to see new light, and greater meaning in the fact that there is a fundamental and irreconcilable difference between the two systems of Christian faith and practice.

Tracts were eagerly taken, at the evening sessions, and it was evident that new hopes and determinations were awakened in the church by the services. A group of earnest workers gathered at the station the next day to bid the Secretary "God speed," and to urge another visit at an early day.

Missions.

By O. U. WHITFORD, Cor. Secretary, Westerly, R. I.

THE next regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society will be held Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1897. The blank reports have been sent out to the workers on the various fields, and if any one should fail to receive his blank please notify the Secretary, and another will be sent. We hope to have full written reports besides these blanks filled out.

It is a time of gifts. There is one great gift for all. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In that gift is salvation full and free. Who will refuse this best gift of God to men? Only he who is supremely unwise. May we all give unto him our best, our hearts, our lives, our service, our means, and wholly consecrate to him our entire selves and our substance.

ENANGELIST SAUNDERS writes: That Hammond is on fire as never before; we think at least fifty are seeking Christ. Our men's meeting at 3:30 P. M. had at least 125 present, and the women's meeting as many. They were remarkable meetings. Women have one each day and men none until Sunday. God is wonderfully blessing us. Thank the Lord. Seventh-day Baptist stock is high in Hammond, above any other church. Pastor Lewis is a grand good worker and is loved by all.

SOME of the small struggling churches are doing grandly. They are lifting as some of the larger churches do not lift, or even dream of doing. The Marlboro church (N. J.) where the late New Jersey Yearly Meeting was held, has a membership of about seventy-five. They are supporting a pastor, keep up the regular prayer meetings, have a fine Sabbath-school, a wide-awake Endeavor Society, and have lately purchased a house and lot for a parsonage and have enlarged it and fitted it up for the pastor. Pastor, who is doing good work and is much beloved by his people, is a carpenter as well as a preacher has done much in getting the parsonage ready for use. The Marlboro church is worthy of much commendation for her active, self-sustaining work. There are other small churches doing likewise and are getting the blessing.

BRO. T. J. VANHORN writes from Crab Orchard, Ill.: The Lord is giving us a great victory here considering all the obstacles which have met us since the work began. The meetings have grown in interest and power since the beginning, five weeks ago, and last night it was almost unanimously voted to continue. Eight have found Christ since we began—three women, one young girl and four young men, two of them notable sinners. One of them who has come is the father of the young lady who joined us a few months ago, and who so bitterly opposed her, and was so bitter toward us when we came here. It is wonderful to see him now an earnest worker, thoroughly devoted to us and the work. Among these converts is the father and mother of the young lad who two years ago joined the church and has been a consistent Sabbath-keeper since. It will be a hard struggle for these people to accept the Sabbath,

every one of whom believe in it from present knowledge, as I think. I would like for you to make this a matter of special prayer that this little church may be strengthened by the addition of these. We are praising God for what we are enjoying here.

THE students who sat under the instruction and influence of President W. C. Kenyon, well remember how prompt he was. We can almost see him now running up the walk to be on time to chapel or class. We used to say, "Time and tide and President Kenyon wait for no man." How the years fly by! Most of his old students have passed the meridian of life, their heads are blossoming with the grey of age. Every New Year makes us thoughtful. In childhood the years went slowly, but in mature age and in the rush and whirl of busy life how rapidly the years pass by. A year seems but a few months. If we shall experience the second childhood which comes to great old age how slow the years will go again. Every year bears us nearer and nearer to eternity. It matters not as to how many are our years, but what is our life.

"We live in deeds not years,
In thoughts not breaths,
In feelings not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart throbs,
He lives most who thinks most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best."

THE following communication and appeal was sent by Bro. Reines to some friends to present, if they thought best, to the late Conference; but they thought that if presented it would be referred to the Missionary Society, so it was then withheld but read before the Missionary Board at their last regular meeting. The Board recognizes in Bro. Reines a conscientious, earnest, devoted, and self-sacrificing Christian, who wishes to do all within his power to bring Israel to Jesus Christ. The Board sympathizes with him in his desire, and wishes he might do the work for which he is fitting himself, but it is powerless to give him any financial encouragement or aid. It was the mind of the Board that the communication be put before our people, on the Missionary page, and if any should feel it their duty to aid Bro. Reines in his desired work they will help a worthy man and a worthy cause. Hope all the readers of the RECORDER will read this communication.

SEC.

To the Brethren and Sisters of the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination:

It is with deep interest that I present this appeal to you through the Missionary page of the RECORDER.

Eight years have already passed since I entered the blessed threshold of Christianity, accepting Christ as my Saviour, and nearly as long a time I have been longing to proclaim the tidings to my fellowmen and especially to my race, the Jewish people. I have reason to be thankful for the little I have been able to do so far, under trials and difficulties I was placed in during those eight years. Those people, abroad and in this country as well, who have learned to know me can testify that I tried to work in the vineyard of our Master to the best of my ability and ruling circumstances, though in a quiet but earnest and zealous way. For many years I studied the methods and ways of missionary work in general, and that of Jewish mission work especially. I came to the conclusion that the method adopted by Bro. Lucky and my late Bro. Landow, and executed by their faithful work, is the most hopeful and in accordance with Scriptures. This, I hope, is well known to a good many of our Seventh-day Baptist people. I have farther learned to know that medical mission work is not only the best and most successful among the heathen nations, but also among the Jewish people. To this our missionaries in China, and those who are acquainted with the medical mission work in Palestine and England, among the Jews, will bear me witness. It is well known to

some members of our Missionary Board, and especially to Bro. Dr. Main, that I have been desiring for years to accomplish myself in the science of medicine in order to combine the healing of the soul and body, being well aware of its great usefulness in missions. Now, thanks to our Heavenly Father, that my desire is on the way of becoming fulfilled. I expect to graduate as Doctor of Medicine in the spring of 1897. During the summer I was appointed as a clinical assistant in one of the hospitals in the city of Baltimore, which affords me ample opportunity for practical experience. So far I have struggled to carry myself through without any outside aid whatever. I hope I may be able to continue so in the next eight months, until my graduation. As a matter of course I would like to enter the Medical Mission field as soon as I graduate, but here the question arises: First, the ways and means, then the location. As to the labor I thought that some state in the European Continent, as Galicia or Romania, or better Palestine in Asia Minor might be the most suitable place for the purpose, owing to the fact that medical aid is not within easy reach, as it is here in American cities, and thus by far most necessary and mostly appreciated, as a consequence of which the physician has much influence. As to the question of ways and means, I thought there is no other and better way than to appeal to our Seventh-day Baptists, as a denomination, whose creeds are more thoroughly Scriptural than of any other denomination I know of, and of which I enjoy the privilege of being a member in one of its churches. I know very well that our Seventh-day Baptist people are very much interested in good works, and a good many of them are especially interested in Jewish missions. I know what they have done already, and I hope they will do what they can if opportunity for good and noble work offers itself.

Some might perhaps say that it would not be reasonable to again take up Jewish mission work because it did not prove to be as successful as they possibly expected, and some might say that we have already enough on hand, at home, China and Holland, and there are no means to take up a new field. Well, to that effect I will explain in the following lines the reasons of my appeal, and this may serve as a reply to the above objections one might perhaps raise:

1. I fully believe that Jewish mission has just as much right to demand its share from the Seventh-day Baptists as any other line of mission work. If one would only look over the history and statistics of missionary enterprise and compare the amount of men employed and money expended for Jewish work by these different denominations, he will very soon find out that the Seventh-day Baptist denomination was comparatively more successful than any existing society carrying on Jewish mission work. Backsiders you will find everywhere, even among Christian churches. I am glad to say that I know of many, here and abroad, who are faithful believers in Christ, who are the fruit of the seed sown by the agencies of the Seventh-day Baptists in the Jewish mission field. In our own family there are four active believers, two here in America and two in Europe.

2. The expense that my work would involve will be comparatively small. It will be about three or four hundred dollars per year. This expense, let me say, will not only include my own work but also that of Bro. Lucky's, for it is my intention to join him, so that we could work together in our different lines. I wish to be by Bro. Lucky's side especially for the very reason that both of us together could accomplish more and better work than we could if we worked separately; then I feel it my duty to take all possible care of said brother in his present enfeebled condition. In this way I hope he might be able to work yet many a year for the advancement of the good cause. He is at present working under great difficulties and want, and I believe our Seventh-day Baptist brethren ought to do something for him. But knowing that he will not accept any position under any special society, whatever, I feel it my duty to take care of him. This is another reason why I appeal to you. Thus I wish this communication to be put before the brethren and sisters of our denomination in order to acquaint them with my appeal, and I hope there are many who will take notice of it and give it due consideration and express their ideas about it. If the Missionary Board cannot take up now the proposed field of work with an expense of three or four hundred dollars, perhaps there are some persons among our people who would contribute to this medical mission work of so much a year, so that we may have some good basis to rest upon, and start in our work as soon as we shall be ready.

Wishing you all the blessings from above, and hoping my appeal may be given due consideration, I beg to remain,

Yours in Christ,

J. CH. REINES.

370 FORREST ST., Baltimore, Md.

Woman's Work.

By Mrs. R. T. ROGERS, Waterville, Maine.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY EVA ROSE YORK.

If only we keep close to Jesus,
The burdens too heavy to bear
Grow lighter because of the sharing;
There's even a sweetness in care.
The future, unlighted and pathless,
A high way of splendor is seen,
And over the present there lingers
A trace of the past's golden sheen.
And the year that to-morrow
Will usher in,
Shall be one free from sorrow,
And free from sin.

If only we keep close to Jesus,
The song of the universe sounds
In majors triumphant and joyful;
Life's ladder hath golden rounds.
The little ones echo the music.
And long for the far away years;
The aged recount us their gladness,
Nor whisper of fast-falling tears.
And the year that to-morrow
Will usher in,
Shall be one free from sorrow,
And free from sin.

If only we keep close to Jesus,
We are strong in the battle of life;
We are happy in rest or in struggle;
We are peaceful in quiet or strife.
Oh, to keep, always keep, close to Jesus!
'Tis the prayer of my being to-night,
And the answer that comes in the gloaming
Is filling my spirit with light.
And the year that to-morrow
Will usher in,
Shall be one free from sorrow,
And free from sin.

—From Tidings.

"THE swift years are slipping away." And what is the record they are making for us? Leaving the things which are behind, let us begin the year 1897 with an effort to profit from our past mistakes and failures, with an earnest longing to be nearer God, and with a purpose to meet the daily obligations of life with loving hearts and with gratitude to our heavenly Father, that he is willing to give us another opportunity to serve him.

THE past cannot be recalled—only the future lies before us. Can we say with the Psalmist, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Are we ready to be searched? Where are we to-day? Have we learned life's lessons of trust, patience, humility? Have we been weak where we might have been "strong in the Lord"? Have we remembered the promise of a supply of grace sufficient for our needs?

THE "unconscious influence" which each of us has continually exercised over those with whom we associate has been of the same nature as our own lives. Let us begin anew to live—abiding in Christ, bearing fruit, losing sight of ourselves in efforts to please him, and taking him for an example who "went about doing good," who lived only for others—for you and for me; for there is nothing which enlarges people like work done for others, without expectation of reward. If we are his witnesses, if we study his Word, if we accept the responsibilities he has given us to bear, our record for 1897 will be nobler, purer, higher, than ever before.

DR. CUYLER says: "The secret of happy days is not in our outward circumstances, but in our heart life. A large draught of Bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the soul's windows to the precious promises of the Master, a few words of fervent prayer, a deed or two of kindness to the first

person you meet, will brighten your countenance, and make your feet "like hind's feet" for the day's march. If you want to get your aches and your trials out of sight, bury them under your mercies. Begin every day with God, and then, keeping step with your Master, march on toward home over the roughest road, or in face of the hardest winds that blow. Live for Jesus by the day and on every day until you come where "the Lamb is the light thereof," "and there is no night there."

THE NEW YEAR.

Dear Sisters:—Another year with its blessings and duties, its joys and sorrows, its mistakes and "well dones," is numbered with the past. The new year with its possibilities and opportunities is again opened before us. What shall its record be? Never before has there been a stronger call for earnest workers than now. The little seed planted on the rocky shore of Rhode Island has grown and spread. To-day the responsibilities of those who stand for God's truth, the Sabbath of Jehovah are greater than ever before. Sabbath reform is an open question. We, the women, must bear our part and ever be loyal to our belief. The Board is desirous of extending its ability to help the various calls of the denomination; this can be done only by each woman feeling it to be a personal matter, and freely bring their gifts to the altar; gifts of time, talents, and means consecrated to the Master's use. We are told that every one that was willing-hearted came with their gift, and the wise-hearted brought the work of their hands. The same call comes to the women of to-day. We are scattered from Main to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; by working together it will tend to unite us in a warmer, sisterly sympathy. Little white-winged messengers will seek the lone ones, receive them kindly and please listen to their message, and be one with us. Perhaps there are societies that have at one time been active, but for some reason have lost interest. Not the new year call you to take up the service again? All are needed and all need the help that comes from the bond of union.

In memory of the many true-hearted, faithful ones who have gone before, and have left the work in our care, let us be up and doing. We are told that the people brought much, more than enough for the service of the work; Moses commanded them to bring no more. What rejoicing there would be if it were so now. What happy faces the various Boards would carry, how the work would be advanced. Will each one do her part? May each have a happy and profitable new year, is the wish of your sister and co-worker,

ANNA C. RANDOLPH.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

FACING THE NEW YEAR.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

Mrs. Ayre woke on New Year's Day with a groan. It was a dark, drizzling morning. She had neuralgia in her right eye. Baby had screamed with colic half the night. Her husband had not given her a word of sympathy or kindness, though she knew he was awake. He had been moody and ill-tempered for days. Jane, the girl of all work, had given warning the night before. Worst of all, Robert, her eldest son, had not come home until midnight. He had fallen in with some idle fellows of late, and it was, she thought,

owing to his companionship that his standing at college was so low.

She went down stairs, her soul feebly staggering under this burden of woes, and opened the windows.

"In my affliction I called unto the Lord," she repeated, looking into the murky sky.

Suddenly a gust of sense and courage swept through her like a fresh wind. Afflicted? Why, God was behind all these petty worries, just as the sun was back of this drenching rain. Had she no faith at all? Was she to go with a whine and lamentation to meet the new year? God was in it, also.

She stiffened herself, body and soul. With the tears still on her cheeks, and the choking in her throat, she began to sing a gay little catch of which she was fond, and ran to her room again to put on a fresh collar and a pretty cravat. She had twenty things to do before breakfast, but she sang on while she was about them. It was a foolish little song, yet, out of it, a singular courage and life stole into her heart.

"With prayer and thanksgiving—and thanksgiving—make known your requests unto God," she remembered. She passed through the kitchen, stopping to wish Jane a Happy New Year, with a joke. The wish and the song and the joke fell into Jane's Irish heart like a blazing rocket into a dark place.

She chuckled as she stirred the potatoes. The work at the Ayres' wasn't so heavy after all, and herself had a pleasant way with her, and there was the presents now and then. In two months she would have enough past her to send for her sister, an'—an' it's likely Tim Flaherty would be crossin' about that time.

Jane brought in the breakfast with red cheeks and a broad smile. There was no more talk of warning from her.

Mr. Ayre, lying awake in bed, was tempted to wish the morning would never dawn. He was a close-mouthed, undemonstrative man, who shut his troubles down out of sight. But the weight of them just now was more than he could bear. Things were going wrong at the works; every day he discovered mistakes and petty frauds. He was growing old; he was behind the times. Younger manufacturers were supplanting him in the market. Sharper eyes than his were needed to watch the men and the books. As far as his business was concerned, he was in a miserable blind alley, from which he saw no exit.

But the hurt which was sorest was no matter of business. Robert was low in his Greek class, and still lower in Latin. He was growing reckless, running with low companions. What he had hoped from that boy! For himself he had no ambition—but for Robert! He was to be a great lawyer like his grandfather. But here he was going to the dogs—at nineteen!

For days Mr. Ayre had borne his misery in grim, ill-humored silence. But now in his stern despair he felt he had been silent too long. He would speak in a way which Robert would remember to his dying day. He got up, resolving, as he pulled on his boots, that the boy should either turn over a new leaf that day, or leave the house.

"If he is set on going to ruin, it shall not be under my roof! I'll not palter with him!" he thought, his jaws set and pale. "I'll disown him."

Just then a cheery song rang through the house. It was the very spirit of good sense

and courage. Poor Hetty! She had been sick all night, and worried with that crying child, and there she was facing the new year with a song! "And I behaved like a brute to her," thought Mr. Ayre.

He was very fond of his wife. As he stood shaving himself he listened to her song, and his lips trembled a little. Hetty used to sing Rob to sleep with that ditty when he was a baby. What a big fellow he was! Big in every way. There never was anything mean or sneaking about Rob—a headlong, affectionate, foolish lad.

He listened as he branished the razor, holding counsel with himself in the glass. There could be no doubt that Hetty had twice his courage to face disaster. It was her faith perhaps. As he laid down the razor, he nodded to himself, almost with a smile. "I reckon I was too hard on the boy. I'll give him another chance."

He heard Rob's step on the stairs, and opened the door, waiting.

Rob had wakened with an aching head. Defeat at school, the foul talk of his last night's comrades, his first drink of whisky, all tore at the poor boy's brain. He rose sullen, and ready for fight. His father and mother would both attack him, no doubt. He was tired of lecturing. He would cut loose, and earn his own bread like a free man.

Just then his mother's voice reached his ears. It was full of tenderness and cheerful hope. It was that old song she used to be always singing. He listened with a forced scowl. But presently his face softened. Things insensibly began to look brighter. It was impossible that life had reached so terrible a crisis. There was the savory smell of breakfast coming up, and the children laughing, and his mother singing gayly. He came down the stairs with a sudden throbbing at his heart.

Could he go back, and begin all over again? He had been an innocent boy a year ago. If father would only hear reason for a minute—

His father looked out of his door.

"Rob, my son," he called pleasantly.

"Yes, dad," the boy answered, stopping eagerly.

"Come in; I want to have a minute's talk with you. You were out late last night. You are often out late."

"Yes, father, I've been in bad company. I know it. I'm ashamed of myself."

"Your mother does not give you up," said Mr. Ayre, irritably. "She has faith in you. I don't see how she can begin the new year with a song. Between you, and the trouble at the works, I feel as if my reason was going."

"What is wrong at the works?" said Rob, anxiously. "Sit down, father! Don't give me up. Have a little faith in me. With God's help I'll start afresh. Don't give me up."

Mr. Ayre looked sharply into the boy's face. It was honest; it bore the mark of no bad passion. Perhaps he had not understood Rob—perhaps he had made some mistake in managing him.

"Why do you waste your time, and my money, Robert? You are doing no good in you studies"—

"Father," said Rob, boldly, "I'll tell you the truth. I hate books. I never shall be a scholar. Let me go to work. Put me in the factory to learn the business. That is what I

have wanted all my life. I don't care how hard the work is"—

Mr. Ayre's countenance changed as if a cloud had vanished and the whole face of the earth had lightened. Here was the answer to the riddle! Of course the boy was meant for business! Cool, shrewd, honest, wide-awake. Why had he been so blind?

"We must talk it over, Robert. We must talk it over."

His voice fairly trembled with excitement. He shut the door.

Mr. Ayre was called half a dozen times in vain to breakfast. He came at last with Robert. The two men had bright, pleased faces.

"Well, mother!" cried Mr. Ayre, "Rob and I have a grand scheme. He is to be my right hand man in the works. Confidential clerk until he learns the business, and then junior partner. What do you say to that? I declare I feel as if a mountain had been lifted from my back!"

Rob was standing behind his mother. He pulled back her head and kissed her. She said nothing, but the happy tears rained down her cheeks.

"I'm going to begin all over again," he whispered.

"Thank God! I knew it would all come right."

"Breakfast, breakfast!" cried Mr. Ayre, setting to work vigorously, while the children drummed on their platters. But Rob stood by his mother, gently stroking her hand.

"Dear old mammy!" he said, "that was a good song of yours this morning!"

"Yes, Hetty," said her husband. "Your voice is as sweet as ever. But your heart seemed to be singing to-day, and to good purpose."—*Congregationalist*.

WATER BAPTISM.

BY REV. H. HULL.

Who are the proper subjects for baptism? Those who are truly born again. See Acts 10: 47. "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" Notice, they had received the Holy Ghost before baptism. "And the Eunuch said, see, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." Acts 8: 36, 37. "And he brought them out, and said, sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." Acts 16: 30-33. As there is probably no difference among us as to who are proper subjects for baptism, we pass to the next point, namely, into whom, or what, are we baptized? Upon this point there is a great difference of opinion, and some of the best Bible scholars differ. I am aware that my position differs radically from that of some of my brethren.

This is a Biblical question and can only be settled by the Bible. If the position I take is untenable will some brother give chapter and verse to prove it so? I only desire the truth. Are we baptized into Christ or into the church? We can best determine this by considering the symbol of water baptism. In the Bible the unregenerate is reckoned as a dead man. See Gen. 2: 17. "But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest

thereof thou shalt surely die." See also 2 Cor. 5: 14. "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead." "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." Eph. 2: 1. I suppose there will be no question about the sinner being reckoned as a dead man, so we pass to the next thought.

What do you do with a dead man? You bury him and then he is raised to a new life. This is exactly the figure, or symbol of water baptism. See Rom. 6: 3. "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." Also 1 Cor. 12: 13. "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have all been made to drink into one Spirit." Acts 19: 5. "When they heard this they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus." This passage should be translated "into the name of the Lord Jesus." I suppose no one will question but that all are baptized into the name of the Lord Jesus.

Now let us look at what water baptism symbolizes. Turn to Rom. 6: 5. "For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection. Notice, we are planted together. In baptism we go under the water; and while under the water we are, to all intents and purposes, dead to the world. When we are raised out of the water we are raised to a *new life*. This symbolized a death, a burial and a resurrection into a new life in Christ Jesus. It seems to me that nothing can be clearer than that the symbol teaches that we are all baptized into Christ with all that such baptism brings with it. As to baptizing into the church I can find no passage stating it. When we are in Christ we are in the head of the church, not by virtue of our baptism, but by virtue of our previous conversion, and then we are in the *universal church*. See John 15. "I am the vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit." Notice, that "branch" is in the singular number. If we baptize into the church. I ask what church? Is it Mormon, Roman Catholic, Mohammedan or some Protestant church? You see at once that cannot be true. All admit that the church is not pure. Now let a clean piece of white paper represent a Christian and a muddy pool of water the church. Dip the paper into the pool. How is it now? It has suffered by the operation; but you dip it into a pool of perfectly clear water which may represent Christ. Does it suffer then?

Now, how do churches originate? A few Christians, seeing that the Bible commanded that the seventh day be observed as the Sabbath began to obey the command. They drew others, and a church was formed emphasizing this truth ignored by others. In like manner other churches have been formed. There is one in Chicago built upon the doc-

trine of divine healing, and thus it will be until the end.

How do we receive members into our churches? By vote of the church. How do we get them out? If they were baptized into the local church analogy would demand that to get them out of the church they must be baptized out.

Now to the question of the Lord's supper, Who may partake? I do not consider it necessary to multiply words to determine who are fit subjects to partake of the Lord's Supper. I suppose it includes those who have been born again. Peter said, "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized who have received the Holy Ghost as well as we." Some will say, Baptists may sit at Baptist tables, Methodists at Methodist tables, but my understanding is that there is but one table, and that is the Lord's. In the act of partaking of the Lord's Supper we show forth our faith in him until he come.

The Supper is disciplinary only to the individual. "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh condemnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body."

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.

MUSINGS OF A NEW YEAR'S EVE.*

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever."

"Slow goes the time

The while the fresh dew-sprinkled hill we climb,
Thinking of what shall be the other side;
Slow pass, perchance, the moments we abide
On the gained summit, blinking at the sun:
But when the downward journey is begun,
No more our feet may loiter—past our ears
Shrieks the harsh wind, scarce noted 'mid our fears,
And battling with the hostile things we meet,
'Till, ere we know it, our weak, shrinking feet
Have brought us to the end, and all is done."

This passage of Holy Writ, and this strain of William Morris, the melodious singer, each upon a minor key, have been in turn repeating themselves in my mind, while the ticking of the clock has beat a sort of rhythmic time, as seated here in my study I have marked the rapid passage of the moments that soon shall bring the year 1871 to its close. The year, with its pictures of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, with its hopes fulfilled or disappointed, its longings gratified or still unmet, with all its satisfactions and its failures, is about to take its departure and leave us forever. Steadily has day been added to day, and week to week; Sabbaths completing and binding together the weekly circles with their golden clasp of heavenly benedictions, have come and gone; month has crowded upon month, and season pressed upon season, until, almost ere we know it, another annual revolution is completed, and we start again upon our yearly journey. But what has been the record of the days that have hurried by? What image and what superscription have they wrought upon our characters? With what desires have our hearts been made to glow, our souls to burn? Have the impressions which truth from time to time has been making upon our hearts been only momentary, forgotten in the whirl of pleasure and the press of care, that the weeks have brought? Have the spiritual forces that have been brought to bear upon us only made their momentary ripple upon our lives, like the stone dropped upon the water, to be lost at once in the depths into which it sinks, and be felt no more? Are there no voices of

the past that come floating in upon us, mingling with the requiem of the dying year, to sound in our hearts their lesson of mortality and immortality, of change, and loss, and gain; that generations come and go like shadows moving over a summer field, while the earth abideth; that life is short, and death is sure, and the heaven beyond is open, and that, too, abideth? But the open door—who can tell how soon shall swing its golden hinges, how soon shall slide the everlasting bolt, and the door no longer open to faith, and penitence, and prayer?

The earth abideth. Its age, who can tell? How span with measurement the abysmal depths before the world was fitted up for man, after it was framed by the word of God, so that the things which are seen were not made of the things which do appear? How date that sublime anterior creation, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? It has evidently seen mighty changes, and some of these have left their self-recorded history. Oceans have shifted beds, withdrawing their waves from lands over which they swept, as bannered armies are withdrawn from the field of death, to pour their floods over newly subjected fields. Islands and continents have sunk beneath the wave, or have reared themselves above the waste of waters, to constitute a world for life and man. Configuration and climates, too, have changed, and lands where tree and plant luxuriated in summer bloom have yielded to Arctic night and Arctic snows and silence. Fires have burst forth from the rending earth, and far and wide poured forth their lava floods until exhausted, and the cooling mass went down at length in the earthquake's shock. Fire and wind and wave and frost, tireless agents of change, have been ever at work through the ages, forming and disrupting; but the earth itself abideth. How insignificant in comparison seems the earthly life of man, with its fleeting measure of threescore and ten, or with its average duration of thirty years? But how grand in comparison appears the life of man, when we remember that, having once begun, it is to continue amid all changes, whether they sweep over the earth like a hurricane, or be silently and almost imperceptibly impressed upon it for ages; yea, that it is to endure though the heavens be rolled together like a scroll, and the elements should melt with fervent heat, and the earth itself should be dissolved, abiding no longer. One generation cometh and another generation goeth, and the earth changeth, and the earth decayeth; yet the soul endureth, as God himself endures.

Throughout the year, life has been coming, passing, going. The birth-wail and the dying groan have blended together their mournful tones, alike mysterious. A vast procession has moved onward to the tomb. I who write, and many who read these lines, rejoice that our own home circles are yet unbroken. And yet, all through our land, and all over earth, death has been busy as ever. Regularly has he swung his remorseless scythe, and thousands on thousands have bowed to earth. The death-rattle has been heard no less frequently than before. Graves have opened just as readily, and hearts have grieved as heavily, as though the year had not left our homes untouched by the shadow, which quickly comes, but does not depart.

The work goes on continually. We eat, we sleep, we study, we work, we sport; but death never sleeps, is never idle. As on yonder shore, wave after wave comes rolling up the strand, to rear itself aloft a moment, and then to break, and then retire, while the sea remaineth, so generations of men come and go, while the earth abideth. Life follows life upon the shore of time, for a little while is visible, performs its little part, and then, by the mighty under-current, is withdrawn again into the unknown sea from which it came. Thus ever as the years move on. Millions now people earth, but how many, many times have millions like them died, as the earth has changed its inhabitants! From lands of darkness, where no ray of gospel light has shone, how many generations have passed away, and the earth itself taken no note of their departure! And what of them? Nothing. They, as we, are in the hands of God. He doeth all things well, and will do what is right by them, and with them, and for them, as for us. One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh. As annually the leaves fall to the ground, so yearly, and scarcely less innumerable, do men fall, losing their hold on life, fading like the leaf, and borne by the wind away. And still the work goes on. And we must go. We linger yet, we float above the surface, but more swiftly flows the stream, and we cannot abide. We leave our work, our gains, to those who follow after us, for whom we toil, but who shall soon forget us, and in their turn leave their work and gains to them by whom they shall themselves be soon forgotten. A few years more, and all who read these lines will have lived their lives, and laid them down. For a time, we shall be to those who follow us, a memory occasionally thought of, then only a name, and then nothing—to the living as though we had not been. Westerly will, doubtless, prosper, when all who walk its streets to-night, or in its lighted homes rejoice or grieve, are gone. The homes new-built, that greet the eye on every street, grown old, unsightly, relics of another day, will give place to others of then modern style, when we are gone. Westerly, growing from year to year, and more compactly built, will spread itself up and down these hill-sides, when we are gone. The Pawcatuck will still roll its waves along by shores of wintry nakedness or summer green to the sea, whose waves will still come thundering on the shore, when we are gone. Like the heavy, booming roar of the surf, now distinctly heard for the first time to-night, though it has been sounding all the while, if I had but listened for it, is the undertone of death, often unheard, yet sounding ever amid all the joys of life, and in hours like this born to the listening ear with awful distinctness. Well might it be for us if we should oftener listen, not to receive its sound as the knell of hopes or joys, but as the inspiration to earnestness, to love, and faithfulness, remembering that while the earth abideth, though it cannot be our abiding place, the land to which we pass remaineth also, and entering there we go no more out forever.

G. E. T.

WESTERLY, R. I., Dec. 31, 1871.

PARENTS should constantly bear in mind that they are imparting lessons to their children, and making impressions upon their hearts, which are to be ever present with them, and which are to become a part of their mental and moral being.—*The Exponent*.

* Written by the late Rev. Geo. E. Tomlinson for the *Narragansett Weekly* of December 31, 1871.

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.,

C. E.—Country Evangelization.

We hear and read a good deal about city missions and evangelical work in the slums; and there is no doubt that much needed work is being done along those lines. But how about the county districts? How about the boys and girls who live miles and miles from any church? Perhaps there is a Sunday-school held during the summer months in the school-house, perhaps not. We all believe, judging from the past, that the future of our nation depends upon the country people. I believe that more effort should be given to the evangelization of the rural portion of the country, to work in school-houses, and in the homes on the farm.

S. D. B.—Systematic Donations Best.

When Dr. Lewis was at Milton he said more than once that he was instructed by the Tract Board to *urge* the churches and individuals to adopt the "five cent plan" of giving for the Missionary and for Sabbath Reform works. Just think! Five cents a week from the Sabbath-keepers of our own denomination would amount to — how much do you suppose? You will be surprised when you make the calculation. You know that it is a good plan. Why not adopt it at once, and then live up to it? And while you are giving perhaps you can pay the five cents of one, or of a dozen others, who are quite unable to give anything at all.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

We are in the closing days of a gracious out-pouring of the Holy Spirit at Hammond, La., not simply among our own people, but it has reached some at least in six of the churches of town, and I doubt if there is a person living here who has not felt its power. At present writing we know of seventy who have been forward for prayers. Our church, where the meetings have been held, is about the size of the Milton church, and for the past two weeks has been well filled, at night. On Sunday nights many have been turned away, after crowding in (our janitor thinks) six hundred people. The First Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational churches have united with us in this work and omitted Sunday and Sunday night services to unite in this union work. Sunday afternoon our men's meeting was attended by at least one hundred and twenty-five men and boys. The women's meeting was also well attended. Plans for next Sunday are the same as for last week. It was expected the meetings would close last Tuesday night, but a full house expressed their wish for them to continue. Many desiring their continuance were not Christians. This week besides the women's prayer-meeting, held daily, we have had a twenty-minute noon-day meeting of the children and young people of the school. I think more than two hundred attend these meetings. Hammond need not be ashamed of its school, its teachers, or its pupils. More than a hundred cards pledging to lead a Christian life, have been taken to sign, some returned. A great change has come to this community since the work started. I pray that it may be lasting. Notwithstanding hard times and a bad time of year for raising funds, they are doing well in this line, also. Continue to pray for us.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

HAMMOND, La.

HOW CAN WE BEST SERVE CHRIST AND THE CHURCH?*

BY MRS. J. G. MILLER.

Friends, we are trying to show you to-day (on this anniversary) what, with God's help and yours, we have done and what we hope to do in the future.

The Endeavor Society differs from other young peoples societies, in regard to its pledge and consecration meeting, which elements, we believe, have given vigor and strength to the whole movement. Practical experience has proved that the societies which ignore these ideas of religious obligations and devotion, soon lose their power, and that the best and most successful societies are those which have raised their standard highest.

If we wish our Endeavor work to advance, we must first make advance in our own spiritual life. If we could only realize the work we could and would accomplish, both financially and spiritually if we (that means each individual member) would only live up to our profession. Results which even the angels might view wonderingly would follow this year's work, should each of us put on the whole armor of God, and watch unto prayer. "When duty calls or danger, Be never wanting there."

You have heard our last year's report, and our number of members. We hope to add at least one new member every month in the year, which really seems very easily done. It surely will not take more than five or six of our members to persuade *one* of their friends to join us in this good work; but there is one thing we do *not* want, and that is, that any of our new members should give the same reason for joining that the old farmer did. He was asked why he joined a certain church, and he said: he went there one day, and he heard them saying that they'd left undone the things they'd oughter have done, and done the things they oughter not have done, and he said to himself, "that's just my fix," so he had considered himself a member there ever since. Has our summer vacation, our last year's work, and our Conference, given us nothing to help us in the coming year? Are we not more eager for work, more humble in patient submission to Christ's will, in denying ourselves, and following him in caring for his own? Has not the goodness of God, during the year, made us more consecrated and more ready and anxious to fulfil the vows we have already made? If not, God forgive us.

One of our largest fields of work is the church, and its several branches, and the more we help the church, the more we help the society.

First, we should reconsecrate *ourselves*, by secret prayer and reading God's Word. We should manifest more genuine sympathy for our superintendent, our pastor, our teachers and, in fact all our school. Those of us who can possibly find time (even if we by so doing are called upon to deny ourselves some pleasure) should hunt up our absent members, visit our sick, and invite our indifferent ones to meet with us, and see if they do not think they could be induced to become members with us.

Then we could every one of us study our lessons more faithfully, so if we are not teach-

ers, we can at any time help our superintendent by filling the place of an absent teacher. We would soon see a revival among us, and one likely to *last*, if we could see every member of the church in his or her pew at every Sabbath morning service, and attending the prayer-meeting, as certainly as the pastor could be relied upon to be in the pulpit. It seems to me the kind we need now is a revival of interest in, and prayer for attendance upon, all the services of the church.

Then could we not as Endeavorers be more temperate? Yes, more temperate! In what we *say, do, and where we go*, as well as in what we eat and drink. And as an Endeavor Society of Plainfield have we not pledged ourselves to do what no other society here has pledged? Do we bear that in mind as we ought?

"Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the Seventh-day is the Sabbath of the Lord our God."

When the all-wise Creator's work was done
With the sixth day: The starry heavens unfolding
And the fair earth with joyous life begun,
He saw that all was good! Then on the seventh with-
holding
His hand divine from work, he thenceforth blest
The seventh day to be a day of rest.

Oh! Christian men and women, work and pray!
With brave, unflinching ranks the danger facing,
Hold for us and our children this dear day
'Gainst infidel pollution and disgracing!
Strike for the day by your Creator blest,—
The laborer's solace—sweetest day of rest!

Then let this consecrated day remain!
Our holiest, sweetest memories 'round it gather,
That warm the Christian's heart and help maintain
Its spiritual union with our heavenly Father!
A day of peace and joy, with healing blest—
Type of the endless, heavenly day of rest!

—R. G. Pike.

If only our little heaven could spread until it leaven the whole! "It never can," you say? Let's try.

You think it is not much to be a church usher; well, it means a great deal if you are late, and there is a stranger waiting to be seated.

Not much to be on the Flower Committee? Well, look at the flowers to-day, and think how it would look if there were none, and think how happy sick members are made when flowers are sent from the society, telling them we are thinking and praying for them here.

Neither can we forget the inspiration for *higher living*, that our members who have reached home have left us; but God's promises are with us, if they are not, and he will wipe away the tears from our eyes, and we shall see him face to face, and his name shall be written on our foreheads, if we are workers together with him.

There is one branch of our work which I have not mentioned, and not because it was unimportant, but because I cannot say enough about it or its leaders. It is the Junior Society; the idea of training the children for work in God's field and to more than fill our places, is work for a community at least, and it cannot be done without *hard work* and God's help. We have for the Superintendent of that department the one chosen when the Juniors were organized; one whom we all love, and one of the ablest members of our Society. Mrs. Maxson is more than interested in her work and is the children's friend in word and deed; may God bless and keep her with us many years. The birds leave us in the winter, but the children, thank God, are ever with us, and we as Seniors should teach them by our lives what is

meant by living the Golden Rule, as given by Christ, the great teacher; it is doing to others as we would have others do to us. No one can follow this rule without being made happier and receiving a blessing, for "in the keeping of this law there is great reward."

Whittier writes:

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it.

Let us remember, the Juniors are watching us, and that they will know as well and soon as we ourselves, if we are keeping the pledge as we ought.

Jesus leaves his disciples in this world after they are saved, that they may save others. Pulpits are not the only places of service that need to be filled. The humblest soldier's part is just as important in its place as that of the commander. It is just so in the church. The one talent may not shine as brightly before men as the five talents, yet it is just as essential. The church wants besides ministers and teachers, "Angels of mercy;" it wants the whole congregation large and small that will exhibit the love of God in kindly courtesy, that is a real means of grace and full of loving sympathy for the erring.

It wants a score of Andrews and Philips who, having found Christ, hasten to bring others. The Christian's work is never done. There is not one to-day that cannot do something for Christ, and what we can do we ought to do. If we all would remember it is not always *what* we do that is wrong, but what we leave *undone* that often causes us the saddest moments of our lives, we would do differently at many times. We would earnestly pray that our Christian Endeavor Society may become a mighty arm of the church; and if any one can cause it to strike harder or to do its work better, that one will be its best friend.

May the services of this day teach us some lessons for our daily life. First to do all for God; let it interpret for us the words of the apostle, "Whether ye eat or drink, or what ye do, do all to the glory of God; let it help teach us the meaning of our stewardship, thus ennobling and sanctifying our lives. "So let our lips and lives express the holy Gospel we profess."

OUR MIRROR.

The Christian Endeavorers at Hornellsville are very enthusiastic over the proposed new church. We have now about twenty active members, and they are, indeed, *active*; each one seeming to take such a lively interest in all the work. We think it pays to have a definite object in view.

The lot for the church has been purchased, and many plans are on foot for raising more money to carry on the work. One is, to make a quilt, on which the names of all who give or send ten cents will be embroidered. The quilt, when finished, will be presented to Pastor Kelly.

If any friends would like their names on the quilt, they may send name and money to the treasurer, Stanley C. Stillman, 27 Lincoln Street, Hornellsville, N. Y.

INQUISITIVE people are the funnels of conversation. They do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.—*Sir R. Steele.*

Children's Page.

"PAPA, ROSIE AND ME."

We didn't have much of a Christmas,
My papa and Rosie and me,
For manna'd gone out to the prison
To trim up the poor pris'ner's tree;
And Ethel, my big grown-up sister,
Was down at the 'sylum all day,
To help at the great turkey dinner
And teach games for the orphans to play.
She belongs to a club of young ladies
With a "beautiful objick," they say,
'Tis to go among poor, lonesome children
And make their sad hearts more gay.

And auntie, you don't know my auntie?
She's my own papa's half-sister Kate,
She was 'bliged to be round at the chapel
'Till 'twas—O sometimes dreadfully late,
For she pities the poor, worn-out curate—
His burdens, she says, are so great,
So she 'ranges the flowers and the music
And he goes home round by our gate.
I should think this way must be the longest,
But then, I suppose, he knows best.
Aunt Kate says he intones most splendid;
And his name is Vane Algenon West.

My papa had bought a big turkey
And had it sent home Christmas Eve;
But there wasn't a soul here to cook it,
You see Bridget had threatened to leave
If she couldn't go off with her cousin
(He doesn't look like her one bit),
She says she belongs to a "union"
And the union won't let her "submit."
So we ate bread and milk for our dinner,
And some raisins and candy, and then
Rose and me went downstairs to the pantry
To look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out riding—
Then he thought that he didn't quite dare,
For Rosie'd got cold and kept coughing;
There was dampness and chills in the air.
O the day was so long and so lonesome!
And our papa was lonesome as we:
And the parlor was dreary—no sunshine,
And all the sweet roses—the tea
And the red ones—and ferns and carnations
That have made our bay window so bright
Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison
To make their bad hearts pure and white.

And we all sat up close to the window,
Rose and me on our papa's two knees,
And we counted the dear little birdies
That were hopping about on the trees.
Rosie wanted to be a brown sparrow,
But I thought I would rather by far
Be a robin that flies away winters
Where the sunshine and gay blossoms are.
And papa wished he was a jail bird.
'Cause he thought that they fared the best:
But we all were real glad we weren't turkeys,
For then we'd been killed with the rest.

That night I put into my prayers—
'Dear God, we've been lonesome to-day,
For mamma, Aunt, Ethel and Bridget
Every one of them all went away;
Won't you please make a club or society,
'Fore it's time for next Christmas to be,
To take care of philantropist's families,
Like papa and Rosie and me?'—
And I think that my papa's grown pious,
For he listened as still as a mouse
Till I got to amen, then he said it
So it sounded all over the house.

—*Julia Wolcott.*

WHEN TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

"How old must I be, mother, how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered, "How old must you be, darling, before you love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now, and I always shall," and she kissed her mother; "but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother made answer with another question: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered and kissed her mother again; "but tell me what I want to know," and she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms about her neck.

The mother asked again, "How old will you have to be before you do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant, "I can now, without growing any older."

Then the mother said: "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be older. All you have to do is to love, and trust, and try to please the One who says, 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child answered "yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in prayer she gave to Christ her little one, who wanted to be his.—*Ram's Horn.*

WHOSE PLACE WILL YOU TAKE?

You are looking for a place. You may make a place for yourself. By some invention or enterprise or wise management you may originate some work which no one ever did before, and so have a place which is all your own. But in most cases boys as they grow up take the places which other men occupied, and do work which other men have done. It is quite important, therefore, for boys to consider what places they will take when they grow up.

"I read," says one writer "of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said, 'I am tired of my house and grounds: come and take care of them, and I will give them to you.' Then came an honored judge, and said, 'I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day. I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work.' Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled old Tommy, and said, 'I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave! I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets.'"

Every boy should prepare himself for the place he is to fill. The boy who is studious, honest, and true, is fitting for a good place. The boy who runs the streets nights, who lies and swears, smokes cigarettes, drinks beer, and keeps bad company—what kind of a place will he fill?—*The Little Christian.*

AN INCIDENT.

An exchange relates this touching incident: "A boy lay down under a tree to rest. His feet were bruised and sore, his clothes were in rags, his face was pinched with hunger and old-looking. He fell asleep with his bare feet upon the curb-stone while his hat fell from his head and rolled on the sidewalk. An old man with a saw on his arm crossed the street to rest under the same tree. He glanced at the boy and read the story of his life. He, too, knew what it was to shiver and be hungry.

He took from his pocket a piece of bread and meat, the dinner he had meant to eat if he had found work, and laid it beside the lad. Then he walked quietly away. Some persons had seen him do this, and their hearts were touched by it. A man walked across the street and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread. A woman came and brought a hat in the place of the old one. A child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy brought a coat and vest. Others stopped and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece. Something curious had happened. The kindness of a poor old man had unlocked the hearts of a score of people. The boy awoke. He saw the bread, the money, and the people waiting to see what he would do. Why, he sat down and sobbed like a grieved child, for he had just found that some one loved him. What can you do to show some poor and suffering one that you love him?—*Biblical Recorder.*

Home News.

Rhode Island.

FIRST WESTERLY.—Since the resignation of Rev. A. E. Main, Rev. O. U. Whitford has preached for us a few times, and the remainder of the time we have had no preaching service. Two prayer meetings a week, however, are steadily maintained, with a good interest, and the house is open Sabbath-days for Bible-school, with Dea. G. L. Collins as superintendent. He has served us long and faithfully in that capacity and is well liked by old and young. An excellent meeting was enjoyed last Sunday evening, Dec. 13, about sixty being present. The meeting was led by a young man, who, with his family, were brought to Christ through the labors of Rev. J. L. Huffman. Carpers at evangelistic work ought to have heard the testimony of this young man, and of many others who have remained true to their profession, and who spoke with grateful feelings of the evangelist whose labors had been so blessed to them. At Quonoctaug, where Mr. E. B. Saunders labored with such marked success, they are also without a pastor, but manage to get a supply nearly every week. We need an earnest, consecrated man, with whom the young people can fall into line and be trained for efficient Christian work. He would find here a small but live church, ready to rally to his support in the work. We wish he were here now, as the revival fire is ready to burst into flame again at the touch of a leader. While you pray for larger fields, do not forget this little "hamlet by the sea," which is in so great need of an under shepherd to lead and feed its flock.

M. A. L.

New York.

BROOKFIELD.—Thinking that the readers of the RECORDER would be glad to hear something from "Old Brookfield," I have decided to write a few items of news, although unauthorized. Upon returning from Conference, Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, in order that he might attend Union Theological Seminary and better fit himself for the work to which the Lord has called him, resigned the pastorate of our church, which resignation was accepted to take effect October 1. Since that time he has been supplying the New York City church, and we have been without a pastor, the pulpit being supplied from Sabbath to Sabbath by the Pulpit Committee. Thus far they have been able to get very able men for supplies. Rev. H. B. Lewis, whose home is here, has preached several times; Rev. W. C. Byer, of the Free Baptist church of Unadilla Forks, several times; Dr. A. P. Brigham, of Colgate University, once, Rev. Clayton A. Burdick once, and Rev. J. A. Platts once. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor takes charge of the services one Sabbath in each month. Miss Susie M. Burdick spoke to us October 10 on our "China Mission work," and November 21 Rev. W. C. Byer preached on "Purpose." It was a very good sermon and well adapted to the young. The rest of the exercises each Sabbath were rendered by the young people.

The Sabbath evening prayer-meetings are conducted by leaders selected by the Prayer-meeting Committee. The meetings have been very interesting and are well attended, there usually being from thirty-five to forty present. Many who felt weak are being strengthened by helping to shoulder the responsibility and

bear the burdens which had formerly been left entirely to the pastor. In the prayer-meeting the evening of November 27 Dr. Lewis and his work were made a subject of special prayer. Susie Burdick and her work have also been prayed for in our meetings. The people, both old and young, have shown great interest in the work of our China mission since Miss Burdick's visit among us.

At the regular church meeting December 5, the church extended a unanimous call to Eld. Burdick to again accept the pastorate of the church for the year beginning April 1.

A number of our young people are away this winter attending school or teaching. We miss the help of these in our Sabbath-school and prayer-meetings very much.

The people of Brookfield are rejoicing in the recent announcement of the Regents that they have seen fit to rank Brookfield Union School and Academy as a high school. I quote the following, in regard to the change, from the Brookfield Courier:

"The Regents have recorded the school on their register under the grade of high school as a result of the report of the Regents and the annual report of the inspector of that body. A requisite for this advance step for the school was the full four years' academic course inaugurated a few years since, also the extensive library and full supply of apparatus. The excellent work done in the school within the year past completed its eligibility for the promotion. R.

DECEMBER 15, 1896.

Illinois.

FARINA.—A letter from Mrs. J. L. Huffman, dated Dec. 23, but received too late for mention on Editorial Page, expresses the hope that another crisis in Brother Huffman's disease is passed, and that he will soon be able to leave his bed. She expresses for them both great appreciation for the sympathy and prayers, in their behalf, coming from their many friends. The letter further says that his present disease is not of the kidneys, since whatever trouble he had from that source was successfully treated and subdued by Dr. Tomlinson while they were in Plainfield. Now it is from the stomach, and the blood is seriously depleted, wanting thirty-five per cent of the red corpuscles. The friends will be glad to learn that the condition seems more favorable for his recovery.

Wisconsin.

MILTON JUNCTION.—It has been some time since our church has been heard from in the Home News Department. It has not been for lack of news or want of interest, only we left it for the pastor to do, as we do too many other things. But our pastor is a very modest and a very busy man. Probably that is one reason why he does not write. He was certainly busy last night in his effort to entertain about one hundred of his parishioners at the parsonage. It was a surprise social for the pastor and wife. The same evening our young folks surprised sister Ella Frink, at her father's, Bro. Dun Frink. The younger folks attended a high school social, and the Good Templars held their weekly social at Miss Minnie Richardson's. The affairs of the church in all of its lines of work are moving forward. Our prayer meetings are very largely attended, and gaining in interest. The same can be said of the C. E. Junior meetings. Nearly all of our young people are active members of the church, which is ample proof

that our pastor is a busy man and is giving excellent satisfaction. Last Sunday, at 2 P. M., occurred our annual church meeting, about 50 members being present. Dea. Frank Wells was elected Moderator; O. G. Crandall, Clerk; Dr. Albert Maxson, Treasurer. E. D. Coon, Finance Committee; Prof. Charles Crandall, Chorister. A deficiency of \$50 on pastor's salary was raised at the meeting in a few minutes.

Dea. L. Allen and Mrs. C. T. Frink were called to Farina, Ill., Tuesday on account of the serious illness of Rev. J. L. Huffman. C. B. Hull, of Chicago, was here Sunday and Monday overseeing the setting of a new engine at the factory of the Hull M'fg Co. Mrs. M. R. Coon is at Welton, Iowa, for a few weeks, visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Wade Loofboro. Mr. Wade Loofboro has taken M. R. Coon's farm and will move here in the spring. The C. E. will give a Musical and Literary entertainment Sabbath evening, the 19, which will take the place of Christmas doings. D. D. L. Burdick, of Scott, N. Y., is spending the winter here with his brother, Geo. Burdick. He has also four sisters here. A week of sunshine with the thermometer ranging from 20 to 30° above at sunrise. ***

DEC. 13, 1896.

Colorado.

BOULDER.—"Days, months, years, circle away." What are we doing as time thus speeds on? Politically, Colorado voted strongly for Mr. Bryan. There was much talk but no more serious results among neighbors and citizens than are usual in a warm political campaign. Those who favored Mr. McKinley were at liberty to express themselves in their own prudent way. The defeated majority accept the situation with the usual good-will toward the victors. A proper submission to law and the majority vote is the only way peace can be maintained. In the heat of a political campaign it seems as though God was left out of the question by the great mass of political actors and talkers. God gave the victory to the revolutionary fathers. He has miraculously preserved and prospered the nation. He will continue to do thus if only Christians will act their part as Christians. When the nation's flag was displayed so largely on Sabbath before election to arouse patriotic feeling, many Christians felt condemned that a day of prayer had not been called to invoke the guidance of God in selecting the chief magistrate of the nation. We trust that four years hence this suggestion will be acted upon by our own denomination at least.

Financially, this portion of Colorado has probably felt the depression of business as little as any part of our country. The mountains and mines have yielded their full share as usual. Mining for the precious metals is comparatively in its infancy. This industry is steadily increasing. Just now, here in Boulder, the foundation is being laid for a new mill to reduce gold-bearing ore. The plant is to cost \$150,000. The process is known as the chlorination process. It takes a certain class of ore, pulverizes it and puts it into vats with a chemical liquid which dissolves the gold. The liquid is then drawn and the gold precipitated. There are other mills here, which simply crush the ore to a certain degree of fineness and then ship it to one of the Denver smelters. The valley has also done its share to supply the bodily needs. The cereals, grasses and fruits have grown in

abundance. This year something new was learned about fruit here. Six years ago a Boulder man seeing the German prune in Oregon brought home one or two hundred trees. He was ridiculed so that he only set a few of the trees on his own place. But the trees were all set. Last year they began to bear. This year they gave such an abundant and profitable crop as to attract much attention. Not many years will now elapse before Boulder will add prunes to its already good list of fruits for shipment.

Religiously, we work along as a city with more or less earnestness and encouragement. The city is noted for its educational interests. And perhaps quite as much for its morals and religion. Yet we do have the ever cursing saloon. The \$1,000 license rises right up in the way on city election day, and the liquor is ruinously in the way every day in the year. This year the religious people were greatly imposed upon for a month or two by a hypocritical evangelist. Talk, tent, piano, etc., bespoke real earnestness on the part of the (un) "converted infidel." At a session of our "Minister's Union" we concluded that our own well-approved denominational evangelists would do much more good than those who come unapproved by any special body, and want to take in the whole city. True there are a few such evangelists as Mr. Moody and B. Fay Mills in whom all can confide and unite to work under. But it will be some time before the Christian workers of this city will accept another evangelistic tramp. As matter of course, the great event in our own church was the coming and preaching of our own brother minister, Dr. A. H. Lewis. He did exceedingly well for us in every way except in staying so short a time. But this matter will be treated at greater length another time.

The last week in November the thermometer sank to 9° below zero. This, according to the standard record, is the coldest in November for several years. This month of December has given us many fine, genial days. Our latitude is 40. The same as the boundary line between Nebraska and Kansas. The mountains shelter us and we have a much pleasanter winter than in the same latitude where the broad open prairie stretches off in every direction.

S. R. WHEELER.

DECEMBER, 17, 1896.

Montana.

COMO.—Feeling assured that a word or two in the RECORDER will be interesting to many who are anxious to know if the Seventh-day Baptists of Montana are loyal to the Lord, and whether they stand firm for the truth, I write for the Home News department. Sabbath, Dec. 5, we all met at the home of Brother James Tabor; eleven Sabbath-keepers were present. Brother James Tabor was chosen for Sabbath-school superintendent; Mrs. John Logan, secretary. We then proceeded to the study of the Sabbath-school lesson. After Sabbath-school we had music on the organ by Miss Dora Tabor, and singing by Orland Tabor, which we all enjoyed. Brother and Sister Tabor, and their two daughters Dora and May, and their son Orland, all came to the Seventh-day Baptists from the First-day Baptist. Brother Tabor was deacon of the First-day Baptist church at Darby, Montana, and Dora was the Clerk of the same church. When true and loyal Baptists inves-

tigate the Bible in regard to the Sabbath, and find recorded in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, that the Lord kept the Seventh-day and taught others to keep it, (Luke 4: 16, Matt. 5: 19); and that the apostles kept the Seventh-day, (Acts 17: 2, 18: 4), and that the first day of the week is never called the Sabbath by Christ or the apostles, they will respond to the beautiful words of Joseph Stennett:

"Jesus I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee."

And being true Christians like the noble Bereans, they will say "We may respect all the traditions of men, but we will obey the teachings and follow the example of Christ and the apostles. We will be true and loyal Baptists." I have learned that Rev. George Seeley, now of Berlin, N. Y., was formerly a resident of Woodstock, N. B., Canada, also that Brother James Tabor was a resident of Woodstock, N. B., and that Rev. George Seeley was the pastor of the church at Woodstock, of which Bro. Tabor was a member and deacon of the same church. Now Bro. Seeley, we all want to hear from you, soon, in the SABBATH RECORDER. We want to know why you are now a Seventh-day Baptist.

W. C. F.

DEC. 6, 1896.

PROGRESS OF THE DAVIS HISTORY AND GENEALOGY.

BY T. C. DAVIS.

We have received many letters of information, and are able to correctly record many families, giving the principal dates in connection with their history, and showing their line of descent from our native country, Wales. We also have many names of which this cannot be said. In very many instances correspondents have neglected to give post-office address of persons mentioned, and perhaps place of birth and date, or date of marriage.

The work will include three and perhaps four separate and distinct lines which, according to present indications cannot be traced to a common origin. This work is intended to include every Davis who has descended from Seventh-day Baptist ancestry, together with the daughters and the names of their children. There are still several hundred Davises of the present generation, whose names we have been unable to secure. Will you please write to us giving such information as you can on the following points:

1. Your full name, place of birth and date.
 2. If married, to whom, and date, and date of companion's birth.
 3. Names of your children, and date of birth, and if married, to whom, etc.
 4. Give date of all deaths and place of burial of adults.
 5. Your father's name, place of birth and date, to whom married, and date, and date of wife's birth.
 6. The names of your father's children, their present address, and all the particulars you can about each.
 7. The names of your father's brothers and sisters and the address of a descendent of each.
 8. Your grandfather's name, date, etc., also address of descendents, and names of your grandfather's brothers.
 9. If you can trace your ancestry further, do so, giving all the particulars possible.
- Please do not delay, but write at once, giving such information as you have at hand, then again as you receive additional information.

817 WALKER ST., Des Moines, Iowa.

Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1897.

FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 2.	Christ's Ascension.....	Acts 1: 1-14
Jan. 9.	The Holy Spirit Given.....	Acts 2: 1-13
Jan. 16.	A Multitude Converted.....	Acts 2: 32-47
Jan. 23.	The Lame Man Healed.....	Acts 3: 1-16
Jan. 30.	The Boldness of Peter and John.....	Acts 4: 1-14
Feb. 6.	True and False Giving.....	Acts 4: 32-37, 5: 1-11
Feb. 13.	The Prison Opened.....	Acts 5: 17-32
Feb. 20.	The First Christian Martyr.....	Acts 6: 8-15, 7: 54-60
Feb. 27.	The Disciples Dispersed.....	Acts 8: 1-17
Mar. 6.	The Ethiopian Convert.....	Acts 8: 26-40
Mar. 13.	The Persecutor Converted.....	Acts 9: 1-12, 17-20
Mar. 20.	Christian Self-restraint.....	1 Cor. 9: 19-27
Mar. 27.	Review.....	

LESSON II.—THE HOLY SPIRIT GIVEN.

For Sabbath-day, Jan. 9, 1897.

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 2: 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—They were all filled with the Holy Ghost. Acts 2: 4.

INTRODUCTION.

Ten days elapse between the lesson of last week and this. But one especial act is recorded. Peter discoursed unto them upon the fall of Judas and the advisability of electing one in his place, proposing a method of procedure. The thing seemed good to them and by lot they chose Matthias, electing him to obscurity, for no mention is ever made of him again. It was man's choice unauthorized by God, hence of no value. Yet these were days of great import, full of prayer, meditation and consultation, all preparatory to the reception of God's Spirit when he came.

NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

I. Conditions of Power. 1.

1. *Day of Pentecost.* Meaning fiftieth, the fiftieth day from the second day of the feast of unleavened bread, called in the Old Testament the *feast of weeks* and the *feast of harvest*. Lying between the feast of the Passover and the feast of the Tabernacles, it came at a time when great multitudes were in Jerusalem. "From a census taken in the time of Nero, more than 2,700,000 were gathered at the Passover and still greater numbers came to Pentecost."—*Peloubet*. *Fully come*, Lit., was being fulfilled, God's time had come, his plan worked out. *All*. There were no schisms among them. *One place*. Doubtless the same upper room.

II. Power given. 2-4.

2. *Suddenly*. Just as everything comes. *As . . . wind*. It is not said that there was any wind, but a *sound from heaven* like the rushing of a mighty wind. The wind is often used in Scripture as a symbol of the Spirit. See John 3: 3-8. In fact the one word for wind and Spirit are the same in the Greek. *Sitting*, waiting.

3. *Cloven tongues*. Tongues distributing themselves among the disciples. Not that each tongue was cloven as an ox's hoof. *As of fire*. Not actual fire, but like it. *It sat*. Notice the singular verb. One tongue to each person; and it sat, remained with its recipient.

4. *Filled*. Every one was thoroughly permeated with a new power, of thought and speech.

III. (a) Results of Power on the Disciples. 4.

4. *Other tongues*. "Strictly different from their native tongues, and also different tongues spoken by the different apostles."—*Vincent*. *Gave*. Lit., kept giving. Mark 16: 17; Acts 10: 46, 19: 6.

(b) Results of Power on the Multitudes. 5-13.

5. *Jews . . . out of every nation under heaven*. Hyperbole, as we use "from every part of the world."—*Cambridge Bible*. Jews who had come up from the feast.

6. *When this was noised abroad*. Lit., this sound having taken place. Not a rumor passing from mouth to mouth, but the actual sound, either of the rushing as of wind or the sound of the voices in talking. *Confounded*. A reign of confusion. *His own language*. Lit., dialect.

7. *Amazed and marvelled*. "The former word denotes the first overwhelming surprise; the latter, the continuing wonder."—*Vincent*. *Galileans*. All the eleven were from Galilee and spoke naturally only their native Aramaean with a little Hebrew and Greek."—*Peloubet*.

8. *Wherein we were born*. Language spoken from childhood, and in many cases probably the only one spoken.

9, 10, 11. This classification quite thoroughly covers the nationalities and languages of the then-called civilized world, in some instances including several dialects of a language. *Works of God*. The story was the same, the "Old, old story of Jesus and his love."

12. *In doubt*. Perplexed. They had no doubt of the reality of what they heard and saw, but knew not what to make of it.

13. *Others*. Hostile to the story of Jesus, not curious. *Mocking*. Jesting. "Making fun of." *New wine*. Sweet wine, more intoxicating than the ordinary diluted sour wine."—*Peloubet*.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

What We Know of Mars.

Monsignor Giovanni Virginio Schiaparelli, a director in the observatory at Milan, Italy, published his investigations in meteorology, also the topography of the planet Mars, and made a map of the same, on which he delineated two wonderful marks or lines, reaching several thousand miles, which he supposed to be canals, either artificial or natural, as they were supposed to connect two large bodies of water. This map was made, I think, about the year 1880.

Prof. Asaph Hall, of the National Observatory at Washington, from the year 1887 to 1890, gave considerable attention to this planet, and made several important discoveries. He saw the canals, as they were called by Schiaparelli. We think they could not have been constructed by civil engineers, because of their great width, which must be several miles, and also their great length, reaching into thousands of miles, and because there are two of them parallel, comparatively near each other, connecting the same bodies of water. One canal, we should think, would answer all purposes, since the diameter of Mars is less in distance than New York is from San Francisco.

Prof. Hall discovered that Mars had two satellites, or moons; one of them rises in the west and sets in the east, and revolves in less than eight hours; the other revolves in thirty hours, as though it did not care either to rise or set. Why such strange actions between these two sisters? Lately there have been added two more little sister moons; one revolves in ten hours, the other in twenty-four and a half. We are not prepared to further delineate their actions.

There are several conditions that we know exist on Mars, that incline us to believe it is inhabited. First, it has seasons of spring, summer, fall and winter, as we have, only each of their seasons is nearly twice the length of ours. Another is, they have an atmosphere, evidently like ours, as clouds can plainly be seen floating in it. The crust of Mars is evidently about the same density as ours; the inclination of its equator to its orbit is about the same as ours.

The distance of Mars from the sun at its perihelion is 141,500,000 miles, while we are 93,500,000, therefore its distance from us is 48,000,000, only about half the distance to the sun. The eccentricity of its orbit is very much greater than that of the earth. The surface of the planet appears to be about equally divided between land and water, as has been carefully mapped. I tip the scales at 164 pounds, but on Mars the scales tip at 61 pounds, 8 ounces; *i. e.*, if Sir Isaac Newton's law of gravitation is correct. The record shows me four score and four years; but on Mars, two score and four.

Prof. Lowell, of Boston, is now at Flagstaff, Arizona, for the purpose of observing Mars, and as we are very much interested in news coming from that quarter, we shall carefully scrutinize the telegrams.

To Find Meridian Line.

Suppose yourself to be so located that it becomes impracticable to obtain correct time, any nearer than when the sun is on the meridian, and to call that 12 o'clock, and not having any instrument to aid in determining

that point. Take a piece of pasteboard, say twelve inches long, and four inches wide, also a smooth board six inches wide and two feet or more in length. Make a slit in one end of the board, and insert the end of the cardboard; this will improvise a hand-made "sun dial."

Place the board in such position that the shadow will show on the right hand side, as you stand facing the sun; watch the shadow disappearing, and at the moment it finally changes over to left side, then it indicates 12 o'clock. Set your timepiece at that moment. But your time may be running too fast or too slow; we now tell you how to correct that, as the above method is too variable for correcting minutes and seconds. In the evening choose a south window, from which a fixed point, such as a tree, chimney, or side of a building may be seen. To one side of the window attach a piece of cardboard, having a small hole in it, in such a manner as will bring a fixed star in range, and that will pass behind the chimney, building, or tree. Watch the star through the hole and note the moment it passes out of sight. The next night watch the same star, and it will vanish out of sight just three minutes and fifty-six seconds sooner. If the timepiece is faster or slower than the indication of the star, (3 min. 56 sec.) it has gained or lost the indicated difference. You want to be sure you do not mistake a planet for a star; to distinguish, a fixed star twinkles, because it is a sun, and shines of its own light, while a planet shines steady, because it gives a reflected light.

QUESTIONS AND QUERIES.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

In your issue of Dec. 14, 1896, Bro. L. C. Randolph, of Chicago, raises some questions and queries that seem worthy of attention. He says, "What is to be done with the church members who leave the Sabbath, or become unfaithful in some other way to their Christian vows? Some one reported yesterday that one of our old Western churches had lost about one hundred members, all told, by defection from the Sabbath. These are sad figures to face. Is there any thing we have done that we ought not to do, or have we left undone anything that we should have done?" His questions and queries ought to stir the whole denomination. For some reasons many are dropping out of our churches, some from one cause and some from another. Possibly our pastors have neglected visiting the members as they used to do by way of encouragement. Possibly they neglect to tell the people that it is a sin to break the Sabbath. They may preach on the subject of the Sabbath from time to time. They have no trouble to prove from the Bible that the seventh day is the Bible Sabbath; but they fail to induce them to keep it "holy unto the Lord," and to show them that to neglect to do it is a sin against God, as much as it would be to serve other gods, or violate any other command of the Decalogue. It is a question whether one-half of the young people of the denomination ever think of it in that light, and even some preachers themselves are rather loose in their practices, as if it were not of any great importance how the day is spent if they only acknowledge it to be the Sabbath. If the command means anything it means much. If you hear a man taking the name of God in vain, don't you think his soul is in danger? Would you not think he ought to

be disciplined, or restrained? If so, would you not think it worthy of notice if your brother neglect his covenant vows and went fishing or hunting, or pleasure riding on the Sabbath-day? I was once talking with a church member about Sabbath looseness, who said, "I guess Seventh-day Baptists keep their Sabbath as well as the Sunday people do theirs." This is about as high an ideal as many professed Sabbath-keepers have of Sabbath-observance. They measure themselves by themselves or by others. They stay with Sabbath-keepers for a convenience, as club men stay in clubs or in secret societies. Possibly some churches have come to conform so much to the customs of other churches that the true Sabbath does not add much to their religious character. They seem to think that there is not enough importance attached to the question to require them to undergo any special inconvenience in order to be a Sabbath-keeper, and that there is no special excellence in the character of Seventh-day Baptists to make them a peculiar people, save in the name. Many questions and queries thus arise that church leaders might inquire into, and try to change the wrong views and practices and in that way save many a member to the denomination. Possibly many things that ought to have been done have been left undone; and many things suffered or done that should not have been done.

ONE INTERESTED.

Special Notices.

PLEASE look at page 38 of the new Conference Minutes, and see whether it means anything for you.

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, *Treas.*

ALFRED, N. Y.

THE Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N. Y., will meet the last Sabbath in each month 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 First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. L. C. Randolph 6126 Ingleside Ave.

ALFRED WILLIAMS, *Church Clerk.*

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

M. B. KELLY, *Pastor.*

THE Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist church holds regular Sabbath services in the Welsh Baptist chapel, Eldon St., London, E. C., a few steps from the Broad St. Station. Services at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Pastor, the Rev. William C. Daland; address, 1, Maryland Road, Wood Green, London, N., England. Sabbath-keepers and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

THE Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services each Sabbath at 10.30 A. M., in the Boys' Room of the Y. M. C. A. building, Twenty-third Street, near Fourth Avenue. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend the services. Pastor's address, 987 Lexington Avenue.

CLAYTON A. BURDICK, *Pastor.*

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family Pills are the best.

MARRIAGES.

LEEDLE—SINDERSON.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, in Walworth, Wis., Dec. 16, 1896, by Rev. S. L. Maxson, John Leedle and Elizabeth Sinder-son, both of Chemung, Ill.

DEATHS.

SHORT obituary notices are inserted free of charge. Notices exceeding twenty lines will be charged at the rate of ten cents per line for each line in excess of twenty.

ALLEN.—In Westerly, R. I., Dec. 11, 1896, Mrs. Mary Allen, widow of the late Samuel Allen, in the 90th year of her age.

Sister Allen became a member of the First Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist church Nov. 16, 1822, and served Christ in this membership over 74 years. "Like a shock of corn fully ripe," she has been gathered into the Master's garner.

G. J. C.

DAVIS.—At New Dennison, Ill., Dec. 8, 1897, Mary H. Davis, (Renfro) in the 68th year of her age.

She was sick but a few days but seemed prepared to meet death. She joined the Christian church when quite young. Three sons and one daughter mourn her loss. The funeral services were conducted in the Ensminger Cemetery by J. G. Burdick and T. J. Van Horn.

T. J. V.

MAXSON.—In Erie, Kan., Nov. 19, 1896, Amelia B., wife of J. Sheffield Maxson, aged 61 years, 2 months, and 13 days.

The deceased had been, for many years, a patient sufferer from asthma, aggravated by frequent attacks of pneumonia. The remains were conveyed to Parsons, the place of their former residence, and placed by the side of her two daughters, in Oak Wood Cemetery. She leaves a husband, one son and three daughters to mourn.

J. S. M.

PROSSER.—In Ashaway, R. I., Dec. 12, 1896, Mrs. Susan Maxson Prosser, widow of the late Franklin Prosser, in the 77th year of her age.

Sister Prosser was baptized and united with the First Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist church Aug. 16, 1834, and for over 62 years she has been a faithful Christian witness of the truths of the religion of Jesus Christ. Her life was sweet, gentle and beautiful, constantly recommending the grace of God to those enjoying her acquaintance.

G. J. C.

WRIGHT.—At Nile, N. Y., December 21, 1896, Benjamin L. Wright, in the 75th year of his age.

Mr. Wright was the son of William and Elizabeth Wright, and was born at New Windsor, Orange County, N. Y., November 18, 1822. On September 11, 1852, he was married to Mary R. Lanphere, who survives him. Mr. and Mrs. Wright had one child, Frank M., who died in his young manhood, twelve years ago. For nearly six years Mr. Wright has been almost entirely helpless from paralysis. This sickness has brought him from a condition of open defiance of God to one of simple trust and resignation.

G. B. S.

SAUNDERS.—In Milton, Wis., Dec. 2, 1896, Lottie Davy Saunders, wife of Haldane C. Saunders, aged 33 years, 6 months and 10 days.

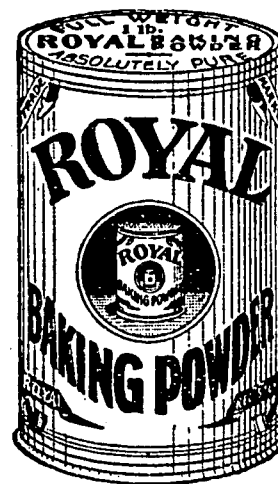
Mrs. Saunders was a native of Canada, but came to Wisconsin in infancy. At the age of 21 years she was married to Mr. Saunders, and to them was born one daughter and one son, the latter of whom died about three years ago. They moved to Iowa three or four years since, but health failing she returned to Milton in October last, in the vain hope of finding medical help. In childhood she became a Christian, uniting with the Methodist church. On her marriage, she took a letter intending to join the Seventh-day Baptist church, but for some reason had never done so. A large circle of relatives and friends mourn with the bereaved husband and daughter.

L. A. P.

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GREENE.—Sarah Lucretia Marsh was born in Northern New York, Nov. 11, 1811, and died in Linn, Wis., Nov. 20, 1896.

About 1853 she married Mr. George Greene, at Geneva, Wis. Her residence since her marriage has been in Wisconsin with the exception of a few years passed in Iowa. Although never having united with any church, she was a believer in the plan of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, and with a full consciousness of the nearness of her departure, was ready and anxious to go. Funeral services, conducted by the writer, were held at the Cobble Stone School-house.

S. L. M.

THE LESSON OF A MOTHER.

"You see how it is, my dear," he said, taking her soft hand which had never done very hard work, and patting it reassuringly, "I'm poor—only a thousand a year, dear—and we shall have a struggle to get along at first"—

"I don't mind that in the least," she interrupted, stoutly, rubbing her cheek softly against his hand.

"And," he pursued having graciously allowed her interruption, "we shall have to come down to strict economy. But if you only manage as my mother does, we shall pull through nicely."

"How does your mother manage, dear?" she asked, smiling, but not very happy, at the notion of the mother-in-law cropping out already.

"I don't know," replied the lover, radiantly, "but she always manages to have everything neat and cheerful, and something delicious to eat—and she does it all herself, you know! So we always get along beautifully, and make both ends meet, and father and I have plenty of spending money. You see when a woman is hiring her laundry

work done, and her gowns and bonnets made, and her scrubbing and stove-blackening done, and all that sort of thing—why, it just walks into a man's income and takes his breath away."

The young woman looked for a moment as if her breath were also inclined for a vacation; but she wisely concealed her dismay, and being one of the stout-hearted of the earth, she determined to learn a few things of John's mother, so went to her for a long visit the very next day. Upon the termination of this visit, one fine morning, John received, to his blank amazement, a little package containing his engagement ring, accompanied by the following letter:

"I have learned how your mother 'manages,' and I am going to explain it to you, since you have confessed you don't know. I find that she is a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a business manager, a hired girl, a laundress, a seamstress, a mender and patcher, a dairy maid, a cook, a nurse, a kitchen gardener, a general slave for a family of five. She works from five in the morning till ten at night, and I almost wept when I kissed her hand—it was so hard and wrinkled and corded and un-kissed! When I saw her polishing the stoves, carrying big buckets of water, and great armfuls of wood, often splitting the latter, I asked her why John didn't do such things for her. 'Why—John'—she said in a trembling, bewildered way—'he works in the office from nine until four, you know, and when he comes home he is very tired; or else—or else—he goes down town.' Now I have become strongly imbued with the conviction that I do not care to be so good a 'manager' as your mother. If the wife must do all

sorts of drudgery, so must the husband, so if she must cook, he must carry the wood; if she must scrub, he must carry the water; if she must make butter, he must milk the cows. You have allowed your mother to do everything, and all you have to say for her is that she is an 'excellent manager.' I don't care for such a reputation, unless my husband earn the name also. Judging from lack of consideration for your mother, I am quite sure you are not the man I thought you were, or one whom I would care to marry. 'As the son is the husband is,' is a safe and happy rule to follow."

So the letter closed, and John pondered—and he is pondering yet.—Selected.

A Very Popular Calendar.

Few people in these busy days are willing to live without a calendar to mark the passing of time. This fact, no doubt, accounts for the calendars of all kinds, colors, shapes, and sizes which flood the mails at this season. Among them all the one that best suits us is that issued by N. W. AYER & SON, the "Keeping Everlastingly At It" Newspaper Advertising Agents, of Philadelphia. We have just received our new copy and are fixed for 1897. It is not difficult to see why this calendar is so great a favorite. The figures on it are large enough to be read across the room; its handsome appearance makes it worthy of a place in the best furnished office or library, while it is business-like all the way through. The publishers state that the demand for this calendar has always exceeded the supply. This led them years ago to place upon it a nominal price—25 cents, on receipt of which it is sent, postpaid and securely packed, to any address.

THE RIGHT STOCK.

She was small and frail, but sitting a few seats behind her I could not see her face. Soon a handsome, manly young fellow opened the forward door of the car and looked from one to another as though expecting to meet somebody. At once, on seeing the lady I have mentioned, he quickened his steps and a happy look came into his face. On reaching her he bent down and kissed her tenderly, and when he moved nearer to the window he deposited his coat and handbag, seated himself beside her. In the seventy-five mile ride which I took in the same car with them he showed her every attention, and to the end exhibited his devotion by anticipating her smallest need or comfort; and once he put his arm around her in such a lover-like way that I decided they were a newly-married pair enjoying the honeymoon. Imagine my surprise on reaching Chicago to discover her to be old and wrinkled. But when I heard him say, "Come, mother," and saw him proudly lead her out of the cars and gently help her to the platform, banishing her lightest anxiety and bearing her many packages, I knew there was not money nor romance behind the exhibition, but that here was a young man that loved his mother.—Our Dumb Animals.

FOR SALE.

Forty acres of the best of black, rich soil, one mile and three-fourths south of North Loup, for \$12.50 per Acre, perfect title, valued at \$25 per acre in all common times. I am going to sell. It raised 32 bushels of fall wheat and 33 bushels of rye to the acre this year.
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