

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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WHETHER the opportunity is to be permitted us to redeem the hours that we have lost; whether he in whose sight a thousand years are as one day has appointed us to be tried by the continued possession of the strange powers with which he has lately endowed us; or whether the periods of childhood and of probation are to cease together, or the youth of mankind is to be one which shall prevail over death, and bloom forever in the midst of a new heaven and a new earth, are questions with which we have no concern. It is indeed right that we should look for and hasten, so far as in us lies, the coming of the Day of God; but not that we should check any human efforts by anticipations of its approach. We shall hasten it best by endeavoring to work out the tasks that are appointed for us here; and, therefore, reasoning as if the world were to continue under its existing dispensation, and the powers which have just been granted to us were to be continued through myriads of ages.—
John Ruskin.

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PLAINFIELD N J

Sabbath Recorder.

A. H. LEWIS, D. D., - - - - - Editor.
J. P. MOSHER, - - - - - Business Manager.

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Did you attend public worship last Sabbath? What important truth did you learn from sermon, or hymn, or prayer, or interchange of words with friends? Not one? Whose fault was it? Was there not one thing in the sermon worth remembering? Was your soul-inspired to no higher endeavor by any circumstance, or word, or thought, in all that Sabbath service? If not, whose fault was it? Will you lay all the blame on the preacher, or the choir? There was a lesson from the Scripture, was there not? Did that have nothing for you? Did you listen in vain to Psalm, or Gospel, or Prophecy, and find nothing worth treasuring? Was last Sabbath such a desert as that? God forbid! And yet, one could be careless enough, worldly enough, negligent enough to invite such a series of calamities.

CHRISTIANS do best service for Christ, and for men, when they embody most of Christ's teachings and example in their own lives. Those who do not know Christ cannot be aided much, if at all, by theories about him, nor by metaphysical discussions concerning him. But Christ-like love, patience, sacrifice, and service embodied in the humblest human life are easily understood and appreciated. Each Christian ought to be a new expression of the Christ-life to his fellows. To know Christ in actual life is the supreme need of the world. Abstruse creeds are cold and confusing. A Christ-born hand-grasp, in time of trouble, is divinely warm and comforting. Theories about what God might do for men, if he were disposed to remember them, are of little value to souls beset and tempted; but unsought help from loving Christians, given to those who may be forgotten, making them know that they are brothers, in Christ's name, is of priceless value. Men do not care so much what you think about Christ, as what those thoughts prompt you to do.

WAIT! To-morrow will do! Do not so deceive yourself. The duty and opportunity of to-day belong to it alone. Do you remember this from Young's Night Thoughts?

"At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same."

Perhaps Young had the blues over his own failures when he wrote that. But the picture is too familiar in the lives of men whom you know, if not in your own, to be denied. Whatever may be true of your personal experience it will help each one if we remember the following in the presence of every opportunity, and whenever duty calls:

"To-morrow!

It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar!
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it.

Then stay the present instant,
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain;
Oh, let it not elude thy grasp! but, like
The good old patriarch on record,
Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee!"

"Why do so many children die in infancy?"
This is an ever-present question. To many

it is a difficult question. Scientifically, from the physical side, it is not difficult. Undeveloped physical life is weak and easily overthrown. On the spiritual side the case is more difficult because of the pain which blinds parental love. One all-embracing answer is at hand: "They are taken away from the evil to come." But this is not enough. We have come to feel that it is a part of the economy of the universe which aims at the enriching of heaven as well as the development of humanity through the training which comes on earth. Grasp the thought, if you can, of a scene where infancy and childhood abound free from physical weakness or imperfection. Childhood in spiritual existence, with its wealth of love and trustfulness, its joyousness, its eagerness for knowledge and experience, where knowledge is richest and experiences are unendangered by temptation or sin. Work out this thought in your own way. Remember Christ as the lover of children. Let the sorrow of your own loneliness—if your child has been called to heaven—be softened by the joy you know has come to your redeemed babe. He caught something of this larger idea who wrote:

It must be sweet in childhood
To give the spirit back to its Maker,
Before the feet have grown familiar with the paths of sin,
Or sown to garner up its bitter fruits.

However little we can measure the larger compensating economy of the universe, we think it not amiss to say that one reason why so large a part of our race passes from this life under seven years of age is that the life we call heaven may be enriched by pure, loving, trustful, happy, budding infancy and childhood.

THE First Commandment is not pertinent to idol-worshippers alone. It needs to be heeded in these days of temptation to self-service. It is aimed at self-worship. Thou shalt not bow down thyself in worship and service of thine earth-born desires, nor thine earth-bounded purposes. Thou shalt not limit thy plans by the things of this life. Thou shalt neither love nor worship that which maketh not for heaven, and which God blesseth not with immortality. The First Commandment has a message for the man who bears your name, and dwells where you do.

THE sudden, almost dramatic, death of Rev. Dr. C. A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, England, in January last, continues to be the cause of deep regret, and the theme of many lessons. He was a great friend of the United States, and of American Christians. Although suffering from heart disease, and against repeated warnings, he continued to work, and on the day of his death "he delivered a tender and eloquent address at the funeral of his friend and family physician." At the close of his address, he engaged in prayer; he had uttered but few sentences when he fell backward on to the platform, and died instantly. The closing words of his address, a few moments before, were: "Death is but a mockery and a pretense. It is life that triumphs." It was a glorious going home, from the fullness of abundant service. He had an unbounded hold on men, through his service for them. He never spared himself, when the cause of Christ and humanity called him. Less serviceful, he might have lived more years. But he proved his own words. "It is life that triumphs."

WHEN the blizzard heaped the snow about everything, a few days ago, men struggled with it almost in vain. Teams, shovels, scrapers, carts and men, crowded the hours full of supreme effort for days after the storm, and yet only minor movements were possible. A few days of sunshine, and one of rain, followed. God set his forces at work, and now the bicyclist rides where men and horses crept with labored plodding not long ago. How like our experiences in spiritual things. We struggle with doubts, ignorance and fears. They fill our paths, clog our steps and threaten to overwhelm us. The sunshine of God's love breaks through the clouds, divine wisdom lights up the path, the voice of the Holy Spirit calls out of the tangled future, Christ's hand touches us, the path is plain, the storm is passed, rest and peace are at hand. Hindrances vanish when God's forces come to our aid.

RUDYARD KIPLING, the noted and much honored author, has been dangerously ill in New York City during the past ten days. At this writing (March 3) he has improved, and the prospect of his recovery seems well assured. The people of two continents rejoice at this news.—The reigning Pope has been ill, critically, since our last issue. A surgical operation became necessary, and a large cyst was removed from his right thigh. Fears of pneumonia are entertained. Considering his great age, the prospect of this has created no little excitement in Rome. Anxiety and speculation are rife as to his successor.—Desultory fighting has continued around Manila, with no serious or important results. The power of the rebels is waning.—The island of Cebu and other smaller islands have welcomed American occupation.—Germany has withdrawn her war vessels from Manila, and asked our forces to protect German interests. This assures peaceful relations between Germany and the United States.—At Washington, D. C., Wednesday, March 1, 1899, Baron Farrer Herschell, chairman of the Anglo-American Joint High Commissioners from Great Britain, died suddenly at the Shoreham Hotel. The cause of death was supposedly "*angina pectoris*." He was of Jewish descent, and had gained a high standing in social and political circles. He was sixty-three years of age.—The English steamship Labrador, Montreal to Liverpool, was wrecked on the coast of Ireland, March 1; no lives lost.—A case of varioloid at Princeton University, Princeton, N. J., during the week, has created much excitement, and a great home-going of students.—R. B. Molineaux, of Brooklyn, was indicted by the Grand Jury, March 1, for the murder of Mrs. Katherine J. Adams by poisoning. This resulted from the Coroner's inquest. Many sensational developments are likely to be made in connection with the case.—A general advance in the wages of the workmen in iron and steel has been made in Chicago, Harrisburg and Baltimore.—The fate of the Nicaragua Canal bill in the present Congress is still in doubt.—Edison, the Electric Wizard, claims a new discovery in the hardening of steel plates, which will revolutionize manufacture in that direction.—It is feared that the Navy Bill, if passed at all, will be so impaired by amendments in the Senate as to check or stop work on ships now in progress.—Comodore Dewey was made an Admiral on the 2d of March.

WE find full reason to rejoice in the fact that the Army Bill passed the House on March 1, and that it will become law. The most important feature of the law is the destruction of the "Canteen." It forbids all liquor selling on "premises used for military purposes by the United States," which covers not only the army, but also the navy, prohibiting in the latter case by law what Secretary Long had previously forbidden in the less permanent form of an "order." The law is as follows:

SEC. 17. That no officer or private soldier shall be detailed to sell intoxicating drinks as a bartender, or otherwise, in any post, exchange or canteen, nor shall any person be required or allowed to sell such liquors in any encampment or fort, or on any premises used for military purposes by the United States; and the Secretary of War is hereby directed to issue such general order as may be necessary to carry the provisions of this section into full force and effect.

In a personal letter from a pastor in the West, under date of February 26, are earnest words commending Industrial Mission work in Africa, China and the United States. More important still are the expressions of deep conviction that God calls Seventh-day Baptists into larger fields of usefulness in denominational work. The letter closes with these words: "That all may be aroused to a sense of our duty, responsibility and privilege in this matter is my prayer."

MORE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

There is no mystery about how deep and abiding spiritual life and power may be obtained. All life is from God, from Above. It comes to us through communion with Christ, through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, through God's Word, through prayer and meditation. Life is supported, renewed, enlarged through food. The general laws concerning physical life, obtain in all matters connected with spiritual life. Imperfect food, insufficient food, tend to physical weakness and decay. The "death rate" among the poor decreases in proportion to the increase of wholesome food. The ability to ward off disease, and to escape infection, is increased or lessened according to food supply. The right kind of food is equally important. One may be surfeited with food and yet be starving. At this point many Christians fail. Their lives are surfeited with food, worldly and unspiritual, which promotes weakness and disease.

Feeding on Christ, the bread of life, is not a figure of speech. It is not an abstract theory, nor an empty creed. It is an actual, and ought to be a constant, experience of every Christian. The study of the Word, and the sense of personal obligation to obey the Word, form a most important means of feeding on Christ, *i. e.*, on truth. Many Christians know something of the Word, who lack deep convictions of duty as to obeying the Word. They repeat the Ten Commandments, praise the Sermon on the Mount, talk of the literary sweetness of the Psalms, and deftly analyze and set forth the beauty of the Prophets, without any adequate conviction that they must do, as well as know. To know the truth is to partake of food. To obey the truth, is digestion and assimilation. Undigested truth, like undigested food, is a curse rather than a blessing.

To the possession of truth must be added the conviction that it is life and power for the possessor. Many are weak because they

think of the Life which faith and truth imparts as mainly for others. They say, in fact, if not in form, "Isaiah was inspired to great spiritual power, but I am not Isaiah. Paul was strong beyond all human strength, but I am not Paul." To stop there is to starve in reach of plenty. What came to Isaiah, to Paul, to Luther, to Bunyan will come to you, in kind, and for your time and place, if not in the same degree. You will be spiritually weak and starving forever, unless you accept the truth that the life revealed in Christ is for you; for you in your place, in your pulpit, on your farm, at your task, whatever and wherever it may be.

Our table is furnished with certain "health foods." Their value is great. Science and experience unite to place that fact beyond question. Some people seeing them for the first time will taste them slightly, and put them away, saying, "none of that for me." We know that they need them. Their jaded nerves cry out for them. But a perverted or an uncultivated taste refuses them. Taste, not need, is made the criterion. Appetite, not judgment, controls. So too many Christians say of the means which spiritual science and experience combine to commend, "None of that for me, please. These require self-sacrifice, and I do not like that. They demand devotion and consecration. I am not devoted. My appetite prefers ease and worldly pleasure." Well, then, you must famish. Low spiritual life is not for want of food, but of appetite. Men are not world-loving, lust-loving, indolence-loving from necessity, but from choice. Generally you stay away from prayer-meeting because you want to. You neglect prayer because you prefer to. You stay from Sabbath-school because you do not care to go. You neglect to read the Bible, or you read it in a perfunctory way, because you are too indolent, spiritually, to do otherwise. If your spiritual life is feeble, your pulse weak, your temperature below normal, it is because you choose to have it thus. This Christ-redeemed world has means enough, opportunity enough, food enough. Christ came that we might have life, and have it more abundantly. If we famish the fault is ours.

PRAYER AND SPIRITUAL LIFE.

Foremost among the foods which nourish spiritual life is prayer, *i. e.*, the right kind of prayer. Men are more selfish than they realize in the matter of prayer, and selfish prayer is to spiritual life what fried potatoes are to weak digestion. Perhaps Jacob could be forgiven for such a prayer as this, if prayer it may be called:

And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, if God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God: and this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee. Gen. 28: 20.

If we can pray no more unselfishly than that, our growth in spiritual things will not be promoted. Perhaps you have heard this story which illustrates selfish prayers: A farmer, reputed to be devout, fearing a frost on his tender crops, one cold night in spring-time, prayed: "Oh Lord, we pray that the frost may be turned aside this night; but, oh Lord, if the frost must come, let it fall on the wicked, and not on thy servants." Thus his selfishness petitioned. Morning came. His farm alone was touched. It was "white as a

sheet." The scene of the story is laid in Connecticut. The wickedness of the reputed prayer is clear to all. When a man has no use for God except to serve himself, give him what he wants, and keep him from frost and blight, his spiritual life from God will be "nothing but leaves."

Leaving out of our catalogue now the prayers of Christ—divine prayers; breathing more of heaven than of earth—it will help us to recall one from the Great Apostle to the Gentiles. Paul has been at Ephesus. He has lived and preached there for two years. He has made enemies; he has battled as with wild beasts there. But he has been surrounded by dear friends and has seen blessed results from his labors. When he goes away he sends back a letter, to tell them he is praying for them. Thus he prays:

For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened by might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to apprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with all the fullness of God. Eph. 3: 14-19.

Study that prayer for the living Christ in the living heart. That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, that ye may know the illimitable bonds of boundless love; the love of God that fills all the universe with his mercy and his help, that ye may be filled with all the fullness of God. That is self-forgetting prayer. Such prayer, whether for friends we know and love, or for the unknown, whom Christ loves, and whom we love for his sake, feeds the soul with food divine. Add to this your earnest plea for strength that you may do God's work and will, strength that you may overcome evil, not for your own sake, but for sake of the cause of Christ, and prayer becomes a spiritual feast.

A JEW'S VIEW OF RELIGIOUS UNITY.

As reported in the New York *Herald*, Rev. Dr. Gottheil, Rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, N. Y., lately made a strong plea for better mutual understanding among the various religious bodies. While advocating a strict adherence to the faith of Judaism, he deprecated the lack of fellowship between creeds and sects.

He plead for a closer union between churches and creeds without offering to sacrifice his faith as a Jew, or asking such sacrifice from any others. "The churches now are under enforced neutrality. Why should they not take their cue from the coming Peace Congress and disarm?" he said.

Dr. Gottheil declared that Judaism and Christianity were originally one, and that their subsequent separation was a misfortune for both. He said:

But haven't we been separated long enough? Is it becoming to foster the old hostility and bitterness? Nobody, I hope, will ever think of charging me with bartering away our principles for the friendship of Christians. I have stood by my faith to this day and shall stand by it to my last hour. But I do say, "Are we not all of one Father? Why shall we be faithless to each other, and desecrate the covenant of our fathers?"

Are we not monotheists? Do we not believe in one God? Certainly; and our Christian friends would justly resent it were we to call them polytheists. Then, here is our Bible, the sacredness of which, I am candid enough to say, is better maintained by the Christians. That church added the New Testament. By whom was it written? Every page by Jewish hands—the most vital part by Paul, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, a rabbi of the strictest stripe, than whom, after his conversion,

there never was a prouder Israelite. This Old Testament of ours is the foundation stone of all Christianity. Although a superstructure has been added, does that invalidate the foundation?

We have the pleasure of personal acquaintance with Rabbi Gottheil, and know him to be an intelligent and critical student of the New Testament. Regardless of differences, the call for sympathy, charity and the exalting of points of agreement, rather than of separation, is one to which we respond heartily.

AFRICANS FOR AFRICA.

Many friends of Africa think that the better class of negroes in the United States will form a valuable element in the civilizing and Christianizing the hitherto "Dark Continent." The Afro-Americans are making good progress toward higher manhood, and it will be fortunate indeed if the best from among those who have risen most seek permanent homes in the land of their forefathers. A movement in this direction has been laid before us by Dr. J. A. Thorne, a native of Barbados, West Indies, educated in Europe, who has been organizing an "African Colonial Enterprise" in the United States, headquarters in Philadelphia, Pa. His party is about to sail for Africa, intending to reach Cape Town about the first of June. From his prospectus we extract the following items:

"The party will not number more than ten, the unit, and will be arranged as follows, that is to say:

1 Medical man, chemist and general director.

1 Superintendent, storekeeper and treasurer.

1 Schoolmaster, book-keeper and secretary (with a knowledge of printing).

1 Engineer, surveyor and prospector.

2 Nurserymen (with a knowledge of agricultural chemistry).

1 Vegetable and fruit gardener (with a knowledge of botany).

1 River, lake, import and export agent, (with a knowledge of boat building).

1 Carpenter, builder and furniture maker.

1 Bootmaker and tailor.

These ten will be settled upon 1,000 acres of land, so that when it is divided at the close of the 5th or 7th year—the stipulated period to be determined upon by a majority of the pioneers—each settler will receive 100 acres.

Each eligible person, besides his passage and outfit, will be provided with food and shelter out of the funds subscribed, during the first three years. But after the third year, and as soon as the first crop shall have been sold, the stage of self-support being now reached, a supplementary monetary allowance will likewise be granted each year, according to the strength of the revenues. This will continue until the division of the land, the net proceeds, prior to this division, being utilized for the extension of the work, in all its aspects.

In addition to the ten settlers, at least 100 natives will be regularly employed on each occupied section. These natives will be carefully instructed in the various industries pursued, and, when fully qualified, will be encouraged and assisted to settle down in precisely the same manner as ourselves."

This settlement is to be made in Nyassaland where our own "Industrial Mission" is to be established. Bro. Booth commends the movement. It has several points in common with "Industrial Mission" work, but is more especially a business enterprise, and is specifically intended to bring Afro-Americans into permanent relations with their race in Africa. We see many reasons for commending the movement.

LETTERS TO YOUNG PREACHERS AND THEIR HEARERS.

LETTER XX.

Before leaving the matter of writing sermons, we suggest that writing for the press, is, in some respects, a more valuable aid to sermonizing than writing sermons themselves. In writing for the press, one is conscious of entering a broader field of criticism than when speaking to a single audience, and that an audience of his friends. It is, therefore, likely to induce greater carefulness as to style and thought than the writing of sermons. It is also free from the necessity which often crowds one to finish a sermon within a specified period. More time can be taken to re-write. We, therefore, urge that you develop the habit of writing for the press upon themes akin to those which enter into your sermons. Never allow yourself to send anything, not even an obituary notice, to the press, without re-writing. In the earlier years of your experience, write everything of importance *at least three times*. It will often be well to allow an interval of a day or two between each writing, or, at least, between the second and third. It will sometimes help you to make the second writing follow closely upon the first, after going over the first immediately upon its completion in the most careful way, and noting the changes which seem necessary. The one great rule we lay down to govern you in the matter of re-writing is: *Eliminate*. This is said upon the supposition that you have a fair "command of language." In rare instances, it may be necessary to add rather than eliminate. It is probable that you will not find time to write a sermon each week in full. You ought, if possible, to write at least one, fully, each month; meantime write, and re-write, for the public prints, even though you do not send the manuscript. It would also add greatly if some special friend, whose literary attainments are higher than your own, could pass your productions under review, and give them a merciless criticism. At all events write; write carefully; re-write; criticise and re-write.

OBJECTIONS TO "WRITTEN" SERMONS.

1. The average written sermon is more like a literary essay than a living oration. Unconsciously, the speaker conceives it as a production to be *presented*, rather than a sermon to be *preached*. The reader is likely to be interested in the production more than in the effect which it is to produce. Added to this is the general fact that the average sermon writer is a poor reader. This makes the result almost disastrous.

2. Eyes and hands, powerful agents in expressing thought, are chained, or used constrainedly and awkwardly, with little or no effect. The power of the man is undeveloped, and the power of the sermon to impress and arouse is impaired. The value of individual presence on the part of the orator is beyond price. This is the one characteristic of what we call oratory. He who is tied to a manuscript, is tied hand and foot. Like a shorn Samson, he struggles in vain with his chains, and lies in comparative passivity. Hence it is that many sermons are but weak essays concerning great truths. The power of the truth is half suppressed, and rare opportunities are wasted. This style weakens the pulpit by leading both preacher and hearer to look upon the presentation of the sermon as a sort of respectable religious performance,

but not as a living and inspiring power to move men. One prominent cause of weakness in the pulpit of the present day lies in the manner in which the truths of the Bible are put forth. Truths that ought to stir the soul of the speaker until his whole being glows with divine fire, are droned out as though they were of no moment, either to the droner, or to those to whom he drones. It is an injury to truth, and an affront to God, thus to "daub with untempered mortar." Ezekiel 13: 10-13. If one cannot find words whereby to express thoughts with which he is familiar—a thing which seldom happens after a fair amount of practice—he should write his manuscript in a bold hand, study it until he is familiar enough with it so he can deliver it while he stands erect, and is free to use eye and body and hand to enforce the truth which he presents. It is said that Garrick, the great actor of London, was once asked by an English clergyman why he (Garrick) moved people so powerfully with fiction, while he (the clergyman) failed to move people by the greatest truths. Garrick replied, "I deliver fiction as though it were true; you present the truth as though it were unimportant fiction." It is said of this same actor, as illustrating the importance of delivery, that he would repeat the Lord's Prayer so as to bring a promiscuous audience to tears, and instantly, delivering it again convulse them with laughter.

EXTEMPORE SERMONS—DEFINITION.

The popular definition of an extempore sermon places it among things crude, unprepared and superficial. There has been too much reason given for such a general definition. The term as used in these Letters means something very different. We apply the term to the *manner of delivery* as contrasted with the "memoriter" sermons, or with the sermons which are "read" from a manuscript. We mean by extempore, a sermon in which the choice of words, the construction of sentences, and the delivery in general, are the work of the moment; but the sermon itself, the thoughts, should be the result of all necessary labor previously expended. The sermon should be thoroughly coined in the soul of the speaker, so that he has only to utter effectively that by which he is already pervaded, and inspired. Note this definition carefully, and do not be misled by one less comprehensive.

It is a much greater task to prepare an extempore sermon properly than a written one. In preparing a written sermon, the author need not go through with the train of thought, and the process of construction of the sermon more than once. He depends upon his manuscript to retain that which he has once thought out and put in order. Thus he may do little more than pass over his theme, so far as the subjective work is concerned. If, as a writer, he is careful and clear, a finished production will be produced, objectively considered; but with all its finish, it remains, in a great degree, something outside of himself. On the other hand, a true extempore sermon must be fully developed subjectively in all its essential particulars. This brings us to consider the following suggestions which must be heeded and obeyed, if you would succeed in extempore preaching.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

BY WM. C. DALAND, D. D.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

The sessions of Parliament are now resumed, and the renewed vigor of the Liberal Party under its new leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, together with the ritualistic question, helps to keep things lively, although any very marked progress is out of the question with so strong a ministerial party. The House of Lords is keeping up its reputation for doing a great deal of nothing, with

ease and comfort, meeting and adjourning more than anything else. With the House of Lords and the Conservative party in power, those two stiff brakes on the car of state, its progress up the hill of advance toward disestablishment and every other condition of emancipation from ancient shackles can only be a hard pull. But Providence is in control, so we know well that it is only a question of time before common sense instead of tradition will rule in this nation.

Just now a little of this English conservatism would not be out of place over across the Channel in poor France. They need a brake there most sadly. To-day's news of the sudden death of M. Faure makes us all hold our breath to know what will happen next for weal or woe to that frantically mad nation.

Shortly after my last writing I had the opportunity of taking a good look at the strange floral decorations which are placed every year by the loyal devotees of the divine right of kings on the base of the statue of Charles I., in Trafalgar Square. He was executed—"martyred," they say—on the 30th of January, 1649, and on that day every year wreaths and other tributes to his memory are placed there by Legitimist clubs and High Church people, and individuals who for various reasons wish to honor his memory and protest against what they call his murder. This year, more than before, there have been held religious services at the anniversary of his death, with "masses" for the repose of his soul, and what not. "King Charles the Martyr" has taken his place in the calendar of saints! I remember once, before coming to England to live, hearing that in some high Episcopal churches such services were held in the United States, at which he was even styled "St. Charles the Martyr." But this year I admired the many beautiful floral offerings sent by these enthusiasts, for they were handsome and quite covered the pedestal on which the great equestrian statue of the king stands. Still one gift amazed me. It was a beautiful shield made of immortelles, with a long ribbon on which was printed in large gilt letters, "America Remembers Her Martyred King!" Some foolish people, thought I, still exist, even in the land of the free and the home of the brave. "America's Martyred King!" What shall we see next? I imagine by the time they succeed in securing a "legitimate" sovereign to sit on the throne of England, some last remote Stuart, now mayhap in exile, there will be found some "American" hardy enough to suggest that our Republic pose as a penitent and come back under his scepter! A good, honest Anglo-American alliance is a glorious idea, and, please God, a glorious fact. But such sentimentalism as that represented by this gift will never do any good to either country. Oh, for the pen of a Macaulay to set off adequately such nonsense! Have we so soon forgotten our Pilgrim Fathers?

We have had—co-incident with your "blizzard"—abundance of heavy, though warm, rains, with very high, and even terrible, winds. Much damage was done on the coast. So that each day's news brought tidings of havoc on the seas, both in European and American waters. To-day it is like May here, and we are reading of how the thermometer in New York City is verging up toward zero! We are glad you are having it a little warm-

er. The farmers are beginning to be a little apprehensive that this warm February may mean a cold, killing frost later which might do a deal of harm.

From our little Zion I have no news to communicate. Perhaps next month may bring some. I have myself been ill with the influenza (la grippe) since the first of the month, and only a day or two ago was able to go out for the first time. Still we are thankful for all blessings and hope to become more worthy of them.

LONDON, 17th Feb., 1899.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

Tainted Windows of the Metropolis.

One of the respects in which small towns and villages of the better class stand in most pleasant contrast to the great city, is in its shop window and street sign boards. The pictures which entice the eyes of the passer-by in the metropolis are a shame to our civilization. The eyes which have a right to feed upon the wholesome scenes of God's beautiful world are greeted constantly by sights which cloud the mind and taint the imagination. You who are men know what I mean, and realize it still more keenly when you look back on your own boyhood and young manhood.

This nuisance appears to be growing worse with the cheapening and development of the processes of picture making and the easy-going tolerance of public authorities. If our senses had not become dulled by Paganized surroundings, we would not endure these things so quietly. Time was when they would not have been permitted. Why should styles of dress, or the lack of it, which would not be tolerated in our homes or stores be permitted in picture form before the gaze of the whole city? Let our merchants and property owners keep their premises pure. Let the voice of fathers and mothers be heeded. Let the rights of sober-minded people to clean surroundings be respected. Vice has flaunted its challenge long enough. We do not believe that the majority of people want this flood of impurity impudently thrust before their eyes. But the devil and his minions are aggressive—and we let things go. Let us answer the challenge with firm, bold, resolute strokes for our altars and our fires.

The Daily Paper.

It is a fair question for the man of average income whether the money might not be better spent in some other way. Think what a valuable nest egg of a library six or eight dollars a year would soon gather together—permanent riches whose value would not be destroyed by the flight of time. The American public are feeding too much on chaff—to say nothing of filth. Unless there is the report of some valuable speech or some article of exceptional interest, fifteen minutes is too much time to spend over the morning sheet. There is the great field of splendid literature which you have scarcely touched. Don't belittle your mind with murders and elopements when you can spend a half hour with the best minds of all ages.

There are a few daily papers of high-class, but the average daily paper is not fit for a family sheet. It has a familiarity with that kind of life with which we ought not to know except in a missionary capacity. If you cannot get a clean daily take none.

Statesman Corruption-proof.

Amidst a time of general political self-seeking, it is refreshing to note the large and

growing company of stalwart patriots in different political camps who are throwing their weight in favor of a pure and patriotic administration of public affairs. These shrewd, energetic, determined men, working along practical lines and accustomed to succeed in whatever they undertake, are a promising sign of a better day. The Governor of a Western state makes the following vigorous appeal to his compatriots in a recent address:

"It is good and timely advice to our party to suggest that it send to the rear the leaders who insist that government shall be conducted with an eye solely to commercial interests. Those interests are important, and should be considered, but our party will not hold its following if it is much longer dominated by the narrowness and selfishness which always go hand in hand with money getting. The rank and file will not stay with us unless we choose our leaders hereafter without consulting those who control the corporations, trusts and combines of the country, their attorneys, agents and servants. Our leaders must be men who are proof against all corrupting influences and the temptations which come with political ambition."

The Stain of Polygamy.

The election of Brigham H. Roberts to represent the sovereign state of Utah in Congress is proving a boomerang to the Mormon hierarchy. It has stirred up such a tempest of indignation throughout the country as was hardly anticipated. The Latter Day Saints evidently realize that they have committed a "cardinal blunder," but the mischief is now done. The movement inaugurated against Roberts will hardly stop with him, but will be content with nothing less than the wiping out of the stain of polygamy under the stars and stripes.

The case seems very clear in view of Roberts' self-confessed polygamous relations since 1890 and his leadership in the movement "to repudiate the solemn covenant which Utah made with our Government." The warning of Governor Wells, himself a Mormon, against electing "a man who does not deny that he is living in violation of the laws of the state" may well be remembered now.

But are we not inconsistent in taking such a strong stand against polygamy when the looseness of divorce laws in other states of the Union is such a scandal? For example, a daily paper lies before me which recites as a natural, every day occurrence the proceedings in the case of a couple prominent in society. The journalist takes pains to assure the reader that "Mrs. Blank is spoken of in the highest terms"; also that "Mr. Blank's pleasing personality has gained for him a large circle of friends," etc. A perfectly respectable proceeding, you see, and one entirely creditable to both parties! And on such rot the reading public is fed.

But, however low the public tone may be in certain quarters on the sacredness of the marriage tie before God, we do not see how it will be raised by admitting an avowed polygamist to the national House of Representatives. The same people who are speaking out in this case are also protesting against the laxity of divorce and the flippant treatment of the marriage bond. We want the air cleared of all miasmas which would poison innocence. Let the fight for the sanctity of the home be opened up all along the line. Already certain states have been amending their divorce laws. The outburst against polygamy will hold up the hands of reformers in the adjoining fields.

History and Biography.

By W. C. WHITFORD, Milton, Wis.

THE FIRST BROOKFIELD CHURCH AS RELATED TO THE DENOMINATION.

BY REV. WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, MILTON, WIS.

[Continued from last week.]

II. But we should now hasten to treat of the purposes formed and the movements effected in securing the establishment of the First Brookfield church.

1. The immense destruction of property in Rhode Island during the War for Independence and the general suspension of business, caused by the large circulation of the irredeemable currency issued by the Continental Congress, and also by that state, compelled many of its citizens to introduce manufactures as a new industry, or to seek other homes and begin remunerative enterprises on unsettled tracts of the country west of New England. The members of the First Hopkinton church had become so numerous, the list reaching nearly eight hundred soon after the opening of the present century, that a considerable portion of them felt that they were restrained and overborne in their religious efforts, and that they must find opportunities for freer and more effective labor in unoccupied fields, even if these would have to be found in distant and unknown localities.

2. This Hopkinton church was the almost exclusive factor in the first colonization of very many Seventh-day Baptists this side of the Connecticut River. These people near Philadelphia and in New Jersey, having embraced the Sabbath not far from the close of the seventeenth century, have furnished only slight aid to this movement, most of them on leaving their own communities preferring to join organizations already established in newer regions. The earlier and principal emigrations from Rhode Island, and from sections outside near its western border, were made to localities at Shrewsbury, N. J., and finally at Salem, W. Va., also at Farmington, Conn., and at Berlin, Brookfield and Alfred, N. Y. Undoubtedly, by these removals and similar ones preceding and following them in various parts of the United States, more than by all its other instrumentalities taken together, has our denomination multiplied its churches, if not thus also enlarged its membership, during the past two hundred and twenty-six years.

3. Imagine the first migration of several families in company shortly after 1790, starting from Hopkinton and adjoining towns near the seaside, and ending their journey here in Brookfield, situated in the northern section of the long Appalachian table-land. Behold them turning away from their former homes rendered dear by the associations of their childhood, youth and married life, tearfully bidding adieu to beloved relatives and neighbors, seated beside their scanty furniture in heavy wagons, often drawn by oxen, lifting up their eyes with a resolute and hopeful look toward the western skies, traveling through inhabited sections with scattered farms and along the streets of villages and cities at great intervals apart, crossing rivers, meeting many strange people on the way, riding over corduroy roads, penetrating dense forests, and arriving at their destination as the shades of night fell slowly upon this landscape about them. Many similar undertakings, as wearisome and as fortunate as this

one have been accomplished by other groups of men and women who have belonged to our churches, and who have settled in this vicinity and in distant places in our country toward the setting sun.

4. Awaken in the following morning from a sleep that may have been disturbed by the near approach of a bear in the darkness, by the howling of wolves, or by the scream of a panther, they gazed upon a scene which abounded with objects of charming and restful beauty, and in the midst of which events of historic interest had already occurred. Here they found a somewhat narrow valley, running southward, and bordered by hills of considerable height and in the main with gently sloping sides. From suitable points of view these could be recognized as ranging on the right from Button Hill over the Beaver on the north to the Witter, and on the left, from the Babcock miles away on the south to the Taylor, with Markham's Mountain and Noah's Rump between, the former nearly isolated from the group, and the latter lifting its bold head in the eastern horizon. Covering all these were the thick primeval woods, everywhere presenting the stately maple, elm and beech trees, with their bright green leaves, and the tall funeral hemlocks interspersed here and there among them. Along the banks of the larger streams were seen the huge willows with their long graceful branches.

Here in the middle of the valley were extensive marshes lining the margins of a river for some distance, the remains of an old glacial lake, which had been closed in by a terminal moraine piled up by ice near the village of West Edmeston, and whose borders can still be traced in a terrace extending northward low down upon the hills on both sides of the valley up beyond Unadilla Forks.

Here also were the well-beaten trails and the open stream, the highways of the Indians on the one hand, for the hunting trips of the friendly Oneidas and Brothertowns, the latter composed of remnants of tribes removed to this region from Southern New England and Long Island, and, on the other hand, for the murderous forays of the hostile Mohawks led by Brant, their cruel and wily chief. This river, the Unadilla, an Indian name signifying "the meeting place" of tribes, small as it appears, was made as early as 1768, by some representatives of the Six Indian Nations and some commissioners of certain American Colonies, a part of the division line, "forever conclusive and binding on both sides," between the denizens of the forest and the white inhabitants, and really forming a part of the western boundary of the New York Colony. So the lands on the east of this line were granted in patents by the British Government to a few of its favorite subjects, and have since been plotted into farms and towns of exceedingly irregular shape, while the lands on the west, reaching beyond the Great Lakes and even to the shores of the Pacific, have been secured generally by purchase or treaty from the Indian tribes once in possession of them, and have, either by state or national authority, been surveyed into square lots and townships, with their lines measured to the cardinal points of the compass, and afterwards sold to actual settlers. The first inhabitants of Brookfield had the satisfaction of buying for their farms these fertile acres, the title to which had been conveyed to the state by the chiefs of the Oneidas in a fair

bargain. The pioneers from Rhode Island and Connecticut, distributing themselves over these ranges of hills and along this main valley and the lesser ones opening into it, must have recalled to mind the explosive vowel and harsh guttural sounds in the Indian names commonly spoken in the places of their nativity, such as Pawcatuck, Noank, Poquonock, Kanug, Yawgoo, and Quonochontaug, all suggestive of heavy strokes on the rugged rock of granite, the sharp cries of sea fowls, the hoarse breaking of the surf on a precipitous shore, and the growling of the storms from the Atlantic; and they must then have observed the gratifying contrast made by the open vowel and liquid sounds heard in the Indian names often mentioned in their new abodes, such as Otsego, Oneida, Chenango, Unadilla and Susquehanna, all expressive of the smooth flowing of rivers, the shining of the sunlight on the face of quiet lakes, the waving of the tree tops in the summer winds, and the tranquilizing influence of upland scenery of sloping hills and narrow dales away from the sea coast.

5. The planting of a colony of our Sabbath-keepers in Brookfield was, at the time, a most venturesome and crucial attempt to enter even the border of an empire of wilderness, stretching over eight hundred leagues westward, whose broad domain would be offered at public sale for small farms. If it failed, our people would have realized that they must still confine their work to the limited areas occupied by them near the seaboard. But if it was successful, other companies of them would thereafter penetrate farther into inviting regions of forest and prairie, and at last establish new homes for themselves in localities scattered across the continent. The participants in this movement had the confident expectation that the national government, just then taking on form under the present constitution, would protect their rights and privileges in every serious emergency. Thus our denomination came to recognize the fact that it could in the nation be an active agent in freely advertising and disseminating its peculiar tenets in all quarters of the land.

6. Great solicitude was felt in the communities whence these pioneers came, that they should intelligently and zealously maintain "the commandment of God and the faith of Jesus," in their new settlement. The Hopkinton church, which by that time had, on account of the number of its members and the ability of its leaders, acquired controlling power among the Seventh-day Baptists, affectionately called this society of pioneers its "Unadilla Branch," and exhorted them by letter "to hold fast their profession of Christ and to maintain the cause of the true Sabbath." It urged them to receive, as a spiritual guide, Eld. Henry Clarke, who was planning to move from its pales and to settle in their midst, and whom it earnestly recommended as an acceptable "preacher of righteousness." Soon afterwards it advised these brethren and sisters to form themselves speedily into a distinct church, and delegated its pastor to assist in the organization. They were in every essential respect a transplanted Rhode Island community. Their framed dwellings and their house of worship were modeled after those used for the same purposes in that state. All their customs, domestic, civil and religious, were so transferred. Idioms in their everyday speech were derived

from the same source. Their neighbors for miles about among the First-day Baptists and the Quakers, who belonged to the only other churches constituted in Brookfield and its immediate vicinity for several years, emigrated principally from Rhode Island and southeastern Connecticut. In fact, the sturdiest Puritanism, modified by influences in these commonwealths, assumed here undisputed control.

No better proof that this church was the direct offspring of the Sabbatarian ones at Hopkinton and Newport, than what is afforded by the records of family names in the membership of the three bodies. In the first twenty-five years of the Brookfield church, it had among eighty such names forty-eight which appeared on the books of these Rhode Island churches in the last century; and of its four hundred and eighty-one different members received during these years, three hundred and sixty had the same family names as did members of these New England Zions. During the first fifty years of this church, of its eight hundred and thirty-two different members, the same fact is shown as to five hundred and ninety-eight of them. Near the beginning of the second twenty-five years, five family names taken from the Shiloh church, N. J., were added, and also twenty-three members having these names.

(To be continued.)

RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were adopted at our last Annual Church and Society Meeting, and their publication in the SABBATH RECORDER was requested by vote of the meeting:

WHEREAS, Rev. J. Allison Platts has, for seven years, lived among us serving the church acceptably as pastor and leader, endearing himself to the people of the community, in and out of the church, and

WHEREAS, Duty has seemed to call him to another field and work; therefore

Resolved, That in him we recognize the Christian gentleman and scholar of no mean ability, an eloquent and forceful preacher of righteousness, a genial companion and sympathizing friend

Resolved, That the severing of the ties that have bound us together so long as pastor and people causes genuine sorrow, and we deeply regret the departure of himself and family from our midst.

Resolved, That we tender to him our best wishes for his prosperity and success, in the work of the Master, and the assurance of our prayers for the guidance of the Holy Spirit in all that he shall undertake to do.

ALFRED T. STILLMAN, }
LOVINA WORDEN, } Com.
J. DELOSS ROGERS, }

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 13, 1899.

At a recent church meeting of the Second Church of Alfred, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our beloved Pastor, M. B. Kelly, deems it duty to improve the opportunity so generously offered him by the Chicago Seventh-day Baptist church—namely, that by accepting the pastorate of said church, he has the privilege of pursuing studies in the University of Chicago; therefore

Resolved, That we express our high appreciation of the arduous labors of both himself and wife for the upbuilding and strengthening of this church, and their untiring zeal for the salvation of souls in our community. Be it further

Resolved, That notwithstanding our reluctance at severing the ties which bind pastor and people so closely, yet we do heartily bid them God speed, praying that our gracious Heavenly Father may ever bestow rich blessings upon them, and that they may obtain the heritage of those that fear his name.

F. W. HAMILTON, Clerk.

ALFRED STATION, N. Y., Feb. 16, 1899.

The sincere alone can recognize sincerity.—
Carlyle.

Missions.

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

WE hear and read a great deal in these days of consecration. There is any amount of it in the world. There is consecration to business, to pleasure, to luxury and self-indulgence. There is devotion to self and selfish ends. Men and women keep their mental and physical powers on high tension from early morn to the late hours of night, that they may get all they possibly can of this world. Men and women are consecrated to appetite, carnal propensity, to lust and dissipation. How many are devoted to fashion, pride and the vanities of life! There are some, thank God, who are devoted to Christ and the church, devoted to the Master and the work of his kingdom in this world. There are those who are consecrated to doing good to others and making them happy. There are those who are devoted to principle, right, truth, to the salvation and elevation of man. All these are the salt of the earth and to the world. Which has the greater consecration in the Christian church to-day, Christ or the world? The Saviour or self? Amusement and pleasure, or Christian service and spiritual attainment? Are these hard questions to answer? Have you ever lived in a place that, if there had been in the churches as much consecration in the winter time or any time to Christ and the salvation of men as there was to worldly gain, social pleasures and public amusements, these churches would have received a wonderful spiritual uplift and hundreds of precious souls would have been saved, and much evil eliminated?

It is not our wish to question the right or duty of our people to engage in new religious enterprises, or enter open doors which Providence has evidently put before them. That is the road to progress and advancement. It is well, however, for a people to know its capacity and power to do. It should not so overestimate its ability as to finally meet failure. It is a possible thing to load a steamship beyond its carrying power, and thereby court shipwreck. What of missions, foreign and home, what of Sabbath Reform, what of our schools and their needs, what of our churches and their maintenance and growth, what of all our lines of denominational work, new or old, what of our debts? Are we too heavy laden? Shall we ride safely into port? Is it not as much our duty to properly equip some of our denominational enterprises in trust, to enable them to do efficient work, as it is to launch out into new ones? Is it right to keep some of them in a handicapped condition, and then criticize them because they are not accomplishing more? Some of us are launching out into a new line. It is just as much our duty, brethren, to do as much to properly equip the things we have had in trust these many years, that they shall be efficient in doing their work, so important to us as a people, as it is to enter into new lines of work.

FROM L. W. MITCHELL.

Please accept this short letter from me, as I have not sent any report since the Association. I have preached 17 sermons, made 18 visits, married one couple, attended one funeral service, received one dollar in cash, and will say that the prospect for the work in the future is good. I cannot fill all the

calls that I have to preach. The church at Winthrop is in good working order. I have a call to go to Texas, and one to the Indian Territory. Attendance at all my appointments good. The Lord is blessing our work. I got word a few days ago that there was a man going to ask to unite with us at Winthrop, as soon as he could attend church at that place. I have filled all my appointments except last Sabbath, and would have filled that, but it was so cold I could not go. It was the coldest day I ever experienced in this state.

ROCKY COMFORT, Ark., Feb. 14, 1899.

FROM W. H. GODSEY.

I was sent out as an evangelist of the Free Will Baptists in 1894 to do all I could to advance the work of the Master. I arrived at Bro. R. J. Ellis's the latter part of June. The Brother asked me if I kept the Sabbath. I told him I did. He asked me what day I kept. I told him Sunday. He then asked me if I could show, by the Word of God, any authority for keeping Sunday. I told him I thought I could. He told me if I could he would keep it with me. I told him if I could not I would not keep it any longer, that it was my determination to obey God in everything. I went to work at the Sabbath-day question, and in less than two months was able to tell Bro. Ellis I would keep the Sabbath with him, as he was on the Lord's side. Bro. Ellis asked me if I had counted up the cost. I told him it could not cost me any more than it cost my Saviour to keep the commandments.

It was not long until a brother of the Free Will Baptists said, Bro. Godsey, I understand you are keeping the Seventh-day Sabbath. Yes, I am. Well, he said, I agreed to pay you five dollars but you need not look for one cent of it. I said, brother, I can serve God without money. Another offered me five hundred dollars not to keep it. I told him I would prefer to serve God and be saved and die a pauper, than be rich and go to ruin or hell. Well, several things like the above have been offered, but they are no good. Once for all, I am with the Sabbath to stay. I have been there for four and one-half years and not one day since I have kept it have I regretted it, but I love the Lord's day, Mark 2:28, the seventh day, Ex. 20:9.

I have now for four and a half years done all I knew how to advance the cause of Sabbath Reform. I have had some good help, *The Evangel and Sabbath Outlook*, the SABBATH RECORDER, and many useful booklets from the Tract Society. All with the Bible have, indeed, made me very closely attached to the Seventh-day Baptist people. Visiting brethren have comforted me very much. I am a poor man of this world's goods. I have not had much salary, and what I have had I have mostly given to our (S. D. B.) evangelists, at various times. We have opposition against the Sabbath question. Many agree not to hear, or go to hear any one preach on the line of Sabbath Reform.

For a while it looked as if the whole churches of other bodies would go into covenant not to hear, or allow any Seventh-day Baptist preacher to preach to them, but that spirit is dying out now some. I am now the pastor of two small churches, the Crowley's Ridge Seventh-day Baptist church and Wynne Seventh-day Baptist church, about twenty-four miles apart. I preach four sermons each once a month; I visit all the homes

I can and talk of the blessed promises of God to us who do his will. I am now entered into a plan of house to house work all the time I can spare, as I have to work otherwise to support myself and family. I have been trying the above plan for two months and find it is the very thing to do for Sabbath Reform. I have had Brothers Saunders and Hurley to spend a few days, December, 1898, with me, and I love God's people. I love all, but when a Sabbath-keeper comes I can soon tell it. I love to see such men full of God's love. I am going to do more house to house work this year than ever before in my life. God bless the SABBATH RECORDER and all other means used to advance Sabbath Reform work over the South and West.

The prospect of the South-western field, or this part, is reasonably good for the present. We need some young folks on our side to carry on the work. May the Lord give us some consecrated boys and girls for 1899 to help us. The outlook is not so promising as some would think, yet much can be done that will give us a liberal increase.

I am yours for Sabbath Reform. Pray for us one and all.

WYNNE, Ark., Feb. 16, 1899.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

For the month of February, 1899.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer.

In account with
THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Dr.	
Balance in treasury Feb. 1, 1899.....	\$ 658 47
Mrs. D. R. Coon, Auburndale, Wis., Home Missions.....	8 00
Hannah Crandall, Westerly, R. I.....	16 00
Mrs. M. A. Burdick, Centralia, Ill., Home Missions.....	3 00
S. S. Clarke, Independence, N. Y.....	5 00
Mrs. Jessie Shoomaker, Independence, N. Y.....	2 00
Mrs. G. W. Stillman, Coudersport, Pa.....	2 00
E. C. Hibbard, Brookfield, N. Y.....	2 00
Mrs. Sue Saunders, Los Angeles, Cal., Teacher for China School.....	2 00
Young People's Permanent Committee:	
Dr. Palmborg's salary.....	\$57 55
General Fund.....	5 00
	62 55
Churches:	
Milton, Wis.....	16 22
Rockville, R. I.....	21 50
Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I.....	24 20
Plainfield, N. J.....	54 06
Roanoke, W. Va.....	2 57
Marlboro, N. J.....	6 00
Independence, N. Y.....	13 00
First Alfred, N. Y.....	20 02
New York City, N. Y.....	14 07
Estate of Lydia P. Lanphear, balance due in full.....	330 14
Total.....	\$1,362 80
Cr.	
A. P. Ashurst, salary, January and February, 1899.....	\$ 75 00
R. S. Wilson, Attalla, Ala., on account traveling expenses.....	6 00
J. E. N. Backus, labor on Preston field, 8 weeks.....	8 33
Churches, appropriation, quarter ending Dec. 31, 1898:	
Attalla, Ala., balance due.....	\$20 00
Boulder, Col.....	62 50
Ritchie, Berea, W. Va.....	18 75
Carlton, Garwin, Iowa.....	18 75
Hammond, Ia.....	37 50
Hornellsville, N. Y.....	15 00
Lincklean, N. Y.....	8 33
New Auburn, Minn.....	12 50
Salemville, Pa.....	10 00
Second Westerly, Niantic, R. I.....	18 75
Shingle House, Pa.....	10 00
Evangelistic Committee, orders Nos. 122-124.....	232 08
	65 00
Cash in treasury, March 1, 1899:	
Fund for reinforcing China Mission, teacher.....	\$612 51
Available for current expenses.....	363 88
	976 38
Total.....	\$1,362 80

E. & O. E.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treas.

SHAM CHRISTIANS.

If a religious society have a thousand members, eight hundred of them are sound asleep. If it have five hundred members, four hundred are lethargic. If the Christians can rally—that is, the professed Christians—for communion day, and succeed in not dropping the wine cup, how many of them are satisfied? If it be a choice between Christ and the world, the world has it. If a religious meeting be on a certain night, and on that certain night there be an extraordinary operatic entertainment, or a social gathering, or a literary club, or a political meeting, or a Free Mason society, or an Odd Fellows' association, you know which they go to. It is there fairly demonstrated that while such professed Christians pretend to be on God's side, they are really on the other side; for there is a point-blank issue between Christ and the world, and the world has it. You know very well that the dividing line between the church and

world to-day is—like the Equator, or the Arctic or Antarctic circle—an imaginary line, and that there are men and women sworn of God who sit discussing infinitesimal questions: "Shall we dance? Shall we play cards? Shall we go to the theatre? Shall we attend the opera?" while there are five hundred millions of the race waiting for the gospel of pardon and comfort. These sham Christians will go on, occasionally taking a little religion with the tip end of their fingers, sauntering on lazily toward the bar of Christ, until they come in front of God's swift revolving mill, and find themselves to be "the chaff which the wind driveth away." Oh, how much dead wood we have in all our churches!—*The Christian Herald.*

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

BY REV. J. L. GAMBLE.

"Receive my instruction, and not silver;
And knowledge rather than choice gold.
For wisdom is better than rubies;
And all the things that may be desired
Are not to be compared unto her."
Prov. 8: 10, 11.

In this scripture we have a reference to the two precious metals which a few months ago absorbed the interest and attention of the nation; but we are here directed to something declared to be of far greater value than either silver or gold,—wisdom, instruction, knowledge; in other terms, education, culture. To this, in the broadest, fullest, best sense, the Word of God is ever calling our attention and inciting our aspiration.

I. WHAT IS EDUCATION? Education is something which begins in the home, is continued through the public school and college, and finds inviting and ever widening opportunities and possibilities throughout the entire course of life. The mere acquisition of knowledge, or the simple development of intellect alone, may be of little value; many who have received such imperfect or one-sided education, have proved to be but ciphers in the world; while, again, intellectual giants have sometimes been found to be but intellectual demons. Robespierre was a man of high culture in letters and art; Caligula and Nero were scholarly men; Cataline and Aaron Burr were men of rare academic attainments.

The true education embraces the symmetrical development of mind and body and heart. An old and wise writer, (Smiles), has said, "Cultivate the physical exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a maniac; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity,—it may be a monster. It is only by wisely training all of them together that the complete man may be found."

In its broad sense true education must be very practical, and not that which aims to make one simply a teacher, or a physician, or a lawyer, or a preacher, or a farmer, or a business man. The RECORDER some months ago told of two college graduates who, with their recommendations, went together to the same business concern to seek a position. They were admitted singly. To the first, the proprietor said, "What do you wish?" He replied, "Something in harmony with my education and my dignity." "All right," said the gentleman, "we will take your name, and when there is a vacancy of that sort we will let you know." As he passed out, he said to his companion, "You can now go in and leave your address." To the second young man the proprietor said, "What can you do?" He answered, "Anything that a green hand can do." A bell was

rung, the superintendent appeared, and the question was asked, "What have you that a green hand can do?" "There is nothing now but some old iron that needs assorting." "Set this young man at it," said the employer. About a week afterwards he saw the superintendent and asked him how the "green hand" was getting along. The reply was, "Oh, he was so careful and thorough in his work, and didn't keep looking at the clock, that I made him foreman of the gang." The outcome was that in one year from that time he was taken into the business as a partner; while the young man who wanted something in harmony with his dignity and education, was cleaning harness in a livery stable,—pursuing graduate studies in the honored University of Experience.

A wise and complete education is that which fits one to do anything well, from the bottom of the ladder to the top. The true education is not a superficial whitewash, but that course of instruction and training which inculcates and develops all the qualities necessary for a successful life—morality, honesty, temperance, self-control, industry, patriotism.

II. THE NEED OF AND DEMAND FOR EDUCATED MEN AND WOMEN. Every age has its own peculiar "watermark"—in other words, its own great and predominating theme of human interest. The different geological ages were distinctly marked while in process of formation; and so we find the various historical periods marked by their architecture, their sculpture, their painting, etc., etc. The age in which we live has many unique and important features, but none perhaps so marked and prominent as its devotion to the cause of education—not that of the few, but universal education—the education of all, from the top to the bottom of the social scale. This feature marks it above every other past age which has given any attention to this subject.

(1) The need and demand are imperative as viewed from the standpoint of the individual. Man has been compared to a knife with forty blades, which we sometimes see in a cutler's window; the educated man can open and use all the blades, while the uneducated, the ignorant, can open but one—and all the rest must rust in the handle.

This age recognizes, as has no other, that the right to be born includes the right to the fullest training and culture. "The right to be an acorn means the right to be an oak." Every soul born into the world has a right to all helps to attain to a perfect manhood; and while we train men to run a locomotive, to run machinery, it is most important of all that they should well understand the "complex machine that runs the machine."

We cannot too much emphasize the importance of having a plan in life—not one which embraces to-morrow, or next year, or the next ten-years merely; but one which looks ahead, far ahead, on into eternity—and then lays the very broadest foundation for the working out of that plan. In this age education is important to the individual because of the competition he must meet in every walk in life. It requires very little brains to shovel dirt from where there is too much and throw it where there is not enough; and, consequently, the very lowest wages are paid for such labor. But another man takes a better

(Continued on page 157.)

Woman's Work.

By MRS. R. T. ROGERS, Hammond, La.

THE OLD-FASHIONED BIBLE.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful emotion and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high!
I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest book which excels every other,
That family Bible which lay on the stand,
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquility! long have we parted!
My hopes almost gone and my parents no more!
In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
O, let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

"The Old-Fashioned Bible," which we publish in this number of the RECORDER, will doubtless call forth many pleasant memories of by-gone days. We remember well, when a child, hearing it sung by our sainted father and mother, and have often wished we could recall the words of the hymn, and the tune in which they were sung. Since coming South we have received one inquiry as to our memories of this same hymn and tune. Shall we call it "good luck" that we came across this same "old hymn" the other day, while looking over some clippings we had preserved from a number of the *Congregationalist*, dated March 4, 1897, where it speaks of an old lady of ninety years who "heard it sung sixty-five years ago in Vermont," and had sent for information of some kind about the hymn?

WHILE your Editor cannot remember it so long ago as "sixty-five years," she does remember it very distinctly *only a few years later*.

And now that we have found the hymn we are even more anxious to find the tune in which it was sung. Who can remember it and is willing to inform us *where* or *how* we can find it? Any items of interest with regard to this subject will be very welcome.

We will give you only one of the replies which we find in this same number of the *Congregationalist* as to the history of "The Old-Fashioned Bible":

THE ADAMS THEORY.

This is one of special interest and is reported by a lady of reliability and culture in the "Old Colony," who refers to the genealogy of the Adams family (of Kingston). The story is this. Richard Adams came from England, apparently fleeing from persecution in the reign of James II. It is recorded that he was so determined to preserve his Bible that he had it screwed through the covers to the stand in his house and the stand fastened to the floor, in order to prevent the royal officers from carrying it away. He purchased tracts of land between Salem and Dover, and sent for his son Francis to join him. Francis came about 1692, when about fifteen years old, but learned on his arrival that his father had been killed by the Indians. He served an apprenticeship in Watertown, and afterwards settled in Kingston. He married Mary Buck of Scituate and was the ancestor of a numerous race.

The family tradition is that he was at one time (apparently in the earlier part of his life) so oppressed with loneliness and homesickness that he could not sleep, and

that he then composed the poem. A Maine physician (Brown University, 1821) recorded before his death that his grandmother used to recite the lines to him between 1814 and 1817, calling them her "grandfather's verses."

OUR weather reports for Hammond are not quite complete without the record of the zero weather which came soon after our first report. We quote from the *Louisiana Sun*:

Honest chronicler of events only induces us to speak of so unpleasant a subject as the weather has been since our last issue. The forewarning of approaching cold given out by the weather man last Saturday morning was confirmed during the night by sleet, snow and ice, and Sunday morning presented the unusual sight of snow everywhere to the depth of three or four inches, backed by a weather temperature indicating it had come to stay. 'Twas cold Sunday morning, colder mid-day and still colder at night; and Monday morning broke all previous records by eight or ten degrees, the thermometer hovering in the vicinity of zero, some say two degrees below, resulting in freezing of pumps and all water pipes, and death to all vegetable life. Fortunately, strawberries being so well rooted are presumed to be below the frost line, and not injured. The damage to early tree fruits and vegetables amounts to a total loss. This marvelous freak of the weather-maker causes the many tourists in our midst to conclude that all of our talk about sunshine and flowers is a fraud. Apologetically, we can only say 'tis not always thus. We have had plenty of sunshine and plenty of flowers, and sincerely believe we shall have them again. Patience, friends, and a little time will make good all our promises. There was after all a tinge of silver in the lining of these clouds of discouragements, in the manner our lads and lasses made use of the snow. What with snow-balling, making of snow men and women, snow forts, and the many different kinds of improvised snow vehicles, full of fun and laughter that fitted through our streets, our Mardi Gras of '99 was truly a carnival of snow.

HER TITHES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

She read the words hastily in the morning, her busy thoughts already running forward to plan the day's work, but all through the crowded hours they followed her persistently, and she found herself continually repeating, "I give tithes of all that I possess."

Shopping in the crowded stores, poring over the wealth of new books, choosing the exquisite roses for a sick friend and the beautiful picture for her young daughter, sitting in her sunny home, with skillful fingers moving swiftly over the half-finished Christmas gifts—continually the refrain ran on—"I give tithes of all that I possess."

It annoyed her as she had often been annoyed by a strain of a foolish song, caught up by the memory and reiterated mechanically.

"It was a miserable old Pharisee that said it," she reflected, "and I don't know why I should be haunted by it. I do give tithes of all I possess, but I never thought of boasting of it. It's much the easiest way to keep the peace between your conscience and so many conflicting claims. When I've laid aside my tenth I feel perfectly comfortable over the rest of the dollar."

There was silence for a few minutes in the busy brain, and then came a little laugh with the thought,

"The Pharisee seems to have been perfectly comfortable about the rest of his dollar—or shekel, I suppose it was. The great trouble with him was feeling too comfortable about his tithes, as if that ended the matter. I never felt so, I am sure. My tithe is a real thank-offering, not a tax."

Again the needle sped on its way, but the face above it grew every minute graver and more thoughtful, until at last the hands lay idle in the lap, and the eyes were lifted to gaze

slowly about the beautiful room, taking in its charm and harmony and comfort.

"'Tithes of all that I possess,'" said the mistress of the home; "I never thought before how much that really meant, and what a very small part of all my possessions the money is. It would mean a tithe of my time, and my thought, and my ingenuity, and my ability to make things go—and I've always said I will give, but I will not be on committees and take responsibility and get other people to work. I've paid my dues, but I would not take time to go to the missionary meetings. I've subscribed for the paper, but I never had any interest in reading it—I can't honestly say as much as the Pharisee did.

"'All I possess'—that would mean love, human love, that crowns me and makes me blessed among women. I'm sure I never gave that. I never in my life gave any real love to these women whose lives are so empty of it—I have not taken time to love them—I have just let them be crowded out of my thoughts. I don't know just what good love could have done them, but it might have done me good; made me more grateful, more generous, more eager to help, and that would have reached to them. 'All I possess' would mean opportunity, and influence with others; it would mean the beauty and rest and delight of my home—but how could I tithe that except with those who can be brought in to share it? Yes, I might; I might spare that lovely etching on which I set my heart for the library, and send the money toward the Memorial Home, that seems so vague and far off and uncertain that I said I did not want any of my money to go into it. It would mean sharing the church for reading-rooms and evening classes and social help; sharing leisure and culture, and pleasures, and knowledge; it would mean sharing one's self, and that is the hardest of all. If I had plenty of money I should love to help in every other way, but I have no talent for personal giving. Yet that was the way Christ helped—'who loved us, and gave himself for us.' First the love, then the giving of himself. Perhaps if I had the love, really, truly, in Christ's measure, the giving would be easier. I might even have to give, for Paul says, 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' Well, I'll never say again, 'I give tithes of all that I possess.'"

She sighed and took up her needle, but it moved slowly now, and in place of the haunting words a gentle, persuasive voice seemed to whisper, "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Beloved, if God so loved us we ought also to love one another." "Wherefore receive ye one another, as God for Christ's sake hath received you." The tears began to fall and in the quiet, beautiful room David's prayer of thanksgiving ascended again: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—*Woman's Missionary Friend*.

A GOOD woman is a wondrous creature, cleaving to the right and the good in all change; lovely in her youthful comeliness, lovely all her life long in comeliness of heart.—*Alfred Tennyson*.

WHEN a man looks through a tear of his own, that is a lens which opens riches in the unknown and reveals orbs which no telescope could do.—*H. W. Beecher*.

TO STORE our memories with sense of injuries is to fill that chest with rusty iron which was made for refined gold.—*Thomas Secker*.

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

EVERY member of the Christian Endeavor Society ought to have an abiding interest in the Sabbath-school.

AN abiding interest is one which stays by and does not flag, week in and week out, summer and winter.

THIS abiding interest will not suffer one to lie abed on Sabbath morning until it is too late to go to Sabbath-school.

THIS abiding interest will not listen to any reason, except that which is really necessary, for being absent from class, or for being tardy.

THIS abiding interest will prompt one to a careful study of the Bible lesson, for each week, to a systematic study, to a prayerful study. For, if, as we believe, the Bible is the revealed will of our Heavenly Father to us, we can never know its teachings too well.

If you are an officer or a teacher in the Sabbath-school, you have doubtless read a good deal and thought even more about the matter of graded work in our schools. It is possible that you are a member of a school which is already graded. The probability is, however, that you belong to a school which is graded only in that it has an "infant class" and a "Bible class."

BUT whether you are an officer, a teacher, a scholar, or only now and then a visitor, I trust you will be interested in the following resolutions, which were adopted last fall by the State Sunday-School Convention of New Jersey. You will see that it is merely an attempt to define the outlines of the grades:

WHEREAS, The better grading of our Sunday-schools would result in improvement in the teaching therein; and whereas, many of our Sunday-schools are ready to adopt some plan of grading; and whereas, considerable diversity now exists as to the names and age-limits of the several grades of the Sunday-school; and whereas, a uniform series of grades, suitable for adoption by all Sunday-schools, and approved by this Convention, would facilitate the gradation of individual Sunday-schools, and tend to promote helpful co-operation, among teachers and leaders in the respective grades; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the following definitions be adopted, as furnishing the groundwork of a standard system of grading:

1. General departments for all Sunday-schools.

The primary department is that department of the Sunday-school which includes the children until they are able to read, and are ordinarily at least eight years of age.

The Junior department is the department which includes the pupils who have been out of the Primary department four years or less.

The Senior department is that department which includes the pupils who have been out of the Junior department four years or less.

The Adult department is the department next above the Senior department.

2. Additional departments may be organized as needed.

The infant department, or infant class, is that section of the primary department which includes the little children six years old and under.

The Intermediate department is the first two years of the Junior department.

The Young People's, or advanced, department is the first four years of the Adult department.

This classification is based almost entirely upon the age of pupils. There are four departments, as follows: 1. Primary; 2. Juniors; 3. Seniors, and 4. Adult. The first, second and fourth departments are subdivided so there are really seven departments, with

ages as follows: 1. Infant department, six years old and under; 2. Primary department, six to eight years; 3. Intermediate department, eight to ten years; 4. Junior department, ten to twelve years; 5. Senior department, twelve to sixteen years; 6. Young People's department, sixteen to twenty years; 7. Adults, twenty years and over. The scholars pass from grade to grade, the teachers stay by the same grade year after year.

ANOTHER GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY ELIZABETH M. GRISWOLD.

George Foster's parents liked good old-fashioned names, and so, when their son was born, they called him George Washington.

George learned about the great hero he was named for when he was very young, and had always been an ardent admirer of him, and made resolutions, when he felt very good, to imitate him in every way he could. George was now a large boy in the grammar school.

The principal of George's school was a kind man, though rather severe. Once in a while he would gather all the boys together and give them a good talk. He had done this the day before Washington's Birthday, and one thing he had said about the great general had impressed itself deeply on George's mind, and that was one trait of Washington's character that the boys had never had brought to their mind before. He said that Washington was always willing to retreat when he thought it for the best. He was a proud man, but had no false pride, and showed his generalship as much by retreating as he did by battle.

This was a new idea to George, and he would always remember it.

But it was now a month since this talk, and George had got into trouble at school. He and several others had violated one of the important rules of the school. They were all lively boys, full of fun, and teachers and principal all felt that they had done it out of pure mischief. George had been the leader, and so the punishment must fall most heavily on him.

He was now just about the age when boys get to have peculiar moods, which they and no one else can explain. George was very proud, and also rather obstinate. He took the notion into his head that he had not done anything worth making a fuss about. He could not distinguish that the offense lay in violating the rule, not in what he actually did. So when he was told to report to the principal's room, he felt ugly, and would not confess that he had done wrong. He showed such a spirit of rebellion that the principal finally told him that, if he would not acknowledge his fault, he must be suspended for two weeks.

George went home feeling very determined, and also very unhappy. He would never give up, and, what was more, he would not go back to school again. He would show them all that he could get along without them. He was sorry for his mother. He knew she would feel terribly about it, but then he would go to work now: he was old enough, and his mother would have it easier with one less to care for. His father was dead. He decided he would not say anything about his trouble until to-morrow. It would only worry his mother, and he had made up his mind fully now.

He got through the evening somehow, although his mother remarked on his soberness.

Rather earlier than usual he went up to his room, and lit his lamp. His eye fell upon the one picture that adorned his room. He was very fond of it, and liked to have it there for his very own. It was simply a cheap picture of Washington.

"I wonder what he would do if he were in my place," he thought. And then the words that the principal had used the month before came to him: "Washington was never ashamed to retreat."

"Oh, well! that's different," he said to himself, as he tried to shake off the peculiar uneasy feeling that possessed him.

After all, it did not seem so very much different. Long after he went to bed he lay thinking it over. He felt now as if he were fighting against himself, instead of against the principal. He supposed, too, for his mother's sake, he ought to own up. It would be a hard blow to her if he was suspended. Finally he thought, "If George Washington was never ashamed to retreat, George Washington Foster ought not to be," and concluded that he would go to the principal and apologize in the morning.

"Well, have you thought it over?" said the principal in kind tones, as George stood before him the next morning.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "And do you remember what you told us last month about Washington's never being ashamed to retreat?"

"Yes," replied the principal.

"Well, I'm not, either," said George.—S. S. Times.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

The meetings at Jackson Centre were closed on Wednesday night. At least eight have found Christ; others have returned to his service, and to their places in the church. All but one of them are adults.

Thursday morning Bro. Crofoot and myself left Jackson for Holgate, Henry County, Ohio, a place of 1,600 people on the B. & O. railroad, 70 miles north of Jackson Centre. Our little church there now has eight members. Bro. Crofoot organized it last October with seven members. Others are ready for baptism and membership; sickness has delayed them. Others are keeping the Sabbath. There are some twelve families here keeping the Sabbath; six of them are Seventh-day Baptist people, the remainder Adventists. One of our families has been keeping the Sabbath for 24 years, the other 37 years. They have found and come to the Sabbath without help of our people or of Adventists. How many other such people there are scattered here and there we do not know; we would know of more if we should give ourselves to this work. If we should give up the Sabbath, others will continue to embrace it. This question is before the Christian world, and can only be disposed of in one way, by coming to the Bible. The Advent brethren have made a campaign here with the tent meetings, and the people know all about the Sabbath. Many have said to me, "You have the right of it, but we cannot get work and keep it." There are nine saloons, four Sunday Protestant churches and lots of lodges.

We hold two meetings a day; Bro. Crofoot preaches in the afternoon, I preach at night, usually to a good sized congregation. Some have been forward or asking for prayers each meeting, for the last few meetings. We meet in an old store building rented and used by our people for their weekly meetings. There are from 20 to 30 in the Sabbath-school. This church has not yet been reported and counted to the list of our churches. Pray for Holgate.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

Children's Page.

THE SAND MEN OF CUDDLEDOWNTOWN.

BY JOE KERR.

Cuddledowntown is near Cradleville,
Where the Sand Men pitched their tents;
In Drowsyland,
You understand,
In the State of innocence:
'Tis right by the source of the River of Life
Which the Grandma Storks watch over,
While Honey-bug bees,
'Neath Funny-big trees,
Croon Lullabys in sweet clover.

'Tis a wondrous village, this Cuddledowntown,
For its people are all sleepers;
And never a one,
From dark till dawn,
Has ever a use for peepers.
They harness gold butterflies to Sunbeams—
Play horse with them, a-screaming,
While never a mite,
Throughout the night,
E'er dreams that he's a-dreaming.

In Cuddledowntown there are Choo-choo cars
In all the beautiful streets;
And round bald heads
And curly heads
Are the engineers one meets:
From Piggybacktown to Pattycakeville
The cars run, hissing, screeching,
While wonderful toys,
For girls and boys,
Can always be had by reaching.

O, Cuddledowntown is a Village of Dreams
Where little tired legs find rest;
'Tis in God's hand—
'Tis Holy Land—
Not far from mother's breast.
And many a weary, grown-up man,
With sad soul, heavy, aching,
Could he lie down
In this sweet town,
Might keep his heart from breaking.

—Collier's Weekly.

A FUNNY NEW YEARS' PARTY.

I know you will all say it was a funny party when you hear about it.

The children had been having a fine time all the afternoon getting things fixed up in the parlor for the Happy New Year greetings. The Christmas tree still stood in the corner with its pretty glistening balls, and rows and rows of pink and white pop-corn which mamma had twined about it. The holiday gifts, too, were placed on the table that the little cousins who were coming to eat the New Year's dinner the next day might see them all.

The new dolls that the children said they had hardly got acquainted with yet, were sitting up in state on the sofa, and the dear, old, tried friends of the doll household were in their push-carts, wheeled up under the Christmas tree. When everything was in order the four happy little Mallingers went to bed. Tommie went to sleep in his white bed in the hall bedroom; Helena and Edith in their pretty room next to their mamma's, and Robin, the "littlest one" of the family, snuggled up in her crib, right next to dear mamma's big bed.

Grandmamma had the rheumatism and could not go up and down stairs without great pain, so she occupied the sleeping-room next to the parlor. She was quite wakeful that New Year's Eve, probably thinking over the days when she was a young mother and had dear little children to put to bed every night, too. At all events, she sat down in the new, large, easy chair—that papa had given mamma for a Christmas present.

She had turned the gas down very low, and it was such a soft, restful chair that she soon fell asleep. While she was dreaming so quietly of the days when she was a little girl, something ran across her foot and woke her up. She had on the worsted slippers that Helena had crocheted for her for Christmas. If she

had had on shoes, probably she would never have known what went on in that house New Year's Eve. Grandma thought as she woke up so suddenly, that perhaps one of the children had come down stairs for something and seeing her asleep had given her a love tap on her foot, but when she looked around no one was in sight, then she said to herself, "It must have been a mouse."

Grandma had seen so many mice in her life that she did not scream out at the sight of one, and as she sat there as still as an old grandmother mouse herself, she saw one of the little creatures come quietly out of the corner and go under the Christmas tree. With its little bright black eyes it looked at the wonderful display on it and then it run up the supports by the trunk, and found that it could reach the pop-corn strings, and first it pulled off a pink corn and then a white one. Next it ran up the legs of the children's tea-table and nibbled some of the bits of cake on it, and finally it got into the push-cart where the baby doll lay with its eyes closed, and nibbled the cracker, which Robin had put in its little hand in case it should wake up in the night and be hungry. Then the little mouse went back into the corner of the room where it came from and grandmamma turned out the gas and went to bed.

She had not been asleep long when she heard a great rattling of the Christmas tree, the little bells were jingling, and it seemed as if there were footsteps dancing about it. Can it be possible, thought grandmamma, that a troop of fairies have come to have a New Year's Eve party? Or can they be Brownies, that have broken so silently and mysteriously into our house? She had looked at the pictures in the children's Brownie Book so many times that she knew just how they looked, and of course she had seen pictures of fairies long ago, when she was a child.

The curtains of the parlor were up and the electric lights from the street shone in and she could peep out of her door and look right into the parlor. She stepped very softly to the door, and scarcely drew a breath, for grandma was not one bit frightened, but she was determined to know what was going on in her son's house. She did not see any fairies or any Brownies, but this is just what she did see by the help of the electric lights. A lot of mice were running about the tree, some of them got on the branches to nibble at the strings of corn, and which set the little bells jingling, and some of the dancing girls which mamma had put on the tree began to whirl about and dance.

Grandma would not break up that mouse party, for anything. She liked to see any creature have a good time whether grown persons or children or animals, even to such tiny ones as mice, so she went back to bed and the bells were still jingling and the dancing girls still whirling, when she fell asleep.

The next morning when she awoke and peeped out of the door by daylight, there was not a sign that there had been a party, except some nibblings of pop-corn on the floor. She shut her door to dress for breakfast, but it was not long before she heard the children. Then they began calling out "Happy New Year, dear grandmamma," talking very mysteriously in the parlor.

"Somebody has certainly been here in the night!" exclaimed Tommy. "Just look at those strings of pop-corn, they have been nib-

bled on and some of them have been broken off. I wonder if it could have been burglars."

"See, see," called out Robin, "you said doll babies could not eat, my baby did wake up and eat some of its cracker last night."

"What a foolish child!" said Helena, "something else has nibbled that cracker. Dolls can't eat."

"But what was that something else?" said Edith looking very grave. Yes, there was indeed a great mystery about it all. Bits of candy had been nibbled at and the little round cake in the center of the children's tea table had been tasted of.

Looks of consternation were on the children's faces when grandma came out of her room all ready for breakfast. She had on her holiday morning cap, and the little grey curls peeping out made her look as Edith told her, "too sweet for anything this Happy New Year morning." Of course it was grandmamma, and grandmamma only, who could clear up that mystery. So she sat down in the Christmas big, easy chair and told the children the whole story just as she had seen it.

"Do you think grandmamma," asked Tommy, "that the first little mouse that came and ran over your foot was the one who gave the party?"

"Of course," replied grandma, that mouse was on a voyage of discovery, a little cunning mouse, too, she was. She probably wished to give a party in her own house, but it was too small to hold all her friends, and she did not have a menu that suited her. She thought herself very fortunate when she found herself in our parlor, I am sure, and scurried off to get in all her friends and neighbors as fast as she could. They had a fine time."

"I'm just as glad as I can be," said little Robin, "for I don't believe mices have very good times in their lives."

It was the story for the breakfast table that morning and told over and over again to the little cousins and the big folks who came to see the Mallinger family on New Year's Day, and if you should become acquainted with Helena, Edith, Tommy and Robin, I am pretty sure that story would be the first thing they would entertain you with.—
The Evangelist.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

In Africa is a family who certainly must be very fond of animals. They have as pets a wildcat, an ape, an English terrier, a black-and-tan with four little puppies, and a lion cub, in addition to goats, sheep, hens and chickens, and ducks. All these queer pets live together most amicably, each having the food which it best likes; and, strangest of all, these animals have a cook, whose business it is to prepare the food the way each of the pets likes it. The lion cub's name is Moto. The lion cub was so beautiful that his owner was offered a large price for it, and when it was five months old he started with the cub for the train, fifteen miles away. The whole journey was made in a bullock-cart. All the family cried when Moto left, and the other pets were quite dull and lonesome for several days. After a journey of one hundred and sixty miles by train to the coast, which the owner of the cub made with him, the cub's picture was taken, in order that the family might not forget entirely how Moto looked, and then he was put aboard the vessel for England.

Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be working what is good, towards all, but especially towards the family of the faith."—Gal. 6:10. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb. 13:16.

ALFRED, N. Y.—Eld. L. C. Randolph began evangelistic meetings in First Alfred church last Sixth-day evening, preaching also Sabbath morning and Sunday evening to very attentive audiences. Meetings will continue this week and probably through March. His sermons are Scriptural, practical, and strikingly illustrated. We are hoping for gracious results. About the first of April some improvements upon the interior of the church building are to be made, such as a raised floor, new seats, new carpet, and the decoration of walls and ceiling. We are greatly enjoying natural gas for heating and lighting the church.

J. L. G.

VERONA MILLS, N. Y.—We had a successful "Birthday Party" a few days ago, and as I know the readers of the RECORDER enjoy hearing of successful things, I thought a few words in regard to it would be welcome; especially from those who, living in places remote from the church, helped to make it a success. We issued invitations for a Birthday Party to be given on the evening of Washington's Birthday, including an invitation to drop a penny for each year of life in the little sack which accompanied each invitation. An entertainment was given, but no admission charged. A collection was taken, which, with the amounts received in the sacks, netted fifty-five dollars—this amount to be devoted to paying for the parsonage. We wish to thank all our friends who have so kindly and liberally helped in this matter.

PASTOR SINDALL.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—The League for Social Service, incorporated in 1898, has its headquarters in New York City, at 287 Fourth Avenue. Among those connected with its management are such persons as Spencer Trask, Robert C. Ogden, Margaret E. Sangster, Alice Freeman Palmer, Richard W. Gilder, Rev. Drs. Gladden, Hale, Storrs and Parkhurst, and Bishops Huntington, Hurst, Potter and Vincent, besides corresponding and co-operating members in London, Paris and Buda Pesth, in Germany, Ireland, Japan, Denmark, Sweden and Holland.

The object of the League is to study carefully the conditions of all classes of men, women and children, in their varied home, social, business and political life and relations; to spread information by means of lectures and leaflets; and to promote the reforming principles of brotherly love, co-operation and good citizenship. "The Value of a Vote," "Duties of American Citizenship," "The Ruler of America," "The Duty of a Public Spirit," and "The History of Mormonism" are some of the leaflet titles. An annual membership of one dollar entitles one to all the leaflets.

Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D., widely known as author of "Our Country," etc., and President of the League, gave an address in our church last Sabbath morning, under the auspices of the Men's Meeting, upon "The Supreme Peril of the Century." The peril is our country's marvelous material progress; our safety lies in spreading general and specific intelligence, and in higher moral stand-

ards for character and conduct, in all departments of life. It was an admirable, instructive, conscience-stirring, hopeful discourse, and was listened to with attention and profit by a large and appreciative congregation.

PASTOR MAIN.

FEBRUARY 28.

SALEM, W. VA.—As nothing has appeared of late in these columns from Salem, I want to say that we also have had a large taste of the almost unparalleled weather. Snow has fallen to the depth of 12 to 15 inches, and last week the mercury fell to 35 and 40 degrees below zero. This is the coldest for this locality within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. But with our unbounded supply of coal and gas, for both lighting and heating purposes, no great inconvenience or suffering has been experienced.

In spiritual things we feel much encouraged, as the midweek and Sabbath afternoon prayer-meetings have continued with increasing interest since the close of our revival meetings. The young people are especially active, as indicated by a move in a recent business meeting, whereby an organization known as "The Tithers' Union" has been perfected. We expect great things from this organization, as its sole purpose is to increase the interest and more thoroughly establish the practice of giving at least one-tenth of our net income. The members are not confined to C. E. workers, but to any who are willing to give the one-tenth, and as much more as the spirit may indicate. This will be a C. E. work of the highest sort if given in the right spirit. There is already a large number pledged to this practice, and next to a deep spiritual life we believe this practice will stand in point of value, both to the church and the denomination. Indeed, it is not only an expression of the spiritual state, but is also a means to the end of higher living, according to the great law, that "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also." Would that all our churches and societies might see it their privilege and duty to take a similar step. It would solve many a problem with us as a people.

Sincerely yours,

PASTOR LEWIS.

FEBRUARY 16, 1899.

ATTALLA, ALA.—I wish to give you a few lines from Alabama. One of the most important questions of the day among Seventh-day Baptists in Alabama is, how shall we preserve our young people and keep them from going with the world into Sunday-keeping, when they reach manhood and womanhood? We are told in the Bible to "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6. Some people say this will not do. I have tried as earnestly as anyone can to rear my children in righteousness, and they have gone astray. A Seventh-day man came to me once and said: "Brother, I want you to pray for my children, I have done all I can do and they do not seem to care for the Sabbath, and I am troubled about it." This man had lived within six miles of a Seventh-day Baptist church for several years; but he had never attended the church, neither did he bring his children where they could be in Seventh-day Baptist society. How many more Sabbath-keepers are doing in this way. Let us go to the Bible and find out there first how to rear our children; see Deut. 6: 6-9, "And these

words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way and when thou liest down and when thou sittest up and thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes, and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house and on thy gates." I think if we would train our children in this way they would not depart from it when they grow older.

Now a few words as to the lone Sabbath-keepers who cannot attend church and Sabbath-school on Sabbath-days and who have children to rear. You had better leave where you are even at a sacrifice in the way of property. Your children are worth far more to you than all the money in the world. Your children, like others, will have association and it will be with Sunday-keeping people, and they will be likely to form marriage relations with Sunday-keeping families, and the temptation will be great to go over to Sunday-keeping. If we fail to teach our own children the way, how shall we teach others? Do your first and best work at home; then you will be better able to teach others. I think every lone Sabbath-keeper ought to move where he can have society for his children. That will do more to preserve them perhaps than anything you can do. I would say to the lone Sabbath-keepers of Alabama, who are farmers, or desire to farm, they can find one of the finest farming communities in northern Alabama, near Boleyton, in Cullman county. The land is almost as level as the Texas prairie lands. It is a free, productive soil, on what is known as "Brinley Mountain," a high, level and healthy country. It has good schools; one of the best schools almost, in our country, is at Joppa. The highest tuition is only one dollar per month, from that down to fifty cents per month. Lands can be bought there from four to six dollars per acre, partly improved. Men of small capital would do well to go there, or write to Bro. J. K. P. McCarley, Boleyton, Cullman Co., Alabama. I believe that some time in the near future there will be a strong church there. We have three good Sabbath-keeping families in that county who have in all about 16 children. If they were all near enough to each other to organize a Sabbath-school they could run a school with 18 or 20 members; but they are too far apart to come together Sabbath-days, and they do not have the communion of Christians as they could if they were closer together. Besides these, there are some others who keep the Sabbath in that country who do not have the pleasure of good society among Seventh-day Baptists. Any one who would like to help build up a good Seventh-day Baptist society would do well to go to Cullman county. We want every Seventh-day Baptist we can get in Attalla, but Attalla is a hard place for Seventh-day Baptists who have to work at public works for a living. We would be glad if someone of our faith would come to Attalla and start some industry for our people here, so they could have employment and keep the Sabbath. If we would preserve our children let us get them where we can have them in good society. It will be better for them and us. Sometimes we hear people say I would be a Seventh-day Baptist if there were more of

them. Our influence is greater and better where we are strong. Let me say again to the lone Sabbath-keepers, sell what you have, come to Attalla where we have a good little church and preaching and Sabbath-school every Sabbath, or go to Cullman and help build them up into a good church there. You may lose a little money and you may make some, but God will bless you if you do this for the cause of Christ.

R. S. WILSON.

FEB. 22, 1899.

DODGE CENTRE, MINN.—The cold weather "let up"; a thaw came, and finally a good-sized snow-storm. The next thing will be a change. The extra meetings closed the 19th of February. Bro. Randolph preached a sermon on the Sabbath question. This elicited some interest, and the M. E. pastor gave his side of the question the next Sunday. Seventh-day Baptists were disturbers; they united with rum-sellers and gamblers to open the World's Fair on Sunday; the Sabbath was a Jewish affair, nailed to the cross; people keep one day or the other because they are brought up that way; he was very thankful that he was not brought up to keep Saturday; undoubtedly Sunday is the original seventh day; creation days were vast periods, and we are living in the seventh period; the early Fathers' writings prove the Sunday observed by the early church; going around the world, crossing the day-line, is a bad thing for Seventh-day Baptist and Adventist arguments; strange that all are not keeping Saturday, when so much literature on the subject is distributed; and other like arguments convincing to the Methodist pastor.

Our church built a new baptistery during the meetings, which was used on two occasions. Pastor Clarke presented his resignation Sabbath morning, February 25. This will close his pastorate, of over six years, May 27. He has no definite plans for the future, but hopes to be led to some field of usefulness. **

HOWELL, ORE.—In the RECORDER of Jan. 30, "Endeavorer" said, "Correspondence is a work I am not personally acquainted with." So it is with me, but the thought suggested by him is a good one. If lone Sabbath-keepers could have a letter written to them occasionally, it would be a great help. I think that if there were committees appointed to look after the lone ones, to write and cheer them over life's rugged pathway, much good could be accomplished. The same is true of the families that death has torn asunder. News has just reached us of the death of Bro. D. F. Baker, formerly of Berlin, Wis. His family now live at Lebanon, Linn County, Ore. Surely a kind letter written to such bereaved ones would be a blessing. There are others also who should be tenderly looked after; those who have just started in the new life and have accepted Christ. But some will say, "That is the minister's work, and not mine." If I understand Paul's teaching in 1 Cor. 12, we all have a work to do. When we scatter seeds by the wayside, surely some will fall on good ground, as was the case last year in Salem. A man said to me, "You have been pointed out to me as a Seventh-day Baptist. Are you one?" I answered, "Yes, sir." He said, "I heard D. W. Leath preach in the state of Washington, and that was enough to convince me of the truth in

regard to the Sabbath, and I have kept the Sabbath ever since."

There is one thing that I would like to impress upon the minds of every one in our denomination. Do not act as if you were ashamed of being a Seventh-day Baptist. Let the world know it. Live for Christ. A short time ago I met a man who told me he was well acquainted with the Seventh-day Baptist people, that he had lived beside them for years, but in all that time not one had offered him a tract, or had shown him their position from the Bible. I asked him if he would like to read some of our publications, and he said yes, as this matter in regard to the Sabbath had been a question in his mind for some time. I gave him "Bible Readings," "Pro and Con," and "Expose." I make it a rule to carry some tracts with me, so I am ready for any one with an inquiring mind.

If D. W. Leath will send me his address, I would like to correspond with him.

Yours fraternally,

O. SABIN.

FEBRUARY 20, 1899.

ITINERARY OF MR. AND MRS. BOOTH.

Sabbath-day, March 4, at Alfred, N. Y.; March 11, with the Brookfield churches; March 18, at Adams Centre, N. Y.; March 25, with the Milton churches, Wis.; April 1, Mr. Booth at Nortonville, Kas., and Mrs. Booth at Farina, Ill.; April 8, in Salem, W. Va.

Between these Sabbaths as many other churches as possible will be visited.

The Committee deeply regrets that the missionaries cannot spend more time among the churches; but Mr. Booth thinks that they ought to start for Africa by the middle of April. Deferring to this judgment of his, we are simply doing the best we can; and we shall appreciate the co-operation of pastors and others. The object of these visits is to give information, awaken interest and obtain subscriptions to shares in the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association.

COMMITTEE.

PLAINFIELD, March 1, 1899.

GOD knows all about you—the best and the worst of you. All your weaknesses, your struggles, your successes, your failures, your joys and your heartaches are open to the eyes of him with whom you have to do. As Dr. Mathews beautifully said in a recent sermon: "There are many woes in the British Empire with which the good Victoria is unacquainted; but there is one throne against which every human perplexity beats in such a manner as to provoke a sympathetic response." If you are a sincere man, this thought cannot fail to be a source of comfort to you. Your fellow-men may pass you by without any notice at all, or if they deign to regard you, may misconstrue your conduct and misinterpret your character; but your Father in heaven will never suffer you to slip away from his observant eye.—*Christian Work.*

GOD has lent us the earth for our life. It is a great entail. It belongs to them who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right by anything that we do or neglect to involve them in unnecessary penalties or to deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath.—*John Ruskin.*

Christian Education.

(Continued from page 152.)

kind of dirt and molds it into a vase; art takes it and decorates it and glazes and polishes it, and it becomes a thing of beauty for which a "fancy price" is obtained. The difference between the price of the vase and the wages of the dirt-shoveler is simply because of the brains, the trained skill, put into it. And no man can be kept down who possesses educated brains; and no man can hope to stand without them.

Ignorance is no recommendation to any one, no help to him. In the United States, college-bred men are but one-fifth of one per cent of all the population; and yet the colleges furnish thirty per cent of our Congressmen, fifty per cent of our Senators, sixty per cent of our Presidents, and over seventy per cent of our Supreme Court Judges. In 1896 there were in Congress 243 college men.

England with its thirty million inhabitants has but 6,000 University students; while Scotland, with but about one-seventh the population, has 6,500 University students. May not this fact suggest the reason why all Scotland is noted for its brawn and brain, and its sons and daughters are so generally successful in whatever walk in life they take?

We should be startled and stimulated by comparing ourselves in this matter with the Hebrews. Forty-seven out of every one hundred Jewish children seek entrance into the higher schools and universities; while only ten out of every one hundred Christian children aspire to an education above the elementary. Can we not find here one secret of the remarkable preservation of that race? One reason at least why, although a despised and oppressed people, they are ever rising to pre-eminence in the nations of the world, and no European nation can go to war without first consulting the Jew? These facts illustrate and establish the importance to the individual of a liberal education as absolutely essential to success in this day and age of the world.

(2) The need and demand are emphasized also from the standpoint of political economy; first, because education increases the wealth-producing power of a nation; this could be easily shown if there were time and necessity. Second, because a true education surely tends to lessen crime. Since 1870, the number of children in English schools has increased from 1,500,000 to 5,000,000; while the number of persons in prison has fallen from 12,000 to 5,000. There must be some connection between these two facts. Third, the highest possible education of the people is essential to our Republic because "education is learning to think"; and those who think, govern; those who do not think are the governed. How important then is education in a country like ours where the people themselves are the rulers—a government which is "of the people and for the people and by the people"—where every man is a sovereign.

That there is some realization of the importance of education from the standpoint of political economy is seen in the facts, first, That Pennsylvania leads off with 9,243 public schools, New York follows with 8,558, and Ohio and Illinois come next with 7,250; second, That we have in America 1,600 colleges; third, That in the last quarter of a century private individuals in America have given \$75,000,000 to the cause of education.

(To be continued.)

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

REV. WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1899.

FIRST QUARTER.

Dec. 31.	Christ the True Light.....	John 1: 1-14
Jan. 7.	Christ's First Disciples.....	John 1: 35-46
Jan. 14.	Christ's First Miracle.....	John 2: 1-11
Jan. 21.	Christ and Nicodemus.....	John 3: 1-16
Jan. 28.	Christ at Jacob's Well.....	John 4: 5-15
Feb. 4.	The Nobleman's Son Healed.....	John 4: 43-54
Feb. 11.	Christ's Divine Authority.....	John 5: 17-27
Feb. 18.	Christ Feeding the Five Thousand.....	John 6: 1-14
Feb. 25.	Christ at the Feast.....	John 7: 14, 23-37
Mar. 4.	Christ Freeing From Sin.....	John 8: 12, 31-36
Mar. 11.	Christ Healing the Blind Man.....	John 9: 1-11
Mar. 18.	Christ the Good Shepherd.....	John 10: 1-16
Mar. 25.	Review.....	

LESSON XII.—CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

For Sabbath-day, March 18, 1899.

LESSON TEXT.—John 10: 1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. John 10: 11.

INTRODUCTION.

The Pharisees tried to discredit Jesus because he had healed the blind man upon the Sabbath. They examined and re-examined the man that they might find some flaw in his testimony in order that they might deny the miracle. But the man clung to his straightforward story and worsted them in the argument. Whereupon they cast him out of the synagogue. Jesus found him and spoke words of comfort to him; and plain words of reproof to the Pharisees. They are the ones who are blind, really as blind to the divine truth as the blind man had been to the light of the sun.

Our present lesson follows immediately upon this conversation with the Pharisees.

NOTES.

1. *He that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold.* The Pharisees who opposed Jesus were the false shepherds of Israel. Their carelessness for the welfare of the sheep is shown in their treatment of the man who had been blind. The eastern fold has but one door, at which the under-shepherd stands guard all night. The Pharisees had arrogated to themselves the position of leaders of the people; but they held the position by no right, as they did not render allegiance unto the Head Shepherd, Christ. From the fact of their injuring the flock rather than helping it, we note that they are called thieves and robbers. The sheep are the company of believers in the kingdom of God.

2. *The shepherd.* Literally, "shepherd" (without the article). The one coming in the proper way shows by this very act that he belongs to the class "shepherd," as contrasted with thieves and robbers.

3. *To him the porter openeth, etc.* We cannot expect to find something to correspond in the interpretation with every particular of the figure. For example, the porter is merely a part of the setting of the parable, and does not correspond to anybody in particular. The Oriental shepherd leads his sheep, he does not drive them. The very sheep testify to the true shepherd.

4. *And when he putteth forth his own sheep.* It often happens that several shepherds put their flocks in a fold together. In the morning each shepherd leads away his own sheep.

5. *And a stranger will they not follow, etc.* The true members of the kingdom will not be led astray into evil ways, just as the sheep refuse to hear the voice of any other than their own shepherd.

6. *Parable.* The word means literally, "a saying out of the usual course." The figure employed in this passage is properly called an *allegory*, which may be briefly defined as "an extended and elaborate metaphor." *But they understood not.* The Pharisees were not quick to see that our Saviour was speaking of himself and of them.

7. *Said unto them again.* Jesus begins again more explicitly. *I am the door.* The means of entrance into the fold.

8. *All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers.* That is, all that came claiming to be the door, setting themselves up as teachers of the people, without associating their work with that of Christ. *But the sheep did not hear them.* The true people of God have not been led astray by the Pharisees.

9. *By me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.* This is a gracious promise of blessedness to those teachers of the people who come through Jesus to lead and teach the people.

10. *The thief cometh not but for to steal, etc.* The purpose of any one who comes not through Christ is con-

trasted with that of Christ himself. The Pharisees and other false shepherds had no love for the sheep. They were destroying life. Christ was giving life.

11. *I am the good shepherd.* There is now a change in the figure for which the latter half of the previous verse has prepared us. Christ is not only the door through which true shepherds come to the flock, but he is also and truly the greatest of the true teachers; the Good Shepherd. *The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.* The willingness of a shepherd to risk his life on behalf of the flock that is under his charge is a type of Christ's laying down his life for the good of his own.

12. *But he that is an hireling.* The reference is to these teachers who have no interest in those whom they instruct. To ask by whom they were hired is to press the figure beyond its limits. *The wolf* is a figurative representation of every sort of power opposed to the Messiah.

14. *And know my sheep.* A further characterization of the Good Shepherd—his intimate acquaintance with his own.

15. *As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father.* Compare John 14: 20, 15: 10, 17: 21. *And I lay down my life for the sheep.* An emphatic repetition. The fact is mentioned here again to show the intimate relation between Christ and his own.

16. *And other sheep I have which are not of this fold.* This is in all probability a reference to the heathen. Some have supposed that the Jews outside of Palestine are meant, and others think of living beings in other worlds. But neither of these views is as natural as the first-mentioned. *One fold.* This is an error for "one flock," as in R. V. All the disciples of Christ are to belong to one flock, as he is one shepherd. It is not necessary to think of them all as belonging to one fold. There are many different kinds of Christians to-day, and many different churches and denominations; but all true Christians belong to one flock.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

HOW?

BY REV. GEO. W. HILLS.

In these days of combines, trusts, unions and brotherhoods, and an all-absorbing rush for worldly places and gains, the air we breathe seems laden with the spirit of worldliness. There is a danger of this spirit coming to be the ruling genius in the church of Christ. How carefully do the under-shepherds of God's flocks need to lead as the Lord directs, and with "line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little," point out the narrow way and the strait gate, because "few there be that find it."

Much is said of late about consecration, spiritual living, the work and indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and kindred topics. It is well that it is so. There must be some reactionary influence to hold the Christian's faith firmly anchored to God's plan and promises.

Every age in church history has had its peculiar difficulties and needs. Is not worldliness, in an emphatic sense, our difficulty? Is not our especial need a deeper work of the Spirit of God, and an entire consecration of the individual life to him?

Do we not discover a great tendency in our times to try to be a Christian, and yet be so nearly like the world it is hard to distinguish the difference? God wants his followers to be "a peculiar people," peculiar or different from the world because like him.

There was a book sent out the past season by a pastor of Topeka, Kas., which struck the keynote. Its great popularity shows there is a responsive chord touched by it in Christian hearts. The book is called, "In His Steps." It has for its motto, "What would Jesus do?" That is, in every duty of life let us ask, "What would Jesus do?" if he were the individual asking, thus making it a personal matter to live as, in our candid judgment, we think he would live with our surroundings and conditions.

Whether or not we see things just as the author does, this is the true Christian spirit of conduct and a safe teaching.

How would Jesus live? How would he preach? How would he do business were he here among us to-day in person? He is our only safe pattern.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Sand Dunes.

I take the liberty to welcome to these columns a "personal" letter received from D. D. Rogers, a scientist "on the ground," overhauling my ideas of sand dunes, fresh and salt water, and artesian wells in Florida, as set forth in the RECORDER of February 6, 1899. Here is what he says:

"We see that the editor of "Popular Science" has been firing his scientific gun, at long range, at our Florida sand dunes and artesian wells. As I am on the ground, let me, before you fire another shot, give you the range. There is a reason why we cannot obtain pure water from these sand dunes between the Atlantic Ocean and the Halifax River, and another reason why we cannot get a large supply of even the quality that we do have.

"The ground is so filled with the small lateral roots of the scrub palmetto, down to water-bearing stratum, which is at sea-level, as to make the water taste of the roots; the scrub palmetto being highly charged with tannic acid gives the water a bitter taste. So much for quality. Now, as the scrub palmetto aided largely in the building of these sand dunes, we suppose they have a pre-emption claim—at least, we do not propose to contest their rights, nor 'jump their claim.' A neighbor of ours drove down a pipe in a valley about two-thirds the distance from the ocean to the Halifax River, probably 900 feet from the ocean, and found fairly good water. He said to the writer, 'I believe I will drive that pipe about two feet deeper.' This he did, and began pumping salt water; the pipe was pulled back the two feet, and he has been pumping fresh water from the well for years. The salt water was about the same density as ocean water. So much for quantity.

"With reference to our artesian water coming from the Rocky Mountains, will say that we here were of the opinion that it came from a long distance until we had a severe drought, and found the wells having a weak flow, or giving out entirely; and we began wondering if they had a drought in the Rockies at the same time. Again, in some sections, the wells flow very dense salt water to a height of ten to fifteen feet above sea-level. In one section the sulphur water will rise twelve feet above sea-level, while in another it will rise forty feet. This is along the east coast. In the center of the state it rises sixty feet above the sea. We find several (artesian) water-bearing strata before we get to the rock, under which we obtain the greatest water supply; the lower ones of these flow to the same height as the one under the rock. We can increase the flow, but not the pressure, by going deeper.

"We were visited by a cold wave on the 13th and 14th of this month, the temperature going down to 16° above zero, and on the 14th we had quite a fall of snow, the first we have seen in the state.

"Daytona is well-filled, in fact overflowing, with winter visitors." D. D. R.

FEBRUARY 16, 1899.

MORALITY rests upon a sense of obligation, and obligation has no meaning except as implying a divine command, without which it would cease to be.—J. A. Froude.

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MARRIAGES.

CLARKE—COATS.—At the home of the bride's parents, in Wirt Township, Allegany County, N. Y., February 14, 1899, by the Rev. W. D. Burdick, Mr. Percy L. Clarke, of Nile, and Miss Gertrude Coats.

HENDERSON—MEYER.—At the home of the bride's parents, near Nortonville, Kas., February 22, 1899, by the Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Mr. Charles B. Henderson and Miss Evaline Meyer.

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.

BARBER.—In Scott, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1899, Mrs. Phoebe Barber, aged 83 years.
A fuller notice will appear next week.

PERSELS.—At Farina, Ill., Feb. 5, 1899, of diphtheria, Fay R., son of C. E. and Lura Persels, aged 3 years, 2 months and 20 days.
O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away.
L. D. S.

SMITH.—At Farina, Ill., Feb. 7, 1899, Charlotte Melissa Smith, daughter of Daniel G. and Asenath Smith, and wife of S. C. Smith.
She was born in Berlin, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., March 18, 1838. In early life she was baptized and became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Berlin, N. Y., and though she never united with any of our churches since coming West, yet her quiet, consistent life, and earnest assistance in things pertaining to the kingdom attest that she never departed from the experiences of faith and hope.
L. D. S.

BABCOCK.—At her home, near Nortonville, Kansas, Feb. 11, 1899, of a complication of disorders, Mrs. Sarah T. Babcock, widow of the late J. Smalley Babcock.
Sister Babcock was the daughter of Samuel F. Randolph and Ziphorah Davis. She was born at Salem, W. Va., Dec. 22, 1826. Her parents moved to Ohio when she was about one year old. She became a member of the Port Jefferson Seventh-day Baptist church (now extinct) in Ohio, at 13 years of age. She was married to J. Smalley Babcock on March 12, 1851. They emigrated to Humboldt, Neb., in 1857, and to Nortonville, Kansas, in 1894. She died in the membership of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Nortonville. Her last illness was of but few days' duration, in which she was tenderly cared for by her children. She leaves a large circle of children and grandchildren.
G. W. H.

POTTER.—Clarence Edwin, son of Manford and Kittie Potter, was born May 26, 1898, and died February 1, 1899. Funeral services were held February 3, conducted by the pastor. Text, 2 Kings 4: 27.
"Suffer the children," said Jesus,
To "come unto me" and be blest;
Around the throne of my Father,
They forever shall be at rest.
There with the harpers, we're told,
They shall join in the anthems of praise,
As they walk the streets of pure gold
With those who from death have been raised.
E. A. W.

STILLMAN.—On Monday, February 13, 1899, Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of the late Christopher C. Stillman, passed to her rest from her home in Westerly, R. I., having reached the mature age of 89 years, 6 months and 23 days.
Sister Stillman was converted and united with the First Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist church in her youth, transferring her membership in 1849 to the Pawcatuck church, of Westerly, where she remained a faithful member till her death. In early life she was associated with the late President Kenyon, of Alfred University, he having been a member of her father's family from childhood to manhood. When 20 years of age, she was united in marriage to Christopher C. Stillman. Three children were born to them, of whom Christopher Latham and David Franklin survive her. She always loved the religion of Christ, and will be missed by the church and by many relatives and friends.
D.

KEEP THY HEART WITH ALL DILIGENCE.—Prov. 4: 23.
The heart is the citadel of the life. It needs to be thoroughly fortified and carefully watched. The outposts may be surprised, but if this be guarded evil cannot control the life. This work of keeping the heart requires a careful observing of all that is in the heart. The spirit of mutiny may spread among the soldiers in a besieged garrison. There may be traitors within the camp. Insidious disease may be at work there, sapping the strength. There are possibilities of evil in every heart. The plague was once there, and lingering traces of infection may lurk there and burst out afresh. Evil imaginations may find a home there. A careful watch must be kept of all that goes to the heart. Sin lurks at the door, ready to spring in if the fastening be undone and the gateway left ajar. Foul images may enter through eye-gate and hide themselves in secret places. Vile sounds may enter through ear-gate and do a work of unspeakable defilement. An equally careful watch must be kept of all that goes out from the heart. There are upsprings of unlawful desire and passion which must be repressed. To allow them to go out and take form may be to do irreparable mischief to the moral nature.

A PUNCTUAL MAN.

A certain Mr. Scott, of Exeter, whose business required him to travel constantly, was one of the most famous characters for punctuality in the kingdom. By his methodical habits, combined with unwearied industry, he accumulated a large fortune. For a great many years the landlord of every inn in Cornwall or Devon that he visited knew the exact day and hour he would arrive. A short time before he died, at the advanced age of eighty, a gentleman, who was making a journey through Cornwall, put up at a small inn at Port Isaac for his dinner. He looked over the bill of fare, and found nothing to his liking. He had, however, seen a fine duck roasting on the fire. "I'll have that," said he. "You cannot, sir," replied the landlord; "it is for Mr. Scott, of Exeter." "I know Mr. Scott very well," replied the traveler. "He is not in your house." "Very sorry," said the landlord, "but six months ago, when he was last here, he ordered the duck to be ready for him this day, exactly at two o'clock." And, to the amazement of the traveler, who chanced to look from the window, the old gentleman was at that moment entering the inn yard, about five minutes before the appointed time.—*Harper's Round Table.*

If a man leaves himself to himself, and lets him have his own way with himself, he will be a little less valuable a man by nightfall than he was in the morning.—*Parkhurst.*

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

A full supply of the publications of the American Sabbath Tract Society can be found at the office of Wm. B. West & Son, at Milton Junction, Wis.

THE Sabbath-keepers in Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath-school held every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, at the residence of Dr. F. L. Irons, 117 Grace Street.

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 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 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. CHARLES D. COON, 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 Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services in the Boys' Room of the Y. M. C. A. Building, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. The preaching service is at 11.30 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.
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Away back in nursery days we learn of the little girl who wept in contemplating the bridge she did not have to cross after all; but the lesson did not go very deep, for we keep on worrying, until we have lines up and down the forehead and lines across. "The thirty-year marks," they call them, but that is a mistake. Thirty years of worry would wrinkle a marble forehead, but thirty years of optimism would keep smooth the most delicate skin. Worry spoils the digestion and brings ill health, which in turn ruins beauty. Worry enwraps the mental faculties and prevents them from free exercise, hampering judgment and shutting out light. Even those who do it most know these things well, yet still keep on; for not to worry means a condition of spiritual strength and elevation which is only attained by gradual process, and every one has not learned the way. The lines on the face are the expression of "the body's guest." They will come: but who could object to a crinkling around the eyes that make a smile the merrier, or lines about the corner of the mouth that have a kindly meaning? Such lines stamp the face with undying youth.—*Harper's Bazar.*

OVERCOMING the world implies overcoming a state of worldly anxiety. Worldly men are almost incessantly in a fever of anxiety lest their worldly schemes should fail. But the man who gets above the world gets above this state of ceaseless and corroding anxiety.—*Charles G. Finney.*

OBEDIENCE, submission, discipline, courage—these are among the characteristics which make a man.—*Samuel Smiles.*

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