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DEATH.
BY MARY R. CLARKE.

The autumn glory of the forest fades
With winter's withering breath,
The brown leaf floats upon the water's edge,
We say that this is death.

The bird, whose songs of liquid melody
From hidden springs outpour,
Veils his bright head beneath his glossy wing,
And wakes for song no more.

The human heart, which through long, changing years,
Continually doth repeat
Joy's blissful song or sorrow's wailing cry,
Ceases at last to beat.

And sometime all, of every age and clime,
Must yield the mortal breath,
To that invisible, mysterious power,
Which men have surnamed Death.

Yet shrink we from the vast and dread unknown,
Reserved for us in store,
Which stretches through eternity, to which
This death is but the door.

'Till faith with golden key unlocks the cell,
Revealing by its light,
Beyond the gloomy shadows of the tomb,
A pathway clear and bright.

Then death becomes the opened door of life,
The sundering of a chain—
The messenger of God, to bear the soul
From earth and earthly pain.

The chosen angel, unto whom alone
Commission has been given,
To open wide, unto the waiting soul,
The unbarred gates of Heaven.
same plan holds good in the treatment of bad habits and sinful indulgences, which are the weeds that choke out the good seeds in human character. Let the young heart be stirred by the question, 'Am I starting down the road of ruin?' He who is warned, and judicious employment in useful service, and the noxious weeds of sin and harmful habits will be easily killed while they are only germs.

He who will not answer to the rudder must answer to the rocks, is a saying which seamen at least can understand. But its moral is not limited to some small matter. Its application is wider than the ocean. It reaches around the globe. There are times of warning and opportunities for escape from the dangers that beset the tourist, whether estimated in merely physical or spiritual things. Many a wreck in body and in character lies helplessly stranded, simply because the beacon warning was not heeded. Overwork, excessive indulgence of appetites, passions, amusements, tendency, surely lead to the rocks of ruin. The rudder of conscience and common sense, with a goal chart of charitables, is given to guide men in a safe way; but unused, unheeded, the victim will surely be hopelessly wrecked.

Some excellent things are said in an article which we copy this week from the Chicago Standard, in answer to the question, Why are you young ministers sought after and prefered to old and experienced ones? There are some men and women who never seem to grow old in spirit. They keep up with the times in general information and sympathy with every progressive movement. There are many whose earnest labors and little effort to keep them informed and in sympathy with the present day. They live in the past and deplore the degenerate present. They see little to encourage, but much to condemn. They become pessimistic, cheerless, hopeless, and to a great extent useless. It is no wonder that in such a frame of mind they are not the first to be sought after as leaders and instructors of young and old. The best informed man in the world will wear out, as a preacher, without the supplies of knowledge and divine grace. Such men, if otherwise competent, will always be in good demand while there is room and financial support for anyone.

To what extent the service of the Lord's Supper should be made an instrument for church discipline and the occasion for general examinations and comparisons among the participants is a subject of careful thought. Without entering upon the discussion of the old question of close and open, or restricted and unrestricted, communion, it is only intended, here and now, to call special attention to group participation, in the communion virtually declares that the communicants and the object for which the supper was instituted. It was evidently our Saviour's design, after each disciple had carefully examined himself, to turn him away from self and all, and direct him to a higher, diviner contemplation of Christ, and by this act to proclaim him as the Saviour of perishing men. If my brother who sits with me at this service has not my fullest confidence as to his belief or practice, this is not the time to dwell upon it to the distraction of my mind from the act of love and blessed remembrance of Him whose life blood was freely poured out on Calvary to save a sinful world. If I have neglected to "go and be reconciled to my brother," before coming to the table of the Lord, I will do my part now, and forgive if I have "sought against any," and then in the serene, sweet consciousness of also being forgiven, I will gratefully eat the bread and drink of the cup, not unworthily, but "discerning the Lord's body."

CO-OPERATION.

We do not know of any better word for our present use than the one at the head of this article; and this is chosen because it is the one that the earnest and appealing appeal which comes to us from the Corresponding Secretary of the American Sabbath Tract Society. If there is any one thought that needs to be especially emphasized, you, burned into the hearts of our people by red hot words, it is the importance of co-operation in the special lines of our denominational, Christian work. We are too sensitive, self-seeking, independent, and lacking in that spirit of self-sacrificing devotion to our cause that will enable us to work for the general good when other denominational interests are involved. We stand apart, look at each other suspiciously, speak unkindly, and in many ways fail to co-operate, and therefore fail of that success which might and should crown our efforts as a people. We are not sufficiently well acquainted with each other. There are sections, geographical lines, that never ought to exist. We should know no North or South, East or West, unfavorably as a people. To unify our efforts, stimulate acquaintance, increase the work, further individual and general well-being and doing, is the object of the following letter which has been sent out to many Christian workers, and which we most heartily endorse: "The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society, desiring to come into closer communion with all denominations and people, and to enhance the effectiveness of our work, would ask your earnest attention to the following considerations: 1. Some points we desire to attain. 1. Close and constant communication between this Executive Board and all our workers, that in all things, distributing through to the work of this Society, the two may be related as heart and brain are to hand and fingers,
NEWS AND COMMENTS.

There are indications of a general tariff war (of words) with European countries.

It is rumored again in Washington that Secretary Carlisle contemplates resigning.

HAMILTON FISHER has been chosen Speaker of the New York Assembly by the Republican caucus at Albany.

The Vanderbiltites have recently given Columbia College $350,000 for its college of Physicians and Surgeons.

The latest reports, place the Armenian butchery by the Turks at 15,000 lives, and the destruction of thirty-five villages.

One hundred and twenty lives were lost in the bay of Rio Janeiro last week by the explosion of the boiler of an excursion steamer.

Forty-one persons were burned to death and sixteen were badly injured by the explosion of a lamp at a Christmas eve festival in the village of Silver Lake, Oregon.

More than twenty villages in Italy are in ruins from the effects of recent earthquakes. Forty thousand persons are rendered homeless, five hundred were injured, and eighty-six killed.

JAMES G. FAIR, the California capitalist and ex-Senator of the United States, died suddenly in San Francisco, Dec. 29th. He was sixty-three years old. His estate is estimated at $40,000,000.

It is estimated by Hon. F. P. Loomis, formerly United States consul to France, that about ninety-five thousand Americans visit Europe every year, and that they spend, in the aggregate, $100,000,000 annually on these visits.

A mother in Rome, Ga., locked three of her children in her home Sunday recently while she went on a visit. The house was in some way set on fire and the children perished. Why will not parents be wiser, after so many such accidents?

ATTENTION is called to an advertisement in our columns this week under the heading "For Sale." This is a good opportunity for any of our people who desire to invest in a well-established grocery and book business at Alfred, N. Y. It is a rare chance, and well worth looking after.

CHAUNCY M. DREW advises young men to never endorse a note for anyone. He has sworn off, after rather expensive lessons. It is said that he lost $40,000 last year in that way. It is a wise caution, and if it had been observed many a present bankrupt would have remained prosperous.

The strike in Brooklyn, N. Y., now in progress, has resulted in much inconvenience to those who depend upon the surface cars. The elevated roads are doing double duty and reaping a harvest. The leading papers of New York and Brooklyn indicate a leaning of public sentiment and sympathy toward the strikers.

ANOTHER eminent woman has been taken from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop died at her home in Jackson, Michigan, the 3d of this month. She was born April 25, 1858. She was a professional lecturer in the W. C. T. U., and very interesting speaker. Her absence from the work will be keenly felt.

The Evangel and Sabbath Outlook is necessarily delayed in its January issues to give all possible speed to the Recorder. The work of removal and of reorganization, in which the Tract Board is engaged, is no small matter, and when accomplished will place our entire publishing interests upon a broader, firmer, and more satisfactory basis than hitherto.

The Outlook says: "The influence of the denominational press on the Methodist Church is perhaps stronger than in any other denomination with the possible exception of the Baptists. If our pastors worked for their papers as do our Methodists, there would be no 'possible' or 'probable' in this matter. But there are many pastors who never dream of commending a denominational paper, or the issues of the Publication Society to their people.

France is in deep political turmoil. The ministry first resigned and now the President has resigned. In this crisis the French Republic may be on the eve of a socialistic revolution. The President, M. Carinir-Parier, was regarded as a "strong man," but this unlooked-for and disappointing act has led his supporters to regard him as weak and incompetent. Some, well versed in the affairs of states, do not apprehend any immediate danger to the Republic, but admit that if there is no socialistic revolution it will be due to the weakness of her foes rather than the strength of her friends.

For years Superintendent Byrnes has stood at the head of the police force of New York City. His name has been almost a synonym of roughness and severity in detective investigation. It is not strange therefore that people should, at first, think Dr. Parkhurst a little too fast in his severe strictures upon the Superintendent. Some were disposed, as in other instances, to make unfavorable criticisms on the Doctor's persistence in demanding a most searching investigation of the Superintendent's police history. Now Dr. Parkhurst's traducers again admit their surprise at the rottenness unearthed, and the undaunted courage of this irrevocable reformation.

It is a pity that the new head of the municipal government of New York, Mayor Strong, should in any sense fail to be a strong mayor. Many good people among his friends and supporters look with alarm upon his conference with the liquor dealers' representatives, in which he declared himself in favor of allowing them to sell liquor on Sundays from 2 o'clock to 11 P.M. Every such tampering with the liquor question is deplorable. It should be the effort of all good citizens and politicians to distinct rather than to increase the legal sanctions of this wicked and destrucive business. It would greatly increase the Mayor's popularity with good men if he would enforce existing laws in favor of good morals and encourage still more stringent enactments against evil deeds.

Yours for the triumph of truth and righteousness,

P. E. F.,
Cor. Sec.
The Sabbath Recorder. [Vol. 11, No. 3]

Contributed. Editorials.

The "chain letter" is at large again in more seductive form than ever. It does not even ask for money this time—simply for "slogan" postcards. The story has crossed our orbit two or three times and runs somewhat, like this: "Some poor girl (whose existence you must take on faith) somewhere has some disease which some doctor has guaranteed to cure providing she will collect for cankles (postage-stamps only); so, if you are a brother, dear friend, please send her at least ten cancelled stamps and mail three copies of this letter to three of your friends. Do not fail to do this, for if you do, it breaks the chain."

The effectiveness of this appeal is illustrated in a recent item of the daily paper to the effect that one girl in Illinois is receiving letters at the rate of ten thousand a day, and has a million or so more stamps than she knows what to do with.

Now, of course, you do not know who the party is for whom the stamps are wanted, nor what she proposes to do with them when she gets them, nor whether she has any disease, nor whether said doctor can cure it; but those blurred miniatures of Washington and Lincoln and other prominent citizens, and if there is anything the average man loves to do, it is to make presents of things he has no use for. You sit down at your desk, and in writing the four letters and cutting off cancelled stamps with the butcher knife you spill ten cents worth of postage, stationery, and twenty cents worth of time.

What you ought to do is this: Rise up as did your forefathers when England tried to perpetrate a "stamp act" upon them, and say, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Then walk over to your thank-offering box and drop in thirty cents for the Tract and Missionary Societies.

LANDMARKS—A REVERIE

The fast train is plowing its way toward Milton in the western country. Soothed comfort it is to sit here watching the woods fly past the slanting lines of white, while the rumble of the train and the swirl of the storm surge forth memories.

When a little fellow, playing around the old Vermont and drinking apple terrors, saw one told me, "You are eating your white bread now." I did not believe it then, nor do I to-day. Boys and girls, life grows fuller and richer and grander as you go on, if your heart is in the Lord's keeping. Along with the great burdens fall the great blessings, the "loving kindness and tender mercy." Perhaps I can make you see the panorama which floats to-day over the background of memory.

Scene first. Vagueness, shadowy. Just the happiness of simple existence. A fall of a gentle swinging to and fro, and a sweet face bending fondly over the cradle. Memory tries to grasp it but cannot, and the face fades out and the soft, weird undertone of a long, long way.

Scene second. The first pair of trousers. Here again memory falls short, but older ones can remember how proud and happy the boy was, and in the family album it is on record.

Third scene. The sports of boyhood have come. The sun shines blithely on the sand tufts where the ball players are "choosing up" at noon time. Being short of players they have put the boy in the right field. With the score close, a "fly" rises toward him. Can he get it? Every nerve is tense. "Shoe!" and the boy, a generation away, the ball is in his grasp while the crowd cheers.

But life deepens and widens. The landscape bristles with interpenetrations. He dimly feels the "great throng" of the world, and his breast is stirred with longings which he does not understand. The "tenderest sympathy away," for he "sees a little grey-haired man leaning forward with his heart in his eyes."

But the pulse beats grow stronger. "It is not good for man to be alone." Two are strolling together in the June moonlight. They talk it all over. She is in favor of their way, his of hers. "If only he mentions the matter first—memory is a little dim here. But the future takes on a new hope and the world a new beauty.

Once more—and he sits in a class room surrounded by other men of mature years. And when the clock ticks and the stroke of the hour, some one takes the chalk and writes on the blackboard above his head, "pa." There is more love in the world now. Burdens and responsibilities? Of course; yes. But some of the deepest chords of the human heart are struck at this time, when childish voices sing their toneless songs. Hard work and responsibility are not burdens when love lights the pathway. Life grows richer and happier just as the heart grows purer and warmer.

Once more the panorama flashes, and shows the dear old church around which the tender-recollections cluster. It is like the Conference of years ago; for the house is full—aisles, platform, and all. Many souls have been redeemed and all over the house the voice of praise and thanksgiving is rising. The thoughts fly back swift as a weaver's shuttle and weave a thread down through the years. Yes. Each succeeding landmark has been a happier one than before, and surely this crowning one. For who can doubt the "glorious gospel of the blessed God," and see the victories of grace in the very place where the foundations of usefulness were laid.

Remarkable Village of Cliff Dwellers.

The most wonderful village of cliff dwellers ever discovered has just been found in an almost inaccessible canyon in the Bradshaw Mountains in Arizona. The canyon was stumped upon by a pair of prospectors who did not attempt a thorough exploration, owing to the great size of the ancient settlement. From the description of them there is no doubt that this is the largest village of the kind ever discovered. It is located along the high banks of Willow canon, and the houses are estimated to number 260. It is a difficult matter to reach the canon with pack animals, which accounts for it having been so long undiscovered. There are three natural terraces in the canon wall, and the dwellings open back from them. Narrow steps in the rock—nowadays seem to indicate that this was the method employed in ascent and descent. Several of the houses were explored and the rooms were filled with pottery and stone instruments, evidently used for cultivating the soil, were found. In one house a skeleton was discovered, not over four feet eight inches in height. A party is being organized to explore the newly found village.—Christian Secretary.
History and Biography.

HENRY B. CRANDALL AND HIS ANCESTORS.

(Concluded.)

The severe financial depression of 1837 in this country, and the almost total failure of the harvests that year, made it very difficult for Mr. Crandall to provide adequately for his large family. He became very anxious in regard to their future support and settlement in life. It was this time that he visited Rochester, N. Y., with his team and a wagon filled with provender, bought in that city for his horses, and with corn at $1.50 a bushel for his wife and children, he lay awake all one night on his load under a shed belonging to a tavern on the way, reflecting upon what course he must pursue at once for the sake of his family. Before morning he had made his decision. The country south and west of the Great Lakes was then tempting people in the East to remove and seek homes on its fertile lands, and to recover such fortunes as they had lost. By June in the following year, he had arranged to accompany Hon. Joseph Goodrich, now deceased, and James Pierce, Esq., still living in the village of Milton, Wis., on a trip into the West. The view of selecting a location somewhere in it for his future residence. This party left Alfred with the expectation of visiting some places in Ohio, which had been recommended to them. At Buffalo, N. Y., where they stayed a few days, they met a steamer from the Michigan Lakes, they changed their minds, first, to a plan to examine some inviting sections of land in southern Michigan, and finally to a decision to proceed at once to Southern Wisconsin, and particularly to the Rock River Country, which was highly extolled to them by persons they met in that city, who had explored it. Accordingly they landed in Milwaukee about the middle of July, 1838, and traveled on foot to La Crosse Prairie lying principally in the town of Milton. They visited different sections of the region by great distances, and soon reached the conclusion to settle on this prairie, which is rather small, was then surrounded by oak-openings, and always presents a very beautiful scenery. By a study of the maps they decided that the main thoroughfares between prospective cities in Wisconsin must pass across certain portions of this prairie, and intersect each other at certain points in it. Mr. Goodrich bought the claim where the village of Milton is located; and Mr. Crandall, the one where Milton Junction now stands. These claims were a mile apart. The land had not then come into market, and no roads of any sort had been laid out.

A short time afterwards, roads located by commissioners of the Territory, and leading from Chicago, Ill., to Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, and from the cities of Beloit and Janesville on the south, to those of Fort Atkinson, Jefferson, and Watertown on the north, passed and crossed each other within a few feet or rods of both of their homes. A highway was then laid out, later to run through Milton village. A line of one of the most extensive railways in the north-west, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, is constructed through Milton, where it sends a branch into the south-western portion of the State. This main line continues through Milton Junction, on its way to Iowa and Minnesota, and is intersected at a junction by a line of another great railway, called the Chicago and North-western, which pursues its course into upper Wisconsin and Michigan. The house subsequently erected by Mr. Crandall on his claim became the beginning of the village on that quarter section, as that of Mr. Goodrich became the nucleus for the one on his half section.

Mr. Crandall stopped about a month on his claim, and then returned to Alfred to close up his business there, and to bring his family to Milton. He started from the former place, October 14th, following, with two double teams and the goods well loaded, and with his wife and all his children on board, except the eldest, who had married previously, and who was expecting to settle in Michigan. He traveled all the way by land; was thirty-four days on the road; met with no accident; and experienced no discomfort of any kind. He arrived in Milton, November 16th following, just as cold weather was setting in; and lived six weeks in a small frame house, which Mr. Goodrich had built on his claim the summer before. During this time he was busy in finishing his log-house on his own claim. At the end of this time he and his family with him moved, just after Christmas, into his new home in which there were then no doors, windows, floor, chairs, or table. The winter was passed in finishing his buildings and in splitting rails for his fields. In these tasks he was assisted by his older sons. During the working days of the week, they all kept exceedingly busy; and on the Sabbath, they rested at home, not roaming about after the Sabbath-school. They had no religious meetings, and no books or papers to read. There was no chance to enjoy such privileges. Here then books were said to be worth their weight in gold.

Mr. Goodrich came to Milton on the following March 4, 1839, with his family and some neighbors from Alfred. On the 9th of this month, the first Sabbath after his arrival, there met at the house of members of this church, and of Mr. Crandall's twenty-two in number, for the purpose of forming what was termed "a Seventh-day Baptist Moral Society," which should be composed of both professors and non-professors of religion. At this gathering Mr. Crandall presided, and acted as chairman of a committee that submitted a written report of the articles on which this society was organized. These articles, after an expression of the belief that the seventh-day is a holy day, that sickness of any kind is appointed by God, present, in substance, the following pledges: (1) To observe the Sabbath as required by the Scriptures; (2) to use their best endeavors to promote good order and good morals, by obeying the laws of God and the just laws of the Territory; (3) to meet every Sabbath at a designated hour, if circumstances will reasonably permit, for the purpose of advancing the Christian religion; (4) to watch over each other for good, and when necessary to contribute to, and to distribute each. This report closed with the statement that any moral person could join the society, and leave it on giving one month's notice, and also, with the rule, that any member, on the violation of any of its pledges or regulations, could be expelled by a majority vote. These articles were adopted at this meeting, and signed by all present, both old and young. This society conducted for some time Sabbath-schools, and held and a prayer and conference meeting. It was soon changed into the Milton Seventh-day Baptist Church, the first of that denomination, organized west of the Great Lakes; and became the nucleus of a church in all the States bordering on the Mississippi River and west of them. Four of these candidates were the older sons of Mr. Crandall.

For some years, the weekly religious meetings held by these people were made to alternate usually between the houses of Mr. Crandall and Mr. Goodrich. When they became large on extra occasions, they were conducted sometimes in the barn of the former. This society grew in numbers quite rapidly from the beginning. On the organization of the Milton Church, November 12, 1840, Mr. Crandall was prominent pastor. The original purpose in this purpose was held in his house. As chairman of a committee, he reported the articles of faith and the covenant, on the adoption of which the church was then constituted. With only slight changes, these few and comprehensive articles and this covenant remain to the present day as the formal statement of the tenets and the bond of fellowship sustained by the church. He was chosen at this meeting the deacon, but he declined the office. For a number of years, Mr. Goodrich, the first pastor of the church, furnished accommodations for living for some months in his home. During the succeeding nine years, a critical period in the history of this church, he served occasionally as its moderator, often in the position to raise funds for the support of the pastor, and almost constantly on committees to attend to the management of its important affairs. It was his privilege for years to furnish the symbols for its communion services. He was a very firm judgment, and greatly loved by the other members of the church, that he scarcely ever failed of having his suggestions in respect to its administration accepted and carried out.

At the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Milton Seventh-day Baptist Sabbath-school, held in the spring of 1889, Mr. Crandall was present, then ninety-two years old, the patriarch of the occasion. In his remarks he feelingly referred to his associations with the other founders of the school and the church. He said that in the beginning he had never imagined that such Sabbath-keeping societies would exist in the State that would grow out of the feeble efforts which the little company put forth a half century before. He felt it was marvelous that he had survived many others, particularly most beloved friends, and was present to witness the exercises of the anniversary. The brothers worked as a body with their hearts would advance in the years to come, even more prosperously in the hands of those to whom it was then and should afterwards be committed.

By the second winter after the arrival of Mr. Crandall in Milton, he had erected a log-schoolhouse, on a double house for a school-room. In it during that
time was kept the first common school in the town of Milton, and doubtless in all Rock county, except the city of Beloit in the southern part. The teacher was Miss Olive Hall, now Mrs. James Pierce, of the village of Milton. A number of pupils was sixteen, gathered from various homes in the town, though Mr. Crandall furnished more than any other family. The popularity of the school was tested by the attendance on the last day of people, not only in the neighborhood, but from miles around. He sustained injury at Milton Junction, April 2, 1849, the great loss, by death, of the companion of his younger days. She had borne him nine children, the youngest of whom was then thirteen years of age, and another had just entered the world of its own. She had been a very faithful, industrious, prudent, and sagacious helpmate. He again married, June 1, 1851, at Albion, Wis., Miss. Emilie Cordier, who had then recently come from the vicinity of Rockville, R. I., and who was descended from a very early settler in that State. She was to him an affectionate and efficient wife, and a beloved and careful step-mother to his children, especially those in their minority. She bore him seven children, a daughter, named Ada, Francesca, and died July 11, 1895. Seven years previous to this date, he removed his residence to the city of Edgerton, Wis., where he remained, attending to light work, and esteemed by his new acquaintances, until May 27, 1894, when he returned to Milton Junction, and joyfully to his old home, a frame house, which he had built soon after 1894, near the site of his former log-house, and which he had never sold. Three years before he left for Edgerton, he assisted in the organization of the Milton Junction Seventh-day Baptist Church, of which he continued a member until his death. Besides having been associated with others in the formation of the Milton Church, as already noticed, he was, before settling in Wisconsin, an active worker in the First Alfred Church of the same denomination.

Of his five brothers and two sisters, Silas, the eldest, became a sea captain, and died in Havanna, West Indies; Lester, the next, was a shoemaker, and lived in Montville, Conn.; Amos, the third, served as a respected deacon of the First Alfred Church; Paul, younger than Henry, was in 1848 an influential member of the second Constitutional Convention of Wisconsin, and removed to Salem, Oregon; Oliver, the youngest, resided for years on farms in the southwestern part of the State, the oldest was twice married; and Mary, the younger, became the wife of Wm. P. Stillman, for some time a deacon of the Milton Church. None of these are now living.

Of his Children, Aurelia married Wm. Anson Goodrich, one of the founders of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Farina, Ill., who both died; Silas lived, after marriage, in the town of Milton, where his widow and several of his children still reside; Amos has, since his father moved west, had his home usually in or near Milton Junction; Clarke lives in the village of Milton, whose son is a professor in the college there; Horace has lived for years in Farina, Ill.; John in Dodge, Minn.; Harriet, now deceased, married Hon. Edward Vincent, a member of the Wisconsin Legislature for two terms; Amy married Frank Vincent, now a farmer near Farina; Mary became the wife of James Bonnell, and resides near Yakima, Wash.; Ada has given the years of her young womanhood to caring, before and since the death of her mother, most tenderly and constantly for her father.

Mr. Crandall retained the use of his faculties to the last. He was greatly interested in the passing events of the community and of his county, to the latter of which he gave, even in his final days, the devotion of an earnest patriot. He received, with great cordiality, his acquiescences up to the last conscious hour; and enjoyed with keen satisfaction the visits of his children and grand children, who were near his home. He expressed to his pastor a short time before his decease, "I have found God better than his promises." His funeral was held at Milton Junction, and was generously attended. Rev. G. W. Burdick, pastor of his church, preached the sermon; and Rev. E. M. Dunn, pastor of the Milton Church, and Pres. W. C. Whitford, of Milton College assisted in the services.

The Milton Seventh-day Baptist Society, at its annual meeting held January 6, 1895, voted in behalf of itself and the church with which it is connected, that a record should be entered upon its minutes, stating how gladly both organizations cherish the memory of Mr. Crandall; how earnestly they esteem his character as a worthy citizen and a devout Christian; how deeply indebted they feel to him for his labors and sacrifices in establishing, at first and upholding afterwards for years the society and the church; and how sincerely they desire to imitate his example, continued through such a long life, in adhering constitutedly and unalterably to the stern religious principles that they consider so sacred.

ASLEEP AT HIS POST.

Of all men a sexton ought to be wide awake during service. A sleeping sexton is a bad example indeed. One who fell into this habit relates his experience thus:

I was sexton of Grace church when Rev. Mr. Blake was rector there. It was a Summer night and rather warm;—so when the rector commenced his sermon I turned down the gas in the body of the church to make it a little cooler.

The text that night was, "If remember it. Let there be light." I was sitting in the rear part of the church, paying particular close attention to the sermon, nor, in fact, to anything else. Suddenly the rector exclaimed loudly: "More light! More light!" I jumped to the stop-cock in the gas supply pipe and the gas, which had been turned off, started up all over the church. Well, sir, you ought to have seen those people! Some of them laughed right out, and those that didn't had hard work not to. I found out afterwards that the gas was turned on, and the other preacher, who was so far away, the plan of using the gas as a means of "turning the people." —New York Evening Post.

THE TWO DOORS.

[In the dales of Westmoreland it is customary to open the west door to let the Old Year out, and the east door to let the New Year in.]

Whisper "Farewells!" at midnight,
To the Old Year you have shown,
Then open the western door.
Open and let him go.
The work of the hands not good;
The will of the wavering mind;
The thoughts of the restless spirit;
The will of the lips not kind;
Feast that is broken or lost;
Hope that are faithless and dim;
Love that is stiff and vain—
These, let him carry with him.
Whisper farewell to the year,
To follow and fault that you know;
Then open the eastern door.
With the Old Year let them go.

Turn to the surprising next,
When the shadows are growing thin
Set open the eastern door.
And welcome the New Year in.
Welcome the order brave—
"More faithfully do your part."
Welcome the brighter hope.
Welcome the kinder heart.
Welcome the daily work.
Welcome the kinder care.
Chap. hands with the household love.
Chap. hands with the household love.
Forgotten be all mistakes,
And over again begin,
When you open the eastern door.
To welcome the New Year in.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The following letter will explain itself. The omission of the words "on board ship" from the letter of our correspondent in last issue puzzled the compositors at our office, since they had supposed the Mirrah Mission to be conducted on strictly temperance principles. He is assisted that if we published our "suraus linger, or lapsus verba, at least, though we could not safely supply the words that were wanting.—En.

86 Barrow St., Jan. 14, 1894.

In one of my sentences in the New York letter three words were omitted. Please refer to article in the Exchange of Jan. 3, 1895. Many letters have been received by me on the subject, and I thank my friends for their confidence expressed in us, although appearances might be against us. One brother writes: "I am unable to read in the newspaper which has just come to hand, that at your Mission a bottle of free beer was distributed, please explain. Knowing you and Mrs. B. as I do, I know you mean something else." While I am one of the missionaries, and am not precluding the use of rum, brandy, etc., we have no games, no smoking, no beer. What a difference two or three words may make in one's meaning. I had them in mind but they failed to get on paper. "It is so hard to help men when environments are so against them. A bottle of free beer was served each man on board ship to-day." Not in our mission, thank God. If ever in my life I was disgusted and out of temper with this accursed traffic it has been the Christmas and New Year's experience of this year. God hasten the day when Christian men and women shall unite heart and soul in the suppression of this terrible evil.

J. G. BURDICK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

May I ask if any of our sisters have either worsted or calico pieces that they do not care to use? Our little Missionary Society are out of work, and we want to do something for the cause and keep up our subscription. We will put all pieces sent into quits for the China Medical Mission. (Are any of our well-to-do sisters send us this or other work?)

CALMAN, Colo.

F. S. WILLIAMS.
The Japan Mail reports the subsistence of an address made by Doki Horyu Shi, a Buddhist priest, sent to the Parliament of Religions, Buddhist believers were asked to do away with subscriptions amounting to $80,000 that he might put in a worthy appearance, a sum representing the expense of 130 missionaries for a year.

The Japan Mail reports that the most delightful thing he endured. There were about twenty missionaries on board, several who will be dear friends for life at the house. God wrote, “The message I beg of you, the people of America is this: Christianity is now declining in England, with the helpers and their work. I believe mission work is a pleasant one, except the number was reduced over 20,000! Confirming that Christianity is now declining in England, France, and Germany, he declared that ‘the most delightful thing that happened was the arrival of my dail stop the day for some of the others. If time permitted every letter should have an answer, but I am afraid that may not be. I thank the dear friends very much for the words that told me of their interest in, and sympathy with, this work. I do think this is a great work, and the thought grows stronger each day. You must not think too much of the results in numbers.

Our missionaries are working very hard; it takes much time to study the language, but that must be the foundation. I hope to be of some use soon. My teacher for a time is to be Daau Yong Chung, brother of Dr. Swinney’s teacher, Daau Sing Chung. He is a good English scholar, which will be a great advantage in the beginning.

Sunday afternoon Mrs. Davis and I, two of the helpers and Mr. Eclow’s widow, set out with Dr. Swinney for the home of her teacher. We arrived at the house of Daau Sing Lao, his mother, his grandparents and his older brother. You have already learned why they have not been buried before and how it is now made possible. The trip was made in two house boats on the river and canals. It was a great comfort to me, and appropriate, as such I enjoyed it. We reached the place late in the evening. After breakfast the next morning we all went up to the house for prayers. Quite a number of the relatives were already there. Most of them are heathens, and it made a deep impression on my mind to see the teacher, Daau Sing Chung, as the head of the family, conduct the prayer service so beautifully. How I did wish I could understand him as he talked to his people, as Dr. Swinney said, he did, so wonderfully, about Christ and his power to save. Mr. Davis, expecting to come by land, was prevented at the last moment from coming, therefore the burial was conducted as well as possible without him. It was in every sense a Christian burial. The teacher spoke to the people, explaining to them why it was not necessary to have the heathen rites and ceremonies that they were accustomed to; that his father was a Christian safe in heaven and needed no priests to get him out of purgatory; that instead of mourning and wailing for his spirit they sang, “Because he was now happy.” Then we sang, “There is a happy land,” and Mrs. Davis led in prayer. After singing again we left the graves. The more I learn of the beliefs and customs of this people and their opposition to Christianity the more I realize how hard it must be for one living among his own people to resolutely live a Christian life and throw off the relics of heathenism. It must be a continuous struggle. I believe, as a Japanese Christian, I am so glad of the privilege of having a share in it. We reached home Tuesday morning and have been busy ever since. We know very little about the war here excepting what we see in the papers. There is much anxiety concerning the future.

SATURDAY, CHINA, Dec. 7, 1894.

OBITUARY:

Peter Wooden was born in Plainfield, N. J., May 24, 1800. He died Jan. 14, 1895, in the ninety-fifth year of his age. April 28, 1825, he was married to Rachel, daughter of Nehemiah Randolph, who died Oct. 11, 1837. In 1840, March 22d, he married Margaret Cory, who died March 28, 1890, the date of their "Golden Wedding." Bro. Wooden united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Plainfield, by Baptism, Feb. 11, 1843; being baptized by Rev. David Clason. He was a man of simple habits, in which economy, humility, and honesty held the first place. He was loyal to all churches, as a representative of the Baptist Church, and always at the house of God on the Sabbath unless detained on account of sickness. His life embodied quiet, but genuine Christian faith and character in an eminent degree. He was a teacher and preacher, always kind and ready to lend a helping hand in the church, and always at home in the house of God on the Sabbath unless detained on account of sickness. His life embodied quiet, but genuine Christian faith and character in an eminent degree. He was a teacher and preacher, always kind and ready to lend a helping hand in the church.
A Glimpse of New York.

"The College Settlement".

BY P. B. J. WARD, M. B.

When people live in comfortable homes upon farms, with broad acres of green fields and waving grain surrounding them, or if the homes lie in a village or country town, and have spacious lawns dotted with shade trees and decorated with flower beds and flower borders, a tennis court or a croquet ground, for such it is very hard to appreciate what it means to be deprived entirely of all such every-day, and often never-thought-of blessings, as clean sweet air, pure sunshine and green grass. But in a large city like New York, there are children who live and die without ever filling their poor little lungs with unadulterated fresh air, or looking upon the sunlight except through the dust cloud of the narrow street, or once treading upon the soft green turf. The only green grass which is their own is that which covers them, when, after life's fitful fever, they sleep their first quiet sleep, and even in the grave they may not claim its full measure of green turf, for the grave itself is shared by others, three or four or occupants some where in College Settlements of New York, so dimensions of a single grave. Hence the poor of cities, whether living or dead, are never quite alone, but are forced to meet in proximity, so close as to be heart-rending to contemplate and appalling to experience.

Mrs. Ballington Booth tells of families whom she has found living in the space occupied by one bed. On that bed the family slept at night, while during the day the children are left to spend their time upon it, their parents being out to their daily toil or beggary or vice.

The tenth ward, which covers an area of one hundred and ten acres, is, I read, the most densely populated of any spot of similar size upon the face of the earth. Whether this be true or not, it is the most densely crowded ward in New York; having a population according to the United States census in 1890 of 57,596, and according to the tenement house census of 1893 of 68,383.

To appreciate just what this means, let anyone imagine a house lot of two or two and a half acres, and paint upon it a narrow alley, covered entirely by buildings, three, four, or five stories, high and then tenant by upwards of six hundred men, women and children, living, walking, eating, sleeping, sick and well, night and day, summer and winter. Then think of this lot bounded upon its four sides by another of the same character, the only refuge for these six hundred men, women and children from the crowded tenement being the dirty crowded street, and one will gather a measer idea of homes which have to be. Even with tenement houses, four, five and more stories above the level of the street, all cannot live above ground, but many are crowded into dark damp cellars or basements from whence no leverage seems strong enough to lift them out. They are "inch worms," a newspaper article, "Underground New York," says: In underground New York there are homes below the pavements, homes where men and women sleep and where children are born and reared; homes by which the poor have to have the free air and light from heaven, while they insist upon living in a great city.

To see these places go along Hester, Division, Madison, Ridge or other of the streets on the crowded east side and descend into any of the open cellars and force your way through the throngs of children. Little, dark, ventilated rooms reaches the cradle and the air has a struggle to enter. On Essex, below Rivington street, in one block I found seven such basements, which averaged five rooms to a cellar, and six inhabitants to a room. Squall, filth, disease and crime are usually almost displace all else in such homes. Here is found the darkest view of the picture of underground New York.

The locality here spoken of is a part of the tenth ward, which is a triangular space bounded on the north by Rivington street, east by Norfolk, south, southeast by Division, and west by the Bowery, and includes six streets from north to south, by seven east to west, with forty-eight blocks and parts of blocks, solidly covered by buildings. Within its one hundred and ten acres, the largest spot of uncovered earth, and the only open space reached as a play ground, is a back yard, surrounded upon every side by forbidding brick walls, belonging to the house occupied by the "College Settlement," and which, without measuring, we judge to be twenty thousand square feet in size. In it, two poor stunted trees struggle for their lives, though not a blade of grass ever finds its way up through the hard ground to the light of day. So precious is this bit of mother earth, and so greatly prized by those who are privileged to tread upon it, that the sweet young women who form the College Settlement, give permits to the children by ticket, to visit it, as we give tickets to our Sabbath-school children for an excursion, a ticket being good for one hour on Saturday, a different ticket being granted each hour from ten A. M. to three P. M. inclusive. Forty children is the limit for any hour, but in five hours two hundred poor little children, who otherwise would not know the sensation of "ground" under their feet, through this philanthropy, enabled for one hour a week, to stand or sit, to lie down or play as best they may, upon the naked mother earth. Where are there any other children so poor that they may not press the bosom of dear mother Earth but one hour?

The College Settlement located at 95 Rivington street, east just below the Bowery, is the one bright spot in the midst of more sin and sorrow, more crime and care than can be found upon any spot of similar size possibly on the face of the earth. Five years ago the settlement was established with a view of infusing into the lives of the wretchedly poor who by their very poverty seem condemned to spend household, young women who are as much at home in comfortable houses upon and the air which so liberally feeds the most unprincipled of the people of this city, by whom the human heart is turned to gold, and who who draw and paint, who are cultivated in French, German, Latin and Italian as in their native English; young women who draw and paint, who are cultivated in science, who draw and paint, who are cultivated in music, who write music, who have at times written music, who would draw the most elegant drawing room, who would choose life in the Settlement rather than an aimless one such as wealth and idleness impose.

How, you ask, does the Settlement "idea" materialize into practical work? The young women who have studied Ethics, Economics, Civics, Psychology and kindred sciences have learned that upon these very lines, ethical, economical, etc., excellent results ought to be obtained in work among the poor of cities to whom the sciences are unknown. With an "open sesame" to liberal pocket books, they first secure the lease of a house in the midst of the most unpromising surroundings, as for example the one at 95 Rivington street, which street is the northern boundary of the wretched tenth ward. By a generous application of soap, water, paint, varnish and kalo- min, with the help from their own resources, the house soon converted into a clean, inviting, homelike place, into which moves a family as unlike the families upon the right hand and the left as is the house now, unlike others in the street.

There are no men in the family, but gentle, refined young women make up the entire household. Young women who are as much at home in French, German, Latin or Italian as in their native English; young women who draw and paint, who are cultivated in music, who write music, who have at times written music, who would draw the most elegant drawing room, who would choose life in the Settlement rather than an aimless one such as wealth and idleness impose.

No members of the Settlement family receive any salary, except the superintendent and an assistant. The others all pay their board and otherwise assist in the running expenses of the place. A physician is always included in the house staff. Dr. Mary B. Damon, (Wellesley) who was physician at the New York College Settlement ten years ago, was succeeded by Dr. Jane E. Robbins, (Smith) wrote most interestingly of Settlement work. In her
article, "Medical Women in Tenements," she says: "It is worth much to know life in the mass and to have learned to look at the condition of the poor through in return years, and the proud, whose knowledge does not come from seeing people in institutions, but by knowing them where they were born to be— in their own homes."

The Settlement young women make friendly acquaintances among their neighbors, inviting them in and in return giving themselves up rickety stairs to top floors or into dingy basements carrying flowers or delicacies to the sick, doing little acts of courtesy and kindness to young and old. Everywhere they win friends. "Iron sharpens iron, so a man sharpens his neighbors," says the wise man. Then how can they help winning friends, as they show by their daily lives the simple, unaffected friendliness for all with whom they come in contact, which must insure a return in kind.

It is an inspiration to make a call at the Settlement and chat for a while with the young women, some of whom always seem to find time to enlighten callers upon their work. A polished hard wood floor with rugs here and there, a piano in one corner, bookcases filled with books are "at home." Classes for children of friends in the neighborhood," pictures upon the walls, one window filled with growing plants, comfortable chairs not upholstered, and sweet young women as hostesses give a picture of the Settlement parlor or reception room.

I picked or pushed my way, as every foot of sidewalk was crowded, for half a mile through Riverston street, without hearing one word of English spoken. German, Russian, Bohemian or Polish are the principal languages of that locality, very few Irish or other natives of the British Islands being found here. "One Bohemian woman," says Dr. Robbins in her report, "began to study German as soon as she arrived in America, as German seemed to be the language of the country."

The organized work of the Settlement is largely a formation of clubs. The formation of these being the most ready way of reaching large numbers. An additional house upon the same street opposite the Settlement has been hired for use as a club house and for class-rooms to meet the growing requirements of the Settlement which are taught, together with gymnastics and games of various kinds. Clubs for boys and girls are graded in their membership according to age, so that all the members of any club may enjoy a common interest in the club work. One club of girls from six to ten years of age, new, practical gymnastics and play games. Another of girls, from ten to fourteen years, follow much the same lines, while a third of girls, from fourteen to eighteen, are taught sewing, weaving, cooking, botany, natural history, and domestic office, and singing, with games and dancing.

A similar gradation appears in clubs for boys, while in those for young men there are debates upon political subjects. Young men— we moralize—are expected to become factors in shaping the political destiny of the republic to which they have so recently been transplanted, but politics are not introduced into young women's clubs.

Fourteen different clubs are reported in active operation, with a number of week-ly gatherings, one being a reception to the members of all the older clubs, and another a Sunday evening "Vespers" where hymns are sung and stories "with a lesson" are told.

Small circulating libraries are placed in private houses, and in a number of public schools for use in the "neighborhood," while a reading-room is opened on certain evenings for anyone who wishes a quiet hour.

A part of this detail we glean from Annual Reports of the Settlement, and by the faint idea of all the industry required to first organize out of the "material" available, and then maintain so many and such varied lines of education.

Should we be asked to select an appropriate Settlement motto, we should say "Agitate, educate, cultivate, regenerate," for this in brief is certainly what the Settlement is doing. There is no place for laggards, neither does there seem to be any lack for workers, as young women who cannot remain for long periods of time might settle for a few weeks or months to lead a hand in this beautiful humanitarian mission, none of them being bound by any "order" or "vow" for any fixed period.

Who can say to what limit the influence of these College Settlements may not penetrate? New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Jersey City have each their Settlement, and other cities will no doubt soon follow.

One thing which particularly interests a caller at the Settlement is the apparent feeling of ownership which the boys (evidently club boys) in the street have for it. College Settlement? asks half a dozen boys in concert as we are looking for the number on the door. They are apparently used to such visitors, and to our equally impatient question, "yes" they all fairly tumble over each other up the stoop rendering of that wonderful reception. "Oh, what a door bell! It never!" said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a lesson which my future life will feel grateful. I am an old man; and every day from my boyhood to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's prayer; but I have never heard it—never." "You are right," replied Booth, "to read that prayer as it should be read has caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years; and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production."

The TEST OF AFFLICTION.

One would hardly expect to find selfishness in sorrow, yet there is no department of human experience where it is more frequently manifested. Affliction is an excellent test of unselfishness. A selfish person in deep sorrow will expect others to be much occupied with his trouble, but will never think of the pang which ring other hearts. Those who are overwhelmed with trouble will often be found contrasting their own condition with that of others who are called to endure affliction, and their verdict often is that there is no sorrow like their sorrow. They can see mitigating circumstances in the cases of others, and amidst their own sorrow to listen patiently to the story of another's woe.

One who visits those that mourn will soon learn not to try to comfort them by pointing out the fact that their trouble is less severe than that of a neighbor. This will irritate rather than soothe. The afflicted are much occupied with their own griefs; they have not the faintest desire to mention or listen to another's. It takes the sharpest edge off their sorrow to listen patiently to the story of another's woe. But this is the worst course they could pursue. If those whose hearts are broken would go out and look with sympathy on the afflictions of their neighbor, they would comfort themselves, and afford great help to others. — Christian Advocate.
Young People's Work

OUR GROWTH.

Membership of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches. Last two years actual count; prior to this the membership is estimated:

Societies. Members.
In 1885. 5. 219
1886. 13. 494
1887. 17. 581
1888. 20. 1,088
1889. 21. 1,362
1890. 21. 1,362
1891. 24. 1,362
1892. 24. 1,362
1893. 26. 1,362
1894. 26. Aug. 94 2,619

The past month has been one of encouragement for the Christian Endeavorers of West. Pastor Socwell, assisted part of the time by Rev. E. A. Witter, of Albion, has been holding a series of revival meetings which have been very beneficial to the young people and Christian Endeavor Society. Several of our associate members have come to see their need of putting on Christ before the world, and we hope soon to have their names on the list. New Year's Eve was quite a social affair at sunrise found quite a number of Christian Endeavor workers gathered at the church for prayer-meeting, and each one present expressed a determination to live for Christ during the coming year.

Our growth.

At fifteen minutes before seven, Jan. 1, 1895, the clear, sweet tones of our church bell at New Auburn, Minn., rang out upon the frozen air calling the young people to worship. In a short time the bright, happy faces of the young people of both societies began to appear at Pastor Crofoot's. At seven thirty the services began under the leadership of the pastor. After prayer, a short Scripture lesson and very appropriate remarks by the leader, several earnest prayers were offered by the young people, interspersed with such songs as "Every day will I bless Thee," "God is love," "Lord I will clap Thy hand in mine," etc. There were twenty-two present. If all the resolutions made at the time are kept many souls will be brought to Christ in 1895. Love for the Master and his cause was strongly manifested throughout the exercises. At the close of the meeting the little company arose and joining hands sang, "Blest be the tie." Voices trembled and many eyes were moist with tears as the words of the beautiful song were breathed upon the air. After benediction by the pastor a time of handshaking was enjoyed by all, and the company departed feeling that it was good to be there.

C. C. VanHorn.

I was much interested in Jean Gray's article for the Prayer Meeting Committee. I think there are some excellent suggestions in it, and I hope our society can make use of many of them at least. I wish some one would send some suggestions particularly applicable to a society of very few members, where half of them, for various reasons, are not regular attenders. I am trying to win some one away to attend, and we have no way of coming to the meetings, for we are badly scattered. It is somewhat discouraging at times when there are not more than half a dozen in attendance. There are those in the church who have no fault to find with the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, but who object to joining because they do not want to bear any responsibility as they would have to, to become members. There are many outside of our church whom we would like to interest in Christian work, who are preoccupied with their social dancing and like amusements. The country is full of such young men and women who could be very useful in the Master's work if we could but interest them in some way and get them into our Society. Now, Mr. Editor, if you can have any other means which will help us we will be very grateful. We are inexperienced in this work and feel the need of assistance. We have excellent meetings, but so few to enjoy them. Our members are all very active and willing to do the best they can.

C. B. T."
from 25 to 30 each week. Sixteen attended the Senior sursday prayer-meeting. This was not as many as would have attended had all understood the hour of meeting.

The Bethel (or Crab Orchard, Ill.) Y. P. S. C. E., gave an interesting entertainment on New Year’s eve, to a large audience. The program consisted of music, readings, essays and declamations. Twelve verses of Scripture were read, which were being appropriate to one of the months of the year. Rev. T. J. Van Horn closed the entertainment with an interesting talk concerning the coming year.

The society at Nile, N. Y., is small, but alive, and its members generally interested in the work of the church and denomination with a steady growth in interest during the entire year. At our last monthly meeting, nine names were presented for active membership.

At these meetings, which occur the evening after the first Sabbath in each month, a literary program is usually well carried out, last evening with John R. Gough. Sometimes it is an evening with the poets, prominent authors or a miscellaneous program. The Weekly prayer-meetings are well sustained.

During the winter the Christian Endeavor classes, our prayer-meetings un Reid, the pastor leading, excepting the praise service, which is led by one from the Christian Endeavor Society. A sunrise prayer-meeting on New Year’s morning was greatly enjoyed by those present. During the fall, out-post meetings were conducted by the brethren as a result several were hopefully converted to Christ. This work is to be resumed in the near future.

One of our young men is enjoying the advantages, so kindly given by Alfred University, of a free college course.

PERNOCIOUS AMUSEMENTS.

The success of one’s regular business is a matter of minute. I never see a man go out with a fishing rod to sport but I silently say, “May you have a good time, and the right kind of bait, and over again and never see a party having a pleasant cup, until at length the habit grew upon him with a thirst that could not be satisfied.

Gradually he came to neglect his business, and people who had once gladly availed themselves of his counsel and recognized his superior talents, would no longer depend upon him.

Con, Sec.

Children’s Page.

FATE, TILLENIPLOYER, WARD TO WITH FOND ANTICIPATION AS THE HEARTS.

Do not mourn for me,” he said, “I believe that I am being saved from the enslaving sin that was taking possession of me. I once had a little charity for my poor father’s weakness, and never dreamed that I should inherit or form a taste for intoxicating drink, and I have avoided the saloon. But I had no thought of the danger of the wine-cup when offered by the hand of ladies who were as ignorant of my weakness as my mother. She was the daughter of a clergyman, and her darling boy, exposed to the temptations.

Arthur Wilmont and Wilmont and were looked for the alluring friend of intemperance, that was floundering. This was attended by the pastor; ability. Consequently he became a bankrupt.

And soon after when disease attacked him, his constitution never strong, was at once a ready prey; and the broken-hearted wife was made a widow, two children fatherless, with but a heritage of poverty to face a solitary world.

To recount the mother’s struggles to support and educate her children, her nights of vigil and her days of toil, would be too bold to tell the familiar story that has been acted over and over again.

But Frank and Dora Wilmont grew to be a help and comfort to their mother, able scholars and general favorites in society.

Frank became a prayer leader in the thriving establishment in the city and Dora a teacher in the village school.

They occupied a neat little cottage where they spent many happy hours together, and their weekly visits of Frank were looked forward to with fond anticipation as the days went by. When Dora’s father knocked at the door, the clergyman in the last century lost their theology in a fox chase.

Many a splendid business was knocked out by fast horses. Many a man has smoked up his prospects in Havanna of the best brand. I offer this as a principle: Those amusements are harmless that do not interfere with home duties and enjoyments. Those are ruinous which give one a distaste for domestic pleasures.

I offer home as a preventive, as an inspiration, as a restraint. Home! It is a charmed word. Through one syllable thirle unuttedly the voice of children, the sound of well-known footsteps and the voices of undying affection. Home! Upon that word our dropped the sunshine of boyhood and the shadow of tender sorrows and the reflection of ten thousand fond memories. -

Christian Herald.

A FORMIDABLE RIVAL.

BY ANNIE L. HOLBROOK.

The sun never shone upon a more joyful wedding than that of Arthur Wilmont and Ethel Vane. He was a prosperous young lawyer, she was the daughter of a clergyman and the belle of her native village; and when her father pronounced the blessing upon their union at the altar of the village church, he felt that he had given his only child into the keeping of one who was worthy of the sacred charge.

The young husband had purchased a beautiful home, and if anything could be wanting to perfect their earthly paradise it seemed to have been supplied when a few years later two lovely children, first a son and then a daughter, became theirs to cherish, whose childish prattle was the music of their home and their hearts.

But a serpent was stirring that Eden whose coils were gathering closer around its victim, to whose environment Arthur Wilmont had secretly succumbed until his life and the happiness of those he held near and dear was imperiled by a large audience.

Little by little he had indulged in the social cup, until at length the habit grew upon him with a thirst that could not be satisfied. Gradually he came to neglect his business, and people who had once gladly availed themselves of his counsel and recognized his superior talents, would no longer depend upon him.

Consequently he became a bankrupt.

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A FORMIDABLE RIVAL.

BY ANNIE L. HOLBROOK.

The sun never shone upon a more joyful wedding than that of Arthur Wilmont and Ethel Vane. He was a prosperous young lawyer, she was the daughter of a clergyman and the belle of her native village; and when her father pronounced the blessing upon their union at the altar of the village church, he felt that he had given his only child into the keeping of one who was worthy of the sacred charge.

The young husband had purchased a beautiful home, and if anything could be wanting to perfect their earthly paradise it seemed to have been supplied when a few years later two lovely children, first a son and then a daughter, became theirs to cherish, whose childish prattle was the music of their home and their hearts.

But a serpent was stirring that Eden whose coils were gathering closer around its victim, to whose environment Arthur Wilmont had secretly succumbed until his life and the happiness of those he held near and dear was imperiled by a large audience.

Little by little he had indulged in the social cup, until at length the habit grew upon him with a thirst that could not be satisfied. Gradually he came to neglect his business, and people who had once gladly availed themselves of his counsel and recognized his superior talents, would no longer depend upon him.

Consequently he became a bankrupt.

And soon after when disease attacked him, his constitution never strong, was at once a ready prey; and the broken-hearted wife was made a widow, two children fatherless, with but a heritage of poverty to face a solitary world.

To recount the mother’s struggles to support and educate her children, her nights of vigil and her days of toil, would be too bold to tell the familiar story that has been acted over and over again.

But Frank and Dora Wilmont grew to be a help and comfort to their mother, able scholars and general favorites in society.

Frank became a prayer leader in the thriving establishment in the city and Dora a teacher in the village school.

They occupied a neat little cottage where they spent many happy hours together, and their weekly visits of Frank were looked forward to with fond anticipation as the days went by. When Dora’s father knocked at the door, the clergyman in the last century lost their theology in a fox chase.

Many a splendid business was knocked out by fast horses. Many a man has smoked up his prospects in Havanna of the best brand. I offer this as a principle: Those amusements are harmless that do not interfere with home duties and enjoyments. Those are ruinous which give one a distaste for domestic pleasures.

I offer home as a preventive, as an inspiration, as a restraint. Home! It is a charmed word. Through one syllable thirle unuttedly the voice of children, the sound of well-known footsteps and the voices of undying affection. Home! Upon that word our dropped the sunshine of boyhood and the shadow of tender sorrows and the reflection of ten thousand fond memories. -

Christian Herald.
ruin and misery & a but a curse and a shame upon our civilization, and the laws that legalize such wrong I consider as much a national sin as was that of slavery.

"But who makes it wrong? Liquor in its plays and not to exceed is as harmless as many other things. The man who perhaps may now and then indulge in a social glass is not obliged to make a beast of himself any more than he should gorge himself with the food of choice. And if he has not self-command enough to control his appetite, it is of little consequence, whether we pity or blame."

"Ernest, you have always led me to believe that you were a firm believer in temperance. Did you ever sign the pledge?"

"And so drunkard the most contemptible object of fallen manhood. But I have had no reason to sign the pledge, though I confess that I have occasionally drank the health of a friend, and should not refuse to take a glass of wine on a social occasion if I love him, but have no love, Ernest Hartley will never despoil his home, and the wife of my bosom shall never have cause to regret her choice."

The young girl's cheek grew pale while he was speaking, and trembled with emotion as she told the story of her first attempt to cease smoking. But she could not help herself. When she rose, the rising tears and controlled her voice to speak calmly.

(Concluded next week.)

BEGINNING SOMEWHERE.

There is always a "somewhere" we can begin our work for Christ and the church. That may not be just what we would like, but if it be faithfully performed, it may lead to results of which we could never have dreamed.

The Westminster teacher tells the following story of a young lady who had just united with God's people, thus consecrating herself to the Lord's service. She was asked to take a class in Sabbath-school, but replied, "I cannot teach; I have had no experience."

"One has to begin somewhere," remarked the superintendent, with a smile of encouragement.

And Miss A. began "somewhere."

She took the lowest class in the school, not the roughest and most undesirable—a class of street Arabs. They were dirty and rough, as uninteresting to the missionary as first dull and new to the Dutch student. But Miss A. earnestly, patiently and sweetly began to sow seed in those young, untutored hearts. Faithfully she worked, trustingy she waited. And the years rolled by, six of them.

At the beginning of the seventh there was a happy party at the tea-table at Miss A's home one evening. The dear old superintendent who had advised Miss A. to begin "somewhere," and so were three looking young men, each one a pious Christian.

They were all going away, one "beyond the sea," as assistant to a young missionary, to help in active Christian work; another as general cake-taker and cheery companion of an invalid youth belonging to a wealthy, but irreligious family, and to sow seeds of immortal life into the hearts of those third to attend and be preparatory to the ministry. At last the supper was over, and the good-byes were said.

"Good-bye Miss A.," said one; "God bless you for your goodness to me."

"I shall always pray for you, Miss A.," said another of the bright friend he ever had; "the very best except my Lord and Master."

"I shall climb as far as I can, Miss A.," said a third of the young people; "and pray you to wake and for the sake of the Christ who died for me."

Their tones were tremulous, and their eyes were dim with tears. Then the superintendent and Miss A. were left alone, and the former said, "You began your work on a rather unpromising material, my dear friend, but only God knows where it will end."—Exchange.

HURT BY CIGARETTES.

Tobacco smoking is bad for grown men, but a great deal worse for boys. What do you say to a boy of only eleven years of age being taken to an insane asylum because he had smoked too many cigarettes? Yet this is just what did happen to a boy in New York who learned to smoke cigarettes when only a very small boy, without every having consented unless he was puffing a cigarette. His brain was weakened by the poison—tobacco is a poison—in a manner that he was taken to an insane asylum. It is doubtful if he will ever be a sound, well boy again. Just think of it, boys! It's not awful? Take our advice, and never smoke.

IF WE WOULD

What a beautiful life we could make of our own If we stopped not to weigh all the stones in our path, and misuse our voice in a sad monotone. But count all the blessings which daily we hath; could we know how in mercy the cloud which we see, Is a veil sent to hide the sun, Where oft we might fail if we were free, Or heared by the winds we are in. We oft see the glitter of something after. Let us raise our voices, and wipe away the tears, and sing its praise, for to guide us aright. Amen.

THE SALOON MUST GO.

Have men said to me,—and they have never known the serpent's sting,—"You are too young, Mr. Baer; the saloon is not what you claim it is. You have no experience." Would to God I had not. But for five years in my earlier life I was in and out of the saloon, and it is my object, and know whereof I speak, and I speak of the saloon only to curse it. I hate it, and I ask God to give me power to lead for the saloon business. Saloon-keepers want saloons for revenue only—there is a selfish and perverted motive in their hearts. I have in my own wish, and that they be blotted out of existence, —I want my boys to live and grow up in a community that will not tempt them in the way of their fathers, I appeal to you, vote to protect my boys. Will you? I'll vote to protect yours. Come, mothers, throw your influence, as always, upon the right side and protect my home. I'll protect yours. Come, young men, I appeal to you in your self-loves, vote to protect your home and your father's good repute. Young women, I appeal to you; tell that young man who sees in you all that true manhood in true womanhood and see in you what he values you respect and affection you expect him to cast out to protect you, and that it is as much a crime before God for him to sell his vote as it would be for you to sell your virtue. Up, everybody! Young men and maidens, we will not be found among the holier, and I appeal to you, vote to protect my boys. Will you? I'll vote to protect yours. Come, mothers, throw your influence, as always, upon the right side and protect my home. I'll protect yours. Come, young men, I appeal to you in your self-loves, vote to protect your home and your father's good repute. Young women, I appeal to you; tell that young man who sees in you all that true manhood in true womanhood and see in you what he values you respect and affection you expect him to cast out to protect you, and that it is as much a crime before God for him to sell his vote as it would be for you to sell your virtue. Up, everybody! Young men and maidens, we will not be found among the holier, and I appeal to you, vote to protect my boys. Will you? I'll vote to protect yours. The chief is the head of the family, the head of the family is the father, and the family is the church, and the church is the world. And the chief is above all, and the father is above all, and the head of the family is above all.

Home News.

Watson,—The winter is quite changeable in this place. The thermometer registered 25 degrees below zero in some places and 30 in others. Then in a short time it registered 40 above, and has been continually changing since. Considerable snow has fallen, but there is no good sleighing in consequence of the large drifts. The snow began to melt on the 9th, and we had rain on the 10th. The snow remains in patches.

U. B. M.

KANSAS.

NORTONVILLE.—The reception given Rev. J. M. Todd, at the Seventh-day Baptist church on last Sabbath evening, Jan. 5th, was throughout a grand success, and the general social interspersed with a few short talks, and music by the singers and band, continued until 8:30 o'clock. When the leader called them to order, and after singing Beulah Land, read the first page of each verse of the 136 Psalm, and the congregation arose and repeated in concert the latter part, for his mercy endureth forever, followed with a short prayer by Eld. Todd, and after a short time the resolutions were read and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Rev. J. M. Todd has just closed his first and second years as Assistant to a First-day Baptist Church and society of Nortonville, Kan., and by the blessing of the Lord upon his work of the past year, it has been crowned with abundant success, and been the means of untold blessing and benefit to the church and society is farthering them on in spiritual and divine life; therefore be it

Resolved, That we do heartily tender to our esteemed brother in Christ, and co-laborer in his name, our sincere and heart-felt benediction and our unqualified benediction, and bid him God-speed as he enters upon the work of the new year. Moved and carried that a short account of the experience for the last year be tendered the Sabbath Recorder, and Nortonville News. After this the leader, in behalf of the church and society, presented the Elder with a nice gift, who in a feeling and tender manner responded in a few well chosen words. After singing, "God be with you till we meet again," and benediction, this pleasant occasion closed.

RODE ISLAND.

NIANTIC.—I closed my SUCCESSFUL meeting at Niantic First-day night. Niantic was surely an irreparable place four weeks ago, but now is emphatically for Christ and religion. The number of conversions was not large—30 or 40—but the victory was complete so far as the church and their friends are concerned. The success of the meeting was due to the favor of truth and religion is concerned. The entire place is changed. In my last meeting in the First-day Baptist church on First-day afternoon, the congregation was large, and nearly all present were saying either they were converted or desired to be. An unconverted man told me he could not get persons enough now to play a game of cards, and before the meeting there was playing all the time.

One man came out in religion who had had another converted man for a term of court for attempt to murder. As soon as he found hope he went to the court and asked the judge to dismiss the man; as God had forgiven him he wanted that man forgiven. The judge had not yet given his sentence. He said he could not give it, as the crime was too severe and represented sentence and release the man so long as he behaved himself. The man came home. It is a wonderful what God can do. To him be all the praise.

I commenced here last night with good interest. The church is fine and we are expecting crowds of people. Pray that the Lord may give us success.

J. L. HUFFMAN.

HOW VALLEY, R. I., Jan. 15, 1869.
Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS. 1895.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSON IV.—THE GREAT CONFESION.

For Sabbath-day, Jan. 26, 1895.


HOLINESS TEXT.—Then art thou, the son of the living God. Matt. 16: 16.

INTRODUCTORY.

After the teachings of our last lesson the multitude, failing to understand Jesus, forsook him, and left but a few earnest disciples who knew they had nowhere to go but to him. Then came again the Pharisees, complaining of the disciples not observing their customs, giving the same day another scene somewhat similar. After this he went away into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, healing the daughter of the Syrophcenician; going to Decapolis, healing the deaf and dumb man, and many other diseases, associated with the lepers and a few fishes; from thence traveling to Dalmanutha; departing thence, he again crossed to the north-eastern side of lake Geneva to Caesarea Philippi, beating a blind man at Bethsaida on the way.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. 1. a. "When Jesus came into the coasts of Caesarea Phillipi." To whom of villages near to this city which had been built and beautified by Philip, the brother of Herod Antipas, and named Caesarea Phillippi, he left his baptism from the sea of the Mediterranean coast. Its ancient names were Tham and Panasse. He sent his disciples, saying, Probably to the people of Bethsaida. What would you have him say that I, the Son of man, am?" He may have desired to know just what the people thought of him and his work; but we think more to see how the disciples looked upon the ideas of the people. "And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist. Especially Herod Antipas, and those who were under his influence. Some Elias, and others Jeremiah, or one of the prophets. Notice that all looked upon him as different from other men; while there were many opinions some were in both. They had grasped the right one. v. 15. "He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?" A personal question, one that came from his heart. One of us. v. 16. And Simon Peter answered and said, Peter in this case, as in many others, seems to have spoken for all the disciples. "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Messiah, the Son of God. Messiah was a term that had been promised so long. Here was the confession of him such as he wished. The Rock built church. "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona: Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The answer should have been, "If thou seest not, nor understand, per- haps: Also I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. His confession would be the key to understanding the facts of life. If thine eye be single in thy body, by that which thou seest, God hath hid from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Rom. 11: 9. "And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven." This was the foundation of Jesus, and the principle of all the churches. The church would not come upon these words about whose meaning so many wise men differ. But to him they have the force simply of being explanatory to the preceding words in relation to the keys of heaven, showing the binding or loosing power of that confession which is the foundation of the church. It was not Peter's power alone, but was given to all the disciples, as seen in Matthew 18: 18. 20. "Then charged he his disciples, saying, Verily I say unto you, That they shall hear the word of God." That they shall tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ. The time had not come to proclaim this truth openly.

THE SACRED RECORDER.
THEOSOPHY.  
BY W. W. WALDIE.

We are told that Oculism is the wisdom of primal ages, a revival of the only true philosophy held by all the great teachers of the world, and communicated to the initiates of the Mysteries. And we are all admonished that Christianity, although it did continue to place the West, he improved a failure; and that we must therefore return to that which is better, and confess to the superiority of ancient sages.

"Unless we mistake the signs of the times," says one of their writers, "the day is approaching when we will perceive that the only ancient religions were in harmony with nature, and ancient science embraced all that can be known. An era of disenchanted and rebuilding will soon begin—" has already begun. The Cycle has as yet run its course, a new one is about to begin, and the future pages of history may contain full evidence, and convey full proof that, 'if ancestry can be in aught believed descending Spirits have conversed with man and told him secrets of the heavens.' There is here no basis of fact for the catalogue, contained in the mystical book of Enoch, of arts which the Nephilim are said to have introduced among men; (Book of Enoch 2-8) no reflection of truth in the appeal of Michael and his companions when they say, "See, then, what Azath haul down; how he has taught all wickedness on earth, and has revealed the secrets of the world which were prepared in the heavens." Book of Enoch 2:9. But if we glance at the world to-day, do we see the men of this nineteenth century returning to the wisdom of the long past ages, and modern thinking its flight upon the wings of ancient love? Yes, almost every characteristic of antiquity seems to be re-defining. The intercourse with demons is being renewed on a vast scale in the very heart of Christendom, attempts are being made to restore the influence of those ancient mysteries which are said to have been always kept up by a few initiates. The old mesmeric healings are performed; the phrenologists and pharisees have greatly increased; the use of the divining rod, and countless other practices of primordial and medieval times, are once more becoming common. And, impossible as it would have seemed a century ago, 'superstitions' are flouting back upon us the spirit of "Modern Thought." They come no longer veiled in mystery, nor claiming to be miraculous or divine; but in accordance with the spirit of the age present themselves as the 'fruits of science,' as an evidence of the progress of knowledge in regard to the laws of the visible and invisible worlds."

Hippolitus, a Christian bishop of Cappadocia, who suffered martyrdom A.D. 235, is supposed to have been the intimate of the "Greatest Mysteries"; but upon his conversion he appears to have conceived the greatest horror of them. In the preface to his treatise, he affirms that the secret finally imparted was the 'consummation of wickedness.' "Mysteries" is a term usually denoting the secret rites of the pagan superstition which were carefully concealed from the vulgar. Such, then, are some of the reasons which forbid us to regard such a restoration of the Mysteries. Moreover, we cannot but observe a sinisteromen. Just as the initiates were the avowed enemies and persecutors of the early church, so a great number of theosophical utterances are already breathing a terrible spirit of hatred against pure Christianity, which they sometimes term 'Paulanism' and delight to call the offspring of Satan or of Paganism and infidel Christendom. A specimen of two, and I close this article which has already grown too long.

Kenealy, in his "commentary on the Apocalypse," pp. 655-6, makes the beast of Rev. 13 represent the British Empire, and emblemize Paganism.

"The dragon is said to have given it dominion, because the dragon represents Atheism, or the denial of God, which, Paulism is, and England has done more to extend the dominion of this hateful heresy than any other land. The Bible Society distributes millions of our corrupted Scriptures yearly." In his "book of Enoch" the same writer remarks of Paul, "I do not wonder that Swedenborg, who had studied his works for over forty years, thought he saw him in hell, 'connected with one of the worst of devils.' I do not feel surprised that he speaks of him as 'a nefarious character.'" p. 7. This animosity is on account of Paul's teaching in regard to the female sex, because it is opposed to the teaching of theosophy that there is a female element in the deity, and to the worship of the "Goddess" whose theosophy is to restore. "

DEALER, Colo.

NEVER bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

Special Notices.

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

"The Seventh-Day Baptist Church of Cornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corner of Church and Genesse streets, at 2:30 P.M. Sabbath-school and following preaching service. A general invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath. GEORGE SLAYN, Pastor.

"The First Seventh-Day Baptist Church of New Miscope holds regular Sunday-school and prayer-meeting meeting, on the 4th floor, near the elevators, Y. M. C. A. Building; corner 4th Avenue and 33d St.; entrance on 33d St. Meeting for Bible study at 10:30 M., followed by the regular preaching service. Stranger are cordially welcomed, and any friends in the city over the Sabbath are especially invited to attend the service. Pastor's address, Rev. J. B. Burdick, New Miscope, 86 Barrow St.

"The Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N. Y., will meet the last Sabbath in September and in each month following for public worship, at 2 P.M., at the residence of Dr. S. C. Beebe, 422 Grant Street. Sabbath-school in Utica and adjacent villages, and others are most cordially invited to attend.

"The Chicago Seventh-Day Baptist Church holds regular Sabbath services in the lecture room of the Methodist Church block, corner of Clark and Washington Streets, at 2:30 P.M., Sabbath-school at 3:30 P.M. Strangers are always welcome, and brethren from a distance are cordially invited to attend. Pastor's address, L. C. Randolph, 6124 Wharton Ave.

"The Sabbath-school Board of the Seventh-Day Baptist General Conference through its Secretary requests the Vice-President for the North-Western Association, Rev. D. Clarke, to arrange for Institutes in said Association during the present Conference year. Will the Sabbath-schools of the North-Western Association act upon this by writing to their presidents or Secretaries to communicate with Rev. H. D. Clarke, Dodge Centre, Minn., in regard to time when they would like such an Institute. Two or more schools near each other might unite in such a profitable convention."
“Yes, and only three years ago, too. You remember that I always had a liking for photography.”

“Yes, laughed his friend; “people said you spoiled the class photographer when you turned domineering. But I well, perhaps I did. At any rate, I’ve taken a great deal of pleasure in it, and I hold that everybody ought to have some pet recreation to rest his mind. But to my story: Three years ago this Thanksgiving Day I was out on the church lot with the organ, and was just going into the house, when Letteice said, “Turn your spares, doctor, and fix the organ, and then go to paper.”

And so I saw the scene depicted there. He once became a familiar presence, and having gone hostler at the hotel on the street below us. His face attracted me, as it was so sad, and would have been so noble had it not been for the finger marks of sin. I grew to watching him, especially as I found he had a genuine love for music. For when, on Sabbath afternoon, after our choir practice, I always noticed him standing near the church walls, where they were in the shade.

And while the grand organ melody ebbed and flowed in waves of harmony, and the fresh young voices of our choir sang the dear old church hymns, the hard look would die out of his face, leaving it for the moment fresh and innocent. I tried to make his acquaintance; but he shrank from me so painfully that I gave up the attempt. But God laid him as a burden on my heart, and I did pray that he might be saved. And God, ever mindful of his children and his promises, answered my prayer.

“Thant winter was a season of special interest in religion, and the pure God’s Spirit brooded softly over our city, and our church became a very Bethel to many a soul. And day after day, as the worshippers coming back to their Father, my heart yearned over the poor little girl who had the morn of the morrow, though the people stared to see him there. It was easier after that to look him into the mouth, especially after some of us interested ourselves in getting him a better position.”

“Not all at once, though, did he reform, but when his besetting sin threatened to engulf him, he found himself sinking again into the mire of sin, he would escape to the organ loft, and there fight out the tempter. But before the meeting closed he sought and found, and with a heart that could be saved, and one night when the church was crowded, he stood up in the altar and repented. It was pathetic in the extreme. I can only give you the outlines.”

“He had been the only son of well-to-do parents, raised, as many are, by college life. He had made a study of nature, and gone to Germany, there to perfect his education in that branch. His life there had finished what college life had begun, and he came home a wreck. His father would have turned him off, but the mother clung to him, shielded him as only mothers will. But by and by the crisis came, and to save his only son from prison garb, the father had sacrificed his all, leaving them destitute. The proud father sank under the blow, and passed away, leaving the poor mother and little sister alone. In vain she pleaded with her boy; he told her it was too late, and, leaving her in the care of friends more tender to her, he had gone away. For five years he had been a wanderer, singing farther on.”

“When he had finished a hush fell upon the crowd, and many were silent. An organ used had long been strange to tears. His first thought was of his mother, and he did not rest until he had sought her, and brought her and his sister Myra to our city. Soon after this our organism left us, and Edward Lacy was chosen to fill his place. He is doing well, and has a large class in music, besides his place as organist here.”

Mr. Avon had listened with intense interest, and as Dr. Marsden finished he said:

“And was not that dear old lady who sat in one of the front pew's with a lovely young girl his mother? I judge so from the lovely look in her eyes as she watched him.”

“Yes, and they were waiting for him all day, and many a poor mother looked with hope at her boy as he watched him.”

Mr. Avon looked again at the picture as he said:

“Did you see how God wrought?”

And yet there are people who mock at the power of religion, and call God a myth.

“Yes,” replied the doctor, “but remember it is the fool who hath said in his heart there is no God. Read Acts, in the Christian Intelligencer.”

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An opportunity is offered to one wishing to buy a book of some value, a volume on photography.”

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The SABBATH RECORDER.

[Letter from a subscriber to the Board of managers of the Sabbath School Board, concerning the third Wednesday in June, and the regular meetings of the Board of managers, with the names of the agents in charge of the work in the various states.]

The Sabbatarian Mission, New York City.

Dr. C. MAXON, 316 S. Ferry and Forakey

Ulic, N. Y.

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