Sabbath Recorder.

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THANKSGIVING and the voice of melody, joy and gladness shall be found in Zion. The Lord will comfort her waste places, and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her waste places like the garden of the Lord. Isa. 51: 3.

There are many rules for healthful and happy living, but the following by Robert Collyer is about right. Sleep eight hours of the twenty-four, eat three meals a day, and walk on the sunny side of the way. It is true that nearly all rules have their exceptions, but let this simple direction be your aim, and it will be much better than medicine.

Do not be afraid of sunshine. Many homes are so constructed, or so shaded, that the purest sunshine, perhaps never enters. Sunshine is one of the greatest foes of disease. An Italian proverb says, “Where the sun does not come, the doctor does.” This saying is based on observation and experience. Throw open the blinds and the doors; cut away dense shades; let the sunlight in.

An infidel, in Minnesota, has made a certain town a gift of $5,000 for its library, on the condition that there shall be no religious discrimination in the purchase of books hereafter, and that the works of Tom Paine, Ingersoll, and others of similar nature shall be bought with the money. A town must be very hard pressed for money, and the authorities very destitute of good judgment, that will accept of money on such conditions. Of course, if that plan were made up chiefly of that kind of people, nothing better could be expected. But even then it will undoubtedly prove to be a very dearly bought gift. Any compromise of that kind which deliberately bars entry God and his Word, together with the best literature of mankind, enters readily accepts the base and blasphemous words of heaven-defying men, will find a fearful reaction upon their children and their homes, of ungodliness and crime. Such experiments have repeatedly been tried, in one way and another, but inevitably with the same results.

The cost entailed upon our country by iniquity is beyond human power to estimate, and all but the direct effects. The indirect cost is beyond our sight in its instances. But that which we can see is enormous. Statistics show that the number of arrests made every year for crime will average 100,000. The cost of such arrests, together with that of the expenses necessary, will aggregate $100,000,000. This great sum is raised by taxes upon the people, and not less than four-fifths of this great tax, or $80,000,000, is due to strong drink. But this is only one phase of the costs. Look at the amount expended annually upon the roads, taken from the bread due to the drunkard’s families; the great amount of money expended for jails and prisons; the property destroyed by rash acts of drunk-insane men and women; the fires and other accidents caused. Every fiber in our being should revolt at the thought of licensing or in any way perpetuating this greatest of all evils, the saloon. While on this Thanksgiving day we should be grateful for all blessings, we should not forget to repelde ourselves to unyielding hostility to the rum curse.

This is Thanksgiving week, and this paper bears the date of Thanksgiving day. Many will be the happy gatherings, and many extra dollars will be spent in the all too tempting food. But will we in the meantime remember the poor, large numbers of whom cannot enjoy the luxuries of this Thanksgiving day? Every family which God has so1o101jectedly blessed should not forget to seek out others upon whom they can bestow some favor and thus cause a ray of sunshine to enter other homes darkened by sorrow, or distressed by poverty. This is an appropriate time to remember the poor. There are constant calls for the exercise and giving for various church and denominational enterprises, but do not allow the gifts of this occasion to be diverted from their most natural, needy and appropriate channel. Do not wait until the close of the day, but go early to some lonely house, and make the day bright with good cheer, and give the unfortunate an opportunity to thank God for thoughtful friends and neighbors. Then in the public assembly, give as God has prospered you for similar objects. Thus your own pleasure will be greatly increased as you remember that the day has not been wholly devoted to selfish enjoyment.

Great efforts are being made in certain quarters to effect a union of the various bodies comprising the Christian Church, upon some common basis of agreement and fellowship. Thus far but little progress seems to have been made in the direction of merging individual churches into one common church. Each body has its own peculiar views of church government, doctrine and ordinances, so that, a union thus effected, would be only in outward form. Evidently, the time has not yet come, and will not, for years to come, come nearer, “seeing eye to eye,” than they now do. But while waiting for that good time to come, the next best thing to do is already being done. Christian people of diverse sentiments can unite in common labor for the good of the race without disunion. In New York City there is already a federation of over sixty churches, banded together for various kinds of practical Christian labor, embracing charitable, humanitarian, social and reformatory efforts. This is, for the present, the kind of Christian union that is practical and desirable. It is a possible unity without attempting an impossible uniformity. To this measure of unity many Christian people have already attained, and thus far they can “walk by the same rule,” and such walking they are called “walking in Paul’s path.” In Phil 3: 16, when he said, “Nevertheless, whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule.” Nothing more than this is practicable or desirable until we attain to real unity of sentiment, based on acceptance of God’s Word as the supreme authority in religious faith.

THANKSGIVING DAY, as a social, home-gathering occasion, has increased attractions. There is evidence that such a family gathering occurred annually in the family of Jesse, the father of David. This is naturally inferred from the statement of David when planning to escape from Saul’s wrath: “For there is a yearly sacrifice there for all the family.” 1 Sam. 20: 6, 28, 29. It is a beautiful sight, with father, mother, mother’s sister and grandchild, one household can gather about the fireside, in the old and loved homestead, for an annual reunion. It gives all something to anticipate, and there is much of joy in the anticipation of such homecomings, as long as the children are situated at all, to make this annual pilgrimage to their paternal roof. Your ranks will not always remain unbroken if they now are, and it will give occasion for much satisfaction to those still living, and in coming years to all who may be able to remember these happy reunions. It will keep fresh in mind the holy home influences of childhood, the unsellable love of father and mother, the attachments and innocent sports of brothers, sisters and friends, the growing aspirations and trials of approaching manhood and womanhood. All of these reflections, these scenes lived over again in memory, with the greetings of loved ones are not only restful but of positive value in renewing courage, vitality, hope, making us less selfish, more useful. These happy family reunions are typical of the heavenly, and can hardly fail to turn the mind heavenward and thus increase the desire for that final home gathering which here is but dimly forshadowed.

Thanksgiving, as a religious and grateful service in recognition of divine favors, dates farther back in history than most people suppose. It did not originate with our forefathers, unless we count our ancestry back more than three thousand years. In Exodus 16: 16, after directing the Israelites to keep a feast three times in the year, which was the occasion to our ancestors established thus: “And the feast of harvest, the first fruits of thy labors, which thou hast sown in the field; and the feast of ingathering, which is in the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in thy labors out of the field; three times a year shall all thy men inhabitants come before the Lord.” This feast, or the Feast of Ingathering, as it was called the Feast of Ingathering. It continued seven days. It was the annual thanksgiving for the fruits of the soil.

The Romans also held a feast similar to this, in the autumn, in honor of Ceres, the goddess of grain. History tells of many public thanksgiving services held by the early Christians. A noted festival of this kind was held in 1575 in Leyden, Holland, to celebrate their prosperity, and especially their deliverance from the besieging Spaniards. In this country the first Thanksgiving recorded in the one in July 1623, originally appointed as a day of fasting and prayer, on account of prolonged drought and scarcity of food. But while praying for rain, it came in great abundance, and their mourning was turned into gladness, as it is written in Paul’s epistle to the Romans: “In 1631 a similar event occurred, when in the midst of their anxiety and prayers a ship with food-supplies came to their relief. During the Revolutionary War several Thanksgivings were held. George Washing-
he issued a second proclamation, because of the "insurrection" in Western Penn-sylvania. What a glorious Thanksgiving we could hold, were it to celebrate the suppression of the whisky insurrection of the present day!

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

New Jersey has a population of 1,672,942. This is an increase of 228,000 in the past five years.

A couple just discovered at the Lick Observatory is announced as coming this way. It may be generally seen later.

A GOLD CRIZE is reported in Colorado. Rich veins of ore are said to have been discovered in the southern part of the State.

In Arabia there is a revolt of the Arabs against the Turks. Forty-five thousand armed Arabs have defeated the Turks in three successive fights.

VENICE is greatly excited over the attitude of the British government toward them. It does not seem probable that she will submit to England's ultimatum.

There are 240,000 licensed liquor saloons in the United States; and allowing twenty feet to each saloon, a low estimate, they would fill a street 265 miles in length.

ANARCHY reigns in Constantinople, and practically throughout the Turkish Empire. There is no doubt that some great conflicts leading to important political changes are near at hand.

It is said that squadrons are now sailing under six flags for Turkish waters. This is a different hunt for the Turkey than the one which is most common in our country for Thanksgiving.

It is rather difficult to get evidence against liquor dealers who sell contrary to law. In Vermont a man can be imprisoned for drunkenness and held in prison until he tells where he bought his liquor:

A man in Vermont whose favorite pastime was weekly gate hunts for the Turks was arrested and held in solitary confinement at the request of the English government. He is up for trial on the 21st.

The total enrollment of students at Alfred University is 146, a marked increase over the depression condition of attendance for a few years past. The wide-awake policy of trustees and faculty is bearing its legitimate fruitage. There are several very hopeful indications of returning prosperity.

A NEGRO in Kentucky was recently examined by the proper educational authorities for a position as teacher. Among other things he was asked, "What is delirium tremens, and what causes it?"

He replied, "Delirium tremens are a kind of fever, and caused by filth in the system." That is somewhat original and is not far from correct.

During the past three years the Congregational Society of this country has had an increase of 651 churches, and an increase of 58,442 members. This is a very encouraging showing for that people. Doubtless one chief cause of this growth has been the great activity of the T. F. S. C. E., which had its origin and its greatest development among this body of Christians.

Reports from the Life Saving Service for the past year show good work done. The number of disasters to vessels within their field was 483. The whole number on board of these vessels was 5,402 persons, of whom 5,382 were saved, leaving a total loss of life of only 20. The total value of the property imperiled was $10,647,235, of which $9,145,085 was saved, and $1,502,150 lost.

A FIREMAN on the New York and New Haven Railroad, near Middletown, Conn., a few years ago, seeing a little two-year-old child on the track, sprang in front of his engine going at full speed, and seizing the child, rolled down an embankment with the little one safe in his arms. Such acts of heroism usually get a brief notice and are soon forgotten, but they are worthy a lasting remembrance.

The new Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh was formally dedicated Nov. 5th. In architecture this is said to be one of the finest buildings in the world. The style of structure is Italian Renaissance. It is, in general length and width, 303 by 150 feet. Aside from the Music Hall 112 by 68 feet, and 60 feet in height, and rooms for museum, art and lectures, its general book capacity is 250,000 volumes.

The vote taken at the autumnal Conferences of the Methodist Church, have carried, quite strongly, the proposition to admit women as delegates. This proposition which has been waiting solution for several years, would seem to be nearing a decision in favor of such representation. The votes thus far show 4, 395 in favor of admitting women to the General Conference, and 1,662 against. Since three-fourths of all the votes cast are necessary to carry, there is, in the figures given, a surplus of 294. It looks as though the question was practically settled.

The vote on woman suffrage recently in Massachusetts was only an expression of the wishes of the people, as an aid to the Legislature in settling the question. Many were disappointed in the results. Out of a vote of 275,000, there was a majority against woman suffrage of over 76,000. Also an expression of the vote was taken, and nearly 250,000 women who were competent to vote on this question only 16,500 cast votes in favor. The conclusion therefore is that women do not want suffrage and it would be a kind of oppression that would impose it upon them.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

NUMEROUS and enthusiastic as were the visitors at Pinfield last August, there was another company—much larger and no less interested—of those who quietly said, "We have looked forward to this Conference and longed to be present, but the Lord has other plans for us.

In no small measure the spiritual power which marked the Conference throughout was due to the prayers of those who, remaining at home, enjoyed the Conference and sent up their petitions in the midst of their work. The proposal to place Doctor Lewis in the Sabbath Reform work entirely, was eagerly noted. The practicability of such a plan is a question outside of our province; that is in competent hands; but of the desirability there can be little doubt. The time is ripe for the widest possible presentation of Bible truth on this subject—what the Sabbath is, how it should be observed, and what means may be rightfully used to promote its observance. One of the foci for the campaign for which the new Christian Endeavor monthly is to stand is "The rescue of the Sabbath." There is one Bible way to rescue the Sabbath, and it is ours to present it. We must either let our own shine or let our friends, and in this intense age no half-hearted movement can live. The Sabbath issue must either stand before us as a great cause, or we shall lose our own.

Now, nothing else will take the place of the living human voice. That was strikingly manifest at Louisville. Hundreds of people who had never seen the Outlook and could not, perhaps, have read it, if they had seen it, hung on the words of Dr. Lewis with profound attention. The Sabbath question, and whatever discussion of it we may have in the future, will have a new meaning to them. The Evangel and Sabbath Outlook will be to them a friend, they having felt the personal influence of its editor.

Doctor Lewis's power to win a strange audience even when speaking in a city as much cut square across their cherished customs, is well known. Such expressions as these were common at Louisville: "I could sit and listen to him all night." "There is nothing in the city to approach him as a speaker." The thought would come to my own mind again and again was of regret that, having such a man,
Doctor Lewis's mission during the remaining years must be largely that of student and historian, leaving in permanent form the results of a lifetime of investigation. Who will take his place upon the field, and receive the mantle when it shall fall? Is there among us some young man whose heart is drawn to this great work? It would be of great value, could such a man be with Dr. Lewis in his ripest years, imbibe his spirit, glean from his experience, and engage in active campaign as a public speaker.

Not much encouragement is offered that the petition prepared by the Woman's Educational Union of Chicago will be successful in restoring the Bible to the public schools. President D. R. Cameron says there is an entire absence of sectarian friction on the school board at present, and he does not think that the absence of sectarian friction on the school board at present, and he does not think that the people don't know where the theaters are situated. Nearly fifty people were present.

WITNESSING FOR CHRIST.

"We are his witnesses of all things; and is also the Holy Ghost whom God hath given to them that obey him." Acts 5: 32.

The highest duty and privilege of mankind is to witness for Christ. It is following out God's plan of salvation. He has had his witnesses all down through the ages, to the present time, who were true and faithful. The apostle says, "He left not himself without witnesses." The fact is, Dr. Lewis in his ripest years, imbibe his spirit, we have been given the privilege to have part in it. The people seemed anxious for better things, the time is ripe, and the Lord has been with us in power from the first. Sinners are converted, and backsliders are returning every night.

Trust; not an occasional trust, but an everlasting trust, and prayer that our faith may be made perfect. It was a great joy to me to hear Dr. Lewis say, "Stop; what we want is positive knowledge. If you have not this, you are excused." So it is in the Christian's experience. The world is ready to receive our testimony if we have positive knowledge as to what salvation has done for us. If we say, "I believe," or "trust," they turn away in derision and call us hypocrites for professing to have what we have not, and so bring reproach upon the cause of Christ. Is it possible that our Heavenly Father would plan a salvation for man, and Christ go through all his sufferings to complete this salvation, and we be left in doubt of our inheritance? "The gods of this world have blinded our minds." Jesus' testimony to Nicodemus was, "Wespeak that we do know and testify that we have seen, and ye received not our witness." John 3: 11.

We find the average professing Christian struggling with their doubts and their duties. This is not as it should be. Doubt is a weakness, and until we can take hold of God's truth with a firm grasp, we will be powerless instruments. One of the greatest obstacles will be the mire of doubt, and set upon the bed-rock of assurance, is worth a dozen workers in bringing the kingdom of God into the hearts of men who are uncertain and want interrogations after every testimony. Many persons are not content to put an argument; they simply want it that way; it gives a little more leeway for them.

I am acquainted with a pastor who has charge of a large church in this section who smokes his cigars and claims that the cause of Christ is not injured thereby. As I hear him preach I am reminded of the disciples when crossing the Sea of Galilee. Jesus had gone to the mountain to pray, and he saw them "toiling and rowing" as they went. The wind was contrary. The winds undoubtedly make "contrary winds" for the pastor in his life work. He seems to tell so hard that my heart goes out in sympathy to him. How calm and peaceful it is when Jesus comes into the ship (our life). He cannot help but give the stilling of the tempest, so that from sinful appetites as well; not only may we be saved from the act of sinning, but from the taste of sin. All it needs is faith, simple child-like trust and prayer that says, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."
for strength, believing, he will not keep such an one long in suspense.

**Testimony witnessing.** "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit" (testimony). John 15: 8.

It is safe to say that it is not possible for us to tell the story of the work of God upon those that reach out after spiritual things. Think of adding any glory to God. Yet these words are true. The question is, Will we let His Holy Spirit teach us? "He will guide you into all truth," he will teach you all things." Through him is Christ to manifest himself to us. He is to shape the yoke to each co-laborer's shoulder, which Christ said was easy. Do you find it easy, reader? If not, what is there between you and Christ? The great Architect who drew the plan for this yoke knew the shape of each human shoulder, and with loving compassion he made it for us are co-witnesses with the Holy Spirit, and if we will place ourselves unconditionally in his hands he will place us into such shaped vessels as will subserv the cause of Christ best; mold our thoughts, our testimonies, direct our ways, make impossible things possible, turn our attention away from worldly things to things spiritual, cure evil habits and make our lives a blessing to the world when it becomes a blessed privilege to witness for Christ anywhere, anyhow, and so bring to us the great joy of salvation.

"He will guide you into all truth. He will teach you all things."

To let the Holy Spirit guide us and teach us is the way we must go; until we are filled with this Spirit. See what Peter accomplished in one day, after he was ended with this power. His testimony was such as to convert three thousand souls in one day, and only a short time before this he denied his Lord three times in one night. Peter found, like all of us, that the arm of flesh will fail us, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

Through the Holy Spirit Jesus is revealed to us in the beauties of his holiness, and we love to study his life, his ways and his character; we love to love his feet, and weep and from his fullness gather grace and comfort every day.

**SOUTHERN ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING.**

The Yearly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches of Southern Illinois convened with the church at Bethel, Sixth-day, Sept. 27, 1885. In the forenoon a prayer service was held, led by Eld. M. B. Kelly. In the evenings the very interesting sermon was delivered by Eld. Robert Lewis which was entitled, "How can our Evangelists and Missionaries Through our Churches Gain More From Our Evangelistic Work?" We recollected that the next Yearly Meeting will be held with the church at Stone Fort, and that the time for holding the meeting be fixed by the church where the meeting is to be held.

**THE SABBATH RECORDER.**

by Mrs. A. B. Howard, entitled, "Three Essential Elements of Church and Denominational Growth," was read by Mrs. M. A. Burdick. The reading of this paper was followed by remarks from several persons, all of whom highly commended the manner in which the paper was delivered, and it was voted that the paper be submitted for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER. First-day evening the committee to arrange programs for next meeting reported substantially as follows:

We the Committee appointed to arrange a program for the next Yearly Meeting and to recommend the time and place for holding the same, would respectfully recommend the following programme of exercises.

Preacher of Introductory Sermon: William T. H. Johnson; paper by C. W. Threlkeld, subject, "The Time of the Resurrection"; paper by Mrs. M. J. Irish, subject, "The Object and Growth of The Christian Endeavor Movement"; essay by Thos. Zinn, subject, "By What Course can Our Churches Gain More From Our Evangelistic Work?" We recollected that the next Yearly Meeting be held with the church at Stone Fort, and that the time for holding the meeting be fixed by the church where the meeting is to be held.

ROBERT LAWRENCE, C. W. T. [Editors, West.]“The Yearly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches of Southern Illinois convened with the church at Bethel, Sixth-day, Sept. 27, 1885. In the forenoon a prayer service was held, led by Eld. M. B. Kelly. In the evenings the very interesting sermon was delivered by Eld. Robert Lewis which was entitled, "How can our Evangelists and Missionaries Through our Churches Gain More From Our Evangelistic Work?" We recollected that the next Yearly Meeting will be held with the church at Stone Fort, and that the time for holding the meeting be fixed by the church where the meeting is to be held.

SABBATH evening the meeting was regularly organized, C. W. Threlkeld elected chairman and Thos. Zinn, secretary. A committee was then appointed to consider a programme for the next meeting and to recommend time and place for holding the same. The regular Introductory Sermon was then delivered by Eld. C. W. Threlkeld, Theme, Mission; Texts, John 4: 22 and Acts 3: 2.

First-day morning Eld. M. B. Kelly preached from Luke 10: 41, 42, following which a paper

On motion, the report of the committee was accepted. A paper by C. A. Burdick, entitled "How can our Evangelists and Missionaries Through our Churches Gain More From Our Evangelistic Work?" was read, and the report of the committee was approved, but actually jeer and shout with the educating and elevating influences of these modern times, such awful crimes ought not to be known. But when respectable people and otherwise good citizens, take the law into their own hands, and make the exercise of justice—and in spite of it, too—such as they feel, it seems to me, to invent some wicked way to inflict the greatest amount of excruciating pain and exquisite torture, as long as the victim is conscious of it—it certainly there is not much suffering a person must undergo by having his nose and ears cut from his head, of being flayed alive, or having glowing firebrands thrust against the quivering flesh of his naked body, or having his fingers, one by one, pounded to a jelly, while a crowd of thousands of people not only witness these scenes with savage complacency and approval, but actually jeer and shout with delight over the contortions of the suffering victim. Such awful things in the civilization of the nineteenth century, saying nothing about the Christianity and educational culture of it, certainly shows degeneration, equal even to that of the pagan Roman Forum, or papal inquisition of the dark ages. Again the crimes of modern times are becoming so frequent, that a daily paper that does not contain an account of some such transaction, is the exception, instead of the rule; and the perpetrators have become so expert at doing them, that the full blaze of the shining sun, a bank will be entered, a railroad train boarded, or citizens held up right in the streets of a populous city, and large sums of money forced from the owners, by the presentation of a deadly weapon, and the perpetrators make their escape without any harm to life or limb, so that in many places it is running a great risk to walk along the streets, even in daylight, with any amount of money on the person.

**A FEW HEALTH HINTS.**

If the throat is very sore, wring a cloth out of cold salt water and bind it on the throat when going to bed; cover it with a dry towel. This is excellent.

A very good authority gives us a simple remedy for hiccough: A lump of sugar, saturated with vinegar, when put between the teeth, as an experiment, it stopped hiccough in nine.

The following is a splendid liniment for chilblains: One ounce of camphor gum, four fluid drachms of oil of allspice, one ounce of oil of cloves, and one ounce of oil of turpentine, add to the afflicted parts.

Soak the feet and bind on baking soda, and in the morning you will be surprised to find the soreness all out of the toes.

To make the eyebrows grow better, red sodium nitrate, common salt into them every night before going to bed.
AIDS TO CHRISTIAN LIVING.

The large influx of foreigners, the complex civilization that was followed, the vastly differing religious convictions of the people in every community; the migrating habits of many Americans, the rapid accumulation of vast fortunes leading to pride, luxury and abandoned habits, make it quite a different thing to do Christian work now from what it was thirty years ago. This makes new methods on the part of pastors a necessity, and it requires a corresponding adjustment of the rank and file of the Church members to these methods. To be good fishers of men, we must go where the fish swim. If they will not come to our ponds, we must go to their streams. If they will not bite at our manuscript, then we must try them with the spoken words that burn and glow. If they refuse when found in the school, then they must be tempted when alone.

The so-called laity must come to the rescue. In apostolic time there were many "helps" and helpers. Such agencies ought to be multiplied now. But there are some helps that hinder. "Give me six hundred and twenty persons," said Wesley, "and I will save the world; 1,200, and I can do it without much trouble; 2,000, and it will be done in twenty years; 10,000, and in fifty years; and 100,000, and in five hundred years; but give me six hundred and twenty, and I will save the world in five years!" Where is the Church with its hundred of men of that stamp? Where is the pastor who can produce them? When I find a man who can rouse the whole membership of his Church into such a condition, as Robert Hall said of John the Baptist, "I shall feel a reverence for him bordering upon terror."

It may be fairly settled now that the people we have about us do not, and will not, come into our Churches. We must go to them, and our laymen must go with us. It is a false notion that if we preach the Gospel the house will be filled. Why? Laymen have a smart saying, that no one need tell squirrels where to find the best nuts. True, but all men are not squirrels. Squirrels know what is good for them, but men do not. Many men would rather drink poisoned water from a painted pumice stone, than write a letter, and fill it for their minister. Birds never make mistakes about berries, but men do about messages. "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but not so with puffed-up and blind-hearted men. If men were what they ought to be, they would soon find out the men who preach the Gospel and fill the pews. But the very reason why we preach to them is because they are not what they ought to be—they are not morally sane.

No, our Church members must help to bring in the people. Minister and members must go out into the highways—to the streets, alleys, and corners. A long, wet season of exchange—to carry the gospel message to them. Gospel wagons and street preachers must be used to catch the ear of the deluded, led as beasts to the slaughter. Do I hear you say, "That is well, but it will be misunderstood and degrading to the Church?" What was the dignity of Christ? It was this, that he left the glory he had with the Father, and came to the dis-grace given to him by men! That was his dignity! And the dignity of the Christian will be to stoop down to the gutterers, and randomlers, and come into the Churches, and it will be neither to say, "Well, the blood of Christ, will be jewels in the crown of his rejoicing. Undignified! Did not our Lord preach by the seaside, on the mountain crest, at the roadside, in the cottage of the poor, as well as in the homes of the rich? Did not he do nine-tenths of his preaching in the open air? Was not his appearance in synagoge and temple the exception rather than the rule? But we have revered the order, preaching in the Churches often, but in the open air it is looked on as an insult, "dignity" at the expense of our obedience. We are not commanded to bring all men to Christ, but we are commanded to bring his gospel to all men; and we have failed to respond—we are failing still. We build costly Churches, and endow magnificent universities, for which we have no command, and we leave millions of our race unevangelized, although our Lord's parting words solemnly charged the Church to go to "all nations," and to "preach the Gospel of the kingdom to every creature on earth."

If we confine our preaching to houses of worship, the people must fill the building. Every one that "heareth" must say "come." It is not always a gain—it is sometimes a loss—to turn a pastor into an evangelist. A pastor, after God's pattern, feeds the people, and teaches them knowledge and understanding. The Lord charged Peter to feed, but not to gather, the flock. Feed my sheep, and feed my lambs, but he did not utter a word about gathering either sheep or lambs. It is for the pastor to remove the stones and leaves and weeds in his sheep-fold. The people then will say, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." It is for the pastor to give to each one his portion in due season, and for others to "go into the lanes of the city, and compel them to come in." Let us not be too hasty in speaking of success or failure of the pastor. These are difficult times; and there are some elements of success that cannot be tabulated by figures. This is a fast age. The lightning is too slow, and the thunder too faint. Men want their facts and history, and are not.

It is for the pastor to give the Gospel should be preached all alongst all parties and governments in the reign of anarchy, and others think it will be the overthrow of all republican liberty; others again think that the Church is about to seize upon the government of the world and thus usher in the kingdom of God. Then there are some of the most learned, most godly and most prominent men in the paths of Christian usefulness who think we are upon the very threshold of the second advent of our Lord. I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but I deeply share the feeling that our times are preparing for the coming of our Lord, and that the Christian air is charged with thunder and the coming days may be days of storm.

"We are living, we are dwelling In a great and wonderful time, In an age on ages telling To be living is sublime."

Yes, it is sublime, if we are in touch with God, and adjusted to his plans, purposes and power, but awfully solemn if we are not. "The men of Issachar had understanding of the times and knew what Israel ought to do." Can we understand the times, and, adjusting ourselves to God, will we do what he may be pleased to do? We must be sure. Our Lord's last solemn charge was that the Gospel should be preached amongst all nations. Nearly nineteen hundred years have passed away, and that sacred trust has not been carried out. Surely it is his wish and plan to have the world evangelized at the earliest possible day. And we must get back to these first principles—back near our Master's heart—back to the Holy Spirit's power, and then go forth to do the work planned by our Father, with the power supplied by our Saviour, and fill with the love begotten by the Holy Ghost.

A bell stolen by British officers was being carried down a river in India, on a raft. The bell fell into the stream and sank into the quicksand and could not be recovered. It was handed over to the natives, who gathered tons upon tons of bamboo, and when the tide went out they fastened it to the bell. By and by bell and bamboo floated and were taken ashore. That bell tolls on a heathen temple to-day. Do we not need to gather the many Christs of God from them to the "lapsed masses," and when the tide of spiritual power comes in, they will be raised, and their tongues will ring out the message of salvation from the temple of the living God until the whole earth shall have heard its redounds, and then shall the redoundings, in response to the masses of the people, to our spiritual leadership, and to the purposes and the power of God, these are the needs of the hour!—The Examiner.

RECALLING the patience and longsuffering of the Heavenly Father toward us will often restrain the hand moved to punish, and elince the tonce prompt to censure.—Selected.
A THANKSGIVING PIE.

Mrs. R. C. W. LIVORNE.

Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Wilson were neighbors, in the small village of C—. They had lived since they began married life, and had taken down the picket-fence between their lawns so that a neighboring feeling could be cultivated more conveniently. They were both nice little women, and delighted to see how pleasant and attractive their homes. Thanksgiving day neared, and they were anticipating the return of their children. Mrs. Gilbert had a son in college and so had Mrs. Wilson.

The boys had been intimate from earliest childhood and both had gone out from home, with one son staying in the city. Their fathers were business men. Mr. Gilbert was the owner of a mixed store—groceries and dry-goods—while Mr. Wilson was a mechanic, by trade, and went daily to a neighboring city to work. It was nearing Thanksgiving, when one of those wide, starless, moonless, moonlit hours, Mr. Wilson crossed the yard, to pass an hour with Mrs. Gilbert. She took her pretty tidy with her, to learn from Mrs. Gilbert how to complete the edge. Both had been deeply engrossed with the execution of the pattern, when Mrs. Wilson was interrupted, by the door opening, and said, "What are you going to have nice for Thanksgiving? You know our boys are coming home."

"No," responded Dick, who was taking on some college slang, "it was mighty nice!"

While both designed this as a compliment, Mrs. Wilson's face flushed to a hue not unlike some of the "flavor" in the pie, and Dick said, faintly, "Thank you, I wanted them nice."

Again, the old stage-coach paused before the lawn, and again Owen and Dick said "adieu" for college. Letters soon came of their safe arrival and several allusions to Thanksgiving, among which Dick said, "Mother, I wish I had a piece of that pie, tonight, the very thought makes my mouth water."

When the next letter was due, it did not arrive.

"What can have happened to Dick?" she asked Mr. Wilson. After two weeks of anxious waiting, they received the following:

Dear Father and Mother,

I should have written before, and am surprised to see how long it is since I sent my last letter, but I am very busy of late. Of course, I want to keep pace with my class and evening "we boys" get together and have pies of fun, and I think I work all the better for it. Lately we have introduced a little refreshment, and Bob's jolly, go-to-hell, healthful, invigorating, and harmless beverage, 'that tasted so strikingly like your delightful mince-pie, mother, that I felt quite at home, and really anticipate these little, social times, very much. But lessons press. More next time.

Your affectionate son, Dick.

The next letter was still more tardy and unsatisfactory, and when the long vacation came, there returned to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson a changed young man. His language was not carefully chosen, his manner was defiant and reckless and his boisterous beauty marred by inconsideration. Mrs. Wilson noted these things and "pondered them in her heart," while a shadow fell over her smiling face.

Mr. Wilson was disappointed and desperate. He had fondly doted on Dick, and now his path seemed all the way downhill. Mr. Wilson began to remain late in the city, to the Club, until at last Mrs. Wilson saw that the cup had drowned both her husband and son.

"Oh!" she moaned, secretly, "Would I could recall that Thanksgiving dinner! Truly 'Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'"

A hasty ring at the door. "A messenger boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson. "Telegram, lady," said the youth. She signed, and requested him to wait, adding, "Perhaps it needs reply."

Tremulously, she tore open the envelope and read:

"Come. Dick is injured.

Cora."

She hastened to Mr. Wilson, and from thence both went to the college, where Dick entered, two years before, so young, ardent and hope. He had been thrown from a carriage the night of the reckless drive with his chum. The horse took fright and precipitated him headlong against a curb-stone.

There was a large convulsion on his temple and his life was fast ebbing.

"Dick, do you know me, darling?" said the mother, as she listened with bated breath, and gathered the following from the pale, stiffening lips. "Yes—mother, but—tell Chum—that it biteth like a serpent— it stings like—an adder."

A youthful spirit had gone to God who gave it.

Mr. Wilson never rallied from the shock.
and before the year closed Mrs. Wilson stood in sable robes, over another "new-made mound."

When Thanksgiving arrived she was invited to pass the day with her prosperous and happy neighbors, and as she was about to say, "Good-night," putting her face close to Mrs. Gilbert's, she whispered, tremblingly, "Mrs. Gilbert, I made a fatal mistake, but it is too late!"

THANKFUL FOR WHAT?

Have you ever been tempted to feel that you had no reason to keep Thanksgiving? Ernest Gilmore, in the "Intelligencer," comments upon such an ungrateful spirit as follows:

Some one tells the story of an English preacher who takes a hungry man into a hall with plates laid for 1,460 persons. Here are supplies of all kinds in bountiful profusion. The man would like to sit down at one of these plates.

"Ah!" said his guide, "would you be thankful?" "Then you shall have your breakfast something quite as good as anything here! Only just wait until I tell you something. You cannot have these, for they are the ghosts of what you have already had. They are the 365 breakfasts, the 365 dinners, the 365 teas, and the 365 suppers you had last year. They make 1,460 in all."

"You don't mean to say I had all those?"

"Yes, and many basketsful of odds and ends besides."

Buck, in commenting on the same story, said: And now will dismiss our friends to eat his meal, we trust with some Spurgeon calls providential goodness, "an endless chain, a stream which follows the pilgrim forever shining, and leading us to the place of our Lord. We may live to be old, but we can never outlive eternal love—it is a shoreless ocean."

Alfred, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1895.

We owe to the Rev. W. Banister the following account of the Vegetarians at Kucheng and their motives for the perpetration of the massacre there.

Those who have lived any time in China will have heard of the Vegetarians as a harmless sect, who only differed from their neighbors in that they abstained from meat, but in nothing else. The first time I heard of the operations of these people in Kucheng was about five years ago, when the leader and one or two others appeared in the city of Kucheng and began to cure men of opium smoking. Their plan of action was to get the young and able-bodied to join them by breaking off the connection, and then compel them to take an oath that they would remain loyal to the body they had joined. For some years they went on quietly, but it soon became apparent that they differed from the Vegetarians in other parts of the country. They began to spread over the country between the large cities, their motives for the perpetration of the massacre at Kucheng and the result was that a former magistrate had influence over the Vegetarians by working on the ghosts of what you have already killed. After this their fears, by telling them that unless they

THE VEGETARIANS AND THE KUCHENG MASSACRE.

To the Editor of The Sabbath Recorder:

It occurs to me that the following clipping from the North China Daily News may be of interest to some of the readers of The Recorder:

The article is of greater value, as the writer, the Rev. W. Banister, was a missionary of the Kucheng district for seven years and was succeeded by the late Rev. E. W. Steward not more than eighteen months before the terrible Kucheng tragedy. He knows the place and the people, and is familiar with the local dialect. He has been a member of the Kucheng Commission of Investigation, and his statements are reliable.

Sincerely yours,

SOME M. BURDECK.

SABBATH RECORDER.

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The real fact was that by a weak concession of the magistrate the Vegetarians had been induced to defer any further proceedings, and they had taken a lie place about twelve miles off where they remained in force, exultant at this further victory.

Shortly after this the magistrate was changed and another weak, feeble man was sent to succeed him. This made no difference to the Vegetarians. They went on increasing in strength and violence, and several other cases of robbery and violence occurred in different parts of the country, until a man was killed in resisting the attempts of the Vegetarians to carry off cows at a place called Tangteuk, and some being killed in the city of Kucheng. This seemed to have impressed the authorities in Foochow that something serious was taking place in Kucheng, and the result was that a former magistrate, Ho by name, was made a deputy, with two hundred soldiers under a military commander. This was a very short time before the massacre at Whasang. The deputy and the military commander remained at Kucheng in a state of inactivity and nothing was done, the excuse given by the magistrate Ho to Dr. Gregory being, that the force was altogether inadequate to cope with the Vegetarians. In the meantime the latter were not idle; they began to assemble at the fastness and discuss their plans, and they must have vengeance. Then came the plans for open hostility. About this time a fortunate event befell to Foochow who is called Tanghuai, or Kau Kau, or Long Finger Nails, appeared on the scene, and he soon acquired great power among the Vegetarians. He interested the Vegetarians in the whole town, and sent out a proclamation to all the Vegetarians that he was the real leader and adviser, who had led him to arrest these men, being beaten 400 blows and dismissed the yamen. It was at this time reported in Foochow that the Wolverine had been killed by the Vegetarians. After this the Vegetarians were encouraged to carry off cows at any time, and many were killed by the Vegetarians.

Alas! the people of China are the dishonest and selfish and corrupt men who rule this country only to fill their pockets by oppression and injustice. This is the result of the ignorance of the people, who are led to the death of eleven persons connected with the English Mission, and the wounding of Miss Hartfield of the American Mission, and Miss Codrington and Mildred Stewart.

There are statements in a poem posted up at the Christian meeting that they were hoping (at least the leaders were) that the disturbances which would arise from these disorders would be an impor-
The Sabbath Recorder.

Nov. 28, 1895.

EAST AND WEST.

Nov. 21, 1895.

The coldest part of our winter I traveled by rail, and was in Cattaraugus and Chautauqua counties. Almost as soon as I could travel with horse and buggy in the spring, I went to Hornellsville, preached once, thence to East Canisteo, preached three sermons, gave three lectures, and followed that tier of towns in an easterly direction through Steuben county. As a rule I preached one or more sermons, and gave talks on temperance and education in each place as a change. I then went south into the next tier of towns and came west through the county. So I went east and west, sometimes into other counties, until I reached the southern part of Tioga county. Pa. I stopped in a few places where I had not been before. Generally my congregations have been large (quite often union meetings) and always good attention.

COURTESY OF THE PRESS.

Largely my appointments have been noticed in the local papers, and frequently favorable mention made of the meetings. From one of the Camden newspapers: "I was at the Young Morning, Doctor Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y., preached an excellent sermon in the First Baptist Church. In the evening he gave a powerful and convincing address on temperance in a union meeting before a large and appreciative audience. We wish the Doctor could talk in every church in this county."

The editor of the Westfield Free Press said, "Doctor Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y., has been giving a series of sermons and lectures on education and temperance in this county, that has evoked great interest on the subjects. For temperance he has done sixtytwo times more than any of us have ever done. He is full of sound logic, good reasoning, and has the language to tell all in an interesting and convincing style.

Cuba Post: "Doctor Burdick is probably the oldest and best informed temperance worker in the State."

Most of the temperance work in the past has been done along the line of the railroad and in the large places. When one plows a country as a farmer places in the field, he will find many uncultivated places, some of which it will pay well to work. While on the road I was over taken by two men in a buggy. One of them said, "I used to hear you talk in Cohocton, N. Y." At his request I went with him to an out-of-the-way place, preached for him in the afternoon, and lectured in the evening. It is not always that I feel as well satisfied with results.

THE CROPS.

In portions of Tioga, Lycoming and Sullivan counties, the crops were poor. In portions of Allegany, Cattaraugus and Chautauqua counties the crops, with the exception of potatoes, were quite poor. Frost and drought injured the hay crop very much, and the grasshoppers injured the other crops. On the old roads and highways one is sure to see in cars, at Fillmore, for ten cents a bushel. After they would car no more at that price, two loads were sold at five cents a bushel. Money is very scarce. If, according to Senator Blair's estimate, drink in all its forms was never under actual prohibition, seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars, tears and lost souls thrown in, we must look for hard times to be included in the years God has promised upon those "Which justify the wicked for reward," i.e., license them.

EDUCATIONAL.

My congregations were large when I talked upon the subject of education, and many admitted that the Alfred School is one of the best in the country, and had sent more first-class men and women to their pages than any country than other school, however large or popular. Yet, when entirely among First-day people, we have the following to meet: Every denomination and school of any note have their classes and looking up students. While all are good men and representatives of good schools, I was particularly pleased with Prof. Hopkins of the Hariman school in Tennessee, when he said, in view of the great number out at work for their respective schools: "We are all helping each other, and, in an important sense, we all work for the same cause." I found myself in the field at least fives years late to work to the best advantage. Doctors Coit, Keepe, Hopkins and many more whom I met, or who had preached during the season, when I was in Alfred, all told me that they could tell a story better than I could, yet I had the best story to tell. But they had been telling theirs for several years and had the ears, hearts, and largely the names of the prospec­tive students, when I commenced to tell my story, or present my suggestions. No one thing that I ever said, or heard said, on education, and I have recently heard some grand things, seems so to inspire young people for education as short sketches of the lives of our loved, honored and looking up students. The school does not have its agents out and place its publications where other schools place theirs, has a good chance to be forgotten.

What we now need is, that the people know of the struggles, trials, successes, and especially of the ability, power, skill and friendliness of the present managers of the school. In a general way the press can and does give an idea of them. But it is not in the nature of the case that the press can give an idea of what is most needed, the desirable qualities of a President or of each teacher in each department, as the living speaker can. I am glad that so many students who go out from Alfred become living advocates of the school.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

I do not, as some have claimed, find this settled. Case 1. Two ladies said, "We have been reading the Bible to find where the Seventh-day Sabbath was changed to Sunday. Can you tell us where we can find it?"

I answered, I can tell you where you cannot find it. They seemed surprised as to where the change of the Sabbath was in the Bible, as that the Book of Isaiah was in it. More milk, explanations, and they thought it would not pay to read the Bible through again to find where the Sab­bath was changed from the seventh day of the week to the first day of the week.

Case 2. Directed by some friends, I called on a minister who, when told what denomination I was a member of, jumped out of his chair, stepped out to the middle of the floor and said, "How any man can read the New Testament and keep the old Jewish Sabbath for Sunday." He said many things that I had heard before. He talked so loud, that if I had been seven times deaf, I would not have accepted an ear-trumpet as a gift.

OUT AND THE TEETH.

The most superficial knowledge of hygienic laws will teach the necessity of providing for the future of the child through a proper course of diet. The teeth are but indications of the constitutional vigor of the child: if he be weak and subject to disease, the teeth will be pretty sure to show at an early age the lack of proper nutrition, and general health which will give its corresponding result. It is hardly possible to make pure milk too much an article of food for children, for purity is a very important consideration. In connection with milk, as the child advances in age, the question of hygiene, and that which is to supply digestion or have it supplied, will receive more attention, as affecting the health. I have always told our preachers here that Sunday is only a man-made Sabbath. I have had more controversy with them on that subject than on any other subject in the world. I have a horse that I sold for thirty-three thousand dollars. I offered that horse to any minister, any person that would find one passage in the Bible where God, Christ, or any of the apostles, ever changed or said word about changing the Sabbath from the seventh day of the week to the first day of the week."

Good Housekeeping.

The devil generally puts in an appearance with a fit of the "blues."
Young People's Work

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People,

I wish we could have about fifty warm-hearted young Christian Endeavor workers to sing, pray, and work in this town a few days, and we would sweep some of the devil's cobwebs down, I think. A few have been here from Ashaway, Westerly and Quonocoontaug. Some have been raised from the dead by our meetings, and in the morning until past one o'clock in the afternoon. Notwithstanding it rained all the afternoon, the hall was nearly full. At evening all the churches in town closed for their bi-monthly gospel temperance union meeting. At 6 30 the three young people's societies held a union meeting. It rained hard all the evening, still many came. Fully half of the testimonies were from those converted or reclaimed during our revival here. I should say not one in five of the C. E's kept their pledge by taking part in the meeting. Is this a sample of Christian Endeavor work in our land? God forbid. I spoke at the temperance meeting which followed. Interest is growing at the hall, and some three or four of our Seventh-day Baptist people attend very regularly. I am reminded of a story which one of our Seventh-day ministers told me not long ago.

He was assisting the pastor of the M. E. and First Baptist Churches in a union revival effort with his own people. They were to hold a day meeting; the pastor of the M. E. Church came in and walked down the center aisle; when he had reached the center of the church he looked and saw none of his church there; he knelt right there and commenced to pray. "O, Lord, where are the Methodists?" Well, a little while later, some of them came. We had a very good meeting Sabbath afternoon at the home of one invalid brother. God is answering your prayers.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

MYSTIC, CONN.

RHYTHMICAL THANKSGIVING PROGRAMME.

REV. MARTIN BOSWALL

Upon this glad Thanksgiving morn, Let every one arise, While with sweet praise you now adore The God which all your need supplies. OPENING HYMN.

(Tune: Old Hundred.)

Praise God for all your blessing great, Praise him you glad to wait; Praise him on this Thanksgiving Day, Praise while you sing and read and pray.

Read Psalm 95: 1-6.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

(Tune: Sweet hour of prayer.)

Praise to the Lord, our God most high, He who gave us life, and crowns with skill, Give him your praise with heart and voice, Sing to the Master of your choice; Oh! praise him on this Thanksgiving Day. And tell your friends to do the same; For God delights in praise sincere, In whispered voice or ringing cheer.

Have you been born in Christian lands? Have you been raised by loving hands? Then you must give the greater praise; Give it in service all your days; On farm, in shop, or kitchen neat, Just lay your trophies at his feet;

For God delights in deeds of worth, When wrought by loving hands of earth.

RESPONSIVE READING.

Leader read first part of verses. Response: "For his mercy endures forever." SONG.

(To: Stand up for Jesus.)

Oh, day of joy and blessing, We welcome thee once more; Thou hast a day invested Now with the morning's break; Of heaven's Corner Store; "Goods sold without hard measures, No one need feel elbowed out, The poor may get its treasures, For God supplies the pay." Within the store of heaven Are crowns of Glory And Bread with best of leaven, For which the hungered cries; Of clothes to clothe immortals, And crowns for each fair head— Oh, let us pass the portals The heavenly streets to tread!

HEADING: THE FARMER’S THANKSGIVING.

In the new and early spring, When the snows have gone away, And The Winter’s chilly blast Has sung its long and freezing lay, Then the rain in showers fell, And the ground was soon prepared, Lends a hand for times of need.

When the sun has burned the earth, And the frost by its cold breath, The Summer's fruit will ripen soon, The fruits of man's labor shown.

Then is seen a happy face, For his mercy endureth forever.

THE SERMON OF THE DAY.

I was sitting in a tavern On a cold Thanksgiving night, When a scene I well remember Was impressed upon my sight.

"Give me some o’ that terbaccar, That’s called Old Yankee Plug," It’s six shillin’, did ye say, sir?— Almost big enough to hug!"

Here the wife, with timid pleadings, Asked if she might buy a shawl. She was really sort o’ handsome, Finely formed, nigh enough to hail. When she asked him for the garment, (Just eight shilling was the price), His old eyes shot forth hot lightning, Though his voice was cold as ice.

"What, old woman, buy that garment! Those are pretty middlin’ hard, So I guess you’ll have to stand it— Don’t you think she will, old pard?"

This was talked to me, now mind you, And I looked him in the eye And I says to him, "Old fellow, You ain’t fit to live or die."

"Here you’ve gone and spent eight shillin’ For some stuff that you don’t need, While your woman, dear, says, Wears old clothes that’s gone to seed."

"I’m no preacher, I can tell you, 
Children's Page.

THE OBLIGING BEAR.
A honey-loving grimly-bear. 

In a great bee-tree made his lair; 

"There is a law," he told the bees, 

"That nothing comes but what they rear."

"I'll take it out for you," said he. 

"Nay, nay, sir," cries the old queen bee. 

"You might as well ask the stinging bees to bear."

A NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING STORY.

So you wish me to tell you a Thanksgiving story? It will not take me long to decide what and who shall it be about, for although nature is spread out so lovely over my locks, it seems like a short time since I was a little girl, and loved to have grown-up folks tell me stories too. I might have been seven years old, when one cold November morning my dear grandpa came up to our house and said grandma wanted us to eat Thanksgiving dinner with them. I skipped and danced for joy, for to me there was not quite so nice a place in all the "wide, wide world," as grandpa's. I could almost see him now, with his clean, shiny, bald head and mild, beam- ing blue eyes, with features as beautiful as though just from the hand of the sculptor. I can almost hear his peculiar tread, for he was a sailor, in his youth, and ever afterward he kept pace as though the ship was about to uncut, to pop like a toy-pistol, and told what is there which doesn't "be." He, I reckon, beloveds, we've never been near our side, while we, singing the four verses of "America," a large, burnt-orange colored flag, with fifteen stars and twenty-four white stars, between the three tined, gold forks. She was my pet of the whole flock, and I begged and pleaded with grandma not to have her killed. I argued her eggs were so large and she was so handsome, and it would not be a chicken-pie, if they put her in, for she was an old hen. Grandma smoothed the folds of her shawl, hissed like a bite, checked, linen" apron, and said something low, to grandpa, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, and he soon decided to put poor squall- ing, bristling, "Old Amber" down, saying, "Old Amber ought to help along, some way, on Thanksgiving." The next day, by one o'clock, I appeared on the scene in grandma's large, sweet kitchen, arrayed in a blue merino gown, with a bow of scarlet velvet at my throat, as the "town-street girl," for I was a "stranger," in the town. The neighbors talked about farming and when the sunseting drew on and the table was cleared away and dishes washed, the flames rolled high up the chimney, a big, hickory back-log, and grandpa roasted chestnuts for me, in the ashes, now and then, and I thought it most unmet, to pop like a toy-pistol, and told stories of his going to South America, until the neighbors began to make their Thanks- giving evening call, as was the custom in New England, and the good house-wife "passed round" a generous sample of all her pies and cake. They all enjoyed coming to "Aunt Harriet's and Uncle Harry's," as they called my grandparents. I curled up, Turk-fashion, in a red-post, split-bottom chair, by grandpa, to hear their stories, watching the fire-light, that the red-der has a string of bright, scarlet peppers over the mantel.

They had two tallow candles, that night, because there was company in, and on the chair, "three-legged stand," where they stood the brass candle-stick, of six tiny tray and snuffers, to "snuff off the wick," as it lengthened. Besides, there was a fruit- dish, shaped like a gondola, piled high with polished apples, "seek-no-farthers," Baldwins, crenelions and gilly-flowers.

Oh! such a home, and such dear, elderly people! I am not ill, children, but I feel a mist gathering in my eyes—sometimes, you will know why.

Best of all, in one corner, on a "chest-of-drawers, lay a large, well-worn, leather-covered book, with heavy gift letters, forming the word "Bible." It had been used to open the great, beautiful volume, on her lap, and read to me, about a dear Child who once came on earth to save us from our sins, ••• and they called his name Jesus.

But the neighbors talked about farming and taxes, and lots of things that I did not understand until I feel that, very early in the morning, my grandmother gave me a "Old Amber," and I saved all of her large, yellow-brown eggs, and when she wanted to set, I made her a nest of bright, yellow straw, in the "shop- room," and lined it with soft, sweet hay, and put in fifteen eggs, and in three weeks she came off clucking and bristling, with thirteen little, downy things, with tiny, bead-like eyes and such dear, little, yellow toes, such as
“Old Amber” had when she was a chickie-baby. And I dreamed more, that all lived to grow up, and when Thanksgiving came I gave the chicken her own family and saved her the four little hens to raise more chickens, to gleaned more homes next Thanksgiving, and I was so delighted to think how happy I had made other little children, as well as their fathers and mothers, that I awoke, suddenly, exclaiming, “Thank you, God, for giving me that Old Amber,” and I will do lots of good with her, and ever so many poor children that have only had a crust to-day shall have a nice Thanksgiving next year. Will you let me have the pleasure, with her proving good, “I think I shall have to, my child,” looking smillingly toward grandparents, and I said, Ar’t you real glad, grandparents, that “Old Amber” was not baked in our chicken-pie? He concluded he was, for I kept my resolution, but it may be going too far to tell how many homes were made happy by “Old Amber’s” life work. She lived to a good, old age, and a large, yellow stone, composed mostly of “fool’s gold,” marks the spot where she rests, in the garden, near the old homestead.

But, before we separated, that night, grandpa began to grow thoughtful, and rising brought out, from the buttery, the old, lignum-vita morter and pestle, and said, “I wonder if we all know why we observe Thanksgiving Day? Our Pilgrim Fathers were in the pangs of starvation, and had only five kernels of corn apiece, each day they used to parch that quantity and mix it with molasses to make it go as far as possible. After asking God to save them, they found a kettle in which the Indians had buried it, and they were digging a grave for one of their number, and thereupon they appointed a day of Thanksgiving.” Then, grandparents counted out five kernels of corn, from that he had been parching in the ashes, and mixing it with molasses passed each one a spoonful, beginning with the oldest, to keep in recollection the privations of our Forefathers.

So closed the day and I went skipping home, with my parents, and “Old Amber” under my blanket-shawl.

Children, see what you can do Thanksgiving, Christmas or New Years, to make somebody happy. E. C. W.

REMEMBERING A COMRADE.
A band of wild destitute horses was driven into a corral. A fourteen-year-old girl walked in among the frightened stock toward a three-fourths blooded stallion and said: "Hello! Frank, how large you have grown!" The horse came to her at once, and took sugar from her hand. She patted his neck and said, "Don't worry, Frank. I know you'll put a saddle and bridle on you, and I want a pleasant ride." Erelong the first saddle that had ever been on the stallion's back was adjusted, and he was led out to a wagon, from which the girl sprang into her seat. Her mother was not present, but all that day the streak went off quietly, her fears were partly allayed. An hour later the horse and his rider came back, both seemingly well pleased with the manner in which all had proceeded.

There was a secret connected with this strange occurrence. Three years previously Frank was a wild colt kept alone in that corral because his mother was at work. He was restless and lonesome, but Clara, this same girl, patted the little fellow. She petted him and put him through all sorts of training antics. She lifted his feet as if he were to be shot; threw a blanket over his head, or a sack filled with straw across his back; and after a time Frank, as she called him, could not be scared by any of her playful acts. This increased his skill at the game, partly allayed. An hour later the horse and financial aid from the Society.

Another day, in the home of Rev. W. B. Gillette, the ladies of the church met at the home of Rev. W. B. Gillette, entertained their friends, and many others. At a quarter to three the great feature of this Yearly Meeting to us as a church occurred—the fiftieth anniversary exercises, under the direction of Dr. F. J. B. Wait. A beautiful souvenir has the portraits of Thomas B. Stillman and Elder Thomas R. Brown, “the promoter and first pastor,” as the church was organized at the home of Thomas B. Stillman, 551 Fourth avenue, Nov. 9, 1845; following this was a list of the constituent members, only three of whom are now living. The program was full of interest, the papers were excellent, and with the remarks of the ex-Pastors, Revs. A. H. Lewis, O. D. Sherman, I. L. Cottrell, and W. C. Daland, are to be put into permanent form. A list of pastors and preachers, from the foundation of the church up to date, gives us this beautiful souvenir. The closing service was held at the Mizpah Mission. The sermon was by the Rev. F. E. Peterson, 85 being present. While the delegation may be considered large for a yearly meeting, yet our people entered into their friends' and their own satisfaction and with perfect ease. Sunday morning our friends occupied four boxes in the Academy of Music. As the papers of Miss Rogers and Prof. Babcock are to be published, with the remarks of the visiting brethren, it is unnecessary for me now to attempt to give their remarks in this article. We feel grateful to the friends who came from the neighboring churches, and to the ministerial brethren who helped us to make this a memorable event in the history of this little church.

IN MEMORIAM.
On May 7, 1810, Benjamin F. Langworthy was born in the town of North Stonington, Conn. He died in Alfred, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1895. In the vicinity of his birth, his early manhood was spent, characterized always by the earnestness of purpose, yet the humility of spirit for which we afterward learned to esteem and love him.

For two years a member of the legislature of Connecticut, he was a man whose loyal public spirit was keenly alive to all the interests of community or State, but whose life both as a public and a private citizen was always dominated by high Christian motives.

He was ordained deacon of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hopkinton City, R. I., and was the first deacon in office of the church of the town. He was a member of the society of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches.

On moving to Alfred in March, 1857, he became deacon of the First Alfred Church, in which office, and for many years the senior deacon, he served most faithfully as long as he lived.

Many who have received a home under his
Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1895.

FOR SABBATH-day, Dec. 7, 1895.

LESSON TEXT.—1 Sam. 17: 48-51.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The battle is the Lord's.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Lord's guiding and sustaining spirit had been withdrawn from King Saul, an evil spirit possessed him, and it was suggested by his servants that he seek a man who could play skillfully on a harp and soothe the evil spirit. Accordingly, David was sent for, who became not only his musician but his armor bearer. But after Saul was in a measure restored, David went to his flocks again at Bethel, and there is where we find him when the Israelites went out to war with the Philistines. It is a romantic tale, for as the poet says, "Who could look after the welfare of his brethren and take up the challenge of the Philistine chief?"

EXPLANATORY.

I. THE PREPARATION.

v. 38. "Saul armed David." The margin gives it, "Clothed David with his clothes." The Revised Version, "Gad David with his apparel." In all probability it was the military dress over which was put the coat of mail. While Saul might have recognized the fact that the Lord had strengthened David for the battle, still it was prudent that no pains should be spared on his part to secure success. v. 39. "David girded... and he assayed to play." As yet as far as we know, the only object which would be the best way to meet his enemy, and by making this trial he could only satisfy himself, but Saul, as to the adaptability of the armor, "I cannot go with these." The armor proved not only useless, but an actual hindrance. In every way too cumbersome for such a lad. Besides I have no doubt he became fully aware that it was not God's plan that he should meet the Philistines in that way.

v. 40. "He took his staff." A common shepherd's staff or crook. In all probability it was a watchful, swift and accurate. "And put them in a shepherd's bag." A bag or scrip was usually worn from the belt, containing food or anything else needful to a shepherd. "And his sling was in his hand." The sling was favorite weapon of the Syrian shepherds, and they were experts in the use of them, slinging stones at a hair without missing; (See Judges 20: 16.)

II. THE CONTESTANTS.

v. 41. "The Philistine came on... and the man that bear the shield went before him." Doubtly protected by his own armor and the shield in the hand of the attendant. A striking contrast between the armaments of the two combattants; but a little reflection will enable us to see that David had a decided advantage, leaving out of account divine assistance. It has been estimated that Goliah's armor weighed nearly 275 lbs., and of course it had to be taken off him very slowly, and then the hand of the other hand the sling could be used at long range like a rifle; then, too, if the weapon failed, unincumbered by the heavy armor, he could quickly use his sword.

v. 42. "He disdained him." So unperturbed, so young, so effeminate, Goliah looked upon David contemptuously. v. 43. "And the Philistine cursed David by his gods." It was a challenge to Jehovah, Saul and Asartha, i.e., he called upon his gods to curse him.

v. 45. "I came to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts," (See Judges, Saul and Asartha, i.e., he called upon his gods to curse him.

v. 46. "I will give thee to the bow of the Lord." The custom was then as now among the warks tribes of Bedouin to exchange threats between the contending parties before the battle.

v. 47. "The Lord saveth not with sword." David leans firmly upon the arm of the Almighty, however much confidence he may have in his weapons or the dexterity with which he can use them.

III. THE BATTLE.

v. 48. "The Philistines arose... David hastened." The one coming with a great deal of pomp and "dignity" in gorgeous armor, the other in calm reliance upon God and his faithfulness, with families of valiant soldiers who trusted in God and kept their powder dry.

v. 49. "David took thence a stone and smote it against the Philistines." It is thought by some that the reason why Goliah's forehead was unprotected was that on seeing David he threw back his head in a sort of contemptuous laugh, thus throwing back the stone. v. 51. "Stood upon the Philistines and took his sword... and slew him." The weapons which the wicked sometimes use in their own defense are turned to their own destruction. "Their own tongues fall upon them.

"Haman was hung by his own gallows."

CORRESPONDENCE.

The minutes of the meeting of the Executive Board of the American Sabbath School Tract Society, held at New York, November 29, 1895, will interest the report of the committee appointed to confer with Dr. Lewis, concerning his employment by the Board in the work of Sabbath Reform, giving his entire time thereto.

The correspondence embodied in this report places the whole matter in a clear light, and the question viewed in the light of that report means one of two things: A move forward, or a move in the other direction. There is no middle ground. We cannot continue the work under the present arrangement. Dr. Lewis pointedly says, "I must give up the Sabbath Reform work which I am now carrying, unless some definite modification is made in my work as a whole. I cannot longer carry the double load under which I have been struggling for many years.

Dr. Lewis is unquestionably the one man among us who is pre-eminently fitted for the Sabbath Reform work, which we as a people have espoused; and we cannot afford to do otherwise than to continue to avail ourselves of the services of the very best leader among us, and we believe, in the commandments of God and the instructions. To change leaders at this juncture is to seriously weaken our front, and to unnecessarily delay the work. The Board through its committee has done all in its power to carry out the wishes of the denomination as expressed by its representatives at Conference, and we shall be false to our professions of loyalty and our duty if we do not promptly supply the necessary financial aid, so enthusiastically and so unqualifiedly pledged at that time.

The December meeting of the Board is almost in sight. Let us see in this issue what it will put its pledge for this work in the hands of the Treasurer of the Board before that time. Yours truly, CORLISS F. RANDOLPH.

GIBRSD, Staten Island, N. Y.

Provide good winter quarters for your ducks and feed plenty of grain during the winter, so as to start them laying early in the spring. If you don't, they may not like it, and they won't pay you to investigate. They do not occasion as much trouble as some people think, and there is money in them.

Happiness, when looked into through another man's eyes, loses its charm.

WHATSOEVER is brought upon thee, take cheerfully.
Popular Science.

A new system of underground railway for rapid transit, called the "Great Head System," is in operation in London passing under the river Thames and several miles out into the suburbs. This system simply embraces a comparatively small tunnel, appearing much like a large sewer pipe, with a lining either of brick or cast iron, and having room for only one track. The cars have their sides and top made circular, so as to nearly fill the tube, thus they drive the air before and ventilate at each station, producing a vacuum in the rear, drawing into the tunnel fresh air. By this means, a change of atmosphere is obtained over the entire length of the journey. These tubes can be safely laid at any depth, under buildings, or streams, without disturbance to either, and electrical power being used the same can drive the elevators at the stations. Apparently this system is cheap, safe, durable, and we see no reason why for rapidity of motion it would not fully meet the demands of the public.

Another big telescope has been projected to beat all other records. This time the challenge comes from France, and the monster is to be completed for the opening of the nineteenth century World's Fair in Paris. This monster, the Fishing Room, one of the most popular attractions will be equipped with a telescope in the Garden of Physics for the observation of the moon and stars. The Yerkes' telescope for the University of Chicago has an aperture of three feet, four inches, and the Lick telescope of California has an aperture of three feet. This new is the largest refractor in use in the world. We await the results of the first reports that the Yerkes at Lake Geneva, Wis., will be soon. This Paris telescope will embrace some novel features; for instance, the tube is to be immovable and to stand in a horizontal position; then by means of a large mirror, outside of the observatory, and adjustable, the images of the heavenly bodies are thrown into the refractor and are continually reflected in precisely the same direction. Whether Alvin Clark's Sons of this country, or the Henry Brothers of Paris, will construct these great telescopes yet to come, is settled, and a work of delicate work which will take years to accomplish. Let us have the bright views from above, for the "Heavens declare the glory of God," and truly they "show forth his handy work."

The agents used in the past to do the work of horses (so far as we know), have been steam, electricity, and more lately, petroleum. Since we refered to the trial of such between Paris and Bordeaux in France, a distance of 352 miles and back, for a prize of $8,000, further particulars have been received at the State Department in Washington, from which we extract the most important. These horseless carriages that competed were driven by steam, electricity, and petroleum, and those that succeeded averaged a speed of fifteen miles an hour. This certainly was fast traveling, considering the long lines of hills that had to be overcome. Of those propelled by electricity, only one made the 716 miles. Those driven by steam, lost time frequently to take coal and water, but the petroleum carriages carried force enough for twenty-four hours, and made the return journey without a single stop. The Southern Railroad used petroleum carriages for a run of twenty or thirty miles, holds less than a gallon of oil. This oil drops into the cylinder, drop by drop, in connection with atmospheric air, and by the heat of a small lamp is converted into a gas called acetylene, thus creating the power that drives the machinery. Evidently there will be rapid improvements in utilizing and applying this power in this country.

SABBATH RECORD.

ROTTED OFF BY BEER.

This is not a temperance treatise, but it has a bit of fact in it that the total abstainer may show to the beer drinker, whenever occasion offers. The attention of the New York hospital board, who have been called to the big number of bartenders that have lost several fingers of both hands within the past few years. The first case was that of an employee of a Bowery Concert hall. Three of the fingers of his right and two of his left were rotten away when he called at Belgium one day and begged the doctors to explain the reason. He said that his duty was to draw beer for the thousands who visited the garden nightly. The man was in perfect health otherwise, and it took the young man to arrive at the conclusion of any case. But did they, and it nearly took the beerman's breath away when they did.

"Your fingers have rotted off," they said, "by the beer you have handled."

Other cases of a similar nature came rapidly after this one, and to-day the physicians estimate there are a number of employees of saloons whose fingers are being ruined by the same cause. The acid and resin in the beer are said to be responsible.

The head bartender of a well-known downtown saloon says he knows a number of cases where beer-drinkers have lost several of the fingers of both hands, lost the use of both members. "Beer will rot iron, I believe," he added. "I know, and every bartender knows, that it is impossible to keep a good pair of shoes behind the bar. Beer will rot botter as rapidly almost as acid will eat into iron. If I were a temperance orator I'd ask what beer do to men's stomachs if it eats away their shoes like leather. I'm here to sell it, but I don't drink it, not much."—New York Mail and Express.

THE WOMAN WHO LAUGHS.

For a good, every-day household angel, give us a woman who laughs. Her biscuit's a little more tender, and she may occasion­ ally burn her bread and forget to replace discolored buttons; but for solid comfort all day and everyday, she is a paragon. Home is not a battle field nor life one long, unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or, if the matter has no bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty, one of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try. Special Notices.

WANTED.

Copies of the Seventh-Day Baptise Quarterly, Vol L, No. 3. Fifty cents apiece will be paid for a limited number of copies.

Address, CONRAD F. RANDOLPH, (Great Britain, V.) State Island, N. Y.

REV. J. T. DAVIES, having returned to his home in California requests his correspondents to address him at Lakeview, Riverside Co., California.

REV. THE next Quarterly Meeting of the Hebron, Hebron Order, Shingle House, and Portville Churches will convene with the Portville Church, meeting commencing Sabbath evening, Dec. 13, 1895. A cordial invitation is extended to all who are interested in the success of this work. Come and be present at this good meeting.

G. F. KENYON, Pastor.

REV. The Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N. Y., will meet the last Sabbath in February, with the purpose of organizing a society for public worship, at 2 P. M., at the residence of Dr. S. C. Maxson, 22 Grant St. Sabbath-keepers in the city and adjacent villages, and others are most cordially invited to attend.

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

M. K. K. Pastor.

REV. When you receive the new Minutes, please turn first of all to page 48; and then see that your church is not behind on the financial question. Money is needed at once to pay for the expenses of our exhibit at Atlanta, and to pay for publishing the Minutes. Nineteen churches have already paid. Please follow their good example.

WILLIAM C. WHITFORST, Treasurer.

REV. ALPHRED, N. Y.,

NORIEVEMBER 10, 1895.

REV. The Chicago Seventh-day Baptist Church holds regular Sabbath services in the basement 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.

REV. The First Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds regular Sabbath services in the Boys' Room, 316 Washington Street, during the winter, and in the Lecture Room, on the 4th floor, near the elevator, Y. M. C. A. Building; corner 4th Avenue and 25th St.; entrance on 25th St. Meeting for Bible study to 10.30 A. M., followed by the regular preaching service. Strangers are cordially welcomed, and any friends in the city over the Sabbath are especially invited to attend the services. Pastor's address, Rev. J. G. Burdick, New Ipsah, 509 Hudson St.

REV. The Churches of Berlin, Coloma, and Marquette, hold their next Semi-annual Meeting with the Church of Berlin, at Berlin, Ws., on the first Sabbath in December. Elder White, of the Mission, is expected to preach the introductory discourse, and Elder W. C. Whittford as alternate. The Meeting to commence at 7 P. M., and continue over Sabbath and First-day following.

A. L. Richmond, Dr. A. L. Burdick, Mrs. John Noble and Henry Clark were requested to prepare essays for the occasion.

REV. THE Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin Conference will convene with the Mission at the Mission Junction, on Sixth-day evening, Nov. 29th, at 7 o'clock.

The following is the program of services as arranged:


REV. The Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin Conference will convene in connection with the Quarterly Meeting, with the Church of Milton Junction, on Sixth-day evening, Nov. 28th, at 7 o'clock.

The following is the program of services as arranged:


REV. The Ministerial Conference of the Southern Wisconsin Churches will convene in connection with the Quarterly Meeting, with the Church of Milton Junction, on Sixth-day evening, Nov. 28th, at 7 o'clock.

The following is the program:

1. What is the best way to conduct Sixth-day evening meetings? Prof. W. D. Thomas.
2. What aid, if any, may be derived from tradition, in the investigation of the scriptures? Prof. E. B. Shaw.
3. What are the preaching of forty years ago that, at that of today and account for the change.
4. What are the causes which prevent the highest usefulness of the churches? E. M. Dunn.
5. What is meant by a spiritual renewal? When, relatively, will it occur? W. D. Whitforst.
7. What is the duty of our churches toward our colleges? Prof. W. C. Whitforst.

What should be the attitude and duties of the Christian in politics? S. L. Maxson.

S. L. Maxson, Secretary.
We are personally leal. The question: "How far? As far as the east is distant from the west, so far hath He marshaled the doctrine from us." The whole assembly, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, rose, remained standing for a second, and then, without a word, fell back into their seats. A professor of elocution was there. A friend who observed him, and knew that he had come to criticize, asked him when the service was over, "Well, what do you think of the Bishop's opinon?" "Elocution!" said he, "that man doesn't want eloquence; he's got the Holy Ghost!"

Miss Gordon Cumming in "Two Happy Years in Ceylon," says, "The slumbers of the whole liquor traffic of the island, and has, therefore, a direct interest in the health of the public. Drink. Hence railway refreshment cars and rooms are exempt from public inspection, and the stations are placarded with advertisements of the island which has dug more British grapes than the last, and the market is sunstroke and cholera put together."
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The regular meetings of the Board of managers occur on the third Wednesday in January, April, July, and October.

A. A. STILLMAN, Clerk.

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