SABBATHS MILITANT.

The militant Sabbaths like soldiers are marching, and down through the valleys and over the hillsides, The order was given at Eden’s fair portals.

To march right across the broad deserts of earth, Up, up to the gates of the happy immortals. And there be reviewed in the land of their birth.

Just look at the columns so quietly passing, And see by the guidons how perfectly dressed; By companies, marching in bold, open order, And each one appearing so like all the rest! Their uniform royal, their plumes proudly waving, Complete their equipments, all worthy of praise; No straggling militia, these militant Sabbaths. These Sabbaths of God are the best of our days.

But see, they are crossing an enemy’s country, Or few are the cities that open a gate, Or fling out the bunting from flagstaff and steeple, And welcome the veterans to march in, in state: So off of the highways, in byways of earth, The militant Sabbaths go marching along, Where the birds and the brooks, the fields and the forests, Salute the battalions and join in their song.

The head of the column to Zion ascending, Now sees just ahead an enrapturing sight; The towers and turrets of heavens fair city, By rainbows encircled, embosomed in light; And soon they will be there, these militant Sabbaths, Will cross over safe on Eternity’s shore, And all who have known them and loved them on earth, In heaven will see them and love them the more.

—Lester Courtland Rogers in Golden Link.
RELIGION has been likened both to an armor and a cloak. It would be better to regard it as an internal cleansing, a purifier, a disinfector. It is not so much an external garment to be worn, as an internal fire to give warmth and light to the whole being. An armor is only for defensive warfare; religion is essentially aggressive. It is designed to ward off the cold. Religion is more like the sun, made to shine, cannot long be hidden. The sun needs neither armor nor cloak.

Great things are done by constantly doing little things. Fortunes are acquired by earning and saving the pennies. Coral islands appear only when built up by the secretions of myriads of marine zoophytes. Floods are produced by the union of many drops of water. So the most beautiful Christian characters are formed, not by enormous gifts for founding colleges, maintaining missionaries, building asylums; but by kind thoughts, words and deeds; by prayer, spiritual meditation, and unobtrusive contributings, "as God has prospered you."

The man whose insurance expired only twenty-four hours before his house burned, because he was too busy to attend to the renewal of his policy, had ample time to regret his folly. The man who has no time to attend to religious matters, because of his urgent business obligations, will soon have all eternity in which to regret his mistake. The wise man will not allow a moment to pass without a new insurance policy, after the old one expires; nor will he dare to sleep until he is at peace with God, in possession of a life insurance policy, executed by the Saviour of men, and approved and accepted by the Father.

The Annual Message by the President is devoted chiefly to our foreign relations, and in most instances is a very satisfactory showing of peaceful relations. There will undoubtedly be severe criticism in the matters of diplomacy. There are several questions of importance concerning our own domestic affairs that need enlightened legislation that do not appear to have received any attention in this message. It would have been refreshing to read some clearly expressed plan for increasing our national revenue and filling up our depleted Treasury. But the things omitted in the message can be considered, all the same, by Congress in its own time and way.

There is a distinction between the terms atheism and infidelity which is not always perceived by the general public. Thomas Paine calls him the atheist. An atheist is one who does not believe in the existence of God from the Greek word "Theos," which signifies God and "a" which as a prefix denotes privation or taking for. Thomas Paine declared himself an infidel in God. But he did not believe in the Bible as a revelation from God, and hence was an infidel or unbeliever. This word is from the Latin "fides," faith, and "in," not. Ingersoll is not an atheist, but an infidel. Who rejects the Christian religion and the authority of the Bible is an infidel. But he may still believe in the existence and power and even goodness of God.

The most brilliant scholar, the most profound thinker, the most eloquent statesman, the man of the greatest wealth, each and every one may be, and will be, an eternal failure without a simple, child-like faith in Jesus Christ. It is possible to live a few years in disregard of the plan of God and his plan of saving men. But disappointment, shame and anguish are just as sure to follow as the night is to follow the day. Esau sold his birth-right for a single meal, a momentary gratification. He could not buy his birth-right back. He had no inheritance, nothing with which to redeem his lost fortune. The sinner has bartered away his hope of heaven for a momentary pleasure. But in his case there is one way by which he can regain the lost inheritance. One way, and only one. For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby he can be saved." The name of Jesus is his talisman. He is wise who secures that name as his passport; who retains that Friend as his Advocate.

The first church to send its contribution of extra money for the Tract Society since Conference, is Milton, Wis. This may be designated as the "Banner Church" in this relation. Just as the denomination of the Tract Society was about to die, $500 more to meet current expenses, the Milton Church, through its treasurer, sends $200. Now why will not other churches "Go and do likewise?" The Tract Board are not unaware of the fact that in some localities farming communities are somewhat restricted in their ability to raise extra funds in consequence of low prices for crops. But whatever can be done should be reported at once. The Board has been instructed to do certain things. But unless that instruction is accompanied, or very soon followed, by the necessary financial support, the Board will be powerless to carry out the instruction. It is an easy thing to vote a debt upon the Society, but a much more difficult matter to pay the debt. The Board will not feel so easy to "launch out into the deep" in creating new demands for money until there is assurance that such an enterprise will not lead to bankruptcy.

SOUTH AMERICA is called, in the last issue of the Golden Rule, "The neglected continent." A cut accompanies the article showing the greater part of the continent in black, indicating the religious condition as either heathen or under the dominion of the Roman Catholic Church. Properly stated, the stations are in white, indicative of the light of the Gospel as Protestants understand it. From this showing it appears that only about one-seventh of that great continent has been reached by the rays of light reflected by Protestant missionaries. Brazil is the great republic of the South, being 299,000 square miles larger than the United States, and not more than two millions, out of its fourteen millions of population have come under the influence of Protestants. But Brazil is much better off in this respect than any other part of South America. Bolivia is a large republic, whose form of government is much like our own, with a population of 2,200,000 and yet has no Protestant missionary. Peru is also a republic with 2,000,000 people and only three missions, with twelve missionaries. About the same can be said of Ecuador, Columbia, and Venezuela.

In view of this neglected condition of religious affairs in South America, recent organizations have been effected for the sole object of carrying the Gospel to South America. There is a large interdenominational organization, dependent for its funds upon the free-will offerings of Christians everywhere. Its headquarters are No. 4 Simpson Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

What an opportunity is here presented for Christian Missions! "Darkest Africa" is little darker than this vast territory where so little has yet been done for perishing men.

All the terror which is often accompanied by extremely sad and unhappy results, over the possible near approach of death, can be avoided by more frequent contemplation of that very probable event, and by a determination to live honestly and religiously, as is every person's duty. It is stated that the recent trembling of the earth in Michigan and other localities in the slight earthquake shook caused the insanity of a rich farmer living near Buffalo, N. Y. He was so terrified, thinking the end of the world was near, that he is now in an insane asylum. Why should any man allow himself to be so imperfectly informed of the truth of this matter? All men know that this event is, of all others, the most certain. No man can escape death. It is liable to come to anyone at any moment. It matters little whether it may come by disease, accident, tempest or an earthquake. Such terror is unnaturally and unnecessarily. Let each one think calmly of this possibility, probability, certainty, and then calmly ask himself, what, under the circumstances, is the best thing for him to do. If he finds his fear arising from a consciousness of his sins, he is to be saved into the presence of his righteous Judge, he should at once seek to place himself on terms of reconciliation, friendship and intimacy with those who are to be his future companions and with the only One who has the power to forgive and to save. Then will comes into his heart the restful thought of usefulness, such freedom from fear, such joy and comfort in living, and such joy and fondness of anticipation when the change, called death, is thought to be near. It will be a very poor time to make this change when the moment comes. If earthquake shock, or when disease is doing its rapid work. Do it now. Keep ready daily, hourly.
NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THOMAS B. REED was chosen speaker of the House of Representatives in the Fifty-fourth Congress, upon its organization December 2d.

SPAIN has sent an additional force of 30,000 troops to Cuba. The leaders of the insurgents are said to have ordered the destruction of all sugar plantations in operation.

Three wild animals, a lioness and two leopards, escaped from a show in the vicinity of Delaware, Ohio, and are now roaming about as they please. Attempts to recapture them have not been successful.

According to the New York Outlook, both Theosophy and Mohammedanism, which have had quite a craze in this country for four or five years past, are very much over-shadowed by recent Turkish events.

Professor Drummond, who has come to be so well known by his writings, has been seriously ill, but he is recovering and it is expected that he will soon be able to resume his accustomed labors in Scotland.

Now there comes a "cry of woe" from Armenia. Following the Turkish outrages, as yet unchecked, thousands are said to be famishing with hunger. Steps are being taken to supply food to the sufferers.

The Boston Herald states that the amount of New England run sent from Boston to Africa has decreased in the last two years from 1,052,326 gallons, to 561,305. No positive reason for this falling off is assigned.

Two faith curists, in Anderson, Ind., John Bennett and his wife, refused to employ a physician for their child who was sick with diphtheria. The child died, and the parents have been arrested for criminal neglect.

The proportion of male and female school teachers in the United States may be seen from the following statistics: There are 260,954 women teaching; and 122,056 men teaching. The total number of school buildings is 236,426.

There is a building in Passaic, N. J., that has been used for a liquor saloon for over 120 years. But strange to say, this time-honored and sin-cursed place has at length been refused a license! The Excise Board so decided last week.

JUDGE RUFUS W. PECKHAM, of New York, has received the nomination for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. All parties seem to agree that this nomination is eminently deserved and satisfactory.

While the Fifty-fourth Congress will be quite strongly Republican in its make-up, still it is doubtful if many strictly partisan measures will become laws. The Senate is rather to the left, and the President still has the veto power.

MOUNT HOLIJOY COLLEGE has given expression to her sentiments on the question of Woman's Suffrage. Among a vote of the fair ladies in attendance, resulting in 185 opposed, 114 in favor, 68 not voting; or in a total number of 367, there were 114 in favor.

WATER from the River Jordan is to be bot-}

\begin{itemize}
  \item[\textbf{tiled, imported, and sold in this country.}]
  \item[\textbf{It will be dipped up and bottled in this}}
  \item[\textbf{countryside also. Only the labels will indi-}}
  \item[\textbf{cate its Jordan origin. But suppose it is the}}
  \item[\textbf{real water of the Jordan, what then?}}
\end{itemize}

The pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist Church at Westerly, R. I., Rev. W. C. Daland, has tendered his resignation. He accepted the call of the Missionary Society to the pastorate of the Mill Yard Church in London, England. His resignation is to take effect the first day of May, 1896.

\begin{itemize}
  \item[\textbf{Oanges are being shipped from Florida to}}
  \item[\textbf{a limited extent. The first carload left Jack-}}
  \item[\textbf{sonville Nov. 26th. It contained 500 boxes.}}
  \item[\textbf{The crop is estimated this year at 60,000}}
  \item[\textbf{boxes, while last year it was 5,000,000 boxes.}}
  \item[\textbf{The greater part of the trees were killed}}
  \item[\textbf{by last winter's freeze.}}
\end{itemize}

One of the principal events in educational circles (?) this season have been the football games between Yale and Princeton, Harvard, and the University of Pennsylvania. An exchange significantly asks, "What do John Harvard and Eli Yale think of these mighty battles of education?"

The Senate in the new Congress is said to contain 43 Republicans, 39 Democrats, and 5 Populists; hence the Populists will now appeal to "the balance of power." If the Democrats and Populists should hold together on any question against the Republicans it will be possible thus to secure 44 votes, or a majority of one.

Harvey, Ill., was founded as a strictly temperance or prohibition city. Prohibition was incorporated, as an essential condition, in the title deeds. But, not long since, the common council of the city decided to grant licenses and the word went out that this fair city was to be cursed with rum, notwithstanding all guarantees to the contrary. But the matter came before the courts for decision, and Harvey is declared to be beyond the reach of the rum power. The two saloons already established are now, and doubtless forever, closed in Harvey.

Park Ridge, N. J., is very much stirred up because a resident, Mr. James Leach, has posted in conspicuous places the names, amount of property owned, and the church connections of all those who have signed the necessary papers for a certain notorious rum-seller's license. The parties thus exposed are tearing mad. These posters, 9 by 12 inches, will probably have the effect to make men more cautious hereafter; but why should men be so incensed if they are doing an honorable thing? And when they know they are liable to have their deeds exposed they will refuse to vouch for the "good character" of a degraded rum-seller.

An illustrated tract, bearing the title, "America's Crisis," published by the Interna-

\begin{itemize}
  \item[\textbf{tional Tract Society, Chicago,}}
  \item[\textbf{is at hand. Uriah Smith is its author. The}}
  \item[\textbf{illustrations show at a glance the whole}}
  \item[\textbf{history of the arrest, trial, imprisonment}}
  \item[\textbf{and punishment in the chain gang, of}}
  \item[\textbf{innocent and conscientious Sabbath-keepers under}}
  \item[\textbf{the change of dictating on Sunday.}]\end{itemize}

\begin{itemize}
  \item[\textbf{While at the same time railroads, street cars, newspapers, saloons, and sports of all kinds are}}
  \item[\textbf{allowed to go on with their noisy demonstra-}}
  \item[\textbf{tions unhindered. While these stories are}}
  \item[\textbf{being told by the illustrations, the printed}}
  \item[\textbf{pages are devoted to the interpretations}}
  \item[\textbf{of prophetic truth, which finds fulfillment in}}
  \item[\textbf{these times and events.}}\end{itemize}

\begin{itemize}
  \item[\textbf{CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.}}
  \item[\textbf{Why is it that many of the children of}}
  \item[\textbf{Christian parents turn from religion, while}}
  \item[\textbf{some of the strongest soldiers of the cross}}
  \item[\textbf{were brought out from amidst the blackest}}
  \item[\textbf{infidelity?}}\end{itemize}

Infidelity, when it has brought forth its legitimate fruit, drives men back to God. Religion "gone to seed" drives men to unbelief.

Some men are like the ostrich, who hides his head in the sand when danger is impending. If they can fight off conviction of sin they are satisfied. Perhaps you once felt that you were a sinner and needed a Saviour. You resisted the voice and you do not feel so any longer. But that does not change the facts. A thing is not all right because you can make it seem so. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof of the ways are death."

The voracious newspaper man finds a fruitful field for jocular headlines in the prayers sent up by Christian Endeavorers, December 1st, for the conversion of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. It seems to be regarded as a good joke on "Infidel Bob" (as some of his friends affectionately term him), that anybody should pray for his conversion. The matter is not an humorous one, however, from the standpoint of Christian people. Neither have we any disposition to criticize, however small may be the faith of some of us in the proposed object. If it is "free advertising," it is the kind we need more of. We are glad to join in prayers for any for whom Christ died.

There is a difference, however, between Mr. Ingersoll and Saul of Tarsus. Saul very truly thought he was doing God's service. If Mr. Ingersoll has any motives on that high plane, they appear to be pretty badly mixed with others more ignoble. Sam Jones says that Ingersoll is an infidel for $500 a night. Mr. Ingersoll's old law partner reports the occasion of his vengeance against the churches to be the persecution of his father by the church of which he was the pastor. Others believe that Mr. Ingersoll's political disappointments have made him bitter against the religious people who refused to exalt him as an example for their sons. To read his writings his quarrel seems to be largely with—not Christianity—but with an outcries that the world has discarded. Perhaps we should not go far astray in saying that all these motives, as well as others not mentioned, enter into the course of this complex man. But as for real, genuine, earnest, unselfish desire to serve him in his generation, it has never been able to find much in Mr. Ingersoll.

Prayer is mighty to strike conviction of sin to the souls of men, but we are by no means certain that Mr. Ingersoll has not been under conviction for years.

All men are created equal, but that equality ceases at birth; for it is for each one to elevate or lower himself according to his own inclination.
In the interests of justice.

When I read the paragraph under Young People's Work, in the Record of Nov. 21st, and noted the questions, I felt moved to answer them.

It began in this way: "Not long ago a man styling himself an ex-priest passed through the state lecturing on the evils of Roman Catholicism," etc. I just want to say right here to the writer of that article, have more charity: "styling himself" sounds suspicious.

He became converted after leaving the priesthood, hence now a Christian man. Why despise him? What if an omnious drunkard should be converted and then pass through the state lecturing on the evils of intemperance; would it be wrong to encourage him by going to hear him and putting fifteen cents in the collection box?

Our pastor and quite a number of "through and through" Seventh-day Baptists, the M. E. pastor, and other people went to hear the ex-priest's lecture. God bless them all! I am sure they did not go to satisfy the "abnormal, inordinate curiosity of things which amack of scandal." Now the questions, "But what was the good of it all?" "Who was helped or inspired?" I venture to raise my hand, because I can thank God with greater fervor, deeper gratitude that I live in a free country, and that I believe in a free salvation. I pity the people who try to buy the goods with their own children. The school-children with whom mine associate. I feel inspired to live carefully and teach the children to live pure lives, casting an influence over, their companions. Yes, inspired to say to God protect the little red school-house!

I do wish the good people all over our land would encourage the efforts of those converted from Romanism. I wish they would not refuse their hands bills, but take them and read thoughtfully. I once heard that an old veteran of the cross said, "I would take a hand bill if it was the devil's! I want to know what the devil is doing." Knowledge is power. If we know the evils which surround us, or others, we can better guard ourselves against them or help others.

THE PIECE THAT WAS LOST.

It was a midsummer morning. The grass was waving in the sunlight; the breakfast fast Silas Rogers took down the old Bible that had been his mother's daily companion for eighty years, and they sat reverently down to worship. The reading was that tender lesson of the watering sheep, and the lost piece of silver, and every word of it was heavenly rejoicing "over one sinner that repenteth." and then, after an earnest though homely prayer, they were ready for work. Abner, the hired man, and Reuben, the boy, as they started out of the house, almost stumbled over a woman sitting in the doorway, absorbed in thought. Silas looked at her, but did not stay to question her. And when they were gone, she rose abruptly, and said, "Will you give me some breakfast?"

Mrs. Rogers looked at her. She was a tall, thin woman of about thirty, but with something undefinably evil about her face. The hard mouth, the bold, defiant eyes, repelled her, yet it seemed as if at any instant they might break into scornful tears.

"Who are you?" asked the good wife coming nearer, with her hand on her heart. Again the face darkened and lightened, grew hard and yielding, with the sudden declaration, "I am the piece that was lost!"

Martha Rogers had not a particle of poetry in her nature, but she had the most profound reverence for the Scripture; therefore the words both puzzled and shocked her. But she was not the woman to refuse bread to the hungry; so she placed food upon the table, and motioned the woman to a chair, saying, "Sit up, and eat."

All the time that the woman was eating—and she did not hasten—her eyes followed the mistress and Hetty, the bright young daughter, now in her second term at the seminary, and sent Hetty to "red up the chambers."

"Will you give me work to do?" she demanded rather than asked.

"Who are you?" asked Mrs. Rogers again, simply to gain time. "I thought you knew. I am Moll Pritchett; they have turned me out of my house—burned it over my head;" and her eyes grew lurid.

"What can you do?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

"Anything that a woman can do, or a man. I can work in the field with the best of them; I have done it many a time; but I should like to do what—to be like other women."

"Are you a good woman?"

The question came straight and strong, without any faltering. She had heard of this Moll Pritchett, a woman who lived alone in an old tumbledown hut below the sawmill, and won a meagre living by weaving rag carpets, picking berries for sale, and, it was said, less reputable things. Martha Rogers took no stock in idle rumors. If she had not divine compassion, she had something very like divine justice, which is altogether a sweeter thing in its remembering of our frame "than the tender mercies of the wicked."

The woman looked at her curiously—at first with a mocking smile, then with a sullen, and at last with a defiant, expression.

"Is it likely?" she said fiercely. "A good woman! How should I be a good woman? I tell you, I'm the piece that was lost and nobody ever looked for me. If I was a good woman, do you suppose I should be where I be—only twenty-eight years old, well and hearty, and every door in the world shut in my face. They tell me that story didn't know woman; they don't hunt for the piece that's lost; they just let it go. There's enough 'em that don't get lost."

Poor Martha Rogers was sorely perplexed, all the more that her way had lain so smooth and plain before her that she might have seen if it was blindfolded. But the woman in the lost piece of silver, it was not she who lost it; but what if it were the Master's, precious to his heart, and a careless hand had dropped it, and left it to lie in the dust? And what if he loade her to seek it, and find it for him? Should she dare refuse? On this very day, when she needed so surely the help she had so looked for in vain, had not this woman been sent to her very door? and was it not a plain reading of Providence? It is a blessed thing when a man is driven to act first, and the pride of afterward, even though the afterthought sometimes brings repentance. The bread was ready for the oven, the wood-box empty.

"You may fetch in some wood," said Martha Rogers, and the woman promptly obeyed, filling the box with one load of her own, and then set it down in the corner of the kitchen. Hetty came into the kitchen, and began to clear the table; but her mother said, "Go up stairs and fetch a big apron and one of our sweeping caps; and then you may get at your sewing, and see if you can finish Hetty's light heart bounding at the unexpected release; and the mother
turned again to the woman, furnished her with a coarse towel, and sent her to the wash-house for a thorough purification. Half an hour afterwards, with her hair hidden in a muslin cap, her whole figure enveloped in the clean calico apron, a comely woman was sily-
ently engaged in household tasks, doing her work with such rapidity and skill that the children with much delight exclaimed, "There's a handful of towels and coarse clothes left from the ironing; you might put the irons on, Mary, and smooth 'em out.

The woman turned a startled face upon her, and then went quickly for the clothes, but some sentences rolled down the swarthy cheeks, mingling with the bright drops she sprinkled over them. When had she ever heard anything but Moll? Not since away among New Hampshire hills a pale woman had laid her hands upon the tangled curls of her little daughter, and prayed that someone would watch over these wayward feet, lest they should go astray. It made Moll shudder to think of it. What did she know about joy in heaven over one sinner that repented?

Silas Rogers listened to the day's story, as he sat mending a bit of harness with clumsy fingers, and among his other thoughts he grasped the idea that his wife had secured a valuable and much-needed helper. And, indeed, how common are the women who have to one's work-basket. You take two oval pieces to предприятия, and then go to the church, and by this contrivance you fasten spools of different sizes.

"And there's the Lord," said Silas, stopping to open his knife. "Yes," said Martha, with a little start, "and I can't quite get red of what she said about 'the piece that was lost,' though to be sure the woman lost it ought to hunt it up.

"She never does; folks are always losing things for somebody else to find; 'taint many of them can say, 'Those that thou hast given me have I kept,' right straight along.

"But if you lose your own piece looking after other folks'!

"Well, there's reeks, as you say, but I'd rather take a risk for the Lord than agin him."

Martha Rogers took the risk for the Lord, and he abundantly justified and rewarded her faith: for the piece that was lost becomes my piece to the heart that finds it again in the Master's hand; and, looking the story of the wanderer in her own breast, it was only to the angels that she said, "Rejoice with me."

And when years afterward the woman herself said before the committee of the church, "I am a woman over whom there is great joy in heaven," there was not wanting those who thought she was presumptuously claiming to be a saint.—Emily Huntington Miller.

IS THE WORLD GETTING BETTER OR WORSE?

T. T. HAMILTON.

In this number I shall write about what ought to deeply interest all members of the church; and will address the topic to the laity, from the greatest official dignitary, to the weakest one in the private membership thereof. Is the state or condition of the churches, in relation to real Bible Godliness, and spiritual life and power, better or worse than it was at the beginning of their days of their history? In answering this question I will allude to something that the world-renowned preacher, Talma,
said about this very thing, in an editorial in the Christian Herald, the past summer. I regret that I did not preserve the paper in which he said it, for I cannot give it verbatim, but it was one of the severest criticisms of the present state of the churches that I ever read, and I never was more surprised in my life than when I read such utterances from his pen. There never was a preacher whose sermons were read more universally, in all parts of the world, than his are; and I cannot help raising the inquiry, whether his sermons may not have something to do in producing just such a state of the churches as those that I am going to mention. Silas was a preacher whose sermons were read more abundantly, in all parts of the world, than his are; and I cannot help raising the inquiry, whether his sermons may not have something to do in producing just such a state of the churches as those that I am going to mention.

A man of the writer's age, fourscore years, might be supposed to know something about these things from his own observation, for he has a recollection running back nearly seventy decades. And in what is written about this, the reader's attention will be more particularly directed to the church with which he was connected for more than forty years, for he knows more of that than of others, and the truth compels him to say that in respect to real vital Godliness the church of the present day is less, and perhaps worse, too, from what it was in its earlier history, and innovations of a very questionable character have been introduced into it, and practiced by its members, which would have excluded them from its fellowship in its earlier history.

And the said innovations are very clearly and plainly in direct opposition to the teachings of the Bible, and to the rules which the founder of Methodism enjoined upon all his followers. Such is the degeneracy of the day, that some petitions from some of its members were sent to its last General Conference, asking to have the rules abolished which forbid card playing, dancing, and other practices so contrary to the spirit and practice of true religion. Those special and peculiar marks of grace, love-feasts and class-meetings, though not quite obsolete, are now attended by but a very small portion of its members, and are regarded as of but little account by the larger portion thereof. Attendance upon these meetings, in former days, was absolutely enjoined upon all its members, as a duty which must not be omitted unless in case of impossibility, and the regular presence or absence of the individual was taken as an indication or test of the religious condition of said individual. Genuine, thorough reviv-als of religion were of frequent occurrence, with the use of nothing but the ordinary means, such as preaching by the "circuit" preachers, only every other Sunday, prayer-meetings and class-meetings. Such efforts in the "protracted" or "revival" were not thought to be of so little account, that a circuit preacher of Scotch nationality, which the writer knew very well, when asked if he intended to hold a "protracted" meeting in a certain place, replied, "No, for I don't want to make bad religion." The matter and manner of the preaching of those times generally produced the deepest and keenest conviction for sin, and conversions were of the most thorough and marked character. In these days a college trained and theologically educated minister will preach from one to five years in the same place and not think of having any conversions only at set times when a so-called Evangelist will be employed to preach a series of sensational sermons, which produce great excitement for the time-being, and that will be taken for genuine conversions. The writer knows of a man who has had the honor of witnessing the conversion of a child which he himself had taken for conversion, and that child he would hardly be recognized as very mild conviction. The expression of a mere desire to lead a Christian life, merely written on a card, will entitle a person to become a candidate for membership in the church, and if the person goes inward for the consummation of that object, he is required to make the most solemn promises, which he has no idea of fulfilling, and of which, in some cases, the meaning is as little understood as if made in an unknown language.

The writer knew a man who would be affirme, for he has been told by the persons themselves. The sermons that are preached by some of the preachers of these modern days sound more like "Fourth of July" orations or lectures on moral or scientific subjects, than like downright, plain, Gospel sermons, such as Paul preached to a wicked Felix.

HARVARD, Ill., Dec. 8, 1895.

PRETTY, USEFUL, AND SALABLE THINGS.

Many pretty and salable things may be made by girls or boys to earn money or something to embroider. You may, for example, make a notebook by cutting a piece of white linen a little larger than the ordinary pad which you buy at the stores for five or ten cents. On this either draw in pencil or stamp a pretty pattern of leaves, flowers, forget-me-nots, or vines, or, if you choose, the letters which form a motto or a friend's name. Embroider these in delicate colors, and then cover the outside flap of the pad as neatly as possible. You will need a yard or so of ribbon, and the back of the pad and its cover made of dancing, with a graceful little bow. A spoon-case is a convenient thing to add to one's work-basket. You take two oval pieces of pasteboard, cover them very neatly with silk or linen, on which you have embroidered some dainty device, and on the inner side of each you run little shirrs of silk, in which you fasten spools of different sizes. One is always losing spoons or getting them tangled up, and by this contrivance you can keep a half-dozen spoons in order. Such a case as this, if given as a present, would probably be received with a fair. A pad for the bottom of a writing case or bureau drawer, made by laying a fold of wadding, sprinkled with satchet-powder, between two covers of silk or linen, is a dainty gift, and an acceptable offering for a friend's table at a sale.

A convenient case may be made to hold the magazines which accumulate in a family by simply covering two large pieces of thick card-board with silk, linen, or canvas, on which the little artist may paint a delicate design if she prefers to do that with her brush and colored paints, or else tie a ribbon bow to the front. These envelopes should be fastened together by long pieces of broad white silk elastic, and a neat person will be very glad to put in such a case the half-dozen papers or magazines which otherwise litter up her table. A pretty little book for engagement books, address-books, etc., may be covered with silk or linen, and be crepe paper. Make this just like the cover of a little book. Fasten inside a small pad and pencil, and to the outside attach a little bunch of paper violets perfumed and tied with ribbon.

—Harper's Round Table.
We arrived in New Orleans in the morning, and found that the first train out for Hammond would not leave until evening, so we must spend the day in the city. A quaint city it is, an old French port, and in the general stores, parks, its monuments, particularly those erected to the memory of General Andrew Jackson, Benjamin Franklin, and General Lee. The last being the largest and finest. LaFayette Park with its tropical plants is beautiful, and there was being erected in it a temporary building for a flower show, which proved to be a magnificent affair. There are three points of interest in the city. We show every indication of being in it if he has the time, viz., the levee, the French market, and the cemetery. The last is of especial interest, as its barrails are above ground in cement, air-tight tombs, and some are very costly and beautiful. Hammond is 52 miles north of New Orleans on the Illinois Central Railroad, and all trains stop there. It was started in a pine and oak forest, and is now a busy and growing town of about 2,500 inhabitants. It is made up largely of Northern people. The country all about is quite good, and the soil either sandy loam or a clay loam. It is especially adapted to fruit raising, and the cultivation of the strawberry takes the lead, though figs, pears, peaches, plums, Japanese persimmons, and certain kinds of oranges are successfully produced. What seemed a marvel to us was that they set out their strawberry plants in November and gather strawberries from them for market in February, March and April, and being the first in market they get the highest price for the luxury fruit. We have seen strawberries growing in Chicago in February for fifty cents a pint. The climate is delightful for winter residence, and many Northern people are making their homes there in which to live during the winter. Cottages are built to rent and there are hotels and boarding houses for those who desire to make Hammond a winter resort. Being so near to New Orleans, they can go to the city in the morning, spend the day, and return home at 9 o'clock in the evening. Some people in New Orleans build them residences in Hammond which they use in the summer, and so plenty, lumber is cheap. Fuel costs almost nothing, for one can get it for the chopping, that the land may be cleared. People from Iowa, Minnesota, Illinois, Kansas, the Dakotas, and other Northern States are settling there to escape the long rigorous winters of the North. Some of these settle in groups and take on such names as the Minnesota Park, the Dakota settlement, etc. Some do well in certain lines of general farming, and truck raising or gardening are good businesses. There are dairy farmers who are doing well in sending their milk to New Orleans. There is a large range of pastureage for their cows on the extensive, unfenced lands which cost them nothing, and with little if any foddering is required in the winter. There is a softness and softness as rain water. We never saw finer Asierin waters than they have in and about Hammond. By boring from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet they obtain a continuous flow of water as clear as crystal, filling a four-inch pipe, and sending it to the town water belonging to the railroad company which filled a four-inch pipe. Our people have a good foot hold in and about the town, and have a good standing socially, religiously, in business, and in the general affairs of the town. The Chinese are no worse than the same nationality at Sabbath service is about seventy. There is a good Sabbath-school and a live Christian Endeavor Society. Pastor Geo. W. Lewis is beloved by all, and there is a Seventh-Day Baptist, a Jew so called, is on the whole the most popular minister in the town and community. We were two Sabbaths in Hammond and preached five times and enjoyed our stay there very much. In situation, soil, make-up, and prospects we were happily disappointed in Hammond.

It was our privilege to spend a day at Hewitt Springs. Through the kindness of Bro. Ellis Thompson we were able to call on all the families had left there, and to do the neighboring towns of Beauregard and Wesson. With what magnificent proportions, and on what a grand scale did Mr. Hewitt lay out the town? We rode on the proposed streets and avenues, went where the college building was to be erected, there was still a bitt, drain and indicate the fine railway station. It was all to be a Seventh-Day Baptist town. And about it were to be fruit farms, cotton fields, and productive gardens. Flowers were to be in perpetual bloom, the persimmon groves and the beurr to roll into the laps of the possessors of these Elysian fields. Well, what high imaginative powers Mr. Hewitt must have possessed and what grand visions must have passed through his brain. If he had had great wealth and possessive powers and had been obedient to his bid, perhaps the big scheme would have materialized. Who knows? The climate was and indeed is fine and the soil good. About twenty Seventh-Day Baptist families as it was, settled there without much capital, most of them poor. They formed a church, had good times socially and religiously together, and struggled on. Others purchased lots but never moved there to increase the colony. Victims of a visionary and a wildcat scheme and unable to surmount the inevitable, family after family moved away wiser and sadder than when they came. Five families who went there from the North are left to tell the sad tale. It will soon be said: They are all gone. The author of this magnificent scheme and visionary town took his faith and the child of his unlimited imagination, and moved away to parts unknown. It seems to me Seventh-Day Baptists should learn from this a good, abiding lesson. It is better to look before you leap. Know your man before you trust him.

A PLEA FOR THE CHINESE.

The people of the land have used oppression and exercised repressions in a most unjust and sordid manner; yet they have oppressed the stranger wrongly. Ezekiel 22: 29.

Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. Matt 7: 12.

What you do not like when done to yourselves, do not do to others.

In the name of God, who of one blood made all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth, I protest against our unnaturally, un-American and un-Christian treatment of the Chinese. They are human beings, having the same parts, affections, passions, and the same wants of life as ourselves. They are no different in anything but their color. They have been here to work, and to earn wages for their labor. They needed cheap labor to develop our country, we begged the Chinese to come. In 1844 our government began to coax them to come. In 1867 our government sent Mr. Burlingame to China, and he presented the invitation to the Chinese to come. They came, they worked, they were used in a diplomatic way that when he died the emperor defied him, and he is one of the gods of China to-day.

What could be further from the spirit of Christ than the way in which we have sought to exclude and maltreated the Chinese? They did not come by their individual motion, but were imported in overwhelming masses by the concerted action of capital. I have studied this question in San Francisco, and it is dreadful enough. But the Chinese quarter there, with its malodors of opium, is a heaven compared with the banana-faced beastliness of lust in the French quarter, and the Hungarian, Italian and other foreign quarters in New York are more filthy and more iniquitous than Chinatown.

The Chinese are no worse than the same number of the same class of any other nationality in our midst. The 30,000 Chinese in San Francisco pay the landlords of that town $5,000,000 annually in rent. The Chinese in California pay nearly $4,000,000 a year as taxes to the State government, and in customs to the United States government more than $9,000,000 annually. Official statistics show that the Chinese in taxes and in work give to California in a single year the sum of $14,000,000, and are exclusive of their contribution in railroads and redeemed lands. The surveyor-general of California declared that 'in two items alone of railroads and redeemed land the Chinese had enriched California by over $280,000,000.

And I want Christians to note this fact—the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco recently sent $42,000 to China for the cause of missions in that country.

It has been estimated that of the $15,000,000 yearly by the Chinese sent away in this country, $13,000,000 is expended here, but the Chinese are not the only people who send money out of the country. The late J. Boyle O'Reilly, in a lecture on the wrongs of Ireland, declared that the Irish send out of this country every year to Ireland $70,000,000, and that one of our poor might at least be good for another. The Chinese are not found begging, they never run through our streets, they do not defy our Sabbath, they do not commit the fearful crimes we read about in the daily papers. They do not violate the national, law abiding, and pay their honest debts. But they are heathen. They must be to do that. "The Chinese do not Americanize," They never had a chance to do so. Other nationalities who have had the chance have failed to do so. "They do not have a chance to do so."
in our midst, who run gin-mills, commit our crimes and then fill our offices. I bespeak for the Chinese American fair play. If we have a Christian spirit, let us present it to the Christian in a Chinese way. We send missionaries and money to China and profess a deep interest in them, thousands of miles away. There are an interesting object to us, but the Chinese are in our door. Our ministers who make the most eloquent pleas for the Chinese in China will, without protest, allow the Chinese in America to become the victims of political cruelty. Some people have more religion than humanity. If the Chinese were our dependents in Congress would profess great love for the Chinaman, and they would go around on election day with an opium pipe sticking from their pockets. Our political parties will do anything for votes, and this whole business is to catch the alien vote.

The Chinese are no more slaves than the Italians and Hungarians. The six Chinese companies prepay the passage for the Chinese, and then the Chinese here work out. Investigators show that the Italians and Hungarians are brought here in the same way, and the Chinese are Chinese prepay the passage for the Chinese. Within three out of four hundred, competing with native industry.

One of the sort whose teeth come like the canaries, and I fell to work.

No reports from our Benevolent Societies were called for during this first quarter of the Conference year, but on the cards sent out this month we request full statements of all work done and money paid in, from the first of September to the first of January, 1890.

A word from the experience of a devoted and eminently successful missionary to the Chinese for forty years, in regard to their language, may be interesting to our readers, and aroused my sympathy for Dr. Palmberg in his great undertaking. He found it no easy task to learn the Chinese tongue, and endowed the statement that it required a "head of steel," or, as some of us say, a "heart of oak, a head of iron, the patience of Job, and the longevity of Methusalem." He found that some who ventured too soon into public address did themselves more good than their hearers; and that the thorough knowledge of the Chinese "character," the "boom" of the country, was more difficult than to get hold of any other language in the world. But there was another study which exhausted his whole forty years—the study of the contradictions and complications of the Chinese character in another tongue. This remained to the end a half-solved problem.

Dr. S. J. Brown writes that "it is very pleasant to know so many are becoming more and more in earnest in helping forward the effort being made for the Boys' School. I think it is the one great need now in our work there."

A lady, once writing to a young man in the navy who was almost a stranger, thought, "If I close this as anybody would I would say I say a word for my Master" and, lifting up her heart for a moment, she wrote, telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illustration of the word, "Here we have no continuing city; and asked if he could say, "I seek one city."

I have read somewhere the story of a poor woman who looked longingly at the flowers in the king's garden, wishing to buy some for her sick daughter. She was angrily repelled by the gardener, who rudely told her, "The king's flowers are not for sale!" But the king, changing to pass, plucked a bouquet and gave it to the wistful woman, saying, "The king does not sell his flowers; he gives them away.

Earnest prayer was made for him and the Empress Dowager who received the handsome presents of the New Testament last from the Chinese native women of China. So great is the missionary spirit growing that a committee came to me to-day, saying they were planning to have in one of the entertainments given now and then in the parlors, a collection taken up to send to the Armenian Relief Fund. In that way, practical good seems to be resulting."

Said a poor overworked, overburdened sister to a friend, "I never knew till now, what a Companion Christ is. During all this time he seems so close, and the only One to advise me about everything. I am quite afraid to look at the human helpers now. I like to take everything straight from his hand.

On returning home from a preaching tour, a missionary of Singapore found his church all newly whitewashed. He was greatly surprised and gratified, and asked, "How was the work done?" He was told that it was done as a labor of love on the part of a new Chinese convert, who said, "I did it to thank God."

When the cholera was raging in Madras, lady missionaries, working in the city, were told by the native Christians in behalf of those who were sick, and more than one native Christian prayed, "Take our people, Lord, if some must go; but spare the missionaries." And this when their own people were dying daily.

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Our King does not sell eternal life; he gives it.—Rev. J. L. Russell.

One great many of our finest singers have concerted in Italy, France, but until we read it in an English newspaper some days ago we never knew that Germany carries on a very extensive trade in the rearing and exporting of canaries, and that the largest establishment in the world for the breeding of these crested birds is within the domains of that empire, away up among the Hartz Mountains of Prussia. From this and the few surrounding the number alone is 3,000,000, and it is despised every year to the United States and Canada; while in the same time at least 3,000,000 go to Great Britain, and about 2,000 go to Russia.
himself that makes life hard; it is seeing the hopeless misery all around. A poor woman said to me, 'I hear that in your country people can eat their fill three times a day. Is it so?''Yes,' I replied, 'most of our people do so.' Well, what in the world do you want to leave your country for? Since my husband died, twelve years ago, I have never once had enough to eat; I am always hungry.' Her face was livid. We found that the Chinese are very industrious and wonderfully economical. The cause of their poverty is heathenism. One-third of their income goes to the support of the magnificent idol temples that are everywhere in China. Here we have fine homes; there they have grand temples, and miserable huts to live in. If sickness comes, it is believed to be because some one idol has been neglected, and a costly offering must be made at once, if property and children are sold to obtain the means.

"You would be surprised at the generous giving of our native Christians. We have heard of the massacre of the English missionaries, but we have not yet heard of what has surely taken place, the deverilizing of the native Christian. They have left India, the starving, wretched Hindus give yearly one hundred and eighty millions of dollars to the support of idolatry. America gives to her two chief idols, strong drink and tobacco, nine hundred and fifty; and six hundred and forty-six to her one God. And after giving so great efforts, sermons, addresses, and appeals, innumerable, to the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom we owe everything, a few paltry millions. Lord, touch the conscience, enlarge the heart, and open the eyes of the church."—Jane Boswell Moore.

### READ GREAT BOOKS.

Cannon Farrar says: "Read great books; enrich your mind with noble sentiments." The truly great books are good books, and no young person can afford to read any other than good books. The curse of thousands of young people of to-day is the reading of little books which are nothing but caricatures on sound people. They contain small ideas of manhood, of citizenship, of society, of personal honor, of righteousness. There are many popular books which are interspersed with little fings at Christianity, with caricatures on sound people, filled with shy suggestions that the Bible is a book behind the times. Remember that the devil never advises any young person to read the really great books. He is too selfish to do this.

Remember also, that the devil is greatly interested in books, and in that sort in which he is exceedingly anxious to have the young people interested. And forget not that when the adversary cannot get the young people to read his little books, he prefers that they read small books, good so far as they go, instead of the great book full of solid thought on high subjects. Why? Because the little books cannot furnish strong mental discipline, cannot develop large intellectual power, cannot rightly equip the mind for the best service in life. If Satan does not prevent a young person from becoming a Christian, his next best scheme is to try to have the young person remain as little and inefficient a Christian as possible. This is Satan's sharpness. Now, we all know that it is far easier to read a little book than it is to read a good great one; but the very effort required in reading a great book—

One far beyond our comprehension in some respects—is invaluable as a mental discipline, to say nothing of the moral influence of the book upon us. And be sure to read the great Bible.—Young Men's Era.

### TOO LATE FOR ME.

After hearing the gospel for an hour, a Hind­u woman went to the missionary and said, "Lady, is there any one who can teach me the gospel all these years, and never till now come to tell us of it? I am an old woman, past seventy years of age, and never before knew there was a God that loved me, and now I am old, too old to change. My forefathers worshiped these idols, so I must worship them, but take our children; tell them of this God of love, that he loves them; tell them to love him, and they will all be your caste," meaning Christians.

### BULLARD HILL.

A DESERTED VILLAGE.

On the map of Hillsborough County, N. H., that hangs on my wall, I had often noticed a blank space of considerable extent between the nearest place of settlement and the Mount Desert. Crotchett. Looking toward the mountain, I could see only a bare hill-top. So one day last summer some lads and I started out to explore that terra incognita. Following a road toward the mountain for a mile and a half perhaps, we found an ancient road turning to the left, grown full of trees, yet the granite walls, eternal as the hills, keep the old road clearly defined.

After a climb of half a mile we entered upon a bare plateau, running back to the mountain. Our gaudy surprise, we found old orchards, walls, cellars, wells, barn-yard and garden walls, showing that once quite a hamlet had been there. At one place seventy-five apple trees still remained in what had been a large orchard, the garden wall was intact, the barn-yard walls eight feet thick, the foundation of barn and house, were all in place, and yet a tree nearly three feet in diameter was growing in the cellar. Near by was a large door-stone of soapstone, hewn out with an axe, and on the edges and ends were strong, curved, until one would think the upper surface is worn smooth by feet long dead. Up the sides of the mountain, terraces still remain which were formed by the settlers for patches of rye.

Going on down the hill on the other side, we follow the old road along the base of the mountain and at last turn back toward the village, still finding old orchards, cellars, wells, walls, and in one place a dam, but not finding in a distance of about five miles a single building, or meeting a human being, where on every side the mountain for a mile and a half, the upper surface is worn smooth by feet long dead. Up the sides of the mountain, terraces still remain which were formed by the settlers for patches of rye.

As we sat on a wall on the hill and looked about us, a sense of desolation I had never felt before, though I had seen dead oil towns and had walked the streets of Virginian Alexandria, came over me, and all that I had read and heard, the terror which the lads took on and the presents which they made to us. One of the lads after gazing about him with amazement shown in his face cried, with a sigh, "I tell you there was lots of work laid out here, just to make a cow pasture."

On returning home full of new and strange sensations at what we had seen, we sought to the town historian, a man who can tell you who once lived over every cellar hole in town, save one, and whose spirit will never be at rest because he has never found anyone who has any recollections or traditions of inhabit­ants, the only sign that there ever was a road where we have been. His eyes begin to flash, "Yes," he says, "that is Bullard Hill. It was settled in 1780, and has been utterly deserted for more than half a century. That old road full of trees used to be a county stage road. In that district there were once sixty-seven children of school age at one time. In the house at such a point, Mr. So-and-so settled and lived all winter with a blanket for a door, with the wolves howling every night, and once a bear came snuffing about the house. (This impressed the lads immensely, though probably a wild beast would push through a blanket-door no sooner than an oaken door). The settler at such a place shingled his house after the day's work was done, and his wife would hold him with his arms, thus:

Such a lot was entirely cleared by night work, after days of hard labor. On those terraces up the mountain side such an one used to raise rye." So he ran on with tales intensely interesting to me, after seeing the ground, but beyond my note-taking.

As this experience was so strange to me I thought I would jot it down, Mr. Editor, in the hope that it might interest some of your young Western readers who live where everything is new.

W. F. Place.

REV. W. C. DALAND DESIGNS.

At a business meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Church held last evening, the pastor, Rev. W. C. Dunlap, presented his resignation as follows:

118 Main St., Westfield, R. I., Dec. 1, 1893.

Mr. Irving M. Ackon, Clerk of the Pawtucket Seventh­day Baptist Church.

My dear Brother:—Believing that I see the hand of divine Providence in the call recently extended to me by the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society to become the pastor of the Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist Church of London, England, and thinking that by accepting the same I may better serve the cause of our Lord and brethren far more than, by the time I would be fitted to the Missionary Society my acceptance of their call.

I hereby tender, through you, my resignation as pastor of the Pawtucket Seventh-day Baptist Church, the same to take effect on the first day of May, 1896.

Praying that the blessing of God may attend this church, and committing her to our Master, the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, I am

Faithfully and eternally yours,

WILLIAM C. DALAND.

As only a small proportion of the membership of the church were present at the meeting, it was voted to call a special meeting for Sunday evening, Jan. 5, 1896, to consider what action shall be taken upon the resignation.—WestelySun.

Mr. Wiman gave two handsome public bath-houses to Toronto, which are situated on each side of the bay, and inscribed in bold letters, "Wiman's Bath-Houses." As the British Association excursion was sailing into that city, one of the scientists discovered the signs. "Ah," he said to a friend, "I told you the Americans were an uneducated lot!" "Why so?" returned the vessel's captain. "We have those signs there? What an atrocious way to spell women's!"
HALLELUJAH.
LEWIS ABRAHAM.

Each hill, each vale, each lake, each sea
Breathe their glad anthems to the sky;
On every sibyl's harp the notes resound;
One universal anthem sung.

Grand psalms of praise, grand hymns of prayer
Reverberating through the air.
All nature is repeating on,
As on a great harmonicon—Halalelujah.

Each bud, each tendril, grove and tree
Blessed with every blessing true;
The golden-tasseled nodding grain
Waves its purple plumes and wains.

Wail each wounded soul in anguish;
And moves unnumbered myriads more
Till raving winds are quelled and stay.
All swelled in cords combined—Halalelujah.

Each blossom, each bloom on the trees
Pours increase on the passing breeze;
Each ray of light, each living shade
Painted leaf, enameled Rhede.

Each humble ray, each budding seed,
All join the all-pervading creed;
And feathered songsters tune their throats
And pipe eternal dulce notes—Halalelujah.

Each star, each scene but seem to be
Unitd in the harmony.
Revelling all in one accord,
Obedient to the holy law.

The gentle dew, the generous rain,
Forever characterized the scene;
And grateful verduras upward spring
And consecrated numbers sing—Halalelujah.

Each swelling mound, each upturned sod
Where loved ones rest, and rest with God,
Invites us from the sacred ground
To join with songs of love.

Sweet mother's lip, while's smile so dear,
Each little prattle's laugh and cheer,
Each tender tear, each lover's kiss
Swell universal ecstacies.

Each star, each scene, each sweet avul's ring
Perpetually united—Halalelujah.

Each streamlet that the oaks fill,
In gentle cadence, thrush and thrill;
Then warfare in every zone,
Responding in sweet monotone.

And sweetest melody in harmony
That fills all space for endless ages;
The earth its hidden treasures yield,
And streams its wealth on every field—Halalelujah.

Each ray within the crystal Ware
Reveals its splendor on each shore,
Shining splendors far and wide,
On beauty and abiding tide.

Each creature from its hour of birth,
Each breath of life that swells the air and earth,
And messengers of peace and love
Chase holy footsteps one after another.

In hope, in trust, in life, in death,
Reposing in each act and breath—Halalelujah.

Both foot, each hand, each lip, each eye
Moved in the measured melody;
Abhallowed voices, sweetest lullabies,
Thanksgivings as they pierce the skies,
Filling every spore of earth.

Anointed by the sacred sound
Is the birthright breath of the Lord,
Proclaiming evermore with one accord—Halalelujah.

THE INDUSTRIAL MISSION OF ALABAMA.

The nearly eight millions of people of African descent who have become residents and citizens of our country are not here of their own choice. Necessary as they are here to stay. Any scheme of emigration that may be adopted will take away but a small fraction of the increase. It is inevitable that the great cotton-growing region of the South shall be in the future, as it has been in the past, the home of the American Negro. Every impulse of patriotism and every instinct of self-preservation coincide with the demands of Christianity to rescue them from the dominion of ignorance, poverty and moral degradation, as least we may, to make them intelligent, self-respecting Christian citizens. We must save them, or they will ruin us.

Doubtless very marked progress has been made in education and in the accumulation of property. Good people, in both the South and the North, have done and are still doing much for these "brothers in black." But this improvement is mainly restricted to those living in towns and cities, and where the white population is largely in the ascendency.

In the great "black belt" which includes the large majority of the colored population, and where, in the rural districts, the blacks are to the whites in the ratio of ten to one, there has been very little improvement since the days of slavery. Here in Alabama, there is a public school system, but with no provision for school-houses, and with generally incompetent teachers. The three months school in the year does but little for the education of the ignorant. There is no deficiency in the number of colored preachers, and they fairly represent the better class of colored Christians. There are now very few, if any, who, notwithstanding (though with great difficulty and hesitation,) read a passage from the Scriptures. But they very poorly understand the meaning of words, and their knowledge of Christian doctrine and ethics is purely traditional. In the cities of the South there are many well-educated and able colored men, but what has been said is largely true of the country districts.

The Industrial Missionary Association of Alabama has for its object to furnish homes, schools and church privileges for these people of the plantations. Four thousand acres of good land have been purchased and nearly paid for. A good school has been provided, a grist and saw-mill, a cotton-gin, and a post-office. The people have the gospel preached to them, and a beginning has been made in a training-school for country preachers. The work is very promising, and mainly in the hands of the missionaries. It is a work requiring much patience and sometimes long suffering, but the people are teachable and there is not a little of genuine Christianity.

Land is rented in small tracts to colored families, and facilities are afforded to the people, so that they may teach my co-workers as well as the people, to do with a book that contradicts the Bible. I am surprised that a man of your good sense and judgment should believe a book that is so full of contradictions as the Bible is."

"Well now, doctor," the preacher, "I will make a bargain with you. You read the Bible through carefully, note all its contradictions and if you fail I will renounce the book entirely; as I do not want to have anything to do with a book that contradicts itself."

The doctor agreed to the proposition and began to search the Scriptures. But shortly after the above contract, he sold his farm and moved to the far West, and the preacher did not hear from him directly for several years. But at last the doctor wrote from his western home. After the usual compliments he referred to the Bible subject about as follows:

"I suppose that you are expecting to hear from me on those Bible contradictions. When I made that bargain with you I felt perfectly confident in my ability to show you many irreconcilable contradictions in the Bible. I read it carefully, but before I got through I found that the author of that book knew more about me than I knew about myself. And when I read that, 'The word of God is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is adiscerning of the thoughts and intents of the heart,' I was forced to acknowledge that the book was too powerful for me. I could argue with you and my other neighbors, but I could not contend against a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is adiscerning of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

W. B. Taylor, in Gospel Echo.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Esther Hill Randolph, widow of the late John F. Randolph and eldest daughter of ex-U. S. Senator and his wife, Nancy Green Randolph, died at her residence Nov. 11, 1895, at the ripe age of 87. When about 18 she united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church in Berlin, N. Y., in which place she resided the greater part of her life. Naturally of a quiet and retiring disposition, she made few but lasting friends. Especially did she endeavor herself to those nearest to her and with whom she lived. Her chief delight from earliest childhood was to help others, thus leading a life of quiet but constant usefulness. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."
Young People's Work

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR now illuminates the land of the midnight sun. The first society in Norway was formed a few weeks ago in Christiana.

TENNESSEE JUNIORS are circulating pledges among the mothers, asking that all the eggs laid by the hens on Sundays be given to them for missionary purposes.

CURSE FOR DISCONTENTMENT.—Do not compare your surroundings with those of the few who are favorably situated. Compare your condition with that of the great majority who are far worse off than you are.

Good literature to the extent of seventy-five thousand or one hundred thousand pieces, in the shape of papers, magazines, and books, was distributed last year by the Chicago Good Literature Exchange, 1013, Chicago.

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR society of ninety members exists among the soldiers at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas. Out of it have come a Sunday school and a mid-week gospel meeting. Many conversions have also been effected.

Curse for Thoughtlessness.—Never neglect to do a thing when you do think of it. Ninetenths of the thoughtlessness of the world is nothing more than a fixed habit, for habitual neglect to attend to a duty when it comes before us breeds a condition of thoughtlessness which is often wrongly attributed to our nature.

The name of the Christian Endeavor Society in Germany has been changed from Jugend Verein Christlicher Bestrebungen (Young People's Association for Christian Activity) to the Bund fur Erschliessung Christ entum (Young People's Society for Decisive Christianity). This was done so that the monogram, "C. E.," might be preserved. There is no foreign language that can literally translate "Endeavor."

It shows a true spirit to be rebuked and hold your temper. In a certain place the leader of a meeting followed the suggestion given in an article on this page in a recent number, and hung a card on the church door, bearing the words, you are late. Some of the tardy ones laughed, some looked sober, a few turned about and went home. "Rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee."

While in general, nature gives us beautiful examples of harmony and consistency, yet now and then those come before us things that are painfully incongruous and out of harmony. A beautiful flower growing in a farmer's field or a thistle in a field of wheat. Sometimes out of a family whose members are by nature coarse and vile and sinful will come one pure and sweet and noble; while again oftimes the son or daughter of grand Christian parents goes astray from a home of purity and refinement. Or in the same indi-
Monday night. A wonderful change has come to this entire locality since the commencement of revival work last winter under Bro. Price. Wonderful how Bro. Price has answered our prayers. Glory to his name.

I expect to write next from my home in the West.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

Our Mirror

The Juniors of Albion believe in letting their light shine, as they recently placed a large number of plants in front of the church. These same Juniors gave a very pleasing entertainment, consisting of recitations, solos, duets and quartets, on Thanksgiving night, expecting to use the funds received to buy Christmas presents for the children of the neighborhood.

The young people's hour of the Quarterly Meeting held at Milton Junction, December 1st, was enjoyed by all present. Mr. Geo. M. Holston, President of the union of the Seventh-day Baptists of southern Wisconsin, presided. After Scripture reading by Ethel Brown, Lillie and Rose Coon sang "My God is a God of love," in a very pleasing manner. The singing was followed by Addie Miner, a Junior member. The Junior member, gave many helpful suggestions and ideas. She spoke of the pledge as a strong rope to bring them together. Miss Besee E. Clarke read the paper on "The Golden Rule," which was presented at the young people's hour at General Conference. Miss Clarke spoke of the contents of the Golden Rule and its value to Endeavorers in their work in a pleasing manner, and it is to be hoped that many who have not been subscribers in the past will be in the future. The paper, "What more will you do? What more will you give?" by Reta I. Crouch, referred to the progress and work of the Endeavor movement in the past and offered some suggestions about methods of giving.

The question, "Where will you spend your missionary money?" was discussed by Dr. Ticknor, W. K. Davis and Rev. George Burdick. The music by the male quartet of Milton furnished two appropriate selections, which were much appreciated. A Good Neighbor service conducted by Fred E. Whitford and Ell F. Loofboro showed a deep spiritual interest, 102 taking part in half an hour.

Tract Society.

Receipts in November, 1895.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Church</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Church at Walworth</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milton</td>
<td>24.15</td>
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<tr>
<td>Walworth</td>
<td>29.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alfred</td>
<td>50.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>IdaF.</td>
<td>4.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Milford</td>
<td>28.15</td>
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<tr>
<td>Walworth</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>12.12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milton, Wis.</td>
<td>200.00</td>
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Income of Good Neighbor of E. B. Birkes.

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<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dr. C. B. East, Parlin, I. M. for self</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. J. W. West, Riner, Wis., Dr. Lewis Fund</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. J. A. career, Caldwell, Colo.</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. W. A. Rogers, Walworth, Me.</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collection, Quarterly Meeting, Linclon, N. Y.</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Friend, Hope Valley, B.</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anonymous</td>
<td>7.00</td>
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Income, Perpetual Fund.

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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Ida F. Kenyon, Alfred, N. Y.</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Friend</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hattie Washburn, South Hamilton, N. Y.</td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. J. W. West, Riner, Wis.</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. T. L. Hallock, Wellslev, N. Y.</td>
<td>2.00</td>
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</table>

E. & O. E.

J. F. EBBAHGD, TTRBE.


The good actions we perform in this world take form and meet us in the world to come. "Thy righteousness shall go before thee."
able to the King, who, when on earth, was always doing the will of his Father, and caring for others. This gift I really earned myself.

Pursuasion could change Edith’s decision. The birthday was spent quietly at home, but none had ever been happier. The freedom from care and the knowledge of her little daughter’s unseen thought had already made Mrs. Altman better, and Edith found things more satisfactory than receiving; it was indeed “more blessed.”—Mission Studies.

**A NOBLE YOUTH.**

How many young men, just budding into manhood, have taken the first fatal cup! And not stopping at the first, as they may have thought of doing, but taking a second soon after the first, and so on, until their ruin was complete.

There was once a young man who was seeking in a large dry-goods store where many other young men were employed.

Some of the latter urged the newcomer to accept a social glass, but he refused. The young men laughed at him, calling him a “baby” and they also said that “one glass would not hurt him.”

“Oh, no,” he replied, “If I should take one glass, I could easily be persuaded to take another. My mother taught me to shun the fatal cup. And when I was a little child, she taught me this verse among many others, “When a mooker, strong drink is raging, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise.”

The lads laughed and sneered at him, but it was useless to try to remove his scruples.

“My father,” the brave boy continued, “went that downward path, and at last killed a drunkard’s grave. I do not intend to follow in his footsteps.”

If other young men would only stand their ground firmly for the right, doing nobly as this one did, there would be fewer drunkard’s graves and a great many more happy hearts and homes.

**CLEANSED AS SHE WENT.**

A young lady was deeply concerned about her spiritual interest, and after a severe struggle started to visit her pastor to ask him to show her the way of life. As she entered the horse car, in carrying out her purpose, she saw seated there several of her friends, who asked her where she was going. The tempter immediately said, “Don’t tell them where you are going, but answer them in some evasive way.” At the same time the Spirit whispered to her, “Be brave and conscientious about this. Tell them of your purpose, and ask them to go with you.” She obeyed the latter voice. Her friends declined to accompany her, and she went on alone. When she came to the pastor’s house became to the door to meet her. She passed from embarrassment for an instant, and then said, “Doctor, I started to come to see you to ask you to lead me to Christ; but now that I am here I have come to tell you I have found Christ.” “As they went they were cleansed.”—Rev. B. Fay Mills.

At the Zoo. Bertie.—“You say that is the bird of freedom, mamma?” Mamma.—“Yes, Bertie.”

Bertie.—“Then why is it in a cage?”

**Home News.**

Boulder.—“Home again” is the word on every hand. It is cheering to be welcomed back by our old friends. Thank our giving day was a very pleasant one, especially the evening. We were quietly seated in our cozy room talking over the affairs of the day, when suddenly the door bell rang out with unusual vigor, and in rushed the company with baskets and sacks. We surrendered. Had to. Could do no other way.

The refreshments were fine and the social cheer finer. After the good-nights had been said, we discovered to our surprise that we had been supplied with more than pound weights. The pastor could only say: Thank you, and God bless you all. The things left are of real value, but the cordial welcome home and the good-will thus expressed are far more highly prized.

The improvements of the city, during these weeks of absence, are worthy of notice. The two large structures, Masonic Temple and Preparatory School building, have been completed and occupied. Also we find two large churches edible six months before the place of the smaller, less pretentious and time-worn buildings. The Presbyterian and Christian churches want to keep up with the increasing demands of the thriving city. Also we look across to the north-western part of the city, just at the base of the abrupt rising of the mountain, and there stands the good sanitarium just being completed. We also find numerous private residences in various parts of the city with foundations laid, and the superstructures being built thereon. Also the sewer system, begun in May, has been pushed forward with remarkable speed. And many pieces of wooden sidewalk have given place to the nice flag stones, which abound in the mountainside. Boulder is becoming a larger city every year. Property, both within and without the city limits, is not dead property. If you buy and don’t like it you can sell again. Now is a good time to invest.

We are all here and some more. None have gone to California. This is said for the information of some who seemed to think all the way was the way to some other country. Possibly there are better places than Boulder, but when people are in as good a country as this, why go to the expense of an experiment with some other locality? There is always more or less uncertainty as to what a new locality may prove to be. Boulder is no longer an experiment. The cost of irrigation and the work of getting the water where needed has been fully tested these many years. The expense of this is much smaller here than in many places of which I am told. Also the markets have proved very satisfactory. During our absence one of our good brethren from a distant state visited here and bought an entire block of land adjoining the city limits.

The Church will continue. Whether it is to remain another century in its present state or for another time that cannot be answered now. But let it always be remembered that small churches should not be underrated because they are small. Some of our churches have been small through a long career and done most excellent work—notes of old churches, but also sending out some of our most efficient ministers. Small churches should not be discouraged. God knows his own, be they few or many. Through the favor of God, and the financial encouragement of many Christian friends, we have a neat and substantial house of worship. May God tell us for so far as we have gone. There is much more to be done, and we must keep working at it until our church and lot shall do credit to our people. It will not do to remain in an unfinished condition as at present.

The thanks be to God for his care over us while we have been separated from one another. No deaths have occurred in our society. One dear girl is now rapidly recovering from a severe sickness. The city ministers have been untiring in their efforts to reach the homes of the pastor’s absence. And now here we are to move forward this blessed work, as God shall give us strength, wisdom and courage.

S. R. WHEELER.

Boulder, Colo., December 2, 1885.

“Y-E-S BUT.”

It was a bright, autumn day, so summery-like that, in spite of the gorgeous dress of shrub and tree, winter seemed far in the distance.

Nature, as if loath to leave us to the mercy of Jack Frost, was in so balmy a mood as to make me forget for the moment that the sweet weather that has been gathering steadily, the vines would ever yield. But the sun seemed to go under a cloud, and my joyous thoughts were momentarily dispelled by one of those “Y-e-s—but” people who, unfortunately for my peace of mind, just then appeared upon the scene in the person of our old friend, who came to my door daily for the past eight years. He is an honest and good sort of a man, too, but, he has one failing. If he is greeted by, “Nice rain, good for wheat,” he is sure to shake his head and say: “Y-e-s—but it is bad for the corn.”

If it comes off warm and dry, and we venture, “Good weather for the corn,” his reply is: “Y-e-s—but it is bad for the potatoes,” and so it goes, he answering to all hopeful remarks with the curt, “Y-e-s—but.”

Perhaps I am wrong, but it has many times occurred to me that farmers are especially given to this “Y-e-s—but” habit. To be sure, there are farmers and farmers. But many in the face of the greatest prosperity indulge in this mood of expression. So farmers’ boys would do well to guard against this habit of their sires.

Well, this morning my heart was attuned to Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, and my body was basking in nature’s warmth, while I picked the dainty beauties, all unmindful of the wintry gloom just before us, until reminded of it by the milkman. At his approach I said, “Glorious morning to be out.’’

“Y-e-s—but winter will soon put an end to your pleasure,” replied he, pointing to the flowers in my hand, as he said it, and then passed on with a sigh.

It was foolish, I know, to be thus influenced, but sighs are contagious, as well as yawns, and the next instant I caught myself echoing them for the simple reason that I realized that in all probability the morrow would find the garden a mass of blackened foliage and flowers. With one stroke that “Y-e-s—but” had hushed my song of gladness, and for the moment a requiem was in my soul, as the violets and lilies were dreamed of, to “Bloom for you for the last time.”

Then the words of the croaker, “The winter
will soon put an end to your pleasure," came to my rescue, for they awakened the query, "Is it true?"

Then an answer thought traveled over the vanished months back to the early springtime, when the crocus and lily of the valley gladdened many hearts. Then on to the month of roses, until reaching autumn, with its scarlet maples and these last flowers.

Then the many loving messages spoken through them to wearey, lonely, sick, and dying, and made answer, for I seemed to hear the vanished flowers saying, "No, a thousand times no, the pleasure we gave has no death; it does not end with us; it will live on and on.

The season of winter may come, and plants which made so much heart pleasure possible may die, and we may never again put forth bloom, but wintry blasts will not put an end to the memory of the pleasure we gave."

Thus musing or listening, the dreary thoughts awakened by the "Y-e-a-but" man vanished, and my heart again took up the song of "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Still those words "Y-e-a-but" ring in my ears, yet I think there was much happier this world would be if there were not so many people in it who continually nurse the joys of others by "ifs" and "buts." For at every turn in life hopeful, cheerful greetings are met, as was mine a few hours ago, by a sigh and "Y-e-a-but!"

However, the words in themselves are innocent enough, and there is a right as well as a wrong way of using them; for instance, if the heart grows earthward, they hopefully say, "Y-e-a-but it is better farther on."—Helena H. Thomas, in the Presbyterian.

A LITTLE SEED.

We have heard of an idol temple which had stood for centuries unsuborn upon its firm foundation; but birds dropped seeds upon the dust-covered roof and battlements; "through the scent of water" they germinated and sent their roots down into the crevices of the masonry, and so in the course of time the greatest temple, the little rootlets worked their way down among them, and the temple was tottering to its fall, because of the power of these little seeds.

God sends man into this world, not so much to build temples as to heal up mankind, to sow seed. The sower soweth the Word. It may be by living voice, or printed page; by the written word, the New Testament, a tract, a leaflet, a paper cast by the wayside, given to a friend, handed to a stranger, sent through the mails,—in a thousand ways we may sow the Word of God; and oh, what a harvest will there be for those who "sow beside all waters." Some seeds will fall by the wayside, some on stony ground, and other seed will die upon the rocks; but some will fall on good ground, and I bring forth fruit, thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold.

Who would not be a sower, even though it may cost time, and labor and expense? for they that sow in tears shall reap in joy, and "he that goeth forth and weareth, bearing precious fruit, shall come back again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves."—The Christian.

Dr. Bolus: "And how are you enjoying life, my dear?"

Miss BEACH Young: "Oh, not very well, Doctor; you see, I'm not in society yet."

Dr. Bolus: "Is that possible? Why, I clearly remember being present at your first ball!"—Life.
Popular Science.

The new scientific discovery for producing insensibility, by means of oxygen gas and ether, was discovered and reported upon by Dr. J. H. McCombs of Pittsburgh, and Dr. Herbert L. Northrop, formerly of Hahnemann College, Philadelphia, by substituting chloriform in the place of ether. These doctors state that the chloriform compound is giving very gratifying results.

Wendell Phillips, in his lecture on the "lost arts," among other things noted that electricity to copper, so as to be used as cuttery and other edged tools. Various experiments have been made from time to time throughout the world to find or regain that "lost art," so that copper could take the place of steel, for purposes where steel would soon be destroyed by corrosion. We are advised that a man in the city of Detroit, Michigan, has rediscovered that lost art, and that he has made springs, of great elasticity, both coiled and flat; that he makes good knife blades, and can weld the metal itself, or weld it to iron, or steel, and by so doing does not destroy the pureness of the copper, or disturb any of its peculiar qualities.

Electricity is coming fast into use, and as it prefers copper for its agent to most other metals, the finding of this "lost art" of tempering, at this time, seems to be most opportune, to meet the varied demands to which this metal is most appropriate.

All medical and sanitary authorities should hail with delight the information that ozone, the powerful deoderizer and disinfectant, is now being produced on a commercial scale. Experiments, that have been going on in the Siemens's laboratory, in Berlin, have culminated in inventing a machine that yields a certain amount of ozone every hour. It is produced by a peculiar discharge of electricity into atmospheric air.

Ozone is to be found in the atmosphere, in the country, in its greatest quantity; in villages it is greatly diminished, and when built cities it entirely disappears. The atmosphere, when sufficiently charged with ozone, is compressed under a pressure of about one hundred and thirty-five pounds to the square inch, when it is ready for transportation.

This curious and remarkable product has been frequently alluded to in Scientific Journals, and its wonderful disinfecting properties portrayed. Now since a cheap machine has been invented for manufacturing ozone and in a compressed form it can be transported, certainly, and speedily, should it find its way to the relief of those who reside in the vicinity of immoral water, the decontaminated water, of organic matter, Cities, by all means, should have a plant for its manufacture.

The Fourth Avenue line of street cars in New York, owned by the Vanderbilts, and one which they use 1,400 horses, has been for some time looking for a system of storage batteries, by which they could propel their cars, and compete with the cable and other roads. Lately a device has come to hand which may solve this problem. Last week they equipped two cars, and placed them on a cross town line, where they have been running satisfactorily, and with evident success. Whether the weight of storage batteries has been seriously objectionable, on the account of jolting, and the wear of the trucks; this now seems to have been obviated. The cars are controlled in the same way as the usual, and each car, which now go at the rate of twenty miles per hour if desired. By this new device, cars are propelled on any railroad having the ordinary rails in use, as the electricity goes into the ground the moment it is used, so that each of these batteries will run for sixteen hours, and can be changed in one minute. Really, it now looks as though long 1,400 more horses would take a needed rest. Electricity is rapidly coming to the front.

The Crops of 1895.

The present year will go on record as one of the most remarkable, from the farmer's point of view, in the history of American agriculture. It has been a season of contradictions, and at a cursory glance it would almost seem that like causes have failed to produce like effects. One of the driest years on record, it has proved to be the most fruitful. Although during the growing season there was almost constant apprehension of crop failure. In spite of late frosts and spring freezes, of droughts almost unparalleled in intensity and extent of territory covered, and with unusual visitation from insect enemies, the harvests, with the exception of wheat and cotton, are more abundant than for years.

The area planted to corn last spring, amounting to 81,500,000 acres, was the largest on record. For three years the crops had been small, and prices had suffered less than any other grain in the general depression of values. Low prices for wheat and cotton induced a curtailment of their area, and this land was largely given to corn. In addition to this voluntary increase a considerable acreage of winter-killed wheat was ploughed up in the spring and put in corn. In no State of importance was the acreage smaller than that of the year before, and the overshadowing importance of the great American crop may be realized when it is remembered that the area devoted to this crop alone this year amounts to almost one-fourth of the total area of improved land in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Norway. The season was not entirely favorable, most districts suffering at some period of growth from lack of rainfall, but the average rate of yield for the whole country was higher than in recent years.

The fruit crop of the year was phenomenal, especially in view of the frosts in May, after apples and small fruits were in bloom. The apple crop is one of the largest ever grown, a heavy deficiency in New England and New York, up by the heaviest crop on record west of the Allegheny Mountains. The extension of fruit culture in the United States is constantly increasing, and as new orchards are constantly coming into bearing a liberal supply of fruit for the American market, at moderate prices, is now assured in almost any season.

Keeping with the character of the season in which we live, we find a considerable increase in the consumption of vegetables. A large number of vegetable gardens, in and around New York City, have been improved upon by Dr. W. B. Northrop, formerly of New York, owned by the Vanderbilts, and on 28th street, at 2 o'clock P. M. The cars are controlled in the same way as the usual, and each car, which now go at the rate of twenty miles per hour if desired. The area planted to corn last spring, amounting to 81,500,000 acres, was the largest on record. For three years the crops had been small, and prices had suffered less than any other grain in the general depression of values. Low prices for wheat and cotton induced a curtailment of their area, and this land was largely given to corn. In addition to this voluntary increase a considerable acreage of winter-killed wheat was ploughed up in the spring and put in corn. In no State of importance was the acreage smaller than that of the year before, and the overshadowing importance of the great American crop may be realized when it is remembered that the area devoted to this crop alone this year amounts to almost one-fourth of the total area of improved land in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Norway. The season was not entirely favorable, most districts suffering at some period of growth from lack of rainfall, but the average rate of yield for the whole country was higher than in recent years.

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The yield of all kinds of vegetables was in

Special Notices.

WANTED.

Copies of the Seventh-day Baptist Quarterly, Vol. 1, No. 3. Fifty cents apiece will be paid for a limited number of copies.

Address, COBLES R. B. ANDREWS, (Great Kille P. O. on Staten Island, N. Y.)

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

The First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago, at the corner of Sabbath Avenue and Randolph street, on Randolph street between State street and Washington avenue, at 8 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. L. C. Rand, 6124 Wharton Ave.

ALFRED WILLIAMS, Church Clerk.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Hebron Center, Shingle House, and Portville Churches will commence Wednesday, April 10, and will continue in the Portville Church, with pastor's instructions. Sabbath evening, Dec. 13, 1895. A cordial invitation is extended to all who are interested in the success of Christ's work. Come with the expectation of a good meeting.

G. F. KENYON, Pastor.

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

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corner of Centre and Genesee streets, at Sabbath-school hour. A general invitation is extended to all, especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath.

When you receive the New Minutes, please turn first of all to page 45; and then see that your church is not behind on the financial question. Money is needed at once to pay the expenses of our exhibit at Atlantic, and to pay for publishing the Minutes. Nineteen churches have already paid. Please follow their good example.

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, Treasurer.

November 10, 1895.

The First Seventh-day Baptist Church of New Haven holds regular services in the Prison Prayer-meeting Room, on the 4th floor, near the elevator, Y. M. C. A. Building; corner 4th Avenue and 23d St.; entrance on 29th St. Meeting for Bible study to 10.30 A. M., followed by the regular preaching services. Strangers are cordially welcomed, and any friends in the city over the Sabbath are especially invited to attend.

Pastor's address, Rev. J. B. Burdick, New Mtep, 509 Hudson St.

The Churches of Berlin, Coloma, and Marquette, hold their next Semi-annual Meeting with the Church of Berlin, on Feb. 16, on the 1st floor of the Commercial building, as alternate. The next commencement service is to be held on 7 P. M., and continue over Sabbath and First-day following. A. L. Richmond, Dr. C. L. Burdick, Mrs. John Noble and Henry Clark were requested to prepare essays for the occasion.

E. B. Clark.
LOCAL AGENTS. The following Agents are appointed to make all necessary arrangements for the Publishings of the Sabattuck. 

Weste ry: J. A. Perry, Chicago, Ill.
Rockville: W. L. Brown, 505 Main Street.
Bradford: E. W. Brown, 435 Main Street.

The Sabbath Recorder, published every Wednesday, by a Body of Brethren, at Plainfield, N. J., Price, $1.00 a year. Subscription price, 10 cents per copy. 

THE SABBATH RECORDER, 

Plainfield, N. J.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST 

EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY.

E. M. Torkelson, President, Alfred, N. Y.
E. S. Perry, Vice President, Utica, N. Y.
W. H. Colwell, Secretary, Alfred, N. Y.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

West atery, N. Y.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD.

REV. L. H. SPINK, President, Devor, N. Y.
E. S. Perry, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST BAPTISMAL BOARD.

J. E. Porter, President, Plainfield, N. J.
J. J. Huggins, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

THE CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

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