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BABCOCK BUILDING
PLAINFIELD N J
SABBATH RECORDER.

A. H. LEWIS, M. D., Editor.

Entered as second-class matter at the Flatbush, N. Y., Post-Office, March 15, 1895.

I have been called, on two weeks' notice, to take editorial charge of the Recorder for six months, in connection with my work as Corresponding Secretary. This work involves the purpose of a special monthly issue, which shall take the place of the Sabbath Outlook. I am fully aware that elements of difficulty enter into the work. It is natural that the editor of a denominational should think that the denominational paper ought to see things as he sees them and say what he would say. However much men may differ among themselves, each one desires that the paper which stands for all should meet his ideal. If it is colorless, unopinioned, vacillation, pointless, there is just ground for complaint. If it has opinions, sharply outlined and strongly put, conservative men will think it too radical, and some, at least, who are radical, will think it too tame, that a truly fair-minded author can do is to learn all facts, look at all sides, and then speak God guides him. I do not expect to write any editorials for one time or place. I shall try to write for eternity, where final results will meet us, and the harvest of life will be gathered. I shall seek Christ's approval, and hope to gain yours.

I am well aware that my predecessor has made the Recorder a welcome and valued friend in your homes. He has made it wise in counsel and rich in instruction. It has lifted your aspirations higher and given new flights to your faith. It has shared your joys and breathed comfort on your sorrows. I shall not venture the folly of promising to make it better than it has been. I will try to keep it up to your standard.

I bring to this chair a willing hand and a love for work. I shall try to bring a consecrated heart. (I bring an overpowering conviction that God now demands of Seventh-day Baptists a higher type of Christian character, a deeper devotion to Seventh-day Baptists Christianity than at any other time. Now, as before, impending evils crowd upon the Christian church, through want of loyalty to God's law and want of reverence for God's Word. The work demanded of the Seventh-day Baptists now cannot be well done without deep, rich, abiding spiritual life in Christ. What is needed is character more than creed—living more than theorizing. The reformer who is only a theorist is worthless. (A Seventh-day Baptist who is not a reformer is wrongly named. Great duties demand greatness of soul, in all purity, holiness, power. He who only talks about reform is not a reformer. I shall aim to make the Recorder a power in cultivating and developing such spiritual life as reformers need, to make it lift you nearer God. What it has done for you I shall try to make it do, in these respects.

I bring to these new duties the conviction that there are weak points in our denominational polity and methods, which cannot be overcome without radical change. Our widely scattered and organically independent churches lack outward cohesion. This must be overcome by a glowing and cementing inner life. The pastors and leaders in each church must make their church first and foremost in all good work. A common purpose and definite aims must pervade all hearts. It is not that we are discordant. But, in point of polity, and geographically, we are in danger from localism, individualism and faction. Nothing can over-come these dangers but deep, consecrated purpose, unity in truth and in Christ, and sanctified zeal. (Greater duties never came to any people than those which wait at our doors.) Our place in the Christian world, at this time, means much or its means nothing. That means more than we can well measure, I firmly believe. If we stand together, with faith in the Book of God, with loyalty to the law of God, and with trust in the Son of God, all shall be well. That is what the Recorder has stood thus far under its late Editor, and under those who preceded him. I shall do what I can to make it still answer these great ends. I ask your prayers. I seek your sympathies. I want your co-operation.

In the bonds of loving service,

A. H. LEWIS.

With the hope that it may increase the interest in the Recorder, we will open a "Question Corner," for brief answers to questions, if any desire to ask them. We prefer that they be questions as to facts that are generally ignored, so that the practical religious duty. We do not ask for questions aimed at controversy. All questions must be signed by the questioner, but the name need not be printed with the question, unless desired. The Editor must know the name of the questioner. All else will go to the waste basket.

POPULAR religion on the Sabbath question, as well as on other points, is flabby-souled with indifference and imp and lack of knowledge. It needs the tonic of obedience, which comes from the grip of obligation. It lacks sturdy stalwartness, which grows from the consciousness that God's law is something more than pleasant platitude to be admired and disregarded.

STARVED.

It is scarcely possible to exceed the vigor and vividness of the picture of the "Prodigal Son." Self-love grew into insolent disobedience. Secure in a goodly portion, the young man went forth, glad to leave the restraints of home behind. He laughed at his father's advice. He sneered at his mother's tears. He gave every possible evidence that he had outgrown all restraint. Henceforth his own will, alone, was law. To wish would be to have. Sensuous delights and sensual enjoyment were to be his guiding star.

Christ does not stop to trace the short, sharp road downward. It is easy for us to trace it. Money flowed like water. Evil companions flocked to his pocket-book. Each week some new form of dissipation was tried. He rejoiced in freedom; freedom from law; from restraint; from Puritanic purity; from all that his early home had taught him to respect. His bank-account shrank. Checks were refused and notes went to protest. He drank the wine of debauchery. He was driven to the reaches of deviltry. He grew greedy. Pawned jewels, he could not redeem. His blueeyes grew haggard. His hands, once jeweled, were grimy with the dirt of dissipation. Hotels bounded him. Fashionable restaurants had no seats for him. At last cheap boarding houses shut their doors against him.

The lowest level was reached. He slunk away into the country. He could do nothing that was decent in the way of business. He was "brought up to work." He had not been prepared to do anything save to kill himself, and he could not die, much as he longed to, while he slept fitfully under the hedge that bound-ed the hog-farm to which his wandering had brought him. Hunger drove him to ask the place of a swineherd. He "joined himself." He became a swine—like a dog would have done, rather than starve.

After their morning feeding the swine lay down to sleep. He crept into the shade of a carob tree, where the hogs were lying. He was too hungry and too faint to sit up. He lay on a pile of pods in which he had left, but from which they had eaten all the fruit. He had been watching as they quarreled over the choicest morsels, but he dared not interfere. They had better rights than he had. His first duty was to see that the hogs had filled bell.

He had been without whisky for a week. His poor brain had cleared a little. He still thought confused. "I am less—less—than these swine. I must feed them first—first—first." Some one laughed derisively at a carriage-horse not the highest type was the pawnbroker who had his best diamond ring. How that laugh hurt him! Old memories began to awake, like embers, half-dead, under the ashes of his burnt-out life. He shut his eyes and dreamed, lulled in his weakness by the thought of the dream of boyhood—pure, happy, obedient boyhood. He was home again, lying on the front lawn. Father was on the piazza, reading. Mother sat at an open window with her needlework. The dinner bell rang. He rushed in, as only a hungry boy can. He could hardly wait until "the blessing was asked." His mother said: "Father, serve Charles first; he looks so hungry." When his mother said "Charles," he woke. The sun had crept round, and she was hot on his back. The hogs snored, the hogs under his head were still empty. The dust, worn up by the feet of the hogs, was still under him. He was home only in a dream. Father was not serving him. Hunger filled him still; hunger—nothing but hunger. He growled for disappointment. His growl woke the hogs. One of them came over to the pile of pods on which the prodigal lay, and pushed his aching head away with his snout. He had to give way to the hog. That was the end of him. He had made up his mind. He moved away a little, and sat up with his head in his hands, dazed. The wind stirred the leaves overhead and rattled some pods which had not yet fallen. The leaves whispered to the pods and the pods giggled. That hog is his master, that hog is his master."

"What is the lesson for us?" Separation from God is starvation. Disobedience is starvation. The road is short. Self-will, folly, dissipation, want; more; want, hunger; more hunger. Empty pods, husks. For the hogs were now eaters of husks. For the hogs worship food, hunger. Hunger at morning; hot hunger at high noon; for supper, starvation. A bed on what the swine have left, and remorse, taunting remorse, for covering—starved.
Writing on the prayer-meeting topic in the same issue, Rev. H. A. Bridgeman adopts the deceitful method of teaching young people the non-fact that Christ kept Sunday. It is hard to believe that one could write as Mr. Bridgeman does. Here is a passage from page 283:

Jesus and Paul took issue with the Pharisees on the Sunday question, because the difference which they made between Sunday and week days was one of extremes. They were utterly open to the idea, they were more just and merciful, on the Sabbath than on Monday and Tuesday. They were just as crafty, domineering and hypocritical as the current characters, and in thinking and of our desires if we would keep Sunday rightly.

The whole structure of the sentence, the repetition of the word Sunday, and the use of word "Sabbath," as associated with Monday, force the conclusion that the writer intended to mislead. Such religious (?) deception is its own condemnation.

The Christian Intelligencer said:

Jesus did not abolish the Sabbath, he established its principles and was not against anything. He did not change the Sabbath, while he did not make man its lord, neither did he make man its slave. Like all of God's gifts, it is man's servant, and man is its servant. Jesus, in declaring himself as Lord of the Sabbath confronted the Pharisees with a challenge which they could only answer by a council to kill him. He brought it at last to Calvary's cross, but that very cross, with which they marched on the day which his followers keep as the Christian Sabbath, the Lord's-day.

What Christ did in connection with the Sabbath is correctly stated. That he transferred this to Sunday is unscriptural and incorrect.

Albert D. Vail, in Christian Advocate (N. Y.), aims at the same result, that is, teaching that faith in the observance of Sunday is the same as in the observance of the Sabbath, in this sentence: "While Jesus changed many ideas about the day, and the first day of the week was selected, yet there is no place or word that would allow us to make it a day for our own pleasure. It is not a pleasant duty to say that such a sentence written to mislead the young is unworthy of the Advocate."

The Morning Star said: "By dislocating it from the seventh day, and making it commensurate, we have encouraged it to some extent from Jewish abuses."

So they have, and made it the continental Sunday, which is farther from Christ's conception of the Sabbath than was the conception of the Jews, which he condemned.

The Standard discusses the Sabbath as it appears in the lesson, and with the same deceptive adroitness passes to Sunday, under the title "Teaching Hints," with this sentence: "The discussion of the Sunday question would be a very simple matter if it did not go beyond the limits indicated by Jesus. But our Sunday question is not different one from that of the time of Jesus, etc."

As a whole the discussion is more guarded than usual, so far as the relations of Sunday and the Sabbath are concerned. But we have never known more adroit efforts made to instil the idea of the duty about which Christ was talking, and that its observance is sanctioned and commanded by him. If any of these writers were to thus indirectly, but effectively, misrepresent what the others might say on current events of importance, there would be a torrent of denunciations against such dishonesty. "Not walking in craftiness, nor handling the Word of God deceitfully." 2 Cor. 4: 2.

CHRIST OR PAUL?

One of the baneful and suicidal characteristics of modern antinomianism is the tendency to dethrone Christ by exalting Paul as the real founder of Christianity. A few years since a Protestant clergyman called us to account for our application of the Decalogue and the Old Testament. He declared that only the authoritative portion of the Bible was that which follows the Book of Acts. His statements may sound extreme, but there are many who agree with him. If these were non-Christians the case would be less serious, that they are pastors and leaders in church work makes their influence doubly dangerous.

There are two stages of this anti-Christian lawlessness, historically. The first is represented by the Roman Catholic doctrine of the church, and not the Bible, as supreme authority in faith and practice. The second is represented by that type of Protestantism which rejects the Roman doctrine of church authority, but does not accept the Bible, interpreted by Christ, as supreme authority in faith and practice. If this type of Protestantism represented Paul fairly, if it accepted the picture which he paints with lightning stroke in the first seven chapters of Romans, the result would be less disastrous. They attribute their own antinomian notions to Paul, create a fiction they call "Pauline theology," and degrade both Christ and Paul by exalting their notions in the name of Paul.

All such exaltation of Paul, or of the theories associated and labeled "Pauline," tend to dethrone Christ and lessen the influence of the truth he taught. Either Christ was the true Messiah of God, and therefore the Supreme Head of the church, or else Christianity is a human production of metaphysics and priestcraft. It does not matter when or how his Messianic consciousness and power were developed. Neither is it important that we be able to trace and measure their development. Such consciousness and power were unfolded in the course of a period of years, by his own consciousness of miracles. His example and teachings must be accepted as the supreme standard for Christ-i-anity. If Christ is the true Messiah of God, Paul is of secondary importance. When we rose from the baptismal waters of Jordan did not fit him to found his own kingdom, God's kingdom of heaven, surely that Spirit given to Paul in lesser measure could not fit him to interpret Christ better than Christ interpreted himself. If Christ, the more than man, the wonder of God, the light of the world's spiritual King, born to unfold and establish the new dispensation, Christ-i-anity is a foolish myth, and our hopes are a deluding farce. To place Paul or any other man in the place of God is a suicidal character. To accept these teachings as the new dispensation, is a grave offence against the Spirit of truth, which unfolded his coming to Isaulah, which taught the angels their song at Bethle-hem, which brought Simeon to the temple to welcome the Redeemer, which came with the voice of God upon him and clothed him with victory in the wilderness, which wrought with endless power through him in word and deed, which glorified the
mount of transfiguration, which gave wisdom in the hall of Pilate, and victory on the cross—to say that the same Spirit of God fitted Paul the rabbi to be a better interpreter of Christianity and an authority higher than Christ, the Son of God, is insult to the Spirit. For any man who has seen Christians can perpetuate such offense and promote such folly is inexplicable. They could not if not their theology was not emasculated by antinomian falsehood and poisoned by un-Christlike anti-Judaism.

The higher truth is that Paul must be interpreted by Christ. The Epistles must be read in the light of the law and of the Gospels. The lesser and human must be subordinate to the risen Son of God. One of the worst results of this antinomianism which exalts itself above the authority of Christ is Paul's name is the weak and ephemeral character of much that is called evangelical and conversion. It begins by eliminating the law of God, in a great degree or wholly, and giving forth a weak sentimentalism in the name of love. The purest form of sentimentalism which comports not with Paul's first seven chapters to the Romans, or with his personal experience on the road to Damascus. Such evangelism lacks the grip of conviction. It knows little of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and less of the law of God, which Christ exalts and enthrone in the hearts of his followers.

Paul was great, Christ was immeasurably greater. Paul was wise in many things, Christ dwelt amid the secrets of divinest knowledge. Paul teaches much concerning the way of life, Christ is the Life, the Truth, the Way. No loyal Christian can hesitate a moment which to place first, the Son of God or the apostle to the Gentiles.

PROFESSOR ROGERS GONE HOME.

After days of waiting for a dreaded sorrow, it came, sped by the lightening, on the first day of March, and the next morning again in the following notice from the New York Tribune:

Dr. W. A. Rogers, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy at Colby University, and a scientist of national reputation, died at his residence in Waterville, Me., today. Professor Rogers had been ill for several weeks, and his death was not unexpected.

We cannot tell how much those lines mean to the readers of the Recorder, and most of all to Alfred University. Whoever may be found to take this Chair of Physics, to which he was so long accustomed to come, is certain that no one can bring to that place what he would have brought. But the memory of his example, of his work, and the spirit in which he will strengthen the University to fill the place in a way worthy of that memory. He was strong in Christian manhood. He was ripe in broad scholarship. He was rich in many years of experience. His reputation was more than national; a republic, well known and modestly worn.

Alfred University and the Seventh-day Baptists of the United States sit as mourners. The Recorder of Feb. 28 was enriched by the conclusion of his article, "A Trip to the Arizona" his last literary work, we suppose. And many of our readers will recall his address as President of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference in 1883; his papers on Higher Criticism, and many other items of literary work on religious and scientific themes, which have appeared in these columns to the delight and profit of our readers. To William A. Rogers, the scientist, we bring honor. On his casket, as a Christian brother, we pile the garlands of our love. For the risen home we pray the richest comforts of divine provision.

Professor William Augustus Rogers was born in Waterford, Conn., in 1832. He was graduated from Brown University in 1857. For thirteen years he taught Astronomy and Mathematics in Alfred, where he built an observatory. In 1870 he was made an assistant in the Harvard Observatory, and in 1877 assistant President of Astronomy at Harvard. In 1886 he accepted the Chair of Astronomy and Physics in Colby University. He published several volumes of observations of stars down to the ninth magnitude, with maps, and made a number of valuable inventions to aid in the work of astronomical observation. He received the degree of M.A. from Yale and of Ph.D. from Alfred University.

Dr. Rogers was a fellow of the Royal Society of London, a member of the National Academy of Sciences and served as one of the vice-presidents of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and also as president of the American Society of Microscopists. He published more than fifty papers in scientific journals and has written monographs of learned societies upon his specialties.

His funeral was held at Waterville, Maine, at noon on Friday, March 4th. What was the mortals of him was laid to rest at Hildreth Cemetery, Plainfield, N. J., on Sabbath, March 5th, 1898.

Other pens will tell the story of his life, and work, more fully, but none will more sincerely bring sorrow for his loss, or honor to his worth than does the Recorder of to-day.

The Editor adds his personal tribute to one who was his teacher in "Mathematical Astronomy," and the inspiration of larger thoughts while we learned to measure the stars in their courses.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A PETTY war between Nicaragua and Costa Rica is imminent. Central American Republics are like fire-crackers, ready for an explosion on slight provocation.

D. L. Moody is to begin a series of evangelistic meetings in New York City on the 15th of March, in a hall that will seat 10,000 people. He will be assisted by H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore.

Emperor William, of Germany, is playing the part of an autocrat in many things, including freedom of speech, by word or in print. His course fosters the spirit of liberalism, not to say anarchy.

War feeling in regard to Spain is subsiding, but the United States government is on the alert, and full preparations are being made for any contingency which may arise. President McKinley is showing a combination of calmness and wisdom which is commendable in the highest degree.

By the re-election of Paul Kruger as President of the Transvaal, the Boers have decided to continue the policy of despotism and injustice, which seems to choose destruction rather than reform. The Boers may have suffered wrongs, but the balance of Kruger's policy will hasten their overthrow, and the establishment of English rule in Transvaal.

FINANCING, as well as diplomacy, is hard work. The United States deficit for the year of May 8. England and Germany have made the necessary loan for China at 4½ percent for forty-five years, thus checking the purposes of Japan and Russia. The East- ern problem is shifted from Turkey to China, but its solution is not yet accomplished.

The Court of Inquiry in the Maine disaster is pushing the work. No definite report has yet been made, and the wild rumors made by sensational newspapers are to be put aside as unreliable. About all that can be said now is that "probably" the explosion was from the outside of the vessel; and "probably" Spain had not "official" connection with the cause. Progress is being made in clearing up the affair, and it is most to wait until the official reports before attempting definite conclusions.

Representatives of the ancient Waldenses have settled in the Piedmont region of the mountains of Tuscany. Two hundred and fifty Waldenses came in 1896. By 1899 thirty-five hundred families have joined the colony since that date. For at least 800 years the Waldenses have lived in the mountains of France and Italy. In their early history the fundamental principles laid down by these were these: "The Bible is the only rule of faith;" "God in the only object of worship;" and "Christ in the only foundation of salvation." It will be interesting to know how far these modern representatives adhere to the faith of their fathers, which included the keeping of the Sabbath.

The largest locomotive ever constructed has been built by the Brooks Locomotive Works for the Great Northern Railway, for freight and passenger service. It is named "Great Northern." It has 3,250 square feet of heating surface in the boiler. The cylinders are 21x34 inches; steam pressure, 210 pounds. It weighs 212,750 pounds, and is equal to 2,640 horse-power, and can haul 7,700 tons on the level. Such concentration of power is almost inconceivable, and all from placing fire and water in proper relation to each other, and utilizing the results, i.e., a breath of mist. No less wonderful is the power of the human soul—when put in right working relations with God. In spiritual things we are prone to be satisfied with "one-horse" results, when God is seeking "Great Northern's" in us, through our willing obedience.

The French steamer La Champagne sailed from Harve, Feb. 12, with about 300 passengers. Encountering heavy weather, her "tail shaft" broke, and she became helpless and drifted about the banks of Newfoundland until the 23rd, when she was picked up by the steamer Roman. Meanwhile a life-boat, manned by volunteers, had been sent out to intercept some passing steamer. After several days of severe weather, during which the men were badly frozen, the boat was picked up by a Dutch steamer, and brought to New York. La Champagne was towed into Halifax, and
the passengers were forwarded to New York by rail. There were many of the press, and at times, the worst results seemed imminent. That no lives were lost, and the ship was brought in essentially unharmed, is, from the human standpoint, a great triumph of ocean navigation.

The growing power of the religious newspapers is a hopeful sign of these years. It is in strong contrast with the vicious "yellow journalism," of one wing of the secular press. The issue of the religious papers quite surpasses that of the average pulpit in several particulars. Their treatment of current questions and living issues is broader, and more educational. No factor in our Christian civilization is more worthy of greater sympathy and support than the religious press. "Denominational!" papers must be. The Recorder is more essential to the strength and fellowship of Seventh-day Baptists than any other general factor. He fails in loyalty who does not support his own paper, the representative of his household of faith. The average Christian would be better cultured in religion, if he read more of the better religious papers, and less of the local papers, and the party journals in politics. The active interest to read the local affairs of your own town and county, of prize pigs and parties, but such reading is poor food for soul-life and the development of Christian character, when better themes are untouched.

The Catholic population of the United States, according to Huffman's "Catholic Directory," is 9,856,022, a gain of 260,185 over last year. The arch-diocese of New York gained 25,000; that of Chicago, 15,000. The universities of the Catholics have made a most remarkable gain. Last year there were 9; this year 16. There are 72 seminaries for religious priests, 215 colleges for boys, 614 academies for girls, 3,636 parish schools, with 819,575 pupils, more than 6,000 above the numbers last year. It is clear that special Catholic education is gaining rapidly in the United States. Roman Catholicism is having a beautiful growth in the United States. Since 1880 it has gained 3,500,000 in population. Protestantism is also growing as to the number of church communicants. It has gained 6,769,000 within the same period, a proportion considerably greater than the Catholic gain. As to a general tendency toward the fundamental positions occupied by each other, the Catholic has the advantage. Protestants are losing their hold on the Bible, as a supreme rule, and on the "church," as a distinctive doctrine of the Catholics. One strong point in Catholic growth is the special effort to adjust Catholicism to the genius of our republic, and to strengthen itself in political circles and national influence. Please note an article from the "Revival Watchman," among Roman Catholics, found on page 156.

All events combine to give our readers an increasing interest in the affairs of Cuba, and in her future relations to the United States. The present revolt of Cubans against the oppressive rule of Spain began in February, 1895. Spain has tried in vain to put down the Cuban patriots for three years, and the prospect for the final success of the Cubans is now greater than at any previous time, even without the intervention of any outside power. During the three years Spain has sent more than 200,000 troops to Cuba. At the opening of the year it was claimed to be 150,000 strong, on the island, though many of them are disabled by climate or from the casualties of battle. The revolutionists have less than 40,000 men in their organized army, but they are at home, and have the sympathy and cooperation of the people, in a great degree. Geographically, Cuba is part of the United States group. It is only 93 miles from Key West, Fla., to Havana, and the "Florida Channel," which lies between these two points, commands the Gulf of Mexico, which washes four of our states, and holds the key to the great Mississippi River and its valley. General international policy, and the direct interests of the United States, both demand that Cuba be made a part of our territory, or that it be so much under our control as to prevent any menace to our future welfare. Cuba is a long narrow island, mountainous and highly tropical as to climate. Its greatest length is 560 miles, and its greatest breadth, with the Bahama and Florida Keys outside of Havana, is only 28 miles wide. The area of Cuba is 45,277 square miles. It is nearly as large as the state of New York. It would take some time to make Cuba and the United States one in social and national characteristics. But it could be accomplished. One thing is certain, the old relations between Spain and Cuba can never be restored. A working autonomy, or some definite political relation to the United States seems to be inevitable. What the tragedy of our warship, the Maine, may have to do with the future of Cuba, cannot be determined now. It is certain, however, that the cruel barbarity—which has marked the course of Spain cannot be permitted, always. Christianity and civilization both forbid its continuance.

 CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, III.

A Knot of White Ribbons.

The body lay in state at Willard Hall on Wednesday, from ten till four. It was clearly not best to go there at the noon hour, when the people from the offices would be free and the place crowded. But in the afternoon there would doubtless be ample opportunity to pass in and out.

I reached the corner of Monroe and La Salle at three o'clock, and saw a sight that filled my eyes with tears. The streets were full. A procession stood six-wide, patiently waiting for the line to come to the corner, and from the corner far down La Salle Street the quiet throng stretched. Many were women with earnest, refined faces. Stalwart, clear-eyed men stood there, not ashamed to show their feelings. Some who had been snatched from the gates of hell came to pay their last tribute of gratitude. An indelible tenderness, a subtle sympathy, swayed the throng. It made one yearn for nobler and better things just to stand in the presence of this silent, peaceful current of affliction and loyalty.

A brave, sweet, pure, unsullied soul. As you linger by the side of the moving procession it does not occur to you to ask if life is worth living. A vision of its grandeur and beauty will be upon you under the inspiration of a royal womanhood which, following in the footsteps of Christ, gave itself freely for the salvation of others.

When, at the end of life's busy day, weary and wistful, I lie down to rest, I hope that there will be some who can say as they pass by, "He helped me, my life is brighter and better because he lived; he was God's messenger to my soul." One such testimony as that, spoken amid the falling tears, will be worth more than all the granite monuments which pierce the sky.

Unconscious Influence.

Away in the rear of the great church, under the broad gallery, she sat, a timid, shrinking girl. Her heart throbbed with the music, but she was too bashful to join it. She was afraid some one would hear, and stare at her. A tall stranger, bearded and virile, took the seat in front of her and caught up the song. He saw not the little maidens and dreamed not that her eyes were upon him, but she took heart as she listened, and under the shelter of his rich, powerful bass the childish throat rang out, and the childish eyes grew light with joy. God bless the strong, brave men and women who stand for righteousness and truth and purity. It is easier for the rest of us to be true to high ideals in their presence. Their lives inspire and enrich the lives of thousands of others. Let us strong singers of the psalm of life. Little children are beside us, and trembling men and women, in whom the Spirit is indeed willing, but the flesh weak. Let the song ring out, my brave and under this lady's ministration the weak and timid shall take heart from you.

Standing Just Outside.

I am persuaded that some of the most genial, unsullied and conscientious of men stand on the outskirts of our churches, and should be lovingly invited in to a warm, cozy seat by our preside. The reason is not that God hath noted the weak and timid shall take heart from you.

To the Christ-filled life belongs the power to appreciate other lives. A certain sacred reverence for other lives was a mark of Christ, and it is a mark of those who are lifted to his level on the tide of his indwelling fullness. Such are the pessimists nor scorners of souls. To them, compelled as others are to face the stark facts of human weakness, a heavenly voice seems ever saying to them, "If thou art cleansed, that call not thou common nor unclean."—Charles G. Butterfield.
Missions.

By O. U. Westruck, Cor. Secretary, Western, R. I.

Eld. F. F. Johnson reports that the good work of salvation is still going on at Stone Fort, Ill. There have been, already, nearly 150 conversions. Considerable interest is felt upon the Sabbath question. He and Eld. John Lewis have been requested to preach some sermons on the subject of the Sabbath. Some have already accepted the Sabbath and others are investigating the question. He writes that two recent converts to the Sabbath, one from the Baptist church at Stone Fort, Seventh-day Baptist church last Sunday night. Our church building is at the old town of Stone Fort, and is an old house, too small to accommodate the increasing congregations. Steps are being taken to build a better and larger meeting-house the coming summer. Our hearts are made to rejoice over the blessed work of grace in Stone Fort.

Evangelist E. B. Saunders closed his labors with the Second Hopkinson church Tuesday night, Feb. 22. There are several yet to be baptized. The spiritual quickening and strengthening which the church has received from the presence of our dear Eld. F. R. Johnson, to foster and complete the good work which has been going on there for several weeks. Mr. Saunders is now with the First Verona church and Pastor Sandell, continuing his revival efforts. May the Holy Spirit manifest himself there with great power.

Pastor L. C. Randolph, of the Chicago church, has been assisting Pastor T. J. Van Horn, of the Southampton church, West Halfock, Ill., in a series of meetings. For the first two weeks the weather was good and the sleighing fine. The attendance increased, the house was filled, people coming from quite a distance, and a good interest manifested. But by a thaw and the breaking up of the roots of Illinois mud is hard to be beaten, the meetings were stopped for awhile. They were resumed and we have not yet heard the outcome of them.

Evangelist D. W. Leath, who supplied the pulpit of the Chicago church while its pastor was conducting meetings at West Halfock, Ill., is now with Pastor D. B. Coon, of the Farina church, Ill., holding a series of meetings. He writes that he is preaching every evening, and they have a prayer-meeting in the afternoon of each day. Rain, snow and mud have diminished the attendance, yet the church has been revived; some have asked for prayers, and Christians have been taking great interest in the meetings. He had preached, at the last writing, ten times and the attendance was increasing. Bro. Leath is a convert to the Sabbath who came to us from the Southwest, and is an earnest and successful worker for the salvation of lost men. May the Lord greatly bless his labors at Farina.

As Samson was born of his great strength, so many a church of Christ is being born of its strength, spiritual power and life to-day by the efforts of its members. We live in an age of sharp criticism. Almost everybody is a critic. Even little boys and girls catch the spirit of criticism as they catch the measles, but never get over it. It grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength. It seems to be the rule for one to have great depth of mind, or a deep and broad culture to be a critic. American people have minds of their own, think they know almost everything, and are very free to express their opinions and views. Now in church work we are sharing the same soil. The critical spirit and ready criticism are manifest more in externals and appearances than in thought and substance. We have heard pastors criticize more as to dress, color of the carpet, way it was tied, the way they comb their hair, their voice, their gestures, some word used, or expressions they may have made, a grammatical error, grace or lack of grace in movement, in physique, in proprieties as the world count them, in shallows, etc., rather than the spirit of the man, purpose of heart, piety, consecration, thought, contents of the sermon, plan and purpose of it, the doctrine taught, the truth and its application, the good to be attained by their effort. Let congregations be largely composed of such people, and how much the spiritual thought, life and power will the church gain by their ministrations? What spiritual good will a preacher get from an excellent sermon, when he or she can remember and mention only some grammatical mistake, an ungrammatical or unidiomatic expression in the order of service? What spiritual inspiration or uplift can a preacher get who, with a critical ear or musical knowledge, notices only some discord, lack of execution, or some mistimed note rather than the spirit, language, lofty sentiment and actual praise and worship in the hymn, or anthem, or psalm? How much spiritual good will persons get from a prayer-meeting when one filled with the Holy Spirit and greatly moved by his power shall become too destructive, or too exact in voice, gesture or expression, to suit their critical taste or sense of propriety? An electrical shock is good sometimes for the body. Would it not be a good thing in some churches for the people so critical and proper to receive now and then a very manifest breaking over of critical lines? Do they not need such a shock or shaking as to bring them down from their high critical stilt, or awaken them from the spiritual lethargy in which a critical sense of propriety has put them? Something needs to be done to arouse them from the spiritual apathy, indifference or death which has been caused by a hypercritical spirit blinding them, as to their spiritual condition and preventing them from using the means of grace to their highest spiritual growth. There are many ways by which the personal Christian life, and the spiritual church life and power are weakened, or destroyed, and one of the most potent of them is a hypercritical spirit.

From Horace Stillman.

Trusting in the power of the gospel and leaning on the promises of God, I have committed much time to enquiring, and continually sought his aid in the work that I have undertaken in his name, and have had the consciousness of his help in the work that I have undertaken. At Woodville one precious soul, who has attended our meetings and has been much interested in our labors, in those in meetings and announced her purpose to give her heart to the Saviour, and she has since been faithful in testifying for the Master.

Much might be accomplished here if the people were only willing to let the law and the gospel go hand in hand, and were ready to say: "We will obey God rather than man, and would unite our labor for the salvation of souls."

We have had many precious seasons with God's people in this little church, and very satisfying results. Our services through the cold weather this winter, yet we hope on the renewal of our meetings that other precious seasons will be enjoyed and other souls brought into loving and abiding union with Christ.

And in the promises of God, let us go forward in his name, remembering the precious words of inspiration that "they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." The Nineteen church have made their thank-offering and the funds have been placed in the hands of the church treasurer.

Arbaway, R. I., Jan. 18, 1898.

From S. R. Wheeler.

The regular services of the church have been maintained during the quarter with commendable interest. The church is holding up the banner of the Ten Commandments and the banner of the cross. Our people's Endeavor Society was represented by two of our young men at the District Convention held at Great Falls, Col., in November. Also our Sabbath-school was represented in the Boulder County Sunday-school Association, held at Hygiene, Col., early in December. Both these places gave opportunities for people to learn about Seventh-day Baptist doctrines. These opportunities were improved and we believe some good will result.

As a church we attend to our denominational interests. The result of the proposition for each to give the income of a day's work seemed to us satisfactory. Nineteen dollars were sent to the Missionary Treasurer and twenty-six dollars to the Treasurer of the Tract Society. Twenty-eight and a half dollars was a very good sum for this people thus to contribute. Also the fund for our church organ was not forgotten, and the debt was nearly cancelled at the last church meeting. The amount for pastor's salary gives evidence that all the people are in earnest to sustain the cause here. It is, of course, pleasing to your missionary that the church should give a unanimous call for him to fill the pastorate, and subscribe so liberally for his support.

May the great Head of the church give abundant success to our labors during the year upon which we have now entered.

Boulder, Col., Jan. 10, 1898.

Correction.

In my paragraph last week on the Missionary Page of the Recorder, upon the subject of Simplicity in Divine Worship, two corrections should be made to obviate apparent misapprehensions. (1) I am made to say: "A service in its mode and form may be too simple and bold." "Bold" should be bald. (2) As a rule the sermon was not long, but probably largely so because it was made the chief and most important part of the service. "Not long," should be not too long.

There is left us

The motto of the Foresters until we stand
In the great freedom of eternity.

Forever and forever—firm we serve.

—F. R. Havergal.
WOMAN'S WORK.

"AS SEEMETH BEST." BY FRANK R. WHEELER.

As seemeth best to thy sight, So order, Lord, my way: My tears sped as though fades the light From out the darkness some day. Where boldness the dawn that tells thy face Of care-born wear the crease. Let thy hand, Lord, above it trace On "thou seemest best." Take thou my hand and Shepherd kind, I'll try on strong arm lean; Thus the path where waters wind Through pastures soft and green, Or, were it well, I feel where Death's valley shadowy rest, Thou hast comforted a shepherd's care; 'Til I, 'seemest best!' To children sorrows come and go Like gentle fall of rain; They scarce have known their little woe Else shine the sun again. A little child make me—more still, O Christ, like that thou blessed— That I may lead the present ill To-morrow—"seemest best."

But when I look Golgotha-ward, Wilt thou, and should I know! When see thee nigh the cruel hurdle, There with love aglow Thy thorn-wreathed brow shed bloody dew, And see the cry addressed: O Father, them forgive, they do not know! If God had heard as pleased the Son The bitter cup might pass, And thus the soul, love's scheme begun, What hope had we, alas! Help me to learn the lesson taught, God's love to rest; Thy ordered ways with love are fraught, And as, as seemeth, be.

JOY OF GIVING FOR CHRIST.

The Woman's Page in our excellent paper is one of great interest to me, and, may I add, through it I have received comfort and encouragement. It has always been a great trial that I had not money to contribute as largely as I desired to good causes. But long ago a text, "What is that in thine hand?" opened to my mind additional ways of Christian service. The enemy is ever trying to keep Christians idle by self-deprecating views of their inability for usefulness. Just have I had to learn repeatedly the lesson to be content to do little that I can do.

The story of "Mother's Memorial Dollar," which I ventured to send last year was with the earnest desire that it might stir up others to do more than was in my power, and it gave the instinct of consecrating a similar offering, and advising others to do likewise. And the recent reference of our editor to this plan was also encouraging. The Holy Spirit prompts such kind words of cheer which are needed by many.

No indeed. Not while constantly receiving God's free gifts will we "weep of this continual talk on giving." It was always surprising to hear how much the neglected church-letter sometimes made, that one cannot go to church without having a collection plate passed before them. It was with very different feelings that the Circular Letter of our Associational Secretaries of the Woman's Board was read, January 3 and 17, of our missionary, Mrs. Davis, for additional help in our work in China, in which she so kindly and faithfully discovers to us "the secret of indifference in regard to sending the gospel to those embraced in the darkness of heathenism." Terrible condition! What a measurably weight of meaning is conveyed in those deeply impressive words.

And her earnest prayer that the Holy Spirit would so fill our hearts that we would appreciate what the gospel is doing for us to the extent that we would regard this opportunity as a privilege, meets a hearty response. May her fervent plan be prayerfully re-read and practically heeded as a message from God.

If our heathen sisters could see the feeble interest indicated by the small attendance on Woman's Missionary meetings, would they not be surprised and saddened by so doubtless a want of our interest? May we double our diligence, and each, if possible, enlist others in the good work.

Do we realize that self-denial is the first principle of our Saviour's kingdom? O that all would prove by blessed experience the halLOWEDNESS of the practice of it brings. How every worldly consideration dwindles into insignificance in comparison with the momentous work Jesus has committed to us as his followers in being "laborers together with him" in trying to save a lost world.

Joy, love, embroidery, and all fabrics fine, Naturally captivate my mind: But there, though hands are fleeting, And by grace I know care. To help the spiritually destitute, share Roles of its infinite cost, transcendentally, fair: Which the redeemed shall in glory forever wear.

Humbly trusting, and humbly taxed to invent ways of spending time and strength in making, and money in buying, pleasing little gifts, and often extravagant ones, to adorn the luxurious homes already crowded with such gratifying attractions. Shall not the past suffice for such excess in that direction, and our means and immortal energies, entrusted to us for noblest use, be devoted to loving gifts and worldly deeds, expredive of our gratitude to the Friend above all others, who gave his heart, and through our efforts, many more.

AGNES F. BARBER.

NORWICH, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1888.

A LITTLE GIRL had been rummaging in her mother's trunk. There she found a "church-letter" which her mother had neglected to present to the church into whose neighborhood she had moved, with last falling tears, "I could not endure the misery of such a life longer. There was no peace or comfort in the home until I gave up my Sabbath." There are many devoted women who have lived through years of married life, keeping the Sabbath. Sometimes in towns where they could attend their own church, sometimes far away from those of their own faith. What this has cost in the division of mutual life and interest, what it has cost in heartache and self-sacrifice it is impossible to estimate. They have 'brought up their children with anxious hearts, only in many cases to see them drift away when they reached young manhood to hear nothing of the voice of the church.

A few months since I met a lady, a stranger, who asked me to what denomination I belonged. When I replied, "Seventh-day Baptist," she said, "I have met a few of your people. The mother of one of my daughters-in-law is a Seventh-day Baptist." I inquired the name, but it was quite unknown to me. Then I asked about the husband and children, and was not surprised to find that they all kept Sunday. Sadly I thought of the years of sorrow and loneliness through which this woman had lived.

Some years ago I knew a lovely Christian woman, who from childhood had been most loyal Sabbath-keeper. Her husband, a noble Christian man, had always kept Sunday. She had brought up a family of beautiful children, and as long as they were children had kept them in her church and Sabbath-school, and their father had never interfered in this training. It seemed that no two people, holding such different views, could ever get over their different lives more smoothly. This is what she said to me, "Oh, if the girls could only know the mistake they made in thus marrying, they would never do it," and she added, "If I were put back again to make the choice, dearly as I love John, and happy as we have been, I would never marry him, to keep one day while he kept another."

God gave us our lives, they belong to him. He gave his Son to die, to redeem and save us. Are we not taught, when with life we are bought, do not all our powers belong to him and his cause? There are few lives which at sometime are not reached by an influence stronger than that of parents, home or early training. How careful and prayerful should we be, that this influence do not come between us and our love for God, our obedience to him. Do we believe that the seventh day is his Sabbath, blessed and set apart by God, for his children? Have we any right then to treat it lightly, or to put it in any position where our influence in regard to this truth shall be weakened or lost?

Lael Clarke.

A LITTLE GIRL had been rummaging in her mother's trunk. There she found a "church-letter" which her mother had neglected to present to the church into whose neighborhood she had moved, with last falling tears, "I could not endure the misery of such a life longer. There was no peace or comfort in the home until I gave up my Sabbath." There are many devoted women who have lived through years of married life, keeping the Sabbath. Sometimes in towns where they could attend their own church, sometimes far away from those of their own faith. What this has cost in the division of mutual life and interest, what it has cost in heartache and self-sacrifice it is impossible to estimate. They have 'brought up their children with anxious hearts, only in many cases to see them drift away when they reached young manhood to hear nothing of the voice of the church.

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Lael Clarke.
STILL SEEKING NATIONAL SUNDAY LAW.

Sunday law which is virtually the closing of the Week's Fair at Chicago in 1893, through the action of Congress, and the equally notable failure of the "God-in-the-Constitution" joint resolution, the promoters of Sunday legislation have been persistent in effort to secure the national government to some form of Sunday law. They confess that state laws and municipal laws are weak and inoperative; that Sunday-desecration cannot be prevented by them. They aver that a national law would be more effective. Since the citizens of the District of Columbia, they seek to enter the wedge, under guise of a simple local law for that District, thus gaining a precedent for something of wider scope.

On the 16th of December, 1896, a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives. Action on the bill was not secured in the Fifty-fourth Congress, and the bill was brought up in the first session of the Fifty-fifth Congress, and on the 19th of March, 1897, it was referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia. Finally a bill was ordered, before a sub-committee of the District committee, for February 25, 1898. Representative Shannon, of New York, presided. The other members present were Sprague, of Massachusetts; Cowherd, of Maryland; and Peters, of Kansas. Apparently innocent character. General Birney and individual freedom to the pagan-born.

1898. Representative Shannon, of New York, presided. The other members present were Sprague, of Massachusetts; Cowherd, of Maryland; and Peters, of Kansas. Apparently innocent character. General Birney and individual freedom to the pagan-born.

The editor of the Recorder attended the hearing. The friends of the bill were conspicuous by their absence. Rev. W. F. Crafts used the greater part of the hour allotted to the cause of the bill, and the claim of the leaders of the National Labor organization, and knew that they did not favor the bill. The majority of Christians did not favor only a few of them enough to seek to force their views upon the people of Washington by law. Mr. Croffut indulged in a bit of sarcasm which was timely, saying, "Since God rested on Saturday, and commanded men so to do, therefore Mr. Crafts would have them work on Saturday, and would compel them by law to rest on Sunday. That may be good sectarian theology, but it is poor logic."

Rev. Geo. B. Wheeler, pastor of the Seventh-Day Adventist church and representative of the Religious Liberty Association, spoke against the bill, saying on a part in purposes if not in words, with the Sunday laws of Maryland, Arkansas, Tennessee and other states, under which his own people have been cruelly and unjustly persecuted within the last sixty years. He pointed out that the Wilson-Farrar bill was unequal to its use and weakness of this Act the person offending shall, for each of violation of this Act laid upon the corporation offending.

Mr. W. A. Croffut, a lawyer we believe, opposed the bill. He showed that the vast majority of the people were opposed to the bill. He had lately consulted the leaders of the National Labor organization and knew that they did not favor the bill. The majority of Christians did not favor only a few of them enough to seek to force their views upon the people of Washington by law. Mr. Croffut indulged in a bit of sarcasm which was timely, saying, "Since God rested on Saturday, and commanded men so to do, therefore Mr. Crafts would have them work on Saturday, and would compel them by law to rest on Sunday. That may be good sectarian theology, but it is poor logic."

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stently reprove a young child for making a noise, suppress his continual questioning, repress his bodily activity, and forbid him to learn by nature's method of experiment upon his surroundings. We not only deny him present injustice, but seriously hamper his growth, if we do not effectually dwarf it. Who can say how many of the unfortunate people whom we see about us, the infirm of health, the half-witted, the half-formed, are victims of the repressive and prohibitory system of training children? It's pitiful to see the well-meaning advocates of this negative sort of discipline persistently striving to check the exuberant vitality, the self-criticism, the self-directedness, the self-controlled will, while the really grave vices of childhood—those habits of body or mind which undermine character—spring up and flourish unmitigated and even fostered by the unconcerned.

Among the child traits which are distinctly good, however much they may infringe upon the conventional quiet of the grown-up world, are boisterousness, destructiveness, and persistency or obstinacy. Do not unnecessarily suppress noises, act, or words, unanswerable child; pray do not apologize for him— rejoice in his vigor and inventiveness and give it scope. If it manifests itself in inconvenient ways, that it is chiefly because you have not provided a suitable outlet. We cannot have too much energy, ingenuity, and force of will, provided we know how to use them; and I am not to be understood as arguing against wise guidance, necessary authority, or that sort of control over children which helps them to self-control. I should like to make two very important points of those of my own experience. I would give the children from babyhood, if possible, certain times and places and things of their very own—furniture meant for hard usage, clothes none too good on one as a Compensation for back pain, cotton for their nerves and to provide for hard usage, clothes none too good, which helps them in children is morbid curiosity. Let it be to try to teach them to respect the rights of other people, when quiet and order are absolutely demanded. Is it not possible that we ourselves might be more spontaneous—more natural! Let us get rid of something quite like simplicity and abandon, instead of making the children as constrained and as self-conscious as ourselves. Oh, for a little more fresh air, more fun and laughter in the lives of grown-up people, so that the shouts of happy children might no longer jar upon their ears and shatter their peace!

There is another set of habits characteristic of childhood at one stage or another, which I regard as neither good nor bad, but simply unavoidable, for the most part temporary and to be judiciously ignored. It is positively much more useful, and generally produces a positive injury to call particular attention to the awkwardness or heedlessness of a growing child. He can no more help stumbling, or carrying himself badly, or forgetting your frequent charges, or failing to learn his lessons, in certain periods of his development, while he can help losing his milk-teeth, and it would be as rational to scold him for one as for the other. Patience and watchfulness—these are of more value than many admonitions. He may be left to his own, to his own mistakes, in young children, which is nearly always due to physical causes, easily removable—such as too little fresh air, unsuitable food or insufficient sleep.

Many mothers make the mistake of appearing too much shocked by the chance repetition of a coarse word, innocently spoken, without the faintest comprehension of its meaning. We at once forbid our children as far as possible from hearing impure language, but, once heard and remembered, our notice and reproof only serve to fix it more firmly in the mind, and, it may be, to awaken the unconscious child to its possibilities of evil. Many, again, are greatly distressed by the habit of imaginative storytelling, and do the child a manifest injustice by punishing him for the relation of marvelous tales, which are the outcome of mental images so vivid to reality.

I will now ask you to consider that class of traits which are positively undesirable and hurtful, and I think you will find them rare in comparison with those innocent failings of childhood of which we have spoken. You will also find, if I am not mistaken, that the vices of childhood are unnatural, and generally the result of unintentional suggestion, or mistaken teaching on the part of older people. They may be to some extent hereditary. First among them I should place habitual lying; for the effect of a weak and cowardly, or a badly managed child, and correspondingly difficult to deal with. We cannot be too careful to discriminate between this variety of lying and the imaginative sort, or the occasional aberration of a candid nature, which is as promptly confessed.

Another trait that I greatly dislike to see in children is morbid curiosity about unchildlike things, which is often closely allied with precocious sex-consciousness. Children should be children—not disputatious men and women—and we can not do them a worse service than by arousing a premature sense of the difference between boys and girls, at an age when nature has not yet established a difference. Thoughtless parents sow the seed of the chief by talking much about childish ears, or vulgar teasing about bo and girl playmates, and then complacently shut their eyes to the inexcusable harm that may follow.

I fully expect to shock some mothers and Sabbath-school teachers, when I proceed to characterize an abnormal piety. Let us respect the limitations of nature. Of all infant preciosity, the most dangerous is moral and religious preciosity, since it is almost certain to dwarf that side of the nature for the whole life. There is a large reverence for the Unseen, a short code of duty appropriate to childhood. It was wise to preserve these if we can, and doubly wise to refrain from filling the child's mind with grotesquely inadequate conceptions of adult goodness, which render him an object of sincere pity to the mature and well-balanced Christian.—The Interior.

ONE OF LINCOLN'S KIND ACTS.

One summer morning shortly after the close of the Civil War, the not unusual sight in Washington of an old veteran hobbling along could have been seen on a shady path that led from the Executive Mansion to the War Department, and back, over the pale, sunken cheeks and vague far-away stare in his eyes betokened a short-lived existence. He halted a moment and then slowly approached a tall gentleman who was walking thoughtfully along. "Good morning, sir. I'm an old soldier and would like to ask your advice."

The gentleman turned, and smiled kindly, and said, "Is the poor old veteran to wait under a shady tree? There he listened to the man's story of how he fought for the Union, and was severely wounded, incapacitating him for other work in life, and begged directions how to turn his military pension into a civil pension, offering his papers for examination.

The gentleman looked over the papers and then took out a card and wrote directions on it, also a few words to the Pension Bureau, desiring that speedy attention be given to the applicant, and handed it to him.

The old soldier looked at it, and, with tears in his eyes, thanked the tall gentleman, who, with a sad look, bade him good-bye and hurried up the walk. Slowly the soldier read the card again, and then turned it over and read the name of the owner. More tears welled in his eyes when he knew whom he had addressed himself to, and his lips muttered: "I am glad I fought for him and the country, for he never forgets. God bless Abraham Lincoln!"

HER REAL NAME.

The practice of registering her name on marriage originated from a Roman custom, and came into use after the Roman occupation. Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, afterwards Julia of Pompey, Octavia of Cicero, and in later times women in most countries signed their names in the same way. But this rule of law has been changed in English-speaking countries, and so far back as Bracton, and it was decided in the case of Bon vs. Smith, in the reign of Richard II, that a woman who does not take the name of her husband, but continue to be known by her own, is entitled to be called by her former name and legally receives the name of her husband. The custom, however, is not universal. In Spain and Portugal, married women do not take the names of their husbands, but continue to be known by their own. In many parts of the United States a woman never relinquishes her maiden name, and is called by it as often as by that of her husband. Even in the United States of England one often finds married women called by their maiden name, and in country districts of Scotland it is sometimes found that both names are used. In parts of France and Belgium the husband's and wife's names are used together when either of them is used.—The Alliance.
Young People's Work

Young people remember:

"This world is wide
In time and tide,
And God is guide—
Then do not hurry.

That man is best
Who does his best,
And leaves the rest—
Then do not worry.

Read the above every time you think life is not long enough.

A moment is a link in the chain of time. Spend your best energy and thought in making that link what it ought to be.

C. E. looks nice upon the lapel of your coat; but written on the heart, it means more and looks better.

"Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfect ed." A dozen such in each church would give us Pentecostal churches.

"The glory of a young man is his strength," and if that strength is baptized into the new man, it becomes the glory of God. Our young men cannot only brighten their homes and those placed by having this glorified strength, but as "heaven is within you," heaven will be brighter for it.

What a privilege to recognize the relation of Sinai and Calvary; united in marriage by God himself: "Therefore what God hath joined together let no man put asunder." You will be stronger for adhering to principle and consequently be the children of this world without blemish "before the world was," the law and the gospel go hand in hand. Love to the law, and the Spirit will abide with you. Then, success.

A Two-Minute Sermon.

I know the lady; a fine character she is too, trying to do good in every way, and yet some one who worships (?) in the same congregation with her preached "the other gospel," by slipping an ugly valentine under her door. With tears she told me of it, for she is tender-hearted. When a poor woman laying dying of a loathsome disease in extremely hot weather, when it was not a delightful task to care for such a patient, I found this lady there. When another woman was stricken in great sorrow because of her husband's death, it was the presence of this young lady that brought sympathy and consolation into the bereaved heart. How hars h is the world in its judgments—and it may be that the world has crept into the church. Only a valentine—but also a dagger! Be careful, friend; it may be only a word, a look—yet it hurts. When the children of Israel wanted water and could not find any, they complained of what Moses had done. He went to the Lord and said, "They are almost ready to stone me." Moses was doing all possible for that great people, and yet they were almost ready to kill him.

Do not be worried or discouraged, young people, if all your efforts are not appreciated. God sees and God knows. The work of Jesus was not appreciated. "He came to his own and his own received him not." The evil valentine may be slipped under your door, but remember between its page and your eyes there shines the glorious words: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." The hidden names in the harbors of this world may blow us up, but we are only blown heavenward, and God will take care of us.

Spicy Sayings from the Ram's Horn.

There are now 51,578 Christian Endeavor Societies in the world with a membership of 3,000,000. It is stated that almost one hundred new Societies report each week to Secretary Base. Football, having killed at least three this year and maimed a multitude, has been outlawed in Georgia by the State University, the city of Atlanta and the State Legislature. Gov. Jones, of Arkansas, asks its legislature also to outlaw this uncivilized sport. The Washington Star calls it "The Game of Mankind.

It is not what we have, but what we do with what we have, that proves our fitness for promotion.

Who would refuse the offer of eternal life, if he could put a mortgage on it?

Under the pulpit is the best place for the church stove.

When doubt is in the pulpit, infidelity sits in the pew.

The congregation that does not gain, is on the wane.

A lie, like a note, must be met at last. It is only the cross we carry that turns to gold.

If the world is governed by fate, let us grinn and bear it; if by love, let us believe and share it.

Heaven's Compass.

There is only one way of abolishing ignorance, and that by knowledge.

To do away with vice, virtue must be enthroned.

If you wish to displace disease, it can only be done by the possession of health.

Darkness is easily dispelled when the light appears.

The above four statements may be termed the four points of the gospel compass. If, as Christian Endeavorers, we have our compass pointing any way, the kingdom of God will surely be within us, and every testimony will be worth its weight in gold,—yes more, its weight of influence on "dead men" all about us. "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God." Virtue is a priceless jewel; if you have it, cling to it as your life! If you are diseased, try to ascertain the real cause; repent, and come out into a renewed vigor.

Do you dwell in darkness? If so you may have a soul of God, but not according to knowledge! Jesus is the Light.

Convention Don'ts.

B. H. Clark, B. D.

Don't put in a half-dozen presiding officers at different sessions for the sake of recognizing all the officers. The president, if he is a good one, should usually preside. He knows the ropes. He can keep the convention on the right track better than a newcomer in the chair.

A half-dozen presiding officer can easily ruin a convention session.

Don't take up too much precious time in pleading for money. Cracking jokes to open pocket-books is wearisome and undignified. A collection at every session, with a long plea for money, is a nuisance. The city honored with the convention knows they will take care of convention expenses, and necessary money for state or county work (it is comparatively little) can be raised by voluntary pledges from societies.

Don't take the best evening hour to receive these pledges. When the great congregation is assembled, often largely from outside the ranks of delegates, they do not want half their time taken up in distributing blanks and collecting them, a work which might just as well be done when only Endeavorers are present.

Don't let a conceited, bumptious individual get up to instruct the pastors what they should do, and how they should vote, and then go on to criticize or patronize the church. If by mistake such a man gets on your program, see that he does not get there again.

Can We Do These Things?

Your eighteen-year-old boy may have a good deal of Latin and cube root, says an exchange, but unless he can do the things enumerated below he is not even ordinarily well equipped as a business man or as a man of the world. Can he do them?

Write a good, legible hand. 
Write a good, sensible letter.
Speak and write good English.

Draw an ordinary bank check.
Take it to the proper place in the bank to get it cashed.

Add a column of figures rapidly and accurately.
Make out an ordinary account.
Write an ordinary promissory note.
Measure a pile of lumber in your shed.

Spell all the words he knows how to use.

Write an advertisement for the local paper.
Make neat and correct entries in day-book and ledger.

Tell the number of bushels in your largest bin at current rates.

Tell something about the great authors.

Our Mirror.

Price List for C. E. Topics and Daily Reading Cards for 1898:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Price per Card</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100 cards</td>
<td>$.10 per card</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 cards</td>
<td>$.25 per card</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Postage prepaid.

This is a good place to see yourself. A mirror is not made just to glance at. No, it is made to look into; to see just how we look! Do you see yourself once in a while? The letters from you are interesting. Have you written lately? Or are you conspicuous by your absence?

The Verona, N. Y., churches are rejoicing over some good work done. Our Sabbath-schools are doing good work, and the Christian Endeavor Society in the First church is still working, trusting and praying. Three in our vicinity have recently embraced the Sabbath, all of whom, with one more, will be baptized soon and unite with the churches. And now Evangelist Saunders is with us; we expect God's blessing as he works so earnestly and faithfully among us. We are glad to give this bit of good news, and will say that we are pleased whenever anything of like import appears in this Mirror.
Children's Page.

A-FISHIN'.

Wanted we went a-fishin'—one
As my Pa an' Ma, all three—
When they was down by the road.
An' they was a-crick out there,
Where the fish was an' where
Little boys 'aint big an' strong
Better have their folks along.
My Pa he fished an' I fished
An' my Ma she said she wished
Me to go home; as 'I said,
I said he wished so wome's Ma.
Pa said if you talk, er say,
And as I went along, y'know,
Haint no fish, olive or dead
Ever go' to talk, he said.
Part right dark in town when we
Got back home; an' Ma says she
Now she'll have a fish for shore!
An' she bought one at the store.

Nen at supper, Pa he won't
Eat no fish, says he don't
Like catchin' he pounded me
When I choked—Ma, didn't he?

—James Whitecomb Riley.

LAURA'S LITTLE BOOK.

"Mamma," said Laura, "I wish I could make a whole world full of people happy, and every day to good deeds. I wouldn't care to leave a single day blank. Of course, I cannot give you an account of the whole year; but I will tell you about a few days here and there. Late in February there came a cold day when the snow was thawing, and the walks were all slushy, and the sky was gray and gloomy. It was nearly wee, and the day had been such an uncomfortable one that she was sure she had not a single entry to make in her little book; and, if the truth must be told, she felt sulky and given up to the weather.

Mamma was out, and her two brothers, Ralph and little Nenie, were working busily in the barn with tools and boards. She stood idly looking out of the window, where Theresa, one of the maids, came through the rooms with little Bernie.

"I am at my wits' end to know what to do," she said. "Bernie can't play out of doors, and I want to make a nice cake for supper.

Laura let then go through the room and shut the door. She did not feel one bit like entertaining Bernie. She thought of her little book, and went and called her. "Bernie, do you want sister to read to you?"

The delighted child came gladly; and among the pillows of the wide couch, curled up like kittens, they read, "Kittylee" until both forgot the weather, and when mamma came home, were laughing heartily. That night she put in her book, "Took care of Bernie, and made Theresa happy, and her too."

Toward the end of the year the spaces in the little book grew too small to write down all that she did. So she had to write, "Made four people happy to-day," and just add the names; for she had learned to look for chances, and she found they were everywhere. But one thing she learned that she had never before noticed; she began to be so happy that she felt all the time that one ever noticed it; for she found that every time she made any one else happy, she made herself happy too.

"Mamma," she said, when the year had gone by, and she laid the little book in her hands with not a single empty day in it. "I am glad I could fill my little book, but I think I was the happiest one of all.—T. P. Du Bois, in Christian Work."

QUITE A SPELL.

There is a farmer who is YV enough to take his EE.
And his friend Mr. Smith, II.
And think of what he CC, he
He bears the clatter of the JJ
As each other TT, and
And sees that when a tree DICK
It makes a sound for III.
A yoke of oxen he will GU
With many hows and GG,
And their mistakes he will XIQD
Both when glowing for his HE.
Little boys, but much he sells.
And when he has his III by spells.
He also sells his house.

—Selected.

PLAYING FOR SAFETY.—"I guess said Maud, thoughtfully, "that I won't play anything but classical music hereafter." "But a great many people play it," replied Mandy. "I know it, but they have to say it's good, because they don't know whether I make mistakes or not." —Washington Star.

FAMILY CARES.

By Edgar Wade Abbot.

I am just as tired as I can be!
To wash and iron every day and bake
And care for six in the family
Is enough to do; for one's own sake!

There's Isabell Maud, she's eight week's old,
I don't know what she's crying about!
But there! it is n't worth while to cry.
She's getting her teeth, I have no doubt.

Algernon Alfred; you just sit still:
That boy's so full of fire.
But chin has really been quite ill
With a sort of intermittent mumps.

They've all had the measles and coughing-coughs!
And Sarah Ellen, the blue-eyed one,
She pulled Berniphina's leg right off!
And told me she did it for fun.

That Berniphina's a dreadful care;
She's faded herself out of her carriage wheel,
And broke two benders. It's hard to bear.
When you try to keep your children nice.

Angleon had the scarlet crop,
And half of her sawdust came right out.
I'm feeling her cracker and water soup,
And I'm sure she'll be strong and stout.

Children is worries, but still I guess
They're kind of comforts, when all is said.
Come, darlings, it's time now toundry
And each one to go to your little bed.

Outlook.

HOW GRANDPA BOILED THE EGGS.

"It is half past eleven," said grandpa; "and the mason will not have the chimney fixed before three o'clock."

"Then I suppose we must get along with a cold lunch," said grandma.

"Well," said grandpa, after a moment,

"perhaps I can boil some eggs. I will try it.

"But isn't it too windy to build a fire out of doors?" asked grandma.

"I shall not need a fire," said grandpa.

"That sounds like a joke," said Edith.

"So joke at all," said grandpa. "Come out and see. And bring the eggs," he added, "and a can with a tight cover."

When, a few minutes after, grandpa and Edith went out in the back yard, grandpa was putting some fresh lime into the cauldron, and said:

"Well, we'll see if I can melt some eggs."

"Go!" cried Edith, when in a very short time it began to bubble and steam as if a hot fire were burning under the pail. And "Oh!" cried she, a great deal louder, when a white, creamy mass came pouring over the top and down the sides of the pail.

It did not last long. In six minutes the bubbling had almost stopped. So grandpa took a long iron dipper and gently lifted out the can, all coated with the lime.

He rinsed it off, then opened it, and took out the nice white eggs; and, when they broke them at lunch, they found them cooked exactly right.—Youth's Companion.

"It is true that I can't sing well," said the cat that had just swallowed the canary, "but I have a good deal of music in me, all the same."
A GREAT RELIGIOUS REVIVAL

Protestants must at present suppose, that they have a monopoly of the method of meetings commonly called "evangelistic" or "revival." The same kind of influences are systematically used by the Roman Catholics, only with them they are called "missions." One of the most striking instances of this was known in New York began on Sunday, January 9, and continued without interruption for five weeks, at the church of the Paulist Fathers. Great crowds were attracted, not only from Manhattan Island, but also from Brooklyn and neighboring places. The last week of the mission was intended to reach non-Catholics, and for seven days and nights the Fathers directed their efforts toward Protestants. In the report of a sermon by Father Elliott we see it stated that during the five weeks more than thirteen thousand persons received the communion. The same report also states that about one hundred converts among non-Catholics were made during the mission. It is said also that about eight hundred who had been in the mission had married women. The visit of the two,7th. Paulist Fathers was so encouraging that in so many ways multitudes of people are interested in the subject of personal religion. Cooper was waxed a member of the Episcopal Church, and the Church of the Paulist Fathers with still another. They not only instructed in the Church and in the profession of the Creed, but also rejoiced in those who are conducted by Mr. Moody and Mr. Meyer. — The Outlook.
Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1898.

LESSON XII.—John the Baptist Beheaded.

SATURDAY, March 19, 1898.

INTRODUCTORY.

The teaching by parables as recorded in chapter 18, ends with verse 32 of that chapter. According to Mark and Luke Jesus then crossed the lake to Gadara, where the demons had been healed, etc., returned to Galilee, attended the feast at Levi's house, healed two blind men and put a dunce of a comic on the heads of the doctors. At the call of Jesus the visit to Nazareth and Jesus' rejection by his countrymen, are recorded in Matt. 13: 54-58. According to the authorities on the twelfth of the month and a further tour of Jesus in Galilee followed. It was sometime in these travels and labors of Jesus and his disciples, that the writer in the course of the wonderful reports which were being circulated, and to wonder what it could all mean. Here the lesson begins.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. Golly Condemnation, v. 12. At that time. A general parable. In this case meaning while Jesus was traveling about Galilee. Tertullian, Greek, ruler of a four-pair. Then a ruler of any part of a country. He referred to the name of Jesus. Spending much time at Markbuss, away from the scenes of Jesus' ministry, and being occupied with other matters, Herod did not hear much about Jesus. Probably because he had less attention to the situation in which he found himself, or into which he had put himself, weighed more with the weak king than his sense of duty, honesty, and humanity, and his sake, and they said that sat at meat with him, he granted the request. His head was brought. Apparently while the banquet was still in progress. The writer, and gave it to the dame, . . . to her mother. The ghastliness of these details is a vivid commentary upon the desperate character of this most dangerous and cruel enemy in the wicked, jeelel, the wife of his king. 1 Kings 19, 12. John the Baptist found his home in Herodias.

2. A Teacher Act. 12. His disciples. John's disciples. Took up the body. This seems to imply that the crowd, after the death of the body was thrown out of the castle to be devoured by the dogs or birds of prey. After the burial of their leader and teacher—what? They went and told Jesus. This indicates a drawing of John's disciples to the subject of his death. With the same kind of sympathy for the sad and sorrowing. They knew also something about the relation of John to Jesus, and rightly guessed that in their sorrow they would find a friend and comforter in Jesus. The tenderness of these disciples toward the mangled body of their beloved teacher, and their confident pouring out of their grief in the ears of the loving, sympathizing Jesus, is the one bright spot in this tragedy. And most beautifully it sets the gentle, sweet spirit of the children of the kingdom in contrast to the dark, cruel, and voluptuous spirit of the children of this world. “In this the children of God manifest themselves, and they who are not of God.” 1 John 3, 10-11. And the child of God may say with David, “Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation; and thy right hand hath held me up under the shield of thy salvation.” Ps. 5, 15.

SPEECH OF THE CONTRIBUTION BOX.

An agent had addressed the congregation, a contribution had been taken, and the pastor was about to pronounce the benediction, when all were startled by a voice from the Contribution Box, which the deacon had just placed on the table.

“Wait a moment, good friends, and give me a chance to speak. I have long had something on my mind, and must unburden myself. The truth is, I am much abused. Sometimes for weeks together I am allowed and treated at all in innocence and naivete, through prayers and alms should come up together for a memorial before God. But I am trucked away out of sight, where I get only dust and cobwebs. We will go over my grievances, when I am allowed to come around from pew to pew in aid of your devotions. I always come with a heart full of good-will, ready to confer on you all the great blessing of giving. Yet, oh, what treatment! I don't man now the trick of getting old buttons for pennies. I can put up with their mischief, especially as I never get so full but that I can carry a few buttons extra.

“But I do mean you, for one, Mr. Blind.

Why do you never see me when I come? Your face is turned toward the orchestra, or you are hunting for something in the hymn book, or your head is down, as though you had just then an extra touch of devotion. If it had, the goodness by accident, you would have been the answer. But you carried out right away after the benediction. How much of the benediction did you carry home? You're rightly named Blind, for none are so blind as those who won't see.” (Mr. Blind here put his head down out of sight.)

“And what were you doing last night, Mr. Kiptight, after your clerks left the store? Why did you look over the money drawer for that counterfeit bill, in anticipation of the collection to-day? You thought nobody would know who put it in. But I say you, and I'm not bound to keep your secret. I wonder if you think God doesn't know counterfeit money and counterfeit charity too. I shall give your bill to the church—more for your nest. That's all its good for. No, say; I'll keep it as a witness when God shall put you on trial for passing counterfeit money.” (Mr. Kiptight turned very pale when the box spoke of a ‘trial.’)

“Closest, you put this in your bill. You know it's good, and put it in the bank. Don't tell me it was accidental. You have done the same thing before, and it isn't for want of whole ones, either. You had better go home and read what Rev. Dr. Malachias says about his discourses, about the man who brought that which was 'torn' as an offering to the Lord.

“Have you lost your large pocketbook, Brother Prudence?” (Prudence claps his hands suddenly on his pocket.) “Don't be alarmed. You left it at home. You brought only a little wallet, for far, as you said, that your feelings would get the better of your judgment. You needn't be so prudent. Your benevolent feelings are the last things to get beyond your control.”

“Sure turn next?” whispered the excited crowd.

“Lovely! why did you distinctly feel for your cigar case first when I came? Confess the truth, now, that you have spent more for cigars than these last three months, and you have contributed during the whole year.

“Where's Densas, Jr.? O! he isn't here to-day. He is generally missing when a collection is expected. His father, I remember, foresaw Paul for love of the world.

“Drop that rich roll over your face, Mrs. Display. You'll need it to hide your blushes, while I tell the congregation that you have not given me so much this year as you have paid out for those ear-rings and that point of side-braid; if you have been thinking about buying a $500 diamond ring. And you profess to love the Saviour, and the heathen who are perishing for want of his gospel?

“What now shall be said to you, the richest man in the whole society, a member of the church, a teacher in the Sunday-school, a regular attendant at the prayer-meeting? I see I don't need to name you.” (Dr. Penurious is hITCHING vigorously in his pew in the next seat.)

“You have much to say of sound doctrine and liberality, and consecration to Christ. But whenever you are asked to give, you always say, 'I have too many calls, too many calls.' Yes, but they get no answers. If you answered...
any of them liberal, I could excuse you. To-day, you have given me one dollar, when fifteen dollars would have covered your share. You have a 'call' to study that book which says, 'Covetousness is idolatry.' And soon you'll have another 'call' which you must answer, to leave those money-bags, and go and settle accounts with those men, for you have them all. (The perspiration starts out on the doctor's face; he wipes it vigorously, but has nothing to say.)

"Now I have something for you all to hear. When, at the end of last year, you foreclosed the properties of the church, it, said the Rev. W. S. M., at a fair sale, there was a quarter, too, that dropped most lovingly from little fingers that had made themselves weary in earning it. Ah! dear Mary, weshall want you for a missionary by and by."

"By my good people, the [turning toward the pulpit] often mortify me. They are--don't give facts--don't feel the facts they do give, or affect to feel them so much they whine and disgust folks. Or they don't know when to stop--talk an hour or more, when forty minutes would open purses wider. I've seen many an X at forty minutes changed for a V at fifty, and for an I at sixty."

"The pastor is sometimes too timid, and instead of seconding the agent's appeal with all his eloquence, will say that he hopes the people for their love and favor. Many houses, have a little left for this good cause, when the truth is, few of them have denied themselves a pin for their contributions."

"I have one secret more to tell. I am some thing more than I seem to be. You think me just another box—a convenience for gathering up your donations. Know, then, that a messenger from your Saviour is here. Yes, I represent His pierced hand outstretched toward you, and your returns to me are registered as an index of your love for Him. And if you want me to go to pew, I gather something more than money. These tales of your secret history, and a thousand others, are all put on record, and will be read 'in that day before the great congregation.'"

The voice ceased, and the good pastor, in tones trembling with emotion, said: "Let us all pray for pardon before the benediction."--Advance.

Any life is endurable which may be regarded as a life of service. To live in sorrow, poverty or undeserved reproach for love's sake is not only endurable, it may be enjoyable; and that which will be intolerable to selfishness is easy to self-denial. The springs of enjoy ment are within the soul, and freedom at all ever levels they may flow across and whatever steps they may descend. It is more blessed to give than to receive indeed, for what capacity for happiness would that soul have which is incapable of giving or restrained the wish and thought?

White spots upon tarnished furniture will disappear if a hot plate be held over them.

**Popular Science.**

**BY H. H. BAKER.**

To Preserve Wood Posts.

It would be a great saving of expense in material and labor, if that portion of a post for fence, or other purposes, that is surrounded with earth, could be protected from decay, faster than that above. This can be done to a very great extent by proceeding upon scientific principles. All leaf-bearing trees are provided with capillary pores, or ducts, by which the sap runs from the roots to the highest and outermost branches, even though they are an hundred feet. The post to be preserved should be placed in the ground in a reversed position from what it grew, that the ducts or pores may be reversed, that water may not ascend to perpetuate dampness. In other words, the post should be set with the top downward. As wood generally decays more rapidly at or near the surface of the ground, various devices have been tried to prevent decay.

The state of New York, some years since, established a system of mife-posts, from Albany to Plattsburg, and on to the Canada line. They bored a two-inch hole over half way through the post, at the surface, and tamped it full with the sublimate of soda, securing it with a wood plug driven in snugly. This have proved somewhat of a preventative, but we think they had used crude potassium carbonate, it would have been far more effective. Some have charred the outside below the surface, but this is such a cure as no use, unless the wood is put top downward, as the capillary attraction will continue the ascent of the fluid and promote the decay, even shortening its existence.

Any one building a fence and desiring to have the posts remain firm as long as they live, should obtain a drain-pipe and fit the bottom of the post so that the top pipe will slip on it, then fill around the post with coal-tar and sand, but if coal-tar is not at hand, use cement and sand, covering the bottom over solid and filling full to the top of pipe. In setting have the top of the pipe come a little above the level of the ground. You will then, at a trifling extra expense have a post firmly set, no matter what the soil will remain firm for years and years. Try it. It will sustain Popular Science, and become popular.

Is There Heat in Planetary Space?

M. Fourier, a celebrated French mathematician, advanced the theory that if our globe did not receive heat from any other source besides its own internal heat, and that from the sun, the loss would be so great during the night, and that no living being could exist. Fourier advocated the theory that more or less heat pervades all planetary space, and however low the temperature might be, it operated as a physical cause to moderate the temperature at the surface of the earth, and thus produced an independent heat from either the internal or that emanating from the sun itself.

In so far as our research or information extends, we are unable to verify the above theory. The only source of heat that we can conceive would be that of friction, and that instead of filling planetary space, would be limited to the extent of our atmosphere, and would be too feeble to modify temperature to any perceptible extent.

Within the Arctic Circle the earth is frozen to a great depth, and not infrequently the summer heat is sufficient to bring forth swarms of mosquitoes, yet the long winter nights far overshadow its intense qualities. The deep bore of wells that is being prosecuted in several places, especially the one in Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania, to determine the grade of heat that is constantly being thrown off from the molten mass composing the inner portion of our globe, will, we think, approximately determine how much we are indebted to that source for the growth of vegetation, as well as our comfort; and, by the same means, determine the true thickness of the crust that is supposed to surround the earth.

We await, patientiy, the forthcoming of the Atlantic sea-board report, as in our opinion, that from South Carolina to Maine, the crust is less than medium thickness, from the fact that volcanic action can be traced the entire distance. We are inclined to admit that isothermal lines are good evidence, and show the inequality of this thickness by not only the temperature, but by the heat upon vegetation.

**Special Notices.**

North-West Tract Depository.

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

The Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N. Y., will meet the Sabbath in each month, at 2 P. M., at the residence of Dr. C. S. Maxson, 22 Grant Street. Sabbath-keepers in the city and adjacent villages, and others visiting Utica are cordially invited to attend these services. Pastor's address. Rev. L. C. Randolph, 6126 Ingleside Ave.

**Charles D. Cook, Church Clerk.**

The Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist church holds regular Sabbath services in the Welsh Baptist chapel, East Thirteenth Street, London, E. C., a few steps from the Broad-station. Services at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Pastor, the Rev. William C. Duhed: address, I, Maryland Road, Wood Green, London, N. England, Sabbath-keepers and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

**The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornesville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corners 23rd and Avenue streets, at 2.30 P.M. Sabbath-school following preaching service. A general invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city during the Sabbath. M. B. KELLY, Pastor.**

**The Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds services in the Boys' Room of the Y. M. C. A. Building, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. The preaching service is at 11.30 A.M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services. Geo. L. SAWYER, Pastor.**

461 West 155th Street.

**The Quarterly Meeting of the Hebron, Hebros Centre, Single House and Main Settlement churches is to be held at the Hebron Centre on the ascending Sixth-day evening of March 11, and continue through Sabbath and First-day, March 12 and 13. The restricted meeting will be conducted by James Burnes. It will be in progress two weeks previous to that time. Several Bibles are expected to be sold in the meetings, among whom are Elds. J. G. Bardin, R. S. Powell, O. G. Powly, and others extended to all.**--F. A. W. COOK, Clerk.

Beware of Ointments for Cataract that contain Mercury, as mercury will destroy the sense of smell and completely destroy the whole state of health. Experiments have been made upon the mucous surfaces. Such substances should never be used to cause the swelling of the mucous membranes, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can produce. Mercury can be injured, and mercury is the best medicine for the mucous surfaces. In Europe Hall's Cataract Cure is sure you get the genuine. It is equally good and may be obtained in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
MARRIAGES.

Exmore--Gardner--At the home of the groom, Henry Provine, February 16, 1898, by Pastor M. B. Kelly, Albert Dobson and Erma F. Sparling, both of Alfred Station, N. Y.

Her--Lowndes--At Quiet Dell, W. Va., February 17, 1898, by Rev. M. G. Stillman, Mr. Geo. T. Huff, of Jarvisville, N. Y., and Miss Ella A. Longinette, both of Quiet Dell.

St. Clare--Whitehall—At Quiet Dell, W. Va., February 28, 1898, by Rev. M. G. Stillman, Mr. Geo. T. Huff, and Miss Selina Whitehall, both of Quiet Dell.

DEATHS.

Sauvill's obituary notice contains two errors of charge. The speed of the fiftieth was at the rate of ten cents per line for all like.

Merk--At her home in Salem, W. Va., February 25, 1898, of injuries received in a railroad train. Mrs. Lucetta Meeks, in her seventeenth year.

Sister Meeks was the eldest of six children born to Amasiah and Mariah Davis. At the age of fifteen she was converted, under the preaching of D. Davis, and united with the Middle Island church. Later she was transferred to Greenbrier, and from that church she moved to Kentucky, December 13, 1878, was married to Alfred Meeks. To them were born three children, two boys and three girls, besides the sorrowing husband and children, who mourn her sudden departure. Services were conducted in the church, February 26, by Rev. G. A. Gardiner. T. L. Gardiner.

Chandall--In Losville, N. Y., February 24, 1898, Mrs. Esther Stillman Chandall, aged 81 years, 11 months and 12 days.

She was born in Petersburg, N. Y., March 24, 1817, and when she was 16 was married to Mr. E. A. Chandler, who, with her father, was a member of the Quaker family of the constituent members of the Seventh-day Baptist church, of which a faithful and consistent Christian, devoting her strength and time to the care of her aged parents in their last days. The funeral services were held in the Seventh-day Baptist church in the afternoon of Feb. 27, Rev. D. D. Dean, of Losville, conducting the service, speaking, at her own request, from 2 Tim. 4: 7: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." The words were well adapted to the faithful life she lived.

Chandall--At Friendship, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1898, Bess P. Chandall, in his eighty-second year.

The deceased was born at Brookfield, Madison County, N. Y., but went with his parents to Alfred when one year old. When three years old his parents moved to Friendship, where he lived till death. In 1850 he was baptized by Eld James Davis, and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church, of which he was a member sixty-eight years. He married Miss Sophia T. Spicer in 1858, who was born in 1832, and who died twelve years ago. To them were born a son and a daughter, both now living. Rev. Chandall loved the services in which he was engaged and when he was unwell was unable to attend them regularly. He had the longest standing membership of any in our church.

Hudson--At N. Y., February 25, 1898, Mrs. Coraella A. Hubbell, in her sixty-second year.

She was the daughter of Alonso and Abby Coon, and was born in the town of Friendsville, N. Y. Her parents moved to Milton, Wis., when she was seven years old and a few years later to Utica, Wis., where, at the age of sixteen, she was baptized by Eld. Uriel Campbell, and united with the Utica Seventh-day Baptist church. In 1885 she moved by membership to the Dakota, Wis., church, and in 1881, she with her parents, returned to N. Y. In 1886 she was married to Dan. Charles Hubbell, of Dodge, Minn., and there remained a faithful husband and Christian, a loving wife and mother, and will be greatly missed. She leaves a mother, two sisters, and three brothers, besides the sorrowing husband and children, who have lost their beloved and kind sister.

She was born in the town of Plainsfield, N. Y., September 2, 1813, and was the daughter of Sewell and Nancy Spalding. She passed the first seventeen years of her life in the vicinity of her native place, changing her residence in 1882, to find a home with her brother, Rev. Geo. M. Spalding, in Milton Junction, Wis., where she has since resided. When about sixteen years old she professed her faith in Christ, and united with the Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist church, where she remained a member until she removed to Wisconsin, when she united with the church at Miltont Junction, Wis., was a worthy and consistent Christian. The funeral services, on February 12, were conducted by her pastor, Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, assisted by President W. C. Whitford, of Milton College, and Rev. S. H. Babcock, of Milton.

S. B. D.

S. B. D.

S. B. D.

S. B. D.
Early in March brings from the well-stocked plants such as chrysanthemums and hardy woody, shrubby plants. Give them but little water until they start growth. Increase the supply gradually as development goes forward.

The new bed will need cutting back, but do not do this until they "break" and show where the new branches are to be. Then go over them and cut out all weak growth, and shorten all old branches that are in the form of the pot. By doing this you secure strong new growth, and the plants will renewed each season.

Replant the plants as soon as they are under headway, if possible, as this work can be done to better advantage now than later. If you cannot do this now, give a weekly application of some good fertilizer. Shovel the foliage daily, and keep the soil moist at all times.

Chrysanthemums will begin to throw up shoots as soon as they come to the light. Select the strongest and cut these and place them away from the old plants with some roots attached. Put them in small pots. Aim to get them well established before rapid growth is encouraged. By so doing you lay a foundation for future excellence. Chrysanthemums forced while young seldom make good plants.

Hydrangeas should not be pruned any in spring, as that would interfere with the season's crop. As soon as growth sets in see that the plant gets all the water it can make use of, and give a fertilizer liberally to encourage the development of the buds.—Harper's Bazaar.

JAMES BAIN'S HEROISM.

James Bain, chief engineer of the Unkrächer steamer, "State of Florida," not only risked his life, but deliberately sacrificed it, to save a woman. The disaster was most miserable. The steamer collided with a bark in midstream, and both vessels sank almost immediately. Only two women were saved from the bark, and only a handful of passengers and part of the ship's company from the steamer. Bain was safely in one of the life-boats, which was cast aside, as there were as many people in it as it could hold. At that moment he saw a woman at the steamer's rail, dazed to move. The steamer's deck was almost level with the water. Bain placed a couple of his life-places in the boat, placed on to the steamer's deck, lifted the woman over the side, placed her on the seat he had occupied, cast off the boat, and went down with the steamer.

—Century.