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**MY PEACE I GIVE TO YOU.**

BY JAMES H. TAYLOR.

Two painters strove to represent
The peace that Christ would fain bestow
On all his friends—profound content,
In storm or calm, come weal or woe.

His concept each should close conceal
Until, complete his symbol gleamed,
In silence striving to reveal
The peace Christ taught—the peace he seemed.

The brush of one touched soft a lake,
Land-locked and sheltered well from blast
That roughs a surface, or could make
A bosom toss, or strain a mast.

The other on the canvas threw
A thundering water-fall, with threat
To all near by, and spray that few
Could brook when eye the dashing met.

But, from a niche in rocky shore,
A birch had sprung, nor sought release;
A thrush's nest clung, safe midst roar,
While brooding bird—embodied Peace.

*—The Advance.*

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BABCOCK BUILDING  
PLAINFIELD N J
**THE SABBATH RECORDER.**

A. B. LEWIS, D. D., 
J. P. MOSELER. 
Assistant Business Manager.

Entered at Columbus, Ohio, as second-class matter at the Plainfield, N. J., Post Office.

The excessive cold weather, and the snow blizzard, which swept over the United States between the 12th and the 16th of February, gave New Jersey a full share of unprecedented experiences by way of suffering and trouble. Incoming vessels, both coast-wise and transatlantic, were laid up for their part of the disaster. The universal delay of the mails brought to our table several communications too late for the present issue; these will appear next week. Nearly two feet of snow and the thermometer 0 to 10 below zero gave Plainfield and the Recorder office experiences hitherto unknown.

Those persons who find little interest in reading the Gospels ought to ponder the meaning of the following beautiful stanza from J. G. Holland's poem, "Daniel Gray." I knew him well; in truth, none knew him better, save myself of old. True, none but read for him the word, And saw how meekly from the crystal letter Slid down the feet of the all-honored Lord.

Blessed is indeed that soul which sees the Life of Christ written in crystal letters of truth, radiant with light and beauty. Blessed is he who, finding Christ as the water of life, drinks eagerly and often at the fountain sin, and with his fingers may come to yours. If you do not find delight in the gospel story, go learn a lesson from Daniel Gray.

We have always considered it a specific misfortune that although we have spent a goodly number of weeks in London, at different times, these visits have been at the time of year when Dr. Joseph Parker was absent on vacation. He is without question the greatest non-conformist preacher in England. In many respects Spurgeon sinks to mediocrity when compared with him. He has lately completed his fiftieth year of service as pastor of the City Temple, London. That he has sustained himself so long and made a place as a centre of religious thought in London, shows his richness and power. He is said to have described his own experience as follows: "I recall with vividness three periods in my evolution as a preacher: 1. The period when I reviled in climaxes and in general verbal thunder, a very young experience. 2. The period when I began to think more of the things I said than of the way of saying them; a distinct advance. 3. The period when I clearly saw that I have not to invent a gospel, but to preach one; the greatest advance of all."

We commend these words of Dr. Parker to all younger men in the ministry. They contain the germs of true success in the sight of God and with men. Hasten through the first experience named; or, better still, take warning and avoid it altogether. Make the most of yourself and your opportunities in the second and third stages described by Dr. Parker. You may not be able to hear him, but he has several books of value which it pays to peruse. We will mention one entitled, "Hidden Springs." You can become acquainted with him through his books, if not by personal intercourse.

Read this paragraph. Then get your Bible and read "What the Spirit saith unto the churches," Rev. 2 and 3. Read especially Rev. 2: 2. In place of the word "Sardis," write the name of the church to which you belong. Since the church to which you belong is only a company of individuals of whom the world is not aware, the second verse of Rev. 2 has special application to you. Search all the messages to the seven churches to find what the Spirit of the living God may justly say to you and the church of which you are a member. No matter how other churches seek to minister to the members of your own church, until you have found the message or the messages which the Spirit has for you. Turn the light of these messages on to your church and yourself along the line of denominational and Sabbath Reform work. Does the Spirit say to you, "I have not found thy works perfect, before God?" or, "I will come upon thee as a thief?" etc. or, I would thou wert cold or hot?" He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto his church and unto himself.

Circumstances have brought many inquiries to us during the last twelve months. A number of Church Associations and ministers of churches, as well as the prophets of the press, office to say, "Tell us where we can get a pastor." In nearly every case, as the conversation goes on, people say, "We want a man who will be genial and sociable; one who will be much among the people." Pastors, and other people who would be pastors, this question put in one form or another, ought to be of great value to you. Types of so-called "pastoral work" which were once in vogue have been superseded by Sabbath-school and Christian Endeavor work. But it remains true, that the strength of a pastor can lie through the sympathies of the people—all the people. Pulpit ministrations are of great importance; but they may be faultless and yet leave wide gaps between the preacher and the people. The bonds of sympathy in common things and common experience are the ones that hold. Judging from what those seeking for pastors say to us, the lack of common sympathy is the greatest lack between pastors and people. This theme is too large to be treated fully here. But this glimpse of what people say about pastors ought to be of value to your readers.

**Sympathy cannot be stimulated successfully.** Those seeking it by spiritual insight may not be content with the actual feelings of the hearts they seek. One may put on forms of sympathy, and be as chilling in fact as the blizzard-struck night is outside, while we write. It is refined misery to shake hands with an unsympathetic man. His dignity may be faultless and the strength of his fingers may come to yours gracefully, but the touch is disappointment. Why? The chill of repulsion or of indifference is in his heart. Sympathy is not the product of manners or methods or words. It is a blood-rush, a heart-throb, a life-touch, a common experience. It is not supposed to come by any well-chosen words. Sympathy is often silent. That is a master stroke of psychological science as well as of literary art which appears in the 12th verse of the second chapter of Job. Read it. Pastors, get close to your people. Join in their joys, share their sorrows; their life without care under their burdens to help lift them. Stand, silent if need be, close to them in the darkness of grief. When you go from them let it be said, Send us a man who can come into our lives as he did whose going we mourn.

**Uriah Xenixis Buttsie, D. D.,** is the name under which a correspondent of the Advance writes. In the issue of that paper for Feb. 9, 1899, he has a paper on the "Fascinations of Literature," which we print on another page. Because we are sure that all our readers will enjoy reading it for the sake of applying it to some one whom they know or have heard of. It is one of those papers which can be fitted to your neighbors as easily as ready-made dresses or a pattern. Read it. It is somewhat long, but it contains material enough to last a long time in making pictures about folks you know.

The theatrical people of Chicago have secured the introduction of a bill in the Legislature of Illinois, prohibiting all "paid amusements on Sunday." They distinctly disclaim any religious or moral aim in the matter, and say they do not care for the support of church people. The two grounds for this action are that actors and theater employees need a day of rest, and that Sunday performances do not pay. If a few houses run seven days in the week, however, the rest claim that they must be made to carry on. They all have all the same interests, treated alike. The only people who oppose the bill are the baseball men. The Recorder knows nothing of theaters or of theater business. In other kinds of business a law is not needed to prevent men from doing business when they lose by it. Men usually know enough to stop doing business when it entails a loss. They do not usually continue to lose money because some of their neighbors are doing the same thing.

The Congress of Religions, at Chicago in 1893, led to the establishment of the "Haskell Foundation" for lectures on Christianity in India. Rev. John Henry Barrows gave the first series of lectures in 1896-97. The results, both as to attendance and influence, dispelled the fears which some had that Christian influence would be weakened by this movement to come into closer touch with the religious thought of India. The second course of lectures has just been given by Dr. Henry, of Oxford, England. As the representative of English thought, Dr. Fairbairn met with the same interested hearers, and the courteous treatment which was accorded to Dr. Barrows. Christian missionaries in India feel that their work has been strengthened, and it is not too much to say, when we suggest that this one result fully justifies the holding of the Congress in 1893.

A few days since, a talk of three minutes about books, with the foreman of the composing room of John Bunyan and his "Pilgrim's Progress." That book deserves to be made a moral and religious hand-book for each succeeding generation. The strong spiritual life which pervades it, the quaint but incisive symbols under which the truth is set forth, the personifications which make the book so real, and its genuine literary value as an example of vigorous English, place it high up in the catalogue of books of value. On another page will be found a description of The Book of Common Prayer, which we are sure will interest you. We have been made better at heart by standing in deep reverence beside the tomb which enshrines the dust of the Saint of Bedford Jail. Read concerning it, and then turn to your library and read again the
Progress of Bunion's fierce battle, but grandly victorious, Pilgrim to the Celestial City.

We hoped when we united with others last December in pleading before the Committee on Territories for a continuation of the Alaska purchase, that the United States would be allowed to remain. The House Committee, however, reported in favor of "high license," instead. We see that Lyman E. Knapp, ex-Governor of Alaska, writes to the Senate Judiciary Committee, protesting against this new policy. We have some hope that the Senate may heed his words. Alaska is an immense territory—527,000 square miles. The natives, who are yet barbarians, with a peculiar and almost insatiable appetite for strong drink, form the bulk of the population. High license will increase the efforts of the dealers to sell, and the poverty natives, to whom we ought to carry a Christian civilization with its blessings, will be crowded into lower degradation by the most unnatural curse of the high license system of wickedness.

SATIRE and wit have their place. In his book "It is a house with the Styx," Mr. J. K. Bangs gives some account of the doings of the Associated Shades, in which he represents Dr. Johnson as asking Nero if there was any kind of crime he left uncommitted.

"Yes, I never wrote an English dictionary," replied the emperor. "I've murdered everybody in our English, though." A similar sharp turn is related of a critical man who heard his wife remark: "I intend to tell Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water.

"Ah," she replied quickly, "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it over the clock."

"If you were to hang it over the clock we could not tell the time. I wish you would pay some attention to your rhetoric. Your mistakes are curious."

A few moments later the man said: "My dear, that picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock."

"Ah," she replied quietly, "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it over the clock. If I were to hang it over the clock we could not tell the time. I wish you would pay some attention to your rhetoric. Your mistakes are curious."

MOVEMENTS are set on foot in the state of Maine looking toward the better observance of Memorial Day. The promoters ask for a law which will provide "that Whoever on Memorial Day, May 30, wilfully interrupts or disturbs any assembly or procession engaged in the observance of the day, whoever exhibits any show or play, or engages or aids in any horse-race, gambling, baseball or football game, dance or other sports during said day or evening, shall be punished by imprisonment for not more than thirty days, or by fine not exceeding $20, and not less than $15." If the civil power may establish the "observance" of one day in each week to be used for religious purposes, or for rest, and may dictate what shall not be done on that day, it may establish a similar code for an entire day. This new departure in the line of the authority of the commonwealth, as to how days must be "observed," will bear watching.

According to the Interior, President Eliot, of Harvard University, "comes to the support of Congressman-elect Roberts, of Utah," Mr. Eliot thinks that Roberts cannot cast off his wives honorably, since he has promised to support them, etc., etc. In reply to the Interior says:

"We know of no way of more dishonoring womanhood—and mankind also—than that practiced by the Congressman. If he be a decent man, while he can not repair the past, he can show a disposition to make amends to his wife by the continued enjoyment of her society, and divide his property among the betrayed women and let that go as far as it will in amendment. The Boston plan of maintaining good morals by the continued enjoyment of bad ones is the newest thing in "ethical cult.""

The Record is not greatly surprised that President Eliot, who eliminates the Fourth Amendment of the Decalogue from his consideration of the Sabbath question, should favor a liberal (?) interpretation of the Seventh Amendment of the Decalogue. In short English, the case is this: If you have promised to do that which is not to be done, it is culturing ethics.

SUNDAY-OBSERVANCE is travestied in Fort Scott, Kansas, in a way to bring it and religion into disrepute. Two barbers have instituted the prosecution of a fellow craftsman for shaving customers on Sunday. The case is one of "spit," as the facts brought out on the trial showed was that the men shaved desired to go to church, and that the shaving was a necessary part of their preparation. The jury divided, six to six. All such work is worse than child's play. That it is possible, under existing Sunday laws, condemns such legislation.

Speaking of the proposal for adopting Sunday instead of the Sabbath by the Jews, the Jewish Exponent, of Feb. 10, says:

"It is not the establishment of a Sabbath-day that is here at issue; it is the abandonment of the Sabbath-day that dare not be ignored. It is the endeavor to establish a foreign for, a Jewish institution. When has this ever been wrong, a stick to it. That must be culturing ethics.

REVEREND HENRY M. FIELD, D. D., has retired from the editorship of the Evangelist, a position he has held for forty-four years. Under his management the Evangelist has taken a leading place among Presbyterian journals. Although well advanced in years, Dr. Field's spirit remains its power and brilliancy, unimpaired. He has earned the respite which earth may grant in the few years before him.

AFFAIRS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The revolt of Aguinaldo, and the general situation at Manila, will be understood better if we recall a few facts connected with the case. Aguinaldo, leader of the insurrection, was first brought to notice in this country as one of the leaders of the Filipinos against Spain, before the opening of the Spanish-American war. He became more prominent as a traitor to his own people when he sold out to Spain, for $200,000—in this he was the exact counterpart of Benedict Arnold. With the fortune so acquired he engaged in the plunder of his treachery. When Dewey sailed for Manila, he returned; not from patriotism, but greed. When Manila surrendered to our arms, he complained because he was not given the privilege of plundering the city, or the right of having a share in the plunder which he expected General Otis would gather. Rebutted in this, he refused to release the Spanish non-combatant prisoners, priests and nuns, unless a heavy money ransom was paid to him. In this he was acting the part of brigand. Falling in this, through his emissaries in Washington, he fostered the delay in our Senate, by which the ratification of the treaty of peace was held in check throughout the political aspirations, and misguided judgment, of certain Senators by whose delay the plans of Aguinaldo were strengthened. Perhaps these Senators did not know it, but their course made them allies of his plans. Under plea of being at the head of a mythical Filipino Republic, he prepared for war against the United States, evidently hoping to be bought out before he had been by Spain. Advises from Washington led him to open war on our forces just at the time when he thought the treaty of peace would fail of ratification. Had this failure been accomplished, the disorder and distrust which must have followed would have strengthened his purpose of demanding money as a basis of peace.

Considered from either of two stand-points, Aguinaldo is a high-handed criminal. Before the treaty was ratified he was a subject of Spain. Acts of war were an open violation of the Protocol. After the ratification he passed under the legal dominion of the United States. In either case he made war as an outlaw, and from his previous history, there is full reason to believe that it was greed for gold, and not patriotism, which prompted his treason. At this writing he has been severely handled by our troops. How long his insurrection will continue is unknown. Whatever the outcome may be, his death, or capture with imprison- ment or execution, will be the laws of war, the verdict must be that he has been playing a game of treachery for sake of money. His pretended patriotism in the revolt against Spain was cured by $200,000. Probably $400,000 would be a fair return, in my opinion, for the trouble of making war on the United States, especially if a "safe conduct," were granted him to settle where he would, under protection of the United States. His name is traitor, not patriot.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS IN WESTERN AFRICA.

The letter of Miss Cartwright published in the Young People's Department of the Record last week has called attention to certain facts to which we have something to add. The matter was brought to our attention last autumn by the Richburg church, and we have been collecting information as fast as we could. A letter received yesterday (Feb. 15) brings some items for which we are thankful, but as yet we can make only a partial picture.

LOCATION.

Gold Coast is a British colony established in 1876. It is on the south-western coast of Africa, between the fifth degree of longitude W. and the second degree E. It is from five to eight degrees north of the equator. The coast is rough and mountainous, except the District of the arts, which is a high land. The mountains range from 70 to 85 or 90 degrees; there is great humidity. The coast line of the colony is about 225 miles long. The capital is Kumasi. It is inland, on high ground, and is surrounded by high mountains. The natives represent two distinct types, the black and the red.

The Seventh-day Baptists represented by
Letters to Young Preachers and Their Hearers.

Letter XVII.

Another result of exegetical study is that it will remove you beyond the charge of being causeless or "puffed up in the pulpit." If you are following the history of David, not even a bold libertine, or one given to crime covertly, could complain when you condemn him in the presence of his friends, though you might know his guilt, and intend the truth to be applied to another. Moreover, you would be following the history of God's condemnation of all men. If you were preaching from the Book of James, the most grasping money lover, Gunnybags himself might wink when you say to him, "Your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire"; but he could not complain, unless he dared complain of God. Upon all questions of a practical nature, concerning which you must speak often, and without reserve, the Bible furnishes no material. You will gather this material, and learn how to use it efficiently through expository study under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

It seems useless to suggest that expository preaching will induce Bible study on the part of your hearers. Unconsciously to them, as to you, the effect of such preaching will be to bind the bargain, for a mission farm; and said to be very productive. Amoloo and two of his men, women and children. They are anxious that the missionary be sent to them next month, i.e., March, which is impossible, as the letter naming this came only yesterday. 4. This last letter says they have determined to await the coming of the missionary before sending the students, as it would be better for them to come with him. They are extremely anxious for a Sabbath-keeping school for their children. Candidates are also waiting for baptism, and they desire full organization as a Seventh-day Baptist church. There are now about twenty-five Sabbath-keepers, men, women and children. The facts at hand show that they are gentle, conscientious, earnest and persistent. They have great faith that we will help them, a faith that we must not disappoint.

The Recorder will pursue the case for further knowledge, and we are considering carefully the best methods of securing personal communication and thoroughly representative of our people from the United States or Europe. A glance at the map will show that this field cannot be united with the East Africa field, which is the scene of Bro. Booth's labors.

We think the best way to secure the end sought in Miss Cartwright's call to the young people will be for them to take stock in the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association, concerning which the Recorder spoke last week. As fast as we can secure definite information we will share it with our readers.

Duty.—The climax of a human career is reached not necessarily when the world calls someone a success, when in the presence of people and we realize the goal without exerting every energy.—Bishop Whiteaker.

Letters to Young Preachers and Their Hearers.

Letter XVIII.

We have already hinted that the preparation of missionary sermons should be all the more an effort on account of the unique position of the missionary. We urge this thought, since it will help to keep you from the fault already referred to of making your sermons running commentaries, rather than topical orations. This you will be sure to do, if you feel that you are not given leave to do so. You want the first time you pass over it. Therein you would greatly err. Make your exegesis of any given portion as nearly complete as time and circumstances allow. Use such material as is pertinent to the theme in hand, and put the rest away for future use; thus, and by the aid of a good memory, or, better still, a "common-place book," you will be able to gather a continually increasing store. If you fear that people will be repelled by the announcement that you are to preach expository sermons—a fear that would be well founded, if you were to follow the superficial method—say nothing about what kind of a sermon you design to preach. Proceed as we have suggested, gather your materials from the Bible, not excluding other helps and sources which you may find in your former letter. Arrange this material topically, and your hearers will soon delight in such discourses and learn to love them so well, that whatever name may be given to them will not turn away their interest.

We conclude this classification of sermons according to their structure, by placing the topo-expository as the one most important model. In this classification we combine the material and the method, for both are essential to the truly topical sermon. Such sermons, prepared with care, delivered with earnestness, all being done under the guidance of the Spirit, can never fail to be effective.

"All liars shall have their part."

We have an undoubted right to deceive a dangerous wild beast, a would-be murderer, insane or sane—in short, the one who for wicked or harmful ends seeks knowledge to which he has no right. Perhaps we only let him deceive himself. But to deceive one who has a right to know the truth, especially who trusts us, is vile. To a noble soul all deceiving is painful. It may be fitting to leave men in the dark, when they have no right to the light.

God never lies. Whatever Jesus expressed as a lie. Yet he did not always tell his plans to his foes, nor tell all possible truth. Obligation to truth depends on obligation to love. Every wicked falsehood is contrary to love. There are many sorts of lies. Not all fiction is lying. As fiction it may be true as a fancy picture. Symbolic language is not lying when it has the truth in it. Often symbolic truth is the only form of truth some people can understand. There is no meaner or more wicked form of lying than conscious or wilful misrepresentation, or other equivalent. It is a lie, if it be for the purpose of upholding the truth; it is all the more shameful, and, in the end, harmful all around. J. P. H.

Fare keep thyself in peace, and thou shalt be able to pacify others.—Thomas a Kempis.
A Monologue on Minnesota Mercury

Dismissing the meetings for a couple of nights to give the people a rest, we called them to ‘come together again’ on Tuesday night, when, without a doubt, the weather would be warmer. We based the prognostication on the thermometer having been away below zero the most of the time for over a week, there surely must come a change soon, and it could not grow colder. That was just where we were wrong, of course. It could. And it did. Any one who attempted to go outdoors to Minnesota weather, doesn’t know what he is dealing with. Tuesday night the mercury winked at the almanac and dropped to 25° below zero. Wednesday night, it was 30° below. Thursday morning the quicksilver had gone beneath the 40° mark, and was making for the bulb.

We dropped in at a store, and a group of people began to remark casually: “Now, in the early days of the country we used to have courting weather.” We told them this apparently was a plot to intensify the visitor from the Windy City. They went round in turn. “There was that winter, years ago, when the snow was four feet deep, and the last three months there was none. But when they attempted to impost Socwell’s Cartwright story of the mercury that went down through the end of the tube, and sank into the earth, we came away. We did not want to lead the old settlers into temptation.”

After all, it is wholesome weather. The steady, clear, crisp cold results in less sickness than does an open winter. The germs of death and decay are covered with a mantle of snow. The wholesome weather. The air is his tonic. "The air, being condensed, contains twenty per cent more oxygen to the square inch. The fire burns brighter, because the moisture upon which it feeds is richer. The keen air stimulates the vital forces to greater activity. Face the blast, breathe the cold, and let ambition, courage and cheerfulness rise."

This is the reason why the races that live in our zone rule the world. The Anglo-Saxon loves the change of seasons, the capture of spring, the geminility of summer, the fruition of autumn, the glorious challenge of winter. The frosty air is his tonic. These and snow are the school of his hardihood.

Don’t stay cooped up by the fire and stuff the key-holes with rags. The blessed air is longing to come in and do you good. As our friend, the immortal author of “An Apology for the Blank Leaf” says, "It aint much trouble—only a hole, and then the arre will come in of itself."

Let the children go out and breathe the oxygen. Put on the arcticus and blouses, the warm cap and mittens, and turn them loose. Jack Frost is one of their best friends. There are plenty of people who barter away the bright benefits of winter by hibernating.

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History and Biography.

By W. C. Whitford, Milton, Wis.

We first publish the following lines in full:

THE FIRST BROOKFIELD CHURCH AS RELATED THE DENOMINATION.*

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

Let us joyfully hail this church in its hundredth anniversary. We see it enshrined among the shrines of memorable anniversaries which will mark the existence of our living, former and present. Truly, it is re-crowned by the divine approval as shown in these glorious skies, in this landscape of valley and hills, clothed now with exulting beauty, and in this assemblage, especially of the old and the middle aged, residing and visiting members, having their minds filled with blissful memories as they now offer their tribute of praise and thanksgiving. Its presentation in an unbroken organic form amid the marvelous changes running through the years to its beginning, stamps as righteous the advocacy of its distinctive ideas, the motives of its founders and supporters, and the intellectual and religious power exerted by it in this region, and in localities more remote. It resembles "a tree," whose "leaves" does not wither, but "planted by the rivers of water." The added vigor which it receives in the earnest zeal and the holy presence felt on this occasion, is a valid promise that the plans it may originate hereafter, and the work it may strive to accomplish, will be prospered and honored, and that numerous others in generations succeeding us will doubtless gather at this sacred spot, likewise to recount its successful struggles and beneficent influences.

We clearly recognize that this church has been blessed with an origin and a career singularly meriting an historical review. It has not experienced the penal fate of ten thousand other communities, even in civilized lands, whose transactions and existence the world has not cared to hold in remembrance, because insignificant or worthless have been their contributions to the well-being and sturdy and composite Middle class of the law and beneficient influences.

This sphere, over which we have been blessed with an origin and reHgious power exerted by it in this region, the Sabbath-keepers ever obtained their firmest religion to them also, abolishing whatever in it was exclusive of Jewish stock, which, as the choicest among the principal colonies and their principal colonies the most precious ideas and institutions.

4. Both the aspirations and the struggles of this dominant people have always been focused on a single imperative demand for enlightened liberty, individual and general, civil and religious; and in this determined spirit, they have reformed and reapplied to this land, and worked with the world, upon our countrymen, and upon other cultural and enterprising nationalities, to the end that these seed and satisfy the most persistent longing, both intellectual and spiritual, of different members of the race for the establishment of private property, even higher than that which they so often possess.

The hearts of the men and women in all our churches have, from the first, responded quickly and grandly to the sentiment. Break in under the heavy shackles of prejudice and ignorance which bind and weigh down immortal souls, so that they may leap up into the glad freedom of the gospel and of the holy law given on Sinai.

(Ho to be continued.)

HOW IS THIS?

Whenever the claims of the Sabbath come in sight, the Christian Endeavor World declares that the Fourth Commandment is obnoxious to the Church. The Christian Endeavor World, and the Christian Sunday School, claim on Christians, etc., etc. When the legal reasons of its teachings appear in the tendency to reject all of the commandments, as it applies to Sabbath-keeping, our Sabbath-keepers ever obtained their firmest religion, and the most precious...
**The Sabbath Recorder**

**Missions.**

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

The Secretary left Shiloh, N. J., on Thursday morning, February 9, with about a foot of snow on the level and mercury 2° below zero. That depth of snow in South Jersey is very unusual, and the people were highly enjoying the unusual weather. There was sickness among the people, though the grip was waning. Part of Thursday was spent in Philadelphia with an old scholar of Union Academy days, Dr. Sherman E. Ayars. The day was a-chapared cold, and the piercing wind swept the streets running east and west, cutting one like a knife. At 4:30 P. M. the hospitable home of Pastor A. E. Main, of Plainfield, N. J., was reached and a warm sleeping room that night was greatly enjoyed. If there is anything the Secretary tries to do most in his travels it is a cold bed and sleeping room. The next morning, mercury was 8° below zero, and it continued very cold all day. The day was spent in calling on old friends. Sabbath evening a sort of a denominational prayer-meeting, instead of the prayer-meeting, under the direction of the Christian Endeavor Society, conducted by Miss Nancy Randolph. The Missionary, Education, Tract, Sabbath-school and Woman's Boards, the Young People's Permanent Committee and the African Mission, were represented by addresses and papers setting forth their work and needs. It was a most excellent and interesting meeting, instructive and inspiring, a kind of meeting that our Endeavor Societies might hold now and then with great profit.

**Sabbath morning the Secretary preached from Pastor Main's pulpit, from the text, John 10:10, lust clause. Theme, Life from Christ. 1. How we came to need that life. 2. What that is. 3. What it does for us.**

The congregation was not as large as usual because of sickness and the very cold weather, but no one could desire a more attentive audience. Sabbath afternoon a missionary conference was held with our church at New Market, R. I., with a fair attendance and freedom in asking and answering questions, in remarks and suggestions, in personal opinion and friendly criticism, all of which made the conference a very pleasant and profitable one to both the people and the representative of the Missionary Board. Pastor F. E. Peterson will never his pastoral relation with this church and settle, April 1, as the pastor of the Second Alfred church. Pastor Martin Siddall of the First and Second Verona church, met again the call of the church, and will take Pastor Peterson's place about the same time. The evening after the Sabbath, a missionary conference was held with the Plainfield church. The attendance was small, the smallest, save one, of any the Secretary has attended in years. It was a very fit night for our business people, sickness, the cold and stormy weather, and a sleighing party of the young people previously arranged. The young people were very kind and thoughtful, for many of them attended the conference and were not able to stay all night. They were not opposed to the movement, but that they did not deem it their duty to privilege to engage now in an African Mission, in view of the indebtedness of the Missionary Society, the diminution of its income for the General Fund, the necessity upon it for the re-inforcement and the necessary equipment of the China Mission, and the demands upon it in the re-organization of the home field work and the prosecution of the evangelistic department of labor. Members of the Missionary Board, and friends of the African Mission movement, that if they would organize on the basis of a Stock Company as Mr. Booth advocated in his visit to Westerly, and at our Conference at Milton Junction, Wis., instead of organizing as a Missionary Union, it would obviate the appearance, before our people, of the need of two missionary organizations to carry on the missionary operations demanded by them, working side by side in apparent opposition or competition. Again, it would prevent, in a large measure, the withdrawal of the interest of our people from their Missionary Society and its work, and also the risk of funds in the support of our present missions, foreign and home, and from the support of the Sabbath-School work of the denomination, upon which these societies the brethren changed the basis of their organization to that of a Stock Company of 20,000, each share at $1.50 per share. Under the title of The Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association. It is now believed that the movement is on the right basis and will meet the approval of our people and will succeed. It will no doubt elicit the interest and support of those among us who have never done anything for our foreign missions, and those who have never been warm-hearted and active in their support. The foreign missions people among us who have carried the work these years, will, no doubt, be warm supporters of this movement. It is a good cause and a noble cause we will succeed, because of the consecrated and successful young business men at the head of it, and the success and success of Mr. Booth in such enterprises helped by the advocates of the mission. It is hoped that this industrial element in foreign mission work may be inaugurated in our China Mission as soon as possible, and prove a means of support in part of that mission.

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**TREASURER'S REPORT.**

For the quarter ending January 31, 1900.

**The Seventh-Day Baptists Missionary Society.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>Balance in Treasury, January 1, 1900</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. B. Reporting, New Milford, Conn.</td>
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<td>D. W. Blank, Second Church, N. Y.</td>
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<td>A. M. Smith, Vernon Hills, Ill.</td>
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<td>C. W. Phillips, Peoria, Ill.</td>
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<td>D. W. Downs, York School, N.Y.</td>
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<td>E. B. Hoffmeister, Springfield, Ill.</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. C. E. Society, West Haven, Ill.</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. F. G. Burdick</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. W. J. Bartlett, Jr., China Mission</td>
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<td>J. M. B. Saunders</td>
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**Balance for share in surplus contributed for Conference as follows:**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Item</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alfred Collins, Charlestown, R.I.</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. N. George</td>
<td>5.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. G. H.</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. D. Pool</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. W. Hammond, N.Y.</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. W. Whybark, R.I.</td>
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<td>A. H. Whipple, Utica, N.Y.</td>
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<td>C. W. Mitchell, N.Y.</td>
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<tr>
<td>L. A. Buffington, N.Y.</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. C. B. Smith, N.Y.</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. T. Barlow, N.Y.</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. G. Shady, N.Y.</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. G. Shady</td>
<td>5.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. N. George</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. G. Shady</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. D. Green, N.Y.</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. D. Pool</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. P. Scott, N.Y.</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. D. Green, N.Y.</td>
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<tr>
<td>N. S. Barlow, N.Y.</td>
<td>3.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. J. W. W. Bartlett, Jr., China Mission</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Balance for share in surplus contributed for Conference as follows</td>
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**Revenues stamps on renewal note:**

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<tr>
<td>A. H. Whitworth, balance salary and traveling expenses, quarterly ending Dec. 31, 1899</td>
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<td>A. E. Cornwell, Jackson Center, Ohio, salary quarterly ending Dec. 31, 1899</td>
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<td>L. F. Stoughton, N.Y., salary and traveling expenses, quarterly ending Dec. 31, 1899</td>
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<td>E. C. Besing, Battle Creek, Mich., salary and traveling expenses, quarterly ending Dec. 31, 1899</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. G. Keating, N. Y., salary and traveling expenses, quarterly ending Dec. 31, 1899</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. F. Stoughton, Battle Creek, Mich., salary and traveling expenses, quarterly ending Dec. 31, 1899</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. D. Eldridge, Boston, W. Va., salary and traveling expenses, quarterly ending Dec. 31, 1899</td>
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<td>M. W. Heath, W. Va., salary and traveling expenses, quarterly ending Dec. 31, 1899</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. C. Boyce, Beverly, Ill., salary and traveling expenses, quarterly ending Dec. 31, 1899</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. W. Rednax, N.Y., salary and traveling expenses, quarterly ending Dec. 31, 1899</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. D. Eldridge, Boston, W. Va., salary and traveling expenses, quarterly ending Dec. 31, 1899</td>
<td>$150.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. G. Flagg, Chicago, extra 10% commission, quarterly ending Dec. 31, 1899</td>
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<tr>
<td>Internet, extra 5% commission, quarterly ending Dec. 31, 1899</td>
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**Total Revenues stamps on renewal note | $705.80**

**Subscription to this Journal; Patronage to this Mission Society:**

- 1900 | $10.00
- 100 | $50.00
- 1000 | $500.00
- 5000 | $2500.00

Available for current expenses.

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**E. O. O. B.**

Geo. H. Utter, Presa.
THE NEAREST DUTY.

My soul was stirred; I prayed: "Let me do some great work, so pure. To right life's wrongs, that I shall know That I was called of God." Thus surely.

My lips sent forth their eager cry, "The world is dying, hasten! For some great deed to prove my love, Send forth of me, my Master!"

From out the silence came a voice, Saying: "If God doth fear,

This up and do, the whole life through, The deed that lieth nearest.

The friendly word, the kindly deed, Though small in seeming,

Shall in the end unto thy soul Be more than thy dreaming.

"The cup of water to the faint, Or rest unto the weary,

The light thou giv'st another's life, Shall make thine own less dreary;

And boundless realms of faith and love Will wait for thy possessing.

Not creeds, but deeds, if thou wouldst win Unto thy soul a blessing.

And so I wait with peaceful heart, Content to do His pleasure,

Not caring if the world shall mock At smallness of the measure;

Of thoughts, or deeds, or daily life, Heretofore in the sphere.

To do His will, to seek His face— His will for ever seven.

—Sarah A. Gibb, in Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

The "Sunny South" has, up to date, been quite a disappointment, not only to the visitors who have come here to winter, but to the inhabitants of Hammond as well. Such a year since last June has never been known before by the oldest inhabitant, and some of them have lived here eighty years. In that month the rains began, and with an occasional week, sometimes two weeks of pleasant weather, they have continued up to the present time, and still it storms. But so far the present month has been the time for storms—cold storms. In December and January the thermometer registered as low as 25° and 30° a few times. The first four days of February the thermometer registered 75°, 80°, 86°, 82°. On Sabbath, the 4th, we donned our summer clothing, went to church without wraps, sat without fire, with doors and windows open. The next day it grew cooler, at 10 A.M. it was 44°, and we are hoping to get thawed out again. The gardens and fields which are usually producing at this time are not yet planted; the state of the strawberries is not yet known, some were in bloom and the berries would have been ready for market in March. We have not heard from the older residents explaining the weather through this winter, as follows: "Whenever the blizzards and cold storms come in the North and Northwest, we have to take the tail ends of them," and we have sufficient evidence from reports of hard storms in March, for the past three years, to prove that almost continuous for the last four or five months, to satisfy us that this statement is very plausible. We can testify to the fact that when the weather is in its normal condition here in Hammond, none better can be made anywhere. In the words of our friend, it might seem like a complimentary spirit, of the greatest benefit which can be obtained by wintering in the South—in Hammond.

THE DUTY OF BEING HAPPY.

It is not just as we take it, A simple, true mystic, Life's work will yield as we make it, A harvest of thorns or flowers.

There is so much trouble and sorrow in the world, so much to be done, that we sometimes forget that there is always something for which to be glad, that happiness is a duty and that we can be happy if we will. There is no virtue in being unhappy; it is rather a weakness to be overcome, a sin to be struggled with, a battle to be endured, eternally, eternally, up to one's best, and yet without receiving, is one of the highest attainments possible.

JULIA M. DAVIS.

SALON, N. J.

The following selections were made by Miss Davis for these columns.—EDITOR.

"By day, when time is being lost by being kept waiting; by night, when sleep is unwilling to close the eyelids, the economy of happiness recommends the occupation of pleasant thoughts. The mind cannot be vacant: Its thoughts may be useful, useless or pernicious to happiness. Direct them aright, the habit of happy thinking will soon take up like any other habit."—Jeremiah Benthon.

"Let not thy peace be in the tongues of men, for whether they put a bad or good construction on what thou doest, thou art not therefore another. He who covets not to please men and fears not their displeasure shall have much peace."—Thomas a' Kempis.

"To learn never to waste our time is perhaps one of the most difficult virtues to acquire. A well-spent day is a source of pleasant reflection. Such joy shall thrill thee, such joy shall thrill thee with the memories of pleasant things.

"Love thyself last. Look near, behold thy duty. To those who would do the end of life's road. Make glad their days by little acts of beauty, and when they are old, for a justly earned reward. And help them tear the burdens of earth's load.

Love thyself first and the stranger Who starves! To him whose fingers touch his head, to him whose fingers touch his head. Who starves?"—Jeremiah Benthon.

Go lend a hand and lead him out of danger. To heights of which the world is fair.

Love thyself last. The vastness above thee Are filled with Spirit Forces, strong, and pure, and therefore they shall love thee; Keep thou they watch over others and endure.

Love thyself last, and; oh! such joy shall thrill thee, As never yet to dwell such was given. What'er thy lot, a perfect peace will fill thee. And earth shall seem the anti-room of heaven.

Love thyself last, and, oh! such joy shall thrill thee, As never yet to dwell such was given. What'er thy lot, a perfect peace will fill thee. And earth shall seem the anti-room of heaven.

Love thyself last. The world shall be made better By thee, if this brief motto form thy creed. Go, follow it, in spirit and in letter, and every one shall love thee; This is the true religious which men need.

FROM NEW MARKET, NEW JERSEY.

We are always interested in the reports which appear in our "Woman's Page" of the Recorder, concerning the work of our sister societies, and we thought, perhaps others might like to know what the Ladies' Aid Society of New Market is doing.

We have between thirty and forty members. Any one may become a member by paying the sum of fifty cents, which entitles them to the rights and privileges of the Society for a year. We met on the third Wednesday in every month, at two o'clock, for work; and on the fourth, our business meeting is held, and supper is served from six to eight, for which the sum of ten cents is charged. The Society is divided into three districts; each district has a chairman, who has charge of the supper. The districts are numbered, and the number having the Society furnishes the supper.

Our annual meeting is to be held in June, at which time we elect our officers. We have a Thanksgiving Supper each year, with a short program, mostly by the children, after which the mite boxes are opened and the money is equally divided between the Tract and Missionary Societies. We also give ten dollars, every year, toward the teacher for the Boys' School in China. We also give ten dollars, every year, toward Miss Susie Burdick's salary, and at present we are caring for an invalid lady, who claims to be one of us. As we have no suitable place for holding public entertainments... and suppers, we have to find some other way of replenishing our treasury.

Our work consists mostly of quilting and sewing for those of our members who hire their sewing done. At present we are making garments for the Africa Widows. We have done some furnishing for our church, and something toward the organist's salary.

On account of so much work, we have had to hold special meetings. We have had quite an amount of sickness in our church, but have lost but one, a little girl, Cor neilla Dunn. She was not permitted to meet with us very often, but we always enjoyed her presence, and we know our loss is her eternal gain.

A thought of sadness comes over us as the rains near for us to part with our pastor and his wife, who have been faithful members of our Society since they have been with us. We thank our kind Heavenly Father that he has not left us without a shepherd, and we shall heartily welcome our new pastor and family.

The interest our officers and members have taken in the Society the last six months greatly encourages us to press forward. We wish the sisters might realize more fully the need of tithing, as it is not only our Father's command, but it is a pleasure to be always ready with open hands to give help. Surely it is more blessed to give than to receive.

MRS. JAMES R. DUNHAM.

THE FASCINATIONS OF BAD TEMPER.

BY URIAH XEN KEN BÜHLER, D. D.

"The pipe and pulley make sweet melody, but a pleasant tongue is above them both.

"The man that hideth his foolishness is better than he that hideth his wisdom.

"Easy and wrath shorten life.

"The strokes of the tongue breaketh bones."—The Wisdom of Jesus, son of Sirach.

We are always fully supplied with every pretext for being an ignoble temper, the one that embitters and blights most lives, disintegrates most families and churches, causes most trouble in neighborhoods and communities, and is altogether the most insidious and difficult to guard.
against, I would say at once, and without qualification, bad temper. On the other hand, spite of the glorious development of musical art, no master has ever yet won from any instrument a sound so sweet as pleasant words, and the sermon has a long higher economic and sentimental value than which enables its possession to conceal its petty chagrin, follies, irritations and even his toothaches. And to be happy on account of God, "who made us for that end," is still the very highest 

The one man hanged from our county shot his neighbor after twenty years of bickering over the boundary line of their adjoining farms. The three men sent from our town to Auburn Penitentiary went there for crimes committed in anger. All the divorces obtained in our place have had at bottom, bad temper, and the places in which my church is paralyzed were made so by poison stings of the same kind. Now the bad temper which I have specially in mind is the sub-acute form. It ranks next to the cramp into violence in its possession, but keeps him in a mental state in which he resists against his surroundings like a cogwheel out of gear, and his spiritual condition is similar to the bodily habit known among physicians as "cachectic" when any indisposition of body becomes acute and even a most serious form. As the salmon on the corner and the bottle in the cupboard are temptations to one with the liquor appetite, so the daily wear and tear of life, the inevitable friction of the human heart and human interdependence are constant excitations and opportunity for snapping, snarling, grumbling, and whispering to the man or woman given over to the vice in question.

The whole tribe of "sensitive spirits," those beings whose feelings bristle out all over them like forests of microscopic antennae ready to be hurt, and who can spend nerve force enough to explore the continent of Africa, and have enough left to make a good start toward finding the South Pole, watching that "their seavess are" properly "bowed down to," number "the grievances, and even the cupboards, of all and all bad tempered. This peculiar "sensitivity" is invariably accompanied by a most robust disregard of the feelings of others, and a selfishness equally colossal. They will backfire and irritate any patient, even though they themselves, earning them, and they are as sure to make all about them unhappy as water is to run down hill, or as rubber is to give forth unpleasant savors when burning.

Curiously enough a woman of this type often has a knack of passing herself off as "a sweet creature," and one of whom her family is not half worthy. A man of this variety usually has some of the foolishness secured off him in his contact with the world as he struggles for a living, but he is sure to break loose in his home and in the church. He wants the top pancake and the easiest chair always, and he must be gingly and affectionately entreated to rise in the morning when circumstances do not admit of his delaying the breakfast table indefinitely. In the church, if the choir, he wants to sing solos, and to lead, no matter what his qualifications, and if he can play a reed organ, he must have a turn at leading the Sunday-school singing or there'll be trouble. It is healthy for his pastor to give him all the recognition in the social meetings his hungry soul needs, and dearly he loves office, especially "ghostly" offices involving no financial responsibility.

My first charge at Betsey's Corners was nearly split as fine as tooth-picks by old Mr. Simmons. He was an elder, three elders had died, long before my advent, and but two were left when I was installed. It was the general impression that Mr. Simmons hankered to be chosen for the office, and there was a very general determination that he should have it. Each man has his little coterie, and Mr. Simmons had his. My first call upon him after the annual election I shall always remember as an illustration that all affairs have two sides. One sees with our own fascinating set of colors. Another of very different hues is seen by the unsympathizing world. Mr. Simmons thought himself insulted and aggrieved. To me he seemed only in a frightful and pitiable temper. He wept. He grouched. He would talk of nothing save what he had not been made an elder: "I was Sunday-school superintendent, and trustee, and elder, at Greece where I used to live," he furiously whimpered. "And they gave me a pair of gold-bowed specs when I left there, and the band came and bled Hail Columbia at our windows the night before we left. You, Dr. Butter, might have used your influence. No. You needn't ask me to come to church. I shan't never set foot in the Orthodox meetin' house again. No. Not here anywhere."

In vain were three meetings held in Mr. Simmons's parlor, all of principal members, in the hope of placating him. His self-respect felt, demanded that heretofore in a may and remain he did, and as his friends demanded, and then his enemies came to second them, that I reconcile him to the church. I had to find a new charge as a final sacrifice to his vanity and irritation.

Sometimes the "sensitive spirit" centers its attention upon its bodily ill, and then woe to the unlucky member of the family or social circle who dares to give it a rheumatic, rheumatism, or cramp than the specialist. I have known men chagrin at being outdone to send one of these beings to bed, and death itself will not convince them that the deceased may have had worse pains than they have. Luckett's defeat, the anger of the malingerer by simply remaining silent, and looking sympathetic, and interested, but let the medical man fail to be duly impressed with the gravity of the sufferer's complaint, and he will hear directly that "he does not know his business." Some of our people are stirred up that the Christian Scientists have organized themselves into a society, and have called Arabella Peabody Blinn of Boston to minister to them. But I am secretly glad when there is a sect in existence claiming that all ills, even broken legs and bunions, are imaginary. There is rest and health in mere diversion of the attention, just as there are mysterious hygienic effects in change of the wind. The only difficulty is that the Scientists do not see off one of the folk who whom "a trouble" of some sort, physical or mental, is necessary, just as a pole is necessary to a climbing beam.

Pew renting is always a ticklish time with the difficult in the church, and to escape it I advise one to try, if you can, to get up a revival, a perfectly hopeless effort since the whole region is French Romanist. No matter what the condition of our treasury, certain choice seats in the middle of the meeting-house where it is just warm enough in winter, and just cool enough in summer, and the best place to hear, must never be sold to the highest bidder. They must be kept in perpetuity for certain "pious spirits" who cannot enjoy religion in the side pews, and who "give," never "pay," for them according to their respective sweet wills. I suppose each sect has this contingent who must be paid, and else they will lose them.

Sometimes I am upborne in my mind to the point of wishing they would all "go off," and form a church of their own, and what a cave of Aduliam it would be to be sure! But it is speedily borne in upon me, that the time of the division of spirits is not yet.

I say it with trembling, but it often seems to me the average reformer consumes an immense amount of nervous energy and time in mere bad temper. Instead of concentrating himself upon the evil he abhors or the cause he loves, he往往 further infuriates his own passions by having to attack anyone who differs from him in methods, till the dispassionate onlooker is affected as one would be beholding a race horse extending himself lashing out sideways, instead of keeping straight on to his goal, and the result is, these campaigns against a suitable and permanent cause is often dreaded, and only half-heartedly helped by folk who would gladly second his efforts if only they could be spared his vituperation.

Our churches guardedly admits that some sins are "from the nature of things worse than others," so I am quite safe from the charge of heterodoxy when I say the Roman enumeration of "Deadly Sins" appeals to my imagination. But I would arrange the list differently, from the factors. I would put Anger first, and group Pride, Envy and Covetousness below it as its own cousins and allies. Now in these days of multiplied organizations I do not see why some united effort may not be directed against this subtle and pervasive foe of our peace at home and abroad. To my eyes a "Woman's Christian Temper Union," or a "Sons of Sunshine," or a "Children's Loving-Temper Legion," would look as well as any names yet devised, as say, "The Daughters of the Sun," or "Order of the Magi." We cannot all make the world wiser, better, or even more comfortable. But each one can grapple with his temptation to map, snarl, grumble, groan, whimper, and look sour and crabbed. Whatever else fails, each one is sure of a pack as heavy as his back can endure, and his full measure of wormwood and vinegar. Ah, and each one is sure of the last mortal pang of death. If not next week, or next year in a decade or two at the latest, Griggsville and the world may be full of nothing else.

Our time is brief. Let us make all haste to pleasantness and smiles, and to acquire what Chateaubriand calls with fine acuteness, "The habit of happiness."—Ad.

Goodness and mercy do not mean to God's child flowing tears and wells of refreshment only; they may equally mean rocky dells, and rough paths, and darkies, and enemies.

—Marvin R. Vincent, D. D.

More Fagans, it is said, are being Mahommedanized in Africa than are being Christianized. All North Africa is Mohammedan, and there is a powerful movement southward.
GAIN THE BLESSING.

The circular letter was used as the topic of our first regular prayer-meeting in the year. On account of sickness and bad weather, the attendance that night was not as good as usual, but the meeting was interesting and, we trust, beneficial to those who were present. At our last business meeting our Society voted to raise our apportionment for this year. It will require some earnest work to raise the needed amount and we hope to receive a blessing by so doing.

WAYSIDE JOTS.

One Sabbath I knew of a certain young woman to assist a poor, crippled, old-fashioned friend to a pleasant walk and the pleasure of a visit with old-time acquaintances. Some criticised her for not attending the C. E. meeting, but doing a deed of kindness and charity. Would you?

When the young American artist, Arthur E. Peck, passed away in Paris, a friend wrote a letter to his mother, a few sentences of which we quote: "He was a lovely Christian and honored by all who knew him. And you may be sure that his character has made us love and respect the dear family from which he came to us." Is not this an incentive to every young person to live a noble, more upright life, and to strive to bring credit to their home and their Lord?

If you are in college this year, you should devote some of your spare moments to the Bible. Do you claim all of your time. To the young men and women of to-day will fall the obligation of dealing with such great questions as the race problem, the labor problem, the social problem, and a host of others of like nature. Prepare yourself.

SIMPLY because you see persons sitting in church long, pious looking faces, it is no sign of their faith, and it is no criterion by which to judge their lives. Some such have been known to keep liquors in their cellars, to neglect to keep the right hand in their Reckoning of the day, don't let the book claim all of your time. To the young men and women of to-day will fall the obligation of dealing with such great questions as the race problem, the labor problem, the social problem, and a host of others of like nature. Prepare yourself.

Do you ever stop to think that "every gentle word is a drop of sweetness poured into the world's bitterness?" It may seem but a little thing to you when spoken, but it may change the whole aspect of another's life. To greet with a smile when others frown is to cultivate a gift that will beof untold value to you as you pass through life; thus do you help to keep up the world, and the honor of Christ. These graces which seem minor to us are the sole strength of many a powerful life; let us remember that nothing which enters into character is to be considered small. Be cheerful.

Difficulties, disappointments, and discouraging circumstances are incident to all. Our Christian Endeavor Societies, therefore, have been organized for the purpose of helping their members to overstep these difficulties, to make the best of their circumstances. What are your present difficulties? What difficulties have you overcome in the past? How are you meeting them now?

Do you believe in the Bible as the Word of God? If so, you will pledge yourself to do you part in making the whole world acquainted with the Bible. The Bible is the foundation stone of our faith and a faith built upon this stone is sure to stand. It is the key to every problem of life; it is the power that overcomes every difficulty. It is to us what the divine law is to the whole universe. It is the guide and the safeguard of the soul, the light of conscience, the wisdom of the wise, and the strength of the weak.

I believe the Bible is the Word of God, and I shall do my best to make it known to everyone. I shall endeavor to read it daily and to study it as closely as possible. I shall strive to live by its teachings and to act according to its precepts. I shall endeavor to make the Bible a part of my life and to let its principles guide me in all my actions.

Perhaps the most important thing I can do is to share my knowledge of the Bible with others. I shall look for opportunities to teach others about the Bible and to help them to understand its teachings. I shall also try to encourage others to read and study the Bible.

In conclusion, I believe the Bible is the Word of God, and I shall do my best to make it known to everyone. I shall strive to live by its teachings and to act according to its precepts. I shall make the Bible a part of my life and let its principles guide me in all my actions. I shall also look for opportunities to teach others about the Bible and to help them to understand its teachings.

Our society is in a state of flux. We are still growing and learning, but we are making progress. We have a few members who have been with us for a long time, and we have a few new members who are just starting. We have had some challenges this year, but we have also had some successes.

The most significant event this year has been the publication of our new book. We have been working on this book for a long time, and we are excited to finally see it in print. The book is full of new ideas and information, and we believe it will be a valuable resource for our members.

We have also been working on our website. We have a new design and we have added some new features. We hope that this will make it easier for people to find information about our society and to get involved.

We have had some challenges this year, but we have also had some successes.

We are looking forward to the next year and we are excited to see where our society will go.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]
Children's Page.

By MOTHER PAPA.

My papa's all dressed up to-day;
He never looked so fine:
I thought, when I first looked at him,
My papa was on the line.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It's big, with four patch pockets, so bright,
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort o' sad—
O' and—o' and—
And every time she looks at him
It makes her say—

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to me;
But papa's sort o' frowning, cause he knows
My Uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma and me.
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons, marked U. S.

"U. S. spells u, he's ours—and yet
My mammy can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—o'—I wonder why.

—I. Mary Norton Bradford, in Insurance Critic.

THE LITTLE RED HEN.

BY ROBERT M. SPENCER.

(My Grandmother's Favorite Nursery Tale.)

A long time ago, in a tiny house at the edge of a dark forest, lived a mouse, a louse, and a little red hen; and, in a deep den of rocks far within the dark forest, lived an old mother fox and her young ones.

Now, Mother Fox and Young Fox were very fond of fowl, and Little Red Hen was the fattest fowl for miles around. So, very early one morning, Young Fox rose from his bed of leaves and left the den, saying to Mother Fox:

"Have the fire burning and the kettle boiling when I come back, for we shall have Red Hen for supper to-night."

"That I will, dear son," she replied.

He ran swiftly through the forest, and before noon came to its edge, where stood Red Hen. Suddenly his bright eyes snapped, and he stole softly to the door. He knocked three times. All was still within.

"Who'll open the door?" asked Red Hen.

"I won't," said the mouse.

"I won't," said the louse.

"I will," said the Little Red Hen. But when she heard the knocking again she asked once more:

"Who'll open the door?"

"I won't," said the mouse.

"I won't," said the louse.

"I will," said the Little Red Hen, hopping to the door. She unbolted it, opened it, and there stood Young Fox, smiling with sharp, white teeth. Red Hen was terribly frightened. She flew up to the ceiling and lighted on a cross-beam. "Oh, dear!" she thought, "How am I to see Young Fox sit quietly beneath watching her closely with sharp, bright eyes, even now and then he licked his whiskers, as though he tasted something sweet and juicy. At last he went on with the fine plan he had made on the stump."

Round and round and round he went, chasing his tail in the middle of the floor, faster and faster and faster, until poor Little Red Hen, dizzy with watching his antics, fell right off the cross-beam.

Young Fox closed her into his bag and ran into the dark forest. On and on and on he went, until at last he became too tired—too run longer. He threw the bag under a juniper-bush and lay down beside it to rest.

Some Red Hen knew by his movements that he had fallen asleep. Very still she kept, listening to his deep breathing. Then she quietly took her scissors from her little pocket, and snipped a hole in the bag big enough for her to squeeze through. She jumped out, looked about, and found a stone of about her own weight. This she slipped into the bag in her place. Then she took needle and thread from her pocket and carefully sewed up the hole in the bag. This done, she ran home to the tiny house at the edge of the forest as fast as her yellow legs could carry her.

The sun was sinking to rest just as Young Fox awoke. "Dear me!" he thought, "how late it is! How hungry I am!" He picked up his bag and never stopped running until he saw Mother Fox waiting for him by the blazing fire at the mouth of the den.

"Is the kettle boiling?" he shouted.

"Yes, dear son," she answered. "Did you catch Red Hen?"

"She's safe in my bag," he replied, unrtying the string. "Now you hold the cover while I jump in."

Mother Fox held the cover high above her over the kettle to see Red Hen drop in. "Ready!" cried Young Fox.

Ker-splash! Two bowls of burning pain the two foxes crawled suppresserless into the deep den to wait for their scalded hides to grow furry once more.

And at the edge of the forest, in the tiny house, lived in peace the mouse and the louse and the Little Red Hen.—The Outlook.

A good story is told of a little boy in Edinburg, Scotland. There was a Christmas treat given to poor children at a mission hall, and hundreds of little ones went to the doors before the hour of admittance, many of whom were barefoot. Among them was a sweet-faced little girl, who seemed to suffer much from the cold, for she shivered in her poor jacket, and danced from one foot to the other—always, what pitiful dancing that on the cold hard stones, to put some life into her chilled limbs. A boy, not much older, watched this performance for a few minutes, and then, with a sudden impulse of protection, took off his cap and put it down before her, and said, "Ye maun stand on that."

There is an old saying about the folly of "the pot calling the kettle black," which is well illustrated by this of quoted story: The other day a young woman was rambling along a country road in New England. She was dressed smartly, and when she met a small, one-legged prairie-chicken's nest with eggs in it, she did not hesitate to stop him.

"What a wicked boy," she said. "How could you rob that nest? No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she doesn't care," said the boy, edging away; "she's on your hat!"
Our Reading Room.

"Tender then as we have opportunity, let us be working what is good, towards all, but especially towards the body of the faith."-Phil. 1:10. "This is good and to communicate, forget not."-Heb. 13:16.

LINCOLN'S CENTRE, N. Y.—Many of the friends of the Rev. J. E. N. Backus have been interested to inquire after his health. He moved on to this field as missionary pastor about the middle of last November. He preached one Sabbath at Otsego, and was then taken sick. The physicians considered it a very difficult case, but the hope was cherished that after a time he would be able to resume his labors. He is now on his way to have it said that on Sabbath morning, the 11th inst., he had a shock which rendered his left side nearly helpless, from which he has not recovered.

L. M. C.

[Bro Backus passed away on the night of Feb. 17th.—Ezion.]

PLAINFIELD.—The program last Friday night was arranged by the Christian Endeavor Society and the Young Missionary, Tract and Missionary, and the exercises consisted chiefly of addresses or letters from the Secretaries of the Missionary, Tract and Education Societies, the Woman’s and Sabbath-school Boards, and the Young People’s Permanent Committee, and the President of the S. E. L. A. On Sabbath morning Secretary O. U. Whitford, of Westlery, R. I., preached a good and helpful sermon on the abundant life for believers in Christ; and in the evening he conducted a missionary conference, at which questions relating to both our home and foreign work were freely and fully discussed. These conferences, we believe, are among the most useful parts of Dr. Whitford’s work among the churches. Last night was the closing lecture of twelve University Extension Lectures here—six on “American Literature,” by Prof. Albert H. Smith, of Philadelphia, and six on “American History: The Development of the Nation,” by Prof. William H. Mace, of Syracuse, N. Y. These lectures have been of great educa tional value.

PASTOR MAIN.

February 15, 1899.

BOULDER, Col.—The weather is the continual subject of conversation. A few old timers are here to tell us that the winter of 1863-64 was quite as severe as this. Some say it was more severe. But all agree that nothing like this has occurred during all the thirty-four years between that winter and this one. We can hardly realize that we are in Colorado. Much of the work usually done in winter is abandoned. This causes close times for many of the laborers. La Grippe has also made its appearance. Some severe cases and some deaths have occurred. The benevolent and relief associations, of whatever name or order, find use for all the funds at their disposal.

As a church we began the year with good courage and a determination to carry forward the work in good earnest. For the last two winters attendance on Sabbath has been much smaller than usual, for the reasons already mentioned. But the sun is steadily advancing northward. These days will soon be past, the earth will be warmed, and we shall enjoy the inspiring springtime. Thus also the Spirit of Light, Brightness does, and will continue to warm our hearts and cheer us onward in our heavenward journey. Praise the Lord.

S. R. WHEELER.

February 3, 1899.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. WILLIAM BLISS CLARKE.

Relief Woodcock Clarke, widow of the late Dea. Wm. Bliss Clarke, died at Andover, N. Y., February 8, 1899. She was born in Swanzey, New Hampshire, February 6, 1819, and was the wife of the deceased at the time of her death. In 1833 she came to Allegany County with her parents, who settled in the town of Independence, N. Y. Oct. 24, 1839, she was united in marriage with Mr. Clarke. There was born unto them one child, who died as a babe, during the age of two years. Later they adopted four children, two sons and two daughters, and gave to them sympathy, love, counsel and help, surrounding them with influences of a pleasant and happy Christian home. Besides these, other children and young people have, from time to time shared the comforts, protection and helpful influences of their ever hospitable home. Of Sister Clarke, as also of her husband, it does seem that the Master must say, in view of their loving care and attention to every one who was in need, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these . . . ye have done it unto me.” In early life she accepted Christ as her Saviour, uniting with the Seventh-dray Baptist church of Independence, N. Y. In 1871, at the organization of the Baptist church of Andover, she became one of its constituent members, and one of its most faithful friends and supporters. In seasons of discouragement or hope, she has stood faithful at the post of duty, and has always esteemed the service she could render as a welcome duty and a real pleasure. In the sanctuary, in the prayer and conference meeting and the other appointments of the church, her presence, words and influence have ever been for truth and righteousness, for Christ and his cause. Nothing but sickness, or absence from her home has ever kept her away from her place or part in the house of God and the appointments for prayer and social worship. She was interested in every good word and work. In the cause of Christ and the cause of needed reforms she was deeply interested, and will be greatly missed by the local W. C. T. U. of Andover, no less than in the church, the community and in her home. It seems obviously true that she has, through death, been gathered among those concerning whom the Lord has said, “Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord . . . that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.”

There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
And truth forever shines, and love forever burns.

S. B.

DEACON JOHN C. BURDICK.

Deacon John C. Burdick, the son of Silas and Fanny Cluff Burdick, was born in Persia, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., Dec. 9, 1841. On his father’s side he had three half-brothers, only one of whom, L. R. Burdick, of Hebron, Pa., was his near relation. His family of lineage there were two half-brothers and three half-sisters. Two of his ages are now living, one being the wife of Dea. James H. Crandall, of West Genesee, N. Y. The most of his childhood and youth was spent in Hartville, N. Y. During this time he resided in the vicinity of Crosby Creek, Steuben Co., N. Y. In 1876 he took up his residence in Hebron, Pa., where he lived till his death, which occurred Jan. 28, 1899. When thirteen years of age he made a public profession of faith in Christ and joined the Second Alfred Seventh-day Baptist Church. In 1891 he transferred his membership to the First Hebron Seventh-day Baptist Church. This church soon selected him for one of its deacons, and he continued to be a member till May, 1892. This position he worthily filled.

Dec. 21, 1860, he and Elizabeth L. Burdick were united in holy wedlock. To them were given five children. Two of these died in early childhood and the three remaining are left to sorrow with their bereaved mother. In his business he needed not to be watched, being strictly honest. If he entered the employment of others he made their business his and worked and planned for their interests. His strength was in no measure commensurate with his ambition; for this reason his health early gave way, and for years he had been fighting the battles of life with a broken constitution. The stern realities and hardships of life had left their mark upon his heart, but all the time seemed to reach up through the clouds of discouragement to the joys that fade not away. Having always had a taste for good reading, his mind was well stored with useful knowledge. Whether in the home or field, he was a benevolent companion and of his life was such as drew people to him. In his death the community has lost an honored citizen, the church a worthy officer, and the family a kind husband and father. Funeral services were conducted by the writer Jan. 30, 1899. W. L. BURDICK.

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.

BUNN HILLS.

These fields were a portion of a well-known farm, once a great morass, covering some acres. It was part of a great church property of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul’s, and, to this day, though there is no such person as the Prebendarius Halliwell, it is still in the ownership of the city of London. The cemetery of St. Paul’s, the canopy over it bearing an inscription, which clearly shows for whom it is supposed to be kept in perpetual but unavailing readiness.

On the right hand pillar of the gateway is inscribed:

BUNN HILLS.

“At the time of the closing of this ground, in 1852, more than 120,300 bodies had been interred herein. In the year 1867, it was committed by Act of Parliament to the care of the corporation of London, and having by them been planted and restored for public resort, it was opened by Right of God James Clarke Lawrence, M. P., Lord Mayor, on the 14th day of October, 1869.”

The left of the gateway reads:

BUNN HILLS.

“This burial ground of the Nonconformists, known anciently as Bunn Hill, was enclosed with a brick wall at the sole charge of the city of London. The monument to Sir John Lawrence Knight, Anno Domini 1665, and afterwards the gates hereof were built and finished in the mayoralty of Sir Thomas Bludworth, Anno Domini 1666.”

The great center of attraction is the tomb of the Rev. John Clarke, who, having taken the steps from the entrance. He was buried here in 1688. The tomb was restored by public subscription under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury in 1862. It is what is styled an altar.
tomb, with a recumbent statue of Bunyan. On each plain side of the structure are figures in bas-relief, taken from the Pilgrim's Progress. On the one side, Christian with his burden; on the other, Christian losing the burden at the cross. We stood long and silently beside the last resting-place of the wondrous dreamer.

Whose pilgrim treadst the road
And mark the pace of the soul toward God,
Then turned to seek where Susannah Wesley sleeps.

In sure and steadfast faith to rise,
And grapple with the system in the sile.
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
A pilgrim here for a crown.

—She sleeps in goodly company, this mother whose godly, systematic home was the cradle of Methodism.

Near by is the grave of the Rev. Matthew Wilkes, one of the earliest promoters of Foreign Missions, and a founder of the London Missionary Society; and just across the pathway is the tomb of Dr. Isaac Watts, who "after fifty years of feebler labor in the gospel, interrupted by four years of tiresome illness, was at last dismissed to rest, aged 75 years. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." The marble of this modest tomb may perish, but he whose bones it covers will live in his holy songs while there are tongues publications to the Committee on Distribution of Literature, with power.

The request contained in letter from L. M. Cottrell, concerning the publication of certain leaflets, was, on motion, referred to a special committee consisting of A. E. Main, F. E. Peterson, A. B. Lewis and G. B. Shaw.

It was voted to publish an edition of 1,000 copies of the book by Dr. A. I. Lewis, entitled, "The Decadence of Sunday," at an additional expense not to exceed $400.

The Treasurer presented his usual financial statement.

On motion, it was voted to refer the matter of securing colporteurs for the sale of our publications to the Committee on Distribution of Literature.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

Correspondence was received from Rev. W. C. Daland, T. M. Davis, Rev. J. F. Shaw, and Rev. L. M. Cottrell.

On motion, the question of printing in tract form the reports of Rev. J. L. Gamble before the Education Society at the last General Conference, as indicated in letter of Secretary Davis, was referred to the Supervisory Committee, with power.

On motion, the question of sending the Re­connect for one year, possibly in connection with the Missionary Society, "To a selected number in the South-West, who were formerly reached by the Outpost, published at Fowke, Ark., was referred to the Committee on Distribution of Literature, with power.

On the motion of Miss C. C. Chipman, A. L. Titsworth, and uncle of the author of "Village Preach," the Executive Committee reported progress in the matter of securing local colporteurs for the sale of our publications to the Committee on Distribution of Literature.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

The Beatitudes are certainly away up at the very top of human speech. Every one of them is a gem of purest ray serene. But there is one that causes surprise—at all events, we call for thought before it is associated with the rest; it is, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you." When we give the thought, we find that it is well worthy of its honored place.

A young man once asked Whittier what he would recommend as a good way to start forth, with the purpose of living a useful life. He replied: "Choose an unpopular reform and carry it on to fulfillment." Whittier spoke from experience. He had done just this thing himself; the abolition of slavery, in the days when that meant stoning and bad eggs; and he got them both. But it would be hard to tell the immense satisfaction with which these early opponents of slavery and hedged institutions torn up root and branch.

Ah, but they were well reviled. And this reveals to us the deep wisdom of our Lord in putting this one among the beautiful Beatitudes. To elect unpopular virtue is one of the highest signs of nobility. It will, receive, a glorious reward in whatever the highest.

But it positively insures the reviler back and see; Moses, Daniel, Paul, the Chris­tian martyrs, Savonarola, Luther, down to Lincoln. This is their beatitude; none more worthy. At their head moves the One who was despised and rejected of men—a Man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief.

This Beatitude is, like the blast of a trumpet, to call us all out of our stupidity and ap­sappiness; to make us lay hold of the feeble, pinning reform and do our part. The Reforma­tion story is that of the chief Reformers (was it Ecelamopadius?) was debating whether to cast in his lot with the despised and persecuted preachers of righteousness, but he was afraid. He dreamed that he saw a vast field, all white to the harvest, with no one to reap it. At last came one sturdy reaper, Martin Luther. But he was only one, and the field was vast. A voice fell from heaven, "Put in thy sickle." He begged to be excused, but still the voice, "Put in thy sickle. In the morning he joined the Reformers. And he was reverenced—Church Union.

The True Benjamin Franklin.

By W. E. Pass.

To know how to live is no less important than to know how to die. In fact it is by living well we prepare ourselves to die well.

Financial wisdom has no mean place in the knowledge that makes man happy and useful. Its need was never greater than to-day: many men strive to live by dishonesty and fraud; large numbers have rushed from the country and villages to the cities, and instead of independent, self-reliant, saving farmers, have become mere operatives, working under a boss, and losing more and more of the sense of possibility, live in the most ravagiously. Financial wisdom, like the highest neighbor, may be learned from others. Perhaps the greatest teacher of financial success and self-education in our fathers' time was Benjamin Franklin, and he remains still our greatest practical teacher. We are glad to note a new edition of Franklin, as is shown in the publications of the last few years, since this interest will emphasize again Poor Richard's teachings.

The latest of these publications to come to our notice is "The True Benjamin Franklin." We have in this volume the attempt to remove the mythical elements in the story of Franklin, to reveal the man as he really was. We have here the main elements of Franklin's long life, and we find from his career in Eng­land and his sagacity in America, as he really was. From his life in France that he was the forerunner of Quaysim. But we need not dwell upon the faults of the man, his un­chastity and lack of spirituality. He is still one of the most interesting figures in our national history.

The autobiography and Poor Richard's Al­manac are accessible to all, but since the selections made by Epes Sargent, nearly half a century ago, are no longer in print, we know of no edition from his works. We trust that the Lippincott Company may give us a vol­ume of choice selections from his works.
Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by
REV. W. H. WHITFORD, Professor of Biblical Language and Literature in Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS. 1899.

FIRST QUARTER.


March 29. Christ the Judge: John 5:22-23.

LESSON X.—CHRIST FREEING FROM SIN.

For Sabbath-day, March 4, 1899.

LESSON TEXT.—John 8:12-36, 31-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.—If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.—John 8:36.

INTRODUCTION.

The present lesson is a continuation of Jesus' teaching in the temple. The officers sent to take Jesus were surprised at his reply to them by Jesus, so that they failed in their purpose of arresting him. Many of the people believed on Jesus and many others were inclined to believe, but doubted and argued with one another. In the Council, Nicodemus recommended moderate action in regard to Jesus; but he was derided for his words of wisdom.

Between v. 12 and v. 31 of our lesson we have the reply of the officers sent to take Jesus to his intimates. The officers report the scene to Pilate, who is surprised to hear of Jesus' boldness. Jesus is brought before Pilate, the governor of the province. By this act of arresting Jesus and bringing him before Pilate, the Sanhedrin declared him to be a disturber of the peace, and all who opposed the existing government. The officers sent to take Jesus reported that Jesus would be glad to give any help in the continuance of his authority. Pilate, whose native friend, at Heaven's behest Makes, was an influential man in the Roman government, was inclined to believe, but his nature was not of those who will have the light of life. Not only shall he see it, but really possess it. Darkness, the absence of truth, is the cause of death; the true light is the cause of the real life. One follows through faith; and one becomes a light bearer. In the presence of light, the one who follows becomes a light bearer; and he becomes a light bearer, in order to be his true disciples; his sphere of life and action must be in the teaching of Jesus. Indeed. That is, really, not only outwardly and momentarily, as they were.

32. And ye shall know the truth. Divine truth as it is possessed and embodied in Christ. Shall make you free. This same truth is the mediating cause through which the believer, by faith in Christ, comes into justification of life. The believer is made free from darkness, from sin, and from death.

33. We be Abraham's seed. ["Be" is old English for "are."] From believing believers have so soon become adherents of Jesus. This is the object of the lesson. We have no need to be made free. Every Jew congratulates himself on being a son of Abraham. The promise had been made to Abraham that in his seed all the nations of the world should be blessed. How could bondage have any relation to them? However much other people might need to be made free, the children of Abraham are by nature of a different rank. And were never in bondage to any man. They ignored their subject relation to Rome, as a state of affairs that did not exist by then.

34. Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. ["Sin" is, the singular, referring not to particular sins, but generally, a state of sin.] The one who makes the sin become his own, instead of keeping himself free from it, becomes the slave of sin. Compare Rom. 6:17 and following verses.

35. From now on I am no more bound by the law of Moses. What is the prospect before this slave? As in case of a slave in relation with the customs and laws of the civil government, so with this slave of sin. The slave has no abiding claim upon his place in the house; he is liable to be sold or to be cast out. The slave of sin will have no place in the household of God, the Messianic kingdom, but will be cast out and become a public slave. The salvation is of God precisely opposite to that of the slave.

36. If the Son therefore shall make you free. From the fact of his continuance forever in the household of God, is inferred a continuance of his authority. There can be no question then in regard to the freedom which he bestows. Others may purchase the release from freedom; but he can bestow true freedom. We need to trust no other one than Christ.

THE VOICE OF THE TWO SEAS.

BY PRESIDENT JOHN H. FINLEY.

Feeding the Islands Philippines. The land of promise.

With redder wine than Moscavide.

"Remember, proud Roman, The end of ancient Syrian, Solomon's and Assyria.

And read thy fate!"

Beside the late encompassed
By ship and shore and bird of dread,
The Eastern sea gives up her dead,
An army of the slain.

"From pillared Rock of Hercules To peoples poised of the Orient.

Shall men in distant centuries
Forget thy name?"

Till Western Sea and Eastern Sea
A continent thrust up to be
The home of stalwart men and free.

"Wherever man's by man oppressed, Or in the tenements of the slave.

Here find a friend, at Heaven's behest
To feed or die."

The Advance.

THE BIBLE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The following information is just sent out by the American Bible Society, of New York. We do not know that the Philippine Congress will cut any figure in the immediate future of our new possessions. But if the following shows the temper of the people correctly, the work of giving religious freedom to the islands will be much advanced.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—The American Bible Society has received from the Rev. John R. Hykes, D.D., who recently visited the Philippines in its interest, further valuable information. A young man who was correspondent for one of our publications during the war, writes from Hongkong that the Filipino Congress has passed by a large majority a bill providing for the complete religious liberty in the new possesions and the entire separation of the church from the state. He states that in course of conversation with one of Aguinaldo's intimates he was assured that the Filipinos will extend a hearty welcome to Protestant missionaries, of whose religion they know only enough, says he, to be sure that it is a true and far more elevating faith than that which has hitherto taught in their unhappy islands. Aguinaldo's special representative in the Hongkong colony—said to be a most courteous and well-meaning gentleman—told him that Aguinaldo would be glad to give any help in his power to ministers of the gospel (Protestant) desirous to proceed to the islands. "Ask them to come to see me," said Aguinaldo, "So that I may talk with them and give them letters which will be sure to suit them," A Christian gentleman, who is a correspondent of the States army at Manila writes to Dr. Hykes that the people are anxious to receive the Bible. Some Bible distributors went up to the terminus at the station with about 3,000 copies, and after distributing about half of them from the car window on the way up, they attempted to pass the remainder out to people on the streets; but a crowd collected, and they were thrown into a Chinese shop and bar the door, and pass the books out through an iron-barred window. Books are plentiful in the provincial capitals; but as the mission directors are unable to obtain what even a few books are. The people were quite anxious to get books at a reasonable price.

The Gospel Missionaries in the Philippines have taken the Pangasinan dialect, and some 2,000 copies were disposed of in a few days. It is said to be gratifying that the Filipino Congress has granted them a license to work in any part of the government of the islands, they must grant absolute religious freedom, because this is American, as distinct from the union of church and state under Spanish sovereignty.

Popular Science.

BY E. H. BISH

Andree.

Andree and his two companions, Strideberg and Frenkel, are supposed to have been found on the Taimur Peninsula, the most northern land of Siberia.

The Russian police of that province have been informed that on the 7th of January last night was found, made of cloth and fastened with ropes, and also three bodies; also, some instruments the use of which was unknown. The police have gone in search of the intrepid Andree as we were the fate of Sir John Franklin, when 39 expeditious were sent in search, between the years 1847 and 1857, before his fate became known.

Andree left Dane's Island, off Spitzbergen, on July 11, 1897, in a balloon, attempting to find the North Pole.

Cosmic Phenomena.

Late researches appear to indicate that quite a large portion of the clouds forming the earth may be cosmic dust.

Baron Nils Adolf Erik Nordenskjold (Norden-scheld), a Swedish Arctic explorer and geologist, born at Helsingborg, Finland, Nov. 18, 1832, spent nearly his whole time from 1858 to 1882-83 within the Arctic Circle. He commanded an expedition in 1858, another in 1861, and another in 1864. He explored Spitzbergen in 1868, Greenland in 1870, spent 1872-73 in and around Spitzbergen, explored the Yenisei in 1879, traversed the coast through to Bering Strait in 1878-79, and explored the interior of Greenland in 1883-84.

Baron Nordenskjold asserts that he has, at various times and in different places, collected from the snow a black powder containing metallic iron, and in some instances cobalt and nickel.

On the inland ice which covers Greenland, he found a peculiar mineral powder known as trinitolite, which he states contains a grattis of metallic iron. It was found that this powder or dust consisted of very small, angular, glass-like particles. It also did not be detected any particles of glass, showing clearly that it could not have been produced by the action of volcanic explosions.

It is a well known fact that cosmic dust is falling continuously all over the globe. Its falling on the land, in the mid ocean, or even from sky, still it is evidenced by our red sunsets and fogs. It is found copiously on the decks of vessels after a week or ten days' sail mid in several miles or more from land.

From whence comes this dust but from faraway, formerly, now, when stars, that shoot in the day as well as in the night, must discharge an immense quantity of luminous particles; from this source alone we judge that over half a million tons yearly are spread over the surface of the world.

It has been used as fuel, and manufacturer created can never be lost, but can only be changed in form and place, then may we not confidently claim that during the last ages that those stars that shot in the day as well as in the night, must discharge an immense quantity of luminous particles; from this source alone we judge that over half a million tons yearly are spread over the surface of the world.

May not our moon, which deceased some years ago, be looking toward the dust from whence she came, and thus adding her quota, to the cosmic phenomena, so conspicuous in the fate of Phoebus, in Greenland, and on board our ships?
MARRIAGES.

HAKES — At the residence of the bride's parents, Alfred, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1898, Miss Edith Woodcock Clarke, widow of the late Rev. Wm. J. Clarke, aged 80 years and 2 days.

DEATHS.

Scot, — In Cuyler, N. Y., Dec. 11, 1898, Emma Delgatie daughter of John and Rachel, aged 16 years.

Bur.draw, — In Linklaen, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1898, Nellie Smith, daughter of John and Phoebe Summer, aged 27 years.

Mrs. J. D. Ballard, Lanson, son of the late Rev. Wm. B. Ballard, N. Y., Dec. 11, 1898, Martha Ballard, aged 48 years.

The deceased was a brother of Dea. E. J. Ballard, West Hallock, Minn., and a member of the Baptist church, corner of Church and Genesee streets, at 230 P. M. Sabbath-school following preaching service. An invitation is extended to all to the Sabbath-school remaining in the city over the Sabbath.


Rev. W. J. Rogers, was born in Oxford, England, in 1822, and fell asleep Jan. 9, 1899.

He came to America in 1850 and heartily embraced the christian faith and the Sabbath school movement, and devoted himself to the work of the school, for which he was tenderly cared for by his son during his last sickness, and his body was brought back to De.

The deceased was a brother of De. E. P. Rogers, and has always lived in this vicinity. In early life he was a Presbyterian, and then joined the Truxton church and continued a quiet, conscientious and honest man.

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JOURNEYS.

By E. B. Macdonald.

So wide is the world, and so many its wonders, that we should be voyagers, baby and I, to go to see the world. The world is a book which runs on for ever, and the book is open to every hand. It is the world of God, and the world of man, and the world of nature, all in one. It is the world of the human race, and the world of the animal creation, and the world of the vegetable creation, all in one.

Let us look upon the world as a book which runs on for ever, and the book is open to every hand. It is the world of God, and the world of man, and the world of nature, all in one. It is the world of the human race, and the world of the animal creation, and the world of the vegetable creation, all in one.

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