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THE SHINING HILLS.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOCWELL.

UP to the hills, the shining hills,
I lift my weary eyes,
When bowed 'neath sorrow's heavy hand
My fainting spirit lies.

And through the darkness and the storm
The shining hills gleam bright,
Crowned with the glittering radiance
Of heaven's celestial light.

O, the hills! the shining hills!
How fair and bright they stand;
Beyond them opes the crystal gate
Of heaven's peaceful land.

Up to the hills, the shining hills,
I press with eager feet;
The path is rough, the way is long,
But rest, at last, is sweet.

And, oh! the rest beyond those hills!
How perfect is its peace!
How calm and bright our life will be
When there we find release!

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THE gospel requires a heart that is trained to obedience, more than an intellect skilled in logic and worldly wisdom. Obedience opens the way to knowledge. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned.

CHRIST taught not as the scribes, *i. e.*, he did not teach on his own personal authority; nor dogmatically. He always kept the truth prominent, "I came to do the will of him that sent me." Christ asks us to believe things because they are true, and not merely because he has said them. Christ was no creedist. He uttered simple, fundamental truths, and left them to make their way by virtue of the divine power in them. No one truth stands out more clearly than this: "Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets; I came not to destroy but to fulfill."

THESE words, by George Bowen, are commended to you, dear reader, with the hope that you may be directed, when overcome with a sense of some burden, to that source of help which is not only willing, but anxious, to impart strength: "Who is there that hath not a burden, who that stands in no need of relief? The burden of ignorance weighs heavy on one man. He finds himself lamentably in the dark with regard to many most important things. The burden of responsibility weighs upon another. The burden of some secret frailty, some unconquerable weakness, oppresses another. The burden of doubt is crushing to this sin-tormented soul. The burden of mortality, the fear of death, is more than another can bear. The burden of levity and thoughtlessness is heavier to some than is generally supposed. To one and all the command is, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord.' He will not remove your burden so that you will have nothing to do—no more need of him—but he will sustain you, he will administer support."

CHARITY "hopeth all things;" that means that we are to be slow to impute evil motives to others. A man may disagree with you, and yet be true in his aims and honest in his convictions. Never impute cowardice or dishonesty until you are compelled to, and then hope that the dishonest and cowardly will soon be converted.

The cure for the evils of this life can not be found in outward surroundings. These help. But evil finds its birth in the soul's choices. To meet this want Christianity is radical. The Word of God reaches to the purposes of men's hearts, and thus seeks to control outward acts. Formalism makes the outside of the platter clean. The gospel makes the heart clean. It purifies the fountain from whence life issues. Outward influences may restrain in some degree, but no life can be made pure from without. The body may be surrounded by pure air, and yet be filled with disease. But let healthful lungs bring the pure air in contact with the blood which flows to the heart, and disease is driven out. Christ casts the devils out. The Spirit in the heart keeps them out, and so the life remains pure. Seek this inward purity. This only is purity. All else is delusion or deceit. This

within, all else is harmless. Temptation may rage, but it must stay outside. It is dangerous only when it is permitted to rest within.

THE following words by the *Ram's Horn*, 1894, have not grown old by time. Though plainly spoken, they are full of meat, and the thoughts conveyed ought to prompt each of us to guard against the little sins that cross our daily walks: "Many a brave man who outlived storm after storm of shot and shell, died at last from the ravages of things bought of his own sutler, while others came home to marry death at the altars of dissipation. Hundreds of men who have borne the great trials of life with a spirit of sweetness and resignation that made their lives appear to others great Gibaltars of grace, have in the retirement of home got mad in a minute simply because the milk was sour or there was too much flour in the gravy. Multitudes of Christian women, who have passed through the deep waters of affliction with a spirit of unbroken peace and a trust in God that grew stronger and stronger as the sky became blacker and blacker, have gone down so deep into the cave of gloom, that it seemed as though the very sun itself had become a great black iceberg, just because the hired girl couldn't fry potatoes to suit them, or "that boy" wouldn't ever wipe off his muddy boots when he came into the parlor. And people who had made a solemn covenant with themselves and God that they would praise the Lord at all times though the heavens should fall, have got clear out of patience because somebody happened to talk too long or pray too loud in the prayer-meeting. No, it is not the great dragon sins that come out against us and slay us as we go marching happily on our way toward God, but the little, insignificant and contemptible viper sins that steal upon us while we sleep, and poison us with their sting. Mosquitoes drink more blood than lions."

HE LEADETH.

The heart cannot rest undisturbed until it has learned to know that "our Father in heaven" leads his children. We fear the darkness and dread the trials until we can trust that God's hand will find us in the darkness, and his help will come to us in the trials. The following, which comes to us without the author's name, is worthy to be read until it is believed without any shadow of doubt:

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears,
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days,
We know his will is done;
And still he leads us on.

And he at last—
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles, which have proved in vain—
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

SEEING GOD.

History shows that crimes increase in proportion as men lose faith in God, and the consciousness of accountability to him. Science may not be able to explain this, but it is easy for the soul to understand that when the restraints of faith in a divine law which forbids sin are gone, the soul goes with the temptation. When no power outside one's life forbids covetousness, or adultery, or theft, or blasphemy, it is the most natural thing to

fall into disobedience. The behests of the tempted soul are too weak to keep that soul from yielding when left to itself alone. It is an universal fact that the divine behest is the most powerful motive to obedience. If one were to close his eyes and look with his fingers, he would fail to see. No less unwisely do these men act who insist on seeing God and truth with the fingers of the intellect, or the short-sighted vision of physical science. The heart, obedient and believing, is the eye that discerns truth and sees God. It is above all science in its appointed realm. If the skeptic, vainly trying to learn of God through the agency of crucible, and scales, and re-agents, would yield his will in loving obedience, the problem would be solved. The laboratory and the halls of science can reveal the wonders of the physical universe, and thus, much of God. But his character, and his thoughts, *i. e.*, truth, are found only by a loving heart. Thoughts are realities. Truths are veritable entities. They exist as distinct parts of the great system of the moral and religious universe, as much as the stars do in the firmament. When your soul goes out searching for God it finds him through his thoughts. These meet you, speak to you, warn you, encourage you, like so many servants sent forth from him. There is nothing mystical or uncertain in the realm of truth. Fancies are shadows of real thoughts; they are partial or imperfect truths. If you want to know more of God and truth and duty, go into the realms of revealed truth, seeking the companionship and guidance of his Spirit, and you will find richer gems than the diamond fields of Africa hold or the gold mines of the mountain hide.

THE HIGHER TRAINING.

"The ills we see,
The mysteries of sorrow, deep and long,
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong
Have all one key.
This strange, sad world is but our Father's school;
All chance and change his love shall grandly overcome.
What though to-day
Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason
For his strange dealings through the trial season,
Trust and obey;
In after life and light all shall be plain and clear."

By such a conception of life's experiences, faith is enabled to understand how it is that God "doeth all things well." We know that what the earth-born side of our lives chooses is not for the best. It may seem to be for the moment. It may give immediate joy, or even promise continued happiness. But experience has repeated the truth that the pleasant and temporary is not likely to be the best. The higher training is for the real self, the higher self, the soul. It is a training for the years, the scenes, the enjoyments of the next life. We are always in training for an advanced position. If we appreciate what this means, we shall welcome with joy much that otherwise we would gladly shun. If one asks how the heart may know that the training God gives us will be for the best, let it be answered: Infinite love and wisdom could not do less, nor otherwise. God has not made us and called us to be heirs with Christ, only to mock our longings or give us seeming misfortune or pain, in cruelty or caprice. If he prunes the earthly away, it is that the heavenly may take its place and bear diviner fruit. Complain not, neither doubt. Our Father guideth. We may sometimes feel that we are called to draw near to the "thick darkness;" but we shall find his hand just within it.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

It will be a matter of more than local interest that our friend, Thomas Zinn, of Farina, has been nominated for the state senatorship of the district in which he lives. The action was quite unexpected to him and against his protest. He refused to be a candidate, but the first ballot gave him a large majority and the next vote made the choice the unanimous choice of the convention.

"We share our mutual woes, our mutual burdens bear." Surely we shall also share the pleasant and gratifying experiences that fall to the lot of those who are bound to us by one common cause. Bro. Zinn enjoys the universal trust and confidence of the people among whom he has lived these many years. We extend the Western Editorial hand in appreciation of the honor conferred upon him and the wider opportunity which is offered him.

GEORGE BROWNING, of Westerly, who, during his medical course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, has been a frequent attendant at our Chicago church, has recently been elected valedictorian of the class in which he is to graduate. We have reason to be proud of the young men who during the past few years have prepared for a mission to suffering humanity in the Chicago schools. They have been exceptional men in both ability and character, and we shall watch them with great interest in their coming days of usefulness.

SUCH letters as the following bring great cheer to the hearts of men and women who are fighting the battles of humanity:

"I'm so happy to-night I thought I would write and tell you that again some of my Sabbath-school class have gone down into the waters and been buried with Christ in baptism. All now but two of the original class have been baptized. I am so thankful I can scarcely express myself. I feel encouraged to go on, not in my strength, but praying that God will work on the hearts and lives of us all, to do his own good pleasure. Enclosed find \$5 for evangelistic work, and next month I hope to have as much more."

How much brighter the skies of the future would be, and how much nearer the glad millennial day would draw if there were more men and women who regarded their work in the world as a mission entrusted them from above. Let us so live that we may give a joyful account of our stewardship.

ONE of the things which we need in order to be welded into one body in Christ Jesus is sympathy for each other's problems. The evangelist thinks the pastor should do certain and certain things; but when he has become a pastor and felt the tug of the same load the year around, the same perplexing difficulties to meet, he understands the situation better. We often think our officers and Boards make serious mistakes—doubtless they do, for they are human—but after the responsibility has rested for a time on our own shoulders we shall see in a clearer light. It is right for us to think, to have opinions and express them; but let our conversation be seasoned with the constant remembrance that our knowledge is incomplete. Let us have sympathy for what we can appreciate and charity for what appears to be unreasonable.

The North-Western Association.

Garwin opened her arms wide to the Association, and was only sorry that there were not delegates enough to go around. It did seem as though the green of those magnificent rolling prairies was just a little deeper than its wonted shade, and that a richer joy shone in the brightness of the June landscape. The houses were swept and garnished, the farm work put in shape to be laid by for a few days, the cyclone cellar door left invitingly open, and all things were ready. The pastor was even thoughtful enough to leave a few weeds in his garden and the hoe in sight so that sleepless ministers might have a solace at 6 o'clock in the morning. The hoe not being disturbed from its place, however, the Elder was found energetically stirring the soil with his own brawny arms, a look of disgust on his face.

The spiritual preparation had not been lacking. For these past two years old Carlton has been on the upward trend. Members are standing in their places ready for work, and a spirit of harmony prevails. Kind and grateful words are to be heard on every side for Brother and Sister Burdick. The latter being a Randolph—but this is not the column for sentiment.

God bless the church of Garwin. May she grow in all the graces of Christianity, and enter upon her inheritance of power and influence in the country in the midst of which she is planted.

State of Religion in the North-West.

In the twenty-seven churches reporting, there had been 73 additions by baptism, 68 by letter, 13 by verbal testimony. The losses were, by death 34, by dismissal 45, by rejection 29. The net gain was 50, 14 more than that of last year.

A few of the churches have enjoyed gracious revivals; others have experienced a steady growth under the regular means of grace. A few are facing discouraging conditions, but the general tenor of the letters was heartening.

Nortonville headed the record of growth with a net increase of 22; Milton reported 16; Talent 12; Chicago 13; Coloma 7; Carlton 6.

A noteworthy feature was the increase in contributions for gospel work in several churches. Milton enlarged her record by about \$160. West Hallock doubled her contributions to Missionary and Tract work. Chicago, while doubling her contributions to these Societies, was also furnishing a large share of the support of Eld. Leath in the South, and the Student Evangelists in central Wisconsin. Milton is making preparations to send out at least two students during the summer vacation.

Two other fields deserve special mention. Talent, Oregon, with no pastor, reports 12 additions (10 of which are converts to the Sabbath) and a lively interest in all church and denominational work.

The Berlin circuit is wide awake. Berlin, Coloma and Grand Marsh, have had special outpourings of the Spirit, and revival meetings are contemplated soon at Marquette and Glenn. Milton Junction has a full outlet for her energies in the approaching Conference.

Hints of heroic work and faithful, prayerful service abound in the letters. The spirit of evangelism is growing. Shall we not hopefully pray the Lord of the harvest that the coming year shall be the best the North-west has ever experienced?

Fighting the Fire.

Sabbath evening, a threat of a cyclone. The night after the Sabbath, a fire alarm, and the main business street of Garwin was wiped clean. The midnight emergency proved that Seventh-day Baptist preachers can extinguish fire as well as kindle it. There was a scarcity of water, and not so much as a fountain-pen filler with which to throw it. When it became apparent that the whole business row must go, and that there were plenty of willing hands to remove goods and furniture, the visiting brethren turned their attention to saving the buildings adjoining. A broad-shouldered Kansan took off his coat and led a wrecking crew in tearing down a shanty which furnished a dangerous point of connection. The Nebraska pastor was not as tall as the barn which he saved from ruin, but his arms went toward making up the deficiency. His tin pail kept up a well-directed bombardment on the roof of the building, which others had given up, until the crisis was past. Others carried water, spread green grass and carpets on roofs, drenching them, and assisted in other quiet ways, until at two o'clock the fire subsided.

The next day it was the talk of the town that if Seventh-day Baptist preachers were as good in the pulpit as they were at a fire, Satan might well tremble. In the closing moments of the Association a communication from the Mayor to the Moderator was read, which deserves a place here as well as on the minutes of the Association:

In behalf of the citizens of the town of Garwin, I desire to express my gratitude to the visiting members of your Association for the heroic manner in which they, although strangers in our midst, co-operated with us in battling with the fiery element which desolated the homes and business places of a portion of our citizens on the memorable night of June 18, 1898.

C. CHRISTENSEN, Mayor.

Dr. Lewis gave a fitting close to the incident by summoning the Seventh-day Baptists of Garwin to stand by the Mayor in every good fight which he might make against evil in their midst. And so the North-Western Association of 1898 passed into history.

THE Prince of Wales, we learn, gets two hundred thousand dollars a year for the labors of being heir apparent. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland receives one hundred thousand dollars for his services and expenses. Italy pays her king two million six hundred thousand dollars a year, in spite of the fact that she lost ten thousand men in Abyssinia. The German emperor receives about four million dollars a year, besides the large revenue from estates belonging personally to the royal family. Though the United States is such a wealthy nation, our President receives the small salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, and till 1873 it was only twenty-five thousand dollars. The Czar of Russia owns in fee simple one million square miles of cultivated land, and has an income of twelve million dollars, although, as he is a despot, he can command the resources of the whole nation. The British Government pays the royal families of England three million dollars every year, and of this the queen receives nearly two million dollars, besides her quarter of a million income from the duchy of Lancaster. The President of France receives two hundred and forty thousand dollars a year—a large salary, when it is remembered that the government is struggling under a debt of six billion dollars, which is the largest debt ever incurred by any nation. If little Alfonso, of Spain, saves as he should, he will be one of the richest monarchs of Europe when he comes of age, as the government allows him one million four hundred thousand dollars a year, besides four hundred thousand dollars additional for family expenses.—*Ex.*

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

THE Queen Regent of Spain has signed a decree for the formation of an auxiliary cruiser division at Cadiz.

THE Flying Squadron, commanded by Commodore Schley, has been merged into the fleet under command of Admiral Sampson, now off Santiago de Cuba.

THE preparations for a general advance of the American troops on Santiago de Cuba are being pushed steadily forward, and troops of all branches of the service are being hurried to the front.

It is reported in London, under date of June 28, that two attempts have been made on the life of General Aguinaldo, in order to secure the reward placed on his head by Captain-General Augustin.

ADMIRAL CAMARA has asked permission to coal his fleet at Port Said, but the Egyptian government, believing the Spanish ships have sufficient coal to steam to the nearest port of their own country, has definitely refused him permission to do so, in accordance with the neutrality laws.

PATRICK HAGGINS, said to be the oldest man in Pennsylvania, died at Scranton, on the night of June 28, aged 117. His age is authenticated by records and certificates which show that he was born in County Londonderry, Ireland, November 1, 1781. Mr. Haggins's father died at the age of 111, and his mother at 107.

THE interruption of regular steam communication with Honolulu, caused by the use of the regular ocean steamers as transports for the army going to Manila, it is said, will entail great loss to the banana growers of the Hawaiian Islands. Most of the fruit intended for shipment will be unfit for sale before vessels can be secured to convey it to market.

THE Spanish government does not credit the report that an American squadron is to visit Spanish waters, but the Ministers say they have taken all possible precautions, that the ports are all ready, and that twenty-six thousand men who have been called to the colors will be distributed among the principal Atlantic and Mediterranean ports of Spain.

REPORTS state that Barcelona is riotous and violent in its demand for peace. Being a seacoast town, open to bombardment any day, it does not encourage all the pervading Spanish illusions about the Yankees. It may deem them pigs, but knows that they can shoot straight, and admits it. Barcelona would conclude a treaty of peace at once if it were possible, giving up everything except its own wharves and warehouses.

HUNGRY Cubans are receiving the attention of the Red Cross Society. The Society purchased at the auction of the prize cargoes twenty tons of jerked beef to be distributed among the starving people of Cuba. This article, known as "tassajo," is a staple article of food in Cuba. The local Junta has asked the Red Cross for a ton of beef, which it wishes to send to the interior of Matanzas Province at once.

ADVICES are expected at Washington from General Shafter or from Admiral Sampson that Morro Castle and its neighboring batteries on the eastern side of the narrow entrance to Santiago Harbor, including the works at Estrella Point and Santa Catalina, have been occupied by the American forces, and that the Spaniards have been driven from the fortifications on the west at La Socapa, Canones Point and Smith Cay.

THE speedy steamer Newport, bearing Major-General Wesley Merritt, Military Governor of the Philippines, and his staff, besides the Astor Light Battery, and Companies H. and K. of the Third United States Artillery and detachments from the Signal Corps, is now on its way to Manila. As the vessel gradually drew away from her wharf, June 29, the blowing of many whistles told the people that General Merritt had taken his departure. A large number of tugboats and yachts, chartered for the occasion, accompanied the Newport down the bay and put through the Golden Gate to the Pacific, where the last farewells were waved to the departing military men gathered on the deck of the steamer.

TWENTY-SEVEN regiments at Camp Thomas have been ordered to prepare for immediate service in Cuba. The twenty-seven regiments compose the First Army Corps. General John R. Brooks will command and lead it into Cuba. The regiments which compose the First Army Corps and will go are the following: Ninth Pennsylvania, 2d Wisconsin, 1st Vermont, 12th New York, 21st Kansas, 8th Massachusetts, 1st South Carolina, 12th Minnesota, 5th Pennsylvania, 14th Minnesota, 1st Pennsylvania, 2d Ohio, 6th Ohio, 15th Indiana, 1st West Virginia, 16th Indiana, 1st Georgia, 31st Michigan, 16th Pennsylvania, 3d Kentucky, 4th Pennsylvania, 1st Kentucky, 3d Illinois, 4th Ohio, 3d Wisconsin and 5th Illinois.

THE opinion prevails at Washington that General Shafter will soon have begun his attack upon the city of Santiago proper. The important event is the general's announcement that he could take the city in forty-eight hours, but at considerable loss. Taken in connection with the announcement contained in another dispatch that he is going to attack without waiting reinforcements, it will be seen that the officials have ground for their expectation that the first general engagement of the war will begin in a short time. Numerically the opposing armies are not very different, the estimate of the Spanish force being placed at 14,000 men, thoroughly intrenched and behind barbed wire fences and blockhouses, as against about 18,000 men under Shafter's command, aided by 4,000 Cubans.

ONE of the gravest elements in the effort to capture Santiago de Cuba is the Spanish war ships, for unless Shafter is materially assisted by Sampson, who might engage the full attention of the Spanish ships, their fire upon the American advance forces would be hard to meet. The military authorities say that General Linares has shown great military tact in slowly retiring during the last few days, as he has gradually drawn our troops

away from the protection of the American ships in Santiago Harbor. For this reason it was with relief that the announcement was received at Washington that Shafter had succeeded in landing all of his artillery, including his siege train, for unless Sampson can be relied upon to force his way into the harbor and attack the Spanish ships, these siege guns, planted on heights commanding the bay, will be the main reliance of General Shafter in offsetting the presence of the Spanish ironclads.

THE Ocean Grove Summer School holds its Fourth Annual Session August 2-12. The altogether unusual excellence of both lectures and musical features has established for this institution a high reputation. Dr. J. E. Price, the Dean, announces for this year's work a list of lecturers which includes the following: Old Testament, Dr. Robert W. Rogers, Drew Seminary; New Testament, Prof. Casper Rene Gregory, University of Leipsic, Dr. Marcus D. Buell, Boston University; Philosophic Theology, President B. P. Raymond, Wesleyan University; Historical Theology, Dr. John Alfred Faulkner, Drew Seminary; Physical Science, Dr. J. E. Price, Dean; Systematic Theology, Dr. George B. Stevens, Yale University; Pastoral Theology, Dr. S. F. Upham, Drew Seminary; English Literature, Dr. Wm. V. Kelley, Editor *Methodist Review*. Special lecturers, Dr. H. K. Carroll, Dr. George Elliott, Dr. S. J. Herben. The evenings will be given largely to great popular lectures by speakers of national reputation. Another great musical festival is arranged, comprising a great popular concert, another symphony concert with a thousand children's voices, and the Oratorio of "The Messiah." The fee of \$2.50 admits students to everything.

UNDER date of June 29, the War Department issued a request that delicacies do not be sent to the soldiers. Actuated by the best possible intentions, people from all parts of the country have been sending to their relatives and friends among the soldiers in the various permanent camps boxes and packages containing all the good things that only loving hearts could think of and tender hands prepare. While the soldiers themselves are always proud of the boxes and thoroughly enjoy their contents, the officials of the War Department discourage the sending of delicacies to the soldiers. Pickled onions, preserved cherries, canned fruit, cocoanut cake and such things are delicious enough, but boxes of them are not calculated to improve the digestion of men who are obliged to submit daily to rigid military discipline and training.

In view of the position taken by the surgeon-general and his subordinates on the matter, the War Department has issued the following statement, which has the approval of the President and Secretary Alger: "The sending of delicacies to the Army, although most generous, and has been fully appreciated by the War Department, will not longer be encouraged, as it has been found that such delicacies for troops in the field are injurious rather than helpful. The Secretary of War suggests that donations of this character in future be sent to the hospitals only, and that the surgeon-general of the army be consulted as to where they will be most needed."

GOOD HEALTH A DUTY.

"The duty of good health!" we hear a reader exclaim; "can health be had always by seeking for it? Are not tens of thousands of men enfeebled by consumption, racked by rheumatism, tortured by neuralgia, gout, or other diseases, who have sought for health as for hid treasure for years, spending large sums of money for doctors and drugs, the aid of infirmaries, visits to watering-places and water-cures, but all in vain?" True; but are you quite sure, my excited reader, that the diseases of all these invalids were inherited; or, if inherited, that they might not have been healed; or, at least, that their severity might not have been abated by early and adequate care regarding exposure to the weather, exercise, sleep, bathing, food? etc. No doubt we all walk among pitfalls; and our physical constitution will often be injured, sometimes fatally, under circumstances where no human prescience, care or caution could prevent it. Nay, owing to one's ignorance, especially in youth, of the causes of disease, he may be running into the jaws of the enemy at the very moment when he is most confident of escape.

In spite of all this, it is positively certain that there are certain lines of conduct, the following of which will greatly lessen the chances of disease, or render it less fatal than otherwise when it occurs, and enable one to recover his health more speedily when lost, than if such conduct be neglected. The vast majority of the cases of ill-health—such as excess or deficiency of bodily ailment or of mental excitement, deficiency of pure air or of bodily exercise or warm clothing, lack of personal cleanliness or of cleanliness in our houses, overwork or underrest—are unquestionably, except in the cases of the extremely poor, within our control. Is not good health, then, except in comparatively few cases, a duty? Is it not the duty of every man to make the most of, and to do the most possible good with, the faculties which God has given him? Is it not self-evident that only a healthy man, with a sound mind in a sound body, can discharge all his duties, public and private, in the most efficient manner? Is not such a man more likely to be sunny and amiable than he who is tortured by headache, asthma, lung disease, gout, or chronic indigestion?

When will men learn, and act upon the knowledge, that "the whole of a man goes into his work? Poet, orator, philosopher, or man of business, his body follows him, and holds the pen, and shapes the thought, and imparts its quality to all that he says or does." Above all men, a Christian needs to be a healthy being. If he would keep bright his faith in God, if he would grapple with temptation successfully, he must have a constant care for his body as well as for his soul. Constitutional, hereditary and accidental causes, the action of which he may more or less modify, even when he cannot wholly control, and still more diseases provoked by his own imprudence, are constantly at work to modify his opinions, feelings and conduct. Dr. J. M. Mason used to say that the grace which would make the apostle John look like an angel would be only just enough to keep Peter from knocking a man down. Who does not know from personal experience and observation, that an east wind, gloomy skies, too much heat or cold, a sick-headache, a

catarrh, an attack of rheumatism, a dull sense of hearing, a dyspeptic or a plethoric habit, are almost sure, at times, to affect the personal piety of him who is thus afflicted? A disordered liver enshrouds the universe in gray; and the gout covers it with an inky pall, and makes us regard our best friends as little better than disguised fiends.

The duty of good health is especially binding on kings, statesmen, military leaders, judges, and all other men who, by fortune or their fellow-men, have been raised to offices of authority, responsibility and trust. Who can adequately estimate the influence of ill-health on statesmanship, or the administration of justice, or the general conduct of affairs? The more absolute a man's authority, the more important it is that every part of his bodily organism be in a sound, natural condition. Well may the Russians, for example, tremble at the ill-health of the czar! When a prime minister of Great Britain displays an unusual degree of irritability, when the chancellor of the exchequer gets into the habit of snubbing deputations and giving snappish answers in the House of Commons, or when a leading American official is crabbed and surly to those who have a right to address him, we may be almost sure that he is suffering from disease in some of its forms. Although the fact of Pitt's illness behind the speaker's chair, during the speech to which he made his famous reply in 1783, did not impair his eloquence, yet the collapse of the ministry formed by Lord Chatham in 1766 was unquestionably owing to suppressed gout. The tortures of hereditary disease, united with the pangs of fever, wrung from Napoleon, in one of the most critical days of his history, the exclamation that the first requisite of good generalship is good health. There were three critical occasions—the battle of Borodino, the third day of Dresden, and, above all, the fatal day of Waterloo—on which the eagle eye of the great captain was perceptibly dimmed by physical suffering.

When the stomach of Lord Tenterden, the English judge, was out of order—as, owing to his extreme fondness for turtle, it generally was after a city dinner—woe to the unlucky junior counsel who cited an inapplicable case! and woe still greater to the prisoner who had the misfortune to appear before him in the criminal court! The irritability or ill-nature generated by an ill-digested dinner has probably lengthened many a term of imprisonment.—*William Matthews.*

HATING ENEMIES.

Ought we to hate our Spanish enemies, or to love them? This very practical question, discussed by Dr. Hamlin, confronts many Christians. If it be answered that the law of Christ is to love your enemies, the response comes, But how can we fight and kill those whom we do not hate? It has been said again and again that we cannot overcome our reluctance to do injury to Spanish soldiers and ships unless we have some rallying cry of hate or vengeance; that we cannot go to war in cold blood—therefore, the cry, "Remember the Maine," designed to rouse the fiercer passions of our fighting men and nerve their arms to deeds heroic.

But we really are not in this war to avenge the loss of the "Maine." We have no proof that the Spanish nation through its representatives ordered our war vessel to be blown up, or knew that the deed was to be done, or

knows to this day by whom it was done. We do not go to war with nations for individual acts, but for the acts of the nations themselves. For aught we know the "Maine" may have been destroyed by Cubans, and not by Spaniards. Our suspicions point to Spaniards, but suspicions are not proofs, and if it is abhorrent to hold individuals guilty of murder on mere suspicion, it is equally so thus to hold nations. We have no other reason to hate Spain, and this one reason is involved in great uncertainty, we are in this war without excuse if war without hate is always unjustifiable.

We are at war for what Spain has done, and insists on doing, in oppressing a people who have long cried in vain for justice and liberty. We know of no individual Spaniard except General Weyler for whom we have anything like hate, and we are not making war against Weyler. We may lawfully hate what is wrong, though we are commanded to love the wrong-doer; therefore, we hate the cruelty and oppression with which Spain's rule in Cuba is marked, but we do not hate Spain.

What, then, is the law of Christ for Christians? It does not forbid our using force to compel Spain to treat the Cubans decently, or give them their independence. If a man fall among thieves it is a Christian's duty to come to his relief. If burglars are overpowering a family, it is the duty of neighbors to take instant part against them. The question of hate in such a case does not arise. The burglars are engaged in a fiendish act. They must stop, or be made to stop by any means at hand. We find Spain engaged in an atrocious assault on the Cubans. We have warned her to withdraw from the Cuban domicile. She refuses, and we are using force.

We do not hate the Spaniards we have killed and wounded; we do not hate those who are in arms; we do not hate the symbol of Spain's sovereignty, though there are a few persons who know no better than to lay it down to be walked over. But we are, with our superior force, correcting the intolerable wrongs for which Spain has made herself responsible. When she is ready to come to terms, which we must not make unjust, we shall cease fighting her. We do not want to destroy Spain. If she learns the lesson of justice to those under her rule we shall be glad to see her scepter still among the sovereignties of earth.

We do not need, then, to try to excite within ourselves feelings of hate toward our Spanish enemies. Those who have such feelings should rather seek to supplant them with the Christian spirit of love. Miss Sarah Smiley told, at the recent Arbitration Conference at Lake Mohonk, how she repressed the rising spirit of hate. When she found herself exulting over American victories and inclined to regard Spaniards as devoid of all good traits, she thought of a young Spanish girl whom she had known, loving, gentle, pure and altogether sweet; then of a Spanish matron whom she loved for her noble womanliness; then of others belonging to that nation, and she reasoned thus: Surely there are many others in Spain who are like these. Not all the Spaniards are wicked, cruel and bloodthirsty. I must not hate a whole nation. It would be unjust.

In this way she allayed her prejudices, and though she doubtless would not justify the war, as we do, she took the right attitude toward our nation's enemies. We do not, must not, hate them. We love them as Christ loved all men, and have no worse wish for them than that they should open their eyes to the truth, accept it, and give us peace.—*The Independent.*

Missions.

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

THE Secretary did not attend the North-Western Association. To make the trip to Garwin, and return at once to begin the Annual Report, and within two months make a trip again West, to Conference, it was thought would be making one trip more than was necessary, and put the Missionary Society to too much expense. Bro. G. H. P. Randolph, of Marlboro, N. J., the delegate from the Eastern Association to the Central, Western and North-Western Associations, was delegated by the Secretary to conduct the Missionary Hour at the North-Western Association. A report of the exercises of said hour will be prepared by Mr. Randolph for this page.

THE Secretary, after the close of the Western Association, did some work in Western New York, in the interests of our cause. He had the privilege of enjoying a part of the Commencement Week of Alfred University. He attended all the public sessions of the Lyceums, heard the excellent Baccalaureate Sermon of President Davis, and spent half a day in the Annual Meeting of the Trustees of the University. Previous engagement prevented him the pleasure of being present Alumni Day, at the dedication of the Babcock Hall of Physics, and at the Commencement and Class Exercises. It was a cause of deep regret.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY is evidently on the rising tide. With its increase in students; its distinctive departments of instruction, academic and collegiate; its excellent faculty and energetic President; its increased facilities, especially its new Babcock Hall of Physics, so fine and complete; its fine library and apparatus, all bespeak a future of growing prosperity. The University has met with great loss by the death of Prof. Martha Saunders, Prof. Wm. A. Rogers and Prof. H. C. Coon, from which it will take some time to recover, but their places are to be filled with competent instructors. The workers fall by the way, but the work must go on. Heavy endowments alone will not make a successful college. Its success depends upon able, faithful and self-sacrificing Christian teachers, and loyal, gifted, faithful and hard-working students.

It has been said that the college of thirty or forty years ago would not be to-day more than a back-woods academy. It is true great progress has been made in college training and facilities as in other things, in that time. However, the college of forty years ago had some important qualities which the larger and prosperous colleges and universities of to-day sorely need. They have not the rigid, wholesome discipline, the purity of life, the righteous conduct, the real good manners and the spiritual life and power of the colleges of even thirty years ago. Brawn is now king of the large college, not head or heart. The baseball, the football, the boat-race are first and foremost. Thousands will go, at great expense, to attend a football or a rowing contest, while but a few hundred will attend an intellectual contest. Whole columns, and even pages, in the leading newspapers will be devoted to college sports, football contests or rowing races, and only a small space will

be given to an oratorical contest, or a competitive test in scholarship. If the articles in the *Voice* upon the life, conduct and practices in some of our noted colleges and universities are true, and the *Voice* claims to have the evidence that they are true, they are no places for parents to send their boys. If such immoralities, drunkenness and vice prevail in college life; the college club, the secret society and various college fraternities are but resorts for midnight orgies, Bacchanalian revelries, beastly drunkenness and unmentionable immoralities, it is a high time they were exposed, and a reform instituted to clean them out. It is better to send our boys to small colleges. As a rule they come out better scholars and cleaner men, freer from bad habits. Our own colleges are pure and clean, good scholarship and noble manhood and womanhood rank first. Better to send your boys and girls to Alfred, Milton or Salem than to some large, popular college.

CONFERENCE is drawing near. The Missionary, Tract and other Societies will soon balance their books. Have you, as churches and as individuals, sent in to their treasuries your full contributions and gifts? Are there any that have made no contributions at all? These are important questions. They effect you and the work of the denomination. If you have given *full and freely*, and are doing so, *you get a great blessing*; if not, *you are losing the blessing*, and the *cause suffers loss*. If you, as churches or individuals, are behind in your gifts and contributions, bestir yourselves, I beseech you, that the Societies shall not come up to Conference in debt for the past year's work, and we all go home downcast and full of anxiety. Let us go from Conference happy for the good work done, and that it is all paid for, and a balance in the treasury.

EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD BY THE CHURCH.

The day of Evangelization is at hand. Its hour has struck on the dial of the history of the church, of the world. The work of the Holy Spirit points with its index finger to the carrying of the riches of the gospel of Christ, as speedily as possible and to the utmost of our ability, to every unevangelized people on the face of the earth. Pentecost was the preface to this apostolic evangelization scheme. He is leading, teaching, and preparing on these lines. We are in the birthtime of spiritual fervor and enthusiasm. Our weak selfishness, that stands between us and the rich promises of God, is being burned away by the fires of the Holy Ghost, and our lives are becoming richer, broader, wider, deeper, under his touch; the spirit of a real brotherhood and sisterhood to all the millions everywhere in darkness, degradation, and sin, permeates our being. The day is dawning. It is the day of advent. The church is rising. True, if she had continued her divine commission given at the upper room meeting, had rejected visible royalty and political grandeur, and had continued to sow at all times and in every place the eternal Word, watering it, if need be, with her blood, she would not to-day be trailing her white robes in the dust, and saying, "Impossible!"

'Tis true that Christian nations present an awful spectacle to-day, arming themselves for I know not what formidable slaughter in the battles of the world, or carrying opium, brandy, vice, sin, misery and death to the

hapless millions of heathendom—instead of the gospel with all the light, all the rights, and all the liberties which flow from it. 'Tis sadly true in all of Christendom, that rum rules, vice predominates, iniquity abounds, extravagance prevails, and self is on the throne; but that is to-day; to-morrow, the church will rise to the level of her Master's teaching, her sympathy will increase and flow in unison with his incomparable love, and she will be in touch with plans that embrace the world; she will bow her back to the work—and enter into alliance with the Holy Ghost for preparation for the coming of her Spouse; she will be transfigured by the presence of the Holy One, and will return to her first love and be what she was at the beginning, and what she always was meant to be, an Evangelistic and Missionary church; every member of which, with bowed heads and clean hearts, receiving the one anointing, "the tongue of fire," and the baptism with the Holy Ghost.

When this endowment comes, as come it will, and when we are consecrated to this worldwide work—and divisions soften and barriers melt, and bigotry dies—when crowds of affectionate fathers and loving mothers send their sons and daughters, whom they support and supply with means, and uphold with their faith and prayers; when every member has a substitute at the front who is backed by the love and labor of the stay-at-home; when the poor and the rich hasten with their gifts of affluence or poverty, to fill and keep full the treasury; when the world sees the earnestness and zeal, the persevering, self-sacrificing love of the advancing host of Immanuel's army; when the earnestness and holy ambition—the patience, humility and divine tenderness—are seen and felt from lives that are consecrated, and money and time dedicated for this peculiar and particular work, there will be no apology so convincing, and no justification of our Christianity so sublime; while the true, earnest, thoughtful men, women and youth, seeing that we have been with Jesus, and learned of him, will unconditionally surrender, and fall in love with us and the work, and will enter with us the lists for the subjugation of the world to Christ, and swell the vast army of the sacramental hosts who, under the guidance and direction of the Holy Ghost, will evangelize the globe and prepare it for the second coming of its Lord and King.—*The King's Messenger*.

THE SOFT ANSWER.

A worthy old colored woman was walking quietly along a street in New York, carrying a basket of apples, when a mischievous sailor, seeing her, stumbled against her and upset her basket, and then stood to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. She merely picked up the apples without resentment, and, giving him a dignified look of sorrow and kindness said, "God forgive you, son, as I do!"

That touched a tender cord in the heart of the jack-tar. He felt self-condemned. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, and pulling out a lot of loose "change," he forced it upon the old black woman, exclaiming, "God bless you, mother, I'll never do so again."—*The Templar*.

We must give ourselves to the work of evangelizing the world with a holy and God-like persistence. Reverses will sometimes try our faith and patience.

REV. WILLIAM DUNCAN, THE ALASKAN PEARL SEEKER.

BY S. E. BRIDGMAN.

While a vast army are pressing into Alaska searching for gold, one man has for years been seaching for immortal pearls. For the last few weeks this man has been in Washington pleading with our government to protect the guaranteed rights of his people, endangered by the rapacity and greed of the white men. All the vast empire of Alaska, which has untold treasures hid in the mountains and valleys which wait for pick and spade, is not enough, and the little Annette Island, where Mr. Duncan has built the town of Metlakahltla, which has no parallel in the world, is to-day coveted by the gold seekers, and Congress has been asked to return to the public domain the whole island, save a small area on the peninsula where these Christian Indians shall be penned. The enormity of the proposition is seen more clearly when the character of this colony is considered.

In the record of mission work from the days of St. Paul down to our time Mr. Duncan holds an honored place. Forty years ago the London Church Missionary Society appointed a missionary meeting in the church which he attended. The evening was so stormy that only nine were present. An adjournment was suggested. This was vetoed. At its close William Duncan, a clerk in a mercantile establishment, one of the nine, offered himself for service. His employers tried to dissuade him by means of a larger salary and an interest in the concern, which would have made him a wealthy man. Instead he went out to Fort Simpson in British Columbia. He found himself among tribes of Indians living in the darkest heathenism, practicing cannibalism and the most debasing rites. The officers in the fort were opposed to his work, as his life would not be safe outside. Looking out from the stockade soon after his arrival, he saw a young Indian girl torn in pieces and eaten before his eyes. The history of the nine tribes of Tsimpsean Indians, numbering by actual count 2,300 souls, is one long chapter of crime and misery. "On every hand were raving drunkards and groaning victims. The medicine man's rattle and the voice of wailing seldom ceased." Time and again before his eyes were enacted scenes of cruelty not exceeded in the heart of Africa. Another clan were dog-eaters, and in a state of nudity would dance, bark and growl all through the winter months as they met for amusement. The facts told by the good missionary of his early experience are marvelous in the extreme, and here in this nest of evil spirits, amid surroundings that would have paralyzed a less loyal soul, he began his work absolutely alone, with no helper save the Unseen.

June 28, 1858, after almost unsurmountable difficulties, Mr. Duncan opened his first school in the house of a chief with twenty-six children and fifteen adults. Before the close of the year there were 140 children and 50 adults in attendance and a school building had been erected. This maddened the medicine men, because the people were losing their interest in sorcery through Mr. Duncan's teachings, and they attempted to murder him. Legaic, the ringleader, afterwards became a Christian and, like Paul, was zealous for the faith he once sought to destroy. But it was not enough simply to preach the gospel and

leave the people in their miserable huts and dismal surroundings. He determined to depart from Fort Simpson and to remove his converts away from their homes where a new life might be begun. Having selected a suitable site, twenty miles south in a dense forest, they set to work, as did our Mayflower Pilgrims, to clear the ground and build houses. In the course of time a flourishing and self-supporting settlement grew up of some 1,200 Indians gathered from a dozen different tribes.

Mr. Duncan is a practical man. He is master of or familiar with many trades. Sawmills, blacksmith shops, canneries were established, and the people he found apt and quick to learn. We have before us an ornamental silver spoon made from a silver dollar by one of his converts, whom we met several years ago at Fort Wrangel. Mr. Duncan is also a statesman and a leader. We quote from his statement before the Secretary of the Interior a few weeks ago in his plea to be protected in the New Metlakahltia within the boundary of the United States. To this place he was driven some years ago from the original village, because the Indians were prohibited by the laws of British Columbia from any legal rights to ownership save such as might come from charity or bounty of the queen. To quote a few extracts, our community of over 800 Indians, "leaving behind us our old home, came to Annette Island, which we found in 1887, without an inhabitant, and after swearing allegiance to the United States our rights were duly recognized at Sitka. Rules were laid down for the regulation of the community to which all residents are obliged to conform." "All are required to keep the Sabbath, attend church and send their children to school. The people are educated as farmers, carpenters, blacksmiths, merchants, etc. They live in well-built cottages, neatly painted, and have a Gothic church capable of seating 1,000 persons. It is modeled after the old English Cathedral and was built by their own Indian mechanics. They have carpenter and blacksmith shops, storehouses, sawmills, several stores, fine gardens and farms. Last year they sold over 18,000 cases of salmon. The main street of the village, along the beach, is lighted with lamps. An Indian magistrate, chosen by the people, adjusts all disputes, and native police officers enforce all decrees. Not a drop of spirits is allowed on the island, and only one man in all the colony uses tobacco, and he is now eighty years old." Another rule of the community is to abstain totally from gambling and never to attend heathen festivals, or countenance heathen customs in surrounding villages.

The Indians have no desire to see white people save as visitors. They know what havoc sailors have made up and down the coast and the awful result of their appearing. One of the attractive features of this unique community is the native band of thirty pieces. The music is good and many of the national airs are played two or three times a week. The leader is a full-blooded Indian, twenty-four years old, who can play on any instrument on the island. An electric plant has been established and every dwelling will soon be supplied with artificial light.

This is the community for which Mr. Duncan seeks protection. He says: "We have schools, town hall, the largest church and Christian congregation in Alaska. Should

the bill introduced into Congress become a law, we feel sure all these substantial gains will be lost to us and Alaska. Our youths of both sexes, brought in proximity to a mining camp, would be quickly debauched and ruined, which may God forbid. The sum total that we crave from government for the natives in their present condition is protection and isolation from vicious whites. This granted, our people will continue to prosper and lead the way for others, affording and providing an asylum of hope to all who wish to escape the thralldom of an evil life."

The influence of Mr. Duncan is felt far and wide along the Alaskan coast. We have seen vast results of his mission at Sitka and elsewhere, and the story of other Indian workers outside of Annette Island who have been led by this former London clerk to a nobler life is of deepest interest.—*Congregationalist*.

HOW TO PREACH.

Make no apologies. If you have the Lord's message, deliver it; if not, hold your peace. Have short prefaces and introductions. Say your best things first, and stop before you get prosy. Do not spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup. Leave self out of the pulpit, and take Jesus in. Defend the gospel, and let the Lord defend you and your character. If you are lied about, thank the Lord for putting you on guard, and take care that the story never comes true. Throw away your cravat. If you do not want to break, make your shirt collar an inch larger, and give your blood a chance to flow back to the heart. Do not get excited too soon. Do not run away from your hearers. Engine driving-wheels fly fast with no load; but when they draw anything, they go slower. It takes a cold hammer to bend a hot iron. Heat up the people, but keep the hammer cool. Do not scream. Too much water stops mill wheels, and too much noise drowns sense. Empty vessels ring the loudest. Powder isn't shot. Thunder isn't lightning. Lightning kills. If you have lightning, you will thunder; but do not try to thunder out of an empty cloud.

Do not scold the people. Do not abuse the faithful souls who come to meeting rainy days, because of the others who do not come. Preach best to smallest assemblies. Jesus preached to one woman at the well, and she got all Samaria out to hear him next time. Do not repeat, saying, "As I said before." If you said it before, say something else after. Leave out words you cannot define. Stop declamation and talk. Come down from stilted and sacred tones, and become a little child. Do not tire out yourself and every one else. Do not preach till the middle of your sermon buries the beginning and is buried by the end. Look people in the face, and live so that you are not afraid to. Take long breaths, fill your lungs and keep them full. Stop to breathe before the air is exhausted. It is easier to run a mill with a full pond than an empty one. Be moderate at first. Hoist the gate a little way; when you are half through, raise a little more; when nearly done, put on a full head of water. Aim at the mark. Hit it. Stop, and see where the shot struck, and then fire another broadside. Pack your sermons. Make your words like bullets.—*Selected*.

If a young man is going to avoid evil habits, he must first have some good ones to hold him.—*Wm. R. Campbell*.

Woman's Work.

By MRS. R. T. ROGERS, Waterville, Maine.

ALWAYS waiting on the Master,
Always ready for his call,
Always watching for some service,
Be it e'er so poor or small;

Never careless of his bidding,
Never thoughtless of his will,
Never heedless of an opening,
Which for him my hands can fill;

Let me bring in willing service
All that I can do or be;
Can I offer less to Jesus,
Who once gave his all for me? —Sel.

BY MRS. R. H. WHEELER.

In looking over my attic treasures, I came upon a copy of "The Minutes of the Seventh-day Baptist Conference, held at Berlin, September, 1837, together with the Minutes of the Missionary, Tract, and Education Societies, whose annual sessions were held at the same time and place; the Minutes of the Central Association, held at Brookfield, N. Y., June 7, 1837.

The little pamphlets are musty and yellowed by age. The men who composed the Conference are all gone. They rest from earthly labors, "in sweet fields beyond the swelling flood." They were strong men, physically and mentally. Their words and lives have been an inspiration to many. Their forms and faces have come back to us as we read the words penned by their hands so many years ago! Eld. William B. Maxson, the gentle, silver-haired man, one of nature's noblemen; Eli S. Bailey, the loyal man, who ministered to the sick and pointed the sinner to the life beyond. Permit me to quote from the "Circular Letter." The words seem almost prophetic: "In a time like the present, when innovations are prevalent, when there is discord and divisions in so many extensive religious communities throughout this great nation, we have reason for sincere thanks to God that we are permitted to see our Zion, the city of our solemnities, a quiet habitation, a tabernacle not taken down. Let us be seasonably and effectually warned thereby, and adhere more closely to those excellent duties and doctrines which have hitherto been the bond of our union, and which are our best security against the prevailing and threatening evils of the present day. The Committee on Education beg leave to report, that with pleasure they understand that the literary institution at DeRuyter is so far advanced. We believe that it will be an important auxiliary in the cause in which we are engaged. Our ministers must not only be pious, but intelligent. We take but a partial view of the means of intelligence if we confine these means to the education of young men. Female education is, in our opinion, too much overlooked."

In the corresponding letter, Eld. Bailey says: "We possess talent, piety and zeal; nor do we believe that means are wanting to carry into effect the noble enterprises our hearts have cherished; among which are the sending of the gospel to the destitute in our own denomination and to the Jews in our cities. We may soon be called to extend our labors beyond the seas. Our best exertions at the present are small, and our whole denomination must feel that we are *one* band. One interest must be felt, and it must be deep and thrilling."

"A WOMAN'S TRIP TO ALASKA," written a few years ago by the wife of General C. H. T.

Collis, is worth reading. It is full of descriptions of the scenery and customs of the country which is now attracting so much attention. Speaking of the schools of Sitka and the Mission she says: "To me Sitka was the vestige of a departed empire; the home of a decaying race of aborigines; a pretty little town hidden away among the mountains; I had come to see it, and had been amply repaid. But the mission I had never thought of; perhaps the book-writers had failed to attract me to it; perhaps my faith in missions was not 'very confirmed.' Be that as it may, hereafter no man, nor woman either, shall outdo me in words of praise and thanks for the glorious, Godlike work which is being done by the good people who are rescuing the lives, the bodies and the souls of these poor creatures from the physical and moral death they are dying. I am not a Christian woman; my faith is that of the chosen people who were led out of Egyptian tyranny and darkness by the pillar of fire and the pillar of cloud; but my whole nature is in accord with these Christian men and women, whose sacrifices to regenerate their fellow-creatures will surely meet with heavenly reward, no matter what their creed."

MRS. ELEANOR BLACKMAN, whose death was recently announced in the RECORDER, spent the years of her girlhood in the vicinity of Leonardsville, and joined the church at an early age. She had also been a faithful member of the benevolent society. Her annual letters to the church were ever full of good cheer and love for the old home and friends.

WOMEN'S WORK FOR THE BLIND.

With all its grand public buildings and its charities in other directions, Washington, D. C., has no blind asylum, and the need of general assistance to the most dependent class of persons on earth was felt to be so pressing that a number of women, brought together by the enthusiasm and energy of Mrs. Alice U. Hunt, the widow of Governor Hunt of Colorado, formed the Aid Association for the Blind of the District of Columbia, of which Mrs. John Russell Young is president, and which numbers among its vice-presidents Miss Helen Long, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. John W. Foster, Mrs. Julius C. Burrows and Mrs. S. M. Cullom, who have already established the nucleus of what will in time and with the help of interested persons all over the country grow to be a splendid home for the blind of the District. In conjunction with the work of establishing such an asylum for the blind will be an industrial school, which will become partly self-supporting. The whole enterprise is non-sectarian and already has been productive of untold benefit to the blind of Washington.

Mrs. Young and her co-workers are rejoicing over the fact that for the first time in the history of the National Educational Association, which is to hold its annual convention in Washington in July, the interests of the blind of the District will be recognized, and interesting exercises, under the direction of Mrs. Young, will be given at the Franklin School, which has been selected as a fitting place in which to have the headquarters for this department of the Educational Association's work. Exhibits of work done by the blind, especially kindergarten exhibits, will be viewed by the public, and the excellence of the work accomplished by the Aid Association, even in the short time of its existence, be so

demonstrated as to bring it additional and lasting support.

There is a reading-room for the blind in the new Congressional Library, which is the only one of its kind in the world.

FRIENDSHIPS THAT ARE TRUE AND LASTING.

There have been, and there are, friendships between girls that are as sweet and fragrant as the beautiful wood violets that hide themselves so modestly under the green leaves. There have been friendships made in girlhood that lasted all through life, and in some instances when life ended, for history tells of women who, being great friends, made the world better for living in it, and who slept in the same grave when death called them.

It was not the enthusiastic friends, who had accepted lands, money, jewels and honors from Marie Antoinette, who stood by her in the hour of her trouble, ready and eager to do for her all that was possible. It was the quiet, dignified, truly affectionate Princess de Lamballe, who had never asked a favor from her, who refused to leave her Queen and who was martyred for her friend. Another historical friendship was that of Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier; one more than ordinary in appearance, but a great genius, the other one of the loveliest women that ever lived, gentle, with a remarkable candor, and a continued happiness that made her very presence a joy. That which the great genius admired most in her friend was her ability to make people love her, while the great beauty, at whose feet both men and women fell, simply because she was so lovely and so happy, admired with all her heart the intellectual gifts of the other, and failed to see her absolute plainness of face and oddity of dress. Catering to her friend's fancies Madame de Stael never failed to express admiration of her toilet, for the genius knew of how much worth was the friendship of a true-hearted woman, and if a trifle pleased, if a pleasant word gratified, why not offer them? Can you imagine a woman like this drifting into the foolish, ecstatic, miscalled friendship of to-day? —*Ladies' Home Journal*.

IN FRIENDSHIP THERE MUST BE SINCERITY.

What kind of friendship is it that does not hide the weariness and throw an interest into whatever the friend may wish to criticise or talk about? And yet in friendship there must be truth. It cannot exist with falsehood as its leaven, and yet there are always disagreeable truths that had better be left unsaid. Great women—that is, women great in the history of the world—have most of them been fortunate in having about them women friends who were as true as steel. Do you believe any one of the four Marys who were the close friends and companions of Mary Stuart showed their affection for her after the fashion of the foolish girls of to-day? And what would the gushing girl friend of this century have thought of Catherine Douglas, the friend and maid of honor to the wife of James I., of Scotland, who, when the assassins were forcing their way into the Royal chamber, thrust her beautiful arm, about which the poets had written, into a stanchion of the door as a bolt, and held it there until it was broken.

You are sure you could do great things, but you count the world of to-day as ordinary, and yet there is just as much self-denial possible now as ever. You remind me of the story of the ecstatic girl friend who, hearing that to the chosen one there had happened an accident—her hand had been burned—and desiring to show her affection, plunged her own hand into the fire until it was burned as nearly as possible into the condition of that of her friend. Affection? Nonsense. She simply made herself an additional trouble to people who already had troubles of their own, and an object of ridicule and scorn to the world at large.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be working what is good, towards all, but especially towards the family of the faith."—Gal. 6:10. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb. 13:16.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The meetings at Sherman Park have been well attended, and the interest has been very good. Our people have taken great pains to be present, and occasionally visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city have been present. Dr. F. L. Irons, of Brookfield, who located in Syracuse last April, has met with encouraging success in her practice and been very faithful to attend the meetings at Sherman Park. She is also much interested in Bible study, and has invited the Sabbath-keepers and others to come to her residence, 117 Grace street, at 4 o'clock, on Sabbath-day, to study the Sabbath-school lesson. The attendance is not large, but the studies interesting and profitable. We certainly think it an inducement to settle in Syracuse that our people now have the opportunity of Bible-study on the Sabbath-day and meetings at Sherman Park. L. R. SWINNEY.

GREENBRIER, W. VA.—The Greenbrier people are still holding on to the truth, and are keeping up the regular services of the church with a good degree of interest, although we have no regular preaching service. We meet at the church each Sabbath for the study of the Sabbath-school lesson. This service is followed by a prayer and conference meeting. On the evening after the Sabbath another prayer and testimony meeting is observed. These meetings to some extent make up for the absence of preaching.

The Union Christian Endeavor Society is doing good work, with gradually increasing numbers. We hold this meeting on First-day night, as the attendance is larger at that time.

We have just passed the occasion of our Quarterly Meeting. Eld. G. W. Lewis, of Salem, was present and conducted the services, including the celebrating of the Lord's Supper.

What this church most needs is a regular leader in spiritual things, but at present our financial circumstances will not permit employing a pastor. Bro. S. A. Ford preaches here occasionally, when not engaged in other work. He is to preach here two weeks from the present time.

May the Lord bless us all in all our work, and help us to be faithful.

MRS. F. R. CLARK, *Cor. Sec.*

JUNE 28, 1898.

PERUVIAN BARK.

In these days of reckoning up the achievements of women, one act of a lady two and a half centuries ago deserves to be recalled, as one of the greatest single boons ever conferred on suffering humanity by either man or woman. In 1639 the Countess of Cinchon—the wife of the Viceroy of Spain, in Peru—had been cured of chills and fever by the use of a remedy then understood and used by the natives of the country. It did not escape her observation that this remedy—contained in the bark of certain trees—might be carried beyond the country where it was indigenous. Its fame spread in Spain, and soon the Jesuit priests who had been missionaries in South America brought the bark to Italy; but it was used as a "secret" remedy; and so vio-

lent was the feeling of the Protestants against the Catholics that they refused to use it, and continued to shake and shiver and burn. This bark is taken from an entire genus of trees that thrive in certain spots in the equatorial regions, a certain high altitude and great moisture in the atmosphere being essential to their growth. The genus, including several distinct species varying considerably in value, has been very properly named Cinchona, after the woman who first called European attention to it; the native called these trees *kinu*, and the Spaniards soon called them *quinu*, and from that our name for the active principle has become *quinine*. This was found to reside in the bark, and was extensively used under the title "bark and wine," both as an anti-periodic and a tonic.

In 1658 its fame spread to England; and the Jesuits having claimed that it was an infallible remedy, though still keeping it as far as possible secret and charging enormous prices for the doses they sold, it naturally attracted the attention of the class of men represented in our day by the patent medicine manufacturers, who tried to keep its nature secret while enriching themselves by its sale. But such a truly valuable substance could not remain unknown, through the greed of a few; and though most of the regular physicians looked coldly upon it, Sir Robert Talbor used it, and gained a high reputation for his conquest of intermittents; and in 1679 Louis XIV., of France, bought the secret from him and made it public, so desirous was he of delivering his people from the scourge of malaria; and Morton and Lydenham, the leading doctors in England, of their day, adopted it, and from them its use was diffused.

The active principle was an alkaloid in the bark, and not till this century was a method found of isolating this; and Dr. Willard Parker remarks that the discovery of this method revolutionized the practice of medicine in large sections of the country. The history of the isolation of quinine from the native cinchona bark, and its adaptation to the wants of man forms a most interesting chapter; and through it we learn to honor the patient investigations and experiments of those men who are sometimes called "laboratory men," in sneering allusion to their supposed uselessness. At the Centennial, in Philadelphia, a firm of manufacturing chemists exhibited a mass of sulphate of quinine, that looked like a corner knocked off an iceberg, about as large as a bushel basket, which beautifully showed the crystalline structure of the substance, and also exhibited blue and green shades of color. Bacteria were then waiting to be revealed to the world; but here was ammunition enough to slay millions on millions of them, and up to date it is the only substance that will kill the germ of malaria in the blood.

The usual method of procuring the bark was to cut down the tree as near the ground as possible and strip off the bark; but as its virtues became more widely known, and the facilities of commerce became greater, there was danger that the forests would be wholly destroyed; and the Dutch government took measures to transplant trees, and also to plant seeds, in their possessions in Java, with such success as to stimulate England to like efforts. The South American countries were so jealous when they saw the scepter of a

most profitable monopoly departing, that they used every endeavor to thwart those efforts; but, after tremendous hardships, four hundred trees were landed in England, but a large proportion of them withered through the heat of the Red Sea. Still, with true Saxon perseverance the matter was carried to a triumphant conclusion, and as a high intelligence was brought to bear, a method of stripping the bark from the standing tree was found, and, by covering the wound with moss, the bark renews itself under the moss, and quinine is now produced in such abundance that at every country post-office in India a five-grain packet can be bought for half a cent.—*Independent*.

MAKING AN AMERICAN FLAG AT HOME.

Many women have an idea that the American flag is a difficult one to make, whereas it is easy and simple. It is a pity that the flag used in or on the house should not be oftener than it is the work of the mother, wife or daughter. The best material to use for a flag is bunting, as it is the only material which withstands wind and weather.

The field is the only really troublesome part, for the reason that it is a difficult task to cut out and stitch forty-five five-pointed stars and secure regularity. But these fields may be purchased ready made at small cost.

The proper dimensions for flags over one foot in size are as follows: eight and a half by fourteen inches, twelve by twenty-two, seventeen and a half by twenty-seven and a half, twenty-eight and a half by forty-three, thirty-five by fifty-eight; three feet by five and four by seven.

In making a flag three feet in width and five in length, seven stripes of red bunting, six of white, and a field of blue are required. Three of the red stripes and three of the white should be five feet in length by three inches in width. Four of the red stripes and three of the white should be thirty-four inches in length by three in width. These thirteen stripes should be stitched together with French seams, the shorter stripes being at the upper right-hand corner, a red stripe being at both top and bottom. The field of blue bunting should be twenty-six inches in length and twenty-one in width. On it should be stitched forty-five five-pointed stars of white linen put on in alternate rows of eight and seven stars each, eight being in the top row. The field when completed forms the upper left-hand corner of the flag and is stitched securely to the stripes. In these measurements for the stripes three inches has been allowed for seams, but no allowance has been made for the tiny seam where the stripes are joined to the field, nor for the hem. The outer edge of the flag is then hemmed, and the inside edge faced with a piece of strong canvas for the admission of the flag-pole.

A BOY asked his father for a wheel. "Well, my son," said the father, "you will find one in the front end of that wheelbarrow, and there is a big pile of coal ashes back of the house that will have to be moved. The handle-bars are of white ash. Keep the ball-bearings well oiled. The tire is punctureless, so you won't have to take a pump and repair kit with you. By the time you have removed that pile of ashes I think you will have got the exercise of a century run. Let's see how quick you can get at it."

Young People's Work

THE Conference will soon convene.

ARE you beginning to get ready for it?

ALL the members in your church will not be able to go.

CAN you not make arrangements so as to send one of your number?

A LITTLE extra effort will make some soul happy in being able to attend, and will bring you back a blessing.

PERHAPS your pastor has not been on an extended trip in several years. He would be benefited by the trip, by the Conference meetings,—and you would too!

It is largely in the hands of the young people to make our meetings, both Associational and Conferences, interesting and profitable. Not only that, the older ones who have been conducting the work and bearing the burdens are not going to do those things forever. We should be learning what to do and how to do it. Hence the necessity of your presence.

We profess to be Bible-living people. If so, we will be interested in the spread of its truths, and will do everything possible in our home church, and in other fields for its interest—*i. e.*, its acceptance by the world. "Missionary work begins at home." Let us try to make our own home church what it ought to be. You do not know how much your pastor appreciates the help which you can give. Your presence at the service is an inspiration. Your testimony and prayer in the after-meeting, or prayer-meeting, are just what he wants. You may only have one talent, but that talent can be useful. O, do use it—use it every day!

THE money which you give for missions will help to build a mansion "over there" for some one, and will assist in arraying them in "the garments of white."

KIND words and deeds are God's tools for smoothing the rough places in this life, and rebuilding the "habitations of men" which have become broken down by sin.

A PERSON may be ever so proficient in sowing the seed, but if the seed is not good, then is his labor vain. "The seed is the Word of God," not the thoughts of men.

TEMPTATION is a friend that "sticketh closer than a brother"; but the trouble is with its "friendship"! True friendship helps one to overcome evil, to rise gradually into the realm of love, peace, prosperity—*i. e.*, absolute freedom. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Then take Jesus, the true Friend, that sticketh closer than a brother. s.

A PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

The person about to enter a high school and later on a college has the choice of taking one of several courses of study. If he has decided upon his life work, the matter is simplified. He wants to take something that will be of use to him in every-day life. It often happens that he does not care to study anything unless he can see the immediate applica-

tion, forgetting for the time that he must first erect a foundation. Of what must this foundation consist? It must be material that will give him power to grapple with the subjects that come up in his later work; it should also give him an insight into the various fields of knowledge. The Ancient Classical course, with the electives allowed by most colleges and universities, best fulfills these requirements. If he has not decided upon his life work, he needs the classical course to give him a larger range from which to choose when he wishes to make a specialty of some subject. With but few exceptions the men holding high positions in educational, professional and business lines are men with classical training. It might be argued that this is due to the fact that the classical course is the principal one in existence from the founding of free institutions until now. Science has become more and more prominent in the past few years, yet scientific modes of thinking have been known and practiced since the time of Aristotle. Even the theory of evolution had its earliest beginnings among the Ancient Greeks. Regardless of time and its changes, the Ancient Classical course has stood the test. It is not yet proven that the Scientific course can stand this test.

Strictly speaking, one may study the classical and leave the sciences alone, but if one wishes to take up the sciences it is quite essential that he should have some knowledge of the classics—at least of Latin. Tests in Germany have been made, showing that pupils with preparatory work in classics do not at first make as rapid advancement as those trained in the sciences, but later they excel, both in rapidity and thoroughness. If one wishes to become a scientific student, he must acquire a reading knowledge of French and German. Teachers in the languages inform us that a Latin student will learn French, Italian and Spanish much easier than one who has not had Latin, but that if he has had French it does not assist him much in learning Latin, or even Spanish and Italian. The study of Greek may not assist one in so apparent a manner; yet it gives him brain power and an appreciation for literature not easily gained otherwise.

The great tendency of the times is toward specialization. But before one can specialize he must have a subject. Before he can put up the superstructure, he must build the foundation. This may be constructed in different ways and of various material. The training and knowledge furnished by the classical course makes a solid foundation. The difficulty is that it takes so long to complete the foundation that many become discouraged at even the thought of it. We are so anxious to give our valuable services to the world that we are not willing to submit to the drill. But the man who tries to specialize as soon as he enters the high school will meet with about the same success as the person who attempted to build a house on a stream of water. The average student with favorable opportunities may finish the college course by the time he is twenty-two years old, and the one who works his way may finish by the time he is twenty-four or five. He can then specialize and commence his life work by twenty-eight or thirty. If man is on this earth to make as much money as possible in the shortest possible time, he should never take the classical course. That course teaches

us that there are other things to live and work for, aside from gold and silver. If we are here to make others happy and to assist them to help themselves to become nobler and better, we should stop nothing short of the broadest and most liberal education.

SAM WELLER.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

There are a good many weather prophets in this world, but it would be well in most cases to place an interrogation point behind the word prophets.

Most of us are better prophets after the day concerning whose weather we prophesied has passed than we were at its beginning. We often forecast the weather of the revival meetings which are to be held at our churches. We guess on who will be converted. Surely John Jones and Mary Smith will be. But they are just the ones who seemed, when the meetings were over, to have had hearts steeled against all the pleadings of the "man of God."

The "weather indications" are clearer and more easily understood after such meetings than before, and the way that the converts begin to live for Christ are almost certain to be the sure signs of the inner man having been, or having *not* been, renewed, and of the future power for good or evil in that life.

I heard of the conversion of a young lady in whom I have been interested for some time. Before her conversion she loved the dance. When I heard of her conversion it meant to me a change in her life. She would now find new pleasures that she had not known before. The devil's games, and his ally, the dance, would of course be given up.

What was my surprise to learn soon after, in a letter written to a lady friend, that there was no change in the tone of her writing. She still loves to dance. She still loves the ways of the world. She is not "unspotted from the world." How sad. Call a halt! young people. You hurt the church by your wicked ways. You press the crown of thorns once more on the brow of the Saviour. You spit in his face, and crucify him afresh every time you engage in these pastimes. Let us pray: "Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to thee." s.

• SENSIBLE, NOT SENSITIVE.

If people could only be more sensible, and less sensitive, what a blessed thing it would be in some of our churches. A person who is really interested in the work of the church cannot go ahead and advise and *do* without someone feeling as though their "toes had been stepped on." Perhaps this is true of choirs more than of any other department of the church or of church work. A man said to me some months ago, "When that organ went into our church the devil went with it," and I am inclined to believe him.

When we have the spirit of Christ, then we will bring in Christ with the organ, and cause him to abide there. When we have his spirit we will not imagine that every little joke, and all that is said or done, is to hurt our feelings. Our young people can do much to drive out the spirit of sensitiveness, and do much to bring about that sturdy manhood and womanhood in Christ which, though men may spit upon us and revile us, we can heartily pray, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." s.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

The rounds of Associations have been made, are now a matter of history. General Conference will come very soon, even before some of us are ready for it. I hope there will be as good an attendance of young people as at the Associations. It seemed to me I never saw so many young folks show such interest in the meetings. God is wonderfully answering our prayers. Many have felt that the Associations should be a series of revival meetings from place to place, from first to last. This has been the key note: Recruits for the service of God. This Christ spirit will build up the weak churches and keep the large ones from decline; will keep the choir, the pastor and people all sweet, unselfish. It was the young people at Garwin who asked for and arranged a Monday night meeting following the Association. Though people were tired and up late nights, and it being a busy time of year, the house was filled, the greater share taking part. There were a good number of ministers present, but they did not spoil the meeting, but rather helped it along. Pastor Burdick has before this, no doubt, had baptism, as some were ready and waiting. Pray for Garwin with her fifty nice children, that her light may grow brighter and brighter. The stand this church took nearly two years ago to sustain a revival brought them a blessing which has been growing ever since. If they continue, the house will not hold the gatherings. This will be true of every other people as well, if the effort is made.

When I commenced this letter I fully intended to report the remainder of questions and answers from Young People's Hour, but I have written too long to do so this week. I must continue to be brief, for this makes us friends for our RECORDER page. One sister said to me, "I enjoy your RECORDER letters very much, they are so short."

E. B. SAUNDERS.

CARRYING BURDENS.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

We all carry them somewhere. Some of us tug along with them strapped on our shoulders so our fellow companions see them and remark upon them. Others of us carry them so well concealed in our hearts that even our best friends, who may surmise that we, like fellow mortals, must have them, never get an insight as to what they are. Then there are some fellow-travelers who, unlike poor old Davie Deans, must "buckle their distresses on other people's shoulders." It is because of such ones that the command was given to "Bear one another's burdens and thus fulfill the law of Christ." We are not to censure these weaker ones, but give them a lift and thank God if he has given us strength to carry our own burdens without troubling other people with them.

Some one speaks of those who turn aside to help others in the burden-bearing, and "who put life into one, and give courage to the faint-hearted, and hope out of their own heart's constancy, as the Elect."

It is one of the sweetest privileges in our journey through life, to be able to turn aside to give a lift to those weaker than ourselves, and by so doing we may belong to the Elect. A friend in speaking of a young girl, a few days since, said, "L— is a joy-giver; she

never comes into the house but she brings sunshine and brightness with her—and she spoke of the power for good such a young person is in a community. It is a power that enriches, not only those who receive, but the one who gives it." "If I were young again," said an old lady, "I would cultivate the characteristics that result in joy-giving."

We may say temperament, environment and inheritance have much to do with this happy way of bearing burdens without drawing upon the strength and sympathy of others. That is undoubtedly true to a degree, but it is within the power of young people, with God's help, to cultivate a cheerful manner and a way of looking upon the bright side of things which will make them joy-givers.

We all dread to come in contact with those people who always have a grievance. There are burdens, which are laid upon us, that are not of our own making, but there are others that we stop by the wayside and pick up to load ourselves down with—little miseries that we might much better have passed by unnoticed. If one is always looking for this sort of grievance it will surely be in sight somewhere.

It is hardly fair that we should expect others to help us carry the weight of such unnecessary luggage, but we have all met with people who really seemed to enjoy exhibiting these picked up weights of no value, and burdening everybody else with them. A young girl wrote on the fly-leaf of her book of daily readings this quotation: "Happy they who pass through life without causing either suffering or irritation to any, but are always exercising the gracious influences that soothe and comfort and benefit their fellows."

We are reminded of the old story told in the time of Socrates. The people were all complaining of their special troubles, each one being sure his burden was harder to bear than his neighbor's. After a time of unusual fretting and grumbling, each one was told to tie up all his troubles in a bundle, and deposit them on the top of a hill. This they made haste to do, and then each one was told to take a stick, turn over the bundles and pick out the one he would most prefer. What was the director's amazement to see each one, after turning over the pile, pick out his own bundle again, and march down the hill with it.—*The Evangelist.*

THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.

The all-important question is not, how did a man die, but how did the man live? What had been his life, his daily walk and conversation, his devotedness to God, his self-denial, his zeal and activity in diffusing light, life and salvation? The man who lives well always dies well. It is natural to take a deep interest in the scenes of the dying chamber, and in the expressions of the departing saints; but little note is given to these in the Scriptures. The Bible, which contains a pretty full account of the lives of many saints, is, in almost every instance, silent on the subject of their death. One after another they appear on the stage to play their different parts; but the curtain usually drops as the last act begins, and the saint vanishes from sight with some such brief and simple record as "he died," or "he was gathered to his fathers," or "angels carried him to Abraham's bosom."

One cannot but be struck with the marked difference between God's lives of the saints and those which man writes—as their biographies bear witness. And may not the manner in which the gospel drops a veil over the last scene warn us against attaching too great importance to dying frames, and teach us this great lesson, that in all but perhaps a few exceptional cases our eternal destiny turns on the way we pass our life, and not on the way we close it. Who lives by faith, who lives to Christ, however he dies, shall find death to be gain. He who takes care of the nature of his life need feel no anxiety whatever about the character or issues of his death. The great question we should ask respecting others, and which shall one day be asked respecting us, is not how did he die, but how did he live?

The close of the successive seasons often furnish a criterion of their character. Stubble fields where the sheaves stand thick and tall, farm yards and barns swollen with the fruits of a lavish harvest, speak of an early spring and a genial summer—of long days bright with sunshine and soft with fructifying showers. The close of a voyage often reveals its character. As we watch from the pier-head a homeward bound ship entering the harbor, we almost instinctively gather from her condition what weather she had encountered on distant seas—sails blown to tatters, bulwarks gone by the board, the stump of a mast rising ragged from the deck, are all eloquent of the story of the voyage, and are so many tongues to tell us how the weather-beaten crew, who now congratulate each other as she floats into the dock, had battled with the giant waves, and nearly perished in the blasts of the fierce tempest. But the close of man's life affords no such means of judging of its character. That can only be judged by the life itself.

To go up to Mount Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; to travel the dark valley with the shout and step of a conqueror, trampling the last enemy under our feet; to expire with Christ's dear name trembling on our lips—that dear name the last word on earth, as it shall be the first we speak in heaven, is not granted to all who close, at death, a life of true love and obedience to God and saving faith in his beloved Son. Some of God's precious saints have died despairing and full of fears, and not a few in deep despondency—their cry an echo of the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—their faith finding, in the disease with which they were afflicted, what the sun finds in the cloud bank behind which he sinks, a veil to obscure his light and conceal his glorious form. No child of God is ever forsaken of him, especially in that last trying hour; it is the mortal part of their compounded nature that thus doubts and trembles, while the soul itself, sustained and strengthened by the indwelling spirit, rests calmly in security and peace.

But the judgment of God's bar turns not on the character of men's deaths, but of their lives. The question, therefore, which will determine whether heaven or hell shall be our portion, will not be how we died, but how we lived.

"They who would die the Christian's death,
Who wish like his their life to end,
Will find their wishes wasted breath,
If, only wishing, life they spend."

They who live for Christ have no need to worry in regard to their dying. Christ has conquered death for them and taken away its sting.—*Christian Work.*

Children's Page.

PERFECTION.

BY MARY GORDON.

Gay little bird on your tilting twig,
Singing your rippling song,
Do you realize the heart of your wonderful gift?
You never can sing a note wrong,
Never can mar your heart's favorite song,
Tripping in trill or in run.
You never look back with a pang or a blush,
When the wonderful solo is done.
Singing your song to the morning bright,
Singing to drowsy nest,
Whenever the ripples sweep up at your throat,
You never can fail of your best.
I, with a pang in my quivering heart,
Counting the failures I make,
With envy look up to the twig all altit,
From whence never can come a mistake.

AT BEDTIME.

BY MARY JOANNA PORTER.

If there is one thing that Edith and Mabel love better than another, it is to hear stories at bedtime. Perhaps in this they are very much like other children of their age.

If you ask how old they are, I will say that Mabel is seven and Edith ten; so if you happen to be a little girl or boy, either seven or ten years old, you can easily say whether or not it is strange that they like to lie very still, but with eyes wide open, until some one comes to tuck them up in bed and give them a good-night kiss, and then tell them a story to help them on their way to Dream-land.

One night, when Cousin Maria was with them, after they were all settled for the night, Edith said, "Please tell us about something that you have been reading to-day," and this is the reply that was given her:

"To-day I have been reading in a very sad book which describes some of the beliefs of the people of Japan. In one place the author tells how, in walking in a cemetery, he came to six little images, all representing a god named Jizo, who is said to be the friend of little children who have passed away from earth. One statue held an incense box; another, a lotus flower; a third, a pilgrim's staff, and so on. Each one held something different from the others, but all six of the stone faces looked alike; and from the neck of each image a cotton bag was hanging full of pebbles. Pebbles, too, were piled all around the statues; for these were supposed to be prayers made by the friends of departed children.

"The god Jizo, to whom these lifeless prayers are offered, is said to live in the place where children go when they die.

"The name of this is *Sai-no-Kawara*, or 'The Dry Bed of the River of Souls.' The poor heathen Japanese believe that there the souls of little ones cry for the parents whom they have left upon the earth.

"And sorrowful indeed the task which they perform, Gathering the stones of the bed of the river, Therewith to heap the tower of prayers. Saying prayers for the happiness of father, they heap the first tower;
Saying prayers for the happiness of mother, they heap the second tower;
Saying prayers for their brothers, their sisters, and all whom they loved at home, they heap the third tower.
Such by day are their pitiful diversions."

"These are lines from what is called the Hymn of Jizo.

"It goes on to say that at night demons appear and terrify the little children, and dash down their stone towers with clubs of iron.

"But, lo! the teacher Jizo appears. And gently he comes, and says to the weeping infants: Be not afraid, dears! be never fearful. And he folds the skirt of his shining robe about them; So graciously takes he pity on the infants."

"That isn't very much like the heaven that the Bible tells us of, is it?" said Edith.

"No, indeed," answered Cousin Maria. "Yet the author of the book which I am reading seems to think that this is a very beautiful legend. He says distinctly that he is not a Christian. If he were, I think he could not fail to compare this hymn of the Japanese god with some of the sweet hymns which children sing in our Christian land."

"I know one," said Mabel, and in a soft voice she sang:

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Ten thousand children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory be to God on high."

"Yes, that's pretty," said Edith, "and then there's another that I love. It begins:

"In the far better land of glory and light,
The ransomed are singing in garments of white.
The harpers are harping, and all the bright train
Sing the Song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain."

Edith stopped, and then Mabel began to sing:

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

But Cousin Maria said that perhaps it would be better not to sing any more that evening, as they might disturb the little boys who were asleep in the next room. So she and Edith and Mabel went on to talk in a low tone of the Saviour who, when upon earth, took children in his arms and blessed them and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Isn't it sad to think that there are so many people in the world who don't know about the real heaven?" said Edith.

"Yes, indeed, it is most pitiful," answered her cousin, "and it is very sad to know that they have never heard of the loving Saviour Jesus, the Friend of sinners. They bow down before their idols of wood and stone, which can neither hear, nor see, nor help; and all through their lives they are saddened not only by present trials, but by those which they believe await them after death. It is so different with us, who can take every trouble to the living, pitying Saviour, knowing that he will certainly hear us when we pray, and answer us wisely and lovingly. Let us not forget to ask him to send the light of his truth to those who are in darkness; and let us do all that we can to help those who go to heathen lands to carry the gospel."

Edith and Mabel both said that they were saving pennies to send to the missionaries, and then, as Mabel's eyes were growing heavy, Cousin Maria gave each another kiss and bade the little girls good-night.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

"COMING OUT."

The very latest thing—maybe I ought to say things—out! "Miss Mildred Parsons and her brothers, Master Lawrence and the Baby," the invitations read, "invite you to a Coming-out Party this afternoon. Come at two o'clock and don't dress up!"

Such a funny idea—a party, and not dress up! But mamma persisted gently in putting on the twin B's—Betty's and Beth's, you know—plain brown dresses.

"For it wouldn't be polite now to dress up," she said, "after they've asked you not to."

Honey Bunch was invited, too, and mamma put on her little, bright, everyday plaid.

"Who's 'coming out,' you s'pose, mamma?" asked Betty. "Mildred?"

"Why, no, I think that can't be," said mamma, with a smile. "She's only seven, and young ladies do not usually 'come out' before they are eighteen at least."

"Then I don't see who 'tis."

"I don't, either," mamma said.

But they soon found out. Mildred and Lawrence met them at the kitchen door. Think of going to a party and going in at the kitchen door!

"The party's out in the woodshed," explained Lawrence, eagerly. "You can come right out with your hats on."

Funnier and funnier still—the woodshed!

"Take this box out, Mildred," her mamma said, "for Honey Bunch to stand on. She's so short. And remember, dearies, that guests have the best places."

"Is it a show?" asked Beth, in a flurry of curiosity.

"Yes, kind of—yes, it's a show," Mildred said.

At the woodhouse door Uncle Lem met them all, and gravely shook hands.

"Show's begun," he said briskly. "Who has reserved seats?"

"The Twin B's 'n' Honey Bunch!" shouted Mildred and Lawrence in a breath. "An' mamma's going to sit with the Baby."

And so the coming-out party began.

Can you guess who came out?

Forty-one little wet yellow chickens! They didn't all "come out" at once—dear me, no! It took some of them a good while. They had to saw open their shells with the tiny hard points on their beaks, and then they had to rest, and then they had to wriggle and squirm out. When they were "out," how draggled and homely they were! But it didn't take long to dry and scramble over to the little windows—the cunningest, yellowest little "come-outers," as Lawrence called them.

You see, Uncle Lem's big incubator was out in the woodshed, and the yellow chickens were in that. The children watched them through its windows.

"It's a beautiful party!" exclaimed Betty, with a long sigh of contentment.

"Oh, isn't it!" cried Beth.

And Honey Bunch said so, too.

After awhile it was over, and then there was a lunch, in the kitchen, of egg salad and chicken sandwiches. But the best of it all was that each little guest carried home a wee, wee, fluffy, yellow chicken in a box of cotton—to "keep!"—*Woman's Journal*.

A CAT THAT READS.

"I have a cat," said a lady, "that knows when a letter comes to her."

"A letter!" exclaimed the hearer, in surprise.

"Yes, a letter; and if you don't believe it I will prove it to you. Just wait a minute until I direct one."

My friend left the room and in a few minutes returned with a sealed envelope addressed to Miss Pussy, No. — Marlboro St., City.

"Now," said she, "if you will kindly post that for me to-night, and be here when the postman comes around on his first delivery to-morrow morning, you will see that I am telling you facts.

I mailed the letter as she asked and was at my friend's home promptly the next morning. Soon the bell rang, and shortly afterward the servant entered with a bundle of letters, among which was that for Miss Pussy.

Placing them near the cat on the floor, my friend said, "Now, Miss Pussy, pick out your letter."

Sure enough, Pussy at once showed an interest, and in a moment had pushed aside with her paw the envelope addressed to her.

I was almost too surprised to speak when my friend said: "Wait a moment. She'll open it and eat up all that is in the envelope. Just watch her do it."

Scarcely had she said this when Miss Pussy had torn the envelope open and was enjoying her letter very much. The envelope was filled with fragrant catnip.—*Success*.

Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1898.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 2.	The Kingdom Divided.....	1 Kings 12: 16-25
July 9.	Elijah the Prophet.....	1 Kings 17: 1-16
July 16.	Elijah on Carmel.....	1 Kings 18: 30-39
July 23.	Elijah's Flight and Encouragement.....	1 Kings 19: 1-16
July 30.	Naboth's Vineyard.....	1 Kings 21: 4-16
Aug. 6.	Elijah's Spirit on Elisha.....	2 Kings 2: 6-15
Aug. 13.	The Shunammite's Son.....	2 Kings 4: 25-37
Aug. 20.	Naaman Healed.....	2 Kings 5: 1-14
Aug. 27.	Elisha at Dothan.....	2 Kings 6: 8-18
Sept. 3.	The Death of Elisha.....	2 Kings 13: 14-25
Sept. 10.	Sinful Indulgence.....	Amos 6: 1-8
Sept. 17.	Captivity of the Ten Tribes.....	2 Kings 17: 9-18
Sept. 24.	Review.....	

LESSON III.—ELIJAH ON CARMEL.

For Sabbath-day, July 16, 1898.

LESSON TEXT.—1 Kings 18: 30-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces; and they said, the Lord he is the God; the Lord he is the God. 1 Kings 18: 39.

INTRODUCTION.

While Elijah was residing with the widow it came to pass that her son sickened and died. It seems that she thought that his death was caused in some way by the presence of the stranger. She seems to have forgotten that both the life of her son and her own life had been preserved by the miraculous supply of meal and oil. Through the prayer of Elijah the boy was restored to life. Elijah returned to Israel, and meeting Obadiah, a godly man in the service of king Ahab, he told him to inform the king of his appearance. After assurance that Elijah would not disappear again and so get him into trouble, Obadiah sought the king and delivered the message. Elijah proposed an assembly of all the people at Carmel to decide between Jehovah and Baal. At this meeting two bullocks were given at the suggestion of Elijah, one to the prophets of Baal and of the Asherah, and one to Elijah himself the only prophet of Jehovah. These bullocks were to be offered in sacrifice, and it was agreed that the God who accepted the sacrifice by the token of fire was to be recognized as God indeed. The prophets of Baal were given the first chance. They cried, "O Baal, hear us," from morning till noon, and leaped about and cut themselves. Elijah mocked them; but they continued their performance till the middle of the afternoon, doubtless thinking that Elijah could do no better than they; and that they would make an impression on the people by their enthusiastic service of their deity.

NOTES.

30. *All the people.* It is evident that this was a great gathering. The drowth had been a grievous affliction. They would give attention to anything that promised relief. *Come near unto me.* To see what he was doing. Elijah wanted the people to be sure that he was not concealing a firebrand among the stones of the altar. Perhaps also he wished to set them to thinking about Jehovah by his manner of work. *And he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down.* Carmel had doubtless been one of the high places in which there had been altars to Jehovah before the time of Solomon's temple.

31. *Elijah took twelve stones.* Compare Joshua 4: 5. It was well to remind the people of the essential unity of the children of Israel as the people of God. Jehovah is the God of the people here assembled as well as of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin. *Israel shall be thy name.* Compare Gen. 32: 28. The word means Warrior of God, surely a name much to be preferred to Jacob, supplanter.

32. *And he made a trench about the altar.* This was clearly intended to hold the water that was to be poured upon the altar and sacrifice. *As great as would contain two measures of seed.* The measure, seah, is only about a peck and a half. This would not be a very large trench. It has been suggested that there was a ditch of this capacity on each of the four sides of the altar. For the word trench the Septuagint has *θαλάσσα*, sea.

33. *And he put the wood in order.* Although Elijah expected a miracle from God, he performed faithfully his part of the work. *Filled four barrels with water,* etc. The word translated barrel is the same word used for receptacle for oil in last week's lesson. We may not be sure of its capacity. The Septuagint has the word water jar. cf. John 2: 6. At the end of verse 33, the Septuagint adds, "And they did so."

34. *Do it the second time. Do it the third time.* Elijah did not wish to leave any opportunity for any one to say there was cheating or sleight of hand per-

formance on his part. We may wonder where they got such a supply of water in a time of drowth. It is possible that they brought it up from the sea. On the other hand it is very likely that some springs continued to flow. Ahab was looking for brooks and fountains, where he might find grass for his horses and mules when Elijah returned to the land. We are told also by eastern travelers that there is a large fountain on Mount Carmel near the place where, according to tradition, this meeting occurred.

35. *And he filled the trench also with water.* It seems that after the third pouring the trench was not full. Elijah made sure that there was enough water.

36. *And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice.* The R. V. reads "oblation" instead of "sacrifice." This is because the word "sacrifice" is used so often of animals offered, but the offering here referred to is a bloodless sacrifice (that is, cakes of flour and oil, etc.) often represented in A. V. by the expression, "meat offering," and in R. V. by, "meal offering." The word "evening" is not in the text; but as this oblation was to be made at morning and evening, and it was now past midday, there can be no doubt that this is a correct interpretation. The time referred to is just after the middle of the afternoon. *God, of Abraham, Isaac and of Israel.* To no new divinity does Elijah address his prayer; but to one who had been trusted by their fathers, a God who had shown his power over and over again, in the past. *Let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel.* This was the day of testing. Is Baal, whom Ahab and the people worship, the God of Israel? or is Jehovah the God to be worshiped? *And that I am thy servant.* Elijah asks to be accredited before the people. *And that I have done all these things at thy word.* Some people thought that Elijah himself was the one responsible for drowth. Notice what Ahab said, 1 Kings 18: 17. "All these things" probably includes the calling together of the people, and Elijah's doings of this day.

37. *And that thou hast turned their heart back again.* The meaning of this clause is a little in doubt. See R. V. margin. Elijah desires not only that the people may realize that Jehovah is the one true God, but also that they may understand that this God had wrought the change in their hearts which is manifest in their readiness to believe in him and to turn away from the service of Baal and to put to death the priests of the false gods.

38. *Then the fire of the Lord fell.* This is not to be explained as lightning, but a supernatural fire. Compare Lev. 9: 24; Judges 6: 21, and many other passages. *And the stones and the dust, and licked up the water in the trench.* Even if the prophet could have been able to conceal live coals and inflammable material under the wood, he could not have built such a fire as this. Not only was the water evaporated, but even the stones and the dust were consumed.

39. *They fell on their faces,* in fear and reverence. *The Lord, he is the God.* A very logical and natural conclusion. The word "the" before God is not needed in English.

A CUP FULL OF INIQUITY.

Spanish history is one long catalogue of crimes. It is nowhere mitigated by so much as one act of magnanimity or mercy. The history of her dealing with the Aztecs and Incas is avoided. The humane mind turns away from it with horror—and therefore we do not here write a summary of it, further than to say that Spain brought the instruments of torture which she had invented for Christians, and applied them to the Americans to extort gold. The enslavement to which she subjected the natives left nothing undone which was possible to malignity inspired by rapacity. Within a few years after the conquest of Cuba by Spain there was not a single individual of the native race left alive. They died under the lash and of starvation. It is a fearful chapter—by far the blackest in the history of the human race. It was her ambition not only to crush and exterminate the people but to destroy their literature and history, in which she succeeded so well that a vast and most interesting field of human knowledge is left barren, bare and meaningless. Nothing so satanic as this has ever before appeared in the history of mankind.

Spanish character has not in the least improved under the influence of the moral progress of the civilized world. It is as destitute of righteousness now as it was at any time in the past. The Turk shocked Christendom by the massacre of the Armenians. But the Armenians are the antagonists of the Moslems in religion. It is of the faith of the followers of Mohammed that the extermination of "infidels" is the first duty of religion. It was a racial and a religious war.—Accordingly the Turks slaughtered them. A sweep of the scimeter or a shot of the musket and all was over.

But Spain in Cuba has been incomparably more cruel to fellow Catholics. She has penned them up and starved 300,000 of them to death. There was no element of race or religious antagonism here. There was no motive behind it but greed. We must admit that the Turk was actuated by higher and purer motives. He verily believes that the Armenians are destroying the eternal prospects of millions of deluded people, and his idea of humanity is that such workers of spiritual mischief ought to be exterminated. If his premises were right his conclusions would be justifiable. Spain has no such apology. She is to-day what she has always been.

Spain, not very long ago historically, possessed three-fourths of the western continent. She possessed the entire valley of the Missouri, the west side of the Mississippi on to the Pacific, the entire coast of the Gulf of Mexico and of the Atlantic as far north as the mouth of the St. Johns, and all the continental land south to Terra del Fuego, except Brazil and the little English, Dutch and French claims between the Orinoco and the Amazon. She is now about to relinquish the last acre on this side of the Atlantic ocean—and why? Because of her entire lack of moral character; because of her crimes; because the cup of her iniquity is full. Nor is this the last. At home she has a people illiterate, vicious, degraded, bankrupt and diminishing in numbers. Already Austria is compelled to pledge the government against the general anarchy which would have arisen had the government given up its hopeless task, and which will result when, by force of arms, it is compelled to yield. There is not enough moral coherency left in Spain either to avoid war or to suffer its consequences. Spain is already practically under a protectorate.

As to Spanish valor, we may soon know. It will be very remarkable if a quality which long since disappeared from the national character shall suddenly reappear. Wellington, in his efforts to drive Napoleon out of Spain found no Spanish valor to rely upon. There has been no exhibition of it since that time. We would not depreciate the national enemy, but we hazard the prophecy that if a Spanish army should be brought to face an American army, this quality will be more conspicuous by its absence than by its presence.—*The Interior.*

The greatest structure ever raised by the hand of man is the Great Pyramid of Cheops, founded 4,000 years ago, and measuring 746 feet square on the base and 449 feet high. It took twenty years in construction; 100,000 men worked for three months, and, being then relieved, were succeeded by an equally large corps. The massive stones were brought from Arabia, 700 miles away. The cost of the work is estimated at \$145,000,000.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

A Substitute for India Rubber.

In these days of wonderful findings-out, there appears to be coming to the front a substitute for caoutchouc. I fail to find the place where it originated, but it is claimed to have been discovered by a chemist by the name of Napier Ford.

The article is composed chiefly of an element the cheapest and most abundant of any in nature. It was discovered by Priestly in 1774, and its properties were determined and it was named oxygen by Lavoisier, in 1777. Highly oxidized oil is used, and when heated litharge is added, and when well mixed allowed to cool. Specially prepared vegetable fiber, either flax, hemp or jute, may be used. This is dipped in the preparation of oil, and then placed in an open wire receptacle and a strong current of air forced through it until the filaments have become thoroughly oxidized. This operation forms a new material, possessing cohesive and leathery qualities, which can be molded into any form, or made into sheets of any thickness, by passing through rollers, even as thin as tissue paper. Its tenacity is greatly increased by the addition of sulphur to the mixture, as adhesion may be required.

It renders any fabric, also leather, impervious to moisture, and is far more durable than rubber. It possesses nearly all the properties of rubber, and being many times cheaper it will fill a place of great importance. Rubber when exposed to the elements becomes brittle and cracks, while this new material is said to attach itself firmly to wires, and will not crack, thus becoming a valuable insulator. Being more durable than rubber, it will become of great value to the electrician, as well as to the manufacturer, especially of pneumatic tires.

It really appears that science travels hand in hand with the wants and demands of the age. When wood for fuel became scarce, and the demand for it increasing for creating power for mechanical purposes, then anthracite and bituminous coals appeared, and met a demand which otherwise it would have been impossible to fill. When the whales became suspicious that they were being slaughtered for oil to dispel general darkness, they migrated beyond the reach of the harpooners, leaving a serious want, but science at once stepped in and filled the vacuum solid full with petroleum. Where strength and durability are required, iron and steel are taking the place of timbers in building; and for inclosures, in place of clapboards and shingles, aluminum, extracted from bauxite or clays by lightning, will soon meet the demands with a superior article. As money becomes scarce and the demand for it pressing, look northward and behold the aurora Klondyke, flashing its golden streamlets high up on the blue azure. Metamorphose! Become an antelope, and lie away thither; then a bear, and hibernate through an Arctic winter; then change to an *Arctomys monax* and dig a pot of money.

Science is ready to meet every demand,
And fill all our pockets with nuggets of sand.

Another Substitute for Rubber.

There were exhibited a short time since at the Berlin Society of Medicine, air-tight bags and cushions that were flexible, remarkably

light and capable of great endurance; sustaining heavy weights for a long time, and easily folded so as to occupy a very small space.

They were made of several thicknesses of soft, flexible, Japanese rice-paper, having a layer of prepared rosin between, and the whole covered with a coat of the flexible Japanese lacquer. These bags, cushions, pillows, beds, and other articles, so essential for the comfort of the sick, are being furnished at a cost of one-sixth that of rubber, and are the equal of rubber for all those purposes.

The Japanese are fast becoming a scientific people, and already they place upon our market many valuable improvements. Although the articles referred to are made of Japanese materials, yet they were exhibited by Prof. Jacobsolin, a Prussian.

THE BEST PLAN.

God's ambitions for us are greater than ours for ourselves. He always does the best by us that he can. If we fail in attainment of the best, the trouble is not with him, but with us. That trouble is twofold: We fail to understand God's plan, and thus work at cross-purposes with him; and when we do understand it, at least in a measure, we fail to use the means necessary to accomplish the end in view.

God's plan for us is that we should be made like him. That does not mean that we should be the same as he, but that, like him, we should have every faculty developed to its utmost, made complete. As the earthly parent wants the child to become a full-grown man or woman, complete in stature, intellectual ability, strength of character, so the heavenly Father wants the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty to attain unto the "measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Each, however, recognizes diversities of gifts. The boy that would make a first-class mechanic would make a poor lawyer; the successful teacher, a very inefficient apostle. Right here is where multitudes make a mistake, and a most serious one. They imagine that one sphere is more honorable than another, and hence, instead of developing what is in them, they wish very hard to bring out something that is not there at all. They try to make an elm grow from an acorn, or an apple-tree from a pear seed. The first thing for every Christian to learn is that his likeness to Christ is to be measured not by the attainments of somebody else, but by the capabilities of his own character; that his position in the kingdom of heaven is dependent, not upon his position here, but upon his usefulness for the advancement of that kingdom, and even more than that, by his development of personal character. To be is far more important than to do, because it is its inevitable antecedent. No man can do Christ's work until he lives Christ's life.

But the difficulty is not ended with the perception of the plan. There are many who are perfectly willing to do whatever God wants of them, and are sincerely anxious to develop the highest grade of personal character, but fail both in attainment and in doing, because they do not, so to speak, keep up with God. "My Father worketh even until now and I work," was Christ's answer to the Jews, and that ought to be the motto of every disciple. A great many seem to think that for them work is confined to employment. If they are not so situated that active employment is

furnished them, they have nothing to do. Was Christ idle during those years of youth and young manhood, or those forty days in the desert? The hardest kind of work, and the work that in the sight of God tells most, is often, perhaps always, the work a man does in his own heart. It is work to learn patience and self-control. The faith that overcomes the world is often the result of a still greater victory over temptation and weakness, achieved not at one stroke, but after a long and severe struggle, in which every step of vantage ground has been contested. There is many a "shut-in" who is making greater advances, coming nearer to God's ambition than those who seem to be achieving great things. Those also who accomplish the most do so by the most unintermitting effort.

What we need most of all is to believe, and act upon the belief, that God's plan for us is better than any that we can make for ourselves; but that plan will depend for its success upon our constant effort. He will always furnish the means, the tools to work with; but we must do the work. If we can realize this, then no position will seem small, no sphere of life circumscribed; because, whatever it is, it gives us the opportunity to develop the best there is in us. If through our own negligence we throw away some of our best tools, then we must work the harder with what remains, and be sure even then that the result will be far beyond our greatest thought.—*The Independent.*

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

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

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

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. L. C. Randolph 6126 Ingleside Ave. CHARLES D. COON, Church Clerk.

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

The Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist church holds regular Sabbath services in the Welsh Baptist chapel, Eldon St., London, E. C., a few steps from the Broad St. Station. Services at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Pastor, the Rev. William C. Daland; address, 1, Maryland Road, Wood Green, London, N., England. Sabbath-keepers and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

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

GEO. B. SHAW, Pastor,
461 West 155th Street.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

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MARRIAGES.

COON-CLARKE.—In Milton, Wis., June 22, 1898, by Rev. L. A. Platts, assisted by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, Mr. Geo. W. Coon, of Milton Junction, and Miss Grace A. Clarke, of Milton.

DEATHS.

SHORT obituary notices are inserted free of charge. Notices exceeding twenty lines will be charged at the rate of ten cents per line for each line in excess of twenty.

WOODMANCEE.—In Rockville, R. I., June 22, 1898, Mrs. Sarah Woodmancee, aged 95 years, 10 months and 15 days. Sister Woodmancee was a woman of marked individuality and physical vigor. She was the mother of 15 children, 8 sons and 7 daughters, only 5 of whom survive their mother. She was united in marriage to Asa Woodmancee March 13, 1824, who died over 33 years ago. In the fall of 1846 she, with husband, united with the Seventh-day Baptist church in Rockville, and has been loved and respected by all her brethren and sisters as a consistent, peaceful Christian woman. She was born in the same town in which she has lived and died, her long and eventful life nearly spanning the century. A. M. D.

THE SPEED OF A BIRD'S FLIGHT.

The Munich Association of Aerial Navigation recently listened to an account by Herr Sohnke of some observations made by Goetke, of Heligoland, on the flight of birds. The following abstract is taken by the *Revue Scientifique* from *Die Natur*:

"The rooks pass over the island of Heligoland, in interminable flocks, every autumn, on the way to their winter quarters. According to the observations noted, their flight was directed precisely from the east to the west; the first birds appeared about 8 A. M., and the line kept passing until about 2 P. M. The arrival at the English coast was noted; the first birds reached there at 11 A. M. and the last at 5 P. M. The rooks then traversed the eighty geographical miles between Heligoland and England in three hours, which corresponds to a speed of 55 meters (180 feet) a second. The observation made on the so-called 'redtails' is still more interesting. These birds, which live in Norway and Finland, pass the winter on the banks of the Nile, in the Indies, etc. At the time of their return to the North they are captured by hundreds in Heligoland. Now it is known that they fly only during the night, and that they are almost unknown in Greece, Italy, or Germany. It seems then that they make a single trip of it—and in a single night—from their winter home. The trip from Egypt to Heligoland (more than 400 geographical miles) is then accomplished in one spring night, that is, in barely nine hours, which corresponds to a speed of 92 meters (302 feet) a second. It is well known that carrier pigeons rarely exceed 30 meters (98 feet) a second."—*The Literary Digest*.

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THE RED CROSS NURSES AND THE WAR.

When a few weeks ago the war cloud loomed dark and ominous upon the horizon, an appeal was made for emergency nurses. The applications have been more than five hundred in number. Of these two hundred have been accepted provisionally. In most cases those who have applied are graduates of other schools, who come with their diplomas and recommendations from physicians whom they have served. But it is not required that the applicant should be a graduate of a nurses' training-school, for many other women are needed in the hospital work besides those that take care of the sick. Superintendents, matrons, and some to do clerical work can be employed, and such as are better fitted for this work will be detailed to it.

To those who undertake the work the oath is administered, which demands obedience to duties and officers, devotion as a sister to those who need relief and to those with whom they are associated, and a sacred regard for the emblem and uniform of the Red Cross.

The Red Cross uniform is required of those who do not belong to other training-schools. Such wear their own school uniform unless it be white, when the blue gingham of the Red Cross is requested as more serviceable. The cap, kerchief, and the badge with the red cross worn on the arm, even though the dress be different, distinguish the sister.

The Red Cross Society meets the requisitions of the Surgeon-General of the United States army. When nurses are needed for army hospital work they will be called upon in this way. To help care for the starved and weakened Cubans is the immediate work to which they now expect to go.

Many women, burning with patriotism and the desire to lend a hand in this great historical crisis, who, because of lack of physical strength, or because of the demands of home duties, cannot serve personally, can send a nurse, paying her passage to the field of action, and contributing to her support while she is there.—*Harper's Bazar*.

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What would you think if you could make \$250,000 by speaking a single word? Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, once received the enormous fee of \$250,000 for a legal opinion he expressed in just one word of three letters.

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When the attorney for the great corporation put his question, so vitally important to that corporation's existence, Evarts sat buried in thought for a moment, and then answered in one word, "Yes." His bill for that one word was \$250,000, and the corporation paid it without a murmur. Evarts' answer proved to be correct.

THE FIRST ELEPHANT IN AMERICA.—It is said that the first elephant ever seen in America was sent over from England to this country in 1823, and has lately died at the ripe age of one hundred and sixteen. "Jeanette" created the greatest interest when first she arrived in America; every one wanted to see the wonderful beast, and, in course of time, she traveled all over the states, passing through the hands of forty different owners. She was always well treated, and died at last of sheer old age.

THE OLDEST LETTER IN THE WORLD.—The oldest letter in the world is to be seen at the British Museum. It is not written on linen or parchment, but inscribed on brick, so that it had been able to last the three thousand five hundred years which have passed since it was written. It is a love letter—a proposal of marriage for the hand of an Egyptian princess.

A SWALLOW'S FLIGHT.—Some one wishing to test the flight of a swallow caught an untamed one that had its nest on a farm in Shropshire, England. It was taken in a cage to London, and then set free. Eighty minutes after its release it was back at its home, having traveled one hundred and forty-five miles at the rate of two miles a minute.

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PARSON HAVEN'S VICTORY.

One of the most beautiful and thrilling narratives of James Havens, the original of the "fighting Parson Magruder," who figures in Mr. Edward Eggleston's "Circuit Rider," was related at a recent conference, says the *Youth's Companion*, by an old companion of Rev. Mr. Havens.

While still a young man, Havens was once eating his breakfast at the cabin of an old couple in a thinly-settled region, when the doorway was suddenly darkened by a big and ruffianly-looking man, who demanded:

"Be you Havens, the fighting preacher?"

"My name is Havens, and I am a preacher," said the circuit rider.

"Well, I reckon you'd better get through your breakfast right smart, for I'm goin' to give you a good thrashin'."

"Well," returned Havens, "I don't remember to have seen you before, and if I've ever crossed your track, it was because you were up to some mischief that called for discipline."

"Hey? You pushed me over a high bank, an' I got my face scratched up. I've been lookin' for you some time, an' now I'm goin' to lam you!"

"Very well, come down in the hollow," said Havens, "and if you're determined to thrash me, I'll give you a chance. But let us get well away from this cabin, where these old people won't have to see or witness the trouble."

The preacher started out with the ruffian down toward the woods. They went part of the way in silence, the ruffian now and then glancing at the preacher, and seeing no sign either of fear or bravado in him. Presently the man said:

"See, here, Havens, you'd better go back, I'm a hard fighter, and I'll hurt you bad."

"Oh no," said the preacher; "if you want to fight, you'd better not stop on my account."

They went on, and reached the seclusion of the hollow. When they got there, the ruffian said:

"Let's turn round, elder. I tell you, I'm a pretty mean man!"

"Well, let's sit down here a minute," Havens led the way to a log, and sat down on it. Then, with a little talk, the preacher drew from the fellow a confession of the wild life he had led, and spoke comforting words to him. In a little while, both men were on their knees, with faces bowed upon the log, and the woods resounded with prayer such as few but this pioneer could offer.

The old people back at the cabin heard it, and knew what turn the "fight" had taken. They came down and joined the "meeting," and before long the fighter was one of Haven's most promising converts.

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AN ASTONISHED ENGLISHMAN. The ignorance that seems to exist in some sections of England concerning the geography of this country is illustrated by this incident from The Chicago Chronicle:

A young woman of Chicago has returned to the city after a visit in England of a year and a half, much of which time was spent in the endeavor to straighten out the impressions of Englishmen concerning America in general and the United States in particular. Soon after her arrival in London she attended a reception of a semi-official nature. Many highly educated people of considerable prominence were present, and the Chicago girl had brief "reception conversations" with a number of them. On learning that she was an American most of the Englishmen very naturally asked her some question or other about her native land.

"Ah, I understand you are an American," said one agreeable and very learned appearing old gentleman.

"Yes, I am from the States," responded the Chicago girl, with a smile.

"I suppose you live in Boston?" of course asked the Londoner.

"O, no. I live about one thousand miles west of Boston," she replied.

"No, you don't say! Then you must live on the Pacific coast."

"O, dear, no. I live over two thousand miles east of the coast."

"I beg your pardon," gasped the old gentleman.

"Yes," repeated the young woman with a smile, "I live about one thousand miles west of Boston and about two thousand miles east of the Pacific coast."

"Then you must live in the air," ejaculated the astonished Englishman.

"Well, not exactly in the air," returned the Chicagoan; "but they do call the place I live in petty windy."

A MAN is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.—R. W. Emerson.

A MAN'S manners are a mirror in which he shows his likeness to the intelligent observer.—Goethe.

In habits gathered by unseen degrees, As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.—John Dryden.

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