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IF I MIGHT KNEEL.

IF I might kneel
 Where Jesus' smile could courage give;
 If I sometimes might feel
 His hand in comfort on my head,
 And hear Him say: "My little child,
 I know it all; I still will heal
 Each wound; be of good cheer;"
 If I close to His side might stand,
 And kiss the bruised feet,
 And know He knew it first, and loves me still—
 Perhaps, then in Gethsemane,
 I might make song above my prayer,
 And feel His face bending to see
 My need, and clasp my faltering hand,
 And guide to the white gate, and say, perhaps:
 "Well done! This is thy Father's house,
 Where many mansions be."
 Perhaps, all spent with carrying weight
 In life's sojourn,
 Give humble faith unto His will,
 And say, in prayer: "Thou knowest best,
 Thy will be done,
 So I Thy presence earn."

—British Weekly.

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BABCOCK BUILDING

PLAINFIELD N J

Sabbath Recorder.

A. H. LEWIS, D. D., - - - - - Editor.
J. P. MOSHER, - - - - - Business Manager.

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WISDOM is well in caring for our bodies; but watching symptoms and worrying about exposure is not wisdom. Fussing about health is not caring for it. "Mind Cure" consists largely in ceasing to worry about symptoms. Dosing with supposed remedies is not caring for one's health. Wisdom in working, eating and sleeping constitute a great sanitarium; try it.

WE all long for friends, true, sympathetic, patient friends. Better be alone than to trust pretended friends who prove false. True friends know our faults as well as our virtues. He is the best friend who chides when he ought to. We sometimes want praise when we need chiding, in love, as a friend chides. The Bible among books, and Christ among men, are true friends, instructing, commending, or condemning as truth and true friendship demand.

WE trust that the confession and suicide of Colonel Henry, of the French army, and the attendant circumstances, will bring a re-hearing of the Dreyfus case, and secure justice where most grave injustice has been done. The world has doubted the purity of the French Military Court in the case from the first. The supremacy of military influence and military methods, in France, as in some other European countries, tends to great political and judicial corruption.

AS TO the Philippine problem, without anticipating what the Peace Commission investigations may reveal, we believe that the United States must hold the island of Luzon, at least. We have said before that none of the territory can go back to the evils of Spanish rule. If Spain is allowed to retain any of the islands it must be under such actual and operative guarantee as will secure reform or prompt loss of territory. That much is duty to the natives, who, though unfit for self-government, are entitled to protection.

THE civilized world has given welcome to Holland's young queen, who came to the throne Sept. 6, 1898. The military power of Holland, once great, has given way to a more permanent and valuable power, commercial and administrative. Holland rules a colonial population six or seven times as large as her own, with no scandals or revolts. Industrious, intelligent and peaceful, Holland has promise of a future which may compare well with her past. England and the United States both owe much to Holland for the germs of that which is best in their civilization. Long live Holland and her beloved queen.

THE uplifting power of Divine love is boundless. We have seen coasting vessels at the wharves along the waters of the Bay of Fundy, at low tide, lying in the mud while their top-masts were scarcely higher than the wharf. But when the tide came in full and strong, those wondrous tides which flow from the heart of the Atlantic, the vessels were lifted far above the river bed, until their decks were level with the floor of the wharf, and

people could come and go at will and in safety. However low a human life may be, however much it may have settled into the mire of the river-bed of sin and self-indulgence, the lifting power of Divine Grace can float it free and pure. As the strength of the Atlantic flows into the Bay of Fundy, until every stream on all the coast is bank-full, so God's boundless grace waits to lift us all to highest spiritual life.

THAT Russia, of all other nations, should propose steps toward universal peace, is as gratifying as it was unexpected. One is bewildered with delight at the possibilities which may come from this step on the part of the Czar. To turn the vast sums spent for armies and navies into channels of peaceful civilizations, and to be rid of the horrors of war among great nations, is surely a consummation devoutly to be wished. The Commission, now at work, adjusting the long-standing differences between the United States and Canada, the actual, if not the formal, alliance between the two great English speaking nations, add faith to hope that arbitration and peace are coming. May that auspicious day hasten. It is difficult to be patient while great reforms and much-desired results lag in their progress, or are turned back by bigotry, oppression and indifference; but the well-poised soul will renew its courage and learn to sing, even in the darkness,

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Nevertheless let us learn to "hustle while we wait."

IT is often said that common people have little conception of art. Technically, that may be true; but the "charming mystery" by which some people always put other people at ease is one of the highest works of art. The house-keeper, that is, the home-maker, who presents to her guests, transient or more permanent, such simple forms of entertainment as make the guests feel "at home," has accomplished the work of an artist. He who entertains others in such a way as to make those entertained feel that their presence and their words are the controlling interests of the moment is the true artist in social life. That parlor into which the light of day comes, softened until it is inviting, which is not cumbered with furniture and "things in general" that give one the impression that there is no place for people, is a work of art. This thought passes from material objects to all forms of social life. If you are conversing with one comparatively ignorant, you are a true artist if you so guide the conversation as to give all needed information without making your companion feel that you have even recognized his ignorance. This is not only the work of an artist, but it is far more effective than that awkward bluntness which exalts the ignorance on the one side, and attempts to parade knowledge on the other. It must be confessed that there are times when even the true artist in social matters is terribly tested. To be burdened by the man who has time to kill, when you are crowded with work, and whose burdensome presence threatens to kill you, is a trial which will nearly spoil the spirit of the finest artist in social life. There is one place where this type of art cannot be applied. In the editorial

sanctum, when printers are waiting for copy, and editorial duties have heaped themselves in unusual profusion, the art of making yourself agreeable to the man who has dropped in with nothing in particular to say, and less to do, is more than ought to be required of any mortal. The artist then should turn warrior. It is not soft words to entertain that he then needs to be master of. He needs rather the bravery which can tell the unmitigated bore that he wants nothing so much as his absence. Perhaps the application of that truth which the reader is just now making indicates that this editorial note should come to an end.

AN OLD PATH IN THE WOODS.

The Editor began his vacation in Northern Wisconsin, with the first of September—and the "Summer Grippe." (?) It is a combination of Russian grippe, hay fever, influenza, rheumatism and lassitude. Sneezing is an outspoken symptom of prominence. Not until this morning (Sept. 15) did he feel strong enough to attempt a two-mile walk, for sake of an old woods path, along a swamp, which holds memories of more than forty years. He knew it first as an "Indian trail," when to the south, the west and the north of it there were few traces of the white man's civilization within boundaries varying from twenty to five hundred miles. Well-kept fields now crowd it; but two hundred acres of original forest yet remain, and the old path is nearly intact along the northern border of this woodland.

Lie down and roll under this barbed-wire fence, that modern innovation with as much scratchiness as some men you know, whose chief business in life is to tell how not to do things and to find fault with everybody who does anything, even when they "boss the job." The best way to get over a wire fence is to have it high enough so you can roll under it. You roll into a delicious shade. It rests your rheumatic muscles to lie a while on the thick grass. Some little birds are talking in the leaves overhead, very gently. The wind blows gently, by times, and stops to listen. Then you can hear the sweet, soft silence through all the woods. The golden September sunshine showers through the leaves and sprinkles you with comfort-bringing warmth. Autumn flowers, some purple and some golden, are all about you. Nothing surpasses them for delicacy of form and of color. Spring flowers have a fresh, rollicking beauty, but autumn flowers have a ripened beauty, unknown until September. The corn-leaves in a field near by have been bitten by the frost. They rustle with fretful complaining, like dead hopes and dying aspirations. These flowers were sheltered. They seem all the brighter in contrast with the corn-leaves. Blessed is the soul which is sheltered from all frosts and made beautiful by overshadowing divine love; that can lie at rest where God's grace gives life and comfort.

I came to see the old path in the woods. I have found God. The touch of his love and care is on everything here. A veery warbles his praises. Its notes touch my heart as the organ prelude does at the opening of church service at home—an organist who plays with his soul as well as his fingers is among the best of preachers. By and by that bunch of purple flowers, and that sprig of golden-rod, will be colorless, fallen with the leaves and covered by the snow. Snow? I have worked

at making rails along this swamp, when the mercury measured eighteen to twenty degrees below zero every night, and often rose little, if any, above zero at noon. Our lunch would be frozen beyond eating, and a fire was essential at every noontime. It can be cold here. What of it, God will keep those flowers alive, in spite of snow and zero, and next autumn, if you come here, "just to listen and think," they will be here to nod their welcome and teach another lesson of divine love and care. "Are not ye much better than they?"

There is danger that this sermon will be too long. There is a mile of path to be traversed. The trees and bushes crowd the path. The wind continues to blow a little, making the high branches bend and rustle, and then stopping to listen. It is a worshiping wind, playing a soft anthem with long rests, and gentle interludes, like some passages in the "Creation." Bryant told a great truth when he wrote:

The groves were God's first temples.

This old path is a wonderfully beautiful aisle this morning. If it were evening, this would remind me of a vesper service in the great cathedral at Cologne, when the music from a far-away corner chapel came softly out to where we stood by a western window, through which the sun sprinkled. The light as it now sprinkles through these leaves. This is just as worshipful as that was. Men made Cologne to imitate nature. God made this.

The path? Yes, I will tell more about it, but somehow it is a temple aisle, more than a path this morning. Walk along, slowly, of course. A beautiful pheasant just rose from the bushes which border the way. She rose quietly and flew only a few feet, as though she did not want to disturb the service. She is worth many sparrows. God cares for the sparrows, you know. Look into the copse of hazel bushes, where she was. There is abundant evidence that a whole family of pheasants live there, sheltered and happy. There goes a blue jay with an immense acorn in his mouth, and yet singing his thanks as he flies; at least I think he is thankful, though his voice sounds as if he was angry. The jay is handsome, but he is a terrible scold. But I am sure he must be thankful to-day. Up there to the north, my father and "Old Watch" once killed an immense badger. That was nearly fifty years ago; no use to hunt for badgers now. Over to the south, I once saw some Indians making a log canoe. The man worked with his wife; an uncommon thing. He had borrowed a white man's axe, which he used awkwardly. As I stood watching the work, it flew from his hands and came perilously near to braining his young wife. Paralyzed with fright, he stood speechless, love and anxiety mingling in quick play over his usually stolid features. After a moment she burst into a joyous laugh, and with pleasant banter chided him for his awkwardness, and his fright. Colonel Scott, who loves to paint Indian life, would have made a fine picture of that scene.

At the end of the path I found a great sweep of natural meadows where there used to be only a worthless "marsh," and an artesian well. I drank of its iron-laden water, and came back, slowly, through the mile-long aisle. The wind, the birds and the sunshine were still holding service. It was almost high noon when I left the aisle. That old

path in the woods has always been pleasant, but its pleasantness will be enhanced henceforth, because of the divine service I have attended there to-day.

BERLIN, Wis., Sept. 15, 1898.

PORTO RICO THE NEW MEMBER OF OUR HOUSEHOLD.

Porto Rico will become of increasing interest now that it rests under the American flag. In many respects it is the most salubrious and richest of the West Indies. It will be well if our readers bring out their geographies and familiarize themselves anew with all the West Indies, and especially with Porto Rico and Cuba, our new possessions. Porto Rico is almost a perfect parallelogram as to shape. If that description does not convey the thought, think of a soap box one hundred and eighty miles in length and thirty-seven miles wide and you will have a simple conception of the island. Into that, if it were a box, you could put two of our smaller states—Rhode Island and Delaware—and have considerable room to spare. The population is about equally divided between the white and black races. They are more intelligent, orderly and of higher character than any other of the West India peoples, unless it be the people of Jamaica, who have been educated under English rule. Porto Rico was discovered by Columbus in 1492. He called the island San Juan (Sang Wan) in honor of the Apostle St. John. The name was afterwards changed to Puerto Rico, which means rich port. It is told that the early Spanish settlers were considered immortal by the natives. They thought a white man could not die. Two Indians given to experiments, catching a Spanish Captain alone, determined to test the truth of the tradition. They held the Captain under water for several hours. Then laying the body on shore, they watched by it a couple of days to see if it would return to life. Finding it did not, they became much more determined in their opposition to the new comers.

The rule of Spain, as every one knows, has been a long story of abuse and unwisdom. She has made the people her enemies. The reception which they gave to the American forces was like the welcome accorded to friends rather than the opposition given to enemies, or the fear which men feel from the coming of a conqueror. Porto Rico has longed to become Americanized, and it would seem that only grave mistakes on our part can bring anything but good results to both the island and to ourselves under the new state of things. The Catholic church there, as elsewhere, has been an immense social and political power, and when our triumphant march began, the priests at once inquired what support would be granted to the church. They must now learn the problem of church and state separated, and in time they will know the blessing which attend the American idea, however much the necessity of supporting themselves without government patronage may break up their historic traditions and experiences.

GREAT CITIES AS DANGER POINTS IN THE REPUBLIC.

It is a strange, and in some respects to be regretted fact, that for an hundred years past there has been a steady flow, among English-speaking people, of population from the country to the city. It is already seen even in a nation so young as ours that the

great cities are centers of controlling power. This is true in commerce and politics and sociology. It is also true that ignorance, vice and irreligion flow into the great cities in a proportion even larger than that of the population. American cities are worse than European in some respects, and possibly better in some respects. The conflict of races is less in the European city than in the American. Paris is a French city. Berlin is German. St Petersburg is Russian. London is English. But New York combines all these. Almost within stones throw you may find each of these nationalities represented, and each of these mother tongues spoken in the City of New York. Our republican institutions, and the tendencies begotten by them, have wrought wonders in assimilating these various nationalities. The hope of our nation lies in the melting and combining power of our civilization, which will gradually obliterate national lines and uplift all classes toward the highest standard of citizenship and character.

That considerable social and moral decay has already come in our great cities, no one can deny. Those who are least hopeful fear that this decay cannot be checked. It certainly cannot unless the better elements and the absolutely religious influences which pervade the higher classes can be brought to bear continually upon the seething masses in the lower walks of life. It goes without saying, that the saloon, and the liquor traffic which it represents, are the richest soil out of which all evil influences spring. Its first power is commercial, and through its commercial power it is a ruling element in politics. Every saloon-keeper is a "liquor man" first; after that he may be Democrat or Republican.

But we do not despair of the American city. The highest patriotism does not defend the flag with sword and bayonet. It does defend the purity of the ballot box and the purity of legislative halls. A New York brewer is reported as saying, "The church people can drive us when they try. Our hope is in working when they grow tired. We keep at it three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. They work a little about election time." But the greatest factor in the needed reform is not "fighting fire with fire," as the politicians say, but in gradually and persistently pressing better thoughts into the lower walks of life. A genuine mission among the outcasts carried on persistently will do more to produce political purity finally than many spasmodic efforts to elect good men along merely political lines. The latter is the easier, but the former is more effective. That is God's method. He calls, instructs, pleads. Men remain indifferent. Again he calls, instructs, pleads. A few men heed. With infinite patience, again God calls, instructs, pleads. A few more heed, and thus slowly and painfully, and to us as it seems discouragingly, God lifts the world up little by little. The Christian patriot needs to learn infinite patience, unwavering persistence, and unmeasured faith in the power of higher conceptions and better ideas, to change and purify the hearts and lives of men.

Be content. "Accept the place the divine providence has found for you," said Emerson. One of the secrets of happiness is to put your heart into your work and do your best. There is deep joy in every right work, and a deeper yet for those who will delve with heart as well as hand to find it.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

Dedication at Grand Marsh.

Word comes that the new building is nearly done. Edward Babcock and Herbert Van Horn have been working hard with hammer and saw since Conference. What meetings they have held have been well attended, and very good interest shown. The house is to be dedicated Sept. 24. Elder Hills, Dr. Platts and Pastor Loofboro, expect to be present.

It will be a notable occasion for that section of country. The grandest dedication which the new church can receive will be that of the Holy Spirit. May his presence be manifest in power within its walls, and may the erection of this building for worship mark a new era for the section of country in which it is planted. God bless the church of Grand Marsh.

Hills at Marquette.

The one month leave of absence so heartily granted to Pastor Hills by the Nortonville church is bringing a blessing to Marquette. Pastor Loofboro has charge of the music, Edward Holston having gone back to Walworth to take charge of a school. Brother Loofboro writes: "The spirit is moving on some mightily, and I hope it is just a beginning. Some for whom I was specially anxious before coming here are going to pull through all right. Elder Hills preached last night on the covenant. It was very interesting and convincing."

Grasping the Opportunity.

One of the elements of power which have made our President of the Young People's Board a leader in the new era of evangelism is his readiness to seize an opportunity. This may be illustrated by his use of an incident one night last week. Bro. Saunders is spending a few days at Moody Institute, taking advantage of the masterly lectures of Dr. James Gray. By invitation of some of the students he accompanied them to a neighboring corner to hold a gospel meeting, and was called upon to speak. As usual he had left his manuscript at home, and poured the warm sentences into the crowd without stopping to tie on any pink ribbons. "Boys," he said, "whenever you do wrong, there is something within you that tells you of it." "No, there aint," yelled a gamin, and immediately started to run. Saunders pointed at the rascal, as he legged it down the street, and said, "There is an illustration of just what I was saying."

People at the Institute have found out that the new comer is a Sabbath-keeper, and several quiet conversations have been opened by men who honestly wanted to know the truth. One man came with him to church upon the Sabbath. Brother Saunders wishes that we could constantly have some one at the Institute, not only for the instruction which he could gain, but for the good which he could do.

The Relative Standing of Our Schools.

This question is to us a very simple one. Let each school make itself as strong as possible, and do the utmost to utilize the possibilities within its reach. I am a profound believer in the mission of each one of them; a mission which neither of them can do for the

others; a mission which would by no means be filled if all three were consolidated in one. Milton's work for evangelism is one which cannot be transplanted. It is a product of Northwestern soil and sunlight. Of the boys and girls who have worked their way through school, and who are now preaching the gospel, by word and deed, in various walks of life, but a small proportion would have gained this education, if Milton had been a thousand miles away. The mission of our schools is largely local. It is not only to meet aspirations, but to inspire them. Each school is an educating center for the section of country in the midst of which it is planted. That boy who was buried in the coal mines of West Virginia would never have seen the dawning light of the career for which he is now preparing, had not the college doors been right at his hand. We need not less schools, but more. The work which Alfred has done for the heart of our denominational geography, Salem for the Southeast, Milton for the Northwest has but begun. These are dynamos of power; recruiting stations for wider careers; nerve centers of religious life. No one who heard the ringing speech of Boothe Davis, at Leonardsville, ten years ago, in behalf of a school for West Virginia, is likely to forget it. We have reason to be profoundly thankful for the movement that is bearing such fruit to-day. We hope that Professor Shaw will sometime realize his school-days' dream of a college west of the Rockies. And what might not an institution of humble beginning do for the opening fields of the Southwest?

Our Educational Specialty.

It is neither science, philosophy or technical training; in these things we are out-classed. The great universities, with their millions of endowments, their trained instructors, their up-to-date apparatus, their perfected methods, furnish opportunities in these lines, which we cannot attempt to parallel, and I am frank to say that I would have Seventh-day Baptist young people, so far as possible, use these advantages. They are capable of taking the lead in all professions. Let them have the best training which the country can afford.

But does not this crowd out our own colleges? By no means. It simply defines their specialty. Upon that specialty let them concentrate, for in their own line they are without a peer. This definition which has come down from some educator of the past generation has never been superceded: "The object of a college education is the evolution of faculty and the formation of noble habitudes." Write it across our educational sky, this definition. Our mission is to take the raw, untrained boys and girls, teach them to think, to do, to be. When I see a young man or woman standing on the commencement platform of one of our schools, their parchment is to me a guarantee both of strength of mind, and of the heart which will take up life resolutely and endeavor to use all of its resources to make humanity better and the world more habitable. Character and power, these are our watch-words. It is here that the great universities break down. Sadly, sadly does the world need men and women of this stamp. Forge the character and the habits of mind in the pure, fresh atmosphere of our own schools, and then let the young people go to the strongest universities of the

land for their technical training. Cornell for mechanical engineering; Columbia for the law; Harvard for literature; The Metropolitan Medical Colleges for medicine; a strong Divinity school in a great city for a part of the course in theology; but Alfred, Milton and Salem for *manhood*. I grow more convinced every year that our own schools are in the front rank for the fundamental education which consists in the formation of character and habits of life, the ability to think and to do. Unless you have a true man to start with, all the education and training in the world will never contribute to the world's welfare. We have plenty of physicians who fatten on the evil practices of mankind, plenty of lawyers whose so-called "convictions" are for sale; plenty of clergymen who preach to order; plenty of educated men in all walks of life who are willing to ride upon the crest of the wave, no matter how vile the waters which lift them. But oh, for men who regard their life-work as a mission to the world. These cannot be produced by fraternity "spreads," boat race betting, college grill-houses and bacchanalian celebrations of athletic victories. Not all students of the great universities engage in these things. Many of the men who guide the policies of the large institutions try to discourage them; but the dominant note of university life in general is not such as to turn young blood toward Godliness. A soldier should be "immune" before he is sent to Cuba, and a boy should be fortified in character before he is sent to a great university. There are few subjects upon which your Western contributor feels more keenly the force of truth and his own inability to clearly express it. There are exceptions to all rules, and a sweeping application of the principles stated above would do great injustice, no doubt, in many cases; but taking the general trend of results, the comparison is just. We have no instruments with which to measure; these facts cannot be tabulated in statistics, but anyone who carefully observes the currents of educational life in America must be impressed that in the development of self-reliance, fortitude, unselfish devotion to a great cause, taste for noble thoughts, the manliness which is Godliness, the small colleges are our main reliance. The ministry is largely recruited from them. That ought to be something of an evidence of their influence.

WHAT SINGERS SHOULD EAT.—Attention to diet should have a very important place in the hygiene of the voice. A diet that affords an abundance of ripe fruits is beyond all question the best food for singers. With this can be combined grains and some varieties of nuts; however, the very oily nuts, those that are rich in fat, are not good for the voice or the throat, as the oil causes irritation. The diet should be simple and plain, excluding many dishes at one meal and also bad combinations. The juices of fruits, together with the acids which they contain, have a cleansing effect upon the mucous membrane of the mouth and pharynx, washing off any thick, tenacious accumulations of mucus, leaving a smooth, thinly lubricated surface, which assists greatly in enriching the tones.—*F. Magee Rossiter, M. D., in Good Health.*

HORTICULTURISTS tell us that the calla will yield better results if permitted to rest during the summer months. But Christians are not callas.

THE DUNHAM FAMILY.

Descendants of Rev. Edmund Dunham Through His Son
Benajah, 1684-1742.

BY O. B. LEONARD.

ARTICLE VII.

The children of Rev. Edmund Dunham and Mary Bonham his wife were the seven following sons and daughters: Benajah, Elizabeth, Edmund, Jonathan (Rev.), Ephraim, Mary and Hannah.

Benajah Dunham, the oldest of the children, was born August 13, 1684, in the township of Piscataway, Middlesex County, New Jersey. He married September 21, 1704, Dorathy Martin, born June 7, 1686, (daughter of John, Jr., and Dorathy). His death is recorded in 1742, August 11. For seventeen years he was town clerk of Piscataway Township (1714-1731), and was succeeded by his son, John, who occupied the same office till 1740. Benajah Dunham held other local positions of minor importance in secular town matters. In his religious affiliations, he was associated with the new Seventh-day Baptist church of Piscataway, constituted in 1705-7. He was an active member of the church from its organization. The church was the same of which his father, Rev. Edmund, was the founder and first pastor, and to which his brother Jonathan succeeded in the second pastorate.

The ten children of Benajah and Dorathy Dunham were the following: John, Hezekiah, Benajah, Martin, Elizabeth, Mary, Esther, Priscilla, Rachel and Elisha Dunham.

The family of John, the first born, will be given in the succeeding paragraphs.

1705—JOHN DUNHAM—1740.

John Dunham, son of Benajah and Dorathy, was born July 8, 1705, and married, October 23, 1729, Mercy Drake. He died in 1740-1. Their children were the five following: ELIJAH, Anna, Dorathy, Eli, born 1739, married 1761, Martha Brien, and lived to be 88 years old, and JOHN. The descendants of the oldest and youngest sons only will be given.

ELIJAH DUNHAM, the oldest, was born December 12, 1730, married, April 6, 1751, Mary Sharp. They died respectively March 29, 1779 and May 20, 1783, and lie buried in the Episcopalian graveyard at Perth Amboy, N. J. From 1770-74 he served as Warden of the St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal church of that city. His only surviving child, mentioned in his last will, made March, 1779, was daughter Isabella, born in 1752, who married, 1768, Mr. John Rattoone. The children of this union were Elijah Dunham Rattoone, Thomas, Mary, John, William and Isabella Rattoone. This family lived in Perth Amboy and attained considerable prominence prior to the opening of the nineteenth century. Mr. Rattoone became a large real estate holder. He bought the old, renowned "Proprietary House," which had been the official residence of several Colonial governors, and occupied the last time as such by Sir William Franklin from 1774 till his arrest for disloyalty, just after the Declaration of Independence. British officers made their headquarters here in the days of the Revolutionary war. A fire destroyed the interior just after peace was declared in 1783, and a few years subsequently the property was sold by the Board of Proprietors. Upon taking possession of this place, Mr. John Rattoone rebuilt and enlarged the house and dwelt there several years. In 1809 a Corporation re-constructed the building into its pres-

ent appearance, and for several years it was maintained as the "Brighton House," and became a fashionable, popular summer resort. The property finally came into the hands of Dr. Bruen, who, in 1883, presented the house and twelve acres of ground to the Presbyterian Board, for a home for aged ministers and their families of the denomination.

Mr. John Rattoone and wife were active and influential members of the St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church in the City of Perth Amboy, N. J. For several years he served the society as Vestryman, 1782-89, and Warden 1790-1810. He was Mayor of the City 1796-1808, and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas during the same period. His son, Rev. Elijah D., was professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia College. The father and family lie buried in the graveyard surrounding the old historic church.

JOHN DUNHAM, JR. (the youngest son of John and Mercy) was born August 12, 1740, married first Mary Gilman (mother of his four children). His second wife was Mrs. Ruth Sharp Stelle. The four children by first marriage were Elijah, James, Mercy and John, whose descendants are as follows:

Elijah Dunham (of John and Mary) was born in 1762, married first Elizabeth F. Randolph, born 1768, died 1800; married second Elizabeth Rowland, born 1764, died 1849. His children by first wife were Joel and Isabella, and by second marriage James and William Dunham,

Joel Dunham, born 1795, married Mary S. Smith, born 1800, and had Elizabeth S., married James McK. Merritt, whose four children were Emma A., Charles P. W., married Anna C. Lord, Mary D., married Addison A. Knox, Elizabeth McK., married Frederick C. Ayres.

Isabella Dunham, born 1788, married Micaiah Dunn (son of David and Eunice). Her second marriage was to Walter M. Henry, whose four children were Alexander, married Susan B. Van Dyke, Robert, married Mary A. Hagaman, Elizabeth D., married John V. Edmonds, Elijah D. Henry, who married in St. Louis, Mo.

The other children of Elijah Dunham by his second marriage to Elizabeth Rowland were as above stated, James and William.

James Dunham, born 1802, married Abigail Denman, whose two children were Sarah E., the youngest, and Jeanette R., born 1830, who married Isaac S. Runyon (son of Ephraim and Ann Piatt Runyon) and had Clarence, William W., Louise S., Herbert R., married Virginia C. Dunn, and Charles G. Runyon.

William Dunham, born 1807, married Sarah K. Dunham (of John and Harriett). Their five children were Edward K., married Lydia Fisher and Matilda Nicholas; William, Jr., married Catherine McKnerr, whose three children were Frederick K., Frank H., and Clifford R., Charles S., married Mary A. Van Syckel, Louise and Frederic Dunham.

James Dunham (of John and Mary) was born Aug. 25, 1768, and married Ursula Dunn (of Captain Hugh and wife Abigail Carman Dunn). Their children were Mary and Abigail. Mary married Captain Henry Minugh and Jeremiah F. Randolph. Abigail, born 1793, married 1811 Simeon Ayers, whose seven children were Mary, married George D. Phelps, Charlotte, married Rev. John C. Cruikshank, Ursula, married Rufus Story, Margaretta, married Rev. Jacob C. Dutcher, Elizabeth, married Andrew D. Mel-

lick, James and Abigail Ayers, dying in childhood.

Mercy (or Marcia) Dunham (of John and Mary) was born January 12, 1771, married Dec. 30, 1798, Reune Martin, born Jan. 9, 1768. Their two children were John Dunham Martin, born Feb. 7, 1794, and Mary Martin. John D. Martin married Jan 11, 1815; Sarah Runyon (of Richard and Phebe), and had four children, Mary, married Charles J. Martin, Richard R. married Mary B. Shely, Reune married Mary D. Barricklo, Isaac L., married Isabella Cook and had John D. and Richard E., Mary Martin married Joseph Dunn (of Joel and Rachel) and had three sons, Ellis, married Sarah Coriel, Martin, married Margaret A. Ayres, Joel R., who died young.

John Dunham (of John and Mary) was born Nov. 5, 1779, married Harriet Knight, and had eight children, viz:

William S. Dunham, born 1803, married Margaret Jones, whose children were William J., Robert B., married Alice Mattram, had William, Mable and Louise; Charles S., Edward F., Harriet L., married John Vanderbilt, had William D., Laura, John A., Margaret, John L., Louise D.; Margaretta J. married Frederick F. Delano and Henry C. Wilson, (had Leila Delano).

Mary (of John and Harriett) born 1805, married John T. Way.

Louisa (of John and Harriet) born 1808, married Abraham Dunn.

Harriet (of John and Harriet) born 1810.

Sarah K. Dunham (of John and Harriet) born 1813, married William Dunham (son of Elijah and Elizabeth Rowland Dunham) whose children are above recited, Edward K., William Jr., Charles S., Louise and Frederic.

John S. Dunham (of John and Harriet) born 1816.

Elizabeth D. (of John and Harriet) born 1819.

James Dunham (of John and Harriet) born 1821.

THE TRADE OF THE HOLY LAND.

According to Mr. Dickson, British Consul at Jerusalem, the total foreign trade through Jaffa last year amounted to over £616,000, of which the exports amounted to £309,389. The main exports were soap, oranges, sesame, water melons, and beans, while the chief imports were cotton goods, coffee, sugar, timber, cloths, and fancy goods. The trade in Jaffa oranges has increased greatly, and since a direct line of steamers was established between Jaffa and Liverpool more than 80 per cent of the crop has gone to England; pine, also, from the various Jewish colonies is yearly becoming a more important export. The United Kingdom has about 10 per cent of the import trade. Mr. Dickson mentions that, while many applications for concessions for public works are lying awaiting the decision of the authorities, ordinary works of utility are neglected. Gaza, on the coast about thirty-five miles from Jaffa, is becoming more important for trade. The product of the district is chiefly barley, and last year 32,000 tons of this were loaded on British steamers in the Gaza roadstead and despatched to the United Kingdom.

THERE is no more subtle temptation than that to substitute the maxims of the markets for those of the New Testament. "Business is business," whatever truth is meant, is a poor substitute for the Golden Rule.

Missions.

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

IF all the inspiration, enthusiasm, good intentions and resolutions, personal and general, of our late Conference shall crystalize into earnest action and devoted service in church work, evangelism and Sabbath Reform, the coming year, under the blessing of God, what grand results will be reported at the next Conference.

THE power of the Holy Spirit, the soul-fire from above experienced at the sunrise prayer-meetings at Conference should not end with Conference. That fire and warmth should go to every church represented in those soul-uplifting meetings, and result in a wonderful awakening in those churches, a great quickening of the membership, a precious revival of religion. Let us all pray for it.

THERE were about fifty ministers at our Conference. The great majority of them were pastors. There is great responsibility resting on these pastors. They must have felt it during the days of the Conference when they saw the urgent needs, the open doors of opportunity and the great work before us as a people. God bless these and all of our pastors and gird them with power from on high for their work and responsibility. May they not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. May they rebuke sin in the high as well as in the low places. May they warn and counsel their flocks against all pleasures and practices which sap spiritual life and power in the individual Christian and in the church. May they receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit themselves, and invoke such a baptism upon their congregations. May they lead their people into a greater denominational spirit and activity, to have a deeper sense of personal responsibility; to greater devotion and consecration, to a truer stewardship, and into greater spirituality. If these pastors shall be able during the year before them to do this in a large measure, what wonderful results shall we chronicle at the end of the year. As are the pastors, to a great extent, so are the people.

THE Southern Field has always been a field of much interest. Ever since Rev. Geo. W. Hills went upon that field until the present, there has been an increasing interest in the Sabbath question. Rev. J. N. Belton, a convert to the Sabbath from the Baptists succeeded Mr. Hills, and did splendid work in Northern Alabama. After his lamentable death, Rev. A. P. Ashurst succeeded him as General Missionary upon the field, and is now engaged in earnest work for the salvation of men and the truth of the Sabbath. Quite a number have come to the Sabbath, and others are investigating the question. One church has been already organized in Culman Co., Northern Alabama, entirely of Sabbath converts chiefly from the Baptists, and another was soon to be organized. Mr. Ashurst is very hopeful for our interests in Alabama. We hope our people will remember him and this field in their prayers.

BECAUSE of the absolute need of retrenchment in view of debts, there was not as much done the past year in evangelistic work as in the year before. Last year we had two evangelists employed for the whole year; this year but one. There has been during the year a

fair force of helpers and singers. Some evangelists have been employed parts of the year. Some of our churches have come to the rescue and have sent out workers at their own expense. Notwithstanding the retrenched work, the less number of workers, the Lord has greatly blessed our evangelistic work the past year. Many of our small churches have been greatly benefited thereby, and some of our large churches. In proportion to the work done the results were better and greater the past year than the year before. Through this work the past year there were about 200 conversions, 104 added to our churches, 34 of whom are converts to the Sabbath, and no one knows how many have been reclaimed, revived and strengthened. But what of the coming year? The evangelistic force and work must be enlarged. Will the people and the churches enable the Evangelistic Committee of the Missionary Board to do it? We believe they will.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

Every age has its opponent or opponents of Christianity, with some new and more subtle form of attack, and the defenders of the faith have never been wanting with their "apologies" and "evidences of Christianity." It is an interesting fact that the argument which is used against Christianity in one generation is entirely out of date in the next. Voltaire and Paine and Bolinbroke were thought to be dangerous enemies of Christianity in their day, but the force of their arguments has been so completely broken by the onward march of truth that their attack on Christianity is as ineffective and antiquated as the wooden plow of Palestine is in these days of steel implements. Ingersol has lived long enough to see most of his elaborate arguments against Christianity fade out as the feeble star does when the sun rises. No argument against the religion of Christ is able to stand a single century, and every crop of infidels is compelled to forge a new one, which in its turn goes out before the growing light.

But while it is true that each age has its new form of attack, it is also true that each age must have a new method of defense. The books on evidences of Christianity go out of date from century to century. Paley's great book which met the objectors of the eighteenth century is not on the right track at all for the doubters of the nineteenth and twentieth. Paley's arguments are almost as much out of date as the weapons of the Crusaders would be in modern warfare. They do not reach the nerve and sinew of the attack. The only permanent, never failing and never outdated answer to all doubt, scepticism and infidelity, is the triumphant progress and irresistible power of Christianity. It is useless to argue against the in-rushing tide of the ocean, or against the force of gravitation, or against the penetrating power of light. The manifest power destroys every ingenious argument, and though Galileo could not convince the Inquisition of the power which turns our globe, he defied the rack with his unchanged conviction, "It moves." The unanswerable evidence of Christianity is the fact that it moves. Christianity must stand or fall on its practical effects upon man and upon the world. It is not enough for us to prove that early Christianity was attested by signs and miracles. We must demonstrate

experimentally that Christianity is the power of God unto salvation. The corner-stone of apostolic Christianity was the resurrection of Christ. The disciples had no message or mission if their Christ was in Joseph's tomb. It was because, by the working of God's mighty power, he was raised from the dead to his own right hand in the heavenly places that nearly every city of the Roman Empire saw a church grow and expand in spite of argument and persecution. It is because of its power to raise the humblest believer into heavenly places, it is because of its vital effect upon all who believe, and its positive victories over sin and the corrupting customs of the world, that we know to-day that Christianity is of God. As the sailors knew from the power of the Amazon that it drained no island but a continent, so we know by the transforming power of this manifested love of God in Christ that it flows out of no inventive brain of man, but is a tidal river from the throne of God.—*The American Friend.*

GOLD CURE.

The thirst for gold is as marked as the thirst for drink. Selfishness and greed are the distinguishing marks of our nation and age. We need a veritable *Gold Cure*—a sanitarium, to wean from the world of self, and to fill with the love of God to man. We want a treatment that shall change the craving for gold to hunger for God. We need to come into personal individual contact with the fire of the Holy Ghost until our hearts are all aglow with the cloven flame, selfishness consumed, and our hearts and lives beating in conformity with the great heart of Jesus. This is the change that must be wrought in our being by the power of the Holy Ghost. He will cure us of this fever of the "love of money," and replace it by the "love of souls." The Saviour, just before the clouds curtained the door into heaven when he ascended to his Father and ours, said: "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things." He will unloose our hold on the earthly; he will guide in thought, word, and action; he will strengthen for personal individual contact with souls; he will quicken every energy of our being so that we continually walk in the light; and with our lives so touched, purified, empowered, by the indwelling of the Spirit, that even the simplest act or spoken word shall tell for good in the lives of those about us. The Gold Cure is the Holy Ghost. Sell all; have all things in common! Freely give—"All for Jesus!" The Drink curse and the Gold curse are *the* curses. Multitudes all over the land are seeking succor and deliverance, are starving for sympathy, love and nourishment for the inward life. We have it not, our search has been for gold and honor, for eloquence that rings out on the air and dies, for learning, culture that is not adequate nor adapted to feed others. The world is dying and we have been so lifeless, our love has been so lukewarm and our hearts so cold and dead, that we are powerless to comfort, teach, or help. We have been smitten with the same disease. We need the *Cure*—the Holy Ghost, to take the love of the world, the love of self, the lust of the eye and the pride and desire of life out of us, and put in the fire of the Holy Spirit,—that as we go forth the air about us will be made so warm by the fire within, as to melt every barrier down, and make all around us to radiate with divine beauty and glow with heavenly love.—*The King's Messenger.*

A LEARNED FRUIT-SELLER.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

His fruit-stall is neither better nor worse than the average. It faces the street—the most populous street of Nashville, Tenn. In front there is an awning, at the back a sort of cavernous passageway, dim and dusty and a trifle musty, littered with boxes and crates, with a commonplace counter running down one side.

The fruit-seller himself, by name Vincente Costello, has no outward suggestion of book-love or book-lore. He is tall, very stout, with a face that would be oval if it were not so plump. He has deep-set black eyes, a rosy color, very white teeth, and shiny black hair, which seems to exude oil. He is not voluble, even in the matter of bargaining. His voice is soft; his smile, when he smiles, somewhat languid and lurking.

The smile comes, but does not broaden, when you ask him about his books. Always he has a big box of them underneath the counter. He reads, reads, what time the exigencies of business allow. Talking of what he reads is another matter. Direct efforts to draw him out always fail. The adroit have better luck. Two or three of them will stroll into earshot, and raise some knotty point of pronunciation, or derivation, or politics, or history, or biography. They argue it hotly, Vincente the while growing more and more interested. At last he comes to the help of one side or the other, or oftener tells all hands flatly that they are in the wrong—and is able to prove it.

Vincente reads and speaks fluently three languages—Italian, French and English. He has also some smatterings of German. He owns almost the finest private library in the city. Six thousand-odd volumes are in it, not commonplace volumes either. He has rare old chronicles, French and Italian, many editions of Shakespeare, some of them magnificently illustrated. One is an Italian quarto, luxuriously bound in stamped leather. "He would go in rags if he had not money for both books and clothes," says the thrifty, dark-eyed Italian housewife, whose greatest delight, aside from her husband and children, is to keep the big bookcases spotlessly clean.

There are a dozen Bibles in various texts; Greek and Latin classics in the original tongue; Boileau, Moliere, Rousseau, Voltaire, Guizot, Taine, Renan, Victor Hugo complete, and Imbert St. Amand, are some part of the French volumes. In Italian there are Dante and Ariosto and Petrarch, with their successors, as remote as Gabriel d'Annunzio. Italian cyclopædias too, to supplement English ones, Italian histories, and lives of the Popes, and books of saints and martyrs—a true embarrassment of riches.

There is an amazing dearth of fiction. Outside a few Italian novels and the French masterpieces, there is only a set of Dickens. It is in forty-four volumes, with the original Cruikshank illustrations. It would fetch a big price. Tempting offers have been made for it. But Vincente Costello will not part with it for any man's money. He gave it to his one daughter for a birthday present when she was eleven. She is a bright, pretty girl, who hopes one day to be a famous pianiste. Her piano sits beside the biggest bookcase in the comfortable living-room. She practices most of the time she is alone. Her mother goes often to the fruit-stall across the street

and helps to serve customers when trade is brisk, or to set out the wares properly when the day is beginning.

It would be a liberal education in English simply to read the English books of this library. The poets are there, from Chaucer to Swinburne and William Watson; the essayists, the historians, Carlyle is cheek by jowl with Robert Browning; Shelley lies peacefully at the side of the Lake School. Matthew Arnold shoulders Christopher North. One whole great shelf is given up to dictionaries, cyclopædias, and books of reference. Another shelf is sacred to Huxley, Darwin, Mill, Lyell and Herbert Spencer.

Vincente Costello has read them all. He has read very many of them more than once. He reads in every spare minute. If he wakes at night and cannot at once go to sleep, he gets a light and a book, and loses himself in the volume. He reads understandingly. It delights him to trace an idea or a discovery through all its ramifications. The stories which are history move and stir him to a degree which makes those which are only fiction seem poor and pale. But that is not the wonderful thing about him. The marvel is that he should have so fine a feeling for the best in literature, when he has no sort of education.

At twenty he could neither read nor write, and knew no language but Italian. He drifted to Nashville not so long after landing in the New World. Chance brought him in contact with a college professor—Dr. George S. Blackie—who became interested in him, taught him to read, and also the rudiments of English. From that he has gone forward, buying books, reading books, loving books—only the best books—adding one to another, until his house fairly overflows.

All the while he has kept to the fruit-stall, which has likewise kept him. His home is comfortable, though wholly lacking in display. Besides the daughter, who is to be a musician—maybe a famous composer—he has a son, a hustling young fellow, now in business for himself in Chicago. One of these days the young man may be a millionaire. If he is, he will be no more highly esteemed than is his father by the people of his adopted city. Among themselves they mention him with a certain affectionate pride. They take strangers to visit him, as one of the sights of the city.

Therein they are right. Vincente Costello, fruit-seller and *savant*, is worth anybody's seeing. He is an object-lesson of the best sort. He demonstrates beyond peradventure that the sweetness and light of thorough culture may but fit a man the better for any calling, even the lowliest.—*The Outlook*.

IN MEMORIAM.

Amanda Johnson Gilbert was born in Natick, R. I., August 11, 1845, and entered into rest at Berlin, Wis., on Sabbath morning, Sept. 17, 1898. From 1867 to 1869, she was a member of the family of the Editor of the RECORDER, whose wife is her eldest sister. While thus residing at Alfred Centre, N. Y., the subject of this sketch was baptized by Rev. N. V. Hull, D. D., and united with the First Alfred church. Returning to Berlin, her membership was transferred to the church at that place, where she remained worthy and loyal until called home. She was earnest and efficient in the service of the church, especially

in musical and Sabbath-school work, until failing health intervened.

She was an unfaltering advocate of Sabbath Reform, Social Purity, Temperance, and kindred themes.

From her New England ancestors—her parents were Thomas Olney Johnson and Ann Tanuer, of Rhode Island—she inherited marked characteristics of thrift, energy, decision and conscientiousness. Obstacles and hindrances were to her things to be overcome, rather than mourned over. Knowing the nature of her final and protracted illness—heart disease—she made all necessary preparations for the home-going with the calmness of an unwavering faith and the minuteness of one accustomed to save her friends from care and anxiety. Her life was the embodiment of energy and doing; her death was the quiet victory of overcoming trustfulness in God.

On the 4th of July, 1869, she was married to John Gilbert, of Berlin, Wis. One daughter, their only child, shared with him the loving ministrations by which, for months, devoted and medical skill, sought to lessen her sufferings and stay the course of disease; blessed ministrations. The rising sun of that Sabbath morning brought the relief that love and skill could not give, as it heralded her entrance upon the Eternal Sabbath in the strength and glory of painless immortality.

The farewell service was conducted by her pastor, Eli Loofboro, and the writer, at eventide, on the day following her death, amid a crowd of friends, and abundant evidences of regard.

"And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever."

A. H. L.

THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

While Peter "wist not what to answer," and was not permitted to remain on the mountain-top, he saw the advantage of being there with such a goodly company as Jesus, Moses, and Elijah. Going apart by one's self with the Lord to the mount of prayer and privilege was recognized by Jesus as a very precious thing, and we find him often going "up into the mountain apart to pray."

These mountain-top privileges are very precious, and should be sought after. But, "it came to pass, on the next day, when they were come down from the mountain, a great multitude met him. And behold, a man from the multitude cried, saying, Master, I beseech thee to look upon my son." There was work for the Son of man to do on the plains below, and there were lessons for the disciples to learn for which there was no text-book at the mountain-top. Elijah was prepared by his life among the settlement-men of Gilead for his "raid" upon Ahab, but he could not have made the raid if he had stayed in Gilead. So also was he prepared by his sojourn at Cherith and Zarephath for his battle with the priests on Mount Carmel, but the battle could only be fought and won at Carmel.

Our days and nights of privilege on the mountain-top in prayer and meditation ought not to be so prolonged that we shall miss the opportunity of going into the open door of service. Service, as well as prayer, is what makes life worth living, although we can only be prepared for service by prayer.—*The Sunday School Times*.

Woman's Work.

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

HAVE WE DONE WHAT WE COULD?

The restless millions wait
That light, whose dawning maketh all things new;
Christ also waits, but men are slow and late.
Have we done what we could? Have I? Have you?
A cloud of witnesses above encompass us,
We love to think of all they see and know;
But what of this great multitude in peril,
Who sadly wait below?
Oh, let this thrilling vision daily move us,
To earnest prayers and deeds before unknown,
That souls redeemed from many lands may join us,
When Christ brings home his own.

—Tidings.

THE following are the suggestions made by the Woman's Board at a meeting held with our President, Mrs. L. A. Platts, on Sept. 5. "Moved that the Secretaries of the several Associations urge upon the local societies the need of sending a teacher for the Boys' School, this year, that Mrs. Rogers write an article for the RECORDER, to awaken the interest along this line, and that reports of all pledges be sent to Mrs. Rogers to be published in the Woman's Page of the SABBATH RECORDER."

AS WE read over the clippings which appeared in our Page of Aug. 15, we feel powerless to add anything that will urge us on to more faithful and continued service, but it seems necessary to bring before our readers continually the one great need of the hour, a teacher for the Boys' School in China.

We trust we have made no mistake in withholding the report of our Woman's Board Meeting, that we might, by correspondence, gain a little more assurance that we are acting wisely. We believe our missionaries in China can say with others,

"Though the Master's work may make weary feet,
It leaves the spirit glad."

But sisters there will come a time, and it may come soon, when the "weary feet" can no longer make "the spirit glad," and who must bear the blame? Shall we tarry longer in the valley of waiting and indecision, or shall we "Go forward" now? We have full confidence in our Missionary Board that they will not see us fail if we enter into this work with all our powers. We have ascertained as nearly as it is possible what amount is needed. The voyage will cost \$300 for one, which of course will be \$600 if we send a man and his wife. The entire expense for the first year may not be over \$1,400 for two persons, but there are always some unexpected expenses, and it would be wise to have \$1,500 in hand. Seven hundred dollars are already pledged, more than half of this amount is now in the hands of our Treasurer. This question should be settled, whether the money, by the middle of November or earlier, can be assured. If the amount is pledged we have been encouraged to believe that the teacher will be supplied. A failure on our part will mean continued disappointment and discouragement to our workers on the field, and very soon—death to our mission in China. Can we afford this? Shall we call our workers home, and close our wide-open doors, or allow other denominations to reap where we have sown? Never before were there such opportunities for reaching the people. Let us no longer be ignorant or indifferent, but rise to our responsibilities with increased devotion and a deeper sense of stewardship. We must possess greater spiritual life and power. A little more self-denial, a few more prayers, a greater consecration of all we have and are to the Master's service, and the work will be easily accomplished.

"Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;
Such is the law of love."

LOYALTY AND SUPPORT OF OUR WORK.

BY MRS. GEO. H. BABCOCK.

The Seventh-day Baptist denomination is small in number, but solid in faith and principle as the rock on which it is founded. As a people, we have always been loyal to our faith. In proportion to our numbers, and compared with other denominations, we are the most self-sustaining, and, I do not hesitate to say, equally as intelligent. When we have a denominational enterprise to undertake and control, we call on those of our own faith. We do not send our agents to our sister denominations to ask them to help us, but within our own churches we try to raise the required aid and amount. While we have no one who can be classed among the wealthy of the land, we have few, if any, who are distressingly poor.

We are God's people, and he has given us a mission-field to work in, which is our special work. The field of our labor has already extended through thirty-two states and one territory of our country, also into foreign lands, of which our China mission is the oldest. The call for workers increases, not only in what would be strictly termed "mission work," but rather Christian work of all kinds.

We, as Seventh-day Baptists, have divided our work among the Missionary, Tract, Educational and denominational or church societies. Each of these holds its own important position, and each is an artery through which the life-blood must flow; or in other words, the spiritual life of our churches, which includes each individual member, depends upon the way or manner in which every individual sustains these societies. Hence the importance of each person considering himself or herself a worker, called of God to do whatever he presents to us as our part of the work.

It is not for me to say which of these societies does the most important work. I do not think we have a right to decide. But I do know that denominations in general are judged by the work that they do, and also that they greatly influence the public by the literature they place before the world, and by the way they sustain their own work and workers.

Let us now pause and look at our own denominational paper, the SABBATH RECORDER. How does it compare with other denominational papers? The articles written by our own people compare favorably with those of others. The only trouble is they are limited in number, thus the Editor and Manager are compelled to select and copy from others. True, it is well and very helpful. Yes, often strengthening to compare our ideas and measure our thoughts with others, but not when we are willing to lay down our pens and let others fill the greater number of our columns. Then it ceases to be our paper, and we can no longer claim it, for they are not our productions. This is not the fault of the Editor,

nor Manager, but we fail to find the talented and encourage their contributions, or urge their help.

How do we support and sustain our paper? Does every family prize it as a friend who is a helper and adviser? Do we accept it as a means which God has given us to deliver his messages through the minds and writings of his chosen servants? "Chosen servants" does not mean simply the few who preach, and who have already contributed articles for our columns, but it includes every one who has the privilege to have his or her name recorded as a member of the church of Christian faith. In our SABBATH RECORDER we have a denominational paper, which any people should be proud to circulate, and there is no family among us that can afford to be deprived of reading its columns. It contains help for every class of people. Yes, for every individual who will read it with the love of Christ in his or her heart.

There are comforting words for the sorrowing, encouraging sentences for the discouraged, deep thoughts for the thoughtful, stories for the children, letters from different church homes, communications, full of interest, from the dear ones in foreign lands, and a good summary of the week's news. If any criticise or complain, they are the ones who should write better articles and show by their own productions how and where improvements can be made.

One of the greatest helps we can render to our Tract Society is to see that every family of our own denomination subscribes for, or is supplied with, the SABBATH RECORDER; also introduce it, and recommend it to others.

It may be considered the flag of our denominational faith, and we should be proud of our emblem and eagerly watch for its appearance in every home circle. Let us give it a more prominent place than we have ever before.

How did our nation show its interest and loyalty to our country? What was the first emblem of sympathetic feeling after the destruction of the Maine? It was the almost universal display of the "American flag." From the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts "Old Glory" was seen floating from nearly every home; even the little tottering babe must have its flag to show or wear. At the sight of this universal display, strong hearts were stirred and men were eager to act their part of honor and loyalty to their country. When financial help was called for, it was wonderfully met, and money was produced from every state, for wise men knew that if the different expenses could not be defrayed, the effort to conquer the oppressed would be a forced failure. It was, indeed, wonderful to see the quick response given to every call of our worthy President. To know that eager to liberate others from oppression and suffering, so many of our brave men left homes, and all that was dear to them, with the knowledge that it was more probable that they would die on the sea, or field of battle, or fall the victims of terrible disease, than that they would return in safety, yet, they considered the sacrifice none too great.

Our work is even more important, for it includes loyalty to our country and its cause, also seeks after the safety of the souls of our fellow-men. Souls so precious that our loving Saviour gave his life to save them.

We have other publications and work for

our "American Sabbath Tract Society," and as the question of Sunday-desecration grows more serious, our work will also increase, unless we are willing to give up the "jewels in our crowns." If we expect to produce good work, we *must* provide means to do with. Who of you can procure help without a regular system of payment? The best workmen require the greatest pay. Those who have to pay board are expected to have a stated time of payment, either weekly or monthly. When you place your money at interest you demand your dividend either quarterly, semi-annually or yearly. There must be a regular time for payment; hence we know the importance of a strictly regular system of paying and collecting. Let us apply this to our contributions, also paying for our denominational paper and publications. If each person would consider it an important, yes, a sacred duty to pay his or her offerings regularly, and meet them as a note which would be protested if interest was not paid and note renewed, for it is the interest on money loaned us by "Our Heavenly Father," our Tract Board, and, in fact, all of our church societies, could work with certainty and accomplish far greater results. Should it be only a cent a week, if it surely is paid every week, it will help more than to wait for a larger amount, because it can be depended upon. By waiting, many times it fails to come. Try it one year and note the result. Of course those who can donate more than one cent will gladly do so. You, who have not tried this plan of systematic giving, will be surprised to know what increased interest and spirit of stock-holder or ownership will possess you, because you know you have a legal right in that portion of the enterprise.

The world is the field given to us, and we may possess all that we can take, therefore let us send the truth far and wide. It is not always in conspicuous places, nor positions that we may do the greatest good, but in faithful loyalty in our daily lives. The most humble service to our fellow-men may prove the greatest honor to our loving Saviour, if it is done with a heart filled with divine love.

There are two methods which God has given us to deliver his messages to mankind—the voice and the pen. Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, said, "Though the voice can never be dispensed with, the printed page can be made a splendid ally, and may often be used in places where a human voice cannot be heard."

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," was one of the last commands of Christ to his disciples before his ascension into heaven. That command is for us, and we should use every means within our power to obey. If we obey with a willing heart we have assurance that our efforts will be rewarded by a rich harvest of souls saved, also that we may dwell forever with Jesus in his heavenly home.

Ezekiel tells us of a stumbling-block. Can it be that the Sabbath-day may be considered, and is included, in the following verses? "When a righteous man doth turn from his righteousness, and commit iniquity, and I lay a stumbling-block before him, he shall die: because thou hast not given him warning, he shall die in his sin, and his righteousness which he hath done shall not be remembered: but his blood will I require at thine hand."

"Nevertheless if thou warn the righteous

man that the righteous sin not, and he doth not sin he shall surely live, because he is warned; also thou hast delivered thy soul."

As Seventh-day Baptists, let us not prove ourselves stumbling-blocks in the way, but let us consecrate our lives, and all that God has loaned to us, to advance the truth, with renewed energy and united strength, humbly praying that the power of Jesus and his love may accompany our efforts.

OUR TREATMENT OF THE INDIANS.

BY THE REV. DENIS WORTMAN, D. D.

We have not been so successful as we should in our treatment of savage races. France did far better with the Indians than we, sending her zealous missionaries among them at the very start, who were discoverers as well.

The names the early Jesuits gave to lakes and rivers all along our Canadian border and down along the Mississippi still remain to perpetuate their explorations and their pious teachings; and in Canada the natives themselves yet remain in large numbers, under British rule, a standing protest against the way we drove them from their native soil. Though Spain in less than a hundred years depopulated the most of her West Indies of the natives, so the "natives" we now see are not the natives at all, but blacks, descendants of the slaves that Spanish rapacity brought, by the sorrowful millions, from Africa; in Mexico the Indians survived, though little thanks to Spanish kindness.

Our treatment of the American Indians has been a wretched sort of success. We all know how they have been pushed westward and further westward, till the Pacific only prevents their going further. For a long, long time we treated them indifferently, as only savages; better dead than alive, in the opinion of some; good for our Indian Agents to fatten on; good for our army to train themselves upon in yearly war.

Only recently has government made serious attempt at their instruction and equipment for citizenship. Thank God, government schools, and civil rights, and civil service, and Christian schools and churches, and training schools both West and East, are theirs; and indeed, we are compelling them to qualify themselves to be genuine citizens. This is for them a bright and auspicious day. And it gives us hope that whatever islands and tribes may fall to our lot now, we shall take personal and governmental interest in them; shall prepare them to take care of themselves; shall instruct them in morals and life; shall fit them in good course of time for citizenship.

What if the Philippines be converted into a progressive Japan? It shall be our duty, unless the way opens to transfer them wisely to other nations, who can do better by them than ourselves, to retain control of them, save them from damage from others and from self-oppression, give them just laws, efficient instruction, and a Christian education and training; so the islands shall clap their now unmanacled hands for joy!

This is becoming our responsibility now, to rule in righteousness and charity over a wider territory than ever before; to lift the standard of nationality; and not only let the oppressed go free, but to lift them into the higher and fuller freedom of the sons of God.

If we would serve Christ acceptably we must serve him supremely.

CULTIVATING ONE'S SELF.

All that weeds ask is toleration; fruitful plants demand cultivation, and the more highly organized and valuable they are, the more scientific and careful must be their culture. Toleration never raised a good crop from soil or soul.

A farmer who should announce himself a wheat-grower, and then spend his time loafing, would raise no loaves or anything else but a laugh at his expense.

He who professes himself a Christian announces in effect that he is making a specialty of soul-culture. What are your rules and tools, oh husbandman?

Society, companionships, contact, are the yellow and gray particles that make the soil in which our spiritual natures grow. If we carelessly fling our seed in the light sand of frivolous chums, or the sour swamps of cynical, worldly associates, is that giving the divine germ a fair chance? Some young people thoughtlessly cling to a sage-brush soil, and expect fate to evolve choice grapes.

Honestly, which do you like better, the highly spiced conversation of the hotel-lobby loungers and the waspish wit of the heartless joker, or the meditations of some sweet, white-souled saint?

What a rare opportunity that was on the return trip from Nashville to hear General Howard describe the battle of Missionary Ridge! Who could have sat in his seat and giggled over the vapid jokes in a comic paper instead of crowding within ear-shot of the old war veteran?

There are all around us men and women who are as much experts in the spiritual problems that concern us as is General Howard on the campaign in Tennessee. Their rich experiences are at our beck, yet do we not sometimes take the froth of empty-pated chatters instead?

Did you ever know any one who went berrying to shun the bushes? Did you ever know one who professedly was trying to be good, yet had almost a horror of good people? How the weeds in such a man's soul must smile like sunflowers!

If we are cultivating ourselves to produce the best that is in us we need to select our intimates—those whose influence over us is most decisive—as a farmer would pick his farm; be sure to get soil that is warm and kindly to the most spiritual aspirations and the finest impulses of our natures.—*The Christian Endeavor World*.

THE history of music, could we follow it in detail, would show a double truth, that civilization has grown with the development of music, and music has developed with the expansion of civilization. It has been one of those subtler influences which has been refining what it touched, and at the same time been itself refined. The history of music has been an evolution in this order: first, sound; then melody, at length, harmony, which is a parable of the general evolution deep moving in the life of humanity. Much jarring noise must be, out of which arise occasional momentary melodies, and the end of all is a great harmony. It is man himself that is the great musician, hence all this variety in the music world—instruments, tones, half tones, staffs, measures, bars, majors, minors, chords, times, arias, choruses, solos, symphonies. The truth is that man has music in his soul.

Young People's Work

CONFERENCE OBSERVATIONS.

A YOUNG man was the President of the Conference.

It was a young man who served the Conference as clerk.

THE most eagerly welcomed person was the young man who acted as post-master for the Conference.

Two young men, fresh from the stirring life of the world of learning, gave a touching example of brotherly forbearance and manly acknowledgement of error.

TWELVE young men sang the sweet songs of salvation with impressive and uplifting effect.

SEVERAL young people gave to the Young People's Hour the rich treasure of experience and thought gained by years of consecrated service in the small duties of the Christian life in their home societies.

YOUNG men and young women with God-given voices, consecrated to his service, lifted the hearts of the people on the wings of song.

FORTY young people took up the exacting duties of hospitality, and each day gave shining examples of quiet, unobtrusive, conscientious performance of the humble duties, which, after all, made pleasant and possible the comfort and convenience of the guests.

FORTY young people disavowed all claim to the pleasure trip planned for them by the guests in grateful acknowledgement of their untiring service in the dining hall, and unselfishly suggested that money raised for that end be devoted to the Boys' School in China.

ONE hundred young men, young women and little children joined voices and instruments of music in one grand chorus of praise to God.

YOUNG men and young women, eager for new thoughts, new plans, tried methods, a deeper consecration, a more humble submission to the leading of the Spirit, hung upon the words of older workers, storing up "summer driftwood for the winter fire."

A HOPEFUL sign for the future of our denomination—the eager interest of the young people who are so earnestly studying the great problems of denominational work, and who are so reverently sitting at the feet of the denominational leaders to learn the great lessons taught only from experience.

A BEAUTIFUL, thoughtful service was done by a sweet-faced young woman, who each day cared for the arrangement of exquisite flowers about the speakers' stand. After their mission at the tent was ended, she each day laid the blossoms on the graves of our grand workers whose bodies lie in Milton's city of the dead.

"THE Holy Spirit for service."

"No admittance except on business."

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it—with thy might."

These seemed the watchword of our young people.

"If a Sabbath can be kept, then the Sabbath can be kept."—A YOUNG MAN.

"HEREAFTER my voice shall be raised in song only to the praise of my Lord."—A YOUNG WOMAN IN THE CHOIR.

"I AM glad I came to Conference. It has done me good, I am proud that I am a Seventh-day Baptist."—A SABBATH CONVERT.

"I HAVE always thought tithing was right, but I never seemed to get around to it. I am going to practice it."—A YOUNG BUSINESS WOMAN.

"LET us not only talk of our desire for the Holy Spirit's guidance in our lives. That is good. But go home with the determination that under his leading we will get somewhere. That is better."—A YOUNG BUSINESS MAN.

"I NEED to realize God more. Religion must be a vital reality to me. Pray for me that I may have courage to take up my work with faith."—A YOUNG PASTOR.

"WE will carry home the influence of this Conference and live broader, deeper, more earnest Christian lives and make the world better for our being in it."—A MULTITUDE OF YOUNG HEARTS.

A CONVENTION OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

The twelfth annual convention of the young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of New Jersey now promises to be one of the grandest organizations. It is to be held at Asbury Park, N. J., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, and as September and October are two especially attractive months at the seashore, many thousand young people will take in this convention and thus improve the opportunity for a delightful sojourn to that popular shore resort.

Both local and state committees are doing all in their power to secure ample accommodations for all who may come, and have arranged a most thorough and profitable program of speakers. Among them the following gentlemen will have most prominent part:

Rev. Dr. McArthur, Rev. S. Parks Cadman, Rev. A. Spooner, Amos R. Wells, Rev. Cornelius Brett, D. D., Rev. J. Clement French, D. D., Rev. Amory Bradford, D. D., Rev. W. H. Faunce, D. D., Rev. J. E. Keigwin, Hon. James A. Bradley, and Willard R. Hamilton.

It will be advisable as far as possible to make application for hotel accommodations at as early a date as possible, and those doing so should address, David Harvey, Jr., Asbury Park, N. J.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

I do not need to tell you that the Conference of 1898 is now a matter of history. Most of us who were there received a blessing, which I wish you all could have. Not only a general blessing, but there and then determined upon some definite plan or thing which we would do during the coming year. With me it was that I would study my Bible as never before; adopt the secret morning study and prayer. I did feel at the close of the Conference year weak and scattered. (I was glad that Secretary Whitford had made a new word, "scatteration," for so small a people.) After Conference I still felt a little scattered, and

to the long list of needy fields on two or three continents, which we are now trying to cover and help, I felt that now Africa had been tacked on to the list of continents.

While we talked much of unity, we continued to scatter our fire, our forces, our plans, and not center on the mission of our people, the one mission, *Evangelical Sabbath Reform*. By this I mean put a revival in every place we can, where men are out of Christ, and help them to become so soundly converted that they will come to the Sabbath in scores. We have no time or means to speculate, but "preach as we go," and that to the people; when we get them, the preachers will follow.

For a few days I have been in the Moody Institute of Chicago, and am questioned almost every day about our Sabbath belief. The boys will talk, not the leaders; they look sharply at one, however.

I wish we might keep on exhibition, most of the time, a good Seventh-day Baptist specimen here in this school, both for our sake as well as for theirs. A student and a worker, either a singer, a cornetist, or a Bible worker; a young man, not a minister, to reach the student boys, most of whom seem to be honest and consecrated. They are here for truth and help. When their attention is once centered on this truth in the Bible it takes a smart preacher to run some of them into a fog bank. One of the boys, in telling me what Supt. Torrey's position on this question was, said that Mr. Torrey said that we had the best of the Bible argument. He confessed that they were entirely disagreed on their positions, and that it would not do to quibble on any other Bible question so plain in the Bible, as this, here in the Institute. What more do we want? One boy said what so many say, "Do you think it makes any difference which day you keep?" I said I thought so ever since the manna did not fall on "the Sabbath" for forty years. If it made no difference I should keep the rainy days.

I do not believe in putting my hand in other people's pockets, but I do wish some man or woman who has the means would help send a consecrated young man here a share at least of next year. I am asked to go out with them almost every day, to hold meetings. I have been, and will tell you of it later—street, mission, prison, and poor-house meetings. The need is for a good singer, cornetist, or Bible talker and liver.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

THE Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Alfred church, Alfred, N. Y., continued their prayer-meetings during the summer vacation, Sabbath-day, at 4 P. M., in the audience room of the church. There was a good attendance, and the meetings were helpful. We very much missed the Alfred University students, who increase the meetings in numbers and helpfulness. We welcome their return, and also the new students. Great opportunities and privileges are ours. Pray for us that much good may be done.

L. A. R.

REMEMBER that the truths which you find and learn for yourselves are worth far more to you, they vitalize you far more, than any which are simply told you by others. Indeed, it has been said by some deep thinker that no truth is a truth to one until he has made it a part of his daily spiritual food.

Children's Page.

BABY BOW.

BY JANE BUSHNELL DICKINSON.

The first time I ever saw Baby Bow was when I went to call at the house where he lives. As I rang the door-bell, a small black head appeared at the window opening on the piazza, and immediately a quick, short bark sounded through the house. When my friend opened the door she said,

"I knew some one was here, for Bow told me, though he could not give me your name."

Then she told me that, as she was very deaf, she never heard the bell, but this bright little dog understood so well that when it rang he always ran to this window, and if she were at home he barked to let her know. But if she were not he would look at the visitor in mournful silence as if to say, "I am very sorry I cannot let you in." He listened to all she said, looking from her to me, seeming to understand every word, and waved his handsome black tail with evident pleasure.

All the time I was there he seemed to want to entertain me, doing everything his mistress told him to very cheerfully. So different from a little boy I know, who will not even say, "Good afternoon!"

After awhile Mrs. Howe said,
"Bow, shall we sing for the lady?"

He wagged his tail, and gave a short bark enough like "Oh, yes!" to make me feel sure that was what he tried to say.

Then followed a very funny performance which I wish you all could have seen. Mrs. Howe said,

"Go get your ball, Bow," as this was the way he knew they were going to sing.

It was most interesting to watch this small spaniel hunt for his rubber ball, which he could not find, so the lady said quietly, without pointing or otherwise helping him,

"You will find it under the sewing-machine."

Away he darted to that very spot, and brought it to her. Then she began singing that well-known song, "The Three Little Kittens," Bow watching her all the time with great delight. When she came to the line, "Lost your mittens, you naughty kittens!" he lifted up his voice and accompanied her all the way through with a series of most mournful howls, very appropriate to the pathetic sentiment of the song. At the words, "Meow, meow," his wails were something beyond description. I laughed until I cried, and I do believe he was trying to tell the pitiful story. As they finished this remarkable performance he came out and laid his head on my knee, and seemed to enjoy the praise and patting I gave him.

Bow has some overshoes, for you know it rains all winter up here on Puget Sound. So when he goes out of doors, his "Momsey," as his mistress calls herself, puts on his four little rubbers, and sends him off for a scamper. When he comes in they are hung up in the kitchen and he doesn't track mud over the clean floors and nice rugs.

Bow is a neat little fellow, having a daily bath, and his glossy hair is brushed and combed as regularly as my little child's. He sleeps on a cushion on the foot of his mistress's bed, and if he wishes to waken her in the night, he does not bark and frighten her, but gently pats her on the face. He sits in his own chair at the table, where his manner is a good example to all children, waiting

patiently till he is helped, and never putting his paws—I almost wrote hands—on the table, or barking to attract attention.

But sometimes—must I tell you?—Bow is naughty, and has to be punished. Once in a while he won't come into the house when he is called, but tears around over the flower-beds, or even runs off down the street. Then, alas! "Momsey" takes a little switch down from its nail, and whips poor pretty Bow. He cries, and doesn't like it one bit, but it seems to do him good, for the next time he obeys promptly.

And now what do you think I am going to tell you? Bow had a Christmas tree! Yes, a real tree, with strings of pop-corn, and cookies, and sugar-fish and, best of all, little blue and red candles on it! He had some presents, too, besides these things to eat. They were a little woolly dog, and a new ball. One of his admirers sent him a string of solid silver bells; but I fear he could not appreciate the fact that they were "really, truly silver," though he liked their jingle, and they look very pretty on his black coat. He ran around and barked when the tree was lighted to show he was pleased.

He ate the pop-corn, cookies, and fish with much relish, but I can't help wishing that some little motherless child had the lovely home and the tender care given to Baby Bow.

TENNYSON AND CHILDREN.

When Tennyson was a young man living at home, he so attracted the children of the family that they would sit on his knee or cling about his feet while he told them stories of his own invention. He would make himself a Colossus of Rhodes for the boys, the fun being to rush under the archway of his legs without receiving a thwack from his open hand.

The poet was devoted to his own children. "One of the very first things which I remember," writes his son and biographer, Hallam, "is that he helped the Master of Balliol (Dr. Jowett) to toss my brother and myself in a shawl."

Even when the children were very young he made them his companions. The mother, not being strong enough to walk far, was drawn in her garden carriage by her two boys, Hallam and Lionel, while the father himself pushed from behind. He would read to them while they were sitting together on a bank in a field, play football with them, teach them to shoot with bow and arrow, and go with them flower-hunting. On the return home, if the flower was unknown, he would say, "Bring me my Baxter's 'Flowering Plants,'" and look it up for them.

In rainy weather father and boys kept indoors and built cities with bricks, or played battledore and shuttlecock, at which game he was an expert. He once, as he told a friend, made two thousand hits in a single game. He read "Grimm's Fairy Stories" or repeated ballads, and made the boys learn simple poems about nature; but he never taught them his own poems, or allowed the boys to get them by heart.

One of their amusements was the blowing of soap-bubbles, and the poet-father would become excited over the "gorgeous colors and landscapes, and the planets breaking off from their suns, and the single star becoming a double star," all of which he saw in the bubbles. In the evenings he would help the

boys to act scenes from a familiar play, or superintend their charades, writing amusing prologues to help out the entertainment.

"Make the lives of children as beautiful and as happy as possible," was one of the poet's favorite sayings. Another was; "A truthful man generally has all virtues," and his chief anxiety was that the children should be strictly truthful. He insisted that they should be courteous to the poor, and his son records that "the severest punishment he ever gave me, though that was, it must be confessed, slight, was for some want of respect to one of our servants."

In the later years of the poet's life his grandchildren loved a romp with him, and enjoyed their rides when he would fight them with newspapers or play "pat-a-cake" with them. On one of his last walks, when he had passed his eighty-third year, he met the village school children and pointed his stick at them, barking like a dog to make them laugh. The poet was always young.—*Youth's Companion*.

AN EAST INDIAN SPIDER AND WASP.

A big striped spider left his out-of-door home and came into our sitting-room to live. At first he made a web on the wall between a picture and a door frame, but after a few days he moved over into the corner and made a bigger web, where he sat all the time, and we never saw him move except one day when I threw some paper up at him; then he ran out and let it go very quickly. We thought he was pretty, so we let him alone. After awhile we saw what we thought were two pieces of pods which grow on a tree here; but one night we discovered that there were hundreds of little spiders in the web. We did not like this, so we took some pictures, the little table and the couch out of the way, and papa put some paper on the end of the broom handle and held it under the web, while mamma put a lighted match to it. In a twinkling the whole thing was gone. What we thought were pods were the nests with the young spiders. This kind of spider makes a web so strong that it can be woven into cloth. Often they are spun across the road and get into our faces and on our clothes, and are very hard to get off.

A mud wasp here builds its cell, lays its eggs and then brings worms like apple-tree worms to put into the cells for the young ones to eat as soon as they hatch. These worms are not dead, but are stupefied by the sting of the wasp, and remain in this state until they are needed for the young one's food.—*The Examiner*.

POLLY AND THE FOG.

One of Uncle Sam's most faithful servants in the state of Maine, but one that draws no salary, lives at the Portland Head Lighthouse. It is a large grey parrot, brought from Africa some time ago, and presented to the keeper of the light. The bird soon noticed that, when a fog began to blow in from the ocean, somebody would cry out: "Fog coming! Blow the horn!"

One day the fog suddenly began to come in thick, and the men did not notice it. But Polly did, and croaked out: "Fog coming! Blow the horn!" Ever since then, whenever fog is perceptible, Polly always gives warning.

THINE, with each day begun,
Thine, with each set of sun,
Thine, till my work is done.

—Anna Warner.

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.

ADAMS CENTRE, N. Y.—Many of the young people are resuming their year's duties, among whom are W. S. Maxson, teaching at Chicago; H. W. Maxson, at Ashaway, R. I.; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Williams, at Torraine, N. Y.; Miss Anna Maltby at Saugerties, N. Y.; Miss Eva Austin, at Black River, N. Y.; Miss Marion Greene, at Alfred, N. Y.; Miss Janie Greene and Miss Bertha Williams, in the graded school here; Miss Viola Davis, Miss Arlie Williams, and J. O. Brundidge, in nearby districts; Norris Maltby, attending school at Alfred University; A. C. Prentice, a course in medicine, and H. W. Prentice, a course in dentistry, at Columbia University, New York City.

A month's vacation was given our pastor, Rev. A. B. Prentice, during which he attended the Conference, and on his return he gave an interesting account of its proceedings.

Pastors of some of the neighboring churches preached for us during the pastor's vacation, and on one Sabbath the following program was rendered:

Organ Voluntary.
"Sanctus," Choir.
Prayer, G. W. Davis.
Singing, Choir.
Responsive Reading, H. W. Maxson.
Duet, O. D. Greene, Jr., and Miss Jessie Greene.
Prayer, A. C. Prentice.
Solo, "The Holy City," H. W. Prentice.
Exercises by the children.
Essay, John Wolf.
Singing, Choir.
Reading, Miss Janie Greene.
Remarks, W. S. Maxson.
Singing, Choir.
Closing, Clark Strodley.

We were much pleased to have President Davis with us recently.

Arrangements are being made for a lecture course the coming winter. One was had a year ago, which was of much benefit to us.

MILTON, WISCONSIN.—Under the direction of the Missionary Committee of the Milton church, Raymond Tolbert and Charles Sayer, students of Milton College, conducted a series of evangelistic meetings, during the summer vacation, at Calamus, Iowa. These meetings were held in a tent, the use of which was donated by our Scandinavian brethren of South Dakota, and lasted about six weeks. As a result of this work, fifteen or more persons professed conversion, a considerable number are studying the Sabbath-question, and several are expecting soon to unite with the church at Welton. Prejudice against evangelists in general, and against Seventh-day Baptist evangelists in particular, was at first strong; but it was gradually overcome by the Christlike spirit of the workers, so that before the meetings closed considerable substantial aid was voluntarily contributed by the people; and many a "God bless you," and "come again" cheered the boys as they closed the meetings in time to attend the General Conference at Milton Junction.

The fall term of Milton College has opened with an increased registration over that of several years previous. It is gratifying to note among the new students a goodly number who are taking advanced standing in their respective classes. Since Conference, Pastor

Platts has been preaching some stirring discourses upon subjects of vital importance to us as a Christian people. On Sabbath, September 3, the theme was "Denominational Unity;" text, Eph. 4:16, "From whom the whole body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, making increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." On Sabbath, the 10th, the theme was "Personal Duty and Privilege;" text, Matt. 21:28, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard"; and on the 17th, the theme was "World Evangelism;" text, Matt. 28:19, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations," etc. s. r. s.

NEW AUBURN, MINN.—Wanted: *A Doctor.* New Auburn is a village of some three to five hundred inhabitants, beautifully situated on the west shore of the lake from which it takes its name, and surrounded by as fine farming country as the state of Minnesota affords. We have a graded school with three departments. The Principal is Prof. Merton Burdick, son of Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, of Milton Junction, Wis. The intermediate department is taught by Miss Clara Ramsdale, a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church, who is also the Superintendent of the Sabbath-school. A number of our young people have schools within easy distance of the village. Seventh-day Baptists, as teachers, stand well in this part of the state. In fact, Seventh-day Baptists have a fair standing in New Auburn. The late pastor, the Rev. A. G. Crofoot, is most highly esteemed. The present pastor is not so well known yet, but he is cordially greeted upon the streets, and even admitted into the homes of the people.

New Auburn needs a doctor. We must go eight or nine miles for a physician. All this country is at the command of any thorough-going young Seventh-day Baptist physician, who has the grit and grace to come and stay by it. A small line of drugs can be purchased, or arrangements made to accommodate a reliable man. There are also good farms for sale near the Seventh-day Baptist church. Who will come?
J. T. DAVIS.

SEPT. 14, 1898.

ELDER HAMILTON HULL.

The closing hours of the recent session of the General Conference, Aug. 29, witnessed the going out of the life of one of our aged ministers. Elder Hamilton Hull was the last one of a family whose history was closely associated with the history of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination for more than half a century.

Hamilton Hull was born in Alfred, Allegany County, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1819. When about 12 years of age, he was baptized by Eld. Walter B. Gillette, and joined the Second Alfred church. In 1837, his father, Eld. Richard Hull, located his family at Lewiston, Fulton County, Ill. June 2, 1847, he was married to Miss Julia W. Whitmore, of Galena, Ill., who died March 7, 1857. Of the three children born to them, two, Mr. Richard E. Hull, of North Lima, Wis., and Mrs. Mary A. Maxwell, of Rock River, survive. Sept. 24, 1860, he was united in marriage with Miss M. Louisa Clarke, sister of the late Rev. Joshua Clarke, who remains in her loneliness to mourn her loss. Four children came to them in this union, only one of whom, Mrs.

Alice Jewett, of Milton Junction, survives. The two boys, Frank and Perry, grew to be young men of promise, but death claimed them. Frank died in his 23d and Perry in his 20th year.

By joint request of the Berlin and Dakota, (Wis.) Seventh-day Baptist churches, a council convened at Dakota, Wis., Nov. 15-17, 1861, for the examination and ordination of Hamilton Hull and A. H. Lewis to the gospel ministry, and H. B. Lewis to the office of deacon. That council was presided over, and the examination of the candidates conducted by, Eld. Russell G. Burdick, father of the writer of this notice.

Elder Hull served the following named churches as their pastor: Welton, Iowa; Long Branch, Neb.; Jackson Centre, Ohio. He resided for a period of years, each in Dakota, Walworth, Albion and Milton Junction, Wis.; the last years being spent in the last named place.

About three years ago he had a severe shock of paralysis, which nearly destroyed the use of his right side, and affected his speech. After a time he so far recovered as to be able to walk about some and attend church, until about five months before his death, when he suffered a second slight shock, which, together with other ailments, kept him confined to his home most of the time.

From the time it was decided to hold the session of Conference at Milton Junction this year, he seemed quite anxious to live to attend the meetings of that body. His wish was granted, and he was brought in a wheel-chair to most of the day meetings. He enjoyed the privilege much. The last day of the Conference he remained upon the grounds throughout the day, taking his supper in the dining-hall. As evening drew on, he was taken to his home, and a little while after reaching home he had passed beyond the reach of physical suffering.

Elder Hull possessed the family characteristic of positiveness of conviction, and unhesitating courage in the expression of opinion. He had but little sympathy for those who were governed by mere expediency, and was sometimes a little sharp in his denunciation of what, to him, seemed wrong doing, but no one could question his integrity of motive. These characteristics naturally placed him in the front ranks of moral and political reform. He was especially interested in the temperance reform, as represented in the Prohibition movement, and championed that movement with his usual vigor. He was deeply interested in the welfare of the church and denomination, of which he was a member, and of the country of which he was a citizen.

The last few years witnessed a wonderful ripening of his spiritual nature, and softening and sweetening of temper. He bore his affliction with cheerful resignation, proving the efficiency of divine grace.

The funeral services were conducted by Pastor Geo. W. Burdick, assisted by Reverends W. C. Whitford and L. A. Platts, of Milton, and Geo. W. Hills, of Nortonville, Kansas. A number of other ministers, remaining after Conference, were also present at the services.

G. W. B.

I HAVE known persons to sit in church and sing,

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee,"

who, when the opportunity was given, were unwilling to part with a penny.

GRANDMOTHER'S FEW BITS.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

Such quaint old things in the Grandmother's box!
A well-worn cap of yellowed lace,
A small, square patchwork block of pink and white,
A dim, old picture in a case,
A string of blue beads and a baby's sock,—
There she sits in the twilight rays
And looks them over and over again—
Her "few bits" left of by-gone days.

She lifts the worn cap in her trembling hands,
It frames the mother's face once more,
Touched with that look of heavenly peace
Which in the dear old home it wore.
Down from "the place prepared" for such as she,
There seems to come, as day grows dim,
The soft, sweet music heard in childhood years—
The singing of mother's hymn.

She smiles, as o'er the patchwork block she bends,
And well remembers that spring day
When in the pleasant front-door yard she sat
To do her stent, and could not play.
What wonder that some stitches were not set
Straight and true as they ought to be,
When all about her voices called so loud:
"Come, little girl, and play with me!"

Now grandmother dangles the string of beads—
Father's gift from the store in town,
For learning six long chapters all by heart,
And saying them to Parson Brown.
She knows them still and is saying them low,
As she lifts in the twilight grey,
The sock of the baby, whose little feet
Will never on earth go astray.

Lovelight and twilight are mingling their rays
When she opens the picture case.
The beautiful apple-blossoming time
Comes back, with a sight of that face—
The face of her lover, with whom "the long path"
Was traveled, until at the Gates
They parted awhile. Ah! she knows he still keeps
His love tryste with her, while he waits.

The day is far spent—Grandmother's "Few bits"
She ties up in the small box once more.
The maid brings in lights, and the twilight time,
With its sweet recollections is o'er.

—Interior.

WOMAN'S "OPEN DOOR" IN EDUCATION.

There are no limitations of sex in American activity or enterprise. No one who knows the women of our country will suspect them of having little to do or of being self-indulgent as to the tasks and responsibilities they assume.

Yet defining leisure as that happy condition in life which leaves one with a good large fraction of time and energy free from imperative preoccupations, there is nothing more remarkable in our civilization than its tendencies to the endowment of women with the opportunities, the power, and the boundless influence of the leisure class in society. It brings to them possibilities which are beyond computation and which owe their existence directly to the fact that by the unwritten laws and realities of social life American women are in possession of the freedom to think and act and organize, which is the essence of what we mean by leisure. In their hands it is a power greater than capital, more potent than Legislatures, and more effective than the ballot, and owes its significance to the fact that it stands outside, above and free of them all.

Not only are these great opportunities coming more largely and more securely to women, but they are training themselves as never before in the history of the world to the administration of the trusts and responsibilities which go with them. This explains the phenomenal growth of colleges for women and annexes for women in the established universities. It is not that the distinctions of sex are fading out, not that women are becoming men, not that a readjustment between the sexes is called for, but simply that women are rising to the opportunities which their freedom from the engrossing occupations and responsibilities of men give them, and fitting

themselves to use them with a skill and fidelity which promise great things for the future.

This movement is part of that readjustment to new conditions which is taking place all along the line or lines of social life, and which is destined, without revolution, and with no greater overturnings and no more friction than we have already had, to settle the vexed problems of capital and labor, of municipal government, of social development and individual right and freedom.

The teacher's profession is far from being an avocation of leisure; but the efficiency, discipline and general conduct of the schools will depend very largely on the number of citizens who have leisure at their command, and with what degree of public spirit and intelligence they use that leisure. This is where the new social function of women, growing out of the intelligent and public-spirited use of their leisure, comes in.—*The Independent.*

A NEEDED SOCIETY.

It is a pleasure to commend to the attention of all sensible and discerning persons the society called Scapa, which has its headquarters in London. Scapa is the contracted form of its title, which in full is the Society for the Correction of the Abuse of Public Advertising. It has honorary members in most civilized countries, and some in the United States. There is one in Utica—Dr. Blumer, the Superintendent of the State Hospital—and the *Utica Press* tells of his successful efforts to get rid of signs that border the roadside between Utica and his summer home at Harts Hill. His testimony is that it was not difficult; that the owners of the fences and other property which the signs occupied had usually not been consulted by the sign-painters, and were glad to have their belongings freed from defacement. Dr. Blumer's method is to substitute for the signs removed a tin placard forbidding the posting of any more advertisements.

It is worth pointing out that the disfigurement of the rural districts by signs and offensive advertisements is not done by persons who live in the country, but by, or at the instance of, city people, tradesmen and others, who apparently consider that farmers are dull folk anyway, and either won't know that they have been imposed upon, or will be too inert to show resentment. There is no excuse or justification for landscape advertising. It simply represents commercial impudence. The men who promote it are under no restraint of taste or propriety. They will paint or affix any sort of a sign anywhere they dare. It is troublesome to undo their work. It takes time, and the reasonable indignation their outrages excite is wearing to the temper. This vandal industry is particularly active just now. The present paragrapher found advertisements last summer painted in the sheds back of the country church where he has worshiped off and on for nearly half a century, and this year the outside of the high board fence which surrounds the trolley-car company's baseball-ground hard by was smeared with huge advertisements painted in violent colors, to the most direful prejudice of a lovely landscape.

Scapa is a good society. Good luck and many active members to it!—*Harper's Weekly.*

We cannot sink so low but that "the everlasting arms are underneath."

SEPTEMBER.

Now hath the summer reached her golden close
And, lost amid her cornfields, bright of soul,
Scarcely perceives from her divine repose
How near, how swift, the inevitable goal.
Still, still she smiles, though from her careless feet
The bounty and the fruitful strength are gone.
And through the soft long wandering days goes on
The silent sere decadence sad and sweet.

The king-bird and the pensive thrush are fled,
Children of light, too fearful of the gloom;
The sun falls low, the secret word is said,
The moldering woods grow silent as the tomb;
Even the fields have lost their sovereign grace,
The cone-flower and the marguerite; and no more
Across the river's shadow-haunted floor,
The paths of skimming swallows interlace.

Still a brief while, ere the old year quite pass,
Our wandering steps and wistful eyes shall greet
The leaf, the water, the beloved grass;
Still from these haunts and this accustomed seat
I see the wood-wrapped city, swept with light,
The blue long-shaddowed distance, and, between,
The dotted farmlands with their parceled green,
The dark pine forests and the watchful light.

I see the broad rough meadow stretched away
Into the crystal sunshine, wastes of sod,
Acres of withered vervain, purple-gray,
Branches of aster, groves of goldenrod;
And yonder, toward the sunlit summit, strewn
With shadowy boulders, crowned and swathed with
weed,
Stand ranks of silken thistles, blown to seed,
Long silver fleeces shining like the noon.

In far off russet corn-fields, where the dry
Gray shocks stand peaked and withering, half con-
cealed
In the rough earth, the orange pumpkins lie.
Full-ribbed; and in the windless pasture field
The sleek red horses o'er the sun-warmed ground
Stand pensively about in companies,
While all around them from the motionless trees
The long, clean shadows sleep without a sound.

Under cool elm-trees floats the distant stream,
Moveless as air; and o'er the vast warm earth
The fathomless daylight seems to stand and dream,
A liquid cool elixir—all its girth
Bound with faint haze, a frail transparency,
Whose lucid purple barely veils and fills
The utmost valleys and the thin last hills,
Nor mar one whit their perfect clarity.

Thus without grief the golden days go by,
So soft we scarcely notice how they wend,
And like a smile half happy, or a sigh,
The summer passes to her quiet end;
And soon, too soon, around the cumbered eaves
Sly frosts shall take the creepers by surprise,
And through the wind-touched reddening woods shall
rise
October with the rain of ruined leaves.

—Archibald Lampman, in *Lyrics of Earth.*

OPHIR AND ALMUG TREES.

From an article by Prof. Fritz Hommel in the *Expository Times* for August, following one by Prof. Cheyne in a previous number, it appears that these two scholars, wide apart in their conclusions on many critical subjects, agree that the almug trees brought from Ophir by Solomon were, as formerly supposed by some commentators, the sandalwood. Prof. Hommel has also settled it in his own mind, that the region called Ophir was Eastern Arabia, though the name applied as well to the opposite coast of the Persian Gulf. The odorous wood, which was then a great curiosity, and is still a very rare product, may have grown in that region, or it may have been there only as an article of trade, produced elsewhere. It is a curious fact mentioned by a recent French Egyptologist, that pieces of sandalwood have been found in the abdominal cavities of mummies, doubtless placed there by the embalmers because of its fragrance.—*Christian Standard.*

LET us deeply consider that the will of God in and through every man and woman of us, and also our own deepest, truest, and most lasting good, are both to be obtained in the same way, by the same courses of thought and conduct. How? "Search the Scriptures."

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

A New Diving Apparatus.

I notice in *Pearson's Magazine* that a Swedish Engineer has constructed an apparatus for deep submarine work, such as holding examinations of sea bottom, or ships sunk in deep water, or for rescuing lost articles.

The invention consists in so constructing the apparatus that no marine armor is required, and no air fixtures for supplying those who are engaged in the work. The "diving apparatus" is made on the telescopic principle, in sections of twenty feet, of strong aluminum bronze, of such thickness as to withstand a pressure of at least 400 pounds to the square inch. The sections, commencing at the top, are of a diameter from 8 to 10 feet, and at the bottom from 15 to 20; they are arranged, and so closely fitted and packed, that when extended the joints are perfectly water-tight. The lower section is completely closed at the bottom, where it rests on the ground, and it has windows in its circumference at intervals of about two feet, so that all objects in any direction can be seen. On each side of the windows are attached arms made of rubber, which are so constructed as to be operated from within, thus enabling the workmen to encircle a sunken ship, or to fix grappling irons around any object to be raised to the surface.

This structure, being made of aluminum, is so very light that it nearly floats, and being attached to the side of a vessel, can, from the surface, be moved in any direction, thus enabling the workmen below to accomplish tasks which otherwise they could not perform. The upper section has an inverted, bell-shaped mouth, for entrance and exit, and for the reception of air. Being supplied with speaking tubes and other appliances, and thus being light, it can be easily moved or telescoped by hand. It appears to meet an important demand for a very difficult kind of work.

We wish our heroic Hobson had one at Santiago; to aid in removing the articles from the Cristobal Colon, and then to raise the vessel. We go in for his being appointed commander of the Colon, since he so cheerfully resigned that of the Merrimac.

About the Moon.

I am occasionally asked, "Is the moon inhabited? Is there an atmosphere there for the people to breathe the same as here? Does it ever rain there?" etc.

To the first question I answer yes; to the second, I think not; and to the third, no. As to proof of the first, I quote from the "Nursery Rhymes of England," as told me by my mother in these words:

"The man in the moon
Came down at noon;
Enquired the way to Norridge;
He went to the south,
And burnt his mouth
Eating frozen porridge."

In answering the second, I tell them astronomers are agreed that if there were an atmosphere surrounding the moon, it should produce some effect when passing a star, but no such effect has ever yet been discovered.

Since the moon was first photographed by Dr. J. W. Draper, of New York, in 1840, our astronomical knowledge has been very much extended; only recently, some very delicate

tests have been made by photographing stars, under favorable conditions, at the moment when they were about to disappear behind the lunar disk—they show no change whatever. If the moon had an atmosphere it would certainly produce some effect that could be discovered. If there was an atmosphere there, we would expect results, by its density, proportionate to those experienced here. Here the density of the atmosphere gives us what we call "early dawn" and "twilight." The refraction in our atmosphere is about 34 minutes at the horizon, while at the moon it would refract only about 8 minutes on entering, and 8 on passing out, making sixteen minutes; hence a star would not be obscured at all, whereas stars are occulted the instant they touch the moon's edge. I think there are no atmospheric conditions there.

That it never rains on the moon, is shown by the fact that the brightness of the moon is equal at all times. As rain is caused by the cooling and condensing of vapor, it would be apparent in clouds, and in wind, which would cause them to move across the surface, rendering it more or less obscure. As the light of full moon is about 1-18,000th part of the sun's light, a cloud would readily show a diminution of light on a rainy day. I say no, with firmness. No rain up there.

A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH.

Our Christian experience is well represented by the increasing light of the rising sun. Christian society is made up of those who have been changed in heart. This change has in it the elements of right doing. Those who have a new heart have new aims, new plans and a new hope. Being born of the spirit, they come into union with those whose names are written in heaven. "If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature." The Saviour controls him: "Old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." For past offences we seek the righteousness of our crucified Redeemer. But it is a common experience that love, as revealed in the gospel, transforms the heart and produces a life in harmony with the divine plan. Indeed, thousands have been changed, and thousands of thousands may be cleansed and made ornaments to society, and stars in the Redeemer's crown.

The prophets rejoiced in his glorious appearing and in the revelation of his presence. Rejoice in the transforming power which makes the wilderness blossom as the rose.

Wherever Christ is accepted and made our example, there is a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Righteousness does not depend upon the reign of kings, or upon physical changes, but rather depends upon our obedience to the will of God, and our fellowship with the divine spirit. We must not distrust the power of the gospel to save men, for it is the power of God unto salvation. To a mind imbued with the spirit of worship, "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Not a new sun, or a new moon, or a new earth in a physical sense, but a heart changed by the love of Christ to see the majesty and beauty in the divine order. A heart to love all men for Jesus' sake. It may be slow in its work, but like the silent forces, as the frost, it is undermining the citidels of error and bombarding the strongholds of iniquity. "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will to men." For the world shall be saved by the preaching of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

L. M. C.

Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1898.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 1.	Reformation under Asa.....	2 Chron. 14: 2-12
Oct. 8.	Jehoshaphat's Good Reign.....	2 Chron. 17: 1-16
Oct. 15.	The Temple Repaired.....	2 Chron. 24: 4-13
Oct. 22.	Isaiah Called to Service.....	Isaiah 6: 1-13
Oct. 29.	Messiah's Kingdom Foretold.....	Isaiah 11: 1-16
Nov. 5.	Hezekiah's Great Passover.....	2 Chron. 30: 1-13
Nov. 12.	The Assyrian Invasion.....	2 Kings 19: 20-22, 28-37
Nov. 19.	Manasseh's Sin and Repentance.....	2 Chron. 33: 9-16
Nov. 26.	Temperance Lesson.....	Prov. 4: 10-19
Dec. 3.	The Book of the Law Found.....	2 Kings 22: 8-20
Dec. 10.	Trying to Destroy God's Word.....	Jer. 36: 20-32
Dec. 17.	The Captivity of Judah.....	Jer. 52: 1-11
Dec. 24.	Review.....	

LESSON II.—JEHOSHAPHAT'S GOOD REIGN.

For Sabbath-day, Oct. 8, 1898.

LESSON TEXT.—2 Chron. 17: 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.—Prov. 3: 6.

INTRODUCTION.

Asa was succeeded by his son Jehoshaphat, who was even a better king than his father. He alone of the earlier kings is worthy to be ranked with Josiah and Hezekiah. His conduct is marked both by ability and by piety. It is worthy of note, as a possible explanation of the good character of this king, that his mother was not one of the idolatrous princesses so often found in harems of the kings of Israel. So far as we know, Asa had but one wife, Azubah, the daughter of Shilhi.

The writer of the Book of Kings says that Jehoshaphat did not take away the high places; but the Chronicler says that he did. This contradiction may possibly be reconciled by the assumption that he endeavored to destroy them, but was not able; or by the assumption that he took away the high places consecrated to Baal or Asherah or other heathen divinities, and left those at which Jehovah was worshiped.

Jehoshaphat is greatly to be commended for making peace with Israel. In spite of the direct command of God to Rehoboam, by the hand of Shemaiah, there had been almost constant warfare between Israel and Judah. It doubtless seemed wise to Jehoshaphat to cement the peace between the two nations by an alliance of the royal families; but he could have done no worse for his son Jehoram than to take for his wife Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel. Even the best of kings make mistakes. Jehoshaphat is condemned also by the prophet for helping the wicked king of Israel.

For a clear understanding of this lesson, read all that is told of Jehoshaphat in both Kings and Chronicles.

NOTES.

1. *Jehoshaphat.* This name is a compound of the two words "Jehovah" and "judge," and may be interpreted "Whom Jehovah judgeth," (*i. e.*, whose cause he sustains,) or "Jehovah is judge." It may be true that the Hebrews sometimes lost the significance of proper names, just as we almost always forget that a proper name has any particular significance; but oftentimes we must believe that the proper names did really indicate the character of either the parents or of the children who bore the names. No reader of the Old Testament can believe that names were given without significance; for over a hundred times the sacred writers take pains to insert explanations concerning the meaning of names. We may infer something in regard to the piety of the people when we note the number of times that God is referred to in the proper names of this lesson. *And strengthened himself against Israel.* He made preparation for defence in case of any possible attack from the Northern Kingdom. Jehoshaphat began to reign in the fourth year of Ahab, who had made an alliance with Zidon.

2. *And set garrisons in the land of Judah.* He not only occupied the fortified cities with his troops, but also established garrisons at other points. *The cities of Ephraim which Asa his father had taken.* See 2 Chron. 15: 8. We must not think of the boundary between Judah and Israel as always the same. In the course of their frequent wars some cities were often transferred from one dominion to the other.

3. *First ways of his father David.* The Septuagint omits the word David, and that is very likely the correct reading, as nowhere else are David's first ways mentioned. The meaning is evidently that Jehoshaphat did as his father Asa in the earlier years of his [Asa's] reign. *And sought not unto Baalim.* Baalim is the plural of Baal. It is used to refer to the different forms under which Baal was worshiped, or to the different sanctuaries. Turning to Baalim was one of the prominent ways of apostasy for the Hebrew kings.

4. The word "Lord" is inserted in A. V. without good authority. *And not after the doings of Israel.* This clause is parallel with the last clause of the preceding verse.

5. *And all Judah brought to Jehoshaphat presents.* The word "presents" is often used of an offering to God. *And he had riches and honor in abundance.* This king of Judah, unlike his predecessors, may stand in some comparison with Solomon. Some have compared Jehoshaphat with Jeroboam II. of Israel as regards outward prosperity.

6. *And his heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord.* The verb "to be lifted up" is generally used in a bad sense as with pride; here, evidently, in a good sense. The meaning is probably that he was greatly encouraged by the prosperity which Jehovah granted to him, and was diligent in further reforms. *He took away the high places and groves.* For explanation of "high places" and "groves" see notes on last week's lesson. See also Introduction to this lesson.

7. *Princes.* Not sons of the king, but chief officers, nobles, ministers, captains. *To teach in the cities of Judah.* The princes were to see that the teaching was done. It is probable that they were not the actual teachers; but rather the Levites and priests mentioned in the next verse.

The proper names in these two verses may be interpreted as follows: Ben-hail, Son of Strength; Obadiah, Servant of Jehovah; Zechariah, Remembered of Jehovah; Nathaneel, Giver of God; Michaiiah, Who is like Jehovah (?); Shemaiah, Heard of Jehovah; Nathaniah, Given of Jehovah; Zebadiah, Given of Jehovah; Asahel, Made by God; Shemiramoth, Name Most High; Jehonathan, Jehovah gave; Adonijah, My Lord is Jehovah; Tobijah, Goodness of God; Tobadonijah, Good is my Lord Jehovah; Elishama, God Heareth; Jehoram, Jehovah has Exalted.

9. *The book of the law of the Lord.* The Pentateuch, or at least a considerable portion of it. *And taught the people.* We may readily imagine that under the wicked kings the people had not observed the precepts of the law, and many scarcely knew that there was such a law.

10. *The fear of the Lord.* The fear or dread inspired by Jehovah.

A WAR EPISODE.

In the camp at Falls Church, Va., are a number of veterans who fought with Sigel and with Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. Among the visitors there last week was an officer of a Western regiment who took his wife along with him. At Round Hill they hired a vehicle for the ascent of the mountains. It so happened that the driver of the vehicle was one of Mosby's men. As the officer and his wife were being driven along he indulged in many reminiscences of his experience in the valley during the Civil War, pointing out to her places about which he had some particular remembrance.

"Do you see that hill right over there, dear?" he said to his wife, pointing to the place. She nodded.

"Well, my dear, right at the foot of that hill is the very place where we cooked our supper that night I have been telling you about—"

"Yes," said the old graybeard driver turning around, "and that is the very place where we uns eat your supper."

"What," said the Union officer, "were you one of that party of Rebs that came down on us?"

"Yes, sir, I was one of them. We sat up there on the top of the hill and watched you cooking that supper, and when we thought you had it done about to our taste we came down to join you."

"Well, tell me, my friend," said the Union officer, "where on earth did you fellows come from? You must have come up mighty sudden."

"Well, I'll answer your question, stranger," said the old graybeard, "if you'll clear up a mystery for me."

"Certainly; what is it?"

"Whar on earth did you fellows go to? My idea at the time was that you climbed up the inside of some tree."



MARRIAGES.

CLARKIE—GRIGGAS.—At the home of the bridegroom, Walworth, Wis., Sept. 15, 1898, by Rev. S. L. Maxson, Mr. Milton J. Clarke and Miss Jennette M. Griggas, both of Walworth, Wis.

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.

GILBERT.—At Berlin, Wis., on Sabbath morning, Sept. 17, 1898, Amanda Johnson, wife of John Gilbert, entered into the rest of the redeemed.

NEAL.—At Shiloh, N. J., Sept. 12, 1898, Agnes Ione, infant daughter of Samuel B. and Jennevelia R. Neal, aged 24 days. G. H. F. R.

WOOD.—Killed in a runaway, near Edgerton, Wis., on the night of September 9, 1898, George Melvin Wood, in the 41st year of his age.

Deceased was born in Albion, Wis., in December, 1857, and was the oldest of two sons, and the second in a family of six children, born to Joseph and Anna Eliza Wood. He was kind and generous hearted, and at the time of his death was a member of the Albion Seventh-day Baptist church. He leaves a widowed mother, a brother and three sisters, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his untimely end. Funeral by the pastor from 1 Sam. 20: 3, last clause. S. H. B.

COOKE.—Jason D. Cooke was born in Morris, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1846, and died at Fairmont, Minn., Sept. 7, 1898.

He professed faith in Christ early in life and joined the Episcopal church. On June 10, 1869, he was married to Miss Hala Green, a daughter of Dea. Wells K. Green, late of New Auburn, Minn. To them was born a son and daughter. The former has preceded the father to the spirit land, the daughter only remaining to comfort the sorrowing mother. The funeral services were held Sept. 11, in the New Auburn Seventh-day Baptist church, the large concourse of people speaking more eloquently than words, of the esteem in which he was held. J. T. D.

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THE BROTHERHOOD.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

Having been asked to suggest prayer-meeting topics for the month of October, I know of no better plan for me than to tell what is the regular order of our own Friday-night service. With, of course, occasional interruptions, I try to give each week a short, explanatory, practical talk upon a given section of the Gospel of Matthew, as indicated below:

- Oct. 1. "More Tolerable." Matt. 11: 20-24.
- Oct. 8. "The Easy Yoke." Matt. 11: 25-30.
- Oct. 15. "Lawful Sabbath-keeping." Matt. 12: 1-13.
- Oct. 22. "The Hope of Gentiles." Matt. 12: 14-21.
- Oct. 29. "The Strong One Bound." Matt. 12: 22-30.

PASTOR MAIN.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., September, 1898.

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 Sabbath-keepers in Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath-school held every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, at the residence of Dr. F. L. Irons, 117 Grace Street.

THE Yearly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Southern Illinois and Kentucky, will hold its next regular session with the old Stone Fort church, Stone Fort, Ill., Oct. 21-23, 1898. All interested are cordially invited to come. OLIVER LEWIS, Sec.

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 next Semi-Annual Meeting of the churches of Minnesota will meet with the church at New Auburn, Sixth-day before the fifth Sabbath in October, at 2 o'clock P. M. The delegate from the Iowa Yearly Meeting to preach the introductory sermon. R. H. BABCOCK, Cor. Sec.

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.

THE next Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches will be held with the Rock River church, as follows:

- 1. Preaching on Sixth-day evening, Oct. 7, by Rev. S. L. Maxson.
 - 2. Sabbath-school on the morning of the Sabbath, Oct. 8, at 10 o'clock, conducted by Wade J. Loofboro, the Superintendent.
 - 3. Preaching at 11 o'clock, on this morning, by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick.
 - 4. Communion services immediately following the sermon, under the charge of Rev. W. C. Whitford, assisted by Rev. S. H. Babcock.
 - 5. Preaching at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of this Sabbath by Rev. Lewis A. Platts.
 - 6. Preaching in the evening after the Sabbath by Rev. L. C. Randolph.
 - 7. Preaching First-day morning, at 10.30 o'clock, Oct. 9, by Rev. S. H. Babcock.
 - 8. Exercises of the Young People's Hour, this First-day afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock.
- A general attendance is requested.

LESTER T. ROGERS, Church Clerk.

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