

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS.	
Paragraphs	626
CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.	
Why Men Do Not Go To Church.....	627
The Last Year Together.....	627
Trust—Poetry	627
“Valuable Experience”	627
Life's Battles—Poetry.....	628
Obedience.....	628
Life's Mirror—Poetry.....	628
Soldiers Still.....	628, 629
Sacrifice—Poetry	629
Economy and Civilization.....	629
Golden Wedding.....	629
How to Drink Water.....	629
MISSIONS.	
Paragraphs	630
Alms and Righteousness.....	630, 631
The Saviour's Power.....	631
England's Most Precious Relic.....	631
The Water Supply of the Healthful House.....	631
WOMAN'S WORK.	
Paragraphs	632
Individual Responsibility.....	632, 633
Woman's Board—Receipts.....	633
The Nearness of God.....	633
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.	
The Song of Deliverance.....	634
Trials and How to Bear Them.....	634, 635
Wealth of the Upright.....	635
CHILDREN'S PAGE.	
The Boy That Laughs—Poetry.....	636
Carlo at School.....	636
Steve's Present.....	636
Helping to Make Home Life Happy.....	636
OUR READING ROOM.	
Paragraphs	637
Joseph Allen.....	637
The Flag-Raising at Honolulu.....	637
POPULAR SCIENCE.	
Tunnels Through the Alps.....	638
Confidence—Poetry.....	638
Reward of Pleasantness.....	638
SABBATH-SCHOOL.	
Lesson for Sabbath-day, Oct. 15, 1898.—	
The Temple Repaired.....	638, 639
“One Thing Thou Lackest”.....	639
MARRIAGES.....	639
DEATHS.....	639
The Red Cross Nurse.....	639
SPECIAL NOTICES.....	639

HELPFUL DISCONTENT.

COME Discontent, and stir my soul to higher,
grander things!
Give me no rest amid the sloth that smooth contentment brings.

Arouse the warriors of my will and arm them, sword and
gun,

And force them to the front until new victories are won.

Far better to be crushed amid the fierce tempestuous fray.
Than, like the helpless plant, to live and rot away.

For gods and mortals have decreed the valiant ones who
die

In grand defeat are nobler far than they who dare not try.

With each to-day oh, Discontent, incite my turgid thought
To better, grander themes than all the yesterdays have
brought.

Yea, spur me to my task and rouse my latent strength
until

My every foe is vanquished by the battle-cry, “I will.”

—Selected.

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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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HAST Thou, my Master, aught for me to do
To honor Thee, to-day?
Hast Thou a word of love to some poor soul
That I may say?
For see, this world that thou hast made so fair
Within its heart is sad;
Thousands are lonely, thousands weep and sigh,
But few are glad.

—Mrs. Prentiss.

THE Editor is at the desk again, with less Grippe than he had three weeks ago, and with the hope that all necessary grip on the work of the coming year will be granted him. The work at hand grows in volume and importance with each year. The character of the late Anniversaries promises well for the success of the coming year. Now that people are scattered to their different fields, and the inspiration and enthusiasm born of great gatherings and enlarging plans are passed, individual efforts must be redoubled. Pastors must not delay to preach the sermons for which they made plans while the Anniversaries were in progress. Individuals must hasten to begin the new work toward which their hearts were moved in the sunrise prayer-meetings, and while listening to reports, sermons and discussions. The meetings at Milton Junction glowed with genuine vigor, and healthful enthusiasm. The problem for the year is to perpetuate all that was good, and carry it out in successful endeavor. The RECORDER will not indulge in great promises; but if its able corps of department editors work with their usual effectiveness, our readers will not lack for information relative to Missions, Woman's Work, Young People's Work or Popular Science. Our educators will tell the people, from time to time, of things needful and inspiring. Having been appointed as editor for the coming year, the writer is anxious to secure the largest success and the highest good for the RECORDER in every way. Correspondence is invited, especially facts concerning things planned for or accomplished. The times demand doing more than theorizing. The RECORDER rejoices in such correspondence as brings the best fruits from active and consecrated lives. Some theorizing is valuable. Some doctrinal discussions do good. But less of theory and more of life is a good motto for the coming year. To plan carefully and to adjust methods wisely form a valuable part of sanctified work for Christ. But it is better to perfect plans and strengthen methods by putting them into action, than to let opportunities go by while we dawdle trying to determine the exact point of direction along which a movement shall take place. Action brings adjustment. Inaction invites rusting. We do not counsel crude plans, nor injurious haste. But the RECORDER will rejoice if Pastors and people, Boards and Committees, Presidents and Executive officers, crowd the year full of efforts. Thoughts, plans, aspirations are of little value until they result in deeds. Deeds are comparatively worthless when they do not throb with thought, and glow with enthusiasm. Christ's kingdom is best advanced when his children appreciate the worth of such monosyllables as up, go, do.

THE railroad industry in the United States has reached a stage of development, which,

in excellency and extent, courts comparison, and compels admiration. The rates, both passenger and freight, average less than those of the leading countries in Europe, and the service is much superior in several respects.

If the average passenger rate in this country had been one cent a mile more than it was last year (which would be less than the average rate in France), the extra cost to the people and profit to the railways of the United States would have been \$130,490,072. If American railway rates, passenger and freight, were about the average of European rates, the earnings of the railways of the country (and the payments of the people) would have been more than one billion dollars greater than they were in last year alone.

Improvements are needed. They will come. Meanwhile the American people may take pride in their great railway systems.

SPEAKING of railroads, the RECORDER has noted, with pleasure, the excellent work done by the Conference Transportation Committee, in connection with the late session. The gathering points for the delegates were so located that a majority of those from the East went by the Erie, and those from the West and Northwest by the Sante Fe and the Chicago and Northwestern roads. In the matter of special cars and similar accommodations, these roads did everything asked for, in a way which showed that their representatives appreciated their work as servants of the public safety and comfort. The special train on the Chicago and Northwestern, which carried the delegates over the route from Chicago to Milton Junction, with but a single stop, was especially appreciated on that hot afternoon. Special mention of either road—when all did so well—seems out of place.

WE note with deep regret that the vote on the question of Prohibition in Canada, taken on the 29th of September, as reported on the morning of the 30th is adverse, and that "Prohibition is killed in Canada for a century." Even if the sentence quoted from a New York Daily seems to be true at the first reports, we do not share in its conclusion. If the vote is seriously adverse, that fact may become the best educator for the future. The Province of Quebec is said to have voted heavily against prohibition. This is easy to understand if one has seen Eastern Canada, which is in some respects more French than France itself. Nova Scotia gave a majority in favor of the right.

I ATTENDED a concert this morning. There were three hundred performers; a full black-bird orchestra. There were three varieties. The red-wings predominated. This gave a pleasing effect to the eye. It was fine stage. Brown boughs, green leaves, black coats, gray bodices and red epaulets. All tones were there. Soprano, alto, tenor, baritone, with such a jingle and jangle as bird concerts delight in, and all without discord. The chorus was well-drilled. After a burst of music, in which the singers and players strove to outdo themselves, the leader would wave his baton, and the whole chorus rushed away in a score of graceful sweeps and curves, through the sea of shimmering sunshine, to a neighboring corn-field for refreshments. Then you could hear the silence, except that two crows in a neighboring wood-land seemed to be criticis-

ing the performance to which I had listened with delight. If what they said was in the way of criticism, there was something peculiarly human about it. Evidently they did not understand black-bird music, or else they thought that crows were the only black-birds worth considering. I fancy that one crow said to the other, "Just hear those little red-winged upstarts; half of that crowd combined, cannot equal one good voice like yours;" and the crow that was thus praised, said, "Of course not, *caw, caw, ca-a-a-w*, there is music for you." Poor crow! It was envy he voiced, not music.

YESTERDAY I watched a man digging potatoes. It was a simple task, but not an unmeaning one. Potatoes have many things in common with those good deeds of which the world sees little, but which bring abundant help and comfort. The vines of these potatoes were dead, dried. In some places the late weeds almost hid them, and covered the outlines of the "hill." The careless observer would have passed them by, but the farmer found them without effort. Where signs of potato life were gone, his fork uncovered nests of "ivory tubers," ripe and beautiful, ready to be sacrificed at the kitchen altar, fit food for farmer or for king. One of the glad surprises of the next life will be the riches God has in waiting for his children; riches buried in the soil of self-sacrifice and unselfish deeds, which the world does not appreciate, but which divine love watches over. Lives filled with loving service have many way-side graves, where half-remembered deeds and covered hopes await unearthing. Nothing good is ever lost. No honest effort is wholly fruitless. Blessed is he whose life is full of buried treasures, as my friend's garden rows were of toothsome potatoes.

AUTUMNAL ripeness is full of helpful, spiritual lessons. It tells of many things well accomplished. Trees fruit-laden are like lives crowned with good deeds and high aspirations well fulfilled. Autumn is the time of attainment. When bounteous harvests are stored, or stand waiting to be gathered, he is dull, indeed, who does not see the counterpart of God's in-gathering love. The fierce heat of summer is past, the storms of winter are not here. It is the golden waiting-time when riches are gathered.

GREAT interest in Social reform has lately sprung up in Chicago. It has been a notable shame that many of the vilest social resorts in the city have been located near some of the large railroad stations. United action by way of public meetings and otherwise has been undertaken with the view of securing the abatement of these evils, through the police. Judging by the past, the city government of Chicago will not be very Puritanic in enforcing law against social vice; nevertheless we rejoice in the earnest Christian bravery which has led to the new crusade, and we bid it God speed.

THE commission for adjusting matters of difference between Canada and the United States is making good progress. Minor matters may delay final report, but the movement for such a commission is shown to be in the interest of harmony and justice. The two countries are so closely related geographically, commercially and socially, that mutual arrangements promoting harmony, prosperity and good-will ought to prevail always.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

Why Men Do Not Go To Church.

A Chicago minister has been sending out circular letters to representative business men of all classes, to find out why men go to church so little. The topic has been much discussed in ministers' meetings and other religious gatherings, but Pastor Fox hit upon the idea of appealing to original sources, the men themselves.

The replies, as published in the *Ram's Horn*, are incisive and calculated to make a person thoughtful. A clerk says that, if this were a Christian civilization, it would not be necessary for a man to "break the Sabbath in order to see a spear of green grass." Sunday, he says, is his only chance for recreation, exercise, a breath of fresh air and communion with nature. He frankly avows his intention of continuing to spend the day on his wheel.

A drummer says in substance: "When athletes get together, they talk athletics, artists talk art, politicians talk politics, and they do it as if they meant business. He declares that he has seen no similiar disposition on the part of Christians to talk religion. They will get enthusiastic over church-socials and pink teas, "but that seems to be about their limit," in his conclusion.

In these answers are suggested the two greatest enemies to the progress of the church of Christ to-day: the demands of business and social life crowding religion out, the apathy of Christians. And the remedy, likewise, is two-fold, the bringing in of a kinder civilization, and the bringing into personal life of a master motive which shall fill the whole horizon.

The Last Year Together.

There had been an accident on the street, and a woman was dead. These things happen every day—we read about them in the papers; but this was different. There is no other funeral so sad—from the earthly side—as when children are left motherless, if it is a home you know and love.

He had one child in his arms, and was looking at the others with a gaze of yearning tenderness, which they but imperfectly understood. They only knew that mamma was lost, and would come home to them no more. The center and heart and light of home was gone. Something he said has been ringing in my ears ever since. "This last year that we spent together has been such a happy year. We have had our full share of little estrangements and misunderstandings while we were learning to live together; but a few months ago we started out on a new dispensation of love and helpfulness. Somehow I got it into my head a little more how a woman felt about some things, and tried to be extra thoughtful about her wishes, and she paid me back the biggest interest that I ever knew anything about. Whenever I had a half-day to spare, I managed to include her in my plans of recreation. We spent a good many happy hours together in a quiet way, and renewed the days of our courtship—only it was better, now with our home and children, and closer-knit love. Her smile has been growing sweeter all the year. We parted yesterday at the corner. She tripped up the street on her errands with a happy look on her face. We were to meet at the same spot at half past four.

I never saw her again alive. But the last look that she gave me—and this last happy year that we spent together—the memory of these is worth all the world to me." Sitting among his motherless bairns in the home made sacred by the echo of a loving voice, now hushed forever. God bless and comfort him, and God be praised for the recollections that leave no sting.

How about it? Suppose it had been the same last night with you? Suppose the dearest face in all the world had suddenly ceased to shine in your life. Has the last year been a good year? Has the last month been a loving one? Has the last week left a pleasant record? Has the last day been one of sweet memories? There are so many others, too, whose lives you have crossed. Suppose death summons them to the judgment bar? Was your last word and deed one to help them and make them stronger for what was to come?

Ah, sometimes I grow sad for a moment as I look back. The wasted opportunities, the lost days, the unkind tones that can never be recalled until time shall be no longer. The evil done—repented of long ago—but leaving its blank in the life where the record is blotted out. So much that I might have done; so disappointing the record.

Then I look at the future and thank God for it; the present with its boundless opportunities, the possibilities of coming days. Tomorrow night I mean to be able to say, "It has been a good day." Next Sabbath, as the sun sinks beyond the prairie after the sweet communion season, let me say, "It has been a blessed week." And if that shall never come, in time, I will at least be kind and loving and helpful *now*. "Moment by moment" I will live as in the presence of "the Lord, the God of Israel before whom I stand."

TRUST.

Lie down and sleep;
Leave it with God to keep
This sorrow which is part
Now of thy heart.
When thou dost wake,
If still 'tis there to take,
Utter no wild complaint:
Work waits thine hands.
If thou shouldst faint,
God understands.

—Katrina Trask.

"VALUABLE EXPERIENCE."

The deacon was a self-made and successful man, and anxious to have his sons early earning their own bread and making their own career. Withal he was of a sanguine temperament and always saw the disguised blessings amid the ruins of disaster. Tom was his Benjamin, but when he was nineteen the father gently pushed him over the edge of the nest into a furniture business in a neighboring village. Tom struggled on for about three years, and was finally obliged to close out at a sacrifice, several hundred dollars behind. He had sold less than cost and trusted everybody who asked for credit. The deacon rubbed his hands and remarked that Tom had not made any money, but he had acquired a great deal of valuable experience.

After a short time at home, in default of something more inviting, under pressure Tom started for Kansas and pre-empted a quarter section of government land. He was too late for a crop the first year; the second year the grasshoppers took every green thing; the third year there was a drought, and he only got about half a crop; the fourth year there

was a late frost, which spoilt the prospects of that season; and the fifth summer the Indians came in and, as he wrote home, "cleaned him out" entirely, burning his cabin, and sparing nothing but his life and the clothes he had on. He had now lived on the claim long enough to perfect his title, and came East in a slouch hat and a buffalo robe worn to the hide, about as seedy as a young man of twenty-seven could be.

With habitual optimism the deacon remarked to his daughters that Tom had not made much money out in Kansas, but he had got a good deal of valuable experience. In a little while parental love and ambition made home uncomfortable for a man unemployed, and Tom volunteered. After a few months of service he was blown up in the "mine explosion" at Petersburg, and was found in the Carver Hospital at Washington with an open wound fifteen inches long across the breast, where a bullet had slid along the rib and gone out through the fleshy part of his right arm. He had to lie in the hospital for some months, and used up all his back pay and bounties in extras.

At last he was discharged and came home on "transportation," without any money. The deacon cheerfully observed to the girls that Tom had a pretty hard time in the army, and had not saved any money, but he had got a good deal of valuable experience, which would stand him in good stead hereafter. After the usual period the deacon hinted business, and furnished a little capital for a manufacturing enterprise in New York city. Tom was active, turned out excellent goods, did a rushing business, and there was an air of great prosperity about the place, as orders were always ahead. But forgetting the lessons of his failure in the furniture business, the prices were less than the cost of production, and after a time—and not a long time—an attachment and a red flag cut short the promising enterprise.

At this point the deacon weakened a little, there was a shade of disappointment on his countenance, a touch of pathos in his voice: "Tom had made a mistake in selling his goods too low, but he had got a great deal of valuable experience, and no doubt next time would make a sure success." By this time "valuable experience" had become a byword with the sisters, and no one can use the expression in their presence without calling forth, if a stranger, a smile; if one acquainted with the associations of the formula, peals of merry laughter. The good deacon still believes the turn is close at hand when Tom will become a successful business man, but Tom up to date has no available assets—except "valuable experience."

The foregoing tale is no fancy sketch. We cannot blame Tom for the grasshoppers, the drought, the Indians, and the mine explosion; but the furniture business and the manufacturing enterprise showed that "Experience," like other teachers, is dependent for success on the sort of stuff his scholars are made of. Optimism also may be a deluder. We have always thought that the deacon's harping on the "valuable experience" Tom was getting made him think that he was bound to come out right whatever happened.

The moral of this veritable tale is that to find out why one fails, and avoid it, is the best and only way of succeeding; without this, "experience" is no more valuable than a succession of "epileptic fits."—*Christian Advocate*.

LIFE'S BATTLES.

Alas! I'm growing old—my hair, once thick and brown,
Is now quite white and silky, and sparse about the
crown;
A year, that once seemed endless, now passes like a
dream,
Yet my boat still rides the billows, as it floats along the
stream.

My eye once like the eagle's is now much dimmed by age,
And art alone enables me to read the printed page,
Yet still it rests with quickened glance upon each lovely
scene,
As years roll by with silent pace and changes come be-
tween.

Life is full of gladness if we but make it so;
There's not a wave of sorrow but has an undertow;
A stout heart and a simple faith give victory o'er the
grave,
And God awaits all patiently, all powerful to save.

'Tis not a cross to live, nor is it hard to die,
If we but view the future with steadfast, fearless eye.
Looking ever on the bright side, where falls the sun's
warm beam,
Our boats will ride the billows as they glide along the
stream.

—Exchange.

OBEDIENCE.

BY E. A. HUNTER.

There was once a dear old lady who rejoiced in five excellent sons, every one of whom was a fine type of Christian manliness. When she was asked what was the secret of her success, in training them, she answered reflectively, "Well, I never nagged 'em, for one thing, and I never asked 'em to do anything they wouldn't be likely to want to do, for another."

"But," objected the shocked listener, "you can't let a child do as he pleases, that is ruination to him!"

The old lady smiled. "My boys generally wanted to do as I pleased," she said. "If they did not feel like doing as I thought best, I led 'em up to it gradually, and not one of my boys ever disobeyed me in his life. Some folks," she continued, "give too many orders to their children, and it makes 'em set against minding. There are some kinds of badness that you don't have to train out of a child, anyhow; give him time and he'll forget it, grow out of it, as he does out of a last year's suit of clothes."

The tranquil old philosopher had struck upon two vital truths which many a high-strung American mother would do well to lay hold upon. Did you ever pause to reflect why it is that so much childish obedience is unwilling? Isn't it because the child has not yet attained to your point of view? He does not perceive that it is for his best good to act according to your wishes. You often charge him with unreason, but from his standpoint it is you who are unreasonable. He does not realize that if he persists in going swimming three times a day he will contract malaria, and he is apt to believe—and with reason—that "no fellow's mother" can understand the delicious happiness of tossing off one's clothes and slipping into the clear, green water of the still, shady place in the river which is called in boyish vernacular the "swimming pool," there to frolic by the hour with the other frequenters of the haunt. There is a good deal to be said upon this side of the question, and if you are perfectly unbiased you would perceive it. There is but one right course to pursue under these circumstances. You may be able to compel obedience, and so save your boy from sickness, but you are missing a great opportunity if you do not educate him up to your point of view and help him to learn a lesson of moderation and self-control which will be of value to him in after years.

Life would be a sweeter thing to many a child if his father and mother would condescend to observe life from his standpoint, instead of taking only the vantage ground of their wider experience. Obedience would be more willing, and, after all, a willing obedience is the only one that is of value.

"But sometimes," you object, "child's capacity is not able to comprehend the reasonableness of a parent's command, even if it should be explained to him, and there are cases where it is not best to give reasons." This is true; but even in such a case a blind obedience may be a willing one; for, if a child has patience in a parent's sympathy and love, and knows through past experience that father's or mother's way is the best for him, he will obey with perfect trust even though he be sadly disappointed. Perhaps this is the sweetest obedience of all to a parent's heart. Blessed are the parents and children who have attained unto it.

There are certain phases of child-life which may be inconvenient for their elders to bear, but which do not deserve such severe correction as they often get. For instance, every healthy boy must pass through the noisy period. He *must* shout and pound and stamp, merely as an outlet to nature. This may be trying to the nerves of his elders, but he should not be blamed for it, and he should be given a chance to indulge the propensity. It will not last any more than his mud pie days do.

Then there are traits of character, such as irritability or impatience, which no amount of commands can cure.

"Stop fretting, this instant!" says the mother. The fretfulness may be changed to anger, but the fault is not bettered. It takes years of patient and loving training to transform an irritable child into a serene and cheerful one, or to teach an impulsive, ardent temperament the grace of patience.

In some homes there are far too many orders given. Often a request would answer every purpose, and where commands must needs be, they should always be given in the gentle spirit of him who said, "If ye love me keep my commandments." For he knew that where love is, to obey is the sweetest thing in the world.—*Christian Work*.

LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true.
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need.
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your work and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet,
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn,
You will gather in flowers again
The scattered seeds from your thought outborne
Though the serving seemed but in vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do.
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—Sel.

SOLDIERS STILL.

He has come to be a familiar figure in all our cities and towns—the soldier discharged temporarily or permanently from military service. We see him walking the streets accompanied by an admiring friend or kinsman. We have met him on the trains bound for his

rural home, wan and weary and, perhaps, tossing with the fever as he lay on the bed improvised from the car seats. Again we have seen him sitting solitary on a bench in the park, in apparently good health but sober of countenance, as if he hardly knew what his next step in life might be.

We civilians almost always look twice at these soldier boys when they cross our path. To be sure, they are not quite as impressive as when, with fresh uniforms and elastic step and shoulder to shoulder, they marched past the cheering spectators and turned their faces toward camp and battlefield. But to-day they hold our reverent gaze the longer as we say to ourselves: "These are the men who won our victories, who in these few short months have carried the flag where it never went before and have opened a new and wonderful chapter in the history of the human race." For the London *Spectator* is right when it says, in a sentence that may become an epigram: "The middle ages fled when the Americans entered Santiago."

Yet how boyish and even ordinary many of these returning heroes look. With not a few of them we were acquainted long before the President ever thought of calling for volunteers. We had gone to school with them or pursued the same calling or had a passing knowledge of them as doing this or that thing in the world. But we never dreamed that they would be summoned to the sternest tasks, nor did we, perhaps, anticipate that when summoned they would quit themselves in such manful fashion. Yet now they are back again among us, some with wounds and some with fevers, but almost without exception all with records that have proved again to the world what the Anglo-Saxon stock is capable of doing when it is called in strenuous way to play the patriot and the man. And so these soldier lads, in their teens and their early twenties, even though now their uniforms are shabby and their hats shapeless, seem, after all, finer and grander to us than when they went away, nor will the halo about them soon vanish. We shall not think of them hereafter simply as Smith, the clerk in the grocery, or Jones, the carpenter, but as part of the company that charged up the hill at El Caney or lay for hours under the broiling sun waiting the order to advance, or that, perhaps, did not even smell the smoke of battle but eagerly awaited it from afar, bearing meanwhile with soldierly courage all the rigors, limitations and discomforts of suddenly established camps.

Thus it is that we who went not to the fray are moved to reflection and to admiration as we see the citizen soldiers of the land gradually merging into the rank and file of the body politic. But what of them? How are they bearing the transition? What will they take over from these crucial and memorable months into the commonplace routine of years to come? If we could look into their hearts as easily as we scan their faces, we should see how much older and steadier and quieter they have grown. They are not the same boys to whom we bade a sorrowing farewell in March or April. Just as their bodies show the traces of restricted diet, of hard beds, hot marches, picket duty and of the shock of battle, so the soul in every true man of them must be to-day larger and purer and nobler. As they have seen men fall by their sides there must have come to them a

realization of the closeness of death and life. As they have yearned for a sight of dear, distant faces they have come to put a higher value upon love and friendship and home. As they have felt the isolation and perils of a soldier's lot they have felt, perhaps for the first time in their lives, the need of an almighty and loving God, and have surrendered their wills to him forever.

Mustered out! It may not be so easy after all, even when health returns, to become re-adjusted to the calmer scenes and more prosaic occupations that go with the reign of peace. Let the returning soldiers remember, however, that they have had and will have no real discharge from the service of their country. Whatever self-control they have gained through military discipline, through obedience to superiors, whatever courage they have acquired as they became inured to the sound of shot and shell, the greatened sense of God's presence in the world and of his far-reaching purposes—all these can be put to splendid use in every shop and community in the land. No man is ever mustered out of the daily service of his country, his fellowmen and his God.—*The Congregationalist.*

SACRIFICE.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

Is sacrifice so hard a thing?
We give a useless seed
To God's kind care, and lo! we reap
A harvest for our need.

We give a scanty draught to one
Who faints beside the way;
There flows a fountain for our thirst
Some weary, woesome day.

We give a little flower of love
To light a darkened room;
And lo! our gardens overflow
With beauty and with bloom.

Ah, sacrifice is but the door
To dwellings of delight;
And selfishness the subtle key
That locks our joy from sight.

ECONOMY AND CIVILIZATION.

BY MARGARET MILLER.

This thought is new to me. "Economy the touchstone of civilization." If new, is it not a viritable stroke of genius? Does it not throw a calcium light upon the science of living?

It is from the pages of that Frenchman's Journals, lately published, "America and the Americans," teeming with impertinences, composed of aspersions, weak and unphilosophical many times to the point of silliness; yet this struck home with the thud of a strong, complete idea.

Economy, the despised! a necessity generally, but felt with the sharp edge of necessity, and concealed and equivocated about till a Diogenes could laugh or weep. And here, in a flash, it is showed up in its true light; the Angel of Progress, a solver of humanity's hard problems, the surest of, yes, and often the easiest material aid to material happiness. Economy is not stinginess; economy is not even self-denial; it is simply making the most of what you have.

When I was a girl, an old lady in whose house I was visiting told me to put aside a plain, old, broken brass matchbox, as she would send it to be mended. I could not resist a meddling remonstrance.

"What could you do with that in this beautiful house?"

"I will give it to Miss Reilly (who washed), and she will think it pretty."

Now I would have been too stingy to spend

money in saving a mere trifling ornament for another person, but I took the lesson to heart, and have tried to live up to it. Economize in order to give: economize, and you will have something to give. Is not giving one of the arts of civilization?

And as to self-denial, is it as comfortable to scrape away out of the vegetable dishes and meat platters the remnants of your dinner, as to add them in minces and stews to your perhaps scanty next day's lunch? "Oh, but the trouble," you say, "time is money." So it is often, and often more than money. Always economize wisely; on the first best things, not on the second best, to the loss of the first. If your time can be better used, use it right, and, if need be, let the soup bones go. I am speaking only of the food which is worth more than the time which it would take to save it. Waste it not often because of a close calculation of the cook's time and wages. You will send her the next day on a half hour's trip to buy the meat, which you had already to hand but tossed away; or more likely you will go yourself.

No; waste is not often in consequence of the time; it is lack of consideration, or simply a habit, or at best a disinclination for the trouble of the moment, ignoring to-morrow's trouble, and the trouble of next week's too long bills. It does not save trouble. No indeed. But it saves dignity, which is worth a great deal more. It does save that. Wasting is admired. I admit it; and with that I admit that we are so far uncivilized. A mechanic's loving wife will throw away food and clothes which she would like to save, lest the neighbors should think "her man" unsuccessful and mean. Better off people are bolder, and so, often, far more "near" without blushing.

And, nevertheless, far more dignity is won by economy than is lost. Is not the dignity of the brownstone front larger than the dignity of throwing into the waste? Not infrequently one can choose between them. Still, one does not know this definitely; but she cannot fail to know definitely that her savings at home must count, dollar's worth by dollar's worth, alongside her husband's making dollar by dollar. The American mind believes only too worshipfully that making money is good and glorious. Why, then, in the name of the commonest sense, is saving money a thing to be done in a corner? It is only ignorance, only lack of veriest rudiments of practical culture, of insight into the real balance of things. Perhaps the public schools could teach it; perhaps only the higher education, or that hard teacher, necessity.

This national misfortune, wastefulness, is the greater and far more difficult to remedy because here in America every one acts on his own judgment, and thus can seldom have that hardship and advantage of being forced to be guided by the intelligent and more educated minds around him.

We women have chief control of the department of saving. Let us cease to pride ourselves on being unthinking infants in this our realm of finance.—*Observer.*

Be thy duty high as angels' flight,
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,
Even from its ashes. Duty is infinite,
Receding as the skies.

Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes
On duties crowding only to appal?
No; duty is our ladder to the skies;
And, climbing not, we fall.

—Robert Leighton.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

For a couple to live together fifty years, and the angel of death never enter the family, is rather a remarkable circumstance; but such has been the case in the lives of William W. Gardiner and his wife, Almira Crandall Gardiner. This couple celebrated their Golden Wedding at their home near Nile, N. Y., on Sept. 2, 1898, on the same farm where Mrs. Gardiner was born. Here she was married and her two daughters were married. The four children and nine grandchildren were present; also the brothers and sisters of the bride, those of the groom, with one exception, having preceded him to the better land; nephews and neices swelled the number to forty-two.

The day was all that could be desired, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. The bride wore part of the wedding dress which she had worn fifty years before. Prof. C. E. Crandall, of Chicago University, in behalf of the friends, presented the bride and groom with a number of fine presents, among which were about \$30 in gold. The groom and the bride each responded, expressing their thankfulness to God for his love and care all through their lives, and to the friends for their presence and tokens of love, after which the guests repaired to the dining room, and enjoyed a bountiful repast served by the children and grandchildren.

Before breaking up for the day, the company sang, "God be with you till we meet again." The company present will long remember this event, and be glad that they were there.

ONE OF THEM.

HOW TO DRINK WATER.

There are few people who thoroughly realize the value of water as a beverage, or who know how to obtain the greatest advantage from it. The effects produced by the drinking of water vary with the manner in which it is drunk. If, for instance, a pint of cold water be swallowed as a large draft, or if it be taken in two portions with a short interval between, certain definite results follow—effects which differ from those which would have resulted from the same quantity taken by sipping. Sipping is a powerful stimulant to the circulation, a thing which ordinary drinking is not. During the act of sipping the action of the nerve which slows the beats of the heart is abolished, and as a consequence that organ contracts much more rapidly, the pulse beats more quickly, and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. In addition to this, we find that the pressure under which the bile is secreted is raised by the sipping of fluid. And here is a point which might well be noted. A glass of cold water, slowly sipped, will produce greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draft. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it, and who may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping."—*People's Health Journal.*

ALL the men and women who have made their mark in this world and have achieved the best results have kept the eye clear and single toward one noble purpose.—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*

TOUCH Thou mine eyes, that I may see
What Thou wouldst have me do and be.

—Helen E. Brown.

Missions.

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

THE next regular meeting of the Missionary Board will occur on Wednesday, October 19. At this October meeting the appropriations are made for the ensuing year, 1899. All communications, reports, applications and any matters of business, should be in the hands of Corresponding Secretary as early as October 12.

IS IT not too much the effort in these days to make the religious services in the house of God formal, artistic and entertaining? Is it not the purpose to strain to make them popular and drawing? Is this the true object of worship? While religious services should be instructive, attractive, educational and refining, the great effort in them should be to lift men up to God, in fellowship and communion; to lead them to holy meditation; to comfort the sad and sorrowing; to make people more spiritual and to save sinners. From beginning to close the whole service, the reading of the Word of God, the prayer, the singing and the sermon, all, should be soul-impressive and spiritual. People who have been in the rush of business, and in hard work, all the week, having had little or no thought of God and spiritual things, should have something more on the day of divine worship than a religious entertainment. They should be led to worship God in spirit and in truth. They should be made to feel duty and obligation. They should be drawn to God in love and faith, and seek salvation and spiritual life and growth. It seems to me that religious services that fail in purpose and effort to do that, fail in the real object for which they are or should be held.

THE Christian world and the gospel ministry have met with a great loss in the death of Dr. John Hall. He was not the greatest preacher in New York, yet his sermons were great in their wonderful simplicity and spiritual power. In our seminary days in the city we went occasionally to hear him, and we were always greatly helped, encouraged and strengthened by his sermons. He was eminently a pastor, a great pastor. In that was his great power and influence, and, also, in his personal life and character. He knew the families and the individuals of his congregation, was very cordial and sympathetic, entered into their joys and sorrows and personal experiences, a good counselor and a kind helper. He magnified the pastoral office and work. He was a model pastor and teacher. In these days of religious orations and stunning sermons, pastoral work is either neglected or deemed unimportant. It is difficult to see how a pastor can feed his flock, give them meat in due season, get the hearts of his people, lead them, help them and lift them up, who does little or no pastoral work. More people are led to Christ and higher spiritual life by loving personal and pastoral work, than by powerful sermons.

MANY sermons, perhaps it should be said most sermons, are too long. An excellent sermon, well delivered, but long, will seem short to the interested hearer. A poor sermon, though short, will seem long. Can a sermon be too short? It is almost jeopardizing to one's character to ask such a ques-

tion in this rushing age. But seriously, we will declare, with all the danger fraught, that a sermon can be too short. It can be too short, for it can be, and often is, only a skeleton with little or no flesh on it. It can be so short as to be very incomplete, or hardly touch the subject in hand. But this is not all the trouble. A stick of first-class candy can be too short, for just as we begin to enjoy its flavor and sweetness it is all gone. So with some short sermons, just as we become intensely interested in its excellent thoughts and illustrations, just lifted up almost to the third heavens by it, suddenly it stops, snapped off like a pipe-stem. How dissatisfying, how provoking! Well, it is better thus than to be wearied and bored by a long, prosy sermon. What will become of the poor ministers? The people are so hard to suit, sermons too long, and sermons too short. They will have to suit themselves. How soon will it be when a twenty-minute sermon, never so good, will be too long? There is something radically wrong in the hearer, or the preacher, or the age. Which? It is best to leave it with the reader to diagnose the case; we will not attempt it.

THERE will be changes in pastors and pastorates. A pastor can stay too long or too short with a church. No pastor should hang on to a church when he knows that a change would be better for himself and the church. No one should sever his pastorate too soon, when it is evident that it would be a detriment to the church, the cause of Christ and himself. But whenever the change is made, how tenderly, kindly and wisely it should be made, both by the pastor and the church. Here is no place for prejudice, unkindness or harshness. In it all, there should be good common sense, fair treatment, frankness and the best of good feeling. The most unkind, inhuman and un-Christian way for a church to get rid of its pastor is to starve him out, to refuse to meet the obligations made for his support. If there ever is a time when a denomination should have something more than advisory power, have real disciplinary power, it is when one of its churches gets rid of its pastor in that way. The pastoral relation is so sacred and tender it should never be rudely and unkindly severed. The pastor and the church should never suffer loss by it, but the cause of Christ, the good of both the church and the pastor, should be enhanced by it. It all should be done in such a manner and method that the glory of God shall be promoted and his kingdom advanced.

THERE are no such terms in the Scripture as Foreign Mission and Home Mission. The divine commission and command is, "Go ye into all the world." The gospel of Jesus Christ is to be preached near by and far off. We do not see how one who reads the Bible well, especially the New Testament, does not believe in, or favor foreign missions, so-called. The gospel message is as broad, and should be as widely given, as is the redeeming love and work of Jesus Christ. He did not die to save the white man only, but the black man; not the free man only, but bondman; not the high only, but the low also; not those in the home land only, but those in the far off lands. Those Christians who possess this broad love of the Christ and his gospel, believe in, and help support, foreign missions, are better supporters, both by means and

service, of home missions, and of the home church. The reflex influence of foreign missions is wonderful upon the individual Christian, the church, the denomination, in life and service. If one will read and investigate, to see what foreign missions and missionaries have done for the world, he will be astonished to see what they have done for commerce, what wonderful doors they have opened to science, and the contribution beyond measure they have made to it. He will be surprised to see what they have contributed to theology, philology and to broad culture and education. Above these, so important, they have carried the marvelous light and salvation of the gospel to souls benighted and lost in idolatry, and millions are saved and enjoy the realities and promises of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Heathen nations have become, and are becoming, Christian nations, and are possessing the measureless blessings of a Christian civilization. What a wonderful work! Who would not have a part in it?

ALMS AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.

There is a scripture which says that "Money answereth all things." This is a very broad statement. "Things" is the most general noun in the language; and "all" is the most inclusive of adjectives. The statement is rhetorically true; for money will buy food, clothes, houses, service, comforts, pleasures, art, music, education, office, armies and navies. But it will not always buy health or life, or doctors would be always successful; nor will it buy intellect, contentment, or escape from punishment and remorse.

It is our duty to make money answer as many noble purposes as possible; and those duties come under two great heads, first to self and family, and second to God and the world. We cannot separate self from family; and we can only serve God with money by serving the world.

The family, and not the individual, is the social unit. One who refuses family life and family obligations is a hermit, probably utterly selfish, excluded from social life, not to be considered. The same is in part true of those who in a less degree avoid founding their own families, and prefer to be mere appendages to other families. They only are to be considered a real part of humanity who take their share in family life, as parents, children, brothers, sisters, feeling that the family life is their life and their responsibility.

Money should be used for the family to supply its members with comfortable living, education and moderate luxuries. No iron rule can be laid down to distinguish moderate from immoderate luxuries; the common sense of the people must settle that. Certain expenditures that go simply for show, for waste, to make a display beyond one's neighbors, we recognize as immoderate and wrong. That is an evil state of society in which only necessities are produced, and comforts and moderate luxuries cannot be supplied. Where people have to toil all day for nothing more than a rude shelter and a handful of rice, there is no incitement to rise, and the people will be degraded as well as pauperized. Let money provide for the family what will give it a full, rich and happy family life, with the best education for children that can be secured with money.

But to care for family only is half selfish. The only way to please God is to help the

world. God cannot be served by gold and gems heaped on images or churches that do no good to human beings. In Bible times almost the only way one could serve his fellow man was by alms; and so Christ told people to spend their money in alms, and they should have treasure in heaven; and Paul actually identifies alms with righteousness, when he quotes the passage, "He hath scattered abroad, he hath given to the poor, his righteousness endureth forever."

The directest way to serve one's God and fellowmen with money is by providing the influences, which are those of the church, that make men moral and religious, and, therefore, happy. There is no better way than by supporting mission work at home or abroad and caring for one's own church. Then follow the equally direct, but less fundamental, methods of doing good, by endowing colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries and public institutions. Such gifts may best be made during life; but may be made by bequest when the giver can hold them no longer. The grace of the gift will not be entirely lost.

By such uses as these money achieves righteousness. The unrighteous Mammon becomes righteous. The giver of alms gets treasure in heaven. So, after all, money answers all things, temporal and eternal. For God will judge us at last by the way we spend our money. He who will say on the last day to the righteous, "I was hungry and ye gave me meat; I was naked and ye clothed me," will judge us according to the way that we spend our money for food and clothes for the needy.—*The Independent*.

THE SAVIOUR'S POWER.

He emptied himself of his glory when he came to earth, lest men should be dazzled and blinded. But even so the light in him could not be hid. The child Jesus astonished the doctors of the law. From the man Jesus power went forth that healed the sick, that restored sight, that subdued raging demons, that brought the dead to life. He uttered words that in their simplicity were on the level of the child's apprehension. But what other words have ever been uttered on earth that had such power in them? Words that now in many lands sway the hearts of men, words that in the good time coming will sway the hearts of men everywhere. What power of spiritual life there was in him when he vanquished the tempter, what effulgence of it when he was transfigured on the mount, what tenderness of it when he sat at the Last Supper with his disciples, what enduring strength of it that brought him through the Gethsemane struggle, exhausted but victor, what controlling energy of it in the Sanhedrin, at Pilate's judgment seat and in the midst of ribald soldiers, what tremendous offerings of it when he gave himself to die and let his heart break under the agonizing burden of man's sin, what concealing of it when his body was laid in the tomb, what triumphant exhibition of it when, on the morning of the third day, the tomb was empty and the Lord had risen!

This evidenced power through his whole earthly course makes clear to us what Jesus is, not simply as the divine man, but as the divine Saviour. His saving power inheres in the very nature of his endless life. He ever liveth. He went away from earth, but he is still a living power in the earth. His bodily

presence is not needed here. He offered his great sacrifice once for all. He moves upon the hearts of men by the energy of the Spirit, whom he has sent. Away from human sight, he is held dear by increasing myriads of human hearts. His precepts are the rule of their conduct. His love warms their spirits into fruitfulness, as the spring sun warms the earth into the potency of the harvest, faith in him lifts their lives out of the clutches of the material and translates them into the kingdom of light which is God's enduring empire. This faith makes them, even while living on earth, citizens of heaven; it raises, at least slightly, the veil that hides the unseen world and gives promise to the believer of what shall be when he shall be absent from the body and present with the Lord.

This is the divine kingdom, and it shall fill the earth. Jesus shall be satisfied for all his sacrifice. Even thus far in the world's history, the Redeemer's kingdom has grown. It has started on its conquering career, nor has it ever yet met defeat. The Prince of Peace will subdue the whole world, and bring a ransomed multitude innumerable, glorious, into his heavenly dominions.—*Rev. Oliver A. Kingsbury*.

ENGLAND'S MOST PRECIOUS RELIC.

The most precious relic in all England is an old Gothic chair which stands in the Chapel of St. Edward, in Westminster Abbey. It is made of black oak in the Gothic style, and the back is covered with carved inscriptions, including the initials of many famous men. The feet are four lions. The seat is a large stone, about thirty inches long by eighteen wide and twelve inches thick, and all the sovereigns of England for the last eight hundred years have sat upon it when they were crowned. The chair is known as the Coronation Chair, and the stone is claimed to be the same which Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abraham, used as a pillow when he lay down to sleep on the starlit plains of Judah.

The kings of Israel were crowned upon this stone from the time that they ruled a nation—David, Saul, Solomon, and the rest.

The story goes that five hundred and eighty years before Christ, at the time of the Babylonian captivity, Circa, daughter of Zedekiah, the last king of Judea, arrived in Ireland, and was married at Tara to Heremon, a prince of the Tuatha de Danan—which is said to be the Celtic name of the tribe of Dan. The traditions relate that this princess went originally to Egypt in charge of the prophet Jeremiah, her guardian, and the palace Taphenes, in which they resided there, was discovered in 1886 by Dr. Petrie, the archaeologist.

They went hence to Ireland, and from Circa and Heremon Queen Victoria traces her descent, through James I., who placed the lion of the tribe of Judah upon the British standard.

Jeremiah is said to have concealed this sacred stone at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem and the captivity of the Jews, and to have brought it, "the stone of the testimony," Bethel, the only witness of the compact between Jehovah and Israel, to Ireland, where it was known as the *lia phail* (stone wonderful). It was carried to Scotland by Fergus I., and thence to London in the year 1200, and has been used at the coronation of every king and queen of England from Edward I. down to the time of Victoria.—*Chicago Record*.

THE WATER-SUPPLY OF THE HEALTHFUL HOUSE.

The point which escapes general observation is the fact that substances on the surface of the ground decay through the agency of infinitesimally small microbes, and both the microbes and the finely comminuted particles of material that their delicate palates have rejected are washed into and through the ground and make their way into springs and wells. People fancy that a spring issuing directly from the ground must inevitably be pure. During a scare in Boston, three years ago, as to the contamination of Cochituate water, many people bought widely advertised "spring water," brought to their doors in carts. This supply naturally challenged the attention of the most competent chemists of the city, and as the springs did not pretend to be beyond the bounds of thickly inhabited regions, they found such quantities of salt, and nitrates and nitrites, and albuminoids of animal origin, as to demonstrate its unfitness for drinking water. Analysis of wells and springs situated in the midst of human habitations always show by their nitrates and nitrites that human wastes have found their way into them. In Oxfordshire, England, a barrel of petroleum had been buried in an orchard. The barrel leaked, and a circuit of wells lower down and 900 feet distant became so tainted that the occupants of fifteen houses—eighty-two persons—were unable for ten days to use the water for drinking or cooking; and there are multitudes of deadly but odorless substances that are traveling about underground. In France it has been found that the nitrates and nitrites formed in the artificial manufacture of saltpetre have penetrated the ground to the depth of 90 feet. The interstices between the grains of sand, even in "fine" soil, are spacious corridors and avenues to microbes, of which it requires 20,000 to make an inch in length—that is the measure of the typhoid bacillus.

It is plain that the well must be protected from the entrance of animal wastes. But in newly settled regions we generally find everything sacrificed to "handiness." An impervious vault should be used, and the barn placed at a safe distance.

The "driven" or "tube" wells were hailed as a great boon to isolated farm-houses; but when driven into soil saturated with the soakage of kitchen garbage they only brought misery—for water contaminated by animal and vegetable wastes has a subtle influence on the human system, causing such an irritation of the alimentary apparatus as to unfit the victim for resisting the attacks of enteric disease, and even those not made seriously sick suffer perpetual *malaise*. But what can be done? The Michigan State Board of Health recommended a pattern of well as "cheapest and most desirable" that is made by using a well-auger, which can bore from twenty-five to fifty feet in a day; the well is lined with glazed tile or pipe, cemented at the joints with water-lime cement. When lined, a filter is made by throwing in coarse sand or washed gravel to the depth of fifteen or twenty inches, and this filter would probably be improved by a portion of fine filtering sand; and of course the deeper the side wall is carried the less danger of contaminations.—*Harper's Bazar*.

THE rest that is to come will be sweeter for the strife that now is.

Woman's Work.

By MRS. R. T. ROGERS, Hammond, La.

The address of the Editor of Woman's Page will be Hammond, La., until further notice.

At one of our noon-day meetings for the women during Conference, it was voted that the sisters all over our denomination be asked to set apart a few moments for prayer at 9 A. M. each day, that we might, as one voice, unitedly petition our Heavenly Father's blessing on our work in China. More prayer is what our workers ask of us; more confidence in our Father's willingness to hear and answer our petitions, is what we need.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY DR. P. J. B. WAITE.

Our Spanish-American war is one of the most remarkable examples of what great things can be accomplished by united effort, and as it is now prominently before the world, it seems not unfitting to study this interesting lesson and apply it to our own work in the Woman's Board. The marvelous things done in our country during the past three months could not have been accomplished by the President of the United States and his Cabinet alone, nor by Congress, nor by the brave officers who command our fleets and armies, nor by all of these combined, had they not been helped by the tens of thousands of brave men and women who have sacrificed themselves in individual effort; and the aggregation of all this effort in the army, the navy, and in civil life combined has produced results the equal of which have never before been witnessed.

Taking as a text one little circumstance, a sample only of thousands that transpired in the month of July, in the mountains and at the seashore, we will try to show that a united front of individual effort is what this Woman's Board and every similar organization needs, to accomplish results such as, in our most hopeful hours, we have scarcely dared to dream. The circumstance happened at the seashore where there was a golf club of quite respectable proportions, with fine links, half a dozen tennis courts here and there, as many more croquet grounds, about a score of sail boats on the pond, good fishing in both surf and still water, opportunities for crabbing and clamming, daily excursion boats within easy reach, the best of surf bathing, with still water for those less hardy or learning to swim; so it would seem that this summer settlement offered about as many attractions as human beings could reasonably ask. In truth the two or three hundred people who constituted this community were not unmindful of its advantages, most of them feeling that one would have to go a long way to find a better place for a summer vacation. It was hot July, and the temptation to rest or to play very great, but a cruel war was in progress, for wars are always cruel, even though undertaken in the interest of a downtrodden people, as was this one. For hundreds of years Spain had crushed her American colonies under an iron heel, and when the United States could no longer sit still and see her neighbors so cruelly wronged she rose in her might to redress evils which only the strong arm of war seemed equal to redress. In every hamlet from Maine to California, "there was hurrying to and fro and gathering tears and tremblings of distress." The dear

young men from every household went bravely into the ranks, while mothers and sisters were left at home to pray for the safety of those who had gone, and to devise ways and means for carrying aid and comfort to the sick in hospital, or to the boys in camp. Red Cross work became the fashion. Relief committees of enormous proportions sprang into being and grew like Jonah's gourd, and all over the land tithes and offerings poured into the government storehouses until there was hardly room to receive them. So it came out that the Red Cross work found its way into our vacation settlement, and an invitation to sew for soldiers in hospital was sent to each cottage asking "all ladies who would esteem it a privilege to sew for the Red Cross hospital to meet" for that purpose.

The response to this invitation, so hearty and cheerful, so forgetful of all the attractions which could have turned one in other directions, suggested in our mind the almost limitless amount of work which combined individual effort in any direction might accomplish and indirectly led to the preparation of this paper.

War, however terrible in its consequences whether immediate or remote, is limited in duration; and the evils which we seek to mitigate, whether in Red Cross or other relief work, are those which affect primarily only the health and lives of men, destruction of property being always an incident, in the lives of men or of nations. No person, however, has to be urged to take up relief work; it requires no argument to convince people of their duty in the matter, but men and women, aye, boys and girls, together, as with a single heart-beat, "esteem it a privilege" to do anything for our soldiers, whether in Cuba, in Porto Rico, or in the far away Philippines. Personally we feel that among all the things necessary to carry on philanthropic, benevolent or missionary work, money is the most easily parted with, but our war shows that the open-handed generosity of the men, has been more than equalled by the unselfish, untiring, night and day industry of the women, in nursing, planning, cutting and making garments, preserving and canning fruits, and much other work which trespassed upon time often hard to spare from the press of other duties. The Red Cross opportunity to which we have referred was not therefore a surprise, but just what might have been expected where everyone, young and old, feels the sense of individual responsibility, and as a result the work fairly flew on to completion.

The Woman's Board which to-day we represent is engaged in a work beside which the Spanish-American war becomes of minor importance, for it deals not with flesh and blood or with mere property interests, but with the immortal destinies of immortal souls, and we pause a minute to ask ourselves what would be the results of this work if every woman in the denomination, young and old, felt a sense of individual responsibility as do the women of our land in work for the soldiers.

It is not enough that the President of the Woman's Board and her cabinet, with a corps of auxiliary secretaries scattered through the denomination, carry this work on their hearts and in their hands; it is not enough that pastors' wives lend their aid and their influence; it is not enough that once a year in June we hold a brief "Woman's Hour" at each As-

sociational meeting, to awaken the minds of our women in the East and West, and to make sentiment for the good of our cause; nor is it enough to hold a "Woman's Board Meeting" in August when Conference is in session. At such times all hearts are stirred with fraternal feeling and warmed by religious fervor, and experience shows that we promise more than is actually performed; not that the promises upon their face are extravagant; on the contrary they sometimes are very modest. Failure lies in the fact that the women of the denomination do not take the work of the Woman's Board back to their homes and make it their own, or because of a lack of the sense of individual responsibility in the hearts of our good sisters, East, West, North and South. Home life, social and literary clubs, neighborhood interests, a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the home church with its choir, its Young People's Society and Sabbath-school, may seem to be enough to take the attention of our women, but the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," is direct, and it is to *you* and to *me* just as much as to Dr. Swinney, Dr. Palmberg, Miss Burdick, or any other of our missionaries. It sounds in our ears, and above every other sound, however agreeable or seductive, it should appeal to us, making us feel ever and at all times that other interests should be set aside to give room to our Missionary and Tract interests, even feeling it a privilege to do so, as our summer neighbors felt it a privilege to set aside every delightful seashore attraction to humbly sew for the Red Cross hospitals. We never stop to think of our missionaries abroad, and especially of the young women who have made the greatest sacrifice which can be made that the kingdom of Christ may come to those who sit in great darkness, without feeling that those of us in the home land, surrounded by every comfort and with everything that goes to make life beautiful, cannot do enough, no matter how much, toward brightening the lives of those dear sisters, thus helping them in the great work; because in no other way are we privileged to obey the command, "Go and preach the gospel."

In a recent letter from Dr. Swinney she voices this sentiment so beautifully that I quote: "Why cannot we understand that the Father's great object in giving us life is to glorify him and advance his kingdom?" "That there is nothing so important as to do his will?" and then "Why can we not *all* realize this and bestir ourselves as earnest workers for him?" This little word "all" is just here the kernel in the nut; not two or three from each church, not a little auxiliary of ten members, but *all* the women in each church to bestir themselves as earnest workers. Sometimes there may be a question in the auxiliary societies as to the particular kind of work in which they can mutually engage, and it may not be an easy matter to settle. We are a long way from the field and are widely separated at home. How can these matters be adjusted, or how can we obey the command?

Several years ago the writer of this article, in a letter to the RECORDER, urged upon our women the advisability of uniting our efforts upon educating young women for our foreign work. Such a thing is common enough for young men, but a novel experiment for young women. The writer estimated and stated the expense of such an undertaking, hoping to

Young People's Work

A SONG OF DELIVERANCE.

THE HERO OF THE FALLING BUILDING.

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL.

On Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia, on the present site of the Continental Hotel, there was erected more than half a century ago, a building to contain a rare collection of Chinese curiosities.

The collection belonged to Mr. Nathan Dunn, a merchant of Philadelphia and Hong Kong; and, as China was a sealed kingdom at that time, the display of these treasures was of great benefit to the public.

The building was large, with walls sixty feet in height. Over the museum was an immense auditorium, very long and narrow, its ceiling thirty-five feet in height. This room was often used for public gatherings, fairs, festivals, mass-meetings, and entertainments of one kind and another.

One evening there was gathered in this room an audience of about three thousand, the foremost people of the city. They had assembled in the center of the long room about a temporary platform, listening to a fine speech. Many were standing, but some were sitting here and there as they had been able to get possession of the chairs, for it was an informal meeting with intervals for social intercourse.

The speaker was just coming to a conclusion; and the leader of the meeting, upon whom the success of the evening depended, was sliding forward in his chair, glancing down his programme, preparatory to rising to announce the next speaker, when the manager of the building slipped silently behind him, his face white, the hand that he laid upon the leader's chair for support shaking with fright, and whispered: "The floor is sinking! It has gone down nearly a foot. In a few minutes more the tenons of the joists will be out of their sockets, and the floor will fall through on the Chinese Museum, and the walls will fall with the roof on all these people."

The words seemed unable to convey the danger and horror of the situation, and the leader understood the full meaning rather from the man's face than from what he said.

Instantly there began to steal over him a feeling of helplessness that would soon paralyze action; but he shook it off. He must do something, but what should it be? A plan flashed into his mind. The audience must be got to the other end of the room, where the front walls strengthened the joists to bear the weight of the people, and this must be done as quietly as possible, and at once. He leaned forward, and touched the elbow of the next speaker, who was earnestly coming over the first few sentences of his speech, which were intended to catch and hold the flagging interest of the half-wearied audience. But the sentences were hopelessly forgotten as he listened to the quiet whisper of such awful purport.

"You can get to that organ-loft by those stairs to the right. Speak to them from there, and the people will move from the sunken part of the floor. Make haste. Farewell is sitting down. There is no time to lose."

"But I can't. My family are down there. I must save them first." And the man started from his seat to leave the platform.

"You shall not!" said the leader in a quiet voice of command, and placing a firm hand on the man's arm. "A hint of danger, a rush, and we shall all be under the fallen walls and roof. Five minutes' delay may kill us altogether."

But the man was sitting back with a frenzy upon his face. It was of no use to expect help from him, and the first speaker was done and in his seat.

The audience were suddenly startled by the sound of the leader's voice from behind and above them, saying in a quiet, sustained voice, "Friends, you will next be addressed from this gallery."

This young man was not an orator. His clear voice, earnest interest, and businesslike way had made him the leader of this meeting. But all that he was prepared to say on the subject he had said at the beginning of the evening. This was no time for an impromptu address. The occasion was too momentous. Moreover, down in that crowd of threatened people, so innocent of their danger, there was one face, a fresh, sweet girl's, under a nodding white plume. He kept it in view every instant. It nerved him to the task before him. He longed to fly to her side and take her away from this horrible doom that seemed to be so swiftly coming upon them. But, even as he wished it, her clear eyes sought his face confidently, as if she were sure that he would do all that was right and true and brave at all times.

The great audience in some surprise began to move forward, and the flooring rose with them six inches.

No one knew that the young man in the gallery could sing. He had never been heard in public before; yet, in the face of that peril, he sang. The first words that came to him were those of a sentimental song that he had condemned at home when he heard his sister singing them, as being too flat for any sensible girl to use. He had naturally a good voice and a true ear; and he sang now without a quaver, unaccompanied, and with so much soul in his music that the song lost its vapidness, and some of the audience were moved to tears. The reason for it was that the singer was singing in the face of death, his heart going out in prayer for the safety of one he loved, and his eyes on a little white feather. The sweet eyes met his, and the white feather nodded gently.

All through the song he remembered the great brazen dragons in the museum below. He had been looking at them only a few days before. Would there come an awful crash in a second or two? Would they all fall together into a debris of weird china and old metal? He could see the little white feather now in imagination lying low beside those dragons, and its owner buried out of sight. The horror of those minutes while he stood singing was like a lifetime of misery. Meantime, the man that was to have been the next speaker had controlled his frenzy somewhat, and contrived to give orders for the large entrance-way at the front end of the hall, usually kept closed, to be opened, that the exit of the people might be hastened.

When the song was finished, still in the same self-controlled, even voice, the leader told the people that the evening's exercises were concluded, and the people went quietly home, never dreaming of their danger, talking of the evening's entertainment, some even

criticising the very song that had saved their lives, not knowing that one man by his great courage had averted a fearful calamity.

The secret was well kept. The room was made safe before it was put into use again, and until a short time ago no one outside of the immediate family of the brave man, save the speaker and the manager of the building, knew of the imminence of the awful catastrophe.

The man that did this brave deed lived for forty years after that trying evening, with the sweet-faced girl that wore the white plume as his wife; but in all that time he never could bear to allude to that night, even in his own family. Only a little while ago a man that was a boy in that audience found out about it, and so I am able to tell the tale to you.

TRIALS AND HOW TO BEAR THEM.

It has been finely said that God blesses some by joys and others by trials and sufferings. There is a ministry of sorrow; there are "uses" of adversity which are sweet to those who have learned how to profit by them. We are familiar with the story of the singer who was told that her voice would never reach its finest quality until she had met with a great sorrow. This is true in far deeper experiences of life. Many of God's own instruments have been perfected only by suffering. We are told that a new violin, from the hand of even the finest maker, is never perfect. Only after years of use, when it has vibrated to countless notes passing through the gamut of human passion which may be expressed by music, does it reach its full power and sweetness. And so many a divine agent of mercy, of comfort, of helpfulness has passed to the fullness of his ministry only through the gateway of grief. Only those who expect to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, whose idea of love is a harmful and debilitating indulgence, can fail to see the hand of God in their trials and learn the blessings of discipline through adversity. To fail to see God in our trials is to be blind to one of the plainest lessons written all over the pages of the Bible, and nowhere plainer than in the story of God's dealings with his chosen people. We may note one or two of these lessons.

1. Trials are often signs of warning that we have wandered from God. They came again and again to the children of Israel when they "did evil in the sight of the Lord." God's will is written in laws of health and laws of character. Often the "hard luck" or the misfortune which we bewail is the fruit of misspent or neglected youth, of laws of our being heedlessly disregarded, of idleness and carelessness. All of these things are various forms of forgetting God. For God's laws are the laws of man's highest welfare, and neglect of them not only dishonors him, but brings its inevitable hardship.

2. Trials often come to remind us of our kinship to our fellowmen and our responsibility for them. They are a demonstration of the oneness of humanity which we cannot ignore if we would. We may say, "Why is this affliction sent upon us? We have kept pure and striven to obey God." For answer we are pointed to our erring brother. Our southern shores have long been scourged by yellow fever because of the filthy conditions of lands and harbors beyond our boundaries. Do we ask why we are made to suffer for the sins of others, the reply is that humanity is

one, and we cannot be blessed in a selfish isolation while our fellowmen are far from God. Our welfare is bound up with the welfare of the race. It is a vital concern of ours whether our neighbors remain ignorant, sinful, degraded. If we would rise we must help all around us to rise with us. God has made of one blood all who dwell upon the face of the earth. Trials of many kinds: strikes, mobs, lawlessness, disease, remind us that we are our brothers' keeper.

3. Trials are a discipline. The most efficient soldier is the one who has endured hardness, whose sinew has been toughened by overcoming obstacles. A regiment of battle-scarred veterans is worth ten of raw recruits. We grow by conflict with adversity, a fact of which we have many familiar illustrations: the oak rooting itself deeper and toughening its fibre by conflict with the storm; the sailor creating brawn and endurance by buffeting with the waves; Daniel Webster counting it one of the greatest pieces of good fortune that he had an exceedingly able and vigorous opponent during his days of early practice at the bar. "Count it all joy when you meet with many kinds of trials; for the trying of your faith worketh patience." "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Blessed is that one who has serious obstacles which he may successfully overcome.

Meet your trials, therefore, not rebelliously but teachably. Seek to find in them the lesson that God has for you. It may be that they are the kindest guides leading you back to the path from which you have been straying. It may be that you have been leading a self-centered life, and striving to secure the blessing of God by a purely selfish righteousness, and that you need to be called out of yourself to work for your fellowmen. It may be that they furnish just the spiritual exercise which you need to strengthen your character. Let your trials prove a source of strength, not of weakness. Let them draw you nearer to God; not draw you from him.—*The Advance*.

"ALL SCRIPTURE," it is declared, "is given by inspiration of God." No choice is left us between "all" or none. If all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, the reference to Paul's cloak requires the same inspiration as those passages which declare the way of salvation. The question is not whether many things in Scripture might have been known without inspiration, so there are unquestionably others that could not at all have been otherwise known. As long as it stands recorded "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," so long the honor of revelation is as much concerned in the inspiration of an incidental allusion as in that of the most fundamental truth.

"This holy book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last."

Let, then, this Bible be the rule of our life, the supreme arbiter as to what is right or wrong. Let our faith be that which was "once delivered to the saints." Let us not only hold it fast as our own, but "contend earnestly for it." Given by inspiration, the principles and directions of holy writ should be laid as a golden rule along every human tenet and transaction, and between these and the rule there should be complete correspondence.—*Christian Work*.

WEALTH OF THE UPRIGHT.

The upright man is the favorite of heaven. He is said to be the delight of the Almighty, and Solomon declares that "the upright shall have good things in possession." Some men have worldly wealth; and this is not to be despised, for it may be used in the service of righteousness. The upright man may not have this kind of wealth, but he shall have something far better.

He shall have treasures from God's Word. By the mouth of the prophet the Lord hath said, "Do not my words do good to him that walketh uprightly?" To ask this question is to answer it. The word of the Lord is good, but it does not do good unto all alike. Some men find no comfort, no light, no strength from the Word of God. It produces no conviction, no conversion, no reformation, no good fruits in their lives. It is like good seed sown by the wayside, gathered up by the fowls of the air. These men are no happier, but rather more miserable, no better, but rather worse, on account of the sermons they have heard and the religious instructions imparted to them in childhood and youth. The Word of the Lord is to them a savor of death unto death. But the upright find profit in the Scriptures. To them they are "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, more to be desired than gold; yea, than much fine gold."

The upright man walks in a safe path. In the Book of Proverbs it is written, "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely." Happy the man who walketh surely through such a world as this! He shall not stumble nor fall into the ditch. His path may not be an easy one. He may have mountains to climb and angry torrents to cross. His pathway may lie through the fires; but he walketh surely.

He has a sure defense. The wise man says, "The Lord is a buckler to them that walk uprightly." Good men had enemies in former days. Times have changed. The lines have fallen to us in pleasanter places. We have no cause to fear prisons and death as the price of our principles. Nevertheless, we live in an enemy's country. Jealousy, envy, malice, and selfishness still abound. Few good men even now escape altogether from some fierce assault. The upright man is a shining mark, at which the wicked delight to shoot their arrows. But God is his defense. As the mountains were round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear him.

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand."

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

The upright man has light in darkness. "Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness," says the psalmist. The upright have seasons of darkness. Our Lord witnessed dark days. The apostles walked through deep shadows. No marvel if the upright man in our day is called to take similar path. Disappointments, afflictions, bereavements are sometimes dark. There is a vale of poverty, a vale of old age, a vale of death. Good men have trodden all these valleys, and others shall follow in their wake. But so long as it is written, "Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness," it matters little how dark the way. Light came to Stephen when his

enemies were gnashing on him with their teeth and dragging him away to a violent death, and he saw heaven opened and the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power. Light came to Peter in prison at Jerusalem when the angel of the Lord came flying in on snowy pinions and set him free. Light came to Paul when he besought the Lord three times that the thorn in his flesh might be removed, and received the answer, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Light came to him again in the dungeon at Rome, when he wrote his last message by the dim rays of a flickering lamp: "I am now ready to be offered."

The light is still shining, and the upright are cheered by it. The light of divine consolation, the light of inward assurance of salvation, the light of a peace which passeth all understanding, and a hope which is as an anchor of the soul, never fail the upright.

The upright have blessings to impart to others. We sometimes hear it said that good men have no goodness to spare. The righteous are scarcely saved. Behold a mystery! There is a treasure which increaseth with sharing. The upright man sheds his blessings on every side, and the more he gives, the more he has remaining. "By the blessing of the upright the city is exalted." Many a city has profited much from the presence, the example, the influence, the prayers of one good man. Even Sodom would have been spared if God could have found ten righteous men within its walls.

The upright man has comfort in his children, for it is written, "The generation of the upright shall be blessed." Many parents find no comfort in their children. They waste their lives in idleness, wickedness and folly. In too many cases the parents have themselves to blame for all this. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The children have followed the example set before them. There are good men whose sons and daughters have gone astray, but this is not the rule. History bears witness to the fact that the children of the upright not only rise up and call them blessed, but also give them cause to rejoice in their declining years.

The upright shall have a peaceful death. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." Death is no respecter of persons. The rich have no advantage over the poor, the learned cannot escape more easily than the ignorant. Science has discovered many things, but it has not discovered an antidote for death. Even righteousness does not save from death. All men die, but all do not die alike. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

"So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore."

"A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys."

"Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!"

"Life's labor done, as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blest the righteous when he dies!'"

—*Christian Advocate*.

No man can be truly great without a great purpose.

Children's Page.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

—Wide Awake.

CARLO AT SCHOOL.

BY M. F. SAFFOLD.

Ted was to go to school, and Carlo was to stay at home.

As they sat upon the steps, Ted's arm around Carlo's neck, and Carlo's head upon Ted's bosom, it was hard to tell which was most unhappy, for Carlo evidently understood matters as well as Ted.

They had never been separated before.

Ted begged hard for Carlo to go to school too.

"I'll pay for him myself, mamma," he said, "out of my bank."

"But Carlo can't learn," replied mamma, smiling.

"Why, mamma, he knows a great deal already, and he understands everything you say," said Ted, eagerly.

Carlo thumped his tail loudly upon the floor, to show he did understand.

"He can't go, my little boy," answered mamma. "He would only be in the way."

And so the little friends parted,—Ted to go to school, and Carlo to lie upon the door-mat, one ear up, listening for the return of his little master.

Carlo was a wise little dog, and he soon observed that Ted came back every day a short while after the big town-whistle blew for twelve o'clock.

One morning his longing to be with Ted overcame his fear of disobeying. So when the whistle blew he trotted away to the school-house, and met Ted at the door.

Every day after that found him waiting at the door when school was dismissed. One day the teacher, hearing a noise at the door, went and opened it, to find a little dog shivering upon the steps, for it was bitter cold. Of course, it was Carlo, who had grown too impatient to wait for the blowing of the whistle.

The teacher patted him, and invited him in to warm.

When Carlo entered the schoolroom, he was about to bound to Ted's side, but, at a shake of his head, seated himself by the fire, alert to see what he could do. When the door accidentally flew open, he sprang and closed it, as he had been taught to do at home. When a book fell to the floor, he picked it up in his mouth, and gave it to the teacher. He gathered scraps of paper under the desks, and laid them neatly in the corner; and when a stray cat got among the lunch-baskets in the closet he seized and shook her till she was glad to

get away, returning quietly to his seat by the fire every time.

The teacher declared it was a pleasure to have him in the room, he behaved so beautifully, and made himself so useful, at which praise Ted could scarcely keep still for joy.

Later in the day, when the teacher was singing with the children, she heard Carlo barking furiously in the next room, where he had rushed in great excitement.

"It is another cat," she cried, and ran to see.

It almost took her breath away when she found Carlo standing in the middle of the room barking over a pile of blazing papers.

Some one had dropped a burning match upon the paper, and but for Carlo's keen sense of smell in detecting the burning, and his intelligence in barking to tell the danger, the room would have soon been on fire. You may be sure Carlo was patted and petted by everybody.

After that he was admitted to the schoolroom every day, and was called the new pupil.

He learned to join the children in many of their kindergarten plays and games, and nobody was as happy as Ted.

"Didn't I tell you Carlo could learn," he said proudly to his mamma, when the wonderful story was told at home.—*S. S. Times.*

STEVE'S PRESENT.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLEN.

"Get up Steve, get up! the rising bell has rung."

The little boy rolled over, and wound himself up in the bed-clothes like a cocoon, but did not get up.

Next time it was Mammy Jane that called: "Yo' bes' git up outen dat bed, Mars Steve; I gwine call yo' ma."

This threat did not even make our lazy little boy wink. But now it was mother's voice:

"Get up, little boy, some one has brought you a present."

"A present!" cried Steve, rolling out on the floor with a thud. "What is it?"

"I can't tell you till you are dressed," said mother; "but it is big, and blue, and bright, and has twelve pieces."

"What in the world!" muttered the little boy, who was now covering buttons with buttonholes at lightning speed.

"Now, mother, where's my present?" he asked.

She smiled as she looked at him, for one stocking was on wrong-side out, his hair had no part to be seen, and he had left off his neck-tie.

"The last time I looked out of the front window," she said, "it was out in the yard."

Steve flew out to the front porch, and looked around. It was very sweet and dewy and fine out there. Cat-birds and wrens and song-sparrows were singing in concert, and bees and butterflies were busy getting honey breakfasts, but Steve did not see any present.

"Maybe it is in the back yard," suggested mother.

But Steve did not half like the smile with which she said it. A little more slowly he went out to the back porch. Mammy Jane and Dinah were hanging up wet sheets and table-cloths to dry in the breezy sunshine. Steve thought they must have worked all night to get them out as early as this seemed

to him. In the lot below, Blossom was chewing her cud, with the little spotted calf frisking beside her. Hens were clucking and scratching for their chicks. Violet-colored pigeons were walking about on pink toes, and away beyond rose the blue Alleghany Mountains. But there was no present that Steve could see.

"Mother, I believe you are just fooling me, he said, reproachfully.

"Well, you must forgive me," she said, "if I am fooling you just a little. Yet it is true about the present, and I did not say it just to make you get up; I really wanted you to think about it. I thought you would guess my riddle when I said it was blue, and bright, and had twelve pieces."

As mother said this, she looked at the sky, at the sun, and at the clock, and then, of course, Steve guessed right off.

"You mean the day, mother!"

"Yes," she answered, "I mean this new day, this big, bright, beautiful blue day that God has sent you. You were turning your back on it, and shutting your eyes to it, as if you did not care anything about it, and yet the earth has been traveling all night to bring it to you, the sun has journeyed far to make it warm for you, summer has put forth a thousand energies to make it beautiful for you, gentle sleep has made you ready to enjoy it, and your heavenly Father has crowned it with mercy and loving-kindness! Is it not worth while for you to put out your hand to take this gift?"

Steve was silent, but he looked pleased and interested.

"There is another thing about this new day," said his mother. "You will have to give account for it as to how you have used it, and whether you have abused it. Now ring the bell for prayers, and we will thank God for our new day, and ask him to show us how to use it aright."—*S. S. Times.*

HELPING TO MAKE HOME LIFE HAPPY.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

It is in the power of all young people, and even children, to help make the home bright and happy. It is not costly furniture or adornments purchased with money that make home the dearest spot in the world. It is smiling faces, gentle words, and the many little deeds that all can do, which creates a true home. It is the duty of each member of the family to engage in the work of making a happy home. No one, however small, can be excused from the pleasant task. If smiles and gentle words, sustained by a loving soul, can carry sunshine into the home, then it may ever be a happy place.

Children, then help in the true work. Your parents may be earnestly engaged in procuring the "daily bread." They need the inspiration of your loving deeds to help them in their struggles to provide the home for you. Do the little you can to assist them, and home will certainly be a happy one.

Your father and mother are growing old, and soon they will rest in the silent cemetery. They have toiled long for you, and you ought to help brighten their lives as old age comes to them. You can do this by making home bright and sweet with obedience and love.—*Christian Work.*

GRANDPA invited Dorothy to go with him to feed the chickens in the morning after her arrival at the farm. On her return to the house, she inquired, shyly: "Grandpa, do all hens eat with their noses?"—*Judge.*

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.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Mr. W. D. Murray, President of the Plainfield Y. M. C. A., and member of the International Committee for work among soldiers and sailors, gave a very interesting address in our church last Sabbath morning.

At the same service, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Booth, Industrial missionaries from Nyassaland, East Central Africa, were received into church membership; and the occasion was one of special interest.

That evening a meeting was held at which Mr. Booth gave an address on his industrial mission program; and on Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Booth spoke to the women of the church upon work among African women.

This week Mr. Booth commences a short term of Sabbath Reform labor in Philadelphia, under the auspices of a committee of the Tract Board. There is a growing interest here in these people and in the cause for which they stand.

The members of our congregation are, for the most part, back from their vacations; and we ought to enter upon the labors of the new Conference year with new devotion, zeal, and efficiency.

PASTOR MAIN.

JOSEPH ALLEN.

One of the old denominational landmarks has lately been removed by the death of Joseph Allen, of Friendship, N. Y. He was the last living of five children, three sons and two daughters, born to Robert and Catherine Allen, and was born in Brookfield, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1803. In 1821 his father moved to Allegany County, N. Y., about five miles south of Friendship, which was then an unimproved region of country. Here he opened up a large farm, upon which Joseph remained from this early date till four years ago, when he moved into a pleasant little home in Friendship, and remained there till death came, Sept. 3, 1898, and released him from the infirmities of a very advanced age, having entered a few days on his 96th year.

On Nov. 29, 1827, he was married to Phebe Maxson, of Little Genesee, N. Y., long since deceased. His second marriage occurred in 1883, to Mrs. Rachael Hurd, of Friendship, N. Y., who survives him. The first union was blessed by six children, four sons and two daughters, all but one of whom are living: Prof. J. M. Allen, of Louisville, Ky.; A. F. Allen, Bradford, Pa.; M. M. Allen, of Friendship, N. Y.; Mrs. A. W. Hamilton, of Wirt Centre, N. Y.; and Mrs. E. A. Whitford, wife of Rev. O. U. Whitford, of Westerly, R. I., Corresponding Secretary of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society.

The deceased was a man of strong vitality, having done considerable work even in his 90th year. He also possessed considerable ability, having held different positions of responsibility and trust.

Religiously, he was of deep conviction and strong character. Having made a public profession of religion in 1834, he was baptized by Eld. John Greene, and received into the fellowship of the Friendship Seventh-day Baptist church, of which he was an honored member till the time of his death. He was deeply

interested in all our denominational work, and especially in Sabbath Reform.

As his pastor was away at the time of his death, his funeral services were conducted by Rev. Nelson Reynolds, of the Baptist church of Friendship, and his body laid at rest in the beautiful Mount Hope Cemetery near that village. Truly "he came to his grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in his season."

M. B. K.

THE FLAG-RAISING IN HONOLULU.

BY SARAH L. GARLAND.

It was one of the strangest and most solemn experiences I have ever known. The present Executive Building was formerly Iolani Palace. Great verandas or porches are on every side, with long, wide flights of steps leading up to them. It was in front of this Executive Building that the ceremony took place. Balconies to the very top of the building were packed with people; the great stand erected in front of the steps for the principals in the drama, and beautifully decorated with the American and Hawaiian colors, was filled to the utmost, as well as reserved seats on either side. The wide drive roped off and guarded by members of the National Guard gave the effect of the frame to a great picture; and beyond the rope, in the enormous semicircle which included the building, were stationed the different companies of the National Guard, the marines and men-o'-war's men from the Philadelphia and Mohican and the large body of Hawaiian police. Near one end of this great semicircle, just behind the little company of gray Grand Army men which formed its front rank at that point, we found a corner into which we could insinuate ourselves.

Such a throng as we looked out upon! Six or seven thousand, of every nationality, of all sorts and conditions of men! Many hundreds were standing on the tables and settees provided for the great *luans* (banquets) for the troops bound for Manila. If there had been any hilarity it would have been simply a monster jollification, and one could have given more than a passing thought to the striking effects of beautiful gowns, varied uniforms, tropical coloring and all else, as parts of the picture. But as the minutes passed, a great hush fell over that vast multitude. The diplomatic corps, President Dole, his staff and cabinet, Minister Sewall, the consul and high naval officials had all filed out in solemn procession upon the grand-stand. Prayer was offered; then the formal transfer of sovereignty was made, the president and American minister standing face to face. Every soldier stood at present arms. In a moment the salute of twenty-one guns, for the Hawaiian flag, boomed forth, each report followed, as if by an echo, by the salute from the flag-ship in the harbor.

The Hawaiian national hymn (*Hawaii Pono*) never sounded finer or more martial than it did that day as it bade good-bye to the old flag. All faces were turned upward to that flag as it floated from the central tower of the Executive Building. The Hawaiian members of the band, sixteen men, had been excused and had retired. They could not take part in the great public farewell to the flag. The music ceased and for one instant the flag still floated, then, as it was slowly lowered, utter stillness held every one mute. A great wave of intense feeling seemed to flow over the multitude; for the moment in which we were in a country without a flag

the oppressive silence, the sadness for many, the expectancy were almost more than could be borne; the tension was tremendous. There were few who did not weep.

A clear, resounding call from the bugler of the Philadelphia, a sudden stir through all the throng, as though a new breeze were bringing life and hope, and then, with the triumphant, ringing strains of the Star Spangled Banner, up rose majestically our own dear flag, sure and steady and reaching the truck with the last grand chord.

And then how the trade wind shook out its great folds and sent it streaming and rippling out over the heads lifted to gaze! Was it ever so beautiful? And three mighty cheers burst forth and men turned and grasped each other's hands, and hats and handkerchiefs were waved.

Then those who could hear listened to Minister Sewall's speech. The oath was administered to the President and his cabinet and the troops marched away, the marines forming on King Street in two ranks, through which the National Guard marched to the barracks that those who wished might swear in to serve the home government. We stopped for a moment to look in upon the great hollow square of soldiers, most of whom took the oath.

As we watched the ceremony I caught words, now and then, from a group of Hawaiian young women who stood behind us. They evidently were of the best class and felt intensely all this change, but as the stars and stripes went up there came from one of them the repressed exclamation, "O, you beautiful thing!" A moment later one said, "See the old flag lie there! Poor old soul, what is to become of it now?"

The G. A. R. men were all on fire with patriotic enthusiasm. One turned to his comrades, with his face kindling, and cried in fervent tones, "There she is! That flag, sir, is the most beautiful one afloat in the universe today!" A chorus of "Yes, sir!" from the comrades. "I tell you, sir, that wherever that flag floats there is prosperity and happiness and peace! Again the chorus of "Yes, sir!" Then one deaf old man turned to us to say, in a quivering and confidential tone: "I've just been telling the boys that where that flag goes she goes to stay." And so on and on.

The whole ceremony was as simple, dignified and impressive as one could wish it to be. There was surely a sentiment of genuine sympathy for those to whom this transfer of sovereignty is a sad thing. We are all sorry for the Princess Kaiulani, who has borne herself in a most womanly manner all through this trying experience. She is suffering for the wrong-doing of others, and there is really much that is fine about her. To many Hawaiians there is only sadness and darkness in this change, for they fear a general degradation of their race, and that they will be looked down upon and pushed to the wall. They fear that their position will be like that of the Negroes in the South, and to a people of so much spirit and pride of race there is a deep bitterness in the thought. With other Hawaiians—those who have had a share in the government or who realize the spirit that underlies the transfer—it is a glad thing. We feel that now the government has acquired a soundness and stability which it could not have assumed under previous conditions. The vexing questions which before arose as often as they were stilled can never come up again.—*The Constitutional*.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Tunnels Through the Alps.

There are now no less than three tunnels through the Alps, the Mont Cenis, the St. Gotthard, the Arlberg; and now another, the Simplon, is in course of construction.

The first made was the Mont Cenis; this tunnel is $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length; it was commenced in 1857 and opened for traffic in 1871. In order to shorten the distance as much as possible, they ascended the mountain by gradients until they reached the height of 4,247 feet above the level of the sea, before commencing to tunnel.

As tunneling was then in its infancy, very slow progress was made for the first four years, not more than nine inches per day being gained, as all the drilling was done by hand-hammers.

In 1861, it was found that while steam would condense so as to become impracticable, yet common atmospheric air could be compressed, and transported under pressure any distance, and used as power. This was introduced, and with improved rock-drills, the work went forward five times faster, on both sides of the Alps. Ten years after, in 1871, it was finished, and opened for traffic. All but about 300 yards was lined with either brick or stone. This tunnel is but little used at the present time, owing to the want of harmony between France and Italy in relation to tariff rates.

In 1872, the St. Gotthard tunnel was commenced. This tunnel was to be $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, over two miles longer than the Mont Cenis. This entered the Alps at an elevation of 3,789 feet.

Here mechanical drills were used from the commencement; some six or eight of them were mounted on a carriage and pushed up to the point of attack. The air was sent to them under a pressure of seven atmospheres, or 224 pounds on the square inch, causing the drills to make about 180 blows a minute. This made pretty lively work, and in such rock as gneiss they pushed forward at the rate of about 13 feet per day, and in 9 years—1881—the locomotives were passing through.

Using compressed air as a power serves several purposes, not only as a force for the drills, but the exhaust keeps the air pure for the workmen, and acts as a ventilator to scatter the foul air, also the smoke after a blast by dynamite, and cooling the air that has suddenly been heated by the blast. The St. Gotthard, when made, was considered the greatest piece of engineering in the world.

This road is well patronized, and has 70 per cent of its entire length laid with iron or steel ties, some 440,000 in all. The average weight of these ties now being used is 163 pounds. They are eight feet and 10 inches in length. By using metal ties, it is found that the cost of keeping the road in order is greatly reduced.

The Arlberg tunnel was commenced in 1880, and was completed in a little more than three years. It is 6.5 miles in length. In making this tunnel, such had been the improvement in mining, that 900 tons of excavated material had to be removed daily from each end of the tunnel, to keep pace with the miners; and 350 tons of masonry material had to be taken in on return. The lining of

this tunnel is 3 feet thick at the arch, and 4 feet at the sides.

The cost of this tunnel, per lineal yard, varied according to the thickness of the masonry lining, and the distance from the mouth; but it amounted to nearly \$1,000 per yard.

The Simplon tunnel, when completed, will be the longest in the world; it commences at Iselle in Italy, and ends at Brieg in the Rhone valley, a distance of $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Its elevation above sea level is only 2,312 feet, and its gradients are one foot in 140.

The drills used in this tunnel are of the diamond rotary style, and are driven by hydraulic power, under a pressure of 1,000 pounds on the square inch. The contract calls for the completion of this tunnel in five and a half years, which involves an immense amount of labor for a very few men, as but a small number can occupy the limited space at the same time.

Within the past three decades, such has been the improvements in driving tunnels, that more than one-half the labor has been dispensed with, and more than two-thirds of the time saved.

As a tunnel across the Isthmus of Darien, on the ocean level, would not be four times as long as this, but only larger, yet the advantages for working and removing debris by water would compensate largely.

We think if a tunnel of sufficient dimensions for steamships was undertaken to be made by an association of business men, it would, within the next two decades, admit of a ship, the size of the Oregon, passing from ocean to ocean, in less than four hours, the distance being only 48 miles.

There will soon have been completed $35\frac{1}{2}$ miles of tunnel through the Alps. Only another the length of the Simplon to be added, and we have in length a tunnel from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which is of far more importance than any connection can be between Italy and France, Switzerland, and Germany.

CONFIDENCE.

In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest,
O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest!
No earthly friend, no brother knows
My weariness, my wants, my woes.
On Thee I call
Who knowest all.
O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest,
In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest.

Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness,
With lip and life I long to bless.
Thy faithfulness shall be my tower,
My sun Thy love, my shield Thy power.
In darkest night,
In fiercest fight,
With lip and life I long to bless
Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness.
—Frances Havergal.

REWARDS OF PLEASANTNESS.

It is worth while to pause occasionally to sum up what we are gaining or losing by pleasantness or by impatience. Even when we show righteous disapproval, how much of its usefulness is lost if we are unpleasant about it. Among our friends who of the acid ones has much influence? Even those who wish to be the most helpful seem powerless if they show that they are always alive to their neighbors' faults. On the other hand, how many rewards come to the woman who sees the good qualities of others without feeling called upon to rectify their faults. She is repaid for her secret efforts to maintain a pleasant disposition by winning a reputation for warm-heartedness, cheerfulness and the ability to bring out the best that is in her friends. —*The Congregationalist.*

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: 1-10
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: 1-10
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: 10-16
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 III.—THE TEMPLE REPAIRED.

For Sabbath-day, Oct. 15, 1898.

LESSON TEXT.—2 Chron. 24: 4-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And the men did the work faithfully."—2 Chron. 34: 12.

INTRODUCTION.

Jehoshaphat was succeeded by his eldest son, Jehoram, who had for wife Athaliah. This king reigned eight years and did very wickedly. He was followed by his youngest son, Ahaziah, who did no better than his father. While these two reigned in Judah, the two sons of Ahab were kings of Israel, Ahaziah and Jehoram. It has been said of these four kings, Ahaziah and Jehoram, sons of Jezebel, Jehoram, son-in-law of Jezebel, Ahaziah, grandson of Jezebel, that it is hardly possible to find such wretched monarchs. This duplication of names is a little confusing, particularly also as *Jehoram* is sometimes abbreviated to *Joram*, and *Ahaziah* of Judah is called *Jehoahaz*.

The reign of Jehoram, of Judah, was very disastrous as regards relations with foreign nations. The reign of Ahaziah was short, and scarcely anything is told except of his wickedness, and of his tragic death, when he went to pay a visit of condolence to his uncle Jehoram, at Jezreel. He was succeeded by his mother, Athaliah, who usurped the sovereign authority and slew all, as she supposed, who might lay claim to the throne. After six years she was overthrown by a well-planned rebellion under the leadership of Jehoiada, the priest; and Joash, the son of Ahaziah, was made king when only seven years old. He had a long reign, which began very well and ended badly, both as regards his moral conduct and outward prosperity.

NOTES.

4. *And it came to pass after this.* Better "afterwards," for there is no definite reference to the events of the preceding verses. We can only guess at the exact time. It is evident, however, from the parallel passage in Kings that this was not a plan of Jehoiada's, but really Joash's own plan. It seems probable therefore that the king was several years older than seven. *The house of the Lord.* The temple built by Solomon more than a hundred years before.

5. *And he gathered together the priests and the Levites.* The writer of Kings speaks only of the priests in this connection. The Chronicler evidently desires that the Levites should share the blame for this inefficiency. Note that they are mentioned again in this verse and in verse 6. *And gather of all Israel.* "All Israel" means here no more than "the people." A free-will offering is evidently referred to. *Howbeit the Levites hastened it not.* They were very dilatory about the work. The writer of Kings leaves us with the impression that the priests collected the money and kept it.

6. *And the king called for Jehoiada the chief.* That is the chief priest or high priest; for so the same word is translated in verse 11. Jehoiada is the first to bear the title High Priest. Aaron and his successors up to this time were called simply "the priest." *The collection, according to the commandment of Moses.* Much better as in R. V. "the tax of Moses." The reference is probably to the half-shekel pole-tax. See Exod. 30: 13-15. *For the tabernacle of witness.* "The tent of the testimony."—R. V. The tax originally for the support of the temporary place of worship would now appropriately be paid for the temple.

7. This verse explains the need for restoration of the temple. *The sons of Athaliah.* Perhaps the followers of Athaliah, for her children had all been killed. She had herself a hand in killing her grandchildren. *That wicked woman.* Athaliah showed herself a true daughter of Jezebel. *Had broken up the house of God.* Not exactly demolished it, but they had marred it, and carried away everything that they wished for the temple of Baal.

8. *And at the king's commandment they made a chest,* etc. The king institutes a new method of raising money, and takes the custody of the funds out of the hands of the priests and the Levites. *Without at the gate.* That

is, outside the gate. The writer of Kings says, on the right side of the altar. Some of these slight discrepancies in the accounts cannot be reconciled.

9. *A proclamation.* A solemn appeal to the people on behalf of Jehovah.

10. *And all the princes and all the people rejoiced.* They were glad of this opportunity to give to the service of God. They may have been negligent of paying the tax to the priests through distrust of them. *Until they had made an end.* This probably means until they reached the requisite amount. Literally "unto completion." They gave more than simply the tax.

11. The money was removed from time to time and carefully counted, representatives both of the king and of the chief priest being present.

12. The money was carefully expended, and special workmen employed for the different kinds of work.

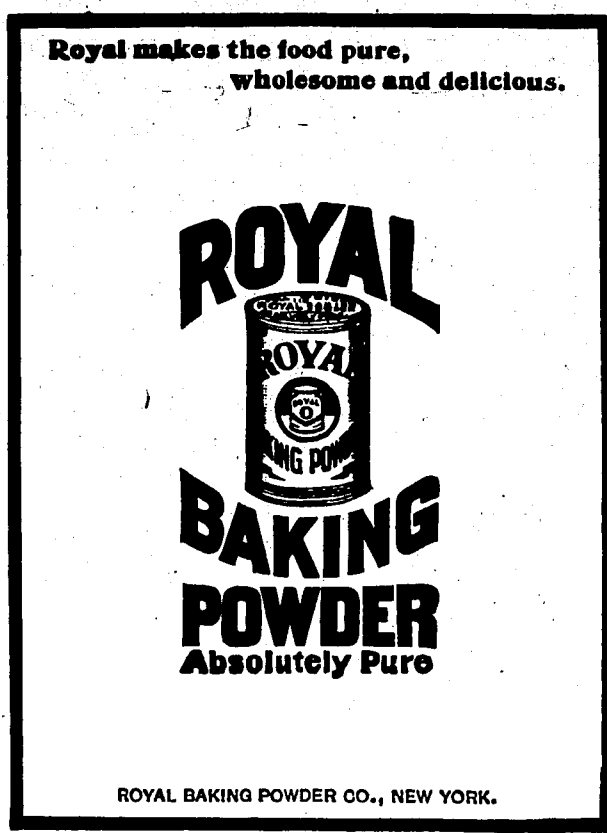
13. The work was prosperously carried to completion. *And they set the house of God in his state.* Better, "And they rebuilt the house of God according to its [former] measure."

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

Rev. Charles Spurgeon, in his "Counsel for Christian Workers," gives this incident of Mr. Whitefield's method of doing work for the Master.

"You perhaps may have heard the story of Mr. Whitefield, who made it his wont wherever he stayed to talk to the members of the household about their souls—with each one personally. But stopping at a certain house with a Colonel, who was all that could be wished except a Christian, he was so pleased with the hospitality he received, and so charmed with the general character of the good Colonel and his wife and daughters, that he did not like to speak to them about decision, as he would have done if they had been less amiable characters. He had stopped with them for a week, and during the last night, the Spirit of God visited him so that he could not sleep. "These people," said he, "have been very kind to me, and I have not been faithful to them; I must do it before I go; I must tell them that whatever good thing they have, if they do not believe in Jesus they are lost." He arose and prayed. After praying he still felt contention in his spirit. His old nature said, "I cannot do it," but the Holy Spirit seemed to say, "Leave them not without warning." At last he thought of a device, and prayed God to accept it: he wrote upon a diamond-shaped pane of glass in the window with his ring these words: "One thing thou lackest." He could not bring himself to speak to them, but went his way with many a prayer for their conversion.

He had no sooner gone than the good woman of the house, who was a great admirer of him, said, "I will go up to his room; I like to look at the very place where the man of God has been." She went up and noticed on the window pane those words, "One thing thou lackest." It struck her with conviction in a moment. "Ah!" said she, "I thought he did not care much about us, for I knew he always pleaded with those with whom he stopped, and when I found that he did not do so with us, I thought we had vexed him; but I see how it was; he was too tender in mind to speak to us." She called her daughters up. "Look there, girls!" said she, "see what Mr. Whitefield has written on the window: 'One thing thou lackest.' Call up your father." And the father came up and read that too: "One thing thou lackest!" and around the bed whereon the man of God had slept, they all knelt down and sought that God would give them the one thing they lacked, and ere they left that chamber they had found that one thing, and the whole household rejoiced in Jesus. It is not long since I met with a friend, one of whose church members preserves that very pane of glass in her family as an heirloom.—*The Evangelist.*



MARRIAGES.

GREEN—AUSTIN.—In Rockville, R. I., Sept. 25, 1898, by Rev. A. McLearn, Mr. Samuel S. Green, of Charleston, R. I., and Miss Alice E. Austin, of Hopkinton, R. I.

NORTON—WHITING.—In Scott, N. Y., at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Whiting, by the Rev. B. F. Rogers, Sept. 27, 1898, Mr. Alva J. Norton, of Spafford, N. Y., and Miss Mary E. Whiting, of Scott.

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.

ALLEN.—At his home in Friendship, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1898, Joseph Allen, in the 96th year of his age.

Fuller notice elsewhere in this issue. M. B. K.

BARBER.—In Scott, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1898, of cholera infantum, Mildred Beatrice, daughter of Ellery and Minnie Barber, aged 1 year, 1 month and 16 days.

B. F. R.

THE RED CROSS NURSE.

The properly-equipped trained nurse, whether at the seat of war wearing the badge of the Red Cross, or waiting upon the afflicted at home, carries a chronograph watch; not the large, split second time-piece associated with the sports of the turf and field, but a handsome little single chronograph, cased like other gold watches designed for women's use. These watches are especially made to enable trained nurses to take accurately the pulse of their patients. The moment the pulse has been taken, the large sweep second hand can be instantly stopped by a slight pressure upon the stem of the watch; if there is a fluctuation in the pulse, the second hand can be thrown quickly back to the starting point, and the pulse taken over again, without in any way interfering with the other mechanism of the watch. So much depends upon accurate knowledge of the pulse that these chronographs are an invaluable auxiliary in the work of the sick-room. While these watches are an entirely recent idea, many physicians and surgeons carry regular chronographs for the same purpose.—*The Evangelist.*

THERE is small chance of truth at the goal where there is not a childlike humility at the starting-post.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

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THE SABBATH RECORDER of Sept. 26.

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.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.



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So far as intelligence goes, the gibbons are less noted for brains than several other species, the hinder lobes of the brain being utterly undeveloped, but they have an extraordinary amount of animal cunning. They are very hard to capture, and the one in the Zoo is the only one in the world, so far as is known, at present in captivity. Superintendent Brown is now writing an article descriptive of its habits.

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