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RABBI BEN EZRA.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, “A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half: trust God; see all nor be afraid!”

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new;
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold;
And I shall weigh the same;
Give life its praise or blame;
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure;
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter and clay endure.

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with earth's wheel?

So, take and use thy work;
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

—Robert Browning.

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Sabbath Recorder.

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

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"PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY"—easy words to say—difficult words to comprehend; but they express one of the great needs of individual Christians. Men have little power until they understand those two words and embody them in plans and actions. Success in Christian work never comes until men act under the behest of these words. Perhaps this will help you. Fill the blanks which follow, by writing your own name in each space. ———, ought to be more devoted and earnest in serving Christ and Christ's church, of which he is a member. As a Seventh-day Baptist, ——— ought to be better informed on the Sabbath question, and more active in spreading Sabbath truth. ——— ought to do these things, because somebody ought to do them, and he is somebody who has promised, by his baptismal vows, and his church covenant, to do all in his power to advance the Kingdom of Christ, and the truth which God's Word teaches on all points, the Sabbath especially, as a neglected truth. Let each church member fill these blanks and pray for guidance.

OFFICIAL position always brings added responsibility. It may help those who hold official positions in the church to grasp the meaning of personal responsibility if they fill the blanks below by their individual signatures. In this group, let deacons, Sabbath-school superintendents and teachers be included. For example, deacon ———, by virtue of his office, as well as his baptismal vows and church covenant, ought to be constantly active and deeply earnest in pushing every form of church and denominational work. He must not be content with setting a good example to men, leading an upright life, etc. He is an officer in the army of the Great Captain, and as an officer, he ought to be alert and untiring in doing the will of the Captain, and in securing the highest efficiency on the part of those under him. Sabbath-school Superintendent ——— ought to consecrate his life in renewed devotion to the work of teaching from the Bible, and of inspiring those under him to pure and noble living. His work is doubly important because it deals with young life, ready to be fashioned and inspired in countless ways. Let each superintendent fill the blank and pray for guidance.

THE teacher of a class of children comes into such close relation with young life that the personal responsibility involved cannot be measured, either as to immediate or final results. Teachers are determiners of destiny. Something like the following may help all Sabbath-school teachers who read the RECORDER: ——— ought to find something in each lesson taught, which will help each member of — (his or her) class. A teacher must not be content to teach only cold facts. Only such facts should be made prominent as will carry practical truth to the hearts of the class. A teacher cannot afford to be careless, or frivolous, or indolent. If he "kills time" for sake of avoiding earnest work in the classroom, he is in danger of maiming souls for all time. He should come to each recitation in

prayer and follow the life of each pupil in love and sympathy.

LET each church member, each deacon, each superintendent, each teacher, write "I" before the blank, fill in his name, and then add to what is suggested above all else which ought to be said: Having done this, the idea of personal responsibility, *i. e.*, the responsibility of the one whose name is written in the blank, will stand out more clearly than it does ordinarily; perhaps more clearly than it has ever done before. We intended to write about pastors and their responsibility, when we began, but the theme is too great. Will not some of our pastors write on this point?

NOTHING can take the place of the individual, in religious work, or elsewhere. We are apt to overlook this fundamental fact, when we think of men in combination, as the church, society, or the nation. A moment's thought will show how foolish and futile it is to expect success on any basis but that of individual activity and loyalty. In the church, for example, how soon the value of the individual is seen, when the pastor is absent, or wanting altogether. How quickly the Sabbath-school notes the loss of the superintendent; how headless it seems. How helpless, comparatively, the choir is without the leader, or in the absence of the organist. How quickly the superintendent is in trouble when a teacher is lacking for a class. Equally is this true when viewed from the pulpit or the superintendent's platform, or the chair of the teacher. If the class has eight members, and two are absent, the teacher and the class note the "gap," and if one of the two is the leader in the class, that is the one who is most ready to ask and to answer questions, the class feels the loss, as a ship does with disabled helm. If an hundred people ought to be in the prayer-meeting, or two hundred in the morning service, and ten units are wanting, the pastor feels the chill of vacant places, and the people wonder where the absent ones are. One of the saddest features of military life is the roll-call, after a battle, when the silence sobs as the orderly repeats the names to which no voice answers.

THE surpassing value of the specific individual is seen when a messenger comes, post haste, for the trusted physician. There are plenty of other people, other physicians, but that one individual man or woman is wanted. Love and faith united to plead for that one. When official acts are to be performed, or official names are to be written, the value of the individual is seen still more clearly. We have a personal friend who is a bank officer. He writes his name on a bit of paper and it is recognized as worth \$10.00 at any bank counter in the United States. If my name, or any other, were written thereon, the paper is not worth ten farthings. Life is always waiting for the individual. I was one of a score of people on the street-car the other day. We were ready to go, almost impatient. The electric force was rushing over the wire, the trolley was in its place, but nothing moved. Car and crowd were helpless, waiting for one man. Even the motorman was in his place, waiting. That one man, at a given moment, by his watch, pulled the bell-cord. The motorman's hand answered, the unseen force

caught the car, and we sped down the track. No other person, of all the crowd, dared to pull that bell-cord. Even the silent forces of the universe awaited the signal of that one, common man. Whatever else you do or fail to do, remember that your life has a definite, individual value in God's world of forces, thoughts and deeds.

THE Scientific Editor has just brought in his copy concerning the new engine, through which the almost limitless power of compressed air finds expression. The RECORDER longs to see a corresponding conception and development of spiritual power among its readers. In this new engine the power of the air is increased many times by the fuel *put into it*. Beautiful analogy this is, to the introduction of Divine Power, when a soul welcomes truth, and the spirit of truth, within itself. We pray that Seventh-day Baptists may soon learn as they have not yet learned the blessedness of coming into possession of such power. One pastor has reported himself in our "Reading Room" as preaching on "Higher Christian Life." That is well; very well. If his people will heed his words, and attain this life, power will come for every duty, and every burden. We trust that other pastors are preaching with the same purpose in view, and that all the people are seeking power from God; power through the indwelling of Truth, and the guidance of the Spirit. Our work is great. Corresponding power is needed to do it; not power for some one else, dear reader, but for you.

THE Thirtieth Anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. A. B. Prentice, at Adams Centre, N. Y., an account of which appeared in our issue of last week, emphasizes the fact that few men are granted the privilege of impressing themselves upon a community through the lifetime of a generation of men. Such opportunities give permanence and power to the influence of a pastor in a degree too great to be measured easily. Eternity alone can show how such a pastorate shapes the character and destiny of individuals and communities. The RECORDER congratulates Bro. Prentice and his people on this anniversary occasion, and on all it means to them. We trust that many years may be added yet to the successful ones already passed.

BROTHER JOSEPH BOOTH, of the African Industrial Mission, whom many of our readers met at the late Conference, has prepared an excellent tract entitled, "Why I Abandoned Sunday." It presents his personal experience in a strong light. He is doing Sabbath Reform work in Philadelphia, in connection with which he distributes large numbers of this tract. Being widely known in that city, from his connection with the African Industrial Mission work, his tract finds ready acceptance among those who have thus known him. We hope to publish the tract entire, or in part in our next Sabbath Reform Number.

If you seek to know whether you are growing in grace, and in spiritual life, notice what your relation to the Bible is. Do you love it more, particularly those parts of it which tell of God's love and your duty? Do you have more hours of deep thoughtfulness and of joy as you study the love of God to you? Do you enjoy work for Christ and the church? Do you find fault with other people less than

you used to do; especially those who are earnest in Christian work? Do not ask if you are growing rapidly, nor try to measure yourself as to greatness, compared with other people. If you have stronger faith, calmer trust, sweeter rest and greater anxiety to know God's will concerning yourself, you are growing in grace.

We publish in another column an extract from the address of Dr. Radcliff at the funeral of John Hall, which we commend to all, and especially to those who are preachers. Our own life has been enriched not infrequently by the messages of this man who is so aptly described in the closing sentence of the extract: "He was the uncommon greatness of common sense." Will the Young Preachers, to whom the RECORDER is sending letters, study the characteristics of this man, who was so worthy to be buried "among the kings"?

THE *Daily Pioneer*, of Bridgeton, N. J., for October 24, contains an outline history of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Shiloh. The preliminary history dates from 1663, and the organization of the church from 1737. Present membership of the church "about 400."

EGYPT, with its drifting sands and preservative climate, is a veritable treasure-house of valuable antiquities. The years, and sometimes the months, in their turn, bring forth new proofs of the ancient, very ancient, civilization of the land of the Nile, and of the correctness of the notices of that land in the Old Testament. Since the discovery of the cuneiform tablets of Tel-el-Amarna, ten years ago, which showed that the century preceding the Exodus was one of great literary activity, new discoveries have followed in quick succession. Last spring came the unearthing of the tomb of Menes, a king who reigned at so early a date that until now he seemed more fabulous than real. The works of art in his tomb, and in other tombs of the "First Dynasty," show that there were then intimate relations with Babylonia. A few years since, the writer made a study of the history of Egyptian civilization, in connection with the Egyptian Book of the Dead, and the works of Maspero and others, reaching conclusions which tended toward placing the beginning of the world's civilization in Egypt. But these latest discoveries show that Professor Hamel is right in deriving the historical Egyptians and their civilization from Chaldea. This also confirms the story of the Old Testament. There we are told that the first civilized nations come from the East, and that it was from the plain of Shinar, Babylonia, that mankind was scattered "abroad upon the face of all the earth." The spade-blade is confirming the Word of God.

THE University of Chicago lately conferred the title of L. L. D. on President McKinley. It is a fitting honor and worthily bestowed.

THE disordered state of affairs in China, and the failure of wise, progressive movements, can be understood better if one reviews the history of the last 30 or 40 years. For that period China has been ruled by a woman, the Empress Tsi An, although a nominal Emperor may have been recognized. This woman was of obscure plebeian origin. She was beautiful and brainy, and became the favorite concubine of the Emperor Hein Fung, and thus became Dowager Empress and

actual ruler at all times. Li Hung Chang, the well-known Prime Minister, is in close touch with Tsi An, and it seems useless to attempt progressive movements in the face of their united opposition. The late Emperor attempted to assert himself, and hence his deposition and "ill-health." Judging by the past there is little hope of permanent reform and substantial progress, so long as Li Hung Chang and Tsi An stand together in support of conservatism and old abuses.

IN view of the criticisms concerning the hardships imposed upon the volunteer regiments in camps and in Cuba, it is of interest to note that the veterans of the Civil War, almost to a man, deprecate the charges and complaints made, and maintain that the defects in providing for the men were no greater than they experienced from the beginning to the end of the War for the Union. The well-appointed regular army of Turkey, in the recent war with Greece, lost only about a thousand men killed in battle, while the loss from disease was over twenty thousand, and about twenty thousand more were so debilitated that their recovery is doubtful. News from England in regard to the troops returning from the war in Egypt shows that the people are lamenting the worn and weary appearance of the men of the returning regiments, their emaciation and the sad contrast with the vigor and elasticity of their march when they set out for Egypt. Yet special care was exercised and all the time needed was allowed to provide the English contingent with everything necessary to promote health and vigor. A great deal of the suffering of our army was due to the inexperience of the regimental officers of the National Guard, and to the pressing demands made upon subordinates in the commissary department, whose easy-going experience during times of peace had unfitted them for the prompt, effective and rapid work which the exigencies demanded. To blame President McKinley for these things is like blaming the sunshine because some flowers are wilted by it.

PEOPLE do not often read sermons which are printed in a newspaper. More people will read a story. When a sermon is wrapped up in a story, it will find a wider reading than in any other form. A sermon, set in a story like apples of gold in pictures of silver, will be found somewhere in this number of the RECORDER. For your sake we hope you will not be able to read it through without stopping to wipe the mist from your eyes. Perhaps you will never see Nannie or Hagar until you get to heaven; but you cannot but be thankful that your home is better than theirs were.

OUR correspondent, G. H. G., raises a question concerning which we see little cause for discussion, and none whatever for discrediting the "Inspiration" of the Bible. As to the passage in 2 Tim. 4: 16, we think that modern critics, with many more ancient ones, agree that it should read, "All Scripture given by inspiration"—inbreathing of God, etc. As to the passages quoted by our correspondent, which describe God as having human characteristics, they present the imperfect conception of men, who, not having known Christ and the "Sermon on the Mount," could not know God as fully as we may. To them God gave all the light they were prepared to receive. And their incomplete views serve to

emphasize the greater truth that in all ages and times God has revealed himself to men, has inbreathed so much of truth as they could receive. Perhaps Paul did not need special "inspiration"—as many define the term—to ask for the bringing of his cloak, but that simple touch shows the realness of his letter and its authenticity in the strongest light. We think the largest definition of inspiration, which includes divine guidance as well as the immediate unfolding of truths otherwise unknown, makes the Bible God's Word, even though the passage in Second Timothy be read without the word "is." The great question is not how far men in ancient days failed to reach the higher conceptions of truth which are open to us, even when God inbreathed all of himself they were able to receive; but how we, with our light, can attain to the obedience and righteousness which God seeks in us.

THIRTY feet from our library window stands a maple tree, crowned and enclined in the beauty of ripeness, which is glory. Gold and purple are the prevailing tints; royal tints. Across the street are two other trees, similarly arrayed. Human art produces nothing comparable to this, the work of nature, that is, God. These trees have been beautiful in "living green," through all the summer; but that was nothing compared with this. The afternoon sunshine warms them into exceeding beauty, while the wind sways them, with gentle breath, that their changing and mingling tints may make the scene more resplendent. But one can see more in these trees than beauteous autumn coloring. They are fit emblems of souls, grown ripe for heaven, and rich in spiritual beauty, through service, trial, storm. Across another street, near by, are some half-topless trees, whose weaker trunks gave way before a fierce storm of wind in August, while these lost not a single branch. You have seen such lives: storm-tossed and twisted, but unbroken. When the years heap their numbers on such, spiritual beauty adorns them, as these maples are adorned this 25th day of October. The gold of faith and the purple of loving service unite to fit them for heaven. Their spiritual beauty brings joy and courage to younger workers. Their calmness while they wait the last call for home, assures the weaker and doubting ones that it is safe to rest upon the promises of Him in whom they trust. Reader, let the hues of autumn on tree and autumn flower teach you new faith and bring you fresh hope. Or, if perchance in your clime, the leaves have already fallen, let the uncomplaining trees teach you the lesson of immortality anew, while they await the coming of another springtime, with its bursting life. Let God teach you through common things.

PEACE negotiations, at Paris, have progressed slowly. The Spaniards have labored to induce the United States to assume the Cuban debt, but they have been compelled to abide by the refusal of the American Commissioners to do so.—The local government in Porto Rico has taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. The time for evacuating Cuba has been extended to Jan. 1, 1899, by President McKinley.—The signs of war between France and England ebb and flow like uneasy tides.—Chicago and Philadelphia have had great "Peace Jubilees."—State politics and the effect of the coming State Elec-

tions on National issues are very much in evidence just now; you must look in your political papers for details.

JACOB'S LADDER.

We have read many attempts to "make an exegesis" of the story of Jacob's dream-ladder which seem to us wholly inadequate. Men seek for theology in that picture, when its greatest value is to uplift and glorify our wearied lives. To most of us, life brings many burdened hours, weary days and sleepless nights. Jacob, fleeing, houseless, weary, was glad for even a stone to lift his aching head out of the sand. He lay awake, fretted by the care and anxiety which tore his drooping eyelids apart for the twentieth time that night, until, we may be sure, his heart turned to some sweet promise of God. Then rest and sleep and the angel visitors came. Comfort, joy, peace came with them. He forgot the stone pillow. His care-stricken soul grew calm under the whispered words of the angels. His travel-worn, unsandalled feet ceased from aching. When he awoke it was not the same bed by the roadside which he made the night before, when his weary hands cleared away a few of the larger stones and pushed away some of the thorns. It was not the hard place of pain and unrest where he had turned from side to side for hours before he slept, while even the friendly stars were hidden by hurtling clouds, and the wind which chilled him seemed to mock his sorrow: not this. It was Beth-Elohim, God's House and heaven's gate. Waking, he said, Surely God was in this place, and I did not know it. We must learn that God is near, when in sorrow, or weariness, or doubt, or fear we think him to be far away. Waking thus to realize the presence of God, the promises were renewed to him. The pillow of pain became the altar of blessing.

We need to learn that all common life is divine, that all earth-born experiences are laden with heaven-born possibilities. It is said that a subordinate in an English school, a teacher of drawing, said of his work: "What if I only mark with chalk the same old diagrams! It is the creative truth gleaming white on the abyss of the infinite." That is the right view of life for the child of God to take. Under such a view the mechanic's bench, the machinist's lathe, the farmer's acres, the salesman's counter, the lawyer's desk and the housekeeper's home are altars whereon life and love and loyalty offer holy and acceptable sacrifice to God. Life then is not shrouded by gloom, but transfigured by the light that the angels bring. The ladder between earth and heaven is not long; God is at the top of it, and an angel of love and help stands on every rung. Learn thus to think of life, of its duties, its success, its sorrows and its joys. Thus seen, it will never be common nor hopeless, and you can sing, with Jacob, "Nearer, my God, to thee," although your pillow be of stone.

CORRECTION.

In the Adams Centre item in the last RECORDER, through an error of the copy, the name of James Summerbell was omitted in the list of pastors who have served the Adams church since its organization. His name should have been placed between those of Alexander Campbell and Geo. E. Tomlinson. His pastorate of twelve years was a most successful one, and is by no means forgotten.

A. B. PRENTICE.

LETTERS TO YOUNG PREACHERS AND THEIR HEARERS.

LETTER II.

CHRIST'S SERVING OUR EXAMPLE.

Of course there were elements in Christ's service, and death, that cannot enter into our serving. But the spirit of service and sacrifice which called him to earth, and made his life, and death, the power of God unto salvation, must underlie all successful work in the ministry. Even when we consider the question in the light of Christ's last and indescribable sufferings, those upon which the sun could not bear to shine, it will still appear that something like them may come to us in prosecuting our work. Indeed, it is certain that the higher attainments in the ministry, so far as soul culture is concerned, come only through the manifold experiences of sorrow and pain. Thus God perfects his servants for their work. Thus he consecrates them on the altar of service. In a sense, their lives thus become vicarious. When great lessons have been engraved on their own hearts with the sharp stylus of suffering, and they preach these lessons to others, then is their work most effective. When they walk through shadows and struggles, like those which overhung Gethsemane, and cry out in agony like that which broke the rocky heart of Calvary, then are they prepared to teach other men how to seek help in darkness. When the Helper comes to them in such experiences, and lifts them up, and the Easter morning of resurrection dawns upon their darkness, then, as never before, can they teach other men the meaning of the words, "Lo, I am with you always."

All this will appear more plainly, when it is remembered that "We are ambassadors for Christ." We go in his name, to do his work. We are not principals, but agents. And since the church is his bride, we serve him when we serve the church. We honor him when we do his work well. Paul had learned this lesson when he said, "For it is not ourselves that we preach, but the Messiah, Jesus, our Lord; and, as to ourselves, that we are your servants for Jesus' sake." And again, "Being free from them all, I have made myself servant to every man; that I might gain many." 2 Cor. 4: 5, and 1 Cor. 9: 19.

Peter exhorts the leaders of the church in the following words: "Feed ye the flock of God which is committed to you; have care for it spiritually; not from compulsion, but voluntarily; not for base gain, but with all your heart; not as lords of the flock, but so as to be a good example for them; that when the chief Shepherd shall be revealed, ye may receive from him a crown of glory that fadeth not." 1 Peter 5: 2-5. In addition to these words from Peter's letter, you will find great profit in carefully studying Paul's letters to Timothy and Titus. These are especially rich in suggestions and descriptions relative to the work and the duty of the ministry.

Thus it appears that the minister is to be a messenger, a helper, and a guide, unto his people. He should not enter the work that he may be exalted, or honored, in any earthly sense; or that he may gain any position among men, for his own sake. One question ought to be ever present in his heart, viz.: How can I aid, and serve and lead men in the way of salvation? Perhaps the greatest struggle that comes to the average minister

is in gaining that complete self-forgetfulness, which enables him to live thus for others.

AN EXALTED SERVICE.

Permit me to warn you against the idea that such a life of service is inconsistent with the dignity and magnitude of your chosen work. It is rather the true way in which to magnify your work and make it honorable. The life of our Lord was doubly exalted, because he gave himself unreservedly to the work of helping the needy and saving the lost. If we think of him as a man only, the memory is inspiring and every thought concerning him is helpful. This is especially true when we compare him with the great men of earth, who were contemporaneous with him, but who lived for earthly greatness and in selfishness. In this comparison Christ appears the King of kings, and the Lord of lords.

There is no way in which you will be so sure to win the confidence, and esteem, and real love of men as by serving them. Men who are always seeking to gain honor and esteem for honor's sake never gain them; while those who go earnestly about the work of comforting the sorrowful, assisting the weak, sustaining the burdened, counseling the perplexed, and guiding the erring into the paths of peace, soon draw all hearts to themselves. In times when trial comes, or enemies rise against such ministers, the people whom they have thus served will aid, and defend, and support them with unfeigned love.

Such real service is the farthest removed from all things undignified. The life of Christ, serviceful beyond all others, is dignified beyond all others. The ministers of Christ need take no thought as to their dignity, while they serve Christ's church, and the world for which he died. They will find that usefulness, eminence, honor, like wisdom, are "ofttimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar." Self-renunciation—not self-debasement—is the keynote, and he who knows this, and acts accordingly, is already in a lofty place.

THE END TO BE SOUGHT IN PREACHING.

We shall reach a still fuller idea of the nature of the ministerial office by considering the end which is sought through preaching. Here, again, the New Testament is our guide and authority. Paul traces the origin of the Christian ministry to the commission given by Christ, and describes it as follows, Eph. 4: 11-16, Conybeare & Howson:

"And he gave some to be apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, to labor in their appointed service, to build up the body of Christ till we all attain the same faith and knowledge of the Son of God, and reach the stature of manhood, and be of ripe age to receive the fulness of Christ; that we should no longer be children, tossed to and fro, and blown round by every shifting current of teaching, tricked by the sleight of men, and led astray into the snares of the cunning, but that we should live in truth and love, and should grow up in every part to the measure of his growth who is our head, even Christ."

In describing his own work, Paul speaks as follows, Col. 1: 28, 29: "Him, therefore, I proclaim, warning every man, and teaching every man, in all wisdom; that I may bring every man into his presence, full grown in Christ. And to this end I labor in earnest

conflict, according to his working which works in me with mighty power."

Thus it appears, that the great end to be sought in preaching, is the salvation of men from sin, and the development of their lives in purity, righteousness, and likeness to Christ.

In keeping with this truth, we find that the representative sermons of the apostles, as they are reported in the book of Acts, center around the question of salvation. Peter, earnest and impetuous, plain and unsparing, proclaims repentance, faith and obedience, to the crowds at Pentecost. Paul to the Jews at Antioch, or to the Gentiles on Mars Hill, proclaimed the same great truths; Christ the Son of God, the Light of the world, the Way, the Truth and the Life. This appears in all their sermons. Equally prominent are their warnings concerning repentance. "Break off your sins by righteousness. Cease to do evil, and learn to do well. Put away your base desires. Crucify your lusts. Purify spirit and body. Make your souls temples fit for the Holy Spirit. Be unselfish. Be forgiving. *Be like Christ.*" Thus did those speak who were commissioned by Christ himself. Thus fearlessly did they teach; and we, who come after them, working under the same commission, are to find our highest service in persuading men to be reconciled to God. Thus we are to become, in a sense, helpers and saviours of sinning men. Our work is, indeed, a service to the end that men may be saved. In all this God is honored.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

"I LIKE Christianity," said a Christian Endeavorer, "because it has the note of victory in it."

THE best way to convict man of sin is to preach a holy God. Isaiah cried out, "I am a man of unclean lips," when he had a clear vision of the divine purity.

THE professor pointed to a dainty little picture hanging on the tinted wall of the school-room, and said, "That is one of our educating influences. The picture was cut from an advertising catalogue, and the frame cost thirty cents. That thirty cents might have been spent for ice-cream; but the girls and boys have here something which will permanently enrich their lives."

HAPPY is the father who can be both companion and king to his sons.

THE gusts of rain were sweeping the dismal streets. Through the filmy lace curtains of an elegant home looked a face, and it bore an expression of utter discontent. A son of poverty trudged the street, breasting the storm. His step was elastic and his face shone; for he was earning his daily bread. His lungs fed upon the stiff north wind, and his heart exulted in difficulties overcome.

THE six young men who were known in 1892 as the Morgan Park Student Evangelists, being scattered all the way from Farina to New York City, keep up communication by means of a circle letter. It was proposed recently that we all preach simultaneously a series of sermons on a given topic. Cards were sent out, accordingly, suggesting that this topic be, "The Higher Christian Life."

Responses are in from all but one, saying, in effect, that the pastors were already preaching along this line—which is better still; for the wisest planner of sermons is the Holy Spirit.

JEZEBEL and Athaliah cruelly slew those who stood in the way of their ambition, and then reaped what they had sown by dying the same death themselves. But the manner of their death is a matter of minor importance. The real punishment lay back of that. The form which retributive justice took symbolized the hell that raged within their hearts. Some of God's sweetest saints were daubed with pitch and burned like candles in the garden of Nero. But the martyrs died (as they had lived) with songs of praise and victory on their lips; while Jezebel and Athaliah died (as they had lived) with their teeth gnashed in hatred. Against the background of their bloody death we see the outlines of the savage, selfish life which thus was so fittingly ended.

WE think when we read the story of Jesus, "If I had only been there, I, too, would have been one of his followers; I, too, would have anointed his feet with the precious ointment, and done him what little service was in my power." But the face of Christ looks into ours in every ragged, homeless boy upon the street, for "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In the Presence of Death.

Mark Twain describes a play lasting for several hours where the actors were young in the first scene and grew gray before the eyes of the audience. Amid all the changing vicissitudes of life—at feasts and banquet-halls—a strange, pale figure always moved; and whenever this character stepped up to man or woman, and touched them on the shoulder, a strange hush fell on the festivities. In the presence of death nothing of all their merriment and gayety seemed to be worth while.

In the face of eternal issues, the toys and baubles of material existence fade out of significance. All too much the life we live casts a false glamour over things which are really least desirable.

"For a cap and bells our lives we pay;
Bubbles we buy with the whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

A Vital Faith.

A young man who is passing through that undefined period, where he thinks himself to be an agnostic, but is not, said to me that the thing which troubled him most was the actions of Christians. "If religion," he said, "consists of only going to church and singing hymns, and refraining from this and refraining from that, and refraining from the other, I don't want any of it."

Men need a faith which will take possession of them from head to foot; a religion worth dying for and worth living for; a religion which shall be a component part of the man's whole life, touching all its issues with power. Anything else will never win the respect of the world, and will soon be cast on the shore by the eddying currents of this intense age.

The Silence of the Bible.

F. E. Peterson, in a recent sermon, spoke of three memorable scenes in the trial of Jesus

when he was silent. The high-priest asked him to answer those who witnessed against him, "but Jesus held his peace." Herod "hoped to see some miracle done by him," and questioned him in many words, "but he answered him nothing." Pilate "saith unto Jesus, 'whence art thou?' but Jesus gave him no answer." The three men were not answered, because their hearts were closed to the reception of his words. One by religious prejudices; another by a vicious life; the other by a cynical philosophy. These three causes still operate to make the Bible a closed book to men.

At the Feet of Jesus.

It was a woman who in the sad days preceding the passion, understood Christ best. Again and again he explained to the twelve disciples that "the Son of Man must suffer many things, be crucified, buried and rise again the third day"; and in the presence of such impending events these twelve men were still bickering over the question as to which would be the greatest. It was a woman's heart that went with him into the Valley of the Shadow, and a woman's hands that anointed his feet with the costly ointment against the day of his burial. The secret of Mary's life is the same in the three main scenes where she appears. At the time of instruction, in the hour of sorrow and in the act of service, we find her at the feet of Jesus. "A sister named Mary who also sat at Jesus' feet and heard his words." "Mary, therefore, when she came where Jesus was and saw him, fell down at his feet, saying unto him, 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.'" "Mary, therefore, took a pound of ointment and spikenard and anointed the feet of Jesus and wiped his feet with her hair."

REV. DR. JOHN HALL, LL.D.,

(Died at Bangor, Ireland, September 17, 1898.)

BY WILLIAM G. HAESSELBARTH.

Dead, did you say? O'er such death hath no power!
He only goes a while to needed rest,
To gather strength for that epochal hour
When on him breaks the vision of the blest.
Calm and serene as to his couch he goes,
And angels guard with care his sweet repose.

The Prophets? Where are they? The Fathers—where?
Who fearlessly withstood the might of kings
With their "Thus saith the Lord!" nor feared to dare
The conflict sharp which truth with error brings,
The fiery furnace nor the lion's den
Moved not, nor wrath of devils or of men.

The singers, too, whose lofty songs of praise
With rhythmic glory filled his temples here
With strains that filled the angels with amaze,
As of their Lord's redeeming love they hear,
Now hushed in silence sleep they 'neath the sod,
They are not—they have gone to be with God.

Where are the martyrs, saints, confessors—they
Who braved imprisonment, the rack and stake?
Whose only fear was God to disobey,
Who counted not their lives for his truth's sake?
Those champions of the truth fulfilled his will,
And now his glory all their new life fill.

How like a swelling stream from year to year
The tide to its predestined goal pours on!
And now comes one, a teacher, guide and seer,
Unclothed that he may be new clothed upon.
In silence deep and sorrow most profound
We bow our heads, low bending to the ground.

'Tis well! There is one less the cross to bear!
For us another tie to draw the soul
Up to those heights supernal where
The tide of life forever more shall roll.
The battle's fought, the victory won, he waits
To give us welcome at the heavenly gates.

Teacher of Truth!—Defender of Faith!
His well stored mind reached out to thought's frontier,
And sought to grasp from out its misty wraith
The mystic truths it would to men make clear,
That he might waken to a deeper love
And life the souls he sought to lead above.

The sweet, responsive face, that cheered our way
With many a kindly word and sunny smile,
Is hidden now by shadows ashen gray,
And taken from us for a little while.
God gave—the precious gift we gladly own!
God takes—we can but say, "His will be done!"

—Christian Work.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22, 1898.

Missions.

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

THE following preamble and resolution were adopted at the Regular Meeting of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, held in Westerly, R. I., Oct. 19, 1898:

WHEREAS, There is an urgent need of the re-inforcement of our China Mission with a teacher for the Boys' Boarding-school; therefore,

Resolved, That we send a teacher to the Boys' Boarding-school this fall or early winter, if one can be obtained, or as soon as one can be obtained.

William L. Clarke, O. U. Whitford and G. J. Crandall were appointed a committee to put this action of the Board into effect. There has been a growing sentiment, for the past three years, among our people, and earnest appeals from the workers on the China field, that a teacher be sent to the Boys' Boarding-school. Funds have been coming into the treasury, and have been, and are now being, pledged for that object, especially by the women of our denomination. The Board now takes definite action upon the matter. Heretofore it has delayed definite action because of heavy indebtedness, hard times, and a falling off in funds for our missions. It is hoped and expected that our churches, our brethren and sisters in the denomination, will sustain the Board in this action by their influence, prayers and means. It is expected that by the time one is ready to go to that school the funds will be in hand to send him. When a suitable teacher is secured the churches and the people will be duly informed.

THE Board voted also an appropriation of \$2,500 for evangelistic work for the year 1899. The following evangelists are now at work on various fields: Rev. J. G. Burdick is holding meetings at Preston, in the Central Association; Rev. D. W. Leath is laboring with General Missionary L. F. Skaggs, in Missouri and Indian Territory; Evangelist E. B. Saunders, with Bro. J. H. Hurley, will commence an evangelistic campaign in the Southwest, beginning at Fouke, Ark., the first week in November. The Evangelistic Committee desire to keep two at least, and if possible three, permanent evangelists at work the coming year. To do it, the funds must come in for it. It is believed that our people will remember this important work in their prayers, and with generous contributions.

THE following items of interest are taken from the report of the Evangelistic Committee to the Missionary Board, for the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1898: Rev. D. W. Leath reported three months of labor in Arkansas and Missouri; sermons and addresses, 71; prayer-meetings, 14; visits, 128; pages of tracts distributed, 650; conversions, 3; churches organized, 2; added to the church, 12; one preacher installed; average congregations, 4 to 200. Evangelist E. B. Saunders reported labor in Southern Wisconsin, study and preparation at home and in Chicago, for the fall campaign; sermons and addresses, 15; prayer-meetings, 10; visits, 20; average congregation, 100; pages of tracts distributed, 25. Mr. Edwin A. Babcock, of Milton, Wis., assisted for a short time by Herbert C. Van-Horn, labored one month of the quarter at Coloma and Grand Marsh, Wis. He reported 6 sermons; average congregation, 30; prayer-meetings, 4; visits many; baptized, 2. Rev. J. H. Hurley, of North Loup, Neb., gave three

weeks of labor in September at Calamus and Garwin, Iowa. He reported a deep interest in the Sabbath question at Calamus, and that he had made arrangements for the Rev. E. H. Socwell to give there six lectures on the Sabbath. Rev. G. W. Hills, of Nortonville, Kansas, contributed about one month's labor in Central Wisconsin, assisted one week by Edwin M. Holston, of Walworth, Wis., the Committee paying their traveling expenses. Bro. Hills reported sermons 27, and 2 additions to the church. Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, through the courtesy of the New York City church, labored five weeks among the scattered Sabbath-keepers at Trenton, New Richland, Albert Lea, Alden, Wells and Waseca, Minn. The Committee paid his traveling expenses. He reported 5 sermons; 4 Bible-schools taught, and 75 visits. Rev. L. R. Swinney reported 6 trips, during the quarter, with his horse and buggy, to Sherman Park, Syracuse, N. Y., without cost to the Committee. The meetings and the Bible-school well sustained, and making progress. Expenditures during the quarter, \$366.28; receipts, \$31.32.

MR. JOSEPH BOOTH AND AFRICAN INDUSTRIAL MISSIONS.

Whereas, Mr. Joseph Booth, a missionary who was engaged in Industrial Missions in Nyassaland, Central Eastern Africa, came to this country to induce the Baptists to take up the Industrial Mission work in Africa, and through his efforts they did organize "The African Baptist Industrial Mission," with headquarters at Philadelphia, Pa., with Mr. Booth as their Field Secretary, and Mr. Booth having afterwards accepted the Sabbath, came to us and presented the scheme and methods of Industrial Missions in Africa to some of our people in Plainfield, N. J., Westerly and Ashaway, R. I., and also at our late General Conference held at Milton Junction, Wis., and, whereas, the Conference having passed the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, Mr. Joseph Booth, of Piscataway, N. J., returned missionary from Central Africa, has presented before some of our people a plan of self-propagating industrial missionary work in Africa, and in order that this enterprise, if it is to be entered upon, may receive proper investigation and possess a proper standing in the denomination; therefore

Resolved, That a Conference Committee of seven be appointed to investigate Mr Booth's credentials, and the plan contemplated; the committee to report at some future session of this Conference.

which were referred to a committee who presented the following report:

To the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference:

Your Committee appointed to investigate the credentials of Joseph Booth, a missionary from Central Africa, and the proposition to engage in Industrial Mission work, as set forth by him, would respectfully report that they have had an interview with Mr. Booth and learn from him that his books, papers and letters, with one exception, are not available for inspection. Not anticipating a call for such credentials he had not brought them with him.

Your Committee would therefore recommend that the whole matter, as set forth in the preamble and resolution creating this committee, be and hereby is referred to the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society, with a request that they make a thorough investigation and report their conclusions in the SABBATH RECORDER.

G. B. CARPENTER,
J. F. HUBBARD,
W. H. CRANDALL,
I. J. ORDWAY,
C. L. FORD,
G. W. BURDICK, } Com.

Therefore the Board of Managers of the

Missionary Society, to whom was referred the whole matter for investigation and to report their conclusions in the SABBATH RECORDER, would respectfully present the following:

1. That by correspondence with reliable parties in this country and in England who have been connected with Mr. Booth in said mission work and in organizing Industrial Missions, find that Mr. Booth with Mr. R. Caldwell, London, was the founder of the Zambesi Industrial Mission, working in British Central Africa, and was connected with it for several years, and that he was also the means of originating kindred missions, such as the Baptist Industrial Mission of Scotland, the Nyassa Industrial Mission of England, and in this country, the African Baptist Industrial Mission in Philadelphia, Pa., and through the converted native African who came with him to America, Mr. Che. Jno. Chilembre, also the African Development Society among the colored Baptists of the South.

2. The Board is satisfied that Mr. Booth's statements in regard to himself and the work of Industrial Missions in which he has been engaged, are correct and reliable, but the Board has not received any information regarding the cost of establishing and maintaining an Industrial Mission in Africa, and the income derived therefrom, further than that given by Mr. Booth.

Passed by the Missionary Board at its regular meeting held Oct. 19, 1898.

Signed in behalf of the Board,

O. U. WHITFORD, Cor. Sec.

THE RAREST HUMAN QUALITY.

Much has been written to show how love is the greatest thing in the world, but there is one human quality much more rare than love—we mean sympathy. It is not difficult for human beings to love, for we all love the lovable when we see it. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." Then, too, love has a sure reward. Love is almost never one-sided. We love because we are loved. It is a mutual, reciprocal quality. It is a kind of spiritual double-entry, in which the sides balance. It is give and receive. There is no state or experience so rapturous and joyous as that of loving. It is second nature to love, and almost nobody gets through life without having loved sometime, on a higher or lower level. But sympathy is a very different thing. One has to be almost angelic to sympathize. It is possible for selfish persons to love, but it is not possible for them to feel genuine sympathy. It is an absolutely unselfish quality. Most persons think they are sympathizing when they are not at all. They see some one in trouble, and they say with a sad, solemn tone, "Poor fellow, I am very sorry for you, you have my hearty sympathy," and they go to their house "justified," but down deep in their hearts they were rejoicing all the time that they were not like that "poor fellow," and they were exulting in their happier fortune. That is not sympathy. Another class of persons say nothing to the one in trouble, because they do not know what to say. They act awkward and restrained when they are with him, but try hard all the time to be natural and easy, and to talk of everything else but his trouble, so as not to hurt his feeling or stir his deeps. Still other persons avoid those who are in trouble, and say in hushed voices to their neighbors, "Poor So and So is having a hard time, isn't he?" Of course this is not sympathy. The result is that a person in deep trouble in this world feels pretty much alone, and when he finds real sympathy he is as surprised as a desert traveler is when he finds a beautiful flower, and he is sure it must have had a divine origin.

Some of the most beautiful passages of the Gospel tell of Christ's sympathy. Like the

transfiguration, they show us at once the divine nature which was in him, and no human title more truly glorifies him than that of the "Great Sympathizer." He shared the troubles and sadnesses of others, and this is the essential element of sympathy. The word means "feeling or suffering with." The easy, well-meant words of pity are like a cold crust thrown as alms. One genuine pulse of fellow feeling, a true sharing of the burden of the heart are worth more than a million words of sentiment. But alas, that other is so hard to realize, is so rare, is so divine. It is the one lone flower which we hardly know except as a pressed specimen between the leaves of a book. Those who give it are most like Christ of all human beings.—*The American Friend.*

LEFT UNDONE.

It isn't the thing you do, dear:
It's the thing you've left undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun:
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Selected.

INSPIRATION.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

In the RECORDER of Oct. 3, is an article taken from *Christian Work*. I quote in part. "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." I wish to say that I am a firm believer in the Bible, but cannot endorse the statements above quoted, neither do I think the facts will bear them out. Now in all candor, a few queries:

If all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, would it not very naturally represent him as possessing always the same attributes of character. Now is it not a fact that on the contrary, it represents him as possessing attributes diametrically opposed to each other? Let us see. Compare these passages of Scripture:

"Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary." Isaiah 11: 28. "I am weary with repenting." Jeremiah 15: 6. "I am the Lord, I change not." Mal. 3: 6. "With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." James 1: 17. "And God repented of the evil that he said he would do unto them, and he did it not." Isaiah 3: 10. There are no less than fourteen

places in the Bible where God is spoken of as repenting. "There is no respect of persons with God." Rom. 2: 11. "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." Rom. 9: 13. Why are such childish and morally degrading representations of God given? How do they harmonize with the high Christian idea of the Divine Being? For instance, we have an account of God giving Moses minute directions for making perfumery to be used in the tabernacle, and if any other person made the same he should be put to death.

Again we read that God ordered Moses to say to the king of Egypt, "Let us go, we beseech thee, three days' journey into the wilderness, that we may sacrifice unto the Lord, our God," when the real object was to escape out of the land, not to come back. What is this but deception on the part of God? Again God commanded Joshua to massacre all the men, women and innocent children of certain cities, the only reason being, so that Joshua and his followers might possess these cities and their rich lands.

Look at the horrible crimes committed by Jehu, all done under the command of God, and with his approval. First, Jehu shoots King Joram, and then orders the killing of Ahaziah, then by deception he obtains the heads of seventy of Ahab's children, which are packed in baskets and sent to him to Jezreel. He follows this by slaying all the rest of Ahab's relatives and friends. Jehu was a consummate hypocrite and murderer, and yet the Bible tells us that he did according to all that was in God's heart, all that was right in God's eyes, etc.

Many more examples could be given of the inculcation of wrong-doing, but these will suffice. Now no rational person can believe that a just, holy and merciful God can be guilty of such inhuman acts, therefore, the inevitable conclusion must be that there is some mistake in the translation, or the person who wrote the account attributed acts to the Divine Being that he had no hand in. It probably originated in these low conceptions of the character of God, and from the ignorance and superstition of the age. Many of the best scholars have decided that there is an error in the translation of the passage that declares that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," etc., that a better translation and more in accordance with the original Greek would be, "Every writing divinely inspired (or which is divinely inspired) is also profitable for instruction, reproof," etc., and that is the reading of the passage that seems generally to have been given it. Most of the ancient versions, and most of the Christian fathers, thus interpreted it.

If this interpretation is accepted, it places the Scriptures in a very different light, and removes a large part of the difficulty. With this interpretation, I can heartily endorse the sentiments expressed in the latter part of the article referred to. G. H. G.

"BURY HIM AMONG THE KINGS."

Extract from the address of Dr. Radcliffe at the funeral of the Rev. John Hall, D. D.

"And they buried him in the city of David among the kings because he had done good to Israel both toward God and toward his house." It is our Jehoiada to whom we give royal burial. A royal man standing head and shoulders above his fellows, a royal priest whose anointing was to intercession and wisdom and good doing, a royal love

that was lavish toward God and toward his house, a royal aim of sincere direction and noblest impulse, a royal life unwearied, unstinted, unselfish; his resting place is in the city of our love, and his name is written among the kings. No house or tribe can claim him as peculiarly its own.

This pulpit was his throne and this great congregation was peculiarly bound to him by the cords of love. But this church, though exceptionally numerous and demanding, was but a part of this man's work. That voice so persuasive echoed far beyond these walls. That form so commanding was easily seen across the continent. This multitude is but representative of another uncounted throng—lowly souls, quickened men and women, restored and invigorated lives, institutions and communities, which never claimed his presence nor saw his face, yet who turn with tenderness to this hour and gratefully yield the loving tribute of their debt and honor. "The works that I do they bear witness of me." He was apostolic in his journeys as in his message. His comprehensive sympathy made his majestic presence and ringing voice familiar and powerful on pulpit and platform, in hamlet and city, all over this and every English-speaking land.

The man who wanted him was the man he wanted. The need that commended commanded him. He caught from his Master the new coronation and illustrated the royalty of service. His life announced with the divine intonation, "I am among you as one that serveth." Self-forgetful in his humility, majestic in his simplicity, abundant of resource, a son of man in high purpose and living response; education, beneficence, patriotism, the passing need, the humble church, the local charity asked, nor asked in vain, for his sympathy and voice. Whenever he appeared, the throng followed, and for the same reason they thronged upon his Master. "My sheep hear my voice." They recognized reality. The human soul always recognizes its lord and master. Here was a real man. His tones struck true and strong. He did not hope, he believed. His familiar gesture of the closed and forceful hand was but the figure of his soul as he gripped the doctrines of the Word. His faith was part of his being. He was no apologist for the truth. His message mastered the man. And then the man gave power to the message—the old story of the man behind the gun. Conviction is always power. You ask the explanation of his wide influence. I answer in that one word—reality. Reality is royalty. He ruled innumerable hearts. They knew his voice. He answered their needs. He lived his faith. They followed him, and his name became a household word. His public work was not a mere effervescence, nor his impress a handwriting on sand. He gave himself to drudgery and persistency in all kinds of uncongenial and demanding service. He responded to the utmost diversities of duties and interests. His was not the special gift of one or a few faculties commanding or dazzling, but the balance of all which gave response and success in the wonderful variety of his activities. He was as wise in counsel as he was winning in public appeal. His was the uncommon greatness of common sense. . . . —*The Evangelist.*

THE more you do God's work within yourselves the more he will give you the opportunity of doing external work for him.—*Neale.*

Woman's Work.

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

MY BOY.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,
And say, "There's no danger for boys, you know,
Because they all have their wild oats to sow."
There is no more excuse for my boy to be low
Than your girl. Then please don't tell him so.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,
For a boy or girl sin is sin, you know,
And my baby boy's hands are as clean and white,
And his heart as pure, as your girl's to-night.

—Unidentified.

CHINA.

A FEW RESULTS.

BY MISS M. S. MORRILL.

One winter evening during the Chinese holidays, I found myself, after a long, jolting ride, in "Great Prince Village." The people who gathered to meet me were not scions of royalty, as might be inferred, but all belonged to the rank of the common people. Among others eager to greet me were three of our schoolgirls, who had preceded me by a few days to their home. As they brought their books to read a little, and talked and laughed with me over the events of the last term, the neighbors stared in amazement at their evident affection for the foreign teacher. "Look at those girls," said an older sister, hushing her crying baby; "see how happy they are. I wish my father and mother had received this doctrine before I was married. Then I could have gone to school, and should have known something. It has made new girls of my sisters." A little later the mother, when we found opportunity for a quiet talk together, told me much the same story. She said: "My girls know how to be better Christians than I am. They have learned more than just how to read up there in your school. They are helpful about the house, but they like to have things neat, and don't want to do the old ways. They always stop and pray every night and morning. And the other day when I gave Wen Yun some powder, she told me, 'We do not use that now.' Nor do they eat the wine dates this winter. They say that you teach them it is just the same as drinking wine." I smilingly explained the school position on the temperance question.

Then thoughts came to me of the daughter's broader view of her clearer vision as to daily duties. I mentally contrasted the alert, bright face, the neatly braided hair, the tidy, blue garments, and last, but not least, the natural feet, with the outer girl of two years ago. Then there were a profusion of ornaments and flowers in the hair made smooth by oil, the face was powdered and rouged, and every movement was hampered by small, crippled feet. With the breaking of the external bonds also came that change known to those who work among girls and women in heathen lands, and only to be described as the soul looking out of the windows of the body.

Do the societies who have shares in schools in China realize the great work in which they engage when they vote twenty-five or thirty dollars of their contributions to support students? A New England writer has wittily described the process of making a good all-round child. The first direction is to begin with the grandmother. Now you, through us, are manufacturing the better ancestors from whom shall come a new China.

I have had some unpleasant experiences trying to win girls for our boarding-school or

young wives for the station class, and finding my benevolent plans thwarted by some grandmother who thought the old ways were good enough for her descendants. Were you to drop down into a Chinese home by the tunnel route, the outside misery of these women's lives would first appeal to you. The low, cheerless rooms into which so little of God's sunshine finds its way; the dirt and disorder; the absence of everything that we consider essential for making our work easy and the home attractive. But far more pitiable than all this is the inner darkness. Can you picture to yourself a girlhood spent in those surroundings? They learn to cook and sew, to gossip, if a Chinese woman needs teaching to acquire that habit,—and that is all. Can you picture your life without books? When every little hamlet has its magazine or book club, and the large cities reckon societies for culture and amusement by the score, the Western woman would feel that her life was barren and dreary were these sources of enjoyment swept away.

The nearest approach that we have in China to these gatherings for increasing knowledge is the station class. The members range in age from sixty or sixty-five down to twenty. They often bring to us no previous knowledge, unless you count as such partially dissipated idolatrous belief and heathen superstition. But they do come having given good evidence of a desire to forget the things that are behind, and to reach out unto the new. Each class numbers from ten to twenty pupils, and lasts about four weeks. Morning and evening prayers, a daily Bible lesson, regular attendance on all the church services, in addition to individual instruction, are factors in developing and strengthening the newly begun Christian life, or of warming and invigorating some one who has become chilled and indifferent in her isolated home. That four weeks is a very oasis in the desert of her life. She returns to her home with another duty, a higher one added to her daily round,—that of passing on the lessons she has learned. Perhaps some children are gathered in; perhaps some neighbor is comforted with the same comfort that eased her burden. The Beatitudes or the Ten Commandments, a card upon which are written some of the old rock-bed texts, are fastened upon the wall of the little dreary room, and tell their own story. In the place once occupied by the kitchen god is pasted the Sunday calendar, indicating what days of the Chinese month are the hallowed ones. "You think a good deal of those days, don't you?" queried a newcomer, as she noticed the conspicuous position of the sheet just above the family kettle. When your society has sent off forty or fifty dollars to support woman's work in Sinim, have you ever considered how many you were reaching?

Sometimes in these classes we have found a beloved Phebe or Tryphena who, with additional training and teaching, multiplies the seed sown as she goes day after day to heathen homes. If you only knew what these Bible women are doing. They walk long distances in heat and cold, seldom complaining of fatigue, and bear with long-suffering and patience the ridicule and reproach they encounter. True, you might smile at the quaint dress, and shudder at the ugliness of the bound feet. You might ask, What is in her bundle? In her handkerchief is a Testament,

a few catechisms, and some cards for the children. Her heart is full of love and a desire to help others. She uses many a quaint illustration to bring the truth home to the indifferent, and often tells "what Christ has done for me." Her visits mean much to many women who are shut off from Christian intercourse because of the obduracy of husband or brother. Very many find their way to the Glad Tidings Hall through her invitation. You can find your sermons in books, your spiritual quickening in many ways, but should you withhold the thirty-six dollars that supports one of these busy workers, many of your Chinese sisters would miss their awakening.

Does your heart go out to little ones? Do you ever feel thankful for all that made your childhood safe and happy here in dear America! Then pass it on to the little brown-skinned, almond-eyed being, whose child days are so full of care. Fifty, or better, sixty, dollars pays the rent of a room, salary of teacher, and other incidentals. The children of the by-ways and hedges are gathered in. Practical America says, What results do you obtain from this work among the Chinese street Arabs? I am often reminded of the sweet promise, "A little child shall lead them." It is not an uncommon thing for the mother, when preparing for the Chinese New Year, to desist from the purchase of the new paper gods because of a childish admonition, "Teacher says they can't help us, and that it is a sin to buy them." "Happy Son told his big brother that he ought not to revile the other day," said a mother to me. Could you have given a better answer as to the cause of Peter's sinking, when he left the boat and started out to meet his Master, than did one of our day-school children, after looking long and carefully at the picture? "He forgot to look at Jesus." One summer afternoon I carried over to the school a large bouquet of the monthly red roses which grow so abundantly in front of the Ladies' House. As I reached the door I found they were just closing school. I stood outside and listened as various petitions rose from the children who were sitting with bowed heads on the k'ang. "O Lord, help me not to quarrel, and to be a good boy," fell from the lips of the little bully. "Our heavenly Father, help me to gather the fuel quick to-night, so I can come to school to-morrow." Do you count it as a little thing that, through your schools, God became a present help to these little ones? Are not the children who, before picking up their chop sticks at meals, stop and say the grace taught them in the day school, bearing witness to their Father's love and care?

When the last great harvest is gathered, and you find some golden sheaves from China in your bundle, you may ask how did these come to me? Then you are reminded of the little gift, of the part in the offering sent so long ago. The "least of all seeds," says the parable, "but when it is grown, the greatest among herbs."

* THE moral coward—the man who is afraid of life, afraid of its depths and its heights, its valleys of humiliation and its peaks of vision, its significant experiences of whatever kind—is incapable of developing character. All these are the ripening experiences of the soul. We must expect them, as the apple expects the noonday blaze and the midnight frost. It is childish to shrink from the intensities of life. Why do we live, if not to meet life's requirements and bear its fruits?—James Buckham.

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.

SHILOH, N. J.—The mother wanted to go to Jersey again, among the church people and life-long friends of old. Always, when each summer was over and the doors and windows were closing us in for the approaching winter, the longing to go to Shiloh would be renewed; this autumn was no exception, and so it had been planned to take her.

The trunks were packed, the furniture prepared, and her cot was placed in the long, covered carriage, and the whole household who possibly could go accompanied us to the steamer, and thus we said the good-bye's and left the dear ones in Smyrna.

The invalid's cot was taken to the cabin, and here we were delighted to find many other friends ready to take the same journey to the city.

A thunder-storm about sunset cleared the sultry atmosphere, and the cool night air made the ride on the steamer a luxury. Who knows the beauty of the Delaware Bay on a moonlight night, with its wide expanse of water, dim, distant shores, and the many sails flitting by? But the evening passed, and we reached Philadelphia sometime in the night; in the early morning the captain's kind heart led him to say that, as he had some freight for Market Street, he would take his steamer down there near the station for our accommodation, and so deliver it; and thus it happened that, calling his own men, the captain himself saw the invalid's couch carried and placed safely on the ferry-boat.

In Camden the station-master was ready and prepared, a baggage-car being cleaned and swept for us; and, a cousin accompanying us and John coming to meet and help with grandma, we four made a happy party on our way down to Bridgeton. Here relatives and friends came to meet us and very soon we found ourselves safely in Shiloh.

In order that the aged one might rest after the journey, the many friends kindly abstained from calling for a couple of days, and then the happy greetings commenced and they still continue; for friends of many years standing remember the mother, and come to renew their friendship, besides the warm-hearted brethren and sisters of the Shiloh church, who, as of old, are devoted companions and friends, make frequent visits to cheer and comfort.

ELLA F. SWINNEY.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.—On the urgent invitation of the people where the first four years of active service were spent, we are now on our way to attend the Yearly Meeting of the Southern Illinois churches at Stone Fort. When this field was left for pastoral work it was with the understanding that two months of the year, more or less, should be spent in missionary work on needy fields. The Southern Illinois field was the one especially thought of in this arrangement. The West Hallock church, though freely consenting to this plan, last Sabbath once more expressed their willingness for the pastor to engage for a few weeks in special work on this missionary ground. The "Union church," which I have supplied for some months past, also consented to the pastor's absence for a few weeks. The work at West Hallock and Union never

seemed more attractive and important, and it is only in response to what seems a clear call of duty that we could decide to leave it, even for a short time. A class for a thorough and systematic study of the Bible has been organized, with growing interest, and sanguine hopes are indulged for the results of this. A slow but steady growth of enthusiasm in Christian Endeavor work promises better results in the future of that Society. The Sabbath appointments are well sustained, and we are hopeful that the spiritual thermometer of the church—the Sabbath evening prayer-meeting—may yet indicate a higher degree of spiritual life. Our Bible-class is now studying the Sabbath-question, in which a growing interest is shown.

West Hallock is not noted for the frequency of its social fetes. Just now, however, all are looking forward to the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Vars, invitations to which have been issued.

Conference blessings are still remembered, and it is our fixed purpose, trusting the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, to join the ranks in the forward movement along all lines of denominational work. May the Lord bless all the workers in their respective campaigns for the autumn, ushering in a new period of power among all the churches. With a deep yearning for a more thorough work of grace in our own hearts, and the Lord's richest blessing on the little church we have left for a season, and feeling the weight of responsibility in the special work to follow the Yearly Meeting at Stone Fort, we earnestly ask your prayers.

T. J. VANHORN.

EN ROUTE, Grayville, Ill., Oct. 21, 1898.

"ZAMBESI INDUSTRIAL MISSION."

Those interested in Bro. Booth, and the account of his almost miraculous labors in Eastern Central Africa, will be interested to learn more of the work there. I wrote to the Secretary of the Zambesi Industrial Mission, Mr. Robert Caldwell, F. R. G. S., No. 1 Gresham Street, London, E. C., England, and some weeks after received in return a half-dozen circulars, or reports of the Mission. The earliest is dated June 3, 1893, and the last September, 1898. I quote from the report of June 3, 1893:

"*God hath done great things, whereof we are glad.*" When we issued our first paper, giving an account of the marvelous measure of blessing vouchsafed in connection with the founding of the Zambesi Industrial Missions, we introduced it with the Scriptural exclamation: "What hath God wrought!" We felt that the Mission owed alike its origin and its success to God alone. But as month by month letters continued to arrive from Africa, bringing tidings of still greater enlargement of the scope of the Mission, which we were wholly unprepared for when we set our hands to the work, we confess to a feeling of anxious concern as to 'whereunto this thing would grow.' However, day by day, supplies were sent into the Home Office, enabling us to keep pace with the rapidly increasing needs of the work, and causing us with glad hearts anew to thank God and take courage, going forward relying upon him to establish and consolidate that which he has given. In sending forth, therefore, our second paper, we felt that the cry of the Psalmist very fittingly expressed our desires, when he prayed, 'Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought.' This prayer, too, has been answered beyond our highest expectations.

Strength has been added to strength, blessing has followed upon blessing, so that the 1,000 acres of land that we at first considered sufficient for the modest effort being put forth on behalf of Africa have been multiplied an hundred-fold. To-day the Mission possesses more than 100,000 acres of rich land, honestly bought; and it surely becomes us, in issuing our third paper, humbly to record that, notwithstanding the weakness and the unworthiness of the instrumentalities used, 'God hath done great things, whereof we are glad.'

Mr. Caldwell, the Secretary, says: "We have also with us Mr. J. E. Booth, the only son of Mr. Booth, our pioneer missionary. I have no doubt that many of you have read the pamphlets sent, showing the great work that God has enabled Mr. Booth, Sr., to do in Africa. God has honored him in a way that is almost incredible, enabling one man, severely handicapped, to do a mighty work, the issue of which who shall declare?"

"His little daughter, a child of ten years, has, in all his work, proved a great help to him and a protection. She has always felt her father was perfectly safe from the lions when she was by his side! We were hoping that the son would also go out at this time. It has been decided, however, in accordance with what seems the will of God, and his own desire, to postpone his departure till he has completed his course of training."

"At Katunga we have a station which has a history. An old chief, by name Masea, who was one of the four who stood loyally by Dr. Livingstone for twenty-five years, has been waiting for some missionary to tell his people of Livingstone's God. When Mr. Booth came there, Masea prevailed on him to accept a plot of land on which to build a Mission Station. He would take nothing for that land; he said the land was God's land, and he gave it to the Mission for God's work."

In circular, May, 1894. "In material and financial help the Lord has also provided in measure surpassing anything we dared to hope for. Mr. F. W. Crossley, of Manchester, has kindly supplied, for the use of the mission, a steamer and all necessary requirements for river traffic, at a cost of about £5,000; (\$25,000) and Mr. John Corey has furnished the means to build and send out two large steel barges, suitable both for passenger and goods traffic. These will be very helpful adjuncts to the work." It seems that Bro. Booth's son went to Africa early in 1894, or before, and after a little time suddenly died. Mrs. Wilson and Miss Rayner both write concerning his death; we quote from the latter. "Dear Eddie Booth has been called home to be with Jesus. All that remained to us of him, we here this morning laid in its last resting-place. He was but seventeen, though far beyond that age in his character and appearance. Our barge was expected up from Chinde, and he had to go to Chiromo, hoping to meet it there, and pass the goods through the customs. Naturally an unhealthy place, it was much more so now during the rainy season. The barge was longer than was expected; fever attacked him for the second time badly. However in a fortnight's time news came that the barge had come. He rose from his bed, saw all his work done, then, though really ill, he started for home—a weary tramp of five days. One of our most faithful evangel-

(Continued on page 701.)

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

"It is not all of life to live." Life is something more than mere breathing air, and eating food, and drinking water, and being sheltered by clothing and houses from heat and cold, from ravenous beasts and human foes.

LIFE means breathing good, pure air; it means eating and drinking that which is wholesome and nutritious; it means wearing clothes which not only protect and shelter, but also beautify and adorn; it means living in homes where repose and comfort and labor and happiness abound.

LIFE means either peace among the nations of the earth, or it means such a victory as has just been won by our country. Life means the power to take all one's surroundings, temporal, intellectual and spiritual, to cast them into the seething caldron of daily experience, and to extract therefrom health and happiness for one's self and for others. This is life, and whatever will best prepare one for it is to be sought after with persistent earnestness.

THERE are two kinds of education—general education and specific education. A general education is a liberal education, and a specific education is a technical education. To give a liberal education is the purpose of our public, graded and high schools, our academies and our colleges. The technical education is acquired in the shop, the office, the business school, the normal school, and institutions of that kind. Now all liberal education is in some degree also specific, while all specific education is likewise in a measure liberal. We cannot say of any study that it is wholly liberal, or wholly specific.

It is not my purpose here to discuss the means by which a liberal education is best secured, whether by the study of mathematics, or the ancient languages, or modern literature, or the natural sciences, or history, or speculative philosophy. My own view is that it does not matter so much what is studied as how it is studied, and under whose instruction. Nor is it my purpose to notice the many criticisms which fall upon schools which are supposed to give a liberal education. For it is possible for a person to spend ten years time on what are known as liberal studies under teachers who are mere parrots, and at the end be narrow-minded walking encyclopedias, possessed of many facts and figures, but wholly without culture.

WHAT do I mean, then, by a liberal education? If you are interested, read this column in the next issue of the RECORDER.

THE GIFT OF GRACIOUSNESS.

BY CLARA L. ROGERS, FARINA, ILL.

The gift of graciousness is a quality we should all strive to obtain, and one which most of us fail to appreciate.

We often hear this expression, "Oh, she is so nice to everyone—it seems natural for her to be so." The same persons who admire this gracious manner in others say, "I am constitutionally indifferent, and it would be hypocrisy for me to pretend to be interested in most people, when, really, there are only a few whom I care about." But they, at the same time complain that they are not univers-

ally liked, or that they are left out of some pleasure in which their more gracious friends are included.

In order to have this pleasant and gracious manner, we must be unselfish and good-natured, and these are qualities that cannot be put on and off at will. We cannot put on unselfishness and good-nature like a garment. It will be ill-fitting, and will plainly show that it is not our own, but a borrowed garment.

Therefore, if we want to wear that garb in company, we must begin to wear it now, and keep it on all the time; for it wears well, and the colors are fast and will not wash out. We cannot be cross and selfish at home and kind and good-natured in company; neither can we keep our good-nature for an out-side garment, a wrap to be put on for special occasions; it will surely fall off at unexpected moments.

We must, therefore, be kind and gracious, considering the feelings of others, and always having a pleasant word for everybody; be frank and true, giving praise where it is merited, having charity for the short-comings of others.

Some of us make not only ourselves but others unhappy, by listening for some one to say an unkind word. In a little while we doubt even the kind word, if the manner of expressing it does not seem as hearty as it should, and in a short time we are busy looking for the word that was never meant, for the tone that was never thought of, and for the neglect that was never intended. When we allow ourselves to feel this way, we are a sorrow, not only to ourselves, but to everyone around us. If we busy ourselves making other people happy, relieve somebody else of the burdens of life, in short, be so busy that we shall not have time to analyze all the talk that is going on around us, we shall make ourselves a help rather than a hindrance. For if we would be kind and gracious to those around us, we must look for the good and not the evil; be interested in the things our friends are interested in; never speak an unkind word, but always have a pleasant word for everyone.

Improve each little opportunity for doing good, and we shall not only help those around us, but we shall be much happier ourselves, and we shall acquire this enviable quality that makes some of our friends so much admired and loved.

The only things that can prevent its acquisition are a selfish disposition and a loveless heart. It will not dwell where love and humanity do not abide, and, like true politeness, is founded on unselfishness.

OUR MIRROR.

LET me repeat the request made three weeks ago, that items of interest regarding your local Society be sent to the editor.

LET me also repeat the invitation regarding questions having special reference to the work of young people in any department of life.

BEGINNING this week with the Eastern Association, I shall publish a list of Societies, with names of Corresponding Secretaries and very brief statistics. If there are any mistakes, I shall deem it a great favor to be corrected. You will find the names of the officers of the

Permanent Committee with the Associational Secretaries in the RECORDER every week, on the last leaf of the paper.

EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

Name.	Corresponding Secretary.	Whole Number.	Money Raised.
Pawcatuck.....	H. Louise Ayers.....	85	\$ 75.00
First Hopkinton.....	L. Gertrude Stillman.....	48	88.00
New Market.....	Lizzie E. Boice.....	31	26.50
Berlin.....	Myrta E. Green.....	37	24.48
Shiloh.....	Mary H. Davis.....	28	23.90
Mariboro.....	Mrs. G. H. F. Randolph.....	29	10.00
Clark's Falls.....	Mrs. Ellen M. Lewis.....	22	15.00
Waterford.....	Lizzie W. Maxson.....	31	38.00
Plainfield.....	Asa F. Randolph.....	98	225 85
Rockville.....	Mrs. Eva McLearn.....	23	9.00
		432	\$485.73

WEST HALLOCK, ILL.—The Junior Society of Christian Endeavor, of West Hallock, is a live society. Their meetings are well and regularly attended, and the young members show the result of careful and conscientious training in the manner in which they conduct and participate in a meeting. The society is ambitious to beautify its meeting room, and the first need is a carpet. An entertainment was recently given which netted the young people something over \$11. The program consisted of the reading of a temperance story entitled, "The Man Who Spoiled the Music," interspersed with appropriate songs. Following the program, ice cream and cake were served, and a pleasant social hour enjoyed. They hope to add, from time to time, to the golden nest-egg thus obtained.

HOW HE CAME THERE.

A tramp asked for a free drink in a saloon. The request was granted, and when in the act of drinking the proffered beverage, one of the young men present exclaimed: "Stop, make us a speech. It is a poor liquor that doesn't unloosen a man's tongue." The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure. "Gentlemen," he said, "I look to-night at you and myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup, and, Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolve and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunkard father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them, that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead. And all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink." The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shattered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors pushed open and shut again, and when a little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Children's Page.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, and went to school,
I'd never break the smallest rule;
And it should be my teacher's joy
To say she had no better boy,
And 'twould be true,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell;
For two things really I despise—
A coward heart, and telling lies.
And you would, too,
If I were you.

—Kind Words.

A LITTLE GIRL IN AFRICA.

[We have secured for the children who read this page, and those who listen while someone else reads it to them, the following story of what a little girl saw in Africa. It is a copy of a letter which she wrote to a lady in England. The Editor has not seen Emily, but he has seen her papa, Mr. Joseph Booth, and he knows that the things which the letter tells about are true. Emily was only eight or nine years old when she went to Africa with her papa, after her dear mamma died and went to heaven. It will help you to understand the letter if you get the map of Africa and find the places about which Emily tells you.]

Copy of Letter to Mrs. Danne.

After my own dear mother died, father, Eddie and I left Melbourne for England on the 31st of October, 1891. We arrived there in the beginning of December, and father took me to our relations and Eddie to Dr. Guinness' college in London. After we had been in England for two months trying to join some missionary society and failing, father and I sailed for Africa. We stayed in South Africa for two months, and then father left me in Durban for three months, because he thought it was too rough for me in the country beyond, while he went to see the country round the Zambesi River; but at night time while he was away he thought he heard me crying for him and he could not bear it, so he came back for me; but just before he started he saw a gentleman who had seen me at Durban and was going to Lake Nyassa, he was a missionary, Dr. Helmsley by name, and he warned father that if he took me up the Zambesi River he would be my murderer, and I should never reach the interior, but I should die on the river and be buried on its bank; "And," said he, "we want no more graves in Africa." But father said he would never force me from him, and quoted these verses: "He that loveth father or mother, wife or child, more than me is not worthy of me," and, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." So father came for me, and we went up the Zambesi River to Katunga, and from there over mountains and down valleys to Mandala, a distance of thirty miles. We were carried in machillas,—that is a hammock slung on a thick bamboo pole and carried on the shoulders of two men. We were twenty-one days going from Chiude, at the mouth of the river, to Mandala. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Edward Mangin, from Melbourne, met us at Durban and went with us.

There was no place at Mandala where we could stay, but a dirty little hut which was offered to us, so, for want of a better place, we took it, and we had not been there long before I went down with the fever; I was very ill and not expected to live, but by degrees I got better. When we had been there two weeks Mr. Mangin died of the fever; he had secured a situation with a coffee planter, as we had very little money. After I got well father took the fever and was very ill. One

night I was left alone with him, and he was delirious, calling out and frightening all the natives away; I was dreadfully frightened and did not know what to do, but towards morning he was much better, for the fever had left him, but he was very weak. When father was well again he had to go and see a native chief across the river about some land, so, of course, I went with him. When we were there we slept in our tent, and in the night a leopard came, and as my leg had slipped down between the bed and the canvas of the tent, father heard it sniffing at me, and he lifted me away; but instead of trying to get into the tent, as it might have done, a baby cried just then in one of the native huts not far away and the leopard went in the direction of the sound. After father's business with the chief was over, we started home in the afternoon, and so making it necessary to sleep on the mountain side. Before we went to sleep father told two men to keep a fire burning, because there were wild beasts about, but when father woke up in the night the fire was out and the men asleep, and he could hear leopards not far off; but instead of getting up and having a fire made, and so showing the leopards we were there, he lay still and trusted in God to deliver us, and he did, for father went to sleep and no more was heard of the leopards. The chief father had been to see was named Maseyr, a Makololo chief, who had followed Dr. Livingstone across Africa.

Another time father had to go part of the way down the river with two canoes to meet the barge which was very heavily laden and had been five or six weeks already on the journey, and help to bring up some of the bales of calico. As we were going down—for I went too—we had to sleep two nights in our canoe by the bank; both nights crocodiles came and scratched the sides of the canoe with their claws, and tried to get in to us, but father jumped up and picking up one of the poles the canoe was worked with, struck at the crocodiles and splashed the water about; after this we slept on the bank. The third night as father was getting out of the canoe he saw a good sized snake under a bush, but as it was getting dark he did not have it killed because it would have been very dangerous work. In the night when I was asleep father heard it moving about, but it did not come near us. The next day we met the barge and had both canoes filled with bales of calico. Father and I went in one of them. As we turned a bend in the river we ran on a sand-bank, and being heavily laden our canoe stuck fast. There were two men on the bank, and just as we stuck they shot a large hippopotamus which, when it saw us, came out of the water and rushed at us. It had been shot in its nose and was furious. When I saw it I began to cry and clung to father; he remembered the verse, "Be still and know that I am God," so he stood and waited. As the hippopotamus rushed at us it came quite close and then stopped and looked father in the face; he watched it and was struck with the beauty of its eyes. After looking at us for some time and then at the water, seeming very undecided what to do, it plunged into the water and left us unharmed. A day or two after this, while we were traveling in the same canoe we landed on an island for the night, and when it was quite dark and we were all asleep, father heard the roaring of

lions at a distance, and they came nearer and nearer until they were quite close to the river, and not far from us. I awoke and heard them, and father says I said, for I was frightened and do not remember, "Oh! Da, the lions, they will eat me first, won't they? they won't kill you and leave me in Africa, will they?" Father replied and said, "God will not let them hurt either of us," but really he was very frightened himself and his heart was beating very fast. Father then told me these promises, "There shall no evil befall thee," and "The angel of the Lord campeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Then I took father's hand and held it tight and went to sleep. I ought to have told you that father never carried any firearms, but depended upon God. A number of other missionaries came out, and among them my brother. He went down with the fever, but before we came away he seemed almost better. Father and I arrived in England about the 14th of December, 1893, and father left me there to get an education. My brother died on the 22d of February, 1894; he was a big, strong boy of seventeen, but in doing some mission work which no one else would do he lost his life. I have not said anything of the African people: they are honest and kind, generous and friendly, much superior to the American negro in character and disposition, but without their advantages. They are not savage and cruel, as many suppose, but generally very hospitable; of course I am only speaking of those living in the parts we have traveled in. They believe in white men because of the good influence of Dr. Livingstone.

EMILY BOOTH.

A CAT THAT CAN READ.

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

"A letter!" exclaimed the hearer in surprise.

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

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

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

I mailed the letter as she asked, and was at my friend's home promptly the next morning.

Soon the bell rang; and shortly afterward the servant entered with a bundle of letters, among which was that for Miss Pussy.

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

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

I was almost too surprised to speak, when my friend said:

"Wait a moment. She'll open it, and eat up all that is in the envelope. Just watch her do it."

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

A TENEMENT-HOUSE SAINT.

BY LOUISE DUNHAM GOLDSBERRY.

It was a pitiful sort of life, every way—a mix of day and night. Not much difference, unless maybe the wakeful night-hours were more wearing than the day-hours. Always she counted fire-alarms, the pulsing thud of sound across the atmosphere like a heavy whip-lash, holding her heart-beats until the brazen slow booming trailed into silence, and the noises of the city boiled anew. She had sunshine. Coal was twenty-five cents a bushel, when the river turned live and came up-hill, a yellow, shivering thing, coiling about tenements till they were afloat in it, doorless and with foundations laid on water. It was always in the winter, when bodies outweighed souls (by half of heaven) because of the hunger, and the fogs and cold and freezings got into eyes and froze down love, and curses were shrillest. She took a punily fierce delight in the floods. She liked to watch the drowning-out of the streets, the dominant bulk of the tenements outriding them; and the flickers fallen from lamps like red fingers sieving the waters.

At night the noises still went through her brain like great, strong music. Even in the after-midnight the silence was big and sonorous with the dead day's voice. And the starlight came into her window in gold strands; a beamy, soft looking-down into her wide eyes, as if it were, indeed, the rush-lights of heaven glinting in.

Coal was high then. A queer sorting of conditions that always a flood must come in February or March, when it was hard enough at best to keep the blood thawed in one's veins, without that last jump in coal. Put a continuous hunger in the stomach, a continuous shiver under last winter's old flannels, and there you are when coal goes up—ready for almost any crime that gets meat and bread and coals.

Not that she considered herself as a part of God's fore-knowledge. Rather, hers was a sort of getting into existence through a trap-door, by mistake. So she thought; not angrily, but with a still sweetness in her thoughts that were not bitter; scarce even bitter-sweet, but just sweet; an acceptance of herself and her decayed spine.

Sometimes she could see her breath in the room; thin curls of warmth that turned frosty against her fingers.

Patience? women learn it. Hard or easy, it is a lesson; this being women. If but a heart broke under misery! But no; come day and come night, it all goes on.

Her door opened noiselessly, and out of the soundless hall she heard a scamper of rats and the squeak of them, scared back to their holes. It was Nannie, from down-stairs. Her face was white; the dead white of a corpse come alive. Her eyes clung to Hagar's face with a stare that sent shivers over the poor body.

"Lock it," said Hagar.

The woman crossed the floor with swift steps, knelt down and cowered in the other's arms. Her dress was in shreds about her shoulders, oozing red lines across her cheek.

"Cry," pleaded Hagar; "do cry."

A dreary laugh, worse than tears, answered. The light from the street-corner broke in shining scales on the wall, crawling and shifting like glittering white snakes, and making distinct that red ooze.

"I can't cry, Hagar. I wish I was dead and in my grave! I do—I'm that sick of bein' his football!"

Even with the low, passionate voice the tears rushed like a spring freshet. I'm goin' away, Hagar; I can't stand it no longer. He struck me once too often." She gasped the words between sobs. Hagar's hand smoothed the bowed head.

"That's what you said last time, you poor girl," said Hagar.

"I know; but I couldn't. He said may God strike him dead if he ever hit me again—and he'd have killed me now, if I hadn't got out of the room. He come in drunk; I seen the whisky in his eyes when he shut the door and looked at me. Then he struck me and choked me, and tried to get his knife out. And I was so desperate I give him a shove that threw him against the bed; and Hagar—Hagar, if he thinks I'm here he'll kill me!"

Hagar hugged the bruised face in her bosom.

"It's the drink, Nannie; but he's got no business to get drunk, and then blame the whisky. It don't walk down men's throats; it takes a hand to get it down, and then men blames the drinkin'."

The sobs ceased, the heavy head lifted.

"I don't see how you stood it, Hagar, all these years; I'd 'a' killed myself," whispered Nannie.

"I didn't darst to, Nannie. I was afraid to. I thought what if God 'ud say: 'Well, did I tell you I wanted you here?' and not let me come in if I went without him sendin'; and I didn't darst to. I didn't like to intrude. Poor folks don't know when people wants them walkin' in," said Hagar, softly.

"It's blows and bleedin' for me; and that dyin' back for you, Hagar. That's what whisky done for us," sobbed Nannie. "I don't know where I'm goin'; out of this house and into the first door I find open," said the poor creature, steadyng herself on her feet, and laughing recklessly as her fingers wiped the drops off her cheek.

"Nannie, Nannie, don't! Remember that dead baby of yourn. You can't leave that forever for the Lord to carry around; you've got to get into heaven, you have, to ease him of carryin' that little baby."

The hard laugh broke into sobs, the woman dropped on her knees, hugging, in turn, Hagar's head to her bosom.

"I will, Hagar, darlin'—I will. I won't forget—I'll be good, even if I have to just lie down in the gutter and freeze. I didn't mean it!"

"Yes, I know; but don't forget, Nannie. It's different with you than me. You're expected up there; I ain't."

At the first streaks of dawn Nannie crept downstairs, faltered, with a shuddering sigh, at the sky flushing through the gray, then fled out into the fog, a wild, wan thing. It hung thick, a crawling, wet fog that slunk down throats like a thief, molding about tenements like a winding-sheet. Down the wharves, fires along bank threw long, wavering flame-ribbons on the water, red gutters along the waves. Now and then voices floated in-shore, bodiless voices, filled with fog, and rattle of oar-locks and that ceaseless swish and lap of waters.

She crept down to the river-edge. A steamer plowed hoarsely up-stream, its red and green lantern dully gleaming like tired eyes

out of the fog. The waves lapped higher, louder, breaking against her feet.

"It 'ud only be to wade out a bit deeper," she thought.

Far off, faint and far off, she heard the church chimes. Solemn and slow the bells played, angelically sweet, a wordless ecstasy. It fell about her like love's garmenting; from head to foot, against her lips, and between her and the lapping river. With her face toward the sound, she turned and went up the bank, stood a second under the shadow of the suspension bridge, and, a little later, running, walking, strangely thrilled to the thought leading her, rang the bell of a big brick house.

The door opened; shut her in from the chill. "I'm homeless, friendless," she faltered to the asking eyes. But I ain't bad, I'm married—here's my ring, ma'am; it's gold; but I rather be dead than beat any more."

The swollen face told more of the story than the lips could tell.

"I ain't bad," she repeated, as she leaned over the flames in the open grate, scooping in the warmth in handfuls, and drinking it like crimson wine. "Hagar 'll tell you I ain't bad."

The woman was used to sad stories; not even the life-tide was warm in the stone-cold souls of half the lives about her till they met Christ and warmed in the look of his eyes. She just stirred the coals, following the swarm of sudden stars fleeting up the chimney, and waited.

"Hagar knows; she's a saint. Whiter'n snow and lilies, inside—an dyin'. It's whisky; her father threw her down-stairs, and her spine-bone is rottin'. She'll tell you. I stood it till I darsent stand it no longer. Beatin' and kickin', kickin' and beaten', and murder, pretty near. I told Hagar I was goin'; and I did, last night. I went to the river; I had to go to the river to look at it. It sings so, and beckons, and says: 'Come on! come on!' I almost wanted to. But maybe my baby would be feared of a drowned woman; and I promised Hagar, and I come here."

"Yes," said the woman, softly; "you came here."

Nannie sighed—a sigh of rest. "I come here; I thought you'd be glad. I used to listen under the windows when you sung of nights; there was one about, 'You've carried your burden, oh, bring it to Jesus,' and I brung it."

Softly the other took up the words, singing them under breath:

"You've carried your burden,
You've carried it long;
Oh, bring it to Jesus,
He's mighty and strong."

"Yes, ma'am; that's it. You don't know how long; Hagar'll tell you. Then the baby come. It had sorrowful eyes; and when it was nursin', them blue eyes fixed right on my eyes like it knew, and it was always lyin' in my bosom, so sweet and comfortin' and precious. Then it died. Oh, I was glad it died, for the floods had come, and I didn't have milk enough for it to live on, and I felt sometimes like I must kill it to keep them blue eyes from the hungry look that got in them. They died lookin' at me so"—

The woman was softly sobbing, her warm, strong arms about Nannie; but as if she were at heaven's confessional, the full heart poured itself out in swift, broken sentences, seeking easement in the telling.

"He had beat me that night, and when he

come in by and by, it was dead—just wore out. He swore, so help him God, he'd never hit me again. He tried to kill me last night."

As the days went on, the river rose up to the second stories of the tenements, and drowned out business. The city, cautiously charitable, made tours of inquiry in boats, tapping at second-story windows and leaving food, and unused, halting phrases of sympathy. The relentless river washed in upon its charity. Not a grudging charity, yet not as giving to that brother whose keeper one is, of old—tardy alms of a brotherhood so strained that the unsmiling faces looked sullen thanks, over silent lips, and alien eyes left echoes of reproach the lips had not uttered. It was not like the fragments gathered from the loaves and fishes, basketfuls of love's divineness, but the duty tax on consciences.

Hagar, from her bed at the window-ledge, watched the dark, swollen waters, the boats pulling over them. Listened, and sang, and wondered of Nannie. Nannie's husband had come to her the next morning after Nannie had run away.

"Do you know where my girl's gone?" he asked her.

The bleared eyes held a furtive shame. Hagar looked at him, then off to the daggers of sunshine piercing the room. The thin, reedy thread of song went on.

"If I knowed," said she, finally, "I'd never tell."

He scowled fiercely at her and, stepping closer, swore at her.

"You pigmy; if you's a man, I'd choke it out of ye!"

"If you was a man, you wouldn't threat a woman with a dead back!" she answered, her eyes imperious with a fine scorn.

"A dead back, maybe, but a mighty live tongue," he muttered. "Honest to God, Hagar, if you tell me where she's went to, I won't hurt her."

"I'd be afraid to call God's attention so much, if I was you. Ain't you feared he might strike you dead? and you ain't fit to die sudden," said Hagar.

"Where's my wife, Hagar?"

"Love, honor, and cherish," said Hagar, solemnly. "That's what a man promises a woman, to the preacher's. 'N' when his babies comes and she's drug-out tendin' them and workin' and goin' half-fed, why then he beats her and tries to kill her."

Did I do that again, Hagar?" he faltered.

"Last night," she answered.

"Then she's run off from me, Hagar," said the man, hoarsely. "What shall I do?"

"Well, I'm just a woman," said Hagar; "and I don't know how it feels to beat wimmen, them I'd kissed and told I'd loved, and seen her babies die; but if I was a man, sich a man as you, I'd get religion."

He stared at her.

"And then if I could find her, I'd coax her to come oncet more and try it," she continued. But I don't know's I'd come, if I was Nannie. You ain't to be trusted."

"You're—you're awful hard on a fellow, Hagar.

But she had turned away, the sweet, thin, thready song took up its strain as if there had been no break in it. Her face lay where the edge of sunshine crossing her hair framed it in pale nimbus. Then, tip-toe, he went out.

There looked in a face, one day, over Hagar's window-sill; as Hagar's startled gaze

met the smiling eyes, another face rose out of the flood, with familiar love in the eyes.

"Why, Nannie!" she cried, holding out welcoming arms.

"It's me, Hagar," cried Nannie, climbing in—"it's me. And such things for you!"

Sure enough, such things! And such comfort in the voice and touch of the strange woman Nannie brought!

"But if he come in, I'd die of fear," said Nannie, when Hagar told her her husband had come direct to her that next day. "I'm all a-tremble; but if I didn't come Miss Anna couldn't find you."

"He never come but then; and I said I'd not tell him if I knew where you was; and told him he better get religion and then start out to hunt you up."

"Get religion! Oh, Hagar!" sobbed Nannie.

"If he does," said Hagar, "then maybe you could try him again; like you was married over again."

The flood receded slowly; left disease and death in its wake. Hagar failed, as if the soul were drifting out with the falling waters.

It had rained all day; wires overhead were strung with translucent drops that slipped along them like beads, falling and reforming in rhythmic regularity. Eaves ran full, spilled over their rims, gushed at tin spouts, and streets scudded with up-leaping whitecaps.

When the first far-off blare of horns and tambourines came up from the rainy night, Hagar's restless hands grew still. Wind-blown and sweet, now loud, now faint, the song swelled. Closer, louder, it paused directly under Hagar's window. She pulled up to the sill, peering over. Wet umbrellas flapped and swayed as the circle closed in about the big drum. A strong voice lifted in prayer, a rapid plea to them to come to God and get the blessing of a clean heart. "Oh, you poor fellow," said the brave young voice—"you poor fellow, just givin' in to the devil, why don't you stop? Stop right this minute and let Jesus be your friend. Why, he loves you. He'll save you from drink and swearin', and beatin' your wife and lyin'. He'll carry your burden, and make you so's you can do an honest day's work six days a week. Come and give Jesus a trial!"

From the amens rose afresh that sweet wild fervor of song:

"You've carried your burden,
You've carried it long;
Oh, bring it to Jesus,
He's mighty and strong."

Out of the little crowd a man flung in and knelt by the drum. Instantly the song sobbed gladder, louder in the rain, as a young fellow knelt beside the weeping man with swift prayer and promise, and arm about the wet shoulders. The circle sank to its knees. One clear, woman-voice lifted petition, bearing the poor sinner up to the throne, and leaving him there. When they stood, a silent expectant circle, the man began to speak; the yellow gas-light flickered on his face. "Why," whispered Hagar to the rain, "it's Nannie's man!"

Her head fell back on her pillow; she did not hear the low cry as a woman pushed her way to the man's side, put two arms about his neck and clung to him, for the jubilant chorus swelled loud again and hid all other sound.

But her door burst open. "He's got religion, Hagar—he's got religion!" cried Nannie.

But the great white gates had shut Hagar in.—*The Independent.*

Zambesi Industrial Mission.
(Continued from page 697.)

ists was with him (besides his carriers). He arrived here to our delight, on Tuesday morning, not apparently ill, but upon his temperature being taken, it was found to be 103 and two points. He was put to bed and seemed really bright, and very comfortable. At prayers that night we were singing:

"Hidden in the hollow of his blessed hand,
Never foe can follow, never traitor stand;
Not a surge of worry, not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry, touch the spirit there,
Every joy or trial falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial by the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him fully, all for us to do;
They who wholly trust Him, find Him wholly true.
Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are fully blest,
Finding as He promised, perfect peace and rest."

As we sang, we heard his voice joining in heartily, and on going to him, and playfully remonstrating with him, he said, "Oh, I couldn't help it, it sounded so sweet. I haven't heard singing like that for so long." With hearts filled with grief, we sang it to-day while standing around his coffin. The natives, and his fellow-missionaries, all loved him. Though so young in years, his was a ripened character in many ways—impetuous, loving and generous. 'He lives again by lives made better by his presence.' It was with hearts full of assurance we laid him in his grave, the sun shining down in its strength all the time." She then describes more minutely his death, and says: "In his last trip he seemed to have a presentiment that it might mean his death. In his note to me, dated Feb. 5, 1894, after thanking for letters received, he says: 'I feel what I need is an unwavering faith in God, and take what comes as from his hand, knowing that my Heavenly Father knows what is best for me. I want to know this blessed experience; mine not to reason why—with God; mine but to do and die—for God. If we are in this attitude, we can bear all things through Christ, who strengtheneth us.' We are praying and believing that his death may be a great blessing to us all, and that 'he, being dead, yet speaketh.' We are stunned at present. God alone can fill the empty place."

The circular of August, 1898, says: "At present, spiritual, educational or industrial work is being carried on at ten different centers, supervised by some thirty European missionaries." It also states that at four stations, the total acreage planted with coffee, is about 750, of which 460, will, it is anticipated, yield a crop, during the present season, of about 35 to 40 tons, estimated value about \$17,500 to \$20,000. It will be remembered it is their spring-time now, as they are south of the Equator. There are in connection with the missions eleven schools with 926 boys and girls during the year, average 673, with seven European and thirty native teachers. There are two hospitals. During the month of March and April the patients treated numbered 2,800, of whom 110 were in-patients. All accomplished in six years.

We see by these extracts and summaries from the reports, that God has used Bro. Booth to found a work, the results of which only God can measure, and to commend the industrial plan for missions which may revolutionize and hasten the blessed work. Let us pray for him in his Sabbath Reform labors in Philadelphia that he may start a new era in that also, and that at no distant day the Seventh-day Baptists may have a mission in Africa. I have written Bro. W. C. Daland, of London, asking him if he would go to the "Head Office" of the "Zambezi Industrial Mission," in London, and personally learn more of the working of the mission, etc.

I. L. COTTRELL.

SHILOH, N. J., Oct. 27, 1898.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Some of the Highest Mountains in the World.

The highest mountain on the globe is Gaorinsakar, located in the Himalaya range, between Hindostan and the Chinese Empire, near Nepal. It is now known as Mount Everest, being re-named after Sir George Everest, an English engineer, who was superintendent of the trigonometrical survey of India, in 1823, and made surveyor-general in 1830. The name was changed in his honor. It is 29,002 feet above sea-level, being about five and one-half miles; no higher mountain is known. The next in height is Dapsang. This mountain is found also in the Himalaya range, north of Kashmir, in India, and is 28,283 feet high, only seven hundred and nineteen feet lower than Everest. There are in this wonderful range of upheaval, called mountains, no less than fifteen having peaks that are over 25,000 feet high. There must have been generated at some time a tremendous force underneath, to have elevated such an enormous mass of rocks (over five miles high), and continue to hold them in place.

The next highest in the world is Mount Aconcagua, in Chile, South America. It is the highest peak in the Andes range, and is 23,910 feet. Then comes Chimborazo, in Ecuador, at a height of 20,498 feet. Humboldt undertook to ascend this mountain in 1802. He came very near making a success; but Whymper, in 1880, accomplished the feat.

The highest mountain in North America has been supposed to be Mt. Elias, in Alaska, which is said now to be about 18,100 feet, according to latest measurements, but its actual height is yet unsettled. It has been quoted as high as 19,000 feet.

Mr. G. H. Eldridge, of the Geological Survey, who has lately returned from Cook's Inlet, says he has found a peak to the right of the Sushitna River that is higher than Mt. Elias. By triangulation and scientific calculation, it is declared to be at least 20,000 feet.

The next highest on the world's list is Orizaba, about ten miles north of Orizaba, the capital of the state of Vera Cruz, in Mexico. This mountain is 18,314 feet.

The next in altitude is Popocatepetl. It is situated forty-five miles southeast of the city of Mexico, and is 17,782 feet in height. It is a very moderate volcano, and has a crater all of a mile in diameter.

The next is Mount Whitney, in the Sierra Nevada range, in California. It is 14,898 feet high. In the Rocky Mountains, the highest peaks are the Holy Cross, Pike's, Long's and Terry's, which claim an altitude of from 14,000 to 14,400 feet.

A New Engine.

A new heat motor has been invented and brought into notice, by Rudolph Diesel, that is receiving considerable attention by engineers, both in Europe and this country.

This motor is made so as to use gas, oil or powdered coal as fuel, yet its construction is entirely different from gas or petroleum engines, and on different principles. In this motor there is no explosion; the power is obtained by the expansion of common atmospheric air, after being compressed.

The engine is constructed with two cylinders; the air is compressed in the first cylinder to a very high degree, reaching about 500

pounds to the square inch, when the fuel charge is inserted.

The fuel is at once ignited by heat produced by the compression, and as no explosion can take place, it burns steadily and increases the atmospheric expansion, which drives the piston.

At the end of the stroke the gases enter the second cylinder, where they further expand, after which they are discharged into the air. This engine is, therefore, double expansion, yet appears to be very simple, indeed has very few parts, and, by the high compression, no firing device is necessary. The ignition of the oil or other fuel becomes positive, a quick explosion is avoided, and a steady, powerful expansion of the highly compressed air is secured.

By this method, we see no reason why the greatest attainable power, from compressed air may not be automatically obtained, at the very minimum of cost. It is set forth that the power indicator card shows a cut-off action as sharp as though the piston was driven by steam.

I have now in operation a gas engine driving machinery, that works on the explosive principle, requiring very little attention. It does its work splendidly and at a far less cost than steam, but could I use condensed air and petroleum as fuel to produce expansion, I am sure the engine would do the same work at a fraction of a cent per hour for each horsepower.

There is but very little friction or loss of power in moving forward condensed air to almost any distance, and then using it for operating machinery, but the power for condensing the air has first to be generated. But in this engine the power is produced by the expansion of the condensed air alone.

I have for some time been of the opinion that the expansion of condensed air would come to the front, as the cheapest, most easily controlled and applicative power yet known to science.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

Dear Brother Cottrell:

I hand you herewith the list of suggested topics for the prayer-meetings of November. I have been for some time using studies from the Acts, and expect to continue them with occasional changes for some time to come. I shall take Bro. Main's topic for our next meeting, and follow it with a sermon on the question of Sabbath-keeping. I am hoping the work of the coming year will be of great blessing to all the brethren and their churches.

I have had much help from the Spirit in my work since Conference.

TOPICS.

- Nov. 5. "Wounding to Heal." Acts 3: 14-26.
- Nov. 12. "Persecuted for the Gospel." Acts 4: 1-4.
- Nov. 19. "Courage Added to Faith." Acts 4: 7-13.
- Nov. 26. "Seeking Their Friends." Acts 4: 23. (Thanksgiving.)

Yours in the Master's work.

E. A. WITTER.

NORTH LOUP, Neb., Oct. 12, 1898.

AN exchange notes that one method by which the devil misleads souls is to get them to claim impossible blessings by misapplying the Word of God. There is great need of emphasizing the fact that the Bible is intended to be a quickener of the spiritual life rather than to be used as a text-book of methods by which to get blessings.

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.	Isiah Called to Service.....	Isiah 6: 1-13
Oct. 29.	Messiah's Kingdom Foretold.....	Isiah 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: 9-19
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 VII.—THE ASSYRIAN INVASION.

For Sabbath-day, Nov. 12, 1898.

LESSON TEXT.—2 Kings 19: 20-22, 28-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.—God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. 46: 1.

INTRODUCTION.

Our subject for this week is the Assyrian Invasion. This was not, however, the first invasion of the Assyrian kings with their dreaded hosts. Three or four times already they had harassed the people of Judah and plundered their cities. The Northern Kingdom had already been destroyed by Sargon; and Hezekiah had been in such fear of Sennacherib that he sent to him a letter of submission and an enormous quantity of gold and silver to purchase security for the city of Jerusalem. The Assyrian king accepted the treasure, but demanded also the surrender of Jerusalem and the absolute submission of the people, purposing to deport them to other provinces of his dominions. The messengers were so discourteous as to ignore the messengers of king Hezekiah and address the people on the wall. The people, however, were true to Hezekiah; and the king himself was loyal to Jehovah and carried his trouble to Isaiah, the prophet of God. He went up also to the house of God and laid the insulting letter of the Assyrian king before Jehovah and prayed for deliverance.

The beginning of our lesson tells of the answer to this prayer.

NOTES.

20. *That which thou hast prayed to me.* The R. V. has "whereas" instead of "that which," and adds "thee" at the end of the verse, thus making a clearer rendering.

21. *The virgin the daughter of Zion.* Much better as R. V., "the virgin daughter of Zion." The people of Jerusalem are regarded figuratively as the offspring of the Holy City, and spoken of collectively. The utterance of the prophet is in poetry—the usual literary form for prophecy. *Daughter of Jerusalem* is parallel to "virgin daughter of Zion." "Hath shaken her head at thee." This was a token of scorn.

22. *The Holy One of Israel.* The sin of Assyria was not only in laying violent hands upon the weak, but especially in attacking the chosen people of God, in despising and reviling Jehovah himself in thus offering violence to those whom he was protecting. "The Holy One of Israel" is a title of God which occurs very frequently in Isaiah.

28. *I will put my hook in thy nose.* The figure is of a hook or ring, put in the nose of a wild beast in order that it may be subdued or restrained. *By the way by which thou comest.* Sennacherib had boasted that he would go on to subdue Egypt. Jehovah will cause him to return before he has even conquered Judah.

29. *And this shall be a sign unto thee.* The sign was evidently not so much for the present moment, as for the future; not to create confidence in God; but to strengthen the faith which the king already had. It would be a token, not only of present deliverance, but of continued peace and prosperity. It was impossible to sow in the year of the invasion, so they would eat what grew from seed accidentally scattered. And the year following they would eat what was seeded from the partial crop of the year before. But after that they would sow and reap without molestation.

30. *And the remnant.* Isaiah speaks very often of the "righteous remnant." In spite of the overthrow and calamity of Israel there shall be preserved some who shall continue to be the chosen people and carry out the plans of God. *Take root downward and bear fruit upward.* Like the stray kernels of grain which were to furnish food for the people that remained.

31. *The zeal of the Lord of hosts shall do this.* There is no uncertainty about this matter.

32. *He shall not come into this city, etc.* "Into" should be replaced by "unto." The king of Assyria who had threatened to destroy Jerusalem shall not even lay siege to it. We have no record that the Assyrian army ever came nearer than Libnah. *Cast a bank against it.*

To raise a mound as high as the wall of a city, was one of the methods of ancient besiegers.

34. *For mine own sake.* This is to assure the people of deliverance. As the Assyrian was, reviling Jehovah, he must needs defend his own. *And for my servant David's sake.* God had promised the kingdom for his seed as long as they should remain faithful.

35. *The angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians.* We do not know how this was accomplished, possibly by a plague, as Josephus and many later writers suppose. Others think that the Assyrian host was destroyed by sudden panic or by a simoon. We are not told that this army was near Jerusalem. *An hundred four score and five thousand.* The Hebrew reads "a hundred and eighty-five thousand." The Chronicler tells us that all the officers of high rank were included among the slain. To the few that were left it seemed that practically every one was slain.

36. *And dwelt at Nineveh.* His defeat was so complete that he had to give up his plans of conquest southward.

37. *In the house of Nisroch.* This heathen divinity is mentioned only here and in the parallel verse in Isaiah. There is considerable doubt as to the meaning of the term "Nisroch." Some think it was an idol representing an eagle-headed man. The Septuagint reads instead of "Nisroch," "Meserach, and Josephus says that Sennacherib was murdered "in his own temple, Araske." *Adrammelech and Sharezer his sons.* Evidently the two elder sons. *Into the land of Armenia.* The R. V. reads "Ararat." The translators of the Authorized Version following some older authorities thought that Ararat meant Armenia and so substituted one word for the other. There is not sufficient authority for the substitution. *Esarhaddon* was one of the greatest Assyrian kings. He made Babylon as well as Nineveh his capital; and carried out the plan of invading Egypt which his father had been compelled to abandon.

MARRIAGES.

WALTERS—FRINK.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dunham Frink, in Milton Junction, Wis., Oct. 19, 1898, by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, Mr. George L. Walters, of Albion, Wis., and Miss Ella May Frink, of Milton Junction.

BURDICK—BRYANT.—At the residence of the officiating clergyman, in Milton Junction, Wis., Oct. 4, 1898, by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, Mr. R. Leon Burdick, of Milton Junction, and Miss Sarah A. Bryant, of Milton, Wis.

DEATHS.

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

SAUNDERS.—Oliver Perry Saunders was born in Westerly, R. I., March 1, 1814, and died at his home in Albion, Wis., Oct. 18, 1898.

Captain Perry Saunders, as he was usually called, followed the life of a sailor for twenty-five years of his early manhood, most of his voyages being to the West Indies and South America. In 1865 he located in Southern Wisconsin, purchasing a farm near Lake Koshkanong, where his taste for rowing and hunting could be satisfied. His first marriage was to Miss Maline Crandall, who died in the autumn of 1865, the same year in which they moved to Wisconsin. In 1866 he was married to Miss Sarah Ann Crandall, a sister of his former wife, who survives to mourn her loss. Two sons and a daughter also survive him. He was an active business man, at the time of his death holding the office of President of the Town Insurance Company, and a member of the Board of Trustees of the school district. In the absence of Pastor Babcock, of Albion, Pastor Geo. W. Burdick, of Milton Junction, conducted the funeral services, Oct. 21. G. W. B.

BURDICK.—At the home of her son, M. G. Burdick, near Farina, Ill., August 25, 1898, Mrs. Amelia Vincent Burdick, widow of the late Russell W. Burdick, aged 76 years and 3 months.

She was born May 31, 1822, in the town of Almond, Allegany County, N. Y., and was the next oldest of sixteen children of David and Fregift Vincent. She accepted Christ in her youth, and united with the First Seventh-day Baptist church of Alfred. In 1848 she was married to Russell W. Burdick, and lived in the vicinity of Alfred until they moved to Farina in 1865. Here she and her husband became constituent members of the Farina church, which was organized the next year, and of which she remained a worthy member until her death. Her husband died in 1891. Of their nine children six survive her. G. A. B.

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This is a book of poems, by a native of Little Genesee, N. Y., whose name is familiar to many of our readers. The poems cover quite a wide range, grouped under such themes as "Serious and Sentimental," "Songs of Nature and the Seasons," "Narrative and Reminiscent," "Children's Poems," etc. The title which Mr. Burdick has chosen for his volume is modest, but hardly comprehensive enough. There is more than jingle to his verse. The sentiment is healthy and happy, deep and true. He treats of simple subjects, but he treats of them in a pleasing manner. There is a local coloring to these poems which our readers in Western New York, and elsewhere, will recognize. "Uncle Matt," is an excellent picture of one whose broken strength and blighted life made him a familiar figure in the days of the author's boyhood. Here is the opening stanza:

"Old and feeble, and bent and gray,
Visage furrowed by grief and pain,
Feebly tottering along life's way;
Staying his steps with his broom-stick cane,
Tanned by sun his wrinkled skin
Matted his hair 'neath his brimless hat,
Bristling stubble upon his chin,—
Poor, old, wandering Uncle Matt."

The book is a fine specimen of the printer's art.

CORRECTING OTHERS' MISTAKES.

Don't pitch information at people's heads as you would shy a bootjack at a cat, and expect them to moisten the earth at your feet with tears of gratitude. The *Christian Advocate* tells how an officious traveler tried this, and how he fared:

The man in the rear seat felt that the crisis had come, and that, try as hard as he might, he could stand it no longer. So he leaned forward, and in a low voice spoke to the plain-looking citizen who had been reading the war news to his seat-mate for the last forty-three miles.

"Excuse me," said the rearward sufferer, "but I hope you won't mind if I tell you the way to pronounce that word. It isn't corpse, but corps—just as though it were spelled c-o-r-e, you know."

The reader looked up. "O, I guess not," he said. "It's corpse all right. There it is in black and white—c-o-r-p-s. I guess you don't know all you're talkin' about."

"The 'p' and 's' are silent," the other rejoined. "Really, its nothing to me, but then —"

"Silent, are they? Well, then, by gracious, you want to be silent, too. Interruptin' a man with your dude notions of spellin' and pronouncin'. I know you and your kind. I'll bet you write your name with an initial in front of it, and that you encourage your wife

to spell hers M-a-y-m-e, or M-a-e, and that you say eyether and lawf. These are war times, when solid American words is the only ones that goes. Let's see, Charlie, where was I?" returning to his paper. "O yes. 'The Fifth Army Corpse will be given the duty of —'"

And then the rearward man went into another car.

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

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

THE Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services in the Boys' Room of the Y. M. C. A. Building, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. The preaching service is at 11.30 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services. GEO. B. SHAW, Pastor. 461 West 155th Street.

THERE will be a Quarterly Meeting at East Portville, commencing on the eve of November 11, 1898. We expect that Rev. Geo. Kenyon, of Hebron, Pa., Rev. W. D. Burdick, of Nile, Rev. O. S. Mills, of Richburg, and the pastor of the Shingle House and Portville churches will be present. We are praying for the presence of the Holy Spirit and an abundant blessing. Let all the people come. J. G. MAHONEY, Pastor.

THE Seventh-day Baptist South-Western Association will hold its Eleventh Annual Session at Fouke, Ark., commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., Nov. 24, 1898. Business will be conducted according to the Associational Rules of Order.

G. M. Cottrell is appointed to preach the opening sermon. L. F. Skaggs, alternate. An hour each will be assigned to the Missionary, Tract and Educational Societies; also to the Woman's and Young People's Societies, if they are represented. Executive Committee, S. I. LEE, President.

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