

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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WHAT I LIVE FOR.

BY THE LATE GEORGE LINNEUS BANKS.

LIVE for those who love me,
For those I know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too.
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've battled for my sake;
The patriot crowned with glory,
The martyr at the stake.
Bards, prophets, heroes, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill God's grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted one's foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—Selected.

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Sabbath Recorder.

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

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DID you read "Danger Signal No. 1," in last week's RECORDER, under the title, "That Open Letter"?

BLESSED is the man who is never discouraged. Only such a man can realize life's best possibilities. He who is never discouraged is always strong. He is master of himself and can always do his best. He brings gain out of every loss, good out of evil, and joy out of sorrow. He may lose money or goods, but his character is untarnished. In keenest disappointment he sees God's way instead of his own way. His faith gets the victory and he goes through the world with songs on his lips. The motto of the truest and worthiest life is, "Never be discouraged." Try it. While fighting discouragement in your own life, encourage others, urge men to stand by the right and never falter. Truth and right are entitled to hopefulness and help. The world needs warming into new life by hope more than it needs "cold water" on the spine.

HOW LONG since you attended the Sixth-day night prayer-meeting? You have lost interest in the prayer-meeting? Where were you the evening previous to prayer-meeting? At the theatre? Did the play increase your desire for the prayer-meeting? It was a "Progressive Euchre Party" and not the theatre? You secured the first prize? Are you proud of your ability to shuffle pictured card board? Did you ever hear the story of the little boy and his mother's progressive euchre party? This is it. Once on a time a wicked little boy came home from the street where he had been playing marbles "for keeps." He had won several prizes, as you did perhaps the evening before you could not go to prayer-meeting. That little boy's mamma was deeply grieved because her child had begun to gamble by playing marbles "for keeps." She chided him sharply and sent him to bed in disgrace, where he cried himself to sleep, after promising God he would not play marbles "for keeps" any more. The next day there were great preparations for company at this little boy's home. Being a good little boy because he had promised his mamma and the Lord that he would not play marbles for keeps any more, he thought he ought to be permitted to sit up that evening and see the people who were coming to his mamma's progressive euchre party. At his bed time he was consoled by being shown many pretty things that had been provided in the parlor by his mamma, who had chided him so sharply the day before for bringing home the handful of pretty marbles which he had won so wickedly—when he did not know any better and did not mean to be wicked—playing marbles for keeps. In the morning he hurried down stairs and asked his mamma if he might see the pretty things in the parlor. "They are all gone," said his mamma. "Where have they gone?" said he. "The people who won them for prizes carried them home," said she. The little boy grew thoughtful. He remembered how he and God talked about the wickedness of gambling with marbles, after his mamma sent him to bed in disgrace. His little conscience was confused. His mamma was a lit-

tle uneasy, when he looked her in the face and said, "Mamma, was not that playing for keeps?" Do you think his mamma went to prayer-meeting that evening? She ought to have done so.

PRES. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, of Yale University, has offered his resignation to take effect at the end of the present academic year. The Corporation expressed surprise upon receiving Dr. Dwight's resignation, and adopted a minute testifying their affectionate admiration for him personally, and their gratification with his administration of twelve years, and urgently requesting him to fix the date of his retirement at the time of the bicentennial celebration in 1901. President Dwight is just seventy years old. Indications are that he will adhere to his determination to retire at the time indicated in his letter of resignation.

A VERDICT of manslaughter has been rendered by a Coroner's Jury, in London, against the "Christian Scientists" under whose treatment, or rather neglect, the novelist Harold Frederic, died. Under the criminal law of England a person is deemed to have committed homicide, although his act is not the immediate or not the sole cause of death, "if by any act he hastens the death of a person suffering under any disease or injury which, apart from such act, would have caused death." The same is true of one who, by any omission of duty, hastens the death of a person who is mortally ill. The theory on which the coroner's jury must have acted in the Frederic case is that the Christian Scientist who undertook to care for the patient either did some act or omitted to perform some duty, the effect of which act or omission was to shorten Mr. Frederic's life. No one supposes that she intended that her treatment should produce death, but the jury evidently regarded her conduct as amounting to unlawful homicide without malice aforethought, which under the law of England constitutes manslaughter. The evidence taken at the inquest in Mr. Frederic's case showed shocking ignorance and outrageous treatment by his attending Scientist. It is no excuse that victims put themselves willingly into the hands of such people. That Mr. Frederic did so supplies a striking and melancholy example of the tendency of human nature in this direction of human weakness and credulity. No one, in England or America, should be allowed to practice medicine who has not been prepared for such a grave responsibility by long and careful preparation.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE" is yet too vague a conception, and a term of too uncertain definition to be accorded a definite place in the catalogue of sciences or theologies. Some devout people believe that all physical ills and diseases can be cured by faith. These make strange applications of the words of Christ in support of that claim. Others, less devout, or wholly irreligious, teach doctrines in the line of theology which are positively subversive of Christianity. Others make claims on "scientific" grounds, which are neither scientific nor common sense. Hence we know of no definition that can be given to what is so vaguely called "Christian Science." What permanent results, good or bad, will yet come from these confused notions remains to be seen. One thing in the movement we heartily

commend, *i. e.*, ignoring, as far as possible, minor physical disorders and troubles. No small share of the "symptoms" which people call disease are imaginary. To study these symptoms until they are exaggerated from one to forty, is folly, or worse. Actual disease of mind or body, or both, is developed by such watching, discussing and worrying over symptoms. Equally important is the need to stop "dosing" symptoms with remedies. In so far as this so-called Christian science induces people to cease such nonsense and to stop worry, and therefore the cultivation of disease, we give it hearty commendation. But when it attempts to ignore actual disease, or injuries which need surgical skill, it approaches the place where "Coroner's Juries" must deal with it as promoting death. The power of the mind over the body in some directions is great, and can be exercised for good, but when the wild fancies of diseased minds are allowed to dictate in the name of Christian Science where the highest medical knowledge and surgical skill are needed, only evil can come. Do not search for symptoms. Do not worry. Do not dose. Eat wholesome food. Work and rest wisely. When your leg is broken, send for a surgeon.

IN the death of Rev. Dr. S. C. Bartlett, D. D., LL. D., New Hampshire and the Congregationalists lose a man of marked ability and high character. He was born in November, 1817. As preacher, writer and college president, Dr. Bartlett had few superiors. He retained his physical powers in a remarkable degree, often appearing in the streets of Hanover, N. H., on his bicycle after he had passed his eightieth year.

THE easy way in which some people talk about sin and repentance reminds one of the Texas mob which hanged a man for stealing a mustang, and afterwards learned that he was innocent. After debating the question they decided that the captain should call on the widow and apologize. Riding up to the fence, he called her to the door and explained the mistake that had been made, closing thus: "Madam, the joke's on us." Some men apologize (?) to God for sin in much that way.

THE evacuation of Cuba is now being pushed by the Spaniards. While it will take time to bring order and good government to the front, under American supervision there seems to be no cause for fear that such results will not be attained. Cuba has been in a state of disorder so long that evils natural to such disorder have developed, and the inhuman rule of Spanish generals like Wyler and Blanco has promoted evil in many ways. The New Year will soon be here, when the strong arm of American rule will set to work to quell disorder, secure justice, revive business, and make way for the fruits of peace. It is cause for additional thanksgiving as the year draws to its close that the wisdom and power of the President and of Congress will begin direct action toward securing the higher ends for which the war has been fought.

WE have watched the race problem troubles in North Carolina hoping that all the facts might be gathered, so that a just judgment could be formed concerning the sad state of affairs at Wilmington. So far as we can now see, the leading facts are these. The negro element in that city had secured control of the municipal government. It is claimed that

through ignorance and dishonesty great corruption had come. This state of affairs is not peculiar to North Carolina nor to negro domination. This led "the white voters to rise and take possession of the government of the city and county." A newspaper, edited by a negro, came out with an article which defamed the white women of the town. This so enraged "the leading men of the city, lawyers, bankers and merchants," that the "revolutionists" united to overturn the negro government. A mass meeting elected a mayor. The governor placed the city under martial law, and quiet has been restored. It also appears that the outbreak would have been avoided if a letter in which the negroes consented to the expulsion of the offending editor from the city had been delivered on time. It was mailed, and reached those to whom it was sent three hours too late. The whole sad affair is another incident in the yet unfinished problem which followed the Civil War. As a whole, when all the factors are considered, the negro problem—or better the negro and "poor white" problem is finding gradual solution through education and religion. But the progress seems slow. From some personal observations in the South since the war, and from the history of similar problems in other countries we conclude that portions of the South must be given up to the negro and to "negro domination," in a large degree. Miscegenation of the better elements of the two races is neither possible nor desirable. The white race in America owes a debt of measureless magnitude to the negro. That debt includes citizenship and political equality. But citizenship and equality, in the higher and better sense, cannot be created by law. And as for social equality, it exists nowhere among those of the same race save by grades of social culture, intellectual development and religious tendencies. Domination by the whites has wrought grave evils to the negro in the past, and "negro domination" now undoubtedly has many elements of revenge in it. Many negroes are unfit to vote or to hold office. The same is true of many whites. Election riots, intimidation, overturning government by mobs and lawless revolution complicate the evils without curing them.

A SNOW-STORM of unusual severity and extent swept over the Atlantic coast on the 26th of November. Railroad travel, steam and electrical, was greatly impeded, and serious damage and loss of life came to seafaring interests. Every day since the storm has added to the list of calamities induced by it. The most serious results came to the shipping, and the most terrible item in that list is the total loss of the steamer Portland, one of the Boston and Portland Steamship Company's vessels, running between Boston and Portland, Me. She left Boston at 7 o'clock on Sabbath, November 26, and was wrecked on Cape Cod about 10 A. M. next morning. It is reported that she sailed against the general orders of her owners. She carried about sixty passengers, besides her crew. Probably one hundred and fifty lives have been lost. Cape Cod has been known as "the grave-yard of the coast" for many years. The name is doubly appropriate to-day. At Block Island the gale reached ninety miles an hour, at which point the measuring apparatus was disabled. Fourteen vessels went ashore in Block Island harbor, about thirty in Boston harbor, and thirty or forty on Cape Cod.

The enormous loss in money and the fearful loss of life are not known with any good degree of exactness at this writing.

SUCH a storm, on land or sea, demonstrates the helplessness of human power and skill as few, if any, other experiences can. On the land locomotion soon becomes impossible. Steam and electricity, the two infinite forces, that usually do man's bidding with quickness and humility, are powerless as the hand of an infant when the mad winds heap the snow-flakes together. On the water rest is equally impossible. A mad sea and a lee-shore mean destruction to the finest ship ever built, however skillfully it may be handled. Pitiless is no name for the manner in which the waves rush all things upon the waiting shore. The rocks gnash their sharpened teeth upon the wave-pursued victims. The sands reach out with choking grasp for what the teeth of the rocks leave alive or unbroken, and the wild winds scream such a requiem as drowns all cries of fear, wails of despair or prayers of hope. Thank God that the storm-swept world with its choking snows and heartless seas is not all.

A POPULAR poem in the earlier years of this century, "The Sea-Bird's Tale," is called up from latent memories by such a storm. Here are some stanzas from memory:

I love on the rush of the storm to sail
And mingle my scream with the hoarser gale.
When the sky is dark and the billows high,
And the tempest sweeps in terror by,
I love to ride on the mad'ning blast
And flap my wings o'er the fated mast,
And sing to the crew a song of fear,
Of the reef and the surge that await them here.

I saw the storm as it gathered fast,
I heard the roar of the coming blast,
I marked the ship in her fearful strife,
As she flew on the tide like a thing of life.
But the whirlwind came, her masts were wrung,
Away and away on the waters flung.
I looked on the scene; I saw despair
On the pallid brows of a youthful pair.

But woe to the lover and woe to the maid
Whose hopes on the treacherous sea are laid;
For he is a king whose palaces shine
In lustre and light down the pearly brine,
And he loves to gather in glory there
The choicest things of earth and air.

I poised my foot on the forehead fair
Of a lovely boy who floated there.
I looked in the eyes of the drowning brave,
As he upward gazed through the fatal wave.
I screamed o'er the bubbles that told of Death,
And stopped as the last gave up his breath;
For my task was done: the storm was o'er;
The sun sent abroad his light o'er the sullen seas,
And I tell my tale to the whispering breeze,
Of the hidden things which the waves conceal,
Which the sea-bird's song can alone reveal.

W. H. GEISTWEIT, in the *Standard*, Nov. 19, writes of missionary work among the Baptists:

No thinking man can view the situation of the work of the gospel without becoming greatly concerned. We are on the eve of something—what, no one can attempt to say; but it will be in the nature of an entire readjustment of things. This is no place to discuss causes that lie back of the present situation. The facts are staring us in the face. If the missionary spirit is the measure of spirituality, we have great cause to seriously examine into our spiritual life. There are breaking hearts in Boston to-day; not alone over the death of Dr. Duncan, but over the slow dying embers of missionary zeal in the churches all over the land. Let no man rise up and say the churches are poor; it is simply not so. Taking Christendom as a whole, its wallet is fat, its heart is lean. Unless something happens, by a direct visitation of God to his church, that will happen which the Master predicted of the salt which had lost its savor. There is not a grain of pessimism in this hurried picture; but we gain nothing by hiding facts; \$50,000 against a half million sorely needed—this is what we have at the end

of a half year, to carry on the work of obeying the Master's command which the Missionary Union is doing for us.

We do not know whether there is any undue "pessimism" in the above. We do know that it would not be pessimistic to draw a similar picture concerning the lack of interest among Seventh-day Baptists in their special work of Sabbath Reform.

PROTESTANT missions in Roman Catholic countries find many elements of discouragement. Dr. Geo. B. Taylor, in a book, "Italy and the Italians," gives much information concerning Protestant missions in Italy during the last forty-five years. One of our Catholic exchanges summarizes the results shown in Dr. Taylor's book as follows: "Out of the thirty millions of the Italian population there are now five thousand six hundred Protestants. This is all that has been accomplished in nearly half a century, with the expenditure of millions of dollars and labor and zeal incalculable." We have not Dr. Taylor's book at hand to test the correctness of this summary. But the following statement accords well with our observation in the Catholic countries of Europe and in Catholic circles in the United States: "In these countries most of the people who do not want the Catholic church want Protestantism still less; they want no church, and have no use for religion or for God." A truly Biblical Protestantism would appeal to Catholics of the more thoughtful class far more than the popular type of Protestantism does.

INDIFFERENCE AND OYSTERS.

An unknown writer has compared indifference to an oyster. He claims that the bulk of unhappiness and misery among good people comes from this easily-swallowed oyster. This writer declares that the oyster of indifference works more evil than the tiger of strong drink does. It is difficult to make comparisons between two great evils. But the dangers of indifference can scarcely be magnified too much. An oyster is the counterpart of the indifferent man in many respects. Break the tip of an oyster's shell, thrust the steel oyster knife into his face, tear his body away from its place of its rest, place him before some hungry gormand, sprinkle him with pepper, submerge him in vinegar, stab him with an oyster fork and swallow him at one gulp, and he will make neither sign nor protest. As well seek blood in a turnip as enthusiasm in an oyster. He is polite in that his unanswering jelliness never retorts nor answers back, but it is the politeness of indifference and inefficiency. Imaginative satire could go no farther in the realms of the impossible than to suggest the futility of arousing an oyster to run a foot race, or of inviting even the largest "Saddle Rock" to join in running to a fire.

How like an indifferent man. Rush into the doorway of his life with a sharp call to duty, voiced in a stirring sermon. He will listen with respectful sleepiness, possibly he will confess, languidly, as he goes home from church that "It was a good talk." There all ends. Sprinkle his life with pungent rebukes. Prod him with the point of invective. Appeal to his sense of duty and his love for high endeavor. Portray the dangers which surround him and the cause he ought to serve. He smiles lazily at your enthusiasm; and limply settles deeper into the jelly of indifference. A

large share of the time and strength of preachers, teachers and reformers is spent in trying to awaken enthusiasm and produce action on the part of indifferent people. Now and then a weak promise is evoked, a promise that says, "sometime, to-morrow, perhaps." But "sometime" is no time to indifference, and "perhaps" means no more than when an oyster promises to walk, sometime, perhaps.

The chief danger connected with indifference is that it is respectable and comfortable. It does not expect to do anything and people soon cease to expect anything from it. This is a deplorable place. If you want to realize how deplorable a state this is, begin your search for some one to do anything which requires push, persistency and power. "Where is the man," you say. Will A. do it? "No, he never does anything of that kind." Will not B. do it? "He might if he would, but he is not interested in such work." Can C. be induced to undertake it? "I fear not; he is not enthusiastic; has considerable latent power, but it is very difficult to stir him to action." So runs the page by far too often when you seek help for truth, righteousness, temperance, purity, Sabbath Reform, Sabbath-school, prayer-meeting, and the world's uplifting. There is a bit of slang which says, "Don't be a clam." It is far from slang when we plead, Be not an oyster.

DEATH OF DR. H. L. WAYLAND.

Baptists throughout the country, and all others, have suffered a great loss in the death of Rev. H. L. Wayland, D. D., which occurred at a sanitarium in Wernersville, Pa., Nov. 7, 1898. His varied and brilliant career had made him widely known, and his personal qualities won him the love of many.

Heman Lincoln Wayland, D. D., was the son of the late Francis and Lucy Wayland, and was born April 23, 1830, in Providence, R. I., where his father was for many years the successful and distinguished president of Brown University. He was graduated from that institution in 1849, and afterward pursued studies at Newton Theological Institution. He subsequently became connected with the academy at Townshend, Vt., and later was tutor in the University of Rochester. He served as pastor of the Main Street church in Worcester, Mass., from 1854 to 1861, when he entered the Union army and was appointed chaplain of the Seventh Connecticut Regiment.

In 1870 he accepted a call to the presidency of Franklin College, but resigned in 1872, to take editorial charge of the *National Baptist*, then published by the American Baptist Publication Society. He subsequently became both editor and proprietor of that Journal until 1896, when it became merged into the *Examiner* of New York City, and he was made Philadelphia editor. His voice and pen on public occasions and in public places, were always replete with able argument, genuine wit, and felicitous expression.

As student, teacher, pastor, soldier, editor and author, he showed himself a man of exceptional brilliancy and versatility. He was a man of ardent piety, of intense conscientiousness, and unswerving friendship, with a tenderness almost surpassing the tenderness of woman, and with a courage of conviction both firm and fearless.

Dr. Wayland was an ardent advocate of religious liberty, and his voice and pen have done valiant work in defending Sabbath-

keepers against the injustice of Sunday laws. He was a right royal man, to know whom was at once an honor and a blessing.

PEACE! PEACE!!

On the 28th of November, 1898, Spain accepted the terms proposed by the United States, and all but the minor details of peace were settled. The main issues of the war are closed. The full results of the war are sanctioned. The war began two hundred and twenty days ago. We dreaded the arbitration of arms, but we dreaded more the wrongs done to helpless Cuba, and to humanity. One hundred and nine days ago Spain asked an armistice. The intervening time has been consumed in the negotiations at Paris. We have been patient. Spain acknowledges that her resources in diplomacy are exhausted. That her material resources are also exhausted is due to her own folly in refusing to do justice to her colonies, and to the unparalleled victories which came to our arms.

This nation has not taken advantage of a fallen foe. On the other hand, we have been both lenient and generous. The providence of God, in the logic of events, has given us more than we sought; but the greatest part of that gift is made up of new responsibilities and duties to inferior races and to unchristianized peoples. The war has been epoch-making, indeed. George Washington and the Revolution, Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War, do not mark new eras and new forms of destiny more clearly than the new era and the new destiny which William McKinley and the war with Spain now declare. Now that peace has come, the first duty is to make that peace glorious with high endeavor and beneficent results. The American flag now shelters a nation of peoples, on land and sea, continent and island, from Arctic snows to torrid suns. Atlantic waves, Pacific tides and Southern seas break on our enlarged and world-wide coasts.

There is good reason to believe that the new obligations which the results of the war and peace have brought will move the nation into fields of greater usefulness, and hence of true greatness. The sentiments which have pervaded the hearts of our leading men, which have found expression in our leading journals since the moment war was declared, promise such results. The President and his Cabinet and the Commissioners at Paris have been actuated by such motives as great tasks and sacred duties awaken. Probably all Europe, outside of Great Britain, will condemn us, more or less. Nothing in the history of the monarchies of the Old World answers to the genius of our institutions. They are not familiar with the thought of war or conquest for humanitarian reasons. Germany, which squeezed millions of blood-money from prostrate France a few years ago is poorly fitted to understand how we pay \$20,000,000 for territory already in our grasp—part or all of which she wants! France complains because the loss of territory by Spain makes the payment of Spain's debts less likely. Let Europe complain. Our national duty is unchanged. Let all those nations which have been seeking, by hook or by crook, new territory in the far East complain because our nation comes too near to China, carved and cornered by greater Powers to make the balance of power safe. Such complaints do not change the facts nor lessen our duty. Quiet-

ly, without bravado and without fear, we must go forward.

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be.
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate Winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

TAKING THE PHILIPPINES.

The RECORDER has waited for the signing of the treaty of peace before saying that the final results of the war with Spain must be accepted as manifest destiny. These results could not be foreseen when the demands were formulated in the matter of Cuba. Up to the last moment the RECORDER hoped and believed that Spain would accede to the adjustment of affairs in Cuba without an appeal to arms. We deeply regretted the necessity which made justice in Cuba impossible without war. The final results are, in one sense, of Spain's choosing. In the larger sense, they are the fruitage of her wickedness. We are by no means as upright and free from national sins as we ought to be. But some agent was demanded through whom eternal justice could wrest from Spain the territory she had so long misgoverned, and the opportunities she had so long abused. Our proximity to Cuba and the genius of our Republic, made us the natural agent. We demanded the least that could be, in the name of justice and humanity. The better sentiment of the civilized world commended our demands. Spain refused the part, and lost all. We asked justice for part of those she had wronged so long and so deeply. Justice said not part, but the whole. Every higher consideration connected with the war forced us to take Porto Rico and the Philippines. Duties bring dangers. What then? Shall duty be shirked? Not by men who know the right and fear God.

It is said that we are now involved with Europe and Asia as a world power. Be it so. We were before. When we came forward to rescue Cuba, we entered the arena more openly. Nothing more. What now? Protect what destiny has given to our keeping. Secure independent government for the rescued peoples as fast and as far as it can be done. Wherein they are not ready for self-government, set in motion all needful influences to fit them. We want no entangling alliances with European powers. We need not enter into any. We have treaty rights in China. We must protect them. If the possession of Hawaii and the Philippines make this easier, so much the better. The war has brought an alliance with Great Britain, informal, but very actual. Why? Language, blood, common aims for the advancement of commerce, civilization and justice. We want the Nicaragua Canal. So does Great Britain. We want to extend higher civilization. So does Great Britain. We must hold the new territory gained from Spain. That suits Great Britain. This unwritten alliance between the two great English-speaking representatives of Protestant civilization will make that civilization invincible if it be pursued in the fear of God and along the lines of righteousness and justice. We take the Philippines and all the rest not for greed, but to forward the higher ends of justice and peace. We planned in part. The logic of events demands the rest. We said Cuba for freedom. Justice said, "Add Porto Rico and the Philippines." Thus let it be.

WHERE DWELLS OLD TIME?

BY ANNA D. WALKER.

Where dwells old Time, with his wonderful wheel
He turneth and turneth alway?
He never is still, but with spindle and reel
He spinneth by night and by day.
He roams through all countries, exploreth each land,
And everywhere leaveth his track:
He ever goes onward; this understand,
He never, no never, turns back.

No host and no arms can baffle his will,
The palace he crumbles away;
The fine works of man, of art and of skill,
Are brought by old Time to decay.
He cuts with his scythe, destroys with his hands,
The king and the crown doth despoil;
He sunders all knots, divideth all bands,
And nothing is known him to foil.

He works in the cradle, and out comes the boy,
We thought but an infant to hold;
And old Father Time keeps up his employ
Till the lad is a man, wrinkled, old.
He pushes the lass from her dear mother's side,
The lassie so tender and fair;
And with her in hand, on, on he doth glide
Till the girl is a woman of care.

Old Time has a stream, a swift rolling stream,
And deepens it, ages right through;
The waters they glide and the waters they gleam,
And flow fast toward eternity, too.
The pillars, the temples, the cities of old,
By art and by opulence reared,
Down Time's swift rushing tide they have rolled,
Or been hid by his fingers so wierd.

These waters are full of vessels we know,
Each bearing a soul t'ward the sea;
Invisible mariners row, and they row,
And land all in eternity!

—Christian Work.

LETTERS TO YOUNG PREACHERS AND THEIR HEARERS.

LETTER VII.

STUDY YOUR OWN HEARTS.

There is a certain type of knowledge concerning men which you can gain in no way so well as by familiarity with yourselves. Individual experience has much that is in common with universal experience; hence your joys and sorrows, temptations and trials, doubts and fears, failures and successes, defeats and victories, will be similar to those of other men. When you learn, through your own experience, how these come and go, and where to find help and relief, you may justly conclude that the lives of other men will find help, relief and guidance in the same way. This deeper study of yourselves will not always be flattering. It will reveal weaknesses of which you will be ashamed, and doubts from which you will gladly flee. But it will be healthful and helpful. It will give you strength and wisdom. One is not fitted to govern others, until he can govern himself; neither can one help and teach others, who has not learned how to help and rebuke himself under similar circumstances. Keep these facts ever in mind, and do not shrink from that sort of self-rebuke and self-analysis of purposes and intentions which will be your greatest aid in analyzing the intentions and purposes of other men.

LOVE FOR THE WORK.

Another essential element in the general preparation for the work of preaching is that deeper conviction of personal duty, which leads the preacher to feel that preaching is his *God-given* mission. The work of preaching the gospel may not be chosen as other and ordinary pursuits are chosen. The nature of this work is such that it cannot be done well, because a man who may be able to speak in public chooses to preach rather than to do something else. Even the advice and the desires of well-meaning friends and admirers ought not to lead a man into the work of preaching the gospel who is not per-

meated with the conviction that he *ought* to preach, and ought not to do anything else. We mean by this that essential conviction which forms the basis of the divine call to the ministry. If this be wanting in a man, he is unfit for the work of preaching.

The conviction that the work is your work must be supplemented and supported by an earnest love of the work for its own sake. You are to love it because it is God's work. You are to undertake it, because it is his method of saving men from sin. In the ordinary affairs of life, men succeed the best who do their work *con amore*. In preaching, this is absolutely indispensable to success. Such love will enliven one's colder conviction of oughtness, and stimulate all his power to full activity. Such love for the work will enable him to bear its burdens; to overcome temporary defeat, and give that patience, without which no preacher can ever succeed. In saying this we do not mean to exclude preaching by laymen, a field which ought to be enlarged greatly.

This love must also include deep affection for men, and confidence in their willingness and power to do right. You must believe that men can obey truth, before you are fitted to persuade them into obedience. A cynic cannot be a successful herald of the gospel of Christ. That gospel is a continuous expression of infinite love. Christ is the fruitage of infinite love. His whole life glowed with it; all his words were tempered by it. He believed in men, and hence was willing to labor unceasingly for them. He loved men, and hence was willing to die for them. The misanthrope, cold, critical and suspicious can never interpret such a life. He cannot even repeat the words to which the Redeemer's lips gave birth without changing their character. He may utter the blessed messages of peace, but the coldness in his own soul will harden them, his suspicion will poison them, and his bitterness will drop gall instead of the balm of Gilead. My brethren, you must love men; have faith in men; be patient with men, if you would teach them truth and win them to Christ. There is a path which leads to the inner heart of every man. Men will open this path to you, when they feel that you come to them trustingly. They will close it forever against you, if you come to them with doubt and suspicion. If the mimosa of the prairie close its petals when a foot-step approaches, much more will a human heart close its doors to that fellow-being who comes only to rebuke and upbraid, to taunt and condemn. God's servants must learn how to find their way into the hearts of men that they may lead them as willing captives unto him.

Another element which is allied to those already mentioned, is the power to put yourself in the place which those occupy to whom you preach. You must see things from their stand-point. The absence of this ability is plainly and sadly apparent in the work of many preachers. They see questions and duties, first and only from the stand-point of the theologian or of the pastor. In this they are right, but they should not stop here. They need to go from their own point of observation to the one occupied by their hearers, and thus learn how things appear to them. In no other way can they wisely plead with them to leave the false position they occupy, and seek the true one. The legend of the shield illustrates this idea. It runs thus:

Two knights, meeting on the highway just where a memorial shield had been erected, saluted each other, and one said, "What a beautiful silver shield." The other replied, "It is a golden shield." Discussion and crimination followed, until anger took the place of friendship. They set their lances, and closed in conflict. As the contest continued, each was unhorsed and each mortally wounded. In falling, each was enabled to see the opposite side of the shield. One side was golden, the other silver. Thus in death they learned what each ought to have known before had he seen the shield from the other's stand-point. If a man sees only one side, he is ready to assail the man who sees only the other. Hence men must change places in order to understand each other. Many sermons fall powerless because the preacher never saw the question from the stand-point which his hearers occupy. Although the hearers may be wrong, the preacher has little power to help them until he knows how the case appears to them. Knowing this, he is able to correct their misunderstandings and errors.

SUCH PREPARATION IS NOT EASILY GAINED.

We are so constituted that it is not an easy task to remove from our place of observation and look at things as they appear to other men. Still less easy is it to remain unaffected by our own views while we look at the question from the other man's stand-point. It requires a breadth of opinion, a degree of charity, and an absence of selfishness which come only through careful cultivation and the help of divine grace. It demands also a far-seeing and strong faith in truth. Most men tear to leave their own stand-point, even temporarily, lest the truth which they hold, or believe themselves to hold, be jeopardized thereby. This fear is foolish, and a source of great weakness. If the position a man occupies gives him a clear view of truth, he will be the more firmly attached to it, after viewing the case from other points, which allow only imperfect views of truth. And surely, if a man finds a stand-point from which he can see more of truth than before, he ought to welcome it gladly, as a new-found prize. Truth is the only legitimate aim. Position is nothing, only as it reveals truth. Seek after this broad, up-lifting preparation for the work. Rest without fear that truth will be jeopardized by careful and devout investigation. Be willing to view questions from every stand-point; and, most of all, from the stand-point of those whom you deem in error. He has most power who has largest knowledge of all questions that he is called to consider. He will have greatest charity for others who knows the most of their errors, as well as of the strength of their position. The preacher who has but narrow conceptions of truth and duty must not only walk within narrow limits, so far as his own life is concerned, but he must be correspondingly weak in influencing other men. The narrow-chested, stoop-shouldered student dies of pulmonary consumption, while his broad-chested, large-lunged companion lives to do the work of a half-dozen like his feeble class-mate. The broad-viewed, many-sided man is best fitted to defend truth or lead men away from error. No greater weakness can enter into your preparation for preaching than that which would confine you to a few lines of thought, or a few methods of searching after truth.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

Two Sabbath-Keeping Baptists.

Those who attended the General Conference at Milton in 1893 will probably remember a dark-haired stranger who read a chapter of Revelation at one of the services, and at another time spoke of himself as "one of that large body of Baptists who believe that the seventh day of the week is the Sabbath."

It was our pleasure to spend Sunday, Nov. 20, with this gentleman, Rev. J. F. Heilner, pastor of the Claim Street Baptist church, Aurora, Ill. It will be of interest to state at the outset that Mr. and Mrs. Heilner are endeavoring to keep the Sabbath still, and that several members of their congregation are interested in the subject.

We were deeply pleased and touched by the work which Mr. and Mrs. Heilner are doing in their section of the city. It is the only Protestant church within a radius of nearly a mile. In this section live 7,000 people, about half of whom, not being Catholics, are to be considered in their parish. The church is a young one, and when Mr. Heilner became the pastor was at a low ebb as regards numbers, power and standing in the community. The church building was small and in bad repair. Bro. Heilner has baptized 116 candidates into the membership of the church, over 100 of these being adults. Twelve were Roman Catholics, one was a drunkard, nearly all were from the non-church-going class. The church is in a healthy working condition, and conversions take place at any time. In the after-meeting on that Sunday evening, one man, a head of a family, stood up and gave himself to Christ.

A pleasant and commodious institutional church has been erected and paid for, the institutional feature being a lyceum and reading room. The membership is made up entirely of working people. They appear very much attached to their church and pastor. The earnest attention which they gave to the sermons was an evidence of vigorous religious life.

Mr. and Mrs. Heilner have the RECORDER, and continue interested in our work as a people. They remember the student evangelists with affection, and show an acquaintance with pastors and laymen of other churches among us. They have thrown themselves, heart and soul, into the work which is entrusted to them. Their faces and their conversation gave evidence of the growth in grace which they have made and the spiritual victories which they have won since last we met.

We doubt not that a large circle of RECORDER readers will join us in bidding them God-speed in their work.

The Baptism of the Spirit.

One of the marked features of religious life among the churches, to be observed wherever we go, is the growing interest in one subject, the Holy Spirit. "Tell us about it," they say, "and how shall we get it?" Very common, indeed, it is to see earnest Christians who want to be thoroughly clean in heart and life, more used in the Master's service, and to that end long for the baptism of power.

The conditions are very simple. The reason why any one has to grope in darkness must be because they have not yet reached the point where they are ready to meet them.

A clean surrender, taking God at his word. No rights reserved, no stakes set, no possessions withheld. Get down low at the foot of the cross and leave them all there.

Then go calmly, confidently, triumphantly on your way. You have his promise for it, and he will not suffer one good word to fail. Go to your school to-morrow, your desk, your plow, your kitchen. You will not go alone. However you may feel about it, a sanctifying presence will be with you, touching all the thoughts, acts, words, making them living and fruitful. You will not worry about the smallness of your sphere. Your life is no longer yours, but God's. The responsibility is his. His is the power—to him be all the glory.

Held in Trust.

As I walked home from church where a "popular" preacher had held our attention for an hour, I passed down the stone sidewalks behind which the broad, velvet lawns stretched on either side. Beautiful homes they were. The filmy draperies, the rich hangings, the elegant appointments shone in a glamour of faultless taste upon the chilly world outside; for the electric lights met the evening dusk at the plate-glass windows, and the happy custom was followed of leaving the shades undrawn. How enticing looked the fireside in contrast with the gloom of the night!

Yet there was a vague dissatisfaction in my heart. I tried to analyze it. Was there a gnawing jealousy which would not permit me to enjoy the sight of the happiness of others? No, I could honestly rejoice in every good fortune of my fellows. My own heart beat quicker in sympathy with the pleasant home circles that passed in panorama as I wended my way.

Brethren, the chief indictment against luxurious habits of life is that they cannot be shared by all. Amos's complaint was not that the aristocrats ate "the lambs out of the flock and the calves out of the stall," but that in doing these things they "forgot the affliction of Jacob." Not against the beds of ivory, but against the oppression which bought them. Regardless of the privations of others, they hugged their delicacies to their bosoms. Here they were lolling upon their couches, eating their dainties, drinking their wine by the bucketful, while the needy were to be succored, the rights of the helpless to be vindicated, a nation to be saved, a race to be redeemed.

Stinging, sarcastic, indignant, fell the lash of the prophet upon the hideous selfishness which was content to drink the blood of humanity.

Now God himself delights in beauty. Acres upon acres of fragrant violets have blossomed to the sky before the eye of man came to see. The book of Revelation is not all metaphor. Emerald and jasper and pearl in heaven—why not? But all the inhabitants will share the glory, and no one will walk the golden streets a pauper.

Five hundred dollars—yes, it will buy an oriental rug—or food for the hungry; or it will preach the gospel to the poor and swell the chorus of the redeemed. O, the treasures which are lavished in the lap of this generation! And the Father above, who sees the blue, pinched faces of the children, the struggle for bread, the multitude living and dying without a Saviour—he knows what we love best by the use which we make of his bounties.

COPPER IN THE STONE AGE.

BY W. P. CLARKE.

[By an error, the paper in this series published in the RECORDER of Nov. 21 was not credited to Mr. Clarke, as it should have been. Mr. Clarke is a specialist of note in this department of Archæology. He has a fine collection which illustrates all the papers on the Stone Age, which have enriched the columns of the RECORDER.—Ed.]

At some period during the latter part of the stone age in Europe, the art of smelting copper and tin ores was discovered. This resulted in the production of Bronze. So common became the use of this alloy, not only in Europe but also in Asia, and perhaps part of Africa, that the term "Bronze Age" has been applied to the transition period preceding the Age of Iron.

In this country, however, there was no Bronze Age, and this for two reasons. The aboriginal inhabitants knew nothing of the art of smelting, and there was not, until recently, any deposits of tin known. But we had in a portion of the United States what corresponds in a measure to the Bronze Age in Europe. We refer to the use of copper by the pre-historic people of the northwest. They by some means, perhaps on hunting trips, discovered the out-crop of copper in the upper peninsula of Michigan, and made good use of their discovery. From the fact that by far the larger part of the copper tools in existence have been found in eastern Wisconsin, it is probable that the people of that section made the discovery, and invented the process of working copper. Prospectors in the vicinity of the great mines of northern Michigan years ago found the ancient excavations containing the stone mauls, decayed timbers and fragments of copper left there by the pre-historic miners. Much of the copper in that region is not in the form of ore, but is practically pure. Fragments of this "virgin" copper are frequently found in southern Wisconsin, and commonly called "drift" copper. It was from such pieces that the "Mound Builder" fashioned his tools. With one stone as a hammer and another as an anvil, blacksmith-like he pounded out knives, axes, spears, awls and fish-hooks, as well as articles of ornament. A positive proof that the metal was not melted is found in the existence, in many of the specimens, of small fragments of pure silver, a well-known characteristic of the Lake Superior copper. Nor, so far as I have been able to ascertain, do any of these implements show any evidence of tempering or hardening, beyond a compacting of the particles caused by hammering.

Some of the knives and spears were made with a socket to receive the handle, more have simply a pointed end to be driven into the handle. Many of them are very symmetrical, and in shape like tools of modern manufacture. The deep corrosion and the thick green patina coating them give evidence of their great antiquity, and are sure marks of their genuine character.

While nearly all the copper relics found in Wisconsin have been knives, spears, axes, etc., the exploration of the Hopewell mounds in Ohio has revealed many other articles of great interest. Among them are two "Swas-tika" crosses, many ornamental designs in thin copper, ear ornaments and beads, an axe weighing thirty-two pounds, and a remarkable head dress, with pronged antlers.

KINDNESS is a precious oil that makes the crushing wheels of care seem lighter.—*Eugene Field.*

Missions.

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

THE Missionary Secretary had the privilege of a conference with the people of the Hartsville, Hornellsville, Portville, Richburg and Friendship churches. Bad weather and roads caused small attendance at some of the places, but the mutual talk and interchange of thought upon our missionary interests and evangelistic work are profitable to all concerned. Certainly the people will better understand the work of the Missionary Society, and the Missionary Board will better know the condition and needs of the fields. The missionary spirit is quickened, deepened and broadened by such conferences.

WE live in an age of sharp criticism. Every man or woman is a self-appointed critic. Some critics are kind, considerate and helpful. Others are harsh, condemnatory and repellent. Some are just and fair, others are unjust and cruel. Some know what they are talking or writing about, others are egotistic and ignorant. Commendation does men good, especially the deserving. A good and just critic will point out the good qualities and commend them as well as show the faults and imperfections. As the world goes, the largest proportion of criticism, to-day, of persons, acts, or things, is unjust, unkind and in many instances cruel. The man or woman who deserves the just censure of everybody is the self-imposed, unjust, harsh and cruel critic.

PRINCIPLE versus policy. It is mostly policy, no versus. Policy is front, principle must take the back seat. Policy rules business because it catches more patronage and money. Policy controls politics and political parties, not principle, because it wins. In the church of Christ where, if anywhere, principle should always rule, policy has potent sway. Right policy used to win success, for principle would be right means for right ends, but when employed to win victory for wrong and unrighteous ends, it is as bad as the purpose for which it is used. Somehow by natural instinct, or otherwise, we are afraid of men who are governed by policy, and shun them. It is better for the things of this life and the life to come to stand squarely on the right, and show our colors.

HE who is continually impugning the motives of others is continually wrong in himself, and is justly an object of suspicion. He who thinks evil of others has evil within himself. The moral eye-glasses one wears gives moral color to the objects viewed. If everybody is impure it is because his own heart and life are impure; if every body is bad he is bad. It is better to judge every person good, or right until proven wrong, or the character is manifestly bad. "Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

FROM F. J. BAKKER.

Through the kindness and blessings of our God I have done my usual work as before, in the several branches. This year, 1898, will be in our history and with our people, the real "Dutch Orangemen," a year of good remembrance, because our young, lovely Queen Wilhelmina came to the throne; and after we

have known her feelings concerning the fear of God, then we know she will try to do what is right. In the days of her coronation, *i. e.*, from her birthday unto her coronation's day, 31st August last unto 6th September, there have been feasts all over the country. On Wednesday, 31st August, our Queen's birthday, in most every church and synagogue they did have service and prayer-meetings. We did also have prayer-meeting. No revolt or anarchism did we hear of, all has been in peace, and quiet as could be. I never had thought that it would be so peaceful, and with such good order. We did not see many people drunk in those days. Even the correspondents of the foreign papers, who were at Amsterdam, Hague and Rotterdam, were surprised that they did not see more people drunk. All the rulers of foreign countries, kings, presidents, even the pope, did send congratulations, but none of them did make it so good as "Uncle Paul" did, the President of the "Dutch Boers" in South Africa. Paul Kruger said, or did send his congratulation, as follows: "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." 1 Peter 5: 8. Perhaps many would call it "not *parlementair*," but still it is the real truth, and just as true and acceptable for a Queen or King as for any one else. May our heavenly Father bless our Queen!

Now I will try to give you some account of my work and doings in this quarter. I could uninterrupted do my usual work, except when my wife was ill and must lie abed. My weekly trips to the emigrants and to the ships, small and great, have been made as usual. Many good words of exhortation and advice have I given, and those who know me—who I am and what I try to do—who are friends of truth and righteousness, will listen, and others will despise and laugh. One experience I will tell you in short. A few weeks ago when I was in the shed where the emigrants must pass through, a young man came to me and said: "So, mine friend, are you here again. Five years ago I did meet you here, and then you did give me also such papers and tracts, good reading-matter." "You might as well take it," he said to some of his friends, "those are good papers to have." Eternity will tell sometime what we will never see here—what our work has done, which we in faith, to the honor of God and the benefit of our fellowmen, could do.

On the Sabbath we hold our meetings regularly, from October until March. We have meetings on Sabbath night (Friday) also. The number of meetings, prayer-meetings, etc., were forty in this quarter, including those of First-day night, in that place whereof I told you before. The people there like to have me come, because they always ask me that I will come again. May the Lord bless the work there.

Ships and steamers I have visited about 380. Visits and calls on the houses, 84, and several times visited sick men in the hospital. I have written 32 letters to various persons, gave many papers and tracts, in fourteen or fifteen different languages, to those I meet, and mostly with all I speak a few words about salvation and the love of God. I have Holland tracts, of which I have distributed 3,671 in round numbers, and many other larger papers.

I close now, with the earnest desire and prayer that our Lord will bless you all in every way. Amen.

ROTTERDAM, Oct. 28, 1898.

MISSIONARY BOARD MEETING.

A special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society was held in Westerly, R. I., November 25, 1898, the President, Wm. L. Clarke, in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. A. McLearn.

The following members were present: Wm. L. Clarke, O. U. Whitford, Geo. B. Carpenter, A. McLearn, L. F. Randolph, B. P. Langworthy, 2d., C. H. Stanton, A. S. Babcock, I. B. Crandall, Geo. H. Utter, S. Tyler Collins, N. M. Mills, L. T. Clawson, H. S. Davis, E. F. Stillman, O. D. Sherman and Geo. J. Crandall.

Letters were read from Mrs. J. E. B. Santee and Dr. W. E. Palmer, of Hornellsville, N. Y., requesting aid for the Hornellsville church in the support of a pastor for 1899. It was voted to refer this request to the Corresponding Secretary for adjustment.

The committee appointed to find a young man to go as teacher of the Boys' Boarding School in Shanghai, China, reported as follows:

Your committee appointed to find a suitable young man to send to our Mission in China this fall or early winter, as a teacher of the Boys' Boarding School, would respectfully report:

1. That the committee has found a young man, Mr. Dighton Shaw, of Milton, Wis., now a theological student in Alfred University, who will go, if desired, in early winter, or whenever the Board shall decide. He is twenty-nine years old, and in character, consecration, ability, education, and in physical health and strength, is a suitable and desirable person to send to that Mission. If sent he will take with him a wife. His terms for salary are \$700 per year for the first two years.

2. Your committee would recommend that the Board extend, at this meeting, a call to him to go to China as teacher of our Boys' Boarding Schools, to sail for his field of labor from San Francisco January 7, 1899.

3. Your committee has found that the missionary rates from Chicago, via San Francisco, to Shanghai, are \$205 per adult, accommodations first-class, baggage, 350 pounds.

Respectfully submitted,

WM. L. CLARKE,
O. U. WHITFORD, } Com.
GEO. J. CRANDALL, }

It was voted to receive and record the report. It was then voted to instruct the Corresponding Secretary to extend a call to Dighton Shaw to go to China, with a view of taking charge of our Boys' Boarding School in Shanghai, to go not later than September 1, 1899.

It was voted to instruct the Corresponding Secretary to correspond with the churches of Stone Fort and Bethel, in Southern Illinois, saying to them that when they shall subscribe to pay \$150, or more, for the support of a pastor, this Board will send them a man, with instructions to confine his labors to those two churches.

Meeting adjourned.

WM. L. CLARKE, Pres.

GEO. J. CRANDALL, Rec. Sec.

A STRONG argument in favor of Industrial Missions is advanced by a writer, who refers to the slow methods of native Indian weaving, and says: "The introduction of modern appliances to spin and weave this cloth opens an unlimited field for mission industrial enterprise, which would make mission work self-supporting and be an incalculable benefit to the people. This is not an untried experiment. The Basel Mission in India has had spinning and weaving factories for years, and conducted them with practical German thoroughness, having skilled laymen in charge. They have won a high reputation all over India. These industrial factories are not only self-supporting, but support the entire educational work of the mission."—*Missionary Review*.

Woman's Work.

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

FROM an occasional letter, and from conversation with our workers in various places, we feel that there may be need of a few words of explanation as to our plans for gifts during the present Conference year. The promptness with which our sisters have responded to the free-will offering, for which we have been praying and working, shows us the value of "having a mind to work." This free-will offering should not interfere in any way with our regular yearly offerings to the Missionary and Tract Boards; rather, let us pray that the blessings which have come to us in making these extra gifts may be incentives to our desires for still greater blessing. A closer walk with God, a deeper interest in our brothers and sisters who know not his love, a more prayerful consecration of our dollars and pennies to the Master's service, will not only show our obedience to God's claims upon us, but will bring us the assurance which Christ has given us, that, if we plant, he will surely give the increase. The need for funds is imperative, if we, as a people, "go forward." While we may not be able, at present, to enter the new doors which have just been opened, if our work is enlarged and new workers are being trained for the future, we see great reason for hoping the time will soon come when our borders shall be widened. Some one has said, "Doors opened by God's hand must not be closed by man's neglect." What a revelation we have had this year of God's plan for saving the whole world! May we all be made to see God's will and just our part in his work.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

BY M. B. CLARKE.

"Thy will be done," it may not be
As I had hoped, as I had planned,
But in the way Thou leadest me,
A closer fellowship with Thee,
Shall satisfy my soul's demand.

"Thy will be done," I may not choose
The cares or trials I should bear,
The friends my love would hold or lose,
The sorrows I would fain refuse,
Or joys that I would share.

"Thy will be done," the prayer I pray—
With trembling lips and faltering tongue,
While groping blindly on my way,
With stumbling footsteps day by day,
By angel choirs is grandly sung.

"Thy will be done," so clear and strong,
The glad, exultant notes they raise,
All heaven joins to swell the song,
Its wondrous sweetness to prolong,
The words no longer prayer, but praise.

IN MEMORIAM.

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he hath given.
They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly
As in his heaven."

Over and over has this lesson been impressed on us, and now with greater force than ever, since we are called to mourn the loss of one who for many years has been a zealous worker in our midst. In vain we try to realize that the familiar voice we have so long heard in song, in prayer, in willing testimony and in cheerful greeting is forever hushed on earth. But the helpful hands are folded now; never more will the willing feet run on errands of love and duty, for she rests from her labors, and her works do follow her.

F. Adeane, daughter of Dea. S. P. and Mary Ann Witter, was born at the old homestead, in Wirt, N. Y., July 31, 1855. The youngest of a large family of eleven children, she was naturally the pet of the household, and her

child-life was one of joy and sunshine. When about twelve years of age, her parents moved to the village of Nile, into the home where she has since lived, and where death came to her, November 4, 1898.

Naturally bright and capable, she made the most of her opportunities as they came to her, in her school life at Nile and the Academy at Friendship, where she also took a course in music, thus preparing for the duties that awaited her in the church and society. When but twelve years of age she became converted and was baptized by her pastor, Rev. L. A. Platts, and thus began an active, busy, Christian life; for Christianity meant more to her than a mere profession. With characteristic zeal she threw herself into the work for the Master and neglected no opportunity to perform each duty as it was presented to her.

So long has she presided at our organ that to many of us she seemed almost a part of it. Ready with her pen, it naturally fell to her lot to serve as secretary in the different organizations connected with our church, and in each of the four societies of which she was an active member her interest never flagged, until laid aside by her last sickness.

Two years she served the Woman's Board as secretary in the Western Association, but the failing health of her mother demanded so much of her attention that she was obliged to give up a work for which she seemed especially fitted, and her resignation was reluctantly accepted.

At the organization of our Woman's Missionary Society, December 14, 1879, almost twenty years ago, she was chosen secretary, and with the exception of two years she held that office until her death. What more can be said of her love for that Society than that she has plead all these years for her sisters to stand by an organization that was in touch with our denominational work. We shall miss her ready suggestions and willing service, and God grant that some one may be found to take her place in our broken ranks and carry on the work.

In the Sabbath-school she was at her best. How she mothered our little ones, as for more than fifteen years she stood at her post of duty, and welcomed each new babe into her infant class, while still keeping a kindly interest in those who had grown to other classes. To-day there are but few young men or women in our church who have not profited by her faithful teachings. We shall never forget the sad-faced little band of children who took front seats at her funeral, and followed her remains to beautiful Mt. Hope, where they scattered flowers into her grave, a last, loving tribute to her work for them.

The universal esteem in which she was held by her friends and neighbors outside of the church is a strong proof of her sterling Christian character, and many were the regrets that she who was so willing to minister to others in sickness and trouble must herself be long laid upon the couch of pain and suffering.

Faults she may have had—who of us is free from them?—but viewed through the mists of love and sorrow they only serve to bring into greater prominence those virtues which we would all do well to emulate.

We hesitate when we try to offer our sympathy to those who were nearest and dearest, but we know that they mourn not as those who have no hope, and she who was the

youngest and favorite in a large family of brothers and sisters will ever be held in loving remembrance by them. To the aged mother who had come to lean on her as her chief prop in her declining years this blow has come with crushing force, and our hearts ache with the sympathy which we fail to express; but for her the waiting and loneliness will not be long, and Deane is spared the pain of parting which she so long dreaded and has only gone on a little before to welcome her home.

Swiftly our friends are leaving,
For the shores of the great unknown;
Many the hearts that are grieving,
Many the homes that are lone.
When we look at their vacant places
As we enter the house of prayer,
And miss their familiar faces,
Then remember, they're "over there."
This thought comes ever before us,
Who next will be summoned away?
Who next will shed tears of sorrow
O'er an empty casket of clay?
And we stifle the heart's wild beating
As there comes to us no reply
To the question we're sadly repeating,
Ah, friend, is it you? is it I?

In behalf of the Woman's Missionary Society.

MARY F. WHITFORD, *Pres.*

NILE, N. Y., Nov. 23, 1898.

A CAKE NOT TURNED.

We have a new cook at our house. She pretended to a goodly degree of skill when she applied for the position. Now, one prominent article on our bill of fare, beginning with the first frosty mornings of autumn, is the batter cake. I was quite delighted the other evening when I heard my wife tell the cook that we would have batter cakes for breakfast the next morning. I was ready for breakfast at the first tap of the bell. I had a specially good appetite, and I could detect the fragrance of cakes as soon as I entered the dining-room. I had not long to wait, for a plate was soon set before me. It did not look precisely like the cakes my wife cooks, but then I never expect quite such cooking from any one else. It was burned on the upper side, and I took my knife and tried to cut away the burnt portion. Then it occurred to me that I might turn it over and pour my syrup on the side that was not burnt. I did turn it over, and that side was not baked at all. The cook had not turned it on the griddle, and while it was burned on one side, it was raw on the other. Part of it was overdone, and part of it was underdone. I wondered if Hosea had had a similar experience which suggested to him his expression, "Ephraim is a cake not turned."

The incident passed out of my mind in the later hours of the day and I settled myself down late in the evening for some work when there was a visitor announced. It was one of the parishioners. He had come to talk over the way some of the young people were conducting themselves. He had heard some things which he thought should be looked into. He was always taught to be very careful about worldliness when he was young, and had never in his life even allowed a fiddle to be played in his house. It was associated with the ball-room, and he would have none of it. But one of his neighbors told him that he passed the home of one of our people the other night, and there were three or four fiddles going, and he wanted it looked into. He did not think that anything that looked in the direction of such worldliness ought to be tolerated. And many other similar things he had to say until my soul was troubled. After he was gone I sat down to think over

the situation. Surely such zeal was a little unusual in our day. And then I remembered the horse I bought from him a couple of years ago, a first-class horse, I understood. I found out afterwards that he would usually balk, and sometimes kick, besides being a little wind-broken and breachy, and having a few other faults. In my verdancy I mentioned it to him one day, and he told me that his rule in trading was never to tell a purchaser anything he could not see for himself. There, I said to myself, is my batter cake again, entirely overdone on the side of human pleasure, and very much underdone on the side of common honesty.

The following evening was our prayer-meeting, and one of our officers was in charge. His topic was the service of the sanctuary, and he insisted that the Christian was sadly deficient who did not attend every service of his church. The mother should bring her infant, she should lock her sleeping children in their room. The invalid should disobey the injunction of all the physicians alive, rather than be absent from his place in the church. He practices what he preaches, too. But while his pockets are sticking out with riches, he has not given one dollar to any benevolence in the last ten years, and not very many dollars to his own church. Another batter cake, burnt on one side and raw on the other, too well done on church attendance, and not done at all on the side of benevolence. And there is Sister—there, I came very near giving her name on the impulse of the moment—who never reads any book or paper, only her Bible. Even the religious paper is the work of an uninspired man, and she can be better employed. It grieves her very sore, she says, to see people reading science and history and fiction, when they have the Bible with enough reading for a life-time. But she has a whole hornet's nest in that tongue of hers. She says more bitter things about people than any other human being of my acquaintance. And she has a brother who preaches tithing. He gives for the Lord's work a tenth of all his produce. A neighbor of his had a dog who destroyed a couple of cabbage for him, and the honest man paid him seven cents for it, and he got three cents for some milk with which he obliged another neighbor, and he put one penny of it in the collection. I told him I was not certain about the tithe being required, and he became angry. He said I was a thief, and was robbing God. He assured me I was as bad a liar as Ananias was, keeping back part I ought to give. And other such speeches did he make out of the bitterness of his heart. And there is the preacher who always lashes his people about some line of church work, and is careless about his word or his honesty. As I sit and think, plate after plate of these cakes appear before me. Christian people who are exceedingly careful about some phase of their religion and just as careless about something else, overdone on one side, and underdone on the other.—*Ram's Horn.*

MR. PIQUE IN PRAYER-MEETING.

He went on purpose, but it was not on purpose to promote peace. He went on the business of Pique, Sorehead & Company, and any one who knows how a pique acts turned loose in church can guess the rest.

He bowed, on the church-steps, as stiffly as though a hickory rail had been rammed down

through his vertebræ. He looked glumly down the end of his nose. His glumness just matched his stiffness to a T. How in the world would people know that it was a pique taking an airing if he were affable with every one?

He walked with great precision and dignity—a pique can be as dignified as a turkey cock and on as small capital—to the rear seat in the northwest corner of the prayer-meeting room. Coldest corner of the room. Exactly the place for a pique. People would say, "Something must have hurt his feelings or he wouldn't sit back so."

He expected and wanted them to say that. He wanted them to feel real concerned and penitent about it. He imagined that some would be sorry for him. If they should all come to him and say they were sorry, he might relent, if he could recover sufficiently from his pity for his own wounded feeling. O how Mr. Pique pitied his poor, lacerated, bleeding sensibilities! He almost boo-hoed out as he thought how much commiseration he deserved.

He put his hand to his face. It would make him look more solitary and injured. Then, figuratively, he tore open his wound afresh, thrust the iron in, and proceeded to enjoy that meeting after the manner of a pique.

Mr. Pique prayed. It was the only premeditated prayer of his life. He had studied it up on the way to the meeting. He told the Lord in florid rhetoric and a loud tone how grieved and distressed he was because of the machinations of his enemies. He meant to cast a shade of gloom over that meeting as deep as an undertaker's sable plumes.

One good old lady sympathized with him so deeply that she came back and offered him her camphor bottle for his toothache. Some one else took it that he had enlisted to fight the Spaniards, and offered a hearty prayer for his protection from bullets and yellow fever. Others thought he had alluded to a suit of his in court over a note, and prayed earnestly that he might not be defrauded.

Then they all got to praying for him, and, at the close of the meeting, gathered round him and gave him such hearty hand-grasps and cordial greetings that the meeting was transferred to that cold northwest corner, and it became warm.

But no one said a word of his pique at the members of that society. Bless you, no one suspected anything about it but himself. And he wasn't quite so sure any longer that he knew so much about it. He couldn't muster courage to speak right out about it as he had meant to. He began to feel his self-importance and sense of injury shrinking. He grew alarmingly small. He was afraid people would notice it. He responded to the warm-hearted greetings in an embarrassed, shame-faced way, and hurried off as soon as possible.

When he reached home, he was in so dazed a condition that he could scarce tell whether his name was Pique or Puddinghead. "I believe my imagination has deluded me," he chattered between his teeth. "I don't see how any one in that society ever could have wounded me. I'm going to examine that rankling wound."

He turned on the light and looked where there should have been a gaping thrust. There was not even a pin-prick. He had not been really hurt at all. In perplexity he was

about to question his own sanity, when he made a discovery. He put on a pair of glasses which magnified strongly, and there, pasted on the lenses, was a bit of red tissue-paper—that was all. His glasses had magnified that into a horrible wound, and an unhealthy imagination had done the rest. Mr. Pique resolved never again to go to prayer-meeting—as Mr. Pique.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

THE LAW OF LOVE.

Some ministers of the gospel talk as though the essential qualification of a Christian was love to God, and to man. They argue that we need not keep the Ten Commandments. It is all-sufficient if we love God. We are saved by grace, etc. Some time ago the writer had a spirited though friendly discussion with a Baptist minister who claimed to believe the foregoing. When he said that the commandments were for the Jews; that we were under grace, and need not keep the law, we asked him if he considered it wrong to steal. He replied that it was wrong because it was against the laws of the United States. (!) We then said, "It would not be sinful, then, to worship idols; for the laws of the United States do not forbid that." He held his peace; silenced, though not convinced.

We explained that we did not believe we should be justified by the deeds of the law; that we were saved by grace; and that because we loved God we kept his commandments. Surely the first essential is to love God.

"Owe no man anything but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not bear false witness; Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Rom. 13: 8, 9.

If we love God we will love our neighbor. Surely if we loved all men with a Christian love, we should have no desire to wrong them by doing any of these things. Who would believe us if we claimed to love our neighbor and yet should steal his goods, or even covet them? Do we not rather rejoice over all his good fortune and help him all we can? If we love our neighbor will we tell untrue stories about him? Do we not rejoice over his good name? Or would we go to him with false reports? If we love our neighbor as ourselves we do not wish to deceive him; for "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." Because "love is the fulfilling of the law," are we excused from keeping the commandments which do not affect man so much, but are God's laws nevertheless? Who would believe us if we should arise in a prayer and conference meeting and say: "I love God, but I worship idols which men have made?" Would it be less inconsistent to say—in example if not in precept—"I love God, but I keep the first day of the week which man has instituted?" "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world and not after Christ." Col. 2: 8. "But in vain do they worship me teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Matt. 15: 9.

ANGELINE PRENTICE ABBEY,

ERIE, Pa., 1030 E. 36th St.

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

WERE half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

—Longfellow.

THE man who does not curb his anger often does an injury to the innocent.

THE spiteful man often vents his venom upon some one who has in no way injured him.

THE carping, fault-finding individual usually centers his darts upon some comparatively inoffensive creature.

WE often hear the expression "Scripture measure." This means a measure "heaped up," "shaken together," "overflowing." It means, in other words, *more than enough*. According to this, surplus is a duty, and the *Sunday-School Times* in a recent number has an article on that subject. No matter how stingy we may be ourselves, we like to have the butcher give just a little overweight, and we like to have the milkman pour in a little extra, and we like to have the baker give thirteen for a dozen. In other words, we admire the man who does more than enough. The employer likes the workman who does not drop his tools at the very first sound of the bell or whistle which calls to dinner; not because of the extra work done, but because of the spirit manifested. We like to do our shopping with the clerk who gives full yards, and a little over. And such a person will draw more trade to the store, and thus be a more profitable workman, than the one who is scrupulously exact. The truly great of the world are those who are constantly doing more than is demanded of them, who are giving of their energies more than their contracts call for, who work extra hours without thought of pay, who never stop to think whether or not they have done their share.

ONE of our evangelists once made the remark in reference to a series of meetings which he was conducting: "There is a great interest here, but nothing in it for us." He was working away, however, with all his usual gospel enthusiasm. He was doing more than enough, but he was simply doing his duty. A physician once, who was almost exhausted with work by night and by day, sat for three hours by the side of a sick patient who was more nervous than ill, bringing quiet and rest to the whole household. Here was a work more than enough, but who shall say that it was not a duty?

SCRIPTURE measure in all things, if uniformly practiced, would do away with much of the sorrow and pain of the world, and make our lives still more bright and useful.

WHISTLING.

That article in the "Young People's Department" in this paper, Nov. 21, entitled "The Whistling Fiend," and signed by Mr. "A. Crank," surprised us very much and has caused us to reflect more than usual on the subject of *whistling*. Our attention was first attracted to that most terrible word, *fiend*, which, according to Webster, means: An enemy, in the worst sense; an implacable or malicious foe; the devil; an infernal being.

Now we heartily agree with Mr. Crank that

the "whistling fiend" is a poor performer, nay, we would add that he must *necessarily* be such, considering that real music and the devil never combine in any harmonious way.

But we cannot frame in our minds what sort of a community Mr. Crank dwells in, if he really meets persons such as he has here described, or how he could have evolved such a character from his imagination.

It is no more consistent for Mr. Crank to go to extremes while treating the subject of whistling, and giving as an excuse for it that he is a crank, than it is for his "whistling devil" to overstep the bounds of propriety by whistling with his "reckless abandon" in the reading-room, at the noon hour, and give as an excuse that there is music in his soul, and that it must come out. We are inclined to think that Mr. Crank entertains a wrong view of this question.

He reminds us of the man who was always looking for trouble, and who was always finding it, but who discovered that he had been using a telescope which focused on nothing but the imperfections of those whose manner of life annoyed and irritated him, and the more he gave evidence of being irritated, the more his "fiends" took delight in annoying him.

Oh, let the boys whistle if they want to. If they trample upon good manners by whistling in places where it is annoying, get them out alone and talk to them kindly about it. Don't write to them about it, that is cowardly. Whistling is the sign of a light heart, Mr. Crank, not a light head.

Many a time the trait of whistling has settled the question as to who should occupy certain responsible positions in life, where it required genuine grit and backbone to meet the demand. And no solemn, yard-faced, soberside could ever have filled the place, no matter how intellectual or how well-versed in the rules of etiquette he may have been.

We are personally acquainted with some of the finest young ladies of our denomination who whistle almost incessantly in the kitchen or "wood-shed," or wherever their work about the house calls them, and we are frank to admit that they do not always whistle the tune clear through, and that they seldom ever whistle in time, and that very often it is no tune at all, only an "original production." But it would not be at all wise to suggest that one of these was a "fiend," or that any of them possessed an "ill-mannered, rowdyish, disrespectful character."

We venture to state that in nine cases out of ten, the sunshiny people whom we meet upon the street, the ones who have the hearty good morning, the genial smile, the kind word, a hand that is ready for every good deed, are the persons who often give vent to light-hearted feeling by whistling. And who cares what the production is, if it expresses his feeling? Some of our best tunes are the result of whistling.

Now, my dear Mr. A. Crank, please be more patient with us who whistle, and we will be more careful about whistling in places where it will annoy and irritate you.

Yours truly,

C. S. SAYRE.

[In view of the fact that others besides Mr. Sayre may have formed a wrong opinion of the use of the word "fiend" in the article to which he refers, I quote from the *Century Dictionary*: "A person who gives great annoyance; a persistent bore; as the newspaper *fiend*, the hand-organ *fiend* (ludicrous)." For other misapprehensions, or misinterpretations, I suggest a more careful reading of the article, with the paragraphs which precede it.—ED.]

"He who hesitates is lost. He who never hesitates has not been found, either."

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

After the meetings here had been in progress for three weeks, the Association came. I think some thirty-five or forty people have asked for prayers since the meetings commenced. The Association has not destroyed the interest. People have all enjoyed the meetings. People here do not have so many things to take their attention as in the towns; they have enjoyed all of these meetings.

The young people have been reading the Colportage library books. They have been enjoying the singing books. There is an interest now, and some of the young people are talking of a Christian Endeavor Society. We only have three or four of our own young people, so if they organize it will have to be a union society.

The cold storm has reached us, and cut the attendance some of the nights. We have had summer heat some of the time, and part of the time winter heat. Thousands of acres of cotton is still unpicked; much of it will never be gathered. Bro. Hurley and I have been to one picking bee; the man helped has been sick most of the fall, and not able to work. About twenty-five of the neighbors went and worked until noon. A fine time and a big dinner; all had a good time. To-day Bro Hurley and myself are invited to the same place to dine on venison killed not far away. This is the second time that the great forests are being cut off about this locality. Logging is the source of income, with the cotton crop. This leads much of the population to drift with the mills and the lumber business.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

A MIRROR is of little value unless there is something to be reflected.

THE Permanent Committee is obliged to appropriate money from the general funds to make the quarterly payment on the salary of Miss Palmberg. The young people have given for some time three hundred dollars a year for this purpose, that is seventy-five dollars a quarter.

I BELIEVE that we could easily pay the whole salary, six hundred dollars, and be all the better off for it. I believe we could easily raise two thousand four hundred dollars a year for denominational purposes, six hundred dollars for the foreign work, six hundred for the home missions and twelve hundred for Sabbath Reform. Our Treasurer would be pleased, if, in sending money to him, the societies would state, in every instance, for what purpose the funds were to be used.

In a few days the Corresponding Secretaries of the societies will receive, each, a copy of the Annual Letter of the Committee. It is the purpose of the Committee to have this letter read at some meeting of each society. The first meeting in January, 1899, is suggested. At this meeting the societies are requested to take the letter as the topic for the meeting. Let it be read at a previous meeting, and the announcement made, if possible, from the pulpit. Let half a dozen be asked to speak on different phases of the letter. For example, these are some of the headings of the letter: "Evangelistic Work," "The Quiet Hour," "Personal Work," "The Apportionment." The letter will be of no value, whatever, unless it is clearly brought before all the members of our societies.

Children's Page.

AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

BY ELIZABETH L. GOULD.

My teacher doesn't think I read
So very special well.
She's always saying, "What was that
Last word?" and makes me spell
And then pronounce it after her,
As slow as slow can be.
"You'd better take a little care"—
That's what she says to me—
"Or else I'm really 'fraid you'll find,
Some one of these bright days,
You're 'way behind the Primer Class."
That's what my teacher says.

But when I'm at my grandpa's house,
He hands me out a book,
And lets me choose a place to read:
And then he'll sit and look
At me, and listen, just as pleased!
I know it from his face.
And when I read a great, long word,
He'll say, "Why, little Grace,
You'll have to teach our destrict school,
Some one o' these bright days!
Mother, you come and hear this child."
That's what my grandpa says.

—St. Nicholas.

MEG'S THANKSGIVING.

BY S. ROSALIE SILL.

I do believe I'll make a Thanksgivin' this year, said Meg to her brother Jack across the table.

"You!" replied Jack, poising a fragment of sausage on his one-tined fork, and surveying his sister in astonishment.

"Yes, Jack, I could," said Meg. "I've learned a good deal about cookin' since I've been at Mrs. Rogers'. She often trusts me now to do most of the cookin' of a meal when she is real hurried."

"That may all be true, Meg; and I know you are a good girl and get up famous meals at home. But, as I was agoing to say, it costs somethin' to get up a Thanksgivin' dinner. You ought ter see the dinners I have, goin' around on my beat for deliverin' groceries. Why, the smell of such a dinner would a-most take your breath away. Roast turkey, chicken pie an' plum puddin'!"

"But, Jack, I did not mean a dinner like that. I was only tryin' to carry out what the preacher at the mission chapel said."

"What was that?"

"Why, somethin' about givin' or sendin' portions to those who had none. You know we live lots better'n some. We often have sassage for breakfast, besides a pie for Sabbath-day, while lots never have pie nor sassage the whole year through."

"Who are you goin' to invite, Meg?"

"I'd thought to asking crippled Sally at the end of the lane, and cross-eyed Tim—you know the woman he lives with beats him so—and only the other morning when I was passin' there Tim was eatin' raw turnips for his breakfast."

"How much money you got?"

"I've almost a dollar now; I'll have more, too, if I keep on workin' for Mrs. Rogers."

"Well, you can easily count on the other side of the house doin' something if you are bound to have the dinner," said Jack, as he hurriedly left the table and went to the door whistling.

How Meg loved Jack's whistle! She was proud of it; and whenever she heard it, some way it brought to her good cheer. Jack and Meg were orphans caring for themselves in a far better way than many, as they had a decent room, and beds, such as they were.

Meg was a regular attendant at the mission chapel. If her mind did not grasp the doc-

trinal points, she had seemed to learn the mission of love and good-will—and is not the very best contained in these?

Meg talked over her plans about Thanksgiving with Mrs. Rogers, who was a good, kind-hearted woman, from whom she received much knowledge and several articles to further her plans.

That evening, as Jack sat warming his feet, he counted over his money and said to Meg,

"It's really surprisin' how much money I'm makin' lately. If I keep on at this rate, after the Thanksgivin' dinner I'll set up a bank account."

"And I'm doing splendid, too," said Meg with a smiling face. "See! Mrs. Rogers gave me this table cloth. It has only a few 'breaks' in it, as she called 'em. She showed me how to mend 'em, too. Why, only to think of it, Jack! Won't we have to be movin' on to a better street when we eat with a table cloth on?"

Jack broke into a merry whistle as Meg went on with her darning.

The day before Thanksgiving Mrs. Rogers had Meg go with her to make her purchases, which consisted of only some potatoes, onions, sausage and some rosy-cheeked apples, along with a baker's loaf. That evening Jack came home with a nice, tender chicken for roasting and a pot of yellow butter.

"And we are gettin' to be quality, Jack," said Meg, her eyes filling with happy tears. "It seems like every time we turned around we keep addin' somethin' for the dinner."

On Thanksgiving morning Meg was up early—for did she not fill a very responsible place as the hostess giving a dinner? Mrs. Rogers called Jack as he was passing, giving him dressing for the chicken, she had left over, and a mince pie.

When Meg had placed the chicken in the oven to roast, and the savory smell was filling the little room, Sally and Tim came in. Meg met them with a hearty welcome, which is the very best kind of greeting, and placing chairs near the stove, began laying her table. Meg had only three knives, but she comforted herself by saying, "I can afford to eat with a spoon if I have a table cloth and chicken with dressing."

Finally the dinner was ready, and Meg had her guests seated at the table, when she bethought herself that some one ought to say "grace" before partaking of such a dinner as that. She remembered the Lord's Prayer, repeating it correctly, and if the words were not quite so appropriate, there was a spirit of earnest thankfulness at least in the heart of Meg, which we doubt not was accepted of the Father, who judges of us according to our intentions.

How they did eat, Tim and Sally! Meg was very busy waiting upon them all, and too happy to require very much for herself.

That evening Jack said,

"Meg, I think your dinner paid. It was the happiest kind of a day."—*Christian Work.*

OUR SABBATH-SCHOOL INTERESTS.

Last August the Sabbath-school Board of the North-Western Association sent out a circular letter to all the schools of the Association. The matter to which special attention was called is seen in the following reports given in reply to the Board's communication:

Five schools reported an increasing power and helpfulness holding both old and young, as a rule, in their ranks. Two reported no change; three as holding their own, and one as losing.

Nine schools reported that having elected good superintendents and teachers they were retained year after year, while one school had had the same superintendent for over twenty

years. One school "passed the honors around" year by year.

Three schools said that their teachers did something in the line of "personal work" in winning souls to Christ. Two reported very much of such good work, and three said nothing was done in that way. One superintendent did not think such effort was generally advisable by ordinary people. All the schools except one reported that no controversialists were allowed to bring up disputed points or abstract questions, and kill spiritual life by debate and quibbling during the general exercises. One school was afflicted with such controversy, though officers and scholars tried to ignore the controversialist.

Nearly all the schools reported loyalty to the plans and methods of their officers. Nine schools were thoroughly loyal in the use of our own lesson helps. One reported itself very disloyal and as wanting other quarterlies. One large school used the Baptist quarterlies in four adult classes and *Helping Hand* in two other classes. Six schools paid for the *Helping Hand* out of the general fund of the school, and four schools reported the scholars as paying for their own, individually. One reported a hundred or more copies of the *Helping Hand* used, "and appreciate its worth and scholarly make-up. No trouble to get scholars to take and use it, but, if any, it is to persuade them not to take too many copies."

A number of schools expressed a desire to have the *Helping Hand* improved; some desiring a specialist to give all necessary time to the preparation of the lesson helps; others said, "more comprehensive"; "published in four grades, each a separate quarterly"; "maps"; "cuts and fuller notes, more biography and history"; "primary lessons"; "leaflets of each lesson"; "less of personal opinions of lesson writers"; "excellent now."

Only one school (the Dodge Centre) has an entertainment committee to arrange its picnics or any entertainments, so as to avoid all discord and too much business in such matters in the school and on the Sabbath. Other schools thought such a committee an excellent thing, and hereafter would try to adopt the plan. This committee does no Sabbath-day planning, simply announces the date and nature of entertainment previously arranged.

The schools generally reported good, spirited singing, from the following books: Highest Praise, Beautiful Songs, Pentecostal Hymns, Living Fountains, Bright Light, Best Hymns. Only two were having teachers' meetings, all the rest reporting either the teachers "too much scattered," or general indifference to such a meeting.

Four schools would like to have the Board hold an Institute if possible. Two did not wish any. One thought the school too small, but would like to join another school near by in Institute work. Others thought the expense would be too great.

On the whole, this is a very encouraging report from the schools. Some of the smaller schools on the frontiers made no report. The denominational Board will express itself in regard to some of the suggestions made. It seems that money is the only obstacle in the way of our having the best up-to-date Quarterly published.

H. D. CLARKE, } *Associational*
EDWIN SHAW, } *S. S. Board.*
JOSIE HIGBEE, }

Our Reading Room.

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

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—At the recent Triennial Meeting of the New Jersey Sunday-School Association in Patterson, our Sabbath-school Superintendent was one of the ten officially appointed delegates from this county; and he was also elected the Vice-President from this Congressional district.

In the Plainfield Primary Union, whose members are primary superintendents and teachers of Plainfield and neighboring villages, and which meets every week, our own primary workers are well represented. An institute was recently held in this city, prominent features of which were addresses and talks by Miss Harlow, of Philadelphia.

Four of our members attended the excellent Yearly Meeting in Shiloh; and at our last prayer meeting and Endeavor meeting we tried to report something of the spirit and work of this annual gathering.

Union Thanksgiving services were held this year in our church; an able and inspiring sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Richards, of the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian church; and a generous offering was made for the poor of our city.

President Davis, of Alfred, was a welcomed guest here last Sabbath-day. He gave a stirring address in the morning, upon education in general and the interests of Alfred University; and attended the Sabbath-school and Endeavor Society, in the afternoon.

For some reason unknown to the writer, my pencil failed to record all that was going on in my brain and state in my last communication, that the first address before our Men's Meeting for the season, on "Broader Culture," was by Dr. Lewis. At the last meeting he read "The Man Without a Country," with deep feeling; and to the awakening of fresh love of country in the hearts of the hearers.

As a rule, our prayer and conference and covenant meetings are well attended, and are occasions of real and deep spiritual interest and encouragement. PASTOR MAIN.

OSWAYO, PA.—A lone Sabbath-keeper writes: "I have been a Sabbath-keeper for twenty years. For a long time I was trying to get where there were more Sabbath-keepers, and where I could have church privileges. I failed to understand that I was to be a lone Sabbath-keeper." The Lord has placed these little lights all over the land, and it is for them to make the most of their lives and be just as bright as they can be, where they are placed. Whatever the place, it is well to remember the words of the poet:

"Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

The RECORDER commends these sentiments, and sends its greeting to every "lone one." Not where, but how, we live is most important in God's sight.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

- Dec. 2. God's Love to Man. Rom. 5: 6-8; 1 John 3: 1; 1 John 4: 9, 10.
 Dec. 9. Our Love to God. 1 John 4: 16-19; 1 John 5: 3; Matt. 22: 35-38.
 Dec. 16. Brotherly Love. 1 John 4: 7-12, 20, 21; 3: 14-18; 5: 2.
 Dec. 23. Saving Faith. Matt. 8: 5-10; 9: 22-29.
 Dec. 30. Need of Works. Jas. 2: 14-26; Phil. 2: 12, 13; 1 Cor. 3: 8, 9. GEO. W. LEWIS.
 SALEM, W. Va.

"EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD IN A GENERATION."

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

Dear Brother:—The above title to a section of your issue, dated Nov. 17, last, has attracted my attention. If you can spare space for the following, I shall be glad, since for years past my heart-motto has been similar, viz., "The evangelization of the world in *this* generation."

The author of the article in question holds that the hope of accomplishment lies in two things: First, the increase of gift-money for mission purposes from the present \$5,000,000 (?) to \$30,000,000 yearly; and second, in applying this amount to the support of one missionary to every 33,000 heathen. Briefly that is the solution suggested.

As a student of this same great problem, I do not see any appreciable hope of providing for the additional \$35,000,000 yearly, nor do I consider one missionary to every 33,000 souls would be adequate. The end to be attained should rather be to furnish not less than one witness to every 5,000 unevangelized persons, since the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is the right of every human being.

But the vital difference between our views is upon method. The method of permanent support of missionaries from the home-land has been well tested for over a century, and has failed even to keep pace with the increase of heathen population. In 1792, William Carey, the pioneer of modern mission effort, gave the total of heathen in the world at 735,000,000, whilst the author of the article in question states the present number to be 1,000,000,000.

Before any of our modern missionary societies were founded, Carey pleaded, in view of the greatness of the work, that mission stations should be made *self-supporting* and *self-propagating*, and that all funds available be directed to that end, but neither his advice nor his example have been heeded.

In the face of a hostile government he became self-supporting in eighteen months; he subsequently earned, in addition to self-sustenance, over \$300,000 for the mission, planted twenty-six stations and translated the Bible, wholly, or in part, into thirty-four languages. I devoutly hold to the belief that Carey was a God-given leader, whose advice and example we need to follow; and more, that the key to the problem of the world's evangelization lies in a return to self-supporting and self-propagating methods. The far-reaching power of the principle involved is but little understood.

In contradistinction, therefore, to the claim that the vast sum of \$30,000,000 yearly is the essential feature, I venture stoutly to assert that the *method of application* is the essential feature and that a small yearly revenue of twelve to fifteen thousand dollars applied reproductively would probably prove sufficient in a single generation, or half a century at most, to furnish one missionary to every 5,000 heathen on the globe. Indeed, I solemnly believe that the *Seventh-day Baptists, alone*, could with moderate and steady effort complete the world's evangelization in the period and upon the basis indicated, provided there be a substantial return to the self-renunciatory spirit of the primitive church and a readiness to "go" or stay as the work demands. The process advocated is simple.

Experience has proven that \$15,000 to \$20,000 will plant and complete and self-propagating mission station, with a staff of eight workers, having power to re-duplicate itself, yearly, after the fourth year; and probably provide a substantial reserve fund, also, as against contingencies.

The world has yet to see the possibilities of reproductive mission effort. Recourse to figures will illustrate the large ground for hope there lies in this direction. The *arithmetical* issue of a single station, re-duplicating yearly after the close of the fourth year, until the close of the thirty-third year, would be the amazing total of 16,493 stations, with 131,944 mission workers, reaching, at the rate of 2,500 persons each, a total of 329,860,000 souls.

Facts do not, however, keep pace with figures; but figures may indicate where the greater promise lies. I venture, therefore, to submit that a few such stations, planted judiciously in Africa, China and India, would afford a far more tangible ground of hope for the world's evangelization than there lies in the proposal to attempt the increase of the present mission revenue by \$25,000,000, annually, and expend the same, when obtained on the basis first indicated.

Now, I hold that whenever the ten thousand Sabbath-keeping Baptists awake to a serious apprehension of the solemn and imperative importance of our Lord's parting charge to each disciple individually, and to his church and each church collectively, they can with comparative ease provide the means to do this. Indeed, any one thousand with love and zeal enough to give, earn or collect one dollar per month, steadily, would furnish revenue sufficient to plant one such station every two years, and leave a fair margin for home expenses. This, I would consider a promising provision for the completion of the world's evangelization, ere the present generation pass away; having regard also to the work already being done upon general lines of working.

Probably the real difficulty would ultimately be found to exist more in the direction of men than in means. America could only hope to provide the controlling and directing power, whilst native agents would have to be trained so as to supply the major part of the working staff.

I beg, therefore, as a unit among the Sabbath-keeping Baptists, to record my belief, after some years of practical experience, that the barriers to the world's evangelization do not lie in the task itself, but in the present methods employed of a non-self-sustaining character.

It is written: "Enlarge the place of thy tent; stretch forth the curtains of thy habitation; spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes; fear not, for thou shalt not be put to shame." Shall we not "have faith in God" and go forward?

Any person wishing for a schedule showing the detailed cost and probable income of a self-propagating mission station in Africa, can have one forwarded upon receipt of a stamped envelope to the writer, at 2904 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. JOSEPH BOOTH.

THE know-nothing, the do-nothing, and the be-nothing scheme of life can only end in outer darkness and in ineffable distress.—Joseph Parker.

SOUTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The Seventh-day Baptist South-Western Association met in its Eleventh Session, with the Fouke, (Ark.) church, on the 24th day of November, 1898.

The meeting was called to order by the Moderator, Rev. S. I. Lee, at 10 o'clock. In the absence of the Secretary, W. R. Potter, of Hammond, E. B. Saunders was made Secretary, *pro tem*.

The delegation was small. Only one of the churches, aside from Fouke, was represented by any of its members, Eld. L. W. Mitchel and wife from Winthrop, Little River county, Ark. Rev. I. L. Cottrell was sent as delegate from the three Sister Associations, Eastern, Western and Central. Rev. E. H. Socwell represented the American Sabbath Tract Society. Evangelist Saunders appeared with credentials from the North-Western Association to act as their delegate in the absence of Rev. L. C. Randolph, of Chicago, or Rev. C. A. Burdick, alternate. Rev. S. I. Lee, missionary pastor, appeared as delegate from Eagle Lake, Tex., Little Prairie, Ark. and Fouke, Ark. Rev. J. F. Shaw, Corresponding Secretary of the Association, was delegate for Little Prairie, Ark., Attalla, Ala., and Fouke, Ark. Rev. D. W. Leath for Crowley's Ridge and Wynne. Rev. J. H. Hurley in the employ of the Missionary Board, from the North-Western Association. A. S. Davis, Treasurer of the Association and delegate with B. F. Granbury, from Mississippi. Minerva Shaw and Mrs. Bettie Roper, representing Fouke, Ark.

The spirit at this Association has been of the best, not behind that of the four other Associations, which I have been permitted to attend this year. Somewhat cold and stormy, but not sufficient to break up any of the sessions.

Eight sermons in all have been preached during the four days. The night meetings have been well attended, more than the house would hold when the weather was suitable. The young people have been on hand early to sing; after the preaching we have held conference and testimony meetings, in which many hands have been raised for prayers.

Every moment of time has been crowded full of good things. The sessions commencing at 9 o'clock after the first day; the afternoon sessions at 2.30 o'clock. Though the sessions have been long, the people did not seem to tire.

The revival meetings had been in progress for three weeks at the commencement of the Association, the interest gradually growing from the start.

The first morning session was spent in organizing and in hearing from the churches; eight reported by letter. Elders Lee, Shaw and Leath were delegates for several others.

Tract Board Hour was conducted on Thursday afternoon by Elder Socwell, and was of so much interest that it was continued another hour, in open conference.

The Missionary hour was conducted with the same interest, in the same way, by Elder Cottrell. There was great freedom, but the best of spirit in both of these conferences. I wish the members of the Boards could have been with us. The good people of the South appreciate what the Boards are trying to do for them.

A very interesting hour, on Sabbath afternoon, was conducted by Eld. Cottrell on Sab-

bath-school work. Several made short talks. On Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, a good congregation of young people gathered for Young People's hour. Not a single resident person in the congregation belonged to a C. E., or any Young People's Society, but their interest was good. Saunders gave an account of what the Society was, how organized, and Pastors Cottrell, Socwell and Hurley, what it had done and could do for a church and pastor.

All of the delegates to this meeting were, I judge, graduates from the seminary which, it is said, directed the students when going out to preach, if going East, to wear their best clothes, but if going out West to take their best sermon. At least this is the kind we had from first to last. I will not undertake to report them here. The discussion of matters of interest, on this field, was continued until Monday noon before the meeting adjourned. Then it adjourned to meet with the church at Attalla, Ala.

We have been royally entertained, by not only our own people, but by the First-day people as well. All are agreed that it was a good thing to be here, and we all wish that more of the people could have been.

E. B. S.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

The Nile Christian Endeavor Society wish to express by the following resolutions their extreme sorrow at the death of Miss F. Adeane Witter, also their deep sympathy for those to whom her death seems almost unbearable:

WHEREAS, in the providence of God, a dearly-beloved member has been taken from us; therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby express our most cordial appreciation of her personal worth, and the principles which governed her life, while we bow to the will of "One who taketh from us life's dearest things because it seemeth good."

Resolved, That we tender to her sorrowing family our sympathy, praying that the mantle of her virtues may fall upon those who have cherished her as sister, friend and co-laborer.

Resolved, That as we record the death of this sister, we can but rejoice that she has gained an entrance through the gates into the City, for so "she hath done what she could"; and that, while we recall with gratitude the abundant service she has rendered our Society, we may continue the good work, remembering that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," and that we are but the stewards of his bounty, trusting that when our work is done we may find at last the rest for which she longed.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the sorrowing mother, and inscribed on the records of our Society, and also sent to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

RACHEL WARDNER,
FRANKIE MCKEE, } *Com.*
AVIS JORDAN,

NILE, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1898.

WHEREAS, our heavenly Father has called to the better land our dear sister and co-worker, F. Adeane Witter; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Ladies' Aid Society of Nile, N. Y., hereby express our great sorrow at the loss of one who has served us long and well as secretary, and who was a faithful and cheerful worker, ever ready for any task, be it ever so humble.

Resolved, That we express our deepest sympathy to her aged mother, who is left in loneliness, and to the family who have lost so dear a sister.

Resolved, That we assure them of our earnest prayers that the Father above may comfort and sustain them in the dark hours of sorrow, and that while they look through tears to the beckoning hands above, they may ever feel that

"Though the way be dark and dreary,
Yonder there is light;
And a hand, when we are weary,
Reaches through the night."

NETTIE I. BURDICK, } *Com.*
SARAH C. CRANDALL,

NILE, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1898.

AFTER DEATH.

After a man is dead and buried is the best time to weigh his influence upon the world. It may not be possible to tell at once what he has accomplished, or what influences he has set at work to produce results long after his death. But there is much that can then be seen clearly, which before was dim and indistinct, and which was so hidden by other considerations that an independent judgment was impossible. The "victories" of life shrink greatly with a man's death, and what had before been counted as successes may seem very near to failures when the winner of them is known to stand before a Judge who sees motives as well as apparent results. It must be admitted by every observant person that after death a man is judged by his fellows more by what he has done for others than by what he has accomplished for himself. Selfishness is not worshiped after the life has gone out.

This universal habit is not a matter of chance. However much we may deny the authority of the rule to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, we recognize that obedience to it brings the greatest good to the world. Perhaps selfishness is the surer road to personal success, but generosity is the surer road to helpfulness. When a man is dead, therefore, and the opportunity of his personal advantage from the fruits of selfishness is ended, his fellows immediately look for what he has done for others, because they know that what will survive is what has been accomplished for the benefit of other people. It is his generous deed that his eulogist mentions, it is the evidence of love for others that his friends remember with pleasure, it is the sorrow shared or the suffering mitigated which comforts those who mourn. All of these are fruits of doing unto others as we would that others should do unto us. Then, when the life has fled, and those who are bereaved are searching for that which will strengthen them to assume the duties and to take up the burdens which the departed friend had carried, no one rehearses the money made, the suffering inflicted, the property accumulated, the power exercised, but all seek for the evidences that the wanting neighbor had been relieved and assisted, the discouraged friend encouraged and strengthened, the wayward acquaintance restrained and set in a better path. Even those who worshiped power then recognize that temporal successes will not stand before the just Judge.

In view of this universal rule of judgment after death, it sometimes seems strange that men will still pursue with all their powers what they themselves know to be only temporary. It can be explained only on the principle that the average man never thinks of himself as dying. He is the immortal one among his circle. The others he expects to die, but he always thinks of their dying and his being their eulogist. When he is forced to remember that what comes to others must also come to him, he may wish that the sum of his life-work contained more that was done for others. The fact that we seek for opportunities to praise our departed friends for what they have done for others should give us the motive for our own acts. "A good name is more to be desired than great riches." — *Westerly Narragansett Weekly*.

CHRIST knew what we call the art of putting things. — *Joseph Parker*.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

A New Boat Propulsion.

A great number of experiments have been tried at different times to make a device that would propel a boat by the power of the wind transmitted to water, producing waves, and by the motion of the waves be made to drive the boat forward, directly against the wind and oncoming waves.

A boat has been devised by Mr. H. F. L. Linden, Secretary of the Zoological Gardens, at Naples, Italy, that fills the bill; his boat going at the rate of two and a half miles per hour, directly against a strong southerly wind, in the Bay of Naples.

Mr. Linden, in the performance of his duties, having carefully watched the pressure brought to bear against the water by the tails of fishes, and the webbed feet of swimming birds, came to the conclusion that a combination of the two principles of action, when properly constructed, and acted upon by waves, would produce a resilient movement, and when attached to a boat would send it forward against both wind and waves. Being convinced that his theory was correct, he had a boat constructed suitable to carry one person, having water-tight compartments at each end; the whole stanchly made, so as to safely stand heavy weather at sea.

To produce propulsion against the waves by the waves themselves, he constructed a couple of resilient floats, which he attached to the boat, one at the bow and the other at the stern.

Each of these floats was made of four steel plates, spring tempered, about 20 inches in length by 10 inches in width, and about .068 of an inch in thickness where they were fastened to the boat, and thinning down to .098 of an inch at the free ends that were to be acted upon by the passing or receding waves. Canvas was placed between these plates and attached to their edges, thus making an area of about 14 square feet on the upper surface.

The floats are placed at such distance below the keel of the boat that they will at all times be under water. The principle upon which the boat proceeds is what may be called the swimming principle.

If resilient floats be placed in any position, in the water under a floating body, with the thick ends attached and the free ends directed to the rear, then by reason of the impact of the wave on the elastic float, and its corresponding reaction, they will cause the floating body to move constantly forward. The wave falling on the upper surface of the float causes the float to bend outward, giving it a forward motion, and as the wave passes on, the downward pressure subsides and the float springs upward against the receding wave, giving also a forward pressure in direction of the impulse given.

Of course the propelling power is in proportion to the size and frequency of the waves. The floats being fastened at each end of the boat, and in the water, will very much reduce the rolling and pitching motion.

Mr. Linden informs us that the best results were obtained by placing the floats in a horizontal position. That in a boat 13 feet in length he obtained a speed of two and a half miles per hour against a brisk, southerly

wind in the Bay of Naples, the boat towing a 1½-inch plank 5 feet long.

These elastic-webbed floats appear to work effectual, going either with or against the waves, or in any direction to which the floats may be set.

We see no reason why they may not be applied to the sides of sailing vessels, and used to good advantage on long voyages.

The sailing of a vessel directly into the "teeth of the wind," without any sails, by a secondary, or rather a third(ary) power, (going back to vacuum, for there is where it starts) may appear to be impracticable. One might claim, as an illustration, the man who attempted to lift himself by taking hold of his boot-straps.

I pen this article because I see "Science" in it, and who shall say that the invention may not yet become "Popular."

A New Industry for Cuba.

The leaf of the pineapple contains all the qualities required in the finest and most delicate textile fabric. It surpasses, in point of strength, fineness and lustre, those obtained from flax. The fibre taken from the leaf is remarkable for its white, soft, silky feeling, is durable and unaffected by immersion in water. It is long as to staple, the leaf being about three feet in length. Samples may be seen in the Agricultural Department at Washington, that were cleaned without washing, of the size of binding twine, that will sustain a 150 pound weight.

It makes excellent cordage, and is a first-class material for mixing with cotton or wool, to give cloth strength and durability. In China cloth made from the fibre is quite extensively used for clothing. In India the fibre is sought after for stringing necklaces, and is manufactured into sewing silk, twist and thread for laces.

The pineapple is a native of tropical America, and grows wild in Mexico, Central America, Guiana and Brazil. It is now cultivated extensively in the West India Islands, and the Azores. It was introduced into England and grown in conservatories in 1712.

With proper machinery for separating and preparing the fibre for spinning, or mixing with cotton or wool, we have no hesitancy in saying that any man of enterprise could establish a large and prosperous business in Cuba.

LETTERS AND THE BLUES.

To write a letter when one is suffering from a fit of the blues, from temporary or chronic depression, thus sending forth one's melancholy to become the chilly wet blanket which can smother another's happiness, is equally short-sighted. Out comes the bright sunshine, and your clouds vanish; but your darkly and wretchedly conceived letter has gone beyond your reach, and you cannot recall it, and it is busy about its baleful errand when you are in no frame of mind to own that you sent it out. Years afterward it may fall into the hands of your heirs, and may lay at your door the charge of a tendency to insanity, or be quoted in evidence of your spiritual or mental weakness and infelicity. Refrain from writing letters when you are in a low mood.

Letters are endowed with a sort of earthly immortality and indestructibility which resists everything except the flames.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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.	Hzekiah's Great Passover.....	2 Chron. 30: 1-13
Nov. 12.	The Assyrian Invasion.....	2 Kings 19: 20-22, 28-37
Nov. 19.	Manasseh's Sin and Repentance.....	2 Chron. 33: 9-16
Nov. 26.	Temperance Lesson.....	Prov. 4: 10-19
Dec. 3.	The Book of the Law Found.....	2 Kings 22: 8-20
Dec. 10.	Trying to Destroy God's Word.....	Jer. 36: 20-32
Dec. 17.	The Captivity of Judah.....	Jer. 52: 1-11
Dec. 24.	Review.....	

LESSON XII.—THE CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH.

For Sabbath-day, Dec. 17, 1898.

LESSON TEXT.—Jer. 52: 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.—Jer. 29: 13.

INTRODUCTION.

Nebuchadrezzar put to the death the impious Jehoiakim, and he was succeeded by his son Jehoiachin. This king reigned only a hundred days. He continued in the evil course of his father and uncle. For all his reign was so brief, he is mentioned often in the prophecies of this period. He was called by three different names, Jehorachin, Jeconiah and Coniah. He rebelled against Nebuchadrezzar, and was carried away captive to Babylon, where, after a few years of hardship, he was treated kindly.

Zedekiah, a third son of Josiah, succeeded Jehorachin, and was the last king of Judah. He was of a weak disposition, desiring to do right, but fearing his princes. During his reign the prophet Jeremiah suffered many hardships. This king also rebelled against Babylon, trusting in Egypt for help. Jeremiah warned him and the people again and again that the only way of safety was in submission to Nebuchadrezzar. But they would not be warned. In our lesson this week we have the record of the final step in the destruction of the kingdom of Judah.

It is possible that the last two chapters of the Book of Jeremiah were not written by that prophet, but added by a later writer.

NOTES.

1. *Zedekiah was one and twenty years old.* It is evident that there is some chronological error here; for his younger brother was said to be twenty-three years old some eleven or twelve years before this time. Compare 2 Kings 23: 31. *His mother's name was Hamutal.* She was also the mother of Jehoahaz. Zedekiah was a half-brother of Jehoiakim. *The daughter of Jeremiah of Libnah.* This is not, of course, the prophet Jeremiah, son of Hilkiah, of Anathoth.

2. *And he did that which was evil.* This is said of all the last four kings of Judah—the three sons and one grandson of Josiah.

3. *For through the anger of the Lord it came to pass.* The sacred writer views the evil course of Zedekiah as occasioned by the anger of God. It is a characteristic of the Oriental mind to ascribe everything that happens to God. Compare Isa. 45: 7. *Till he had cast them out from his presence.* For God to allow the chosen people to come to utter defeat and destruction is as if a king should thrust out from his presence some hitherto-favored officer. *That Zedekiah rebelled.* Much better as R. V. "And Zedekiah rebelled."

4. *In the ninth year, . . . in the tenth month, in the tenth day.* The terrible day is remembered with great distinctiveness. On this very day it was revealed to Ezekiel, among the exiles, that the siege had commenced. Compare Ezek. 24: 2. The day was observed as a fast during the Exile. Zech. 8: 19. *Nebuchadrezzar.* This name is sometimes, but less accurately, spelled "Nebuchadnezzar."

6. *In the fourth month, etc.* The siege lasted almost exactly a year and a half. The city was strongly fortified and might have withstood under more favorable conditions a much longer siege. *The famine* is probably that which is described in the fourth chapter of Lamentations.

7. *Then the city was broken up.* Rather, "was broken into." A breach was made in the wall on the north side of the city. *All the men of war fled.* The defence of the city was no longer practicable. By some negligence on the part of the besiegers there was opportunity for escape for the famine-stricken defenders. *By the way of the gate between the two walls.* We do not know what two walls are meant; but it is very evident that this was a little, unwatched gate on the south side of the city. *And they went by the way of the plain.* In the parallel passage in 2 Kings the verb is in the singular, "he went." The word translated "plain" should be

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regarded as a proper name, Arabah, referring to the low desert tract along the Jordan and by the Dead Sea.

8. *And overtook Zedekiah in the plains of Jericho.* The king was doubtless impeded in his flight by the necessity of taking his wives and children with him. *And all his army was scattered from him.* The warriors separated, each looking for his own safety. They cannot be greatly blamed, as further fighting seemed useless. Lam. 4: 19 may refer to the capture of Zedekiah and his family. It would seem from that verse that one troop was lying in wait and another pursuing.

9. *Then they took the king, etc.* Compare Jeremiah's prophecy. 2 Chron. 32: 4, 5. *Riblah.* This is probably not the same city mentioned in Numb. 34: 11; but is the city whither Pharaoh-Necho summoned King Jehoahaz. 2 Kings 23: 33. It seems that it was on the military way between Babylon and Palestine or Egypt. *Hamath* is spoken of as the northern border of the kingdom of David. *Where he gave judgment upon him.* The word "where" is an insertion of the translators, literally "and." Zedekiah was put upon the throne by Nebuchadnezzar and had sworn allegiance to the Babylonian king.

10. *And the King of Babylon slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes.* He showed no mercy on a subject prince who had rebelled against him. To kill the sons before the eyes of a father is a punishment worse than death itself. *Also all the princes of Judah.* He wished to show Zedekiah that his kingdom had come to utter defeat and extinction.

11. *Then he put out the eyes of Zedekiah.* Atrocity is added to cruelty. To put out the eyes is, however, a common Oriental punishment. The verb translated "to put out" is literally "to blind." One mode of blinding was by holding a red-hot iron close to the eyeballs. *Bound him in chains.* Literally "in double chains." R.V. renders "fetters." *And put him in prison till the day of his death.* We can scarcely imagine a more terrible punishment,—to drag out the weary years of his life in darkness and in prison, remembering as the last scene which his eyes had looked upon the vivid picture of his sons falling before him and lying in their own blood. We may hope that his prison life was not long.

In the fate of Zedekiah we see fulfilled two seemingly contradictory prophecies. Jeremiah had said [Jer. 34: 3]:

"Thine eyes shall behold the eyes of the king of Babylon, and he shall speak with thee mouth to mouth, and thou shalt go to Babylon."

Whereas Ezekiel said [Ezek. 12: 13]: "I will bring him to Babylon to the land of the Chaldeans; yet shall he not see it, though he shall die there."

Jerusalem was sacked, the temple was pillaged and dismantled; the walls of the city were torn down, the princes and people were tortured and many of them slain. The devoted city drank of the cup of her iniquity to the full.

A SOAP TALK.

During the past ten years, the Larkin Soap Mfg. Co. have advertised their Soaps and premiums in this paper, and have sold many boxes to our readers. They make surprisingly liberal offers of a large box of household and toilet Soaps and a premium, which of itself is valuable. This Company makes good Soaps; this ought not to be gainsaid, because of their frank offer of thirty days' trial before the bill is due. Women frequently say that they never knew of any concern or company so literally fulfilling every promise made.

The Buffalo papers, especially the *Express* and the *News*, recently spoke of the wonderful growth of the business of the Larkin Company evidenced by almost constant building

operations. One new building just completed is 150 feet by 182 feet with nine floors, which addition to the already large plant gives the Larkin Company one of the largest and most complete Soap factories in the country. It is one of the wonders among modern great business systems that every bar of Soap made in these immense factories is sold direct from "Factory to Family." Immense is an absurd word, but we use it advisedly. The Larkin factories contain over ten acres of floors.

As soap improves with age, it is excellent economy to buy in quantities. We recommend a trial of the Larkin offer. The Company will trust our subscribers, and do not ask you to trust them. If you want only Soap, you can get \$20.00 of retail value for the \$10.00; but if you take a valuable premium you will get a year's full supply of Soaps, all for \$10.00.

MARRIAGES.

EASTMAN-TROWBRIDGE.—At Adams Centre, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1898, by Rev. A. B. Prentice, Herbert H. Eastman, of Rodman, N. Y., and Eva F. Trowbridge, of Adams Centre.

VIRGIL-CRANDALL.—In Scott, N. Y., November 6, 1898, by the Rev. B. F. Rogers, Mr. George S. Virgil, of Homer, N. Y., and Miss Rose Crandall, of Scott.

DEATHS.

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

STILLMAN.—In Brookfield, N. Y., November 14, 1898, after an illness of four days, Mrs. John T. Stillman, in the 64th year of her age.

The deceased was of a quiet and retiring nature, a member of the congregation of the Second Brookfield church, whose sudden death was a shock to the whole community.
C. A. B.

ALLEN.—In Homer, N. Y., November 17, 1898, Mr. Frank D. Allen, aged 43 years, 1 month and 21 days.

For about two years Bro. Allen had been a great sufferer from that dread disease, consumption, and from the first it seemed to baffle the best medical skill that could be employed. He was born at Richburg, N. Y., and at the age of 13 years was "bound out" to E. S. Bliss, of that town, with whom he remained till of age. During this time he spent some years at school in Alfred. At the age of 17 years he was converted, and joined the Richburg Seventh-day Baptist church. He was married to Miss Maria T. Boyce in 1881. In the year 1883 he took a letter from the Richburg church and joined the DeRuyter church, and in October, 1894, he united with the Scott Seventh-day Baptist church, with which he remained a faithful member till removed by death. During all the years of his Christian life he was faithful and efficient in all church work. Possessed of more than ordinary musical talent, he was a great help in this department of Christian work and worship. About two years since, he took up his residence in Homer, that he might with better success pursue his avocation as a tuner of pianos and organs, in which calling he showed commendable aptitude. Though in First-day society and in the midst of a busy village life, he held strictly to his Sabbath principles and practice. He is survived by his wife and five children. Thus, in the prime of manhood, God has, in his wisdom, seen fit to remove our brother from earthly scenes and labors to join the throng of those who praise him in the world of light and joy. Funeral services were held at his residence in Homer, November 19, his pastor officiating, using as the foundation of his discourse Psa. 23: 3, a passage selected by Bro. Allen. His remains were taken to DeRuyter for interment, where the family have a burial place.
B. F. R.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER of Nov. 21th and 28th.

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 "There is more than jingle to his verse; there is deep and beautiful sentiment."—Utica Saturday Globe.
 The book contains 157 pages, several full-page half-tone illustrations, and is neatly bound in cloth. Price \$1.25. For sale by all booksellers, or autographed copies may be obtained at the regular price by addressing the author at Olean, N. Y.

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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.

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