

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

A SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST WEEKLY, PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

VOLUME 55. No. 41.

OCTOBER 9, 1899.

WHOLE No. 2850.

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IN DISGUISE.

MET him to-day in the wintry street,
The Christ on the cross who died.
All hungered and cold in the wind and sleet,
With bleeding forehead and hands and feet,
And I blindly threw him aside.

Had he only come with the crown of thorns,
Or the nail prints ruby red;
Had the palms that pleaded for alms but worn
Their wounds, I had not put by in my scorn
His piteous plea for bread.

But idly now and all in vain
I grieve for the grace gone by,
And muse, Might he only come again,
I'd pity his plea and ease his pain
And hearken unto his cry.

Nay, nay, for the blind distinguisheth
The King with his robe and crown;
But only the humble eye of faith
Beholdeth Jesus of Nazareth
In the beggar's tattered gown.

I saw him not in the mendicant,
And I heeded not his cry;
Now Christ in his infinite mercy grant
That the prayer I say in my day of want
Be not in scorn put by.

—British Weekly.

\$2.00 A YEAR

PLAINFIELD N J

Sabbath Recorder.

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Entered as Second-Class mail matter at the Plainfield, (N. J.)
Post-Office, March 12, 1895.

THE story of God's pity and love is almost an empty one to many, while life is favorable and circumstances make them happy. Either they do not understand it, or they do not care to understand it. But when disaster comes, and misfortune stands at the door, and when they fall bruised under some great burden, they instinctively reach out for that love and pity which has hitherto been to them but an empty name. In such hours of great trial, they do not appreciate how ungrateful and unjust they have been in the hour of prosperity. If God were like men he would rejoice, sometimes at least, in seeing such ones suffer for a while, that they might be taught the enormity of their indifference to his love, when they did not feel the need of his help. But the infinite love, so fully revealed in Christ, never reproaches those who have been indifferent to it. Finding a soul bruised, infinite love binds up the wounds unto healing. Finding it lonely, love sits to watch until loneliness is lost in blessed companionship. Finding a soul burdened, love takes the burden, or lifts the burdened one, burden and all, and carries both over the rough places. Infinite love makes deserts to be beautiful gardens; turns sorrow into joy; gives strength for weakness and healing for wounds. No wonder that language fails when we seek to describe the everlasting riches of infinite love.

THE world realizes very little how great is the quiet influence of sweet-minded women. While this characteristic is represented in almost every community by some one more prominently than by all, it yet is true that in seasons of trouble, sorrow, weakness, and the like, the world instinctively turns to women, especially to mothers. It is the soothing touch of a woman's hand which brings relief to disease-stricken childhood. Many of the heaviest burdens of life are lifted by the words that come from the lips of sweet-minded women. Thousands of men, husbands worn with business and irritated with care, find rest and relief only under the influence of sweet-minded wives. These facts will stretch out before the reader, and personal experience and observation will multiply such pictures indefinitely. It is not only well for the world, but cause for great thankfulness, that sweet-minded women are scattered everywhere amid its turmoils, bringing peace and comfort to others, and earning rich rewards for themselves.

EVEN God cannot take your weaknesses away, as a mother picks thistle points from her child's fingers. But he can help you to overcome them, rise above them, vanquish them. You need a good, open, square fight with yourself, if you gain the victory over temptations. Never sit down and whine because God does not send an angel to pull obstacles out of your path. Better pray for strength. Sharpen your axe, and cut a path to higher living. Even divine love must grow weary of souls who are always complaining about the difficulties they have to surmount. **Complain less and work more.**

JAPAN has entered the great family of nations on equal terms, so far as diplomacy is concerned. It has been notable that Japan has absorbed Western ideas with great rapidity. But one movement lately made with regard to religious faiths is very far from religious freedom. The Japanese government has adopted a new law, regulating all faiths and beliefs in the kingdom. Whether pagan or Christian, all religious organizations and faiths are under the absolute control of a local governor. No place of worship can be built, no public meeting held, without his permission. The plans of the edifice, the name of the religion, the method by which it is governed and maintained, and the qualifications of the preachers, together with their election to office, must all pass under the supervision and permission of this local governor. If the preacher is to be changed, or the belief, or if the building is to be moved from one place to another, the consent of the governor must be secured. In a word, this new Japanese law is a direct and sharp infringement upon religious liberty. It is the state-church idea in the extreme: The results of the new law will be watched for with interest.

THE receptions given to Admiral Dewey, at New York, Washington and elsewhere, illustrate the true homage of American men and women to that true nobility and greatness which men like the Admiral exhibit, without promise of honor or hope of greatness. Dewey went without hesitation, when ordered to the Asiatic Station, which was repellant rather than attractive to an active and ambitious man. Once there, doing hum-drum, routine work, opportunity came to him. Under pressure of a great necessity, he sailed for Manila, where defeat would have been dishonor and ruin. The world knows the rest. Victory, the fruit of fidelity, bravery and promptness, has crowned him with the greatest expression of homage and love which the century has seen. It is not the homage of a nation bowing before a conqueror whose wrath they would fear, but the love and esteem of thankful and appreciative men and women. All this is the more pleasing because Dewey, the hero, is manliest of men.

SOME people pray and then sit down to wait for God to send an answer, ready-made, before they do anything. That is not the best way. Pray, then, without waiting; go to work that you may be ready to meet the answer. When you pray for rain hasten to get your rain-water barrel out, even though no cloud is in sight. God controls the clouds. You control the barrel. Answers to prayer seldom come to idle men.

A MARKED copy of the Columbus, Ga., *Enquirer-Sun*, brings the news of the death of Mr. Rhoderick Ashurst, son of Rev. A. P. Ashurst at Columbus, on the 27th of September, 1899. We shall hope for a fuller notice from the pen of Bro. Ashurst.

DO NOT borrow trouble. The interest on such transactions is excessive "usury." No soul can afford to pay such a rate while the invitation remains which bids us cast all our care upon him who careth for us.

DO NOT forget that the RECORDER is now offered to new subscribers until the close of the year 1900 for \$2.00 cash. About *three cents per week!*

THE *Milwaukee Sentinel*, Sept. 17, 1899, contains a full notice of Milton College and its work under the prominent heading, "A Pioneer Wisconsin Educator. The Rev. William Clarke Whitford, who has been President of Milton College for forty-one years, a longer term than any other man in a similar position in the United States—author of the State Teacher's Certificate System, and former State Superintendent of Public Instruction." Our readers will join in the hope that this "Pioneer Educator's" work may continue yet these many years.

THIS morning a man who heard one preach yesterday, said to him, with tear-dimmed eyes: "What you told us about God's love did comfort me so, I felt that I must tell you." That was not praise, but comfort. Reader, when your pastor, or any one of God's servants, helps you, give them some hint of it. It will help them to do better work for the Master. Pastors and preachers have enough to discourage them, and your appreciative words will lighten their burdens.

BEING asked to tell some qualities of rain, a school boy answered, "Lots of it!" Such a definition is well fitted to tell the quality of God's love for men. God delights to bless and help and comfort his children. "His mercy endureth forever." "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." Love, compassionate love, and "Lots of it." That is God.

THE Editor of the RECORDER starts on a Western trip to-day. He intends to visit certain churches in Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, which, lying away from the main lines of travel, are less easily reached. He expects to be at Marquette, Wis., Oct. 13, and thereafter as the missionary pastor on that field may arrange.

"SANCTIFICATION."

Reading the article on "Entire sanctification," etc., found on page 645, impresses us as we have been impressed often, that much actual or apparent difference comes from difference in definitions, or from the different standpoints which men occupy when speaking or thinking on a given theme. The writer of that article starts with the idea that up to a certain time the person seeking "sanctification" is not regenerated. There comes a time when the Holy Spirit shows to such an one the impurity of his unsanctified heart, and he "cries out in bitterness of spirit at the revelation." To such an one who adds repentance and faith to his bitterness, forgiveness and regeneration come at the moment self-surrender is made. All of that experience the RECORDER is accustomed to call conversion and regeneration. We never dream that sin can be outgrown, or that God's love grows into the acceptance of a repenting soul. The type of such experience will be determined largely by temperament, previous life, and the like. In all this the RECORDER is in full accord with the thought of its correspondent from whose private letter we venture to quote a sentence or two. He says:

"I notice a great deal in the RECORDER about growth into sanctification and against the joyous shouting of those who are happy in it, and I don't believe it. The spirit demonstrates his indwelling by shouts, joy, great peace, etc., according to his will, and it is un-

just to say that any one form of manifestation is more genuine than another."

The RECORDER writes "Amen" to the above, and when we talk of "growth in holiness" we seek to say what Christ's parable teaches when he said: "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full grain in the ear." In other words, our idea of growth in grace, holiness, sanctification is that it begins when regeneration—i. e., "sanctification" as used by our correspondent—has taken place. Continuing in faith and obedience, constantly baptized and guided by the indwelling spirit, the soul grows in grace, the knowledge of truth, the power to know more of God's will and to do more of his work. To avoid imperfect and entangling definitions, we have come to prefer the term growing into or attaining higher and yet "higher life."

We have been much impressed lately, in listening to the experiences of those who claim to have attained great holiness in a single experience, that the experience they call sanctification is their first conversion; that, up to that time, they had been self-deceived, or had possessed only the form of godliness without its reality. Hence the experience which reveals their unsanctified hearts and induces repentance is the beginning of actual life in Christ. That it should be surpassingly joyous is no wonder. So we are more assured than ever that much, if not all, of the apparent difference between what may seem to some as two classes of Christian experience comes from different definitions of the same or similar experiences. But the RECORDER only desires to say that when it talks of "higher life" or "growth in holiness," or uses any of the expressions which seek to describe that state of life wherein peace, rest, light, joy and power through Christ and in Christ are attained in ever-increasing measure, it begins the point of growth with a devout, regenerate soul, whose love and obedience seek highest attainment through the guidance and power of the indwelling spirit of God. Mr. Wilson's experience, as found in the extract sent by our correspondent, seems to us to be conversion and regeneration. From that point we should advise him to grow in grace and in the knowledge of truth and duty.

BERLIN, N. Y.

Far above tide-water, though occupying a deep valley, Berlin, N. Y., has attractions as a summer home which may justly increase its fame in the years to come. The Seventh-day Baptist church of Berlin was organized in 1780, and up to this time it has held the leading place in social, business, and religious affairs. The original settlements of Seventh-day Baptists extended six or eight miles northward to Petersburg, and an equal or greater distance southward to Stephentown. Some members of the Berlin church still reside at the latter place, but no regular services are held there, or at Petersburg. Emigration has been the one great cause of these changes. The prairies of the West beckoned to young farmers who deemed their advantages superior to those offered by the narrow valleys and the towering hills of Eastern New York. But new churches have arisen where the children of the East found homes, and the cause of Christ has been enlarged rather than weakened, by such out-going. Under the faithful labors of Rev. Geo. Seeley the church is now

in a good spiritual state. As sometimes happens, the young people and children are comparatively few. The Christian Endeavor meeting on Sabbath afternoon, Sept. 30, was the oldest meeting, considering the ages of those present, we have ever witnessed. It was a meeting of much prayer and of deep spiritual tone. It is well when the older members of any church are strong supporters of the C. E. Society.

The editor of the RECORDER spoke at Berlin on the 29th and 30th of September, and on the 1st of October. On that date there was an unusually large audience. The evening service of the Baptist church in the village was adjourned and the pastor, with many of his people, attended and listened to a discussion of "Dangers which threaten Christianity in the United States through loss of regard for sacred time." Text, "And the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell, and great was the fall of it." Matt. 7:27. The people showed their interest in Sabbath Reform by a good voluntary collection. With an honored record for more than a century, we trust that Berlin will see an enlarged and yet more useful future. The people are already talking of the coming session of the Eastern Association, to be held there next June. Orchards are bending under autumn fruits, and business is good.

CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL.

The International Congregational Council held in Boston Sept. 20, and eight days after, was a notable gathering. It was presided over by President James B. Angell, D. D., of Michigan University. Extensive and elaborate preparations were made for the large number of guests from all parts of the world. At the opening session the governor of the state and the mayor of the city gave a welcome. The program was too formidable to be described here. Education, missions, evangelism, criticism, socialism, reform and philanthropy came under discussion, and by leading preachers and thinkers from London, Australia, India and Canada. There were excursions and banquets and receptions.

A sermon by Principal Fairbairn touched the high-water mark of the great convention. We reproduce a notice of it from the *Congregationalist*:

Principal Fairbairn's text was that old stumbling block of offense, Matt. 16: 18, "And I also say unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it." How shall the exposition of the theme which followed be described? Without a scrap of manuscript, for eighty minutes the master intellect and great heart of the renowned Scotch preacher wove their spell. Penetrating and exact exegesis, mordant satire of sacerdotal claims, catholic love for Christ's disciples wherever found, etchings which in a few words summed up the careers and characters of the great fathers of the church, orthodox and otherwise, panoramic delineations of great movements in secular and ecclesiastical history, stern rebuke and righteous indignation for those who pervert the true functions and acts of the bride of Christ, and postulation of the everlasting foundations of the true church of Christ followed one the other. Warning to his task, he made you forget the lack of grace in his gestures by the force and passion of his feeling, the marvelous sweep of his thought and the precision and majesty of his style. His keen wit now and then moved to laughter, and his blows between the eyes of sacerdotalism and tyranny in church and society roused thunders of applause, for it was a polemical discourse, a definitive setting forth of the eternal principles of liberty in belief and freedom in polity for which Independency has ever stood. Viewed solely as an intellectual *tour de force*, it was superlatively fine. But added to that it was the

trumpet call of a great heart, a prophet, a man who reads the signs of the times and foretells new and better things for the world and the church. It had a heart quality that redeemed it from being a disquisition and made it an epic, a message from the throne, clarifying the vision and inspiring the hearts of those who heard it.

JUDAS AND THE LORD'S SUPPER.

A correspondent from St. Just, Va., asks: "Is it the opinion of commentators that Judas was present at the institution of the Lord's Supper?"

While some have claimed that he was, we think the opinion held by the great majority of those whose opinions are of value, is that he was not. If John's account—13th chapter—be taken as the best summary of the history of the question, the facts appear as follows: The family represented by Christ and the disciples met to eat the Passover Supper. The strife among his followers concerning the first place was so great that they crowded to the table without the ceremonial washing of their feet, Judas being one of the group. This washing of feet would have been done by a servant had the family of Christ been like the ordinary Jewish family at Passover time. As they had no servant, the duty belonged to the humblest member of the company. Eager for preferment, no one would own himself to be thus humble, and hence they had hurried to the table unwashed. Christ did not allow them to eat the Passover Supper in this way. He rose from his place at the table, procured water, and, taking the place of a servant, washed the feet of the group. The conversation between Christ and John, who asks the name of the betrayer, and Christ's reply, show that while that part of the Passover Supper, which included the "bitter herbs and the bread of affliction," was being eaten, Christ gave the "sop," a piece of bread dipped in the bitter herbs, to Judas. Immediately after this he went out. When the Passover Supper proper was finished, using the bread and wine still present, Christ instituted the Lord's Supper. Judas had gone out on his wicked errand before this was done. Such we believe to be the true interpretation and that which is supported by highest authority among commentators.

CHURCH MUSIC OF THE PURITANS.

The Puritanism of New England was not over-joyous. Its stock of music and of lyric poetry was meager. Among tunes, "St. David's," "Litchfield," "York," "Windham," "Martyrs" and "St. Mary's" formed a large and popular list. The Psalm to be sung was "lined off" by the precentor, the congregation repeating it, sometimes with more vigor than understanding. The Psalms as "adapted" to singing were beyond description in point of literary structure, and the music was by no means "classic." It is no wonder that the following is found in the diary of one of the Precentors of the Plymouth church:

I set "York" tune and the congregation went out of it into "St. David's" in the very 2nd Going over. They did the same 3 weeks before. This is the second sign. It seems to me an intimation for me to resign the Prae-centor's place to a better Voice. I have through the Divine Long Suffering and Favour done it for 24 years, and now God in his Providence seems to call me off.

Sometimes a zealous singer with a powerful voice, but with little sense of musical exactness, would shift unconsciously from one tune to another, carrying a large part of the congregation with him. Or perhaps several singers would misapprehend the tune at the

outset, and, not being guided by any instrument, would start off each upon a different tune, throwing the whole body of singers into confusion. No wonder the office of precentor was considered a trying one, requiring a man of strong personality and good lungs.

Here is an extract from the metrical rendering of the 137th psalm in the "Bay Psalm-Book." It sticks closer to the original Hebrew than to the English idiom, and seems to prove the translators or adaptors were better acquainted with Hebrew than with English grammar:

Our harps wee did hang it amid, upon the willow tree;
Because there they that us away led in captivitee
Requir'd of us a song, & thus ask't mirth us waste who
laid,

Sing us among a Sions song unto us then they said:
The lords song sing can wee? being in strangers land.
Then let
Loose her skill my right hand, if I Jerusalem forget.

Very few hymns were sung in the old colonial churches, although some of the later editions of the "Bay Psalm-Book" add a dozen or so to the psalms. Here is a stanza from one of them in which Jael's destruction of Sisera is described:

He at her feet bow'd, fell, lay down,
He at her feet bowed where
Hee fell; whereas he bowed down
He fell destroyed there.

The "Bay Psalm-book" was the second book printed in the American colonies. Its chief editors and compilers were John Eliot, Cotton Mather, and the Rev. Mr. Welde, of Roxbury, Mass. This book went through seventy editions, yet such is the rarity of it that a well-kept copy is now worth several hundred dollars. The contrast between such efforts at praise and the church music of today is too great for comparison.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Military operations in the Philippines have been desultory and unimportant during the past week. Under advice of Admiral Dewey, several warships have been ordered to proceed to Manila at once. Preparations are being pushed for a vigorous movement on all lines as soon as the rainy season closes. It is said that the insurgents, in the north of Luzon, have been ordered to resume their work at farming. This may mean that provisions are giving out.—Collision between the British forces and the Boers, in South Africa, is still delayed. Neither party is ready to strike, and it is evident that the cooler heads on both sides desire to avoid war. All the world hopes that these better counsels will prevail. If war ensues, it must be comparatively short, as the Boers could not stand up against the British Empire for a long time. The fear that the African tribes may be drawn into compact with the Boers is not without foundation, and this may have to do with the delay. At present, England has not forces enough on the ground to begin the attack.—Washington has honored Admiral Dewey, during the week, as becomes the Nation and the Admiral. The sword voted him by Congress was presented with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of thousands of people. The Admiral has been relieved from off-shore duty, and will give his attention to duties connected with the Philippine Commission, of which he is a member.—The Pan-Presbyterian Council, at Washington, is in session at this writing, October 6. The sessions have been a bit stormy in some respects, by the unfortunate intrusion of political and diplomatic ques-

tions touching the relations between England and the United States. The interests of the Boers question in South Africa, and the like.—The Mazet Investigation as to corrupt practices in the management of the municipal affairs of New York City is again under way.—The agitation concerning the retaining of Roberts, the polygamist of Utah, in Congress, is rising as the time draws near for the meeting of the House of Representatives.—President McKinley started on a Western trip on the 5th of October.—Latest news, Oct. 8, indicate greater probability of peaceful adjustment between England and the Boers.—Three successive failures, because of light winds, have attended the efforts of the International Yacht Race between the Columbia and the Shamrock.

LOVE'S FULFILLING.

Oh, love is weak
Which counts the answers and the gains,
Weighs all the losses and the pains,
And eagerly each fond word drains
A joy to seek!

When love is strong
It never tarries to take heed
Or know if its return exceed
Its gift; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strifes belong.

It hardly asks
If it beloved at all, to take
So barren seems, when it can make
Such bliss, for the beloved sake,
Of bitter tasks.

Its ecstasy
Could find hard death so beauteous;
It sees through tears how Christ loved us,
And speaks, in saying, "I love thus,"
No blasphemy.

So much we miss
If love is weak, so much we gain
If love is strong; God thinks no pain
Too sharp or lasting to ordain
To teach us this.

—Selected.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

THE Imperial Quartet sang on Convocation Sunday. The music was very fine and enjoyable. But somehow the thought kept coming in, I would rather hear the Milton Quartet sing, "Keep rank, make Jesus King," or "Where will you spend eternity?" This was finished, artistic, harmonious; but there was something lacking. It was not a loving, yearning message, pleading with men to be reconciled to God. It was something to entertain or please. As a performance it was eminently satisfying; but it was not preaching the Gospel—and that is what church singing ought always to be.

Now, of course, the Western Contributing Editor is a crank on this subject, and the reader will make proper allowance for his "peculiar views." They say that every one has to have a hobby and, of course, hobbies have to be taken out and exercised occasionally.

We have less and less use for the sermon or the sacred song which is presented from the artistic standpoint without the throbbing, animating purpose to win men to God. Don't trifle. Be in blood earnest. It was not so very long ago that after a grand gospel sermon, which touched almost every heart with its spiritual aspiration and honest conviction, a soloist rose and sang. It might have been regarded as a praiseworthy effort ordinarily; but coming as it did upon the glowing mood of the audience against the background of that powerful personal appeal, the artistic rendering seemed indeed "flat, stale and unprofitable."

Is the message of God only a performance to be delivered with conscious brilliancy, congratulations following? The preaching and the singing that reaches the world's conscience and the sinner's heart, that is attended "by signs following" in the conversion of men, comes out of the heart of faith, touched by the Holy Spirit's power.

ON MINOT'S LEDGE.

Gustav Kobbe spent a winter night in the lighthouse on Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, and got a vivid impression of the exposed situation of the famous beacon off Cohasset, Mass. This impression he endeavors to convey to readers of *St. Nicholas*:

Crash! I was sitting one February night in the watchroom of Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, off Cohasset, Mass. With me was the keeper. We were reading. Suddenly there came a shock as if the heavy iron doors at the head of the staircase in the tower had swung to. The tower shook from base to dome. The wind roared round the lantern. Droning through it all was the dismal tolling of the fog bell.

When the crash came I gave a start. I thought it was nothing less than some vessel, lost in the fog, crashing on the ledge. But the keeper went on reading quietly. "What was that?" I finally asked.

"Oh," he said, "she's just taking on a sea."

He had told me before how in great storms the waves dash against the tower, but this was my first actual experience of Minot's Ledge "taking on a sea."

To understand just what that means you must know that Minot's Ledge Lighthouse is built on a rock that is under water, and that, excepting at extreme low tide, the gray granite tower is entirely surrounded by water. It is the American "Eddystone;" but, if anything, it is more exposed than that famous light off the English coast. Outlying ledges somewhat protect the Eddystone from heavy seas, and the rock on which it stands is above water in all tides, so that it offers a better foundation than Minot's. This latter has no protection against the full sweep of a northeaster except a ledge known as the outer Minot, and this is entirely submerged at high tide.

The crash which made me start was repeated again and again during the night, as wave after wave swept in and broke against the tower. In heavy storms there are times when from the shore, some miles distant, Minot's Ledge Lighthouse seems to be buried by the sea. The waves strike the tower about twenty feet above the base, and send tons of spray as high as twenty-five feet above the dome. The mass of water then comes crashing down upon the lantern, and streaming over it, falls like a cataract on the leeward parapet and into the ocean. The lifeboat which hangs from this parapet, eighty feet above the sea, would be dashed to pieces if it were on the weather side. Even where it hangs now, partly protected by the tower, it would probably be broken by the cataract if the plugs were not drawn from its bottom to allow the water to run out freely.

PULPIT MANNERISMS.

No man, however fluent his speech, however fertile his mind, however broad his culture and deep his spiritual life, can keep fresh and attractive in his pulpit utterances without constant care against hackneyed phrases and against slavish adherence to a certain order of procedure and manner of speech. The most catchy phrase, the most apt expression, and the most forceful formula of truth reduced to a mere mannerism falls upon the ear as a vain and empty thing.

Why should any man indulge a pulpit tone

and a repulsive pulpit manner? Why should a preacher in the pulpit habitually shrug his shoulders, toss his head, stroke his beard, nervously thrust his hand into his pockets, and do a dozen other things that are as ungraceful and unnatural as they are absurd? Why should a man punctuate and puncture his sermons with Ahs! and Ohs! and with "Bless you!" "For God's sake!" and similar expressions.

Not long since some of our exchanges were passing a paragraph relating the instance of a young minister who was so addicted to the use of that convenient phrase, "Along this line," that in an address of seventeen minutes he repeated that sweet morsel fourteen times. The last time we saw that paragraph the editor added, "Give us a rest on this line." It is related of a certain evangelist that he was in the habit of addressing his audience as "Dear souls," wherever he happened to be conducting services. When he was at Belfast it was over and over, "Dear Belfast souls;" at Dublin, "Dear Dublin souls;" and at Cork it was, "Dear Cork souls," in which instance his audience was overcome with laughter before he knew what he had said.

Some preachers are in the habit of gazing at some fixed point on the floor or ceiling much of the time during the delivery of their sermons. With others preaching and whining always go together. There is no good reason for being victims of such habits in pulpit work. They are mannerisms. They are artificial, unnatural performances. Some of them are extremely annoying to the hearer, and all more or less detract from the force and effectiveness of the sermon, and should give way to that which is natural and most pleasing to God and man.

It is important that the preacher guard against emphasis that does not emphasize—such as violently and frequently stamping the floor with the feet, or pounding the Bible with the fists, or indulging in hysterical shriekings, so that utterance is rendered almost if not altogether unintelligible thereby. This habit becomes so fixed and extreme in some instances that the solemn and pathetic portions of the discourse are sent crashing over the heads of the people like so much grape and canister from an overloaded artillery. A stamp of the foot may in rare instances be proper and appropriate, and may possibly help drive the truth home to the hearts of the hearers; but such instances are too rare to allow that form of emphasis to become a characteristic of a man's delivery.—*Evangelical Messenger*.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION—HOW OBTAINED.

[One of our correspondents who feels that his experience, and that of others, in the attaining of "Sanctification" and "Holiness," is quite unlike that which has been spoken of in the RECORDER from time to time, sends us the following, which he thinks presents a view more in accord with the experience through which he has passed.]

Some persons would meet an earnest inquirer about this matter with the advice, "You must obtain it by spiritual growth." At first sight this may appear to be a proper direction. However, we think that it is not the kind of direction or answer that ought to be given. Suppose that we are sincerely and deeply anxious about this attainment—that the Holy Spirit has revealed to us the impurity of our unsanctified heart, so that we are led to loathe it, and cry out in bitterness

of spirit at the revelation. In such a case, the question is pertinent, how long a time will be taken by this growing process before the full salvation of the gospel is possessed? As life is so uncertain even to the youngest disciple of Christ, and as many of those who profess the enjoyment of justification by faith are far advanced in life, it is of the utmost importance that the requisite time shall not be prolonged. Any indefiniteness on this matter of time is painful, and might lead to great disaster. Besides, what kind of work does this theory of growth direct us to do in order to the perfection of our religious character? Does it not philosophically rest this part of our salvation upon works? And can a theory be right or safe that offers salvation to us upon the condition of works? We are sure that it is not. It is not the right kind of direction to give to an anxious inquirer, nor is it sound theology.

And now we ask, Where is the warrant or scripture that the work of entire sanctification can be done in this gradual way? All depends upon Bible teaching in this very important matter. We confess that we have utterly failed to find it from the beginning of the Book to its end. And is it not a surprising thing that men, otherwise intelligent, should be willing to risk a thing so essential to the salvation of the soul and its fitness for heaven, upon a theory that has no Scripture upon which to rest its great weight? Especially so when it is so clearly and fully taught in the Bible that faith is the only means by which salvation is to be produced. Salvation is pardon, and holiness, and fitness for heaven. "By grace are ye saved through faith." "And God, which knoweth the hearts, bear them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us, and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith." Acts 15: 8, 9.

We could multiply texts to a great extent, which place faith as the one divinely-appointed means by which salvation—not partial, but full salvation—is to be sought and found. In the days of our founder there were many unexceptionable witnesses of God's power to save to the uttermost. Wesley says, "In London alone I found 652 members of our society, who were exceedingly clear in their experience, and whose testimony I could see no reason to doubt. And every one of these (after the most careful inquiry, I have not found an exception,) has declared that his deliverance from sin was instantaneous." This deliverance, in every instance, was by faith in Christ.

Ought not this theory of growth, by which inquirers are to seek full salvation, to be discarded by both pulpit and pew at once and forever? We believe it is most mischievous, and can never do any good. Of course, we think that growth in religion, all the way through, from the beginning to the end, is its normal condition, and can never be dispensed with, but that is a very different thing from the teaching that we are to grow out of a state of justification into the state of entire sanctification. We should always grow in grace, before and after we are fully sanctified.—*Rev. Richard Wilson, in Toronto Christian Guardian*.

It is not niggardly charity to give a crust—provided it be a crust of a new loaf, something that you would really enjoy yourself.—*James Buckham*.

THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY.

Many will remember with pleasure J. F. Sachse, Esq., who spoke at our late Conference of the German Seventh-day Baptists, and the interesting researches of the Pennsylvania-German Society. The Ninth Annual Meeting of this Society is to be held at Ephrata, Pa., on Friday, Oct. 37, 1899. A fine program has been prepared and a recent circular, with invitation to Ephrata, speaks of it as follows: "Of all places heretofore selected for the customary Annual Meetings of the Pennsylvania-German Society, none more important and interesting has been chosen than Ephrata—an early center of classical learning and the birthplace of art and music peculiar to itself. Surrounded by a varied landscape and scenery of unsurpassing beauty, its historical association as a German settlement before and during the Revolutionary War, the Seventh-day Baptists, their relics, curios and quaint monastery buildings, make this a most interesting meeting for the members and their families."

L. R. SWINNEY.

[If the Editor was not to be in the far West on the date mentioned above, the RECORDER would be represented at that meeting.]

WORSE THAN WASTED WORRY.

It is not always the cook alone who keeps the household in hot water. Often there is one member who in imagination suffers and makes others suffer every conceivable disaster in behalf of every other member.

An alliterative husband of our acquaintance declares that his trouble-borrowing spouse has him *mortuus*, mausoleumed, mourned, and memorialized in marble if he is belated five minutes in returning from a trip abroad. In some families the baby, instead of being a blessing, is mainly an instrument of torture, because a nervous mother or fussy aunt or grandmother persists in fancying that it is threatened or afflicted with innumerable ills, from which Providence is preserving it; and so she makes every one in the house suffer, too.

These are only two of many types of worry-mongers who persist in getting in other people's sunlight and casting the darkest shadows they can. Setting the imagination to work manufacturing trouble is as silly a misapplication of force as using the garden hose to soak the carpets and piano, instead of making a tender, green paradise of the lawn. Imagination is an artist, commissioned of God for our delectation, and not an inquisitor with rack and thumbscrews.

The basis of all the world's worry that unnecessarily burns out nerve-tissue is lack of trust in God. To practise his presence so that he is present in the thunder as well as in the music of the lark is to forestall the worry that poisons the springs of life. Where God is, there can be no worry. When Christ comes fully into the life, cares fly away.—*C. E. World*.

It is a blessed thing to have fellow-travelers to the New Jerusalem. If you cannot find any, you must make them; for none can travel that road alone.—*John Wesley*.

MANY indeed think of being happy with God in heaven; but the being happy in God on earth never enters into their thoughts.—*John Wesley*.

Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness its poison.—*Stanislaus*.

Missions.

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

God's people are those who have repented of their sins, have accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and have been renewed in heart by the Holy Spirit. Such are truly converted in life and conduct. They have an inner life from God, and in union with God have an outer life which expresses that inner life. There is working out in them in character and deeds that which God is working within them. Love within, obedience without. Fellowship within, walking in God's statutes and laws. Such are God's people now, and his, if true and faithful, for eternity. Have you a regenerated heart and a converted life? If so, then you are fitted to be a fellow worker with God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit, in the great work of salvation. We should exemplify every day the spirit and purpose of Jesus Christ and his kingdom among men.

THE next regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society occurs on Wednesday, Oct. 18, 1899. This meeting is a very important one. At this meeting the appropriations will be made for the year 1900. All reports, all applications from churches, persons, and fields should come to the Corresponding Secretary on or before Oct. 12. Send in your communications in time. The Board requests that either the pastors or the treasurers of the churches report to the Corresponding Secretary in time for this Board Meeting, the amount pledged by the people in their churches for the support of our missions for the ensuing year, whether under the weekly envelope system or on the monthly pledge cards, which were lately distributed among the churches. The Board wishes to know as nearly as possible the amount of money it can depend upon to base the appropriations for the ensuing year.

THE following clipping from the *Watchman* upon an important subject we hope will be carefully read by all the readers of the RECORDER. There will be no doubt considerable difference of opinion in regard to the thought and position taken by the writer, and it may elicit some discussion, but it will be worth while for both pastors and people to carefully read it and think about it.

ATTITUDE OF CHURCHES TOWARD MINISTERS AT FIFTY.

BY PROF. J. M. ENGLISH, D. D.

The two editorials, in recent numbers of the *Watchman*, on "Pastorless Churches" and "The Dearth of Ministers," are very timely. It is to be hoped that they have received a wide and careful reading by members of churches. For, beyond doubt, they call attention to a state of things as vitally affecting the churches, and through them the kingdom of God, as any other that can be named. Indeed, it is not extravagant to say that the present attitude of the churches toward ministers who have reached fifty is, in some of its aspects, the most alarming practical matter that now confronts organized Christianity. This article is concerned with the loss that the kingdom of Christ suffers in view of the unwillingness of churches to seek for pastors among ministers who are more than forty-five or fifty years of age.

The situation is this: Here are a large number of men who have been trained for the most exacting, the most responsible, and the most useful of earthly callings. They have reached the period of life when they should be rendering their most valuable pastoral service, since they possess, in larger degree than younger men do or can, the qualities that are centered in the most effective Christian ministry. What are those qualities? Chief among them are rich personal experience of spiritual things, well-rounded Christian character, sound judgment, trained intellectual power, spiritual insight, practice in pastoral methods, acquired skill in dealing with the subtle problem of the starting and the developing of the spiritual life. These men the churches, especially the larger churches, pass by, and call for ministers who are under forty-five. The result is that in the very time of life when ministers are in their prime for pastoral service, from forty-five or fifty to seventy, or, at least, sixty-five, they are either set aside or are compelled to take the pastorates of the smaller churches—and even these prefer younger men—when they ought to be in the pulpits that most severely tax their best powers, and that offer them the largest sphere of pastoral influence. The sad thing about it is not the loss of position as such, for did not the Master say, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant?" but the incalculable loss that the kingdom of Christ suffers from the waste, or partial waste, of the twenty best years of ministerial life. Certainly this is not as our Lord would have it. He must deeply grieve over the harm thus brought upon his cause. It ought to be remedied, and speedily too. The churches—particularly the larger churches—should take this vital matter seriously to heart, and looking at it from the point of view of the Master, should give to his servants the best possible opportunity of bringing in his universal reign.

The discount that the churches put upon a minister's usefulness when he has reached fifty has no parallel in the other leading callings. And by as much as the ministry is superior in value to them, by so much is the damage the greater, and the more to be deplored. In what we are wont to term the greatest secular occupations the decided rule is that until a man is forty-five or fifty, or even more, he does not reach the most responsible place. The merchant, the lawyer, the judge, the physician, the politician, the legislator, the statesman, must have rounded out a full half-century of years before he receives marked recognition and reaches the largest usefulness. These men render by far their best service from fifty to seventy-five. Why should it not be so in the Christian pastorate, since in general the qualities requisite to the highest success in it are the same as those required in the foregoing spheres? It is so, as the services of some of our pastors prove. Drs. Gordon, Lorimer, MacArthur, Judson, Henson,—to name no more,—it is entirely safe to affirm, have done their best work since they were fifty. For instance, Dr. Lorimer; it is well understood in this region that he is preaching better than ever before, and that his second ministry in Tremont Temple is much stronger and more efficient in every way than was his first. The earlier as compared with the latter ministries of these pastors, as they doubtless would be

swift to admit, were crude and inadequate. It took time to bring even these men to their best. Their fullest measure of pastoral usefulness has cost the mature wisdom that only the years can supply. To be sure, these brethren are men of exceptional gifts, and the churches might say, "If all ministers were of the same high order, we should never think of the dead line of fifty. There would be no such line. Such men out of their shining gifts have us at their disposal. We have no option but to secure their services if we can."

All of which is very true. As human nature is constituted, however, it is idle to expect ministerial ability to average as high as it is in these men. There are not enough such to go around. Most of the churches, even the largest, must be satisfied to be served by pastors who have not reached the eminence, and do not possess the extraordinary pulpit and pastoral ability of these out-standing brethren. Yet is it not true that we have in our Baptist ministry not a small number of men past forty-five or fifty who are well qualified to do valuable service in the larger churches, the very kind of service that these churches need to have done for their most efficient up-building? And if these men were given the opportunity of serving such churches, would not their consecrated ambition leap with joy at the privilege of devoting their ripened powers to pastorates that would tax them to the utmost? Moreover, does not the same principle apply to these ministers, as to their more shining brethren, that it requires time and toil to perfect their abilities; that at fifty they are stronger, richer for service than they were, or could have been, at thirty or forty?

If we look at the matter from a different point of view, and admit that some, if not many, ministers do cross the dead line at fifty, that they have then lost the intellectual and spiritual freshness, the sympathy with young life, and the purpose to labor that characterized them in their earlier years, would not the remedy be largely supplied from the incentive contributed by the prospect of having their most useful pastorates from fifty to seventy? The demand would create the supply. Some might not respond to this appeal. If so, let them go to their own place. They would prove themselves unworthy of serving in the positions that call for the most and the best in the ministry. Indeed, such men would be unworthy to serve in any pastorate, and the Christian ministry would be enriched by the doom that would inevitably be visited upon them. But who does not believe that the number of our ministry that has passed the line of fifty is considerable that could adequately and nobly respond to the summons of our larger churches for satisfactory service? If there were a pope over the Baptists, one of his wisest measures would be the establishing of a graduated scale in the ministry, whereby the largest churches, and the most taxing and promising fields should be reserved, as a rule, for the men between fifty and seventy. Of course, there are exceptions. Now and then there are young men of uncommon mental gifts, of unusual wisdom, and of rare personalities, who are prepared to assume the most exacting pastoral responsibilities, and to preach to the largest congregations.

One of the most lamentable things concerning the Christian ministry, as all must feel

who are conversant with the facts, is that so few of the sons of leading Christian families find their way into it, and that so many of the most promising graduates of all colleges choose other callings. Would not the adoption by the churches of the course advocated in this article supply an entirely legitimate and splendid incentive to these young men to dedicate their lives to the Christian pastorate? For among the numerous causes that keep them out of it must not this be a prominent one, that a minister, after having given ten years to preparation for his work, has a first-rate opportunity for the exercise of his trained powers for only about twenty years? Indeed, in strictest sense, he has no first-rate opportunity at all, since when he reaches the period of life in which he is able to render his most efficient service, the churches do not want him. If, on the other hand, these young men, who rightfully aspire to worthy careers, could have reasonable assurance that in the Christian ministry, as in the business or the profession to which they are attracted, they would have opportunity of using their highest powers when they have reached their greatest development, they would be under very strong pressure not only to enter the Christian ministry, but also through the entire course of it to hold themselves to the highest point of efficiency. And would not Christian parents, who naturally wish their children to do well in life, have rational inducement, as they do not now, to influence their choicest sons to become ministers? From the human point of view, there seems to be no prospect that Christ will secure for his ministry, in adequate numbers, candidates of the highest grade, until the churches change their policy, and instead of demanding for their pastorates men between thirty and forty-five, give the preference to men between forty-five and sixty-five. In the meantime, Christ's reign, for which he so deeply longs, and which a sinful world so sorely needs, will be held back.

The sum of the matter, then, is that a minister should not be judged by the number of years he has lived, but by the youthfulness of his spirit. For some men at forty are older than other men at sixty. Some are forty years old, others are sixty years young. If a minister feels young, he is young.

It would be difficult to mention any subject, the wise agitation of which by the denominational papers would be more fruitful in promoting the welfare of Christ's kingdom than that of this one of the relation of his churches to ministers between fifty and seventy. The churches have it in their power largely to determine the character of the ministry by which they shall be served, and probably in no other way could they be more influential in this regard than by making it possible for pastors to expect their largest labors in their ripest years.—*The Watchman.*

OVER ALL.

BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

Whether the skies be dark or blue,
The same kind Father is over you;
The clouds that obscure the sun to-day,
To-morrow his hand will sweep away.

In storm or in shine,
In deluge or dew,
The same kind Father
Will watch over you.

Whether the heart, then, sings or sighs,
Whether the sun hangs in the skies,
Or whether shadows hang thick above,
Over it all is a God of love.

In storm or in shine,
In deluge or dew,
The same kind Father
Will watch over you.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

For the month of September, 1899.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer.

In account with

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Dr.

Balance in treasury.....	\$1,497 21
Balance on collection at Conference.....	10 00
Collection at Calamus, Iowa, by Milton Quartet.....	2 00
Junior C. E. S., Alfred, N. Y., Boys' School.....	7 50
Primary Sabbath-school, Alfred, N. Y., Miss Burdick.....	5 00
Y. P. S. C. E., Salemville, Pa.....	5 00
Infant Sabbath-school class, Dodge Centre, Wis.....	90
Mrs. Mary S. Maxson, Emporia, Kan.....	1 00
Mrs. E. R. Maxson, Syracuse, N. Y.....	5 00
H. C. Munson, Oswayo, Pa.....	2 00
Mrs. T. H. Tucker, Boulder, Colo.....	1 00
Susie Burdick, Shanghai, China.....	50 00
One-half balance of Conference expense account.....	151 91
Collections and contributions, Evangelistic Committee.....	78 20
Churches:	
Second Brookfield, N. Y.....	4 90
First Alfred, N. Y.....	64 93
New Auburn, Minn.....	7 20
Plainfield, N. J.....	17 16
Milton, Wis.....	5 44
Rockville, R. I.....	10 00
Waterford, Conn.....	9 75
Boulder, Colo.....	4 00
De Ruyter, N. Y.....	5 45
Loans.....	1,500 00
	\$3,445 55

Cr.

O. U. Whitford, on salary, quarter ending Sept. 30, 1899.....	\$ 25 00
D. H. Davis, Shanghai, salary, six months ending Dec. 31, 1899.....	500 00
Susie M. Burdick, Shanghai, salary, six months ending Dec. 31, 1899.....	300 00
Rosa W. Palmborg, Shanghai, salary, six months ending Dec. 31, 1899.....	300 00
Mission Schools, Shanghai, salary, six months ending Dec. 31, 1899.....	300 00
Incidentals, Shanghai, salary, six months ending Dec. 31, 1899.....	100 00
Wm. C. Daland, London, salary, three months ending Dec. 31, 1899.....	300 00
G. Velthuysen, Haarlem, salary, six months ending Dec. 31, 1899.....	200 00
Interest, Notes Nos. 46, 47 and 49.....	15 54
Cash in treasury Sept. 30, 1899:	
Fund for reinforcing China Mission.....	\$658 62
Fund for reduction of Debt.....	85 00
Available for current expenses.....	661 39
	1,405 01
	\$3,445 55

E. & O. E.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treas.

MY TALK WITH CHARLIE DANVERS.

BY JAMES BENTON.

The editor of the RECORDER has asked me to write a "story" for his paper. I think he has asked this a dozen times. His persistency has been almost annoying. I never write stories. The editor of the RECORDER knows that, and still, every time I meet him—which is not very often nowadays—before we separate, he says: "Well, Benton, when shall we look for the first chapter of your story." I suppose he means well: in fact, he urges me to write for the sake of his readers, because, he says "Some people learn truth from a story sooner than they do from a sermon." That remark amuses me, for you know that the editor of the RECORDER is a preacher. (I wonder if preachers do ever realize how little they interest people with dry discussions about abstract doctrines.)

I suppose that all people like stories because they tell what other folks have seen or done. Children like them because each new story opens a new world to them. Cheap, thin, stories are sought for by those who want momentary excitement, or temporary amusement. People with depraved tastes want stories which feed their low fancies, and cultivate their unholy desires. I am sure that the RECORDER does not want anything of that kind. Some stories sparkle with wit and fun; but I am not a funny man, and any effort to appear to be would end in sudden and ludicrous failure. The truth is, I cannot write stories, and the editor of the RECORDER knows it better than he seems to when he keeps saying: "Benton, what about that story?"

The only way I see out of the trouble is to tell something about Charlie Danvers, with whom I was thrown for a few days once in vacation time. I had met Danvers from time to time for ten years, but we were not intimately acquainted. I knew him to be a fairly successful business man, with an unspotted reputation, and a fair bank account. I knew he had traveled not a little, and was a

student of men and things. When we drifted together at a little watering place on the Rhode Island coast, it seemed a bit of good fortune. Neither of us wanted to go to Watch Hill or Narragansett Pier, and so, without any knowledge of each other's plans, we came together at this place of less show and more comfort, and registered at the same hotel within an hour of each other.

I love the sea, but my regard for it is a quiet passion more than a wild infatuation. It stirs me, and soothes me, according to its moods, and mine, and I never stay in my room when I can be on the shore. I am an early riser, and often go to the beach to hear the surf welcome the coming day with a sunrise anthem. On the second morning after our coming there was an east wind, a heavy surf and a high tide just at sunrise. Wind, sea and shore combined to make a mighty organ, fit instrument for voicing the music of the spheres. The result was such an anthem as one seldom hears. I heard something like it once, in mid-Atlantic, but that lacked the resounding rocks and the sounding-board of the woods and hills a mile back from the shore. There were more quiet strains and softened passages now and then, but as a whole, it was a symphony of matchless power and grandeur. I climbed a rock at the foot of which the surf broke with thundering bass, sprinkling me with spray. No other place would do. I wanted to be in the heart of the music, to be enveloped by it. Its mightiness overwhelmed me and held me in a delicious slavery. I sat until the sun was an hour high and the anthem began to die away with the receding tide. Turning my face landward, in pity for the world just waking from lazy indifference, I met Danvers, face to face. He was standing by another rock, a little behind me, and a few feet down the shore. His face glowed with a sort of divine rapture. He smiled quietly, but did not speak. Stepping down, I took his hand, and said: "A wondrously worshipful service." "Yes," he said, "instead of writing, 'the groves were God's first temples,' Bryant should have written: 'The groves and the shore of the sounding sea were God's first temples.'"

We walked back to the hotel in silence. As we passed near a copse in the little meadow through which the path ran, a song sparrow greeted us with strains sweet and clear, fit contrast and accompaniment to the ocean anthem which seemed sweeter as we went away from it.

Perhaps you will say that the title to this is wrong because I had not talked with Danvers enough worth repeating. Have not you learned that there can be talking without words? Did you never hear of "wireless telegraphy" between souls?

TRACT SOCIETY.

Receipts in September, 1899.

Churches:	
First Alfred, Alfred, N. Y.....	\$ 29 51
Second Hopkinton, Hopkinton, R. I.....	15 00
Plainfield, N. J.....	17 16
Second Brookfield, Brookfield, N. Y.....	5 76
Milton, Wis.....	5 44
Boulder, Colo.....	4 00
Dr. E. R. Maxson, Syracuse, N. Y.....	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Threlkeld, Memphis, Tenn.....	10 00
F. F. Randolph, New Milton, W. Va.....	2 00
Eastern Association, one-half surplus after paying expenses of General Conference.....	151 91
Total.....	\$ 245 78

E. & O. E.

J. D. SPICER, Treasurer.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Oct. 2, 1899.

"PAPA," said little Minnie, "won't you please to pat that doggie for me, and see if he will bite?"

Woman's Work.

By MRS. R. T. ROGERS, Alfred, N. Y.

OUR DEPARTING MISSIONARIES.

BY SARAH G. STOCK.

The tender light of home behind,
Dark heathen gloom before,
The servants of the Lord go forth
To many a foreign shore;
But the true light that cannot pale
Streams on them from above,
A light divine, that shall not fail—
The smile of him they love.

A wealth of love and prayer behind,
Far-reaching hope before,
The servants of the Lord go forth
To seek a foreign shore;
And whereso'er their footsteps move,
That hope makes sweet the air;
And all the path is paved with love,
And canopied with prayer.

Christ is the fondly-loved "behind,"
Christ is the bright "before,"
Oh! blest are they who start with him
To seek the foreign shore!
Christ is their fair, unfading Light,
Christ is their Shield and Sword,
Christ is their keeper, day and night,
And Christ their rich Reward!

—Church Missionary Hymn Book.

WHILE there is reason for encouragement there is great need of earnest, anxious planning in all our lines of work, if we reach the mark toward which we are aiming for the new Conference year, one month of which has already passed. One writer has said that "what the church and missionary cause need is consecrated askers as well as givers." When each man and woman feels their responsibility, our debt will be paid and all our Boards will be strong to plan and do.

YOUR Editor sincerely regrets the necessity of delaying until this date the publication of the following most interesting letter from Mrs. Booth:

S. S. MALABELE,
DELAGOA BAY, June 29, 1899.

My Dear Sisters:

It seems a long while since we said good-bye to each other, and we set out on our journey to this far away land. But long as the time appears to us, I feel sure that to you waiting away in America for news it must seem even longer. It is, no doubt, a little difficult to understand how it is that we are so long on the way; but the distance is so great, and the delays so frequent that time passes almost before one can realize it.

NATAL.

When we reached Durban we found to our disappointment that the vessel which would have taken us on to Chinde had left that port the day before. This delayed us over two weeks. Our unavoidable stay in Durban afforded much opportunity of seeing something of life among the Zulu people. They present a sad picture, being indeed like sheep without a shepherd. A great many of the men and boys are employed to load and unload the vessels along the coast. They work almost night and day every day in the week, and never a kind word do they receive; their locations are situated in an out-of-the-way part of the town and are such miserable places, much worse than many of your horses and dogs have in America. If they are out in the streets of Durban after nine o'clock at night they are imprisoned for anything, up to three months; a bell rings at that hour, and at the sound the poor natives may be seen running in order to reach their miserable homes before the bell ceases. In some parts they are not even allowed to walk on the sidewalk if there are any white people on the same side of the road, and this is or was their own

country, the country which God gave to their forefathers. And then the women, oh, my sisters, if only you could look upon these poor creatures, with their scant clothing and their sad, hopeless looking faces, I feel sure your hearts would be moved with a desire to either come or send to their help. It may be that the time has yet to come when Seventh-day Baptists will have, at least, one or two workers among the Zulu people.

We left Durban and went aboard the "Malabele" at daybreak on June 27. She is only a small coasting vessel and noted for her rolling powers,—if this letter appears disjointed please excuse it and all other blunders; as I have been feeling very sick ever since coming on board, but as the passage to Chinde only takes about a week (or rather more) sea-sickness will soon be a thing of the past.

ZAMBESI RIVER, (nearing Chiromo)
July 10, 1899.

We reached Chinde on July 5 and were fortunate in finding that there was one of the Lakes Company's steamers leaving about noon the next day; we were glad of this as we were anxious not to lose more time. We therefore left on the 5th, and shall most likely reach Chiromo by the 12th. At Chiromo, during the dry season, we are obliged to make another change as the water past this point is too shallow for this steamer; we may continue the journey to Katurya in a houseboat; having reached Katurya we there leave the river and begin the overland journey. It is between 28 and 30 miles to Blantyre; this will be accomplished, as also all the rest of the journey on land, in a michala, *i. e.*, a hammock slung on a pole and carried by two natives in turn. If we arrive in time to start quite early in the morning we could make the journey in one day, but that means a hard pull for the natives, as many of them will have pretty heavy loads. If we reach Katurya late in the morning we shall have to make two days of it; there is one house, and only one, about midway between Katurya and Blantyre. In this place are to be found one table and perhaps three chairs, a teapot, some cups and saucers, a tin of tea, some condensed milk and some biscuits. This is the Lakes Company's half-way house, where their passengers rest and take a little refreshment by the way. This is where we shall most likely spend one night, using our machilas as beds; I forgot to mention that there is always a most attentive native present who boils the water and prepares the tea and biscuits.

This journey up the Zambesi has been really quite enjoyable; at this time of the year it is fairly cool, and as each day brings us nearer to our destination we can but "rejoice and be glad," and truly we have much to make us rejoice, God is so very good providing so amply for all our needs and giving us so many things to enjoy. I wish you could see us as we pass the different villages along the river bank; the whole village will come down to the water's edge to greet us. The women and children appear most interested in our little Mary. I hold her up and she waves her hands to them and shouts with delight; this appears to please them so much they shout back again and smiling wave their hands also. The julie is growing fast and is well and happy; her worst trouble so far has been that she has been terribly bitten by mosquitoes; she seems to think it a kind of punish-

ment to be kept under the net and consequently has to pay the penalty by being bitten. I have just stopped in my writing to look up over the river bank, and the beautiful foliage with groups of native huts dotted about with the Kirk Range in the distance, makes a lovely picture to look upon, and the birds with their gay feathers of so many different colors are so very beautiful. We are passing now as I write a part of the river where the banks are lined with banana trees! I fear you will have some difficulty in reading this letter; the steamer, of course, does not roll, but it jumps and makes it difficult to write decently.

Sabbath-day, July 8, was our first true Sabbath on the Zambesi; a beautiful sense of peace and gladness filled our hearts as we both realized this almost at the same moment; we sang some hymns in English and also in the native language; this pleased the natives employed on the boat, and some of them gathered round to listen. We have just passed another large village; the people were down at the water's edge waiting to take stock of us; we pass most of them with broad smiles and a great deal of hand clapping; almost every woman had a baby on her back, and one or two others running by her side. I should much have liked to have gone ashore at some of these villages, but the Skipper is wanting to reach Chiromo as soon as possible, and so does not call at the villages except to procure fowls, fruit, etc.

Owing to the lateness of the season and the fact that the funds available are insufficient, it is unlikely that we accomplish anything very much this year now. But time will show; no doubt Mr. Booth will write more fully as to this. He intends writing, I believe, after we arrive at Blantyre. I fear you will not find this letter very interesting, but it will be better than nothing and will at least serve to give some idea as to our doings just now.

Although so far away we often think of you all; and we also like to feel that we are not forgotten by you; please continue to remember us constantly in your prayers, pray also for the people of this great land, that the Son of righteousness may arise upon them, and that the healing which he brings may be a cure for all their woes and sorrows. I will promise to write again as soon as there is anything worth writing about; I need not remind you all that letters from the outside world are always very welcome here.

Now I really must say good-bye for awhile, thanking you all for the many kindnesses of the past.

Yours for Christ and Africa,

ANNIE S. BOOTH.

A MODERN WHEATFIELD.

If harvesting in the United States had retained the picturesque, people might not have forgotten what lent the time its early genial character. If the work had remained in the hands of smiling, bare-armed giants, and if they still plied their ringing scythes with a song and a jest, there might still be poets of the harvest, and the autumn months might still furnish material for sentiment. As it is, machinery has ground nearly all the picturesque out of the harvest, and gathering the grain appeals to most people in much the same way that coal-mining does—as a hard and sordid industry. Yet there still remains the picturesque of bigness. The immense scale upon which wheat-growing and wheat-

harvesting are pursued in this country ought to render thanksgiving heartfelt and huge. Let a few aspects of this tremendous industry be noted.

For a glimpse of mammoth wheat fields every one travels to the Dakotas. Here, where the Red River takes its amiable courses down through a great area of the Northwest, and where the landscape has but two features—sky and plain—lie the greatest grain districts in the world, save in Russia. A vast deal of capital has traveled across from the East, and has gone into the conduct of these immense farms. Comparatively few of the larger sort are owned by individuals. Corporations of Eastern merchants and millionaires have possessed the land. It was first possessed by the railroads, who had it by government grant. They traded it to capitalists for a fortune. And now the capitalists sit comfortably in New York and Philadelphia, while their employees see that the land yields up its utmost fruitage.

The tenderfoot goes daft trying to conceive the vastness of these farms—like a man trying to count to one billion. One tenderfoot learned of a farm measuring 5,000 acres, and his eyes opened wide. But he passed on to another town, and there they told him of wheatfields 13,000 and 15,000 acres in size. Such distances are confusing, and they complicate the business of the farms. On some of them communication by horseback is impossible, and the lordly owner has to take a train to get from one end of his back yard to the other. Different "crews" of men may work all summer long on a single farm without once meeting. The dinner horn is supplanted by the long distance telephone. Instead of the kitchen meal, for all the "hired men" at once, there are hotels scattered at intervals—actual hotels. So much for size. The wheat farms are comparable in pure vastness only with the great deserts of the Orient.

How is work done, under these conditions, and what does it require? It requires an army, and an organization thereof, like that involved in the business of a railroad. It requires managers, and sub-managers and division-managers and foremen and engineers and book-keepers. It requires caravanseries like those of the sea-shore resorts. It requires machinery enough, seemingly, to set the universe on cog-wheels and work it by steam. On an average North Dakota farm, say one of 7,000 acres, this is something like the equipment: First, the land itself, worth about \$25 an acre; total, \$175,000 and upward. Then, improvements to the extent of a fortune. These improvements include a half-dozen villages of stables and farms, a village for each division, and a large dining hall and business office for each village; elevator buildings, two or three of them, accommodating some 50,000 bushels each; special railroad tracks with special cars; live stock in droves, 100 horses in each stable, twenty or thirty cows used solely to furnish milk for the laborers; machinery, no end of it; a dozen ploughs, eight or ten drills, a half-dozen harrows, seven to ten binders; minor equipment, including wagons, engines, hand implements, telephones. Such, in part, are the means of setting one of these great wheat enterprises in motion for a single season.

The army of workers does not gather in force until the middle of summer. At about

the second week in June, Fargo begins to be invaded by the advance guards; keen, strong men of all nationalities, migrating north from the central Western states, or from Kansas, Oklahoma, and Arkansas, where they have worked during the early season. They are not giants, necessarily; in these times harvesting demands not brawn, but a quick eye, a steady hand and a head for machinery. They are men of good habits as a rule; the regulations of most farms demand it. Arrived at Fargo, the great distributing point of the whole wheat region, the army scatters all over the Red River country; beating its way on freight trains, working its way from town to town, "getting there" by hook or crook, at small expense. Our typical farm will receive about 100 of them. They are lodged in dormitories and fed like privileged guests. The experienced wheat farmer knows that good work results from good meals; and he knows, too, that he will have a strike on his hands if the board is not first-class. Harvesters have been known to stop work because they got brown sugar for their coffee instead of white. This is on the large, rich farms. On many of the smaller ones regular crews of harvesters are hired who go from place to place in their own conveyance, and cook their own meals.

By the end of July the harvest is in full swing. The great binders travel in a huge platoon from one horizon to the other. The largest of them "cut a swath" of about fifty feet, and reap 250 acres each daily. Here they go, a whirring and clanking company of great engines with their windmill arms beating the air, and the dust rising in clouds, and the army of horses plodding sedately along before them. High above the whizzing machinery sit the workmen, like calm charioteers in the blazing sun. Behind follows another company, working for dear life to keep up, setting the bundles in shocks as fast as they fall; while sharp-eyed task-masters follow in buggies to see that the work does not lag. It is a sight for kings. It lasts from the first peep of sun until the great red ball sinks behind the grey plains. It swallows up a bank full of money. Binding twine travels through the machines to the extent of about a carload a month; "enough string," says one writer, "to tie all the New England states together and anchor them to the isles of Great Britain." At a fair estimate, it costs \$4.50 an acre, including wages, accidents and the rest, to harvest wheat. And the harvest lasts, in most cases, from ten days to a fortnight.

The last stage of harvesting is the threshing. This is another mammoth spectacle. Most farms are provided with machines, one of which, it is estimated, is needed for every 2,400 acres of grain. For each thresher there is required a crew of some thirty men; for these steam threshers of the north work at lightning speed, and it takes strong arms, and many of them, to keep the hungry machines fed. The threshing is done directly from the stacks, with no weary hauling of the bundles from a distant place in wagons. No hand touches the bundles from the time they are fed to the machines until the wheat, now flour, reaches the cooks at the other side of the world, may be. The purified wheat pours in a golden stream from the thresher's nozzle into boxes and bags; these are hustled to the elevators, not far distant; so to the mills, and so the rest of the way. All is machinery, all

is rapidity, order, economy. There is science in every movement, and there is foresight for future years. The wheat of each section of the farm is noted and registered when it goes into the thresher; its amount is compared with last season's yield in that section; and from this it is deduced whether that particular soil needs, or does not need, stimulation. All goes down on the books of the farm, and another summer the results of this detailed examination appear.—*Standard*.

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While the sessions of the late Conference are fresh in our memories, may I ask a question? What can we do to make our Anniversary sessions more evangelistic in their trend?

Only *three* sermons in six days!

The sessions were good, it is true; but is there not a chance for improvement? I know there is a wise committee of arrangements, or an Executive Board, who make a program which in many respects is to be commended, but it seems to me some of the "useless and burdensome things" can be easily and profitably dropped out, and something "fresh from the throne of glory" substituted.

There are quite a number of people that attend Conference who do not hear many sermons during the year. These, with others, have expressed a desire in my hearing that we might have more sermons. They would have been overjoyed if they could have heard such ministers as Seager, Randolph, Leath, Burdick, Lewis and Gamble preach. These men could have had a place in a number of the sessions when "dry reports" were being read. Let me take an evening, as an example, which could have been much more profitably used by crowding into it a couple of sermons than by using it in uninteresting discussions: Sunday evening, or the last session of Tract day. Nothing was given to the large congregation (many of whom were First-day people) but the discussion of a few resolutions.

I saw many people, one little group after another, leaving the tent during the meeting. Why? They were not interested. There was nothing to hold their attention. Can we not have at such a time, especially when many "outsiders" are present, a good soul-stirring sermon and after-meeting? There was not a meeting during the regular sessions of the entire Conference when, openly, souls were invited to "Come to Jesus just now."

Are we simply going to talk *about* souls, or are we going to talk *to* them? Are we going to just talk *about* the truths of God's Word or are we going to invite people to accept them? Brethren, let us do away with the reading of some of the "long, dry reports," and substitute the warm, living gospel! Conference can be made a power for soul-saving if we will go at it right. Because we have always followed certain methods, a stereotyped form of service, it does not follow that we cannot make changes which will be beneficial.

Jesus did not say, "Go tell them where they can buy bread;" no, he said, "Give ye them to eat." Executive Committee, please give us a dozen sermons next year at Adams Centre instead of three. Please do!

I wish to hide my criticism behind a large interrogation point.

Yours in the work,

MARTIN SINDALL.

DUNELLEN, N. J., Oct. 1, 1899.

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

September 24.
Beautiful Weeds.

IT had never occurred to me until the other day that there was anything beautiful about weeds. In an art magazine I saw an ornamental design for some part of the lock on a door which was the pattern of a thistle leaf. Since then I have been looking at the thistle, and really it is a very beautiful plant. It is such an ugly thing to handle, and is such a nuisance in the fields, that I had overlooked the artistic form of the leaves. The same is true of many other weeds. Now while I shall still continue to dig out and destroy thistles, mullen, dandelions, and the like, yet I shall always see the beauty that is thus lost.

Doubtless it is quite as true that I have failed as well to see beauty in human lives where there was present that which repelled and hurt me. I pray God, that while my zeal may never grow less to overcome and destroy that which is ungodly and sinful, yet may I ever have my eyes open to see that which is beautiful. Beautiful weeds, I thank you for the lesson you have taught me.

September 26.
His Caboose.

SHE was standing on the porch as I went by. A freight train from the West had just whistled for the crossing. She was evidently watching for some one. As the train rattled by I turned to say good morning to her. After answering, she answered, "I did not see him, but it was his caboose." She was the mother of the conductor of the freight train. Almost always he waves his hand to her as she stands watching on the porch. At this time he was at work somewhere out of sight, but she knew his caboose, and felt better because her boy was for a moment near by. Oh, the love and care that prompt mothers to watch for the waving hand, to listen for the peculiar whistle, to wait for the accustomed letter! Boys, whatever may be your method of communicating with your mother, do not fail to let her know that you appreciate what she has done and is doing for you. The time will come all too soon when she cannot respond. Then will you rejoice if in life you tried to make her happy.

QUIET HOUR.

Paper read at the Louisiana State Christian Endeavor Convention, by Miss Bessie Wood, delegate from the Hammond, La., Seventh-day Baptist Christian Endeavor Society, and published by vote of Convention.

It was the Sabbath at Capernaum, and quite an eventful one to many, for Christ the healer of all ills was there. In the morning he had taught in the synagogue, and after that began his work of healing, and even after the sun had set in the far distant West all the diseased and all who were possessed with unclean spirits were brought unto him, and he healed them.

In all it had been a busy day, and the Son of God realized that the morrow would be like unto it, and so "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, he departed into a solitary place and there prayed."

Ah, dear friends and Endeavorers, would that we would more closely follow this beautiful example set us by our loving Saviour! Even in his busy life he took time to hold sweet communion with his Heavenly Father, and if he, the pure and holy Son of God, felt the need of such communion, how much more

should we who are born in sin, but redeemed by the precious blood of a loving Saviour.

I have often heard people remark that they were too busy, had no time to pray or even read a chapter from God's Holy Book. My friends, God has given to you and me all the time there is, and it is dependent upon us to use it aright. We believe it is right to give God a certain portion of our income. Is it not only just that we devote to him a certain portion of our time also?

I know a young lady, an earnest Endeavor worker (and I doubt not but what many here are acquainted with her) who supports herself and her invalid mother by busily plying her needle all day long; yet she takes time to observe the "Quiet Hour;" she closely follows the Master's example, rising earlier in the morning that she may have time to hold sweet communion with the giver of all good ere the work of the busy day begins. The result, did you ask? The influence of that earnest Endeavorer is felt not only in her own home, but in the whole community.

We as Christians have many trials and difficulties to meet, but yet how sweet to think there is one who can tide us safely over all the rugged places in our pathway and bring us in safely to the desired haven, if we only trust him fully. He knoweth all our needs even before we ask him; but yet he loves to have us steal away from all the anxieties and perplexities of this worldly life, and in the loving, confidential way that a child would come to an earthly parent, make known to him all of our hopes and fears, our wants and wishes, and ask him to guide and direct us in the way that seemeth best. These, dear Endeavorers and friends, are the sweet privileges of the "Quiet Hour."

Christ foresaw the busy day that was before him; we, of course, are unable to tell what a day may bring forth, and it is well for us that such is the case; but it is well for us to be prepared for any emergency, and if only a few moments of the early morning hours are spent in earnest prayer, and the study of God's Sacred Book, we are then prepared to meet any foes that may cross our pathway during the day, and when Satan comes to allure us from our path of duty, we will be enabled to meet him with the same weapon Christ used when he was tempted in the wilderness, "the word of God, which is sharper than any two-edged sword," and then like Christ we can say, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Quite often I have heard the question asked, "Should the 'Quiet Hour' be in the morning?" No, the "Quiet Hour" was chosen rather than the Morning Watch, yet I think when it is possible it should be in the morning, for then it gives food for thought during the busy hours of the day. We should endeavor to select a time when our minds can wholly dwell upon the one with whom we are communing rather than on various duties to be performed.

I do not think Christ had any specified time for being alone with his Father, but we do know that he at various times would steal away from the multitude, yes, and even from his disciples, and hold sweet communion with the one whom he had left in that beautiful home when he came to this earth to carry out the plan of redemption. Even after he had instituted the last supper, and his disciples had gone with him into the garden where

later he was taken by the Roman soldiers, he left his followers in order to be alone with his Father and to plead for strength to bear the coming trial.

It is almost needless to state here the effect the "Quiet Hour" has upon one's life. By observing it we are brought nearer and in close companionship with our Maker and his only begotten Son, and our hearts are filled as it were with the divine love of Christ, that great love which he felt for us when he went to meet death on Golgatha's height, paying the price of a world's redemption with his own life's blood. When our hearts are full of love for Christ they will be full of love for all mankind; there will be no room for unkind thoughts and feelings to dwell therein, and life will be all the sweeter and brighter for ourselves and those with whom we associate.

By the "Quiet Hour" we do not mean a literal hour of 60 minutes, but at least 15 minutes, longer if possible; time enough to feel the presence of God and to hold quiet communion with him. You need not be a member of the Christian Endeavor Society in order to observe the "Quiet Hour;" any one may enjoy that privilege and blessing, for such, dear Endeavorers, I consider them.

As to the manner in which the "Quiet Hour" is to be kept, that is left for each individual to decide. Part should be spent in reading passages from the Bible, quiet meditation, prayer, etc.

Dear Endeavorers, let us lay more stress upon this very important part of our Christian work, and may we earnestly endeavor to interest others in the "Quiet Hour," that they may be enabled to enjoy the blessings derived from it; and let us ever remember our covenant, "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I will make it the rule of my life to set apart at least 15 minutes every day, in the early morning if possible, for quiet meditation and direct communion with God."

OUR MIRROR.

OUR Sabbath afternoon Christian Endeavor meetings have been very good of late, and the attendance has averaged well. We have used the pruning process some this summer on the fruitless branches, and I think it has given added vigor to the vine. We have lately been reinforced by the help of Prof. Crandall, from Alfred and Bro. Ellis Thompson, from Beauregard.

HAMMOND, La.

HAVING DONE ALL, TO STAND.

Napoleon used to say that the kind of valor he prized was "two o'clock in the morning courage." A modern writer has said that "five o'clock in the afternoon courage" is the rare and priceless thing. After the nerves have been worn and the patience exhausted by the labor and irritations of a long day, it needs a high type of energy and persistence for a man to maintain his purpose, to keep his spirit up to the mark, and not to relax his efforts in the very last hour of the day's work. The present writer has more than once seen a choice business opportunity slip from the grasp of a man who should have held it, simply because he lacked the five o'clock in the afternoon courage, and if the secrets of the committee rooms of Congress should be published, it would be found that many a great measure has failed simply because the man who had charge of it weakened at the last moment. If he had hung on a little longer, he would have carried his point. The French say that it is the first step that costs, but it is the last step that counts. The apostle Paul understood this when he told the Ephesian Christians "having done all, to stand."—Selected.

Children's Page.

THE KINDERGARTEN AND THE SPARROWS.

Little brown sparrows,
Flying around,
Up in the tree-tops,
Down on the ground,
Come to my window!
Dear sparrows, come!
See! I will give you
Many a crumb.

Sang the little children in the kindergarten in one of the vacation schools in a big city.

"Why!" exclaimed the anxious Mother Sparrow in the one tree in the whole neighborhood, "How kind and cordial! Quite different from what I expected." Papa Sparrow stood up in the most dignified way, as if to assure Mrs. Sparrow that the family were at last being treated as it deserved.

Here is some water,
Sparkling and clear.
Come, little sparrows,
Drink without fear.
If you are tired,
Here is a nest.
Wouldn't you like to
Come here and rest?

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the Mother Sparrow, her voice trembling with pleasure and excitement. "I'm not nearly so worried about the other children who flew away yesterday to make their own homes; not about you, darling, who must go so soon," and she gave Baby Sparrow a bird kiss on the top of its head.

The children's voices floated out through the window, but there were no more messages for the Sparrow family in the tree not far from the windows.

After a time it was very still. "Now," thought Mr. Sparrow, "I will look in those windows; perhaps it is just the place for us. The music is just what I want this baby to learn. He really needs protection a little longer—but the cats!" Here he gave a shudder. When he recovered he told Mrs. Sparrow what he had decided to do.

"The very thing, my dear. How wise you are!" she replied.

Mr. Sparrow flew cautiously to the window from which the song had floated, and lighted on the window sill.

The room was bright, pretty, and so quiet, but no one was there. Mr. Sparrow was quite disappointed. He flew back and reported. Mrs. Sparrow was of a hopeful disposition, and said, soothingly: "We will wait until to-morrow. To-night is so dark that the nest will not be seen."

The next morning was bright, cool, delightful, and the children in the kindergarten were bubbling over with fun and songs. The Sparrow family listened, but this morning the invitation did not come.

"Well, my dears," said Mrs. Sparrow, "I think we should have gone yesterday. They may think we did not want to accept. Let us go at once." The baby was helped to the edge of the nest, and after many directions as to how to balance and steer, a push was given the baby, who, escorted by his father and mother, entered the kindergarten. The children were in the play circle, and, of course, were greatly excited by the arrival of the Sparrow family. They rose to their feet—they had been sitting on the floor—and some clapped their hands. The Sparrow family flew around the circle two or three times, and then modestly sat down on the floor. "Do you suppose they had been watching through the window? The piano spoke and the chil-

dren knew what it said. They sat down at once in the play circle. The kindergartener suggested that they sing the Sparrow song.

Mrs. Sparrow hopped closer to Mr. Sparrow. "We did right to come this morning," she whispered.

Mr. Sparrow was listening critically to the music, and did not answer.

Suddenly he leaned close to Mrs. Sparrow and both rose in the air, and flew out of the window as the children sang:

All the brown sparrows
Flutter away,
Chirping and singing,
"We cannot stay."
For in the tree-tops,
'Mong the gray boughs,
There is the sparrows'
Snug little house.

The baby attempted to fly after them, but, as it passed a corner, near a window, it discovered some rabbits, and dropped down beside them, as if saying: "I have found some friends." Baby Sparrow was quite contented in the kindergarten, to the joy of the children, and apparently of the bunnies, who were very friendly.—*The Outlook.*

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud, Quack! Quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I,
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry;"
And she lifted her little yellow head
Out of her green grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Croaked the tree-toad at his gray bark door;
"For with a broad leaf for a roof
I am perfectly weather-proof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big river I grow to be,
And could find my way to the sea."

—*Our Young Folks.*

ZOU-ZOU.

Zou is a small, black, French poodle, with a well-set-up, handsome body, small, beautifully shaped feet, a broad chest, very long ears, and great soft brown eyes that look one in the face with a friendly and human expression. He has a pair of mustaches and a stump of a tail, with a rosette of hair on the end; and as it is his habit to hold this straight up, it gives him a most valiant air. His hair is curly and long, and when combed stands out like a powder-puff all round his body. He also has two puffs on his back. The rest of his body up to his waist is shaved, leaving a shining black piece of skin to be seen.

In short, as you may have gathered, he is a captivating little person. His disposition is most amiable. I never heard him snarl in his life, but he talks a great deal in all sorts of intonations, very weird to listen to. He can ask for things quite unmistakably. His tricks are many and natural. Standing upright on his hind legs, sitting up and raising his two black little paws high in front of him, he plays ball, catching it in his mouth a long distance off "on the fly;" buck-jumps like the worst little broncho, all four legs off the ground at once, bounding at least a couple of feet in height. So much for his accomplishments. I shall now give you an instance of genuine kindness which I saw him display.

One day Zou was out for one of his daily airings, when he suddenly disappeared. I whistled and called; but no little black object such as I was straining my eyes to find was to be seen. I was just becoming really frightened when, very slowly and gently, came my

young gentleman round the corner, leading a little brown mongrel puppy, evidently foot-sore and weary, who came with doubting and halting footsteps, stopping every now and again to rest. Mr. Zou stopped with him, and putting his straight, coal-black nose down to the puppy's ear, he must have said something very encouraging, for the poor little wail seemed to prick up his ears and his courage at the same time, and came toward me with more confidence. When Zou had coaxed him as far as my feet, the little Samaritan sat up on his atom of a tail and held two beseeching black paws up to me, plainly saying, "Now I have done all in my power; you do the rest." And when I invited the stranger to come in and rest his weary little bones, Zou gave a delighted leap in the air and raced before us to the house, which, luckily was not far off. It is perhaps needless to add that a good dinner and water were provided for Zou's *protege*, after which he looked like a made-over little creature, and barked his thanks, together with much wagging of a long, uninterrupted tail. At present he is a jolly, happy little fellow, very frisky, and affectionate and devoted to his rescuer, Zou.—*Vogue.*

A LITTLE Boston girl, only three years old, who had had no experience in the matter of broken limbs beyond that afforded by the casualties in her family of dolls, had the misfortune to fall and break her own arm; and as soon as she discovered what had happened to her, she cried out: "O, mamma, will it drop off?" "No, darling," the mother answered; "I will hold it so that it will not hurt you till the doctor comes, and he will fix it all right." "Well, mamma," the little one said, pressing her lips together, and trying to be brave, "do hold on tight, so that the sawdust won't run out."—*Exchange.*

PATIENCE.

Patience with one's imperfections, in the sense of not becoming so discouraged as to give up trying, is virtue. If one will look at it so, new days are given to us for new lives. It is not what we were yesterday, after all, that concerns us; it is what we are now in thought and deed. To think we are so bad it is not worth trying any more is as foolish as to act, as some do, as if we needed not to be any better.

Be patient toward all men. The cold hammer fashions the hot iron. He who would govern others must first learn to govern himself. Passion is blind. Cool, deliberate, and at the same time energetic, action makes itself felt in every department of life.

Be patient toward your brethren. Some men are slow to see into good things. They want to do right, but it takes them a good while to determine what is required of them. Every member of the body of Christ is not an eye. To get out of patience with these dull ones will not help either them or you. Give them time and they will do their duty. We all have our infirmities. Let us bear with each other.

To be patient you must have patience. The stream cannot flow if the fountain is dry. The fruit will not grow without the tree. Resolutions alone, against impatience, will not answer. You must pray as well as resolve. Ask God, not merely to help you in your outward conduct, but to give you the inward grace. Unless you get that, you will fail as you have failed before. Be determined on victory in this.—*World's Crisis.*

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.

ALBION, WIS.—The Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago Seventh-day Baptist churches convened at this place Sept. 22-24, as announced in recent issues of the RECORDER.

Heavy rains on Sixth-day and First-day prevented a morning session on the former and the Young People's meeting on the afternoon of the latter. But a very interesting session of the Ministerial Conference was held on Sixth-day afternoon, when three of the topics in the published program were presented and discussed. On Sabbath eve Bro. L. A. Platts preached to a small audience from the Saviour's words, "Who touched me?" Luke 8: 45.

Sabbath morning, at 10.30, Brother G. J. Crandall preached an earnest discourse from Luke 8: 11, "The seed is the word of God." This was followed by the communion service. At 3 o'clock P. M. a review of the Sabbath-school lessons of the past quarter, under the direction of the superintendent of the Albion Bible-school, was presented topically as follows: "God's efforts in the past to save from impending ruin," L. A. Platts. "Lessons from the lives of Ezekiel and Daniel," S. H. Babcock. "Lessons taught by the 'great river' as seen in Ezekiel's vision," G. J. Crandall. In the evening after the Sabbath an inspiring praise, prayer and conference meeting was held under the direction of Brethren G. J. Crandall and Jesse Hutchins.

First-day, at 10.30 A. M., Bro. Platts preached an excellent discourse from 1 Tim. 4: 8, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." The president of the Young People's Union had prepared a program for the afternoon which, without doubt, would have been both interesting and profitable could it have been carried out, but the continued storm made it impracticable.

Though unable to carry out the entire program as planned for the Quarterly Meeting, and though the attendance, owing to the storms, was not as large as we had hoped, yet the sessions held were a decided success and gave new inspiration for the work committed to us as churches. The next meeting will be held with the church at Rock River in connection with the last Sabbath in November.

We wish more of the membership of our churches, so far as is possible, would avail themselves of the privilege and blessing of attending these quarterly gatherings, believing that much would be gained in the way of a greater spiritual uplift, and of the unifying and strengthening of our forces, which necessarily comes from a closer contact, and a more intimate fellowship one with another. The better the acquaintance the greater the confidence.

Albion is enjoying a season of material prosperity. Crops are abundant in their returns. The clover and some of the small fruit vines and shrubs were killed by the severe freezing of last winter; but the loss of these is compensated for in the abundant harvests which are being gathered. Two new houses are in process of construction and one or more is to be built next year.

The academy under the management of the present owner, Prof. Hendrickson, opens this week with fair prospects for the fall term.

Our public school, which also began this week, is to be taught by G. Merton Burdick, son of Eld. G. W. Burdick, of Milton.

The regular appointments of the church are being sustained with a fair degree of interest. The general health of the community is quite good; and all things considered there are many reasons for praise and thanksgiving to the bountiful Giver of all good.

S. H. BABCOCK.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1899.

MILTON, WIS.—We are enjoying fine October weather. Farmers are gathering an abundant crop of corn and potatoes, thus closing another prosperous year. The work of the College has now been organized for a full month, and is progressing with great earnestness and enthusiasm by both professors and students. A movement has been well begun by which the different College classes shall be definitely organized, and the distinction between College and Academic work sharply drawn. Though some of the classes are small, the results of this movement thus far are very gratifying. Another forward movement in the interest of the College has been inaugurated by the students in the shape of a monthly periodical, the *Milton College Review*. The first number is just out. Sample copies will be sent, and subscriptions will be received, by the Manager, P. E. Clement. Write to him. The religious work of the community, school and church, is going forward encouragingly. Last Sabbath we went to Clear Lake for the baptism of two young men. On arrival at the place of service, we found the people from the Junction there also with two candidates for this beautiful ordinance. The services, conducted by pastors Crandall and Platts, assisted by Eld. Geo. W. Burdick, were most impressive, and joy and gladness seemed to fill all hearts. Our Young People's meeting at 4 o'clock discussed "Our Denominational Work—What can I do to Promote it?"

L. A. P.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Yesterday, Sabbath-day, Secretary Lewis preached for us, and the discourse was a strong and eloquent appeal for higher moral and spiritual life, that we may become fitted for greater and yet greater work for our Lord. At the Endeavor meeting, as a conclusion of "denominational day," three earnest letters were read from our three College Presidents; and the President of the Society, Miss Bessie F. Randolph, gave an excellent report of the late State Convention.

PASTOR MAIN.

OCTOBER 8, 1899.

I KICKS AGIN' IT, SAH.

Such was the vehement exclamation of Brother Moses. My first acquaintance with Moses began thus:

Soon after the close of the war a neighbor said to me one day: "I wish you would call in and see my colored man, who has recently come to me from the South. I assure you he is a character."

I called one morning according to request, and after a pleasant introduction, I said: "Brother Moses, I wish you would tell me your Christian experience, if you can spare time for it."

"I allers has time enough for dat, sah," he replied. "It was on the sixth day of October, 1853, at three o'clock in de morning, in massa's cornfield in ole Virginny, that the Lord spoke peace to my soul.

"I had been a-mournin' for weeks, yet all de while more or less confidential in myself, and settin' store by de heaps of good works and prayers and repentin's I'd done. But at last these deceitful refuges began to gib way, and de foundations of de great deep broke up

in my soul, and for three days and nights I could neither eat, drink nor sleep, a mournin' and a-wailin' for my sins.

"At last, nigh sunrise, in the third day, out in de cornfield, I says: 'Lord, you must save dis despairing sinner, or he'll die. I know I's wicked, and vile, and rebellious, but den you's all-merciful and forgiving.'

"He reached out his hand edgeways toward me; and if dat hand had been a sharp, two-edged sword, it wouldn't cut me open quicker'n it did, separatin' de joints and de marrer, and layin' bare de corruption of my heart. I never dreamed what a heap of blackness dar was in dat heart till dat mornin'. Den, quicker'n I can tell, he reached out his hand agin, so kinder soft and tender, and closed me up, and didn't leave a rent or a scar or a sore place in my heart, and he says to me, 'Son, dy sins, which is many, is forgiben dee.'

"Den I know'd I'd been born again; dat old things had passed away, and all things had become new. From dat day I's been surer dat I's born'd again and I am dat I was born'd de first time. Dat's my experience. Some folks don't believe it, but I knows it, for it's what I's tasted and seen."

"Have you any special religious interest in your church?" I asked Moses.

"No room for any interest," he replied. "De church is so lumbered up wid fairs, and festivals, and jollifications, dat de Sperit's got no chance to work among us. Leastwise dats my solemn 'pinion, dough some says I's heady and setful. But I's sick of it, sah! I goes to church Sunday, and de fust thing de minister gets up and reads a long program of de worldly doin's and goin's for de week—de music and de supper, and de grammatic readings, and what not—twenty-five cents admission, and all must come. I tell ye, I kicks agin it, sah, and will, long 's I hab bref in my body."

"What do you mean by saying you kick against it?" I asked.

"I rebukes it, sah, in de name of the Lord. Last Sunday I spoke out in meetin' and said, 'Bredren, what's ye been redeemed for, and brought into the church? Didn't de Lord tell you dat you's to be de light of de world and de salt of de earth? Well, when I sees how much time some of you gibs to fairs and festivals, and den you can't come to de prayer-meeting 'cause you's so busy.' I says, 'If you ever was de Lord's true salt, you've lost your flavor; and if you don't look out, you'll be cast out trodden under foot of men.'"

"But, Brother Moses," I asked, wishing to draw out further wisdom from this deep fountain, "don't you think these things are necessary for making the church attractive to the masses, and inviting to the young?"

"No, sah;" he replied, with great warmth. "No, sah: Christians is de salt of de world, and dey is put into de world to preserve it from corruption. But some's got de idee dat you must bring corruption into de church so 's to preserve de salt, as dough de gospel is going to die out unless it's sugared and seasoned wid carnal 'musements. Dat's de popular notion. But I kicks agin it, sah."

"Yes; but the people say there is no harm in a social gathering and a plain supper, and a little music and reading for entertaining the people," I continued.

"Well, dat's de question," replied Moses. "I takes de Scriptures for my standpoint of faith and practice, and I have searched in vain to find where de 'postels and elders ever got up suppers of turkey, and chickens, and sandwiches, and cold tongue, and den invited de breddren to come to church and eat 'em at twenty-cents a head. No, brudder 'musements in de church is unsanctifying, howsomever folks may think 'bout it.

"We had a festibal in our meeting-house

two weeks back. I looks in a few minutes, and sees de crowd dere and de doin's. Fust the pianny and de fiddle strikes up, and den all de young folks' feet begin to shuffle and scrape under de seat, like the unthinkin' horse rushin' into battle. And, sez I, 'Take off the 'straint and how long 'fore dis whole company 'd be a dancin' and a waltzin' in the house of God?'

"Den dey had de guess cake, and de waffles, and waffled off a calico quilt to de one dat drawed de prize; and sez I, 'What's dis but eddicating people to gamblin' and lotteries?' Den de grammatic reader comes on, all dressed up wid ribbons an' furbelows, sez I again, 'What's dis but jus' nussin our young 'uns for de stage and de theatre?' I tell you, I kicks agin it, sah, and allers shall.

"Well, next night was prayer-meeting; only twenty out, an' all as mum as if de Lord had never opened their mouths; and when I warns 'em about it, dey says, 'Brudder Moses, de Spirit didn't move us.' I's prayin' 'bout it night and day. It's cause de Lord's children don't think, dey does so. You remember how he says, 'My people do not consider.'"

Reader, Moses is a real character, and not a myth. He was born in slavery, and if he is able to read, it is only a recent requirement. But his mind is saturated with the Scripture as he has caught its phraseology from the rude preachers of his race. May it not be that he is one of the "babes" to whom the Father has revealed some things which he has hid "from the wise and prudent?"—*Dr. A. J. Gordon.*

WHAT IS LIQUID AIR?

Liquid air is just what its name implies. It is not a liquid distilled from some newly discovered vegetable or mineral, but is simply air, such as we breathe, made so cold that it takes the form of water. The fact that air can assume that form is a recent discovery, as is also the method of obtaining the intense cold necessary to this result. The temperature required is 312 degrees below zero,—a temperature farther below the coldest arctic winter than that is below a tropical summer. Yet persistent efforts have at last developed a method by which it is readily produced. When air is cooled down to this degree it changes to a misty vapor and gradually forms into drops that fall like rain to the bottom of the vessel containing it. By a proper arrangement it may then be drawn off into an open receptacle, ready for use.

When seen in an open vessel it might be mistaken for boiling water, as it simmers and gives off a white vapor. When first poured out it boils violently, throwing off a cloud of vapor that rolls down the sides of the vessel. But as soon as the receptacle has cooled to the temperature of the liquid it quiets down to a simmer, which continues until all has evaporated and returned to air. This may require several hours if care is taken to keep the vessel away from every conductor of heat.

But if it be placed on a plate of iron, or even a block of ice, it will boil violently and very soon mingle with its native air. If poured out on a conductor, as iron or ice, it will assume the gaseous state so rapidly as to amount to an explosion.

As a freezing agent the power of liquid air is terrific. It freezes pure alcohol very readily, and freezes mercury so hard that it may be used as a hammer to drive nails into hard wood; and so thorough is the chill given that the mercury retains the solid state for several minutes. It will sear living flesh like a red-hot iron, and may take the place of all chemical cauterizing in surgery. As a refrigerator, liquid air will be easily controlled, and it can be made to lower the temperature of a room

very slightly or to produce a degree of cold that no life could endure for a minute. As an explosive it has certainly great power, and experiments already made indicate that it may be used in both gunnery and blasting; and it may thus take the place of both gunpowder and dynamite.—*Self Culture.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF HATS IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The first thing that strikes the attention of a newly elected M. P. is the strict importance which the House of Commons attaches to innumerable minutiae of form and rule, and the readiness with which the members will leave the business of the nation to take care of itself while they are squabbling over trifles. This strikes him at the very outset of his career, for unless he can get two M. P.'s to introduce him, the sergeant at arms will not allow him to enter the House. He must, moreover, bring the sheriff's "return" of his election with him, or the speaker will not allow him to take his seat. The present Lord Halsbury, when elected as Sir Hardinge Giffard for Launceston, was kept waiting at the table for a long time, while the Conservative Whip was hunting high and low for the return which Sir Hardinge knew he had brought into the House, but could not find. It was at last discovered in his hat under a seat.

The House of Commons attaches great importance to hats. A member who comes into the House with his hat on will be saluted with a loud yell of "Order!" A similar ebullition will greet him if he rises with his hat on in the course of debate. On the other hand, only members can keep their hats on when sitting in the House or in any of the galleries. Even the Prince of Wales must remove his hat when he goes to the Peers' Gallery. On the other hand, though the only proper attitude in which a member can address the speaker is standing and bareheaded, a member who wishes to address the chairman of committees on a point of order can only do so sitting and with his hat on. Occasions have happened when a hat has had to be temporarily borrowed for the occasion, and a grave statesman has had to address the chair in a hat several sizes too small for him.

A hat, moreover, is sometimes allowed to represent its owner. For instance, the rule is that if a member is present at the official reading of prayers, he can reserve a seat for himself during the whole sitting by leaving his hat on it. On one occasion some Irish members brought in several hats apiece, and secured good seats for all the principal members of their party. The speaker, however, declared that the privilege attached to personal attendance at prayers, not to the mere deposit of a hat. A member usually places his hat under his chair when he rises to speak. Sometimes, however, he incautiously places it on the chair. In the latter case he is almost certain to sit down on it when he has finished his speech. This is a joke which the House of Commons always enjoys.

There are a few rules with regard to dress. The speaker, for instance, must wear knee breeches, silk stockings, pumps with buckles, a stuff gown, a white tie and a wig. He never wears a sword in the House. The sergeant at arms, on the contrary, always wears a sword when he is on duty. His costume includes knee breeches, silk stockings, shoes with buckles, a white tie and a bob wig.—*The British Realm.*

THE GOSPEL TENT IN SOUTH DAKOTA, AND A PLEA FOR THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Now that the summer campaigns are ended, a few additional words in regard to the work on this field may be of interest, to some, at least; but if to make it interesting it must contain descriptions of exciting scenes, soul-stirring incidents and wonderful conversions, we may as well lay the pen down. To those who have read the almost thrilling accounts of tent work in the East, this short sketch may be somewhat dry; but I hasten to add that there was nothing dry in connection with these meetings unless souls thirsting for the water of Life may be so regarded. Many times persons went to Eld. Hurley, after services, and with tears coursing down their cheeks, thanked him for the words of admonition and solemn warning his sermons contained. Individuals from whom nothing but criticism was expected were heard to say that the meetings conducted by Eld. Hurley were the most spiritual of any they ever attended.

The interest was not far-reaching, excepting, perhaps, in the instance of a young man, who came twenty-four miles, with his family, to attend Sabbath services in the tent.

The meetings were noted for their deep spiritual power, as extracts from letters received will help to show. One writes, "When I think of the meetings, even now, they seem the most wonderful of any I ever attended. I never before felt so near to my Saviour as I did during the meetings and have since."

With very few exceptions, a prayer-meeting was held in the tent every afternoon, before the evening service. All who attended these meetings were greatly blessed, as further quotations from letters show. They were always spoken of as "little prayer-meetings" as the attendance was usually small; generally from eight to twelve persons, never less than five; and at one meeting there were twenty-one present. In one letter were these words: "I can not thank God enough for the little prayer-meetings. How can we doubt his promises to answer prayer after seeing them fulfilled as we have this Summer?" Another writes: "Many times I have thanked God for them. They brought me closer to Christ and created in me a greater desire to work for my Master." Still another: "I thank God for the little prayer-meetings we had in the tent. They did me more good than any number of sermons could have done. Oh, why do not God's children come together oftener in the prayer-meetings when they are the source of so much strength and blessing."

The question, "what would Jesus do," seemed to be stamped indelibly in every heart, and to walk "in his steps" the great desire of every active Christian. In every place where tent meetings were held the young people have organized regular weekly prayer-meetings, and God is blessing them in the work. Nothing will bring peace to the troubled mind, strength to the weak, joy to the downcast, solace to the sorrowing and assurance to the doubting, as will a few minutes alone with the Bible, Prayer and Jesus.

C. C. V.

WELTON, Iowa.

THEY are not always dead who die,
Nor living all who live;
For life's best years may oft deny—
What death alone can give.

—D. B. Sickness.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

REV. WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1899.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Sept. 30.	Joy in God's House.....	Psa. 122.
Oct. 7.	Haman's Plot Against the Jews.....	Esther 3: 1-11.
Oct. 14.	Esther's Pleading for her People.....	Esther 8: 3-8, 15-17.
Oct. 21.	Ezra's Journey to Jerusalem.....	Ezra 8: 21-32.
Oct. 28.	Psalms of Deliverance.....	Psa. 85, 126.
Nov. 4.	Nehemiah's Prayer.....	Neh. 1: 1-11.
Nov. 11.	Rebuilding the Walls of Jerusalem.....	Neh. 4: 7-18.
Nov. 18.	Public Reading of the Scriptures.....	Neh. 8: 1-12.
Nov. 25.	Woes of Intemperance.....	Prov. 23: 29-35.
Dec. 2.	Keeping the Sabbath.....	Neh. 13: 15-22.
Dec. 9.	Lessons in Giving.....	Mal. 1: 6-11; 3: 8-12.
Dec. 16.	Fruits of Right and Wrong Doing.....	Mal. 3: 18-18; 4: 1-6.
Dec. 23.	Christ's Coming Foretold.....	Isa. 9: 2-7.
Dec. 30.	Review.....	

LESSON IV.—EZRA'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

For Sabbath-day, Oct. 21, 1899.

LESSON TEXT.—Ezra 8: 21-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him.—Ezra. 8: 22.

INTRODUCTION.

In last quarter we had four lessons concerning the returning of the exiled Jews to Jerusalem, and their rebuilding of the temple. The renewed national life was beset with many difficulties, both within and without. Without was the hostility of their neighbors, and their own poverty; within was a spirit of laxity in religious matters, and indifference in regard to the work of rebuilding the temple and restoring, as far as possible, the former service of Jehovah. Haggai and Zechariah did a great work for God; and stirred up the careless people to activity. The work of rebuilding the temple which had been resumed in 520, was completed in 516. Now there follows a period of nearly sixty years, concerning which there has been almost no record preserved for us. The people were growing careless in regard to their association with those outside. Many were intermarrying with the heathen, and the reverence for the law was becoming less and less. There was need for reform. The reformer came not from the number of the colonist at Jerusalem, but from Babylon. Ezra, the priest, the scribe, moved with zeal for Jehovah and for his law, made a pilgrimage from Babylon with another band of returning exiles, to infuse new life into the people of Israel, and to teach them to observe the law.

NOTES.

21. *Then I proclaimed a fast.* It is to be noted that this portion of the Book of Ezra is a quotation from the pen of Ezra himself. The fast was for the sake of drawing near to God. It was not that God might be appeased through the suffering of his people; but rather that their thoughts might be turned toward him, that they might repent of their sins and trust in him more earnestly. *That we might afflict ourselves.* Much better as in Revised Version, "That we might humble ourselves." *To seek of him a right way for us.* The reference is not to a way morally right, but to a straight and level road. The expression is used figuratively for a prosperous journey. *For our little ones and for all our substance.* The reference to the little ones and to goods makes vivid the great hazard of the journey.

22. *For I was ashamed to require of the king a band of soldiers, etc.* Instead of "require," read "ask." It is the most common word for making request. We can not but admire the courage of Ezra, who was willing to risk a great danger rather than to seem to dishonor his God by asking an escort after he had spoken of God's favor toward his people. *The enemy in the way.* No definite adversary is referred to, but any enemy whom they might meet on their journey.

23. *And besought our God for this.* "This" probably refers to the prosperous journey for which they were longing. *And he was entreated of us.* That is, he heard their prayer. Compare 2 Sam. 21: 14.

24. *Then I separated twelve of the chief of the priests, etc.* Literally, "twelve of the princes of the priests." There is a little difficulty in regard to the interpretation of the latter half of this verse. If Sherebiah and Hashabiah were priests, why is there need of adding the phrase "and ten of their brethren," when the number twelve had already been mentioned? It is almost certain, however, that these two men were Levites. See Neh. 12: 24. Ezra probably means that he chose twelve priests and twelve Levites, and for some particular reason mentions two of the Levites. In verse 30, the priests and Levites are mentioned as having the custody of the gold and silver.

25. *And weighed unto them the silver.* Money was reckoned by weight. In this case the vessels and other

utensils of the temple were weighed that there might be definite responsibility. The king and his princes, and the Israelites in Babylon, had contributed for the additional furnishing of the temple and for the support of its service.

26. *Six hundred and fifty talents of silver.* The value of a talent of silver cannot be ascertained with precision. Some think that it was as much as \$1,700; and that the gold talent was worth nearly twenty times as much. According to these estimates the treasure which was carried by this band of returning exiles would not lack a great deal of five million dollars. This sum is so great that it seems not impossible that some copyist has exaggerated the figures of Ezra.

27. *Of a thousand drams.* There is some difference of opinion as to the value of the weight indicated by the word "dram" in English, or as in the Revised Version, "daric." If the latter is the correct translation it may be nearly equal to five dollars. *And two vessels of fine copper, precious as gold.* Better as in the Revised Version, "of fine bright brass."

28. *Ye are holy unto the Lord.* They were set apart and consecrated for the service of God. Ezra, by his words of exhortation, is endeavoring to instil in them a sense of their great responsibility.

29. *Watch ye and keep them, etc.* They were to render an account of the things entrusted to them. *Fathers of Israel.* The few returned exiles at Jerusalem represented not only the Jews, but the nation of Israel.

30. *The priests and the Levites.* See note on verse 24.

31. *On the twelfth day of the first month.* Compare these dates with those in chapter 7: 8, 9 and chapter 8: 15. *And of such as lay in wait by the way.* The great danger of the Oriental caravan is from robbers. The deliverance may mean that no attack was made, or that those who attacked were repulsed.

32. *And abode there three days.* That is, before proceeding to work. Compare Neh. 2: 11.

LOST—FOUND.

A little incident occurred on our way from Conference which, if related, might be helpful to others, especially those striving for the higher life. It shows how God rewards those that acknowledge him in all the way of life and covenant with him. After visiting a few hours with an aged mother, we took our leave for the South-land, and being weary of the night travel and the five services a day, we lay back and took a good rest in sleep. During the time our pocketbook slipped from our pocket to the car floor (so much for fashionable pockets). The loss was not discovered until we were about to take another train. The conductor was notified by telegram of the loss, and the book was restored to us at New York, with its contents all intact. It was noticeable that the pocketbook was handed over without any hesitancy, and we wondered about it until our Florida home was reached, when we concluded to look the contents over more carefully, and found the following covenant:

Lord Jesus, as once I took Thee as my Saviour from the guilt of sin, I now take Thee as my Deliverer from the power of sin, and enter into possession of my inheritance in Thee.

D. D. ROGERS.

OCALA, Fla., April 28, 1894.

The mystery was solved. While this covenant was written indelibly upon my heart, the written covenant had been out of sight so long that its whereabouts had been forgotten. Just how much good the finding and reading of this paper by the Lackawana Railroad officials will do may not be known here, but I trust to say that it is worth more than it cost to meet officials whom you know to be honest, and worth many thousand times what it cost to know that he with whom we have covenanted, and whom we love to trust, is equal to any emergency. "And now brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." Lost—and found by him.

DAVID D. ROGERS.

MEADOWS, Fla., Oct. 2, 1899.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Hours of Sunshine in a Year.

A Meteorological Bureau, in Paris, has been keeping a record of the number of hours of sunshine in a year in several countries in Europe.

From its report we find that Spain stands at the head of the list, having 3,000 hours. Italy comes next, having 2,300 hours; France stands next, having 2,200 hours; then comes Germany with only 1,700 hours to her credit; while England, in consequence of wearing a foggy mantle, can only report 1,400 hours.

In the northern part of England, and in a portion of Scotland, more rain falls each year than in any other part of Europe. London is said to have on an average 176 rainy days in a year, and foggy days without number, ten times as much rain and fog as in Paris.

I would much like to know how many hours of sunshine we have in a year here in Plainfield. One thing I do know, and that is, our rainy days are scattering and our fogs are few and far between.

A New Machine.

A rather remarkable machine has lately been invented and introduced in England for the manufacture of what is known in commerce as "butt hinges," used generally on doors, lids, and other swinging articles, where it is desired to have the butt, or hinge, with its fastening, shielded as far as possible from view.

Formerly these hinges were made of cast iron, in pairs, which were interlocked with each other; a hole was drilled through the interlocked parts, and a wire inserted which held them together, and around which each piece moved; this formed the butt or hinge.

In later years these pieces have been stamped out from wrought iron plates, the interlocking parts have been obtained by bending those pieces of each part so as leave a hole for the insertion of a wire, which formed a hinge like the former.

These butts or hinges are now made of wrought iron or brass, and are considered superior to cast iron, and soon superceded the former in the market; but this process of manufacture required much time and labor in handling the several parts.

The new machine is automatic. The iron, or brass, is fed from coils into the machine, and by the use of cams, is cut and gradually formed into the separate parts of the hinge. At the proper moment a wire rod is fed in and forms the bolt that holds the parts together, and around which they revolve, thus completing the hinge. The several holes in the plates for screws, are bored during the operation.

A complete butt hinge, ready for use, can be made by this machine at the rate of from forty to fifty per minute.

But it may be in a divine air
Transfigured and made pure,
The harvest that we deemed as wholly lost,
Waits perfect and mature;
And the faint heart, that now defeated grieves,
May yet stand smiling 'mid abundant sheaves.

—Mary L. Ritter.

If God made the world, you need not fear that he can't take care of so small a part as yourself. It is better, therefore, to trust than to grumble.—Anon.

MARRIAGES.

GEER—BROOKS.—In Waterford, Conn., Oct. 4, 1899, by the Rev. A. J. Potter, Miss Jessie W. Brooks and Mr. Frank W. Geer, both of Waterford.

DEATHS.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angels
Have evil wrought.
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
The good die not.
God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given.
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in His heaven. —Whittier.

MILLER.—At her home near Nortonville, Kan., Sept. 4, 1899, Mrs. Elizabeth Culver Miller, after an illness of about two months with complicated disorders.

She was born in Central New York Oct. 29, 1829. She came with her parents to Ohio in 1842, and to Peoria county, Illinois, in 1850. She was married to C. B. Miller in 1854. They moved to Kansas in 1869. Her husband, four children, two brothers, two sisters remain to mourn her departure. She became a member of the West Hallock Seventh-day Baptist church in about 1857 or 1858. G. W. H.

LANGWORTHY.—At his home near Nortonville, Kansas, Aug. 24, 1899, Elbert R. Langworthy, after an illness of nine months.

He was born in DeRuyter, N. Y., July 31, 1845. He came with his parents to West Hallock, Ill., in 1855. He removed to Farina, Ill., in 1866. The same year he was married to Miss Arvilla Johnson, August 26. They removed to Garwin, Iowa, in 1877, remaining until 1880, when they came to Kansas. When about 18 years of age he became a member of the West Hallock Seventh-day Baptist church. While at Garwin he was a member there, subsequently he became a member at Nortonville, of which church he was a member at the time of his death. He expressed a willingness to depart and be with his Saviour. His wife and seven children remain in sadness at his departure. G. W. H.

Literary Notes.

Sir Henry Irving on Shakespeare.

Sir Henry Irving devoted part of his summer holidays to writing an article, which he has given to *The Ladies' Home Journal*. It is called "Shakespeare in Small Communities," and tells how the study, reading aloud and acting of Shakespeare's works may be followed in communities away from the larger centers.

The Treasury of Religious Thought for October, 1899, is a noteworthy number. Its frontispiece is a portrait of Pres. John H. Barrows, recently inducted into office at Oberlin College, and its leading sermon is his first baccalaureate, an eloquent appeal to young men to the "Practice of God's Presence." Dr. Barrows having no ordinary church, there is given an appreciative illustrated article by the editor on Oberlin College. Rev. Dwight M. Pratt has an article on "The Preachers at Northfield," and the second sermon is one preached there by Dr. C. J. Young, of New York, and Mr. Moody gives an outline on "Ruling One's Spirit." E. B. Treat & Co., Publishers, 241-243 West 33d St., New York.

WOMAN'S WORST ENEMY.

It has been a hard day, and the tired lines in your face show it. The muscles of the face have lost their firmness and the lines about cheeks, and mouth, and eyes droop wearily. You look ten years older than you know you are, and you feel sadder than you know you have a right to be. Worse than all, a sharp pain shoots from the left temple over the forehead and down the sides of the face. You know that means a nervous headache and a night of agony, unless something is done quickly.

Try this cure: Slip off your bodice and bare your neck. Twist your hair into a loose knot on the top of your head. Then take a sponge and a basin of hot water—just as hot as you can bear it. Pass the hot wet sponge slowly and steadily over the face and forehead for eight or ten minutes, keeping the sponge as hot as it can be borne. By that time your face will look and feel as if it were par-boiled. But do not worry.

Then bathe the back of the neck as you

have done the face, carrying the sponge each time well up the back of the head.

Keep this up for some length of time; then, without looking at yourself in the glass—because that would be sure to disquiet you—dry your face and neck softly and go and lie down flat on your back. Close your eyes and think just of one thing—how heavy you are on the couch and how easily it supports you. That is really an important part of the cure.

Lie there for half an hour, if you don't fall asleep, as you probably will. Then get up and take the deferred look in the glass. That tired look has gone, the muscles have regained their tone, the wrinkles have disappeared, and best of all, the darting pain in the head and the pessimism of the soul have left you.—*Selected.*

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- Conference Minutes, 1807-1855.
- Seventh-day Baptist Register, Vol. 1, No. 4.
- Sabbath Visitor, Vol. I., No. 20.
- " Vol. III., Nos. 28, 51.
- " Vol. IV., Nos. 48, 44.
- " Vol. V., Nos. 26, 38, 40, 42, 49.
- " Vol. VI., No. 50.
- " Vol. XI., No. 44.
- Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XVI., Nos. 37, 51.
- " Vol. XVII., No. 27.
- " Vol. XVIII., No. 22.
- " Vol. XIX., No. 21.
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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 Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Bible Class, held every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, at the residence of Dr. F. L. Irons, 224 Grace Street.

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,
1279 Union Avenue.

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 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.

THE Yearly Meeting of the Kansas and Nebraska churches will be held with the North Loup church commencing on Friday night, Oct. 13, with a conference meeting, led by H. C. VanHorn. The meeting will continue through the 15th, with preaching, papers, and devotional seasons. All who can do so are cordially invited to be present and help us have a good time in the Lord. PASTOR.

THE next Semi-Annual Meeting of the churches of Minnesota will be held with the church at Trenton, beginning at 2 o'clock P. M., Friday, Oct. 20. Eld. Hurley to preach the Introductory Sermon, Eld. Ernst alternate. Miss Mable Crosby, of Trenton, Miss Nellie Coon, of New Auburn, and Miss Anna Wells, of Dodge Centre, are invited to present essays. R. H. BABCOCK, Cor. Sec.

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, Stanley Villas, Westberry Avenue, Wood Green, London, N., England. Sabbath-keepers and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

Sabbath literature and lectures on the Sabbath question may be secured by addressing Rev. W. C. Daland, Honorary Secretary of the British Sabbath Society, at 31 Clarence Road, Wood Green, London, N., or, Major T. W. Richardson at the same address.

CHURCHES OF THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION, TAKE NOTICE.

At our last Association, held at Independence, the pastors and ministers present formed an organization called the Convention of Seventh-day Baptist Churches of the Western Association, that is designed to fulfill both the purposes of a Ministerial Conference and of the Quarterly Meetings that used to be held. The first Convention is to be with the Second Alfred church, at Alfred Station, N. Y., Oct. 20-22, 1899. It is hoped that these meetings, held from time to time, will be of great spiritual benefit to our churches, by the discussion of practical methods of work, by mutual encouragement, and by the social intercourse which they will afford. To this end a full attendance is looked for, both by President D. Burdett Coon, and by the pastor and people of the Second Alfred church. We extend, in advance, a warm welcome to all to convene with the Second Alfred church, Oct. 20-22, 1899.

PROGRAM.

SIXTH-DAY—AFTERNOON.

- 2.30. Ministerial Conference, Reports from Pastors.
- 3.00. Paper, J. L. Gamble.
- 3.30. Discussion, opened by H. P. Burdick.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 7.30. Praise Service, F. E. Peterson.
- 8.00. Sermon, J. G. Mahoney.
- 8.15. Prayer and Conference Meeting, conducted by Stephen Burdick.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 11.00. Sermon, D. Burdett Coon.

SABBATH AFTERNOON.

- 2.30. Sabbath-school, conducted by Superintendent of Second Alfred Sabbath-school, Mrs. Rachael Burdick.
- 3.30. Y. P. S. C. E. Prayer-meeting and Junior C. E.

SABBATH-DAY—EVENING.

- 7.30. Young People's Session, conducted by Walter Green.

FIRST-DAY—MORNING.

- 9.30. Business.
- 10.00. Laymen's Conference, conducted by F. E. Peterson.
- 11.00. Sermon, W. L. Burdick; B. C. Davis, alternate.

FIRST-DAY—AFTERNOON.

- 2.30. Discussion of Sabbath-school Work, conducted by W. C. Whitford.
- 3.30. Parliament of Practical Methods, conducted by W. D. Burdick.

FIRST-DAY—EVENING.

- 7.30. Sermon by I. L. Cottrell, followed by Conference Meeting.

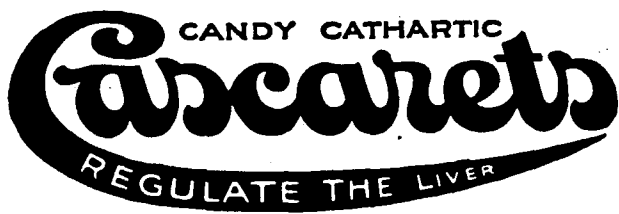
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Some recommend iodide of potassium diluted with four parts of water, others rub the stains with cold water starch and expose to the sun several days. If not removed, rub in soap, and repeat.

For grass stains rub well with molasses, then wash. Some use alcohol, others alcohol and molasses.

For stains made by lemons, oranges and some other acids, use diluted ammonia.



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