

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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THE CAGED LION.

BY EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE.

HE sees them pass with veiled, disdainful eyes—
The shuffling crowds, who stare, with feeble cries.
What counts this jackal race of men to him?
Beyond the tawdry tent, the torches dim,
Lies to his gaze the tawny Lybian plain
Where his lithe lioness waits her lord in vain—
Where tireless stars march down the Orient night,
And beckon him to conquest and delight.

Now, as hot memory through each vein doth surge,
As sweeps the simoom o'er the desert verge;
He springs! magnificent in kingly rage—
And beats the fretted barrier of his cage,
Hurling his heart out in the cry of wrath
That once through covering deserts clave his path,
And now—suffices only to beguile
A gaping rustic to a vacant smile.

Then, conscious of his impotence, his shame,
His strength a farce, his majesty a name,
Shuddering he sinks; and silent, lays once more
His kingly head against his prison floor.
Too proud to moan, too weak to conquer Fate,
Stares at the staring crowd in brooding hate.

Yet—Desert-Born!—in that dull throng may be
(That jackal-throng whom thou dost hate as free)
One, king as thou! who sees, through prison bars,
His Lybian plain, his unattained stars!

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Sabbath Recorder.

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J. P. MOSHER, - - - - - Business Manager.

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MARQUETTE, WISCONSIN.

It is supposed that Father Allonez, a French Catholic priest, was the first white man who ascended the Fox River from Green Bay, Wis.; this was in 1670. In 1673 Fathers Marquette and Joliet passed over the same route, crossing the "Portage" of a mile or two, near the head of navigation on the Fox, to the Wisconsin river, and so down to the Mississippi. These men spent some time on the south bank of a lake, through which the Fox runs—well toward the western boundary of what is now the state of Wisconsin—which the Indians called Puckaway. They named this station Marquette. A village, on the site of the old mission station, the township in which it is situated, and formerly a large county, retained the name Marquette. The county has been divided, one part being called Marquette and the other Green Lake.

Permanent settlements by white men were not made in this section until between 1840 and 1850. The first religious service, Protestant, was held in 1843. Among the first churches organized, in the original county of Marquette, was the Seventh-day Baptist church at Berlin—twenty-five or thirty miles from the village of Marquette—and the meeting-house of that church was the second one, we think, erected in the county.

The Sabbath-keeping interests at Marquette were first developed by the Adventists in 1861; although at least one Seventh-day Baptist family, Hallett Green from Adams Centre, N. Y., settled in Marquette at an early day. In the unfolding of the Advent movement several influential Sabbath-keepers refused to accept the authority of Mrs. White's "visions," and some of those united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Dakota, Wis. The Adventists organized, but their church no longer exists. In May, 1875, the Seventh-day Baptist church of Marquette was organized by Rev. H. B. Lewis, now of Leonardsville, N. Y. It forms one of the group of "missionary churches" in Northern Wisconsin.

Among the missionary pastors who have labored with the church since 1875 have been: J. W. Morton, Alex. McLearn, J. M. Todd, D. B. Coon, Eli Loofboro, and the present pastor, Chas. Sayer. In 1898 evangelistic work was carried on there by Geo. W. Hills, S. H. Babcock and L. C. Randolph. These labors strengthened the church and, although not large, the faithful few—and some Sabbath-keepers who are not members in form, but are in fact, so far as sympathy and co-operation are concerned—have maintained the Sabbath interests in a most commendable manner.

The Editor of the RECORDER preached at Marquette once Oct. 13, twice on the 14th, and twice on the 15th. The interests of the Sabbath, the authority of the Law of God, and the hopes of the gospel were presented as God gave power and guidance. "Those of like precious faith" seemed to be much strengthened and cheered by the services. The attendance of those not Seventh-day Baptists was good. The church maintains a "Bible reading" service on Sixth-day even-

ing, and Sabbath-school on Sabbath, when the missionary pastor cannot be with them. Since the death of Deacon Tickner, John H. Noble is the senior deacon.

The SABBATH RECORDER has warm and appreciative friends in Marquette, and the Editor has enjoyed the privilege of visiting this "picket-post" of the Seventh-day Baptist interests in Northern Wisconsin. The newly-elected "missionary pastor" for the "Berlin field," Charles Sayer, a recent graduate from Milton College, and one of the "Milton quartet" of last summer, is entering on his work in a way which has endeared him already to the churches of Northern Wisconsin. It matters not so much where we labor as how we labor. Those who stand alone on the outposts, faithful to their trust, are accepted by him who commends all his children equally with those who keep the larger citadel. The true standard of greatness in Christ's kingdom is earnest service wherever one's lot is cast.

BERLIN, Wis., Oct. 17, 1899.

DYING BEAUTIFULLY.

We have been watching the autumn coloring on tree, shrub and landscape for many years. What we saw day before yesterday along the line of the Lehigh Valley railroad, between Easton and Wilkes Barre, Pa., surpassed everything seen before. The finest part of the picture—the indescribable part—lay between "Ma Chunk" and the foot of the mountain east of Wilkes Barre. Everything growing from the earth, autumn flowers, tiny shrubs, larger shrubs, and all trees were in that state of rich, ripe gorgeousness which precedes the moment when leaves begin to wither and fall at the touch of the "North wind's breath." Narrow valleys and still narrower and precipitous defiles, frowning mountain-sides, and the broad undulating crest of the range when the eye covers twenty miles at one sweep, combined to heighten and display the lavish beauty God had provided for the late days of the declining year.

The morning on the New Jersey coast was overcast and lowering. The noontide on the mountains was brilliant with sunlight which the shadows of the passing clouds beautified, as they stooped to kiss the crest of the mountains with quick caresses.

We tried to describe the scene a score of times, each trial making the effort a more signal failure. What color was most prominent? None, and all. Orange, gold, purple, green, scarlet and crimson, all colors; all shades, all combinations blent and mixed, and mingled until the surfeited eye closed with weariness at the ever-changing, never-ending glory. Words could not tell what we saw. Baffled and beaten, we gave up the attempt to describe, and looked, — and looked — as the glory glided by.

When the train began the descent toward Wilkes Barre—three miles away as the crow flies and seventeen as the road runs—a deep ravine which gashed the side of the mountain for a mile or more lay beneath the car windows. All the unsightliness of jagged rocks and fallen trees was covered by the orange, gold, crimson, scarlet, purple, green counterpane which autumn had flung over the defile. It lay there, one blaze of glory. She who sat at the window said: "Oh, if we could all die as beautifully as that!" That was it. Her lips had framed the description

which had baffled and eluded us for half a day. "Dying beautifully!" That tells the story. More need not be said. One spring-time day we saw that same defile when the leaves were half-formed. The storms and sunshine of June, July, August, brought them to full development. But the culmination is here, just as October is preparing for the funeral of the year. The soul which develops in the paths of wisdom, in accordance with the will of God, and enveloped in his love, finds its richest hour in the dying beauty that crowns a life of service. There is a spiritual beauty which rivals what we have tried to tell you of. If all our readers could have taken this ride with us; if they could have heard her definition as we heard it, interpreted by the scene and the Spirit, a hundred prayer-meetings would be enriched to-morrow night by new spiritual treasures of wisdom and joy. "Dying beautifully," because fearless, trustful, glad; because conscious that the love of God, which is more indescribably beautiful than that mountain coloring, enfolds us, redeemed, and made heirs of an inheritance yet more glorious! Thus all may die, who will. Will you?

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 11, 1899.

WE publish on the last page of the RECORDER this week, in the space assigned to Alfred University for advertising, a brief mention of the One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund which Alfred University is raising. The names of the contributors to this fund appear from time to time in connection therewith. We are pleased to see this enterprise undertaken, and know our readers will be interested in it and help bring it to completion.

ON another page will be found a valuable article, under the head, "An Abandoned Cloister." The illustrations which accompany it in the *Outlook* are fine and interesting as part of the history. Ten cents will secure a copy of the *Outlook*—Oct. 7, 1899, with the illustrations—287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

HOW TO PROSPER.

Know your business thoroughly. Do it faithfully. Avoid disputes and strifes. Keep your own secrets. Mind your own affairs, and let others mind theirs. Be courteous to all. Confide in few. Do right at all hazards. Think more of what a man is than of what he has. Never try to outrun God's providence. Do not waste strength in fretting at unavoidable evils. When you are annoyed do not make a fuss about it. Keep a cheerful heart and a calm countenance. Be temperate in all things. Give what God requires, and do not be coaxed to do more because others are going to. Listen to advisers, but let God be your first and last counselor. Do not be hurried, and do not allow others to hurry you. Take time to think. Guard against people who always justify your course. Seek honest judgment rather than flattering sympathy. Never fear to own a fault. Do right by others whether they will do right by you or not. Keep the Lord always before your face, and death, judgment, and immortal glory all in full view. Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. Make this life but the beginning of a life that shall be endless as eternity, and glorious as the stars of heaven.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

A Pastoral Symphony.

If you know of anything lovelier than Southern Wisconsin in the balmy days of October, please bring it forward. Through the thick carpet of crisp leaves I trudge across the park and breathe the sweet, pure air. Albion is as beautiful as ever. The outlines of the people have always been somewhat indistinct. There were Babcocks and Whitfords, Potters and Humphreys, Palmiters and Burdicks, Coons, Greens, etc., etc.—all good Seventh-day Baptist names—but to “place” the individual members, that was another matter. It is with real pleasure that I settle down to the pleasant task of getting acquainted. To go out and help husk corn and pick apples—if not off the trees, at least out of the barrel,—to sit down socially in the homes, to feel the throb of the daily life, to share the joys and sorrows, the aspirations and hopes and ambitions, this is the great privilege of the pastor—for your evangelist is still a pastor, if he fulfills his mission.

A feeling of quiet content comes over me to be back again in the calm, serene atmosphere of a well-nurtured country village. This village and country about are among the fairest of God's domains. The farmers are prosperous and independent, neighbors are kind and humanly interested in one another, the church, the school and the other institutions which form the atmosphere of spiritual life, are here, and there is plenty of room. Through the window frame the elms and maples stand sharp and distinct against the tinted grey evening sky. Underneath stretches the soft carpet of bleached brown. A sweet stillness is in the air. God reigns and it is his world.

“Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go.”

I think so more and more, every time I come back. Yes, I know there are drawbacks. There are everywhere—even in California. There always will be till we get to heaven.

Visiting the Homes.

I think that we pastors perhaps do not make enough of the pastoral office. I will stand as stoutly as anyone for the principle that we are not servants of the church, but of the Lord Jesus Christ; but there is a special sense of nearness and of proprietorship felt by the church toward the pastor they love which is not by any means to be discouraged. Our people love their church, they love their homes, and to them first of all is the pastor's pleasant duty.

Then there are those on the border line who are not in the fold, but who yet have their needs. Just to know that the minister thinks enough of them to visit them puts hope and aspiration in the heart, and stimulates the finer feelings. Often the call whose memory is soon crowded out of the busy pastor's mind, is a landmark in the life of some household.

The ideal pastoral call, not sanctimonious and formal on the one side, nor trivial and frivolous on the other. Beneath the cheery chat of farm and family, the matters of common life, let the deep animating purpose be felt.

That is a successful pastoral call which leaves the people feeling that the pastor is one of them, leaves them with more brightness and cheer in their hearts, less worry,

more faith in God, more interest in the welfare of others, more sense of the divine presence, more desire to be pure and true, and to be faithful in the work of the Lord.

There are many neglected homes. Are any of them on your beat?

Room for All.

Bro. Herbert VanHorn, recently ordained to the ministry with the view of serving the Farnam church for one year, writes a letter to the *Milton Journal* from his new Nebraska home. We are especially interested in two passages.

“Although the people are poor in purse, they are a big-hearted people and rich in ‘treasures of heaven.’”

“Two of the four pastors, the M. E. and S. D. B., have joined hands if not hearts, and are at present keeping house at the parsonage. There is plenty of room here for all of us and lots to do. There is good soil, and the right kind of seed properly sown and blessed with God's showers of love, will yield an hundred or sixty or thirty fold. May his blessing attend us.”

That reminds one of Dr. Ella Swinney's “We touch elbows in Shanghai, but we work together well.”

“His Caboose.”

We judge harshly sometimes, and on utterly insufficient data. There are some people for whom it is hard for us to say anything kind. We get “down” on them, we and our neighbors, and straightway faults are magnified and virtues hid. We may be compelled to recognize some bit of well-doing, but soon the opportunity comes again to roll that sweet morsel under our tongue, and then off our tongue, “I told you so.”

This treatment works in different ways on different people. Some it embitters; some it discourages; some it makes callous; some it drives to recklessness and despair. As for doing any good, wanton unfeeling criticism never helped anybody, unless through God's miraculous agency. Truth distorted, stray reports repeated, may have all the force and essential nature of lies, and go on the same festering mission. The worst—at this point the reader lays down his paper, scratches his head and looks over his glasses: “I wonder, wife, who has been telling him about us.”

After all, the world is held together by love and trust. The mother who stands in the doorway watching for “his caboose” is worth more to the particular boy in question than all the procession of those who pass by on the other side suspiciously wagging their heads.

THE ABANDONED CLOISTER.

BY W. H. RICHARDSON.

Nestling at the foot of South Mountain, thirteen miles below Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, is a collection of time-worn and weather-beaten buildings, so entirely unlike any other in the beautiful valley which commences to unfold there that the attention of the traveler with even a grain of curiosity is at once arrested. A great brick house, of even more ample dimensions than the homes which have given the Cumberland Valley its reputation for hospitality and opulence, is the nucleus of the community; around it are grouped other structures in picturesque arrangement, century-old trees and masses of color and shubbery heightening the exquisite effects

which nature can produce when man lets her have the most to do with them.

An inquiry addressed to a native elicits the information that the main building is “the nunnery;” then the visitor looks sharply at its open doors or into the dark shadows beyond the windows in expectation of getting a glimpse of sober-clad women, with their pale faces framed in some religious habit; he listens for the hum of voices softly saying the daily prayers for strength in a holy life. But he looks and listens in vain for these things. Instead of them the breeze wafts across the flower-spotted garden the laughter and chatter of a couple of buxom young Pennsylvania German girls; an older woman is devoting herself to some domestic industry, and a stolid farmer just come in from the fields for the noonday meal adds still further to one's perplexity over the name.

It is only a few steps from the Waynesboro' road up the hollyhock-bordered path to “the nunnery,” and then one begins to learn something about this particular relic of one of Pennsylvania's peculiar peoples—the German Seventh-day Baptists, a sect which here gave expression to a most unusual social and religious condition.

Away back in 1708 a German named Alexander Mack and seven others who had searched the Scriptures with him conceived the idea that the only way to arrive at the true spiritual life was to abandon all existing traditions and observances and proceed upon original lines, or, rather, to adopt the primitive plan as they interpreted it. Their new route for the pilgrim's progress was eventually the one by which the later society of Dunkers walked, apart from other religionists. In a few years persecution had driven these Dunkers into various parts of western Europe; in 1719, swept by the great wave of German and Dutch emigration, many of them came to America and dispersed to the different sections which their kindred of other denominations were then populating.

One of these bands of Dunkers settled in the Conestoga country (now in Lancaster County), their leader was Conrad Beissel. In a little while this Conrad Beissel fell under the influence of the Sabbatarians, of whom there were many in the province, and became converted to Sabbatarianism; then he believed that his Dunker brethren erred in observing the first day of the week as the Sabbath; that the Scriptures especially commanded the observance of the seventh day as the day of rest. In his fervor for the cause he had espoused he prepared a pamphlet for circulation among his people, after which he found it expedient to withdraw to a lonely cell on the banks of the Cocalico Creek, where he lived the life of a hermit. Finally some of his old flock followed him into his retreat, accepted his beliefs, and embraced, as well, certain mystical ideas with which he had been imbued in Germany years before, and the organization or community they then established became known as “Ein Orden der Einsamen”—the order of the solitary. The solitary life, however, gave place to a conventual one in the year 1733, when buildings were finished for the accommodation of the rapidly growing institution.

So complete an account of the Ephrata Community, as Conrad Beissel's band of mystical Dunkers is perhaps more commonly known, has been compiled by Mr. Julius F.

Sachse, a most patient and careful investigator of the history of that religious experiment, that the interested reader can easily follow the rise and fall of that unique attempt to blend the temporal and the spiritual life. Ephrata's great men, her monumental contributions to American bibliography, her marvelous manuscripts, her picturesque social affairs, are of most profound interest to the student of our national life, and especially to the student who may visit Ephrata or its successor, the Seventh-day Baptist Society of Snow Hill, as the community on the banks of the Antietam Creek at the foot of South Mountain is termed.

The war of the Revolution and the so-called Sunday laws of 1794 were the undoing of the parent organization, and before the end of the last century the white robed and hooded brethren and sisters, with their mystical rites and ceremonies and their almost supernatural music, with all the paraphernalia of their peculiar belief, were as a tale that is told. About the year 1795 land was purchased at Snow Hill, and a few years later arrangements were made for the founding of a society of the same character as that at Ephrata had been. In that remote spot it was expected that outside influences would not operate to its hurt; and that such expectation was realized to a large extent is very evident when we are told that the present building, erected for the accommodation of those who chose to adopt the celibate life, was commenced in 1814 and added to until 1843. The capacious structure is eloquent enough of the fact that something more than mere enthusiasm was required to rear it.

It is always a difficult thing to analyze the causes which are responsible for the decline or decay of an undertaking, and the difficulty is emphasized especially in the case of a religious movement. The convent at Snow Hill apparently failed to attract new people; the young men and the young women who were there had taken no irrevocable vows; they had not renounced the world; they fell in love and were married, and lighted fires on their own hearthstones. Accessions became rarer and rarer, until now the only suggestion of the ancient order of things is one elderly woman who is spending the last of her days as a charge of the Society. The large farm which once gave employment to some of those who had lived in the house is now "shared" by a couple of farmers, and they and their families occupy the rooms which are so redolent of one of the most peculiar phases of moral earnestness that has ever found expression in this country.

But what a mine for the antiquarian these old rooms are! As the visitor is shown from floor to floor, and sees closet after closet opened and stores of utensils and domestic appliances of generations ago revealed, he is likely to slip his grip on the commandment which reads, "Thou shalt not covet . . . any thing that is thy neighbor's." How could one look in the face of that ancient high-case clock and not say in his heart, at least, "How I wish you were mine!" In a corner cupboard in the refectory is a store of antique china—teapots, cups, saucers, sugar-bowls, etc.—that fairly makes one's fingers itch to possess it; here are also the turned wooden flagons and paten used in the celebrations of the Lord's Supper. In a closet in a small room, evidently a pantry in former times, are doz-

ens of deep-red earthenware dishes, the handiwork of potters a half-century dead. Then there are as many small plates in which the portions of "ludvarreck" and bread and butter are served at the love-feasts.

An old holz-kist (or box intended for holding firewood) on another floor contains a lot of hackles and other appliances used in the preparation of the flax for the spinners whose deft fingers once guided the tow from distaff to bobbin on the wheels which now lumber up a corner in an adjoining room. It must be remembered, too, that some of the inmates of the convent were famous weavers, and specimens of their wonderfully intricate patterns are highly prized to this day; others were skillful basket-makers, and a dozen or more of their shapely productions have survived the ravages of time, which has turned their makers to dust.

In the attic, covered with a miscellaneous collection of bottles and the flotsam and jetsam of years, are a number of old candlesticks and iron lamps. The latter were known in the days of their use as "fett-lights." They are small wrought-iron vessels covered with a lid and finished on one side in a sort of trough-like spout. A wick was laid in this spout and hot fat poured into the bowl. The lamp was an improvement over a tallow candle, perhaps, but still it was not a very long step toward a kerosene lamp. When it was desired to use the lamp, it could be hooked over a nail or the crane in the fire-place, or suspended from the barb thrust into a wooden beam.

A path, grass-grown since the population of the convent scattered to homes of their own, leads across the brawling Antietam to the meeting-house. Here, every seventh day, four or five score people who stand up for the doctrine which Conrad Beissel introduced to the Dunkers still gather to listen to the truth which their minister interprets from the well-worn Bible, or to participate, at proper intervals, in the festivals which they deem essential to the religious life. The meeting-house was erected in 1829, but previous to that time services were held in a room in the convent, in which are yet to be seen, it might be remarked, several fine examples of the fracturschrift, or illuminated manuscripts for which the Ephrata community was celebrated.

It is considered quite a mark of progress in these days to have a department of the modern church structure supplied with facilities for cooking, the church supper or sociable being responsible for the introduction of this "advanced" idea. But the idea is not so advanced, after all; this little seventy-year-old meeting-house has its kitchen and it is furnished with a gigantic bricked-in kettle.

Like the Friends' meetings of old, the interior of Snow Hill church is very plainly furnished; there is no provision made for elaborate pulpit oratory; believing that the gospel was sent without money and without price, their minister is not a "hireling." His plain desk is furnished with an English Bible, and English hymnals are also used by the congregation now instead of the German ones formerly used. Peeping from beneath the desk, on a shelf, were several copies of the ancient tune-books, very likely the work of some pious Sister at Ephrata. They are marvels of execution, both in coloring and lettering. Much of their music is a heritage from Conrad Beissel, whose skill in harmony is said to have been of the highest order. Old

people who lived in an age near him have told of the impression made by the rendition of his six and eight part hymns—a sublime performance that is now numbered with other lost arts of his community.

A short distance down the creek is an old flour-mill, built in 1807 for the use of the Society. Although somewhat battered-looking, its solid stone base and heavy weather-boarding still give assurance of many years' further defiance of the elements. Only one of its really primitive features yet remains inside the mill—the wooden water-wheel. The water is carried through the wall of the mill in an oaken flume. This somewhat unusual arrangement of the power was not made for the purpose of keeping poets and artists from going into rhapsodies over it and neglecting other important work around the community, but for the very utilitarian purpose of keeping it from freezing up in winter-time. While millers are a jolly lot usually, it requires an extraordinary amount of good nature to take a man cheerfully into the wheel-pit on a cold winter morning to chop loose the frozen-up water-wheel. The humming of the burr-stones and the click-a-clack-a-click-a-clack-a of the damsel beneath the hopper gave place a few years ago to the less poetical but more practical harmony of a modern outfit of steel-roller grinding-machines and kindred devices.

Community life at Snow Hill may never again be resurrected, and there may be those who believe that the spirit of ages to come will never again prompt devotees of a religious idea to work it out in exactly the fashion expressed there and at Ephrata. But still the relics which yet remain are most interesting monuments of a people who were actuated by a desire to lead an entirely spiritual life, and are strongly suggestive of the day when the conventual system exercised a powerful attraction. Snow Hill is the failure of a mediæval idea in modern times.—*The Outlook*.

DEWEY AND THE BIBLE HERO.

A Portland, Ore., father began last week to give his youngest son some Bible lessons. He explained to the lad how the world was created, gave a sketch of the happy life of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, until the devil tempted Eve and brought about the "fall" and the primal curse, etc. Omitting some of the incidents which the boy was not old enough to understand, he finally got down to: "Who was the wisest man?" "Who was the oldest man?" "Who was the man after God's heart?" and finally came to "Who was the strongest man?"

When the boy, who had become a little tired, and evidently doubted some of the things he had been told, was informed that Samson was the strongest man, he at once disputed the statement. He said Dewey was the greatest man in the world: his teacher had told him so, and he had confidence in his teacher, who had never lied to him, while it was evident he was fast losing confidence in his father, and had grave doubts as to the truthfulness of some of his Bible stories.

Mr. Crichton was slightly put out to see that there was a lack of confidence in him on the part of his son, and at once turned to the history of Samson, and read the story about his having met a lion and taking him by the upper and lower jaws tore his head asunder. "That is nothing," said the boy. "If Dewey had taken hold of that lion he would have split him clear in two. It is no use talking; you have been fooling me with the yarns you have been telling me. Dewey is the greatest man and the strongest man on earth, and Samson isn't in it."—*Selected*.

Missions.

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

WE rejoice that there are some young men in our schools who are studying for the ministry. They propose to give their lives to the work of preaching and teaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to a lost world. It is a great and glorious work, and requires the best of culture, education and training. The training of the schools, giving strength and discipline of mind, knowledge and power, is very essential, but as essential, and perhaps more so, is the thorough knowledge of God's Word and the indwelling and illuminating power of the Holy Spirit. He is to show us, as the schools cannot, the truth as it is in Christ. It is hoped that these young men will give themselves the best preparation possible for the work of the ministry. It is better to get into the work later on with a thorough preparation, than it is to enter the work earlier with poor preparation for it. Such will accomplish more in the long run and work at a less disadvantage. Again, these young men are to live and act in an age that will demand better scholarship, better equipment for the work, than those of to-day. Our mission and work as a denomination in the world will require this thorough preparation. If they do not give themselves this training and preparation, they will deeply regret it someday, and our people may regret it.

THERE is an element in our nature to render that which is familiar more or less commonplace. Things with which we are very familiar we treat with indifference and without notice. In those countries in the north of Europe where the sun does not rise for six months of the year, on the morning of his reappearance the people climb at early dawn to the summits of the tall cliffs to gladly welcome his bright and glorious appearing. But with us, where the sun rises every twenty-four hours, the event is so commonplace we do not give it a moment's thought or notice. So there are wonderful truths in the Bible, of salvation, of life, of eternity which are heard so often, so familiar to our ears, that they make no impression upon us. We are indifferent to them. The story of the sacrificial life and death of Jesus Christ does not move us. Suppose a heathen man, intelligent, cultivated, refined, should hear for the first time the wonderful truth that God gave his own Son to die for the sins of the world, spared him not, but willingly gave him to die upon the cross for him, what an impression it must make upon him! How it would move him! We have heard it so often, people in Christian lands are so familiar with the truth that they have become indifferent to it, yet it is a truth in which they should have all the time the deepest interest. This indifference to-day is the greatest hindrance to the spiritual life and power of the church, and in the work of saving men from the ruin of sin. How is this cold, stolid indifference to be overcome? There must be brought some way upon it the melting power of the Holy Spirit.

THE American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions representing the Congregational churches held its 90th Annual Meeting this year in Providence, R. I. We clip the following, showing its work the past year:

The expenditures of the American Board for Missions during the past year have been \$633,115, to which must

be added \$33,656 for agencies, publications and cost of administration. The donations amounted to \$530,797, and the legacies to \$102,220, with interest on the general permanent fund of \$11,184. The annual survey of the work of the Board was presented by the Foreign Secretaries, Judson Smith, D. D., and James L. Barton, D. D., and showed most hopeful progress. The report began with a mention of Dr. Elias Riggs, who is still busily engaged in literary work, now revising the Bulgarian Bible Dictionary and the Bulgarian Bible, after having been for sixty-seven years a missionary of the Board, and having come to this country only once in that long period. The reports from Turkey, India and China were especially favorable. The Board now conducts 20 different missions, with 1,705 places for stated preaching, and has 170 ordained missionaries, 12 male physicians, 10 female physicians, 168 unmarried women missionaries, 234 native pastors, 525 native preachers and catechists, 1,826 native school-teachers and a total of 3,680 American and native laborers. There are 492 churches, with 49,782 members, of whom 5,047 have been added during the year, and 65,903 in the Sunday-schools; 16 theological seminaries, 284 students for the ministry, 117 boarding and high schools, with 8,804 scholars, and 43,920 pupils in 1,137 common schools.—*The Independent*.

THE SUCCESS OF FAILURE.

The tendency of our times is to the worship of *success*. Like the Chaldeans, of whom Habakkuk speaks, whose dignity proceeded from themselves, and who worshiped power as their god—men bow down in adoration before what they count success.

It would be well if some one would write a book on the success of failure. All through history men's successes have often been, in God's eyes, their failures, and their apparent failures their successes. He has wrought out his own plans in the breaking up of man's schemes. Paul felt assuredly called to Macedonia. He went. His reception was the scourge, the stocks, and the cell of an inner prison. Nine-tenths of God's servants would have counted that vision of the man of Macedonia a vagary, a wild dream of fancy, or a delusion of the devil, and given themselves over to morbid complaints, self-accusations, and murmurs against God. Yet out of that Philippian failure came Lydia's conversion, as well as the jailor's, and the first church of Europe, whence as mother came all the rest.

The modern mammon is not money, but success, whether monetary or military, authorial or artistic, splendid achievements, or only a famous name. Everybody falls down and worships the successful merchant, inventor, advocate, orator, statesman—or even the mere politician, demagog, schemer. The man who has no reputation, but only notoriety, is sometimes the center of a gaping crowd of admirers. Even criminals are not without those who render them a sort of homage.

We who believe in God should learn that any life is a failure in his eyes that is not conformed to him. The failure of not entering into the will of God is an eternal loss, whatever other seeming gain may accompany it. Many a man who has seemed to have lost his life will be found to have found it as the seed that dies finds its harvest through its disintegration. David Brainard, David Livingstone, Henry Martyn, Harriett Newell, and thousands of others like them, have buried themselves in heathen darkness and obscurity, as the seed of God, and the success can never be seen until the sheaves are ingathered. Numbers, money gains, popular applause, visible results,—all these are illusive and deceptive. Noah preached righteousness and built the ark as his visible witness to the message he preached. He had a long term of

service, but he never made one convert. When the day came for the entering into the ark, he and his family were all that went in out of the whole race, and his family went in for his sake. What a stupendous failure! Yet not so does the Spirit reckon in the Eleventh of Hebrews! The moment a man or woman realizes that God is the one worker, and all others only his tools, his weapons, his instruments, it becomes evident that our ordinary standards of success are totally misleading. He only knows what success is—for he only knows what the work is that he proposes to do, and the end that he proposes to reach. All we have to do is to yield ourselves to his hand and will, to do with us as he pleases, and then whatever be the apparent success or failure, it gives us no concern. He may use us as a hammer, only to break up; or a sword, only to thrust through and destroy; or a rod, only to chastise and correct; but that is success, if it carries out his plans, just as truly as it would be if he used us as a trowel to build up, as a candle to illumine, or as a vessel to convey blessing and refresh thirsty souls. These are obvious truths, but it takes a lifetime to learn them. Yet for want of learning them thousands are failing properly to estimate the greatest problems and issues of life.—*The Missionary Review*.

THE MAN WITHIN THE MAN.

Creation does not stop with the making of a perfect human body, wonderful as that is. The eye, with its delicate adjustment for vibrating to color rays; the ear, with its thousands of harp-strings stretched to beat in response to the waves of sound; the wonderful brain, reaching down through its myriad net-work of nerves that carry out and carry in the messages; the heart, with its intricate systems of veins and arteries for reaching every cell of the body—these are as perfect as material organs can be; and the work of material creation seems complete with the production of the human body. But, alas! that which is perfect and complete is ready to vanish away, and the body no sooner gets finished than it begins to run down and wear out and waste away. It has no future; no bud of farther hope lies within it. It is the most marvelous organism and the most perfect form in the visible creation, but it dies daily until it is reduced to the dust from which it is made.

If this body of death were the crown of creation then there would be only one word for it—failure. Make the body never so perfect, and it must still come woefully short of any worthy goal. In fact, we soon find that it is the man within the visible man that we really care for. It is not the hundred or more avoirdupois pounds of flesh that we love,—not the dust wreath—but the self that uses this visible form and speaks to us through it.

The creation and perfection of this man within are the highest ends of life so far as we have any revelation of them. This spirit of self can have but one origin—it must be born from above. It is not a thing of decaying flesh or of disintegrating matter, nor can it come from them. It comes from God, who is its home, and its perfection must go on by a divine plan—according to the law of the spirit of life which was in Christ Jesus. Like anything else, it grows by what it feeds on. It has its hungers and its thirsts which must

be satisfied with real things, not with shadows.

It is clearly evident that a spiritual self cannot be forced; it must make its own choices. Its life must be formed by its own resolves and decisions. It goes up or down as it chooses. The light shines for it, the gifts of God are all about it, the heavenly visions are granted it, the cords of an infinite love pull at it; but it decides for itself what its response shall be, and thus it chooses what its attainment shall be. The law of its being is to go from more to more. Every time it uses the light and appropriates the gift and sees the vision and responds to the love, it expands, and increases its range and scope. Every attainment is thus a prophecy of something more beyond. It can never come to its goal as the body does—that is, to the point where it must begin to run down—for its end and perfection is nothing short of likeness to Jesus Christ and the fulness of God. Its very imperfection is its glory, for it points it ever on to something which lies before. It is never left high and dry as a finished and completed thing with no more capacity for increase. The making of the man within the man is thus a continuous creation, and the desire to attain perfection is the measure of the man.

Body may go to pieces, but this spiritual self continues to be what it has made itself by its choices and its loves. The tree that grows toward the light forms its center of gravity on that side and finally falls toward the light. The soul that chooses to be a son of God may wait with perfect assurance for the time when Christ shall be seen as he is, and the likeness shall be completed.—*The American Friend*.

AN UNCONSCIOUS MISSIONARY.

BY LOUISE J. STRONG.

"How that woman does sing," said the new neighbor, glancing out at the small house. "I hear her clear over to our place sometimes. Is she always singing?"

"Nearly always," Aunt Cynthia answered, smiling.

"And don't you ever get tired of it?"

"Get tired of it!" cried Uncle Ephraim. "We'd as soon think of getting tired of the birds. And besides she does too much good with her singing for any one to object to."

"Does good with her singing!" the neighbor exclaimed. "Why, how can that be?"

"Oh, she just lifts folks right up out of their troubles or temptations, and sets them on their feet again, as one might say," Uncle Ephraim replied.

"And ill-temper, too," put in Aunt Cynthia.

"Yes, ill-temper, too," Uncle Ephraim admitted. "When we were building the new front here, I used to notice what an effect her singing had on the men. Gloomy days, especially, they'd sometimes be cross and snappish, but when she'd roll out 'Park Street' or 'Antioch' in that whole-souled way she has, the men would brighten up and it wouldn't be long till they'd be humming and whistling with her. You remember about Deacon Jones and Silas Barlow, don't you, Cynthia?"

Aunt Cynthia nodded and laughed back at Uncle Ephraim's twinkling eyes.

"Mayn't I hear about it?" the neighbor pleaded.

"Why, you see," Uncle Ephraim explained, "The deacon and Silas'd had a disagreement about a hog some way. I never understood

just how it was, but they held it as a grudge against each other and hadn't spoken for some time. Barlow was helping me one day, and just after dinner the deacon happened in of an errand. They felt obliged to give each other a surly nod being at a neighbor's so, but they looked like bull dogs ready to growl any minute. And in fact the growling had begun, for after he settled about his errand the deacon began to bluster at Silas, when Mrs. Adams sat down to her machine at the open window there and commenced to sew and sing 'Blest be the tie that binds.' And you've never heard it sung as she sings it, every word alive from beginning to end. The deacon had stopped when she began, and after fidgeting uneasily a bit, got up to go home, but he didn't. He waited and listened, and as she went on with it he got red and ashamed looking, and glanced at Silas, and Silas glanced at him; and by the time she'd finished they were shaking hands and the old quarrel was done with."

"That was good," said the neighbor. "Did she do it on purpose?"

"Oh no," returned Uncle Ephraim. "I don't suppose she knew anything about the row between the deacon and Silas; if she had she wouldn't have thought she could do anything to help it. She sings because her heart is full of love, and trust and praise, and it carries messages of help without any planning of hers, like the bow drawn at a venture, you know. Tell her about Joe Peters, Cynthia."

"Joe was a hard drinker," Aunt Cynthia began, "and had got down pretty low before he was converted and joined the church. He took the pledge, too, of course, and held out for months and worked steady, then he fell and had a regular drunken spree. The poor fellow was so ashamed of it, and sorry for it afterwards, and confessed to the church and said 'he guessed they might as well let him go.' But we wouldn't do that of course; as long as he would try we would stand by him. We knew that he would have a warfare getting the better of his appetite and habits, and no one expected him to always conquer; though there were some who thought he ought not to have been taken into the church until he'd proved himself reformed."

"As if one must stay away and get good first," interjected Uncle Ephraim.

"Well," Aunt Cynthia went on, "it was a good while after Joe's fall and he'd worked regular and hadn't drank a drop; when one afternoon I happened to look out and saw him clinging to our fence as if he wasn't able to stand up alone. I thought he was drunk, but when I got up to him I found he was as sober as myself, but he seemed to be in a dreadful trouble, or distress of some kind. His face was white and the sweat was just pouring down it. 'Aunt Cynthia,' he cried, 'it's a tough fight, but I mean to win yet.' And I knew what he meant, and pulled him inside and straight into the kitchen where I had a pot of coffee, with a pinch of black pepper in it, ready in a few minutes, and I made him drink it strong and hot. Mrs. Adams had been singing all this time, but I hadn't paid much attention, until by and by when Joe felt better he said, 'I'd a gone under then sure, Aunt Cynthia, if it hadn't been for her', and he motioned toward the window. 'The dreadful craving took me so bad that I thought I couldn't stand it any longer, and I was hurrying to the saloon, and when I got

out here she began that hymn, 'My soul, be on thy guard'; (Joe came regular to prayer-meeting and he'd learned a good many hymns,) 'and that brought me up short and I got hold of the fence and listened, and vowed I'd hang on there and die before I'd give in to it.'

'Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down.'

"Mrs. Adams sang, loud and clear, and Joe stopped to listen. That hymn is a favorite of hers, and sometimes she sings it through two or three times before she gets enough of it; and she went on. Joe listening, and praying, I don't doubt (I know I was), and getting stronger with every line. And when he got up at last to go, if that blessed soul didn't break out like a bugle call, 'Soldiers of Christ arise,' you know how it goes in the third and fourth lines—

'Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.'

"And Joe wiped his eyes and said, 'Aunt Cynthia, I haven't kept my armor on and been as watchful as I ought; I've trusted too much to my own strength instead of being strong in him; I'm going to begin again.' And he shook hands and went away, looking as if he had a good grip on himself again. At the gate he paused and smiled back at me while she sang:

'From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray'

"And Joe always stood firm after that and is a well-to-do, respected man to-day," Aunt Cynthia finished.

The new neighbor smiled, though her eyes were wet, as in the pause the clear voice, with the whirr of the machine as an accompaniment, bore to them the triumphant paean, "Joy to the world, the Lord has come."

"Then you remember Mrs. Ellison, Cynthia, tell her about that," Uncle Ephraim urged.

"It makes me love Mrs. Adams just to think of that," Aunt Cynthia said, looking across at the unconscious singer. "Mrs. Ellison had met with a sudden and heart-breaking affliction. Her husband and two sons, all she had in the world, had gone up to the lakes for a few weeks' fishing, and they were all drowned together. Only one of the bodies was found, that of the eldest son, and he was brought home and buried." Mrs. Ellison was like a crazy woman walking the house day and night as long as her strength held out, then lying like one dead till she had strength to walk again. She didn't eat nor sleep, nor shed a single tear; she seemed dazed and hardened, and shocked some of the extra good people by the reckless things she said; but I tried not to judge her, it was a fearful trial and I might feel and do the same if I had it to go through. The house was full nearly all the time, we all felt so sorry for the poor thing and wanted so much to help her. The minister came every day and prayed for her, and she sat bolt upright and listened unmoved with dry, bright eyes, and a face of stone. He kept telling her that she must bow to the rod or be broken; and he prayed in the same way, calling on God to show her the sin for which she was being punished, and teach her to repent of her rebellious spirit. He was a good enough man, but he had never been softened and melted in the furnace of affliction, and I didn't wonder that she grew harder and wilder under his ministrations. The doctor said she was in danger of permanent mental derangement unless something

could be done to relieve the strain she was under, but his medicine didn't seem to affect her; and nothing we said or did touched her. Mrs. Adams had not been here long then, and was not acquainted with Mrs. Ellison, but she is a sympathetic woman and had lost her husband and children, and I was not surprised to see her come into the room a few days after the funeral. Mrs. Ellison had walked her strength away, and was sitting on the sofa with some of us bathing her head, for we would do such things, though she didn't seem to notice. She had been raving wildly, and the minister had just gone away shaking his head over her hardened condition. Mrs. Adams didn't say a word, but sat down by Mrs. Ellison and put her arms around her and pulled her close, and rocked back and forth as if she were hushing a grieving child and began to sing, so soft, and tender, and pleading—

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly—

"The house was as still as death, no one moved or scarcely breathed, while Mrs. Adams poured out her beseeching prayer, for it sounded just like the prayer of a poor soul sinking and imploring help, and as if it knew the help would come, too.

"All through the first verse Mrs. Ellison's face kept its stony, defiant expression; it was like the marble face of a dead woman anyhow, but for the burning eyes. But when Mrs. Adams sang, 'Other refuge have I none' it began to quiver like water that is swept by a strong wind, and when she reached—

'Leave, oh leave me not alone'—

the poor thing began to gasp, and moan, and wailed out—"Oh no! no! leave me not alone!" (For you see all she had had been taken from her at once.) And then such great waves of grief and anguish rolled over her that we feared her frail, worn body would never come through. Mrs. Adams sang on and on, just those two first verses over and over, her voice trembling and breaking, her own tears running down unheeded on the stricken head that lay upon her bosom. When the storm had spent itself we carried the poor, exhausted creature to bed, and Mrs. Adams sat by her and held her hand and softly sang her to sleep."

Aunt Cynthia smiled through her tears, and the new neighbor, with streaming eyes, looked across at the singer and said, "God bless the dear soul! No wonder you say her singing does good."

"Yes, God bless her!" echoed Uncle Ephraim, heartily. "I call her a real missionary, for she is always spreading the gospel abroad, and lifting the burden for some one, and bringing back wanderers. And no one will be more surprised than she, when we all come up over there and tell what she has done for us."—*The Standard*.

A LITTLE boy declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength." He was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength." He said, "Well, I'll tell you. You see we live on the fourth floor of this tenement; and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept down in the basement. Mother is dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong; so I see to it that the coal-hod is never empty. I lug the coal up four flights of stairs all by myself. And it's a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get it up here. Now isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"

Woman's Work.

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

"To TALK with God, no breath is lost;
Talk on, talk on!
To walk with God, no strength is lost;
Walk on, walk on!
To wait on God, no time is lost;
Wait on, wait on!"

MR. SPURGEON said on one occasion, to one of his students who was complaining that he did not have results, that the reason for it was, he did not expect them. Let us expect results from our efforts this coming year.

"WHERE your treasure is, there will your heart be also." We know the record of those who lay up treasures for themselves and are not rich toward God. Christ for our sakes became poor that we might become rich in all that is necessary to make us heirs of his kingdom. Do we realize that our gifts, given in the name of the Master are treasures laid up to our account in Heaven? Christ stands over against the treasury. Let us give him our best service, our best gifts.

AMERICAN Christians would surely be touched if they could see how some of the native Christians are trying to meet their responsibilities. Few days pass in which village Christians do not send or bring something for their churches. I have lately received small sums of money from five towns; fourteen loads of firewood were brought, on their heads, by Christians from a town ten miles away; firewood, vegetables and grass from Christians in a town seven miles away; fodder and firewood from Christians in a town four miles away. The people are doing what they can, in the matter of self-support, but their poverty is so deep that the gifts are necessarily small.—*Missionary Herald*

NOT many months ago, the services in one of our Indian churches in the far West were rudely disturbed by a procession of white settlers, who were rushing past the little church, in a wild scramble to get possession of a reservation which had just been thrown open to settlement. When the services had closed, as the devout congregation of Indians was coming out of the building, the procession was at its height. "What are those Indians saying?" asked our synodical missionary of the Indian teacher, as he observed them in animated conversation with one another; and the reply was: "They are saying, referring to the possession of white settlers, 'Just look at those heathen!'"—*Church at Home and Abroad*.

LAWRENCE'S TRAMP:

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Written by request for the SABBATH RECORDER.

I

There really wasn't anything else to do just then, so he curled himself up on the window-seat. Out of doors "not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." He couldn't even see if any of his friends were nodding to him from across the wide street, for the heavy rain shut everybody in, and left him all alone by himself. In fact he wasn't sure but what he was beginning to feel quite lonesome, and for fear that he might be tempted to disturb Mamma's letter-writing, or "bother" Lena down stairs in the kitchen, he fell to watching the rain fill the "coat-of-arms," and then splash it out for the mere fun of filling it up again.

Just here you will want to know what the "coat-of-arms" was. Perhaps I ought to have begun by saying that the Black family was practically the Baby, and that since he had come into the world he had inspired a great many queer things—this being one of them. Not content with buying a lot in the suburbs for his health, or building the house to suit his convenience, they had the sidewalk made "warranted not to trip;" and to cap the climax of all their fond foolishness, in the soft concrete of that walk, they had him press his little bare foot for a "family coat-of-arms." And there it remains to this day, a clear imprint of the dearest foot that ever pattered down an Englewood street.

But to go back to the boy and the footprint: it seemed very small and faint out there in the mist, and it occurred to Lawrence to look at his own foot as a mere matter of comparison. It was a long time ago—quite two years, Mamma said—since it was made. One would think that with all the porridge he had eaten there might be a greater difference. Goodness, the porridge! How many bowls of it do you suppose he had had since then? One breakfast a day—he was sure he hadn't missed one—seven days—it made him quite dizzy to calculate even if he could remember the number of weeks in a month. Oh dear, it was quite discouraging! But wait! If he hadn't grown in one direction, perhaps he might in another. He slid down briskly from his perch and made for a row of marks on the wall. Bracing himself against it, by a series of skillful manœuvres, he managed to keep his fingers above his head while he crawled out from underneath: it was just like "wringing the dish-cloth" all by oneself. Was he really any taller? He tried it again. Honest truly, he was! Surely now since he was getting on so nicely he wouldn't need to eat quite so much oatmeal of a morning. Why couldn't he share it with some one who had a harder time at growing than he did? But then everybody else had porridge too.

Then he went and looked out of the window again. This time there was a solitary figure moving through the thick mist. And a very queer figure it was. The fantastic reflection following below in the wet sidewalk made him out even more tattered and dripping than he really was. Lawrence was sure that he had never seen anyone at all like him. Who could he be? And as the man, hesitating, lifted his face toward the windows, the eyes of the two met in a mutual questioning glance. Then somehow the same mist that separated them seemed to shut the strange man in with him, as if they two were all alone in the whole wide world together. It made him feel a trifle queer, though not at all afraid; he didn't know whether he ought to nod or not; the man might not like strange little boys speaking to him. But before he had time to decide, the figure had disappeared around the house. Lawrence went 'round too, only indoors instead of out. He made for the back stairs and sat down deliberately to eavesdrop. Soon he heard a knock, followed by Lena's shuffling steps, then a queer voice asked for something to eat. Lena said no, and shut the door with a bang, but not before the same voice had had time to add in a still queerer tone,

"I'm very hungry—an' I'm willin' to work." So after all there was somebody who didn't

have enough porridge. Papa had never told him that.

When you happen to know just where Mamma is it doesn't take long to find her.

"Oh, Mamma, there's a strange gentleman at the back door. He says he's *very* hungry, but Lena won't give him anything to eat. Please can't he have something—quick, before he's gone!"

"Of course, dear, open your window and call to him."

And that was how Lawrence's tramp came back.

II

It gives you a very comfortable feeling about the heart on a rainy day to watch some one eat who has been quite hungry, and who would have kept on growing more hungry if it hadn't been for you. One gets to thinking that the world's made up of papas and mamas, cooks and grocery men, little boys and girls—all with plenty of porridge—which is evidently a tremendous mistake, though he shouldn't have known it if it hadn't been for this gentleman; he was really very much obliged to him for coming. And as he sat in the kitchen with a pair of brown legs crossed under his kilts, it occurred to him to express this idea. Somebody ought to say something. The gentleman was so busy eating that probably he hadn't noticed it, but it had been a long time since Lena had asked if he took cream in his coffee.

"I'm very glad that you heard me tap on the window and came back," he broke in bravely. The man mumbled something in his beard for reply. Although Lawrence didn't understand what it was, he was quite delighted at the way in which the conversation was getting on.

"I didn't know"—he always spoke quite slowly. Papa Black had a great many ideas about education, and this was one of them: that little folks should talk correctly from the very first.

"I didn't know there were any people who couldn't have all they wanted to eat whenever they were hungry." Although he didn't put this as a question, he would have liked to have had an answer, but as none came, he went on.

"Are there any little boys like me who don't?"

"Oh, Master Lawrence, you'd better run up to your Mamma, an' not be hearin' 'bout hungry folks," interrupted Lena, which was very rude of her. It made him hurry on to the next question without waiting for an answer to the last.

"I was just going to ask the gentleman why he didn't go home for something to eat." The man pushed his chair back so suddenly from the table that Lawrence was afraid that he hadn't liked being asked so many questions. He was very sorry; he hadn't meant to be rude.

"Oh, I didn't know you were so near through. Please wait a minute," and running toward him, he took the man's fingers in his, and pushed him gently back toward the chair.

"I've just had a birthday. I'm four years old, and Grandma sent me such a lot of things. I'd like to put some of them in your pocket before you go."

As he helped stow the fruit into the ragged pockets, he kept chatting and smiling to the face above him. It was a very funny, fuzzy

face, he thought, but not one to be afraid of—as Lena seemed to be. He was extremely sorry when it was all done. There were so many things he would like to know: Why was it that when there was so much to eat in the world any one should go hungry? He didn't like to think it was his grocery man's fault. Perhaps somebody else's grocery man was to blame. Then he looked up into the strange gentleman's face again. He was still standing by the door, his queer old cap in his hands. It was very polite of him not to put it on in the house. Was he really going to talk to him at last? He seemed to be trying to, he thought. Finally he spoke with a visible effort,

"You've given me the first kind words, little boy, that I've had in more'n three months." Lawrence's eyes grew big with astonishment; what had he said? What other kind of words were there?

"God,"—so the gentlemen knew about him too—

"God'll allers be very good to you." Then the door was closed quite gently and he was alone with Lena and the empty plate.

III.

Three weeks brought the spring like a resurrection to the brown earth again. There were blossoms on the topmost boughs, and the robins were reconnoitering for nests. In the kitchen doorway Lena stood heavy-eyed. The spring and the sunshine seemed mocking her; she would not look at them. But a footstep on the walk forced her reluctant eyes at last. She was hardly surprised as she recognized Lawrence's tramp, as they had come to call him.

"So the little fellow's dead," he said abruptly. "I just heard it. I can't believe it somehow."

"Yes," Lena answered simply. "They took him away yesterday." Then the two stood silent in the sunshine; the girl, half-fearful of the rough figure; the man, embarrassed and subdued.

"Ain't you got a picture of him I could see?" he finally asked with an effort. A wave of suspicion swept across the trusty servant's mind.

"What do you want of a picture?" In the silence that followed a recollection rose like a swift rebuke. She turned toward the patient figure and poured it all out to him: How the strange face and the new experience had fastened themselves upon the child's active little brain; how throughout all the fever he had lived it over again; how incessantly he had repeated the man's last words to him, and this had been the last thing he had ever said. When she had ended, the man's face was hidden in the shadow of his cap.

"I'm going to stay—here—on these steps," he said huskily, "I'm goin' to stay till you show me a picture. It ain't likely I could hurt anythin' belongin' to him."

There was something in face and voice that at last opened the screen door like a talisman.

"There's a big picture of him in the parlor. You're welcome to come in," she said bravely. "Mis' Black ain't to home; but I'll make it all right with her." A moment later the two figures stood in the presence of those great brown eyes set in the pale, serious face.

"The doctor told them ther'd allers been a trouble 'bout his heart. He couldn't have

lived to grow up anyway," said Lena softly after a while.

"Mis' Black says perhaps after all it was just God's way of bein' good to him—his dyin' when he did."

The man—such a quaint figure in the dainty room—seemed scarcely to hear her.

"The fust kind words," he began huskily, speaking as if to the face above him. Then his voice broke utterly and, hiding his face in his cap, he sobbed like a lost child.

"Oh I mean," he began again under his breath, then paused as if some past remembrance suddenly blotted out his surety, "With God's help, I mean to be a better man."

Sometimes in the twilight, the imprint of her child's bare foot out there in the cold is too much for her mother heart, and she steals out and covers it softly. There is never a night that she does not pray God to lead the stranger back to her door; then a thought comes to chide her: Perhaps it was her child's mission—the mission of a candle flickering for a moment, yet long enough to light a lonely soul. And so, though she can never be sure, she trusts that somewhere, with God's help, Lawrence's tramp is "being a better man."

HELEN WORTHINGTON ROGERS.

THE DIVINE MEASURING ROD.

Let us measure our duty in giving. What shall be the measuring rod?

1. Your capacity. "She hath done what she could."

2. Opportunity. "As ye have opportunity do good unto all men."

3. Your convictions. "That servant which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes."

4. The necessities of others. "If a brother or a sister be naked, or destitute of daily food," etc.

5. The providence of God. "Let every man lay by him in store as God has prospered him."

6. Symmetry of character. "Abound in this grace also."

7. Your own happiness. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

8. God's glory. "Honor God with your substance."—*Selected.*

FRESH ENTHUSIASM.

We once heard Wendell Phillips give one of his noted lectures which had every quality that goes to make up high excellence, except one. The subject of the lecture was interesting, for it was Daniel O'Connell the Irish Agitator. The speaker evidently had been greatly interested in the subject, when, many years before he had written the lecture, for was he not himself at that time the New England Agitator? The lecture was well written; it abounded in striking rhetorical passages, and it was delivered with that grace of gesture and ease and beauty of utterance which gave the speaker a foremost place among the platform speakers of his day.

But the truth was that the lecture, in spite of its faultless structure and nearly faultless delivery, was a flat failure as an utterance about an Agitator. It did not agitate. Not a pulse in that audience was quickened by it. The speaker had lost interest in his subject and he could not create in his hearers an in-

terest which was not present in his own soul. He had been interested in the subject years before, but at the time of speaking he was a man well advanced in years, the night was stormy, the audience was not large, he was lecturing to fulfill a contract, and there was not a flash of fresh enthusiasm in the entire lecture. So far as the earnest, fiery, enthusiastic oratory of his early anti-slavery days was concerned, it was almost a post-mortem utterance. It did not thrill the soul with the electric power of contemporary enthusiasm.

And this is the main lack of much of our present day preaching. The soul of the speaker is not on fire with fresh enthusiasm. His subjects may be intrinsically interesting, he knows that he ought to be interested in them, he was interested once; but at the time of speaking, the keen, bright blaze of genuine enthusiasm, the kindled and enkindling fervor of an earnest soul does not attract the attention and thrill the emotion of his hearers. This is by no means true of all preachers, but it is true of too many. A fresh fire for the special occasion does not glow on the homiletical hearth. It is well enough to start the fire with the manuscript of an old sermon—though some of them should be used to start fires of another kind—but fresh fuel should be added, or the doctrinal backlog and practical foresticks should be arranged in a special manner to suit the occasion. Some preachers seem to be trying to warm their own hands over the dull embers of a long-covered preparation, or they use unseasoned or ill-selected fuel which requires much blowing and produces more smoke than light and heat. When such is the case it fares ill with chilly souls farther away from the fire.

Every interesting and influential preacher from Christ down has spoken with the glow of a fresh enthusiasm. The truths which form the subject matter of preaching are old, but the fire of actual utterance must be new. The coal which glows in your grate is the condensed sunlight of millions of years ago, but the fire must be trimmed afresh and afresh to make it the attractive center of the home.

Many ministers are now coming home from their annual vacations. They ought to be able to preach with fresh physical force, but it is even more important that the people should feel in the message of the pulpit the uplifting power of a glad, fresh enthusiasm.

How shall it be gained? How can we miss it, if we open our souls, as we should, to be filled with all the fulness of God? With such a gospel to preach, with such a glorious example before us as he whose soul was on fire with the zeal of God's house, our souls aglow with the celestial fire of the Holy Spirit, with the enthusiasm of God in us—for that is what the word means—with the world's need all around us, with such a glorious stand as the cross and with such a good fight inviting us as the good fight of faith; with such incentives to emotion, thought and action our souls should have as little reason to be dull and cold as Mauna Loa has to be dull and cold when all its volcanic fires are alight.

But our full need, which is also our full privilege and full duty, is not fresh enthusiasm in ministers alone, but in the entire membership of the churches of Christendom. When Sheridan rode twenty miles from Winchester to turn the Union defeat of Cedar

Creek into a victory, it could not have been done if the enthusiasm of that decisive afternoon had burned under the army blue of the leader alone. But when he reached the scene of the fight and galloped through his retreating soldiers, shouting, "Face the other way, boys! We are going back!" his entire army was re-organized and strengthened to renew the conflict by the inspiration of a fresh enthusiasm, and following "Fighting Phil," they won a great victory that day.

We have a Captain whose enthusiasm never flags, a Captain who never orders a retreat, but who always faces his soldiers toward the front and leads them on to victory. If all who have named the name of Christ should follow him closely in the campaign just before us, what would be some of the results? Every day would mark an advance, every week would record victories, every missionary society would pay its debts and enlarge its work with its enlarging income, every church would be the center of local triumphs, every member would be strengthened by the direct reception of the Holy Spirit and by the reflect action of duties done, and there would be great joy on earth as well as joy in heaven over many captives won to Christ.—*The Advance.*

BROTHERHOOD.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race,
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this Event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.

MY THIRD TALK WITH CHARLIE DANVERS.

BY JAMES BENTON.

One evening in September, 1899, I took the steamer "Saratoga" from the foot of West 10th. St. New York, for a trip up the Hudson. I was nearly "down sick" with a severe cold, and was in no mood to talk with Danvers, or any one else. The next morning found me going eastward, on the Fitchburg Railroad, toward the famous Hoosack Tunnel. (You can spell that old Dutch name, Hoosic, or Hoosac or Hoosack, and still be within the possibility of custom). It was a bright morning. The sun, though brilliant, was a little removed, just far enough to permit a delicious coolness in the air, as though Summer had bidden that latitude "good-bye," and Autumn was crowding into the vacated place without much ceremony. The landscape coloring, especially on the hills, was delightfully rich and varied. The sunshine color ran through all the hues from yellow-gray to burnished gold. Purple revelled in profusion, from the wild asters to the royal hues of the white Ash trees on the hill-sides. Red flamed out on all occasions, and when the Sumac came to the front, great scarlet blotches appeared as though arterial bloodstains had followed the murder of some child of Summer. It was a succession of proofs that God loves beauty.

We were watching the gliding panorama of changing attractions, from the window of the car, when Danvers broke the silence by saying, "See that field of goldenrod. It is a

pale, sickly gray. As a specimen of arrested development, it is a success. As goldenrod, it is a superb failure." "What do you think ails it?" said I. "Poor soil," said Danvers, sententiously.

After a minute he went on: "Some Christians are like that field. They have plenty of forms, and creed enough to fill a book; but when you come to the question of a rich, golden life, they fail. I often wonder what God will do with that sort of people when they get to heaven. They must grow faster than they do on earth, or it will take half of eternity to make them presentable. I wonder that God does not get out of patience with them.

I knew that Danvers was much given to searching out causes, so after an interruption caused by the stopping of the train at a station where two men came to the express car and carried a box away, which was too heavy for one man, but which the two carried with ease, Danvers said, "that is the way to do things, when the load is heavy let everybody lift." I drew him out farther, by saying: "What makes the lives of those people you compared to that gray goldenrod, so poor?" "Well," he said, speaking slowly, "I think it is more because of the character of their thoughts than anything else. They are not bad people, as the world goes. They attend church, when the weather is good, give a little something by way of money, and live uprightly enough to avoid scandal. But they never think about God, or good, truth, or duty. They are not so 'Turribly overworldly,' as Uncle John would say, but they do not think that doing God's work is their personal duty. It is common every-day thinking that makes or breaks men. Thinking and meditation are prime factors in our mental and moral development. Poor intellectual soil, poor social soil, poor religious soil, and poverty of soul-life, in general, result from what men do not think. Read a man's thoughts and you will know his character."

The conductor came through the train punching tickets. The news-boy called out his papers, and for a time nothing more was said. Finally Danvers turned to me: "What have you got to say about my yellow-gray, goldless goldenrod Christians?" I replied: "What I have to say is of little account, but I know what my friend, the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, would say—he is the man I told you of who always wants me to write a story for his paper because he can not get people to read his heavy editorials—he would say that no small share of their yellowish-grayness comes because they do not read a good religious paper. He insists that every man ought to take his "denominational paper," whether he takes a "local paper," or not. Making all allowance for the fact that he is an interested witness, I am inclined to believe that he is right. I know that in political matters the man who does not have a party paper, one which supports what he pretends to believe, does not amount to much." A good mechanic reads the *Scientific American*, and good Christians read religious papers. Good Methodists are not content with taking their "county paper," and a ten cent "daily."

Just then the brakeman called out the station where I was to leave the Fitchburg train. I gathered myself up, and out, while the train slid on toward the famous hole through the mountain which makes it possible for a ceaseless steam of travel to pass from Chicago to Boston without going round by New York.

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

? Only Three Sermons?

AS I OPENED the RECORDER this morning, the first thing that met my eye was Sindall's interrogation point. After reading the article I hunted up a program of our last General Conference, and sure enough there were but three sermons for the entire six days; that is, only three exercises called sermons. Two thoughts at once came to me: "Sermons in stones and running brooks," and "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." Now I did not have the pleasure of attending the Conference, but is it true that there were but *three* sermons? What about those four addresses Wednesday evening on "Spiritual Life"? What about those papers on "Higher Education for Women"? What about the "President's Message," the sunrise prayer-meetings, the devotional exercises, the singing of the College Quartets? I presume that in these instances no text was taken, but I feel sure that many of them were *sermons* none the less.

Then again, we are not all alike; what seems to some people "long, dry reports" may be to others very interesting and instructive, and it is equally true that what seems to some people "the warm, living gospel" may be to others a "long, dry sermon." The older men in our denomination tell us that a generation ago the time at our Conferences was taken up largely in discussions, having the nature of partisan debates. As I look over the program for our last Conference, it seems to me that the "warm, living gospel" is seen at every point, that the reading of reports has been cut down and condensed until it occupies very little time as compared with its real importance. Of course it is hardly to be expected that First-day people would be interested in the discussion of resolutions of the Tract Board; but such discussions are necessary to the work of the Board, and, call it selfish if you like, the object of the annual meeting of the Board is to interest our own people and not First-day people. Suppose, Bro. Sindall, you hunt up your programs for the last Conference and write "sermon" wherever you find "address," "paper," or "report." You will then find instead of *three* sermons (if I mistake not), *thirty-seven* sermons, besides the prayer-meetings, devotional services, and many other exercises which doubtless were just as helpful and just as full of the warm living gospel as these sermons were.

We are not the Only Ones.

ABOUT the next thing I noticed in the RECORDER was Bro. Randolph's reference to the Imperial Quartet and to the solo after a sermon. Now I am not trying to get up an argument, nor do I venture to get in the way when Bro. Randolph takes out his hobbies for occasional exercise, for I should surely be run over; I often feel more like climbing a tree. What I want to say is this: I have found as I grow older that I have to put forth an effort to keep in sympathy with kinds of work and methods of work that are wholly different from those I am myself following. Unless I am careful I become irritated at the way in which some people go about their tasks. I have been prone to become vexed or disgusted at the way some people

read and study the Bible. I want to have more charity and feel more sympathy for others in their way of doing things. And so perhaps it is barely possible that much of the criticism which is dealt out to those who do the singing at church, in chorus and in solo, would be withdrawn if the sincere motive of the singer were understood. Often their way of doing things is so different from that of the evangelist, that the real underlying motives of each are misunderstood. A little more charity then for our trained, accomplished singers.

Appearances Make a Difference.

"HER letters are very interesting, the writing is so pretty." "I did not like her recitation at all, she was laced so tight." These are actual, real quotations. They seem foolish when you stop to reason it out. How could the beauty of penmanship add to the interest of a letter, or how could tight lacing harm a recitation? They could not to a blind man, but they really did in case of a woman whose sensitive nature was affected favorably by the beautiful writing, and unfavorably by the tightly laced form. It is true that the clothes do not make the man, but it is equally true that we are all affected more or less by appearances.

THE following story of an honest boy is told in *Good Words*:

There was a boy who "lived out," named John. Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small farm way up among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the kitchen wood-box, and saw that the postage stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done its duty, and henceforth was useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the nose of the tea-kettle, and very carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said John's conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because, you see, there's no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know."

"But you know," said conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action that he judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John, faintly.

"No one?" cried conscience, "God will know it, and that is enough; and he, you know, desires the truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried all the best part of John's character; "yes, it is cheating to use the postage stamp a second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds. And so John won a victory. Wasn't it worth winning?

SWEETNESS of character and life come out of sanctified trial. Testing softens under divine grace. God's furnace is intended to refine and purify. It is not for us to repine under his chastening and molding operations. He knows the best how to rub off the rough angles, to sweeten the temper, to subdue the wayward spirit and to bring into meekness for heaven.—*Presbyterian*.

THE POET'S DILEMMA.

I've an ending for a poem
That I cannot seem to start;
It would please a Hoosier poet
To the bottom of his heart.
I have tried and tried to work it,
But it's clearly no avail;
It's "the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail."

You can fancy how he'd take it,
And he'd marshal all the birds
For their yearly journey southward
(How he'd find the fittest words!)
And he'd say that they were flying
Over hill and over dale,
To the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail.

But for me the lines are useless,
So I'm going to take my gun,
And I'll hasten to the woodland—
It's a duty to be done.
There I'll quickly make an ending—
As to start I seem to fail—
To the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail.

—*Harper's Weekly*.

A GARFIELD STORY.

W. B. Fasig was surrounded by a knot of horsemen at the Hollenden, answering questions as to the record of this horse and that, until some one twitted him on the excellence of his memory. "Well," he said, "my memory is pretty good, but I can tell you of a man who had a remarkable memory, and that was the late President James A. Garfield. When I was sixteen years old I ran away from school and enlisted in Garfield's regiment, the 42d Ohio. Down in Eastern Kentucky, Garfield, who, although only a colonel, was brigade commander, organized a raid on Pound Gap, a strong position, and personally selected a detachment from each company in the regiment to take part in the attack! I wasn't lucky enough to be selected for the work, but I was crazy to go, and when the cavalry started out I borrowed a mule from the quartermaster when he wasn't looking and went with the mounted troops, who hid me. In due season I found my regiment, tied my mule, and joined the ranks. Well, we took the place. Then I went back to my mule and made tracks for the camp. It was dark, and I lost my way and remained missing five days. After I returned I was marched up to Garfield, who examined me, listened to what I had to say, and then sent me to my tent under arrest, telling me I would be court-martialed. Five minutes later a boat came down the river, carrying Garfield's commission as brigadier general, and ordering him to join Thomas with his command, and in the flurry my case was forgotten. Years after the war I attended a reunion of my regiment in Ashland, and the first thing Garfield said when he saw me was: 'Look here, Fasig, you never had that court-martial I promised you.'"—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

COST OF LITTLE THINGS.

In a recent lecture before the Purdue University Railway Course, by Charles B. Dudley, chief chemist of the Pennsylvania Railroad, it is shown how the costs of the distinctly little things mount up in the offices of a large railway system. For instance, he shows that it costs the Pennsylvania Railroad each year about \$1,000 for pins, \$5,000 for rubber bands, \$5,000 for ink, \$7,000 for lead pencils, etc. The fact that it costs nearly as much for stationery with which to carry on the business of the Pennsylvania Railroad as it does for iron, as Dr. Dudley asserts, is indeed startling. A large amount of money undoubtedly leaks out in the way of careless use of little things. Some roads have realized the extent of waste in such directions, and have, among other measures, ordered that a large part of the communications between their various officials shall be written on pads of manila paper, instead of on regular letter heads.

Children's Page.

GRANDMA AND I.

My grandma talks of the "good old days"
To me and my little brother Ben;
But if you won't tell, I'll whisper to you
That I'm awfully glad I didn't live then.

My grandma's doll couldn't shut up her eyes,
For, you see, they were only daubs of paint,
And her hair was made of raveled yarn,
I tell you, I'm glad that my dolly's ain't!

Such funny books as they used to have,
And the pictures weren't pretty a single bit;
The old New England primer was one—
I guess you'd laugh if you looked at it.

There weren't any furnaces in church,
And sometimes grandma would almost freeze,
And she says, when she was a child like me,
She never had seen any Christmas trees.

My grandma is dear, and wise, and good,
And I love her a lot, but anyhow,
I think that the good new times are the best,
And I'm glad that Benny and I live now.

—Zion's Herald.

THE BIRD'S-NEST VINE.

BY M. S. DANIELS.

It was very strange what had become of Rosalie's hat. She had worn it all day yesterday, and indeed, every day since she came to the country, and now, all at once, it could not be found.

The boys helped her hunt for it, and they searched in every likely and unlikely place they could think of—in the hay-loft, the corn-crib, the orchard, the dairy, the clover meadow, the attic, the dog-kennels, and the chicken-house. But they could not find it.

"Never mind," said Grandma; "I'll make Rosalie a sunbonnet like those I used to wear when I was a little girl."

Such a pretty, dainty pink sunbonnet it was! When Grandpa came in to dinner, and saw Rosalie's brown eyes peeping shyly from under its shade, he took her right up in his arms, and kissed her.

"Well, I declare!" he said. And then he gave her another kiss, and said it again.

"Well, I declare! It's Rosalie Deane herself. The first time I ever saw her, her father brought her to school in a sun-bonnet exactly like that. I wanted to pick her up then and kiss her. But I was a big, bashful boy, and she was a tiny girl, and a stranger. To think I should have the chance after all these years!"

Rosalie laughed, and showed all her dimples. She knew who Rosalie Deane was, and few things pleased her so much as being told she was like dear Grandma.

She liked the pink sunbonnet so well that she had almost forgotten the lost straw sailor, when, one morning, George and Phil came running into the house in a state of great excitement.

"Where's Rosalie? Rosalie! Rosalie! Come and see where we've found your hat!"

Away they all scampered, Phil leading the way to the orchard.

The moment they reached "Old Gnarly," Rosalie remembered all about her hat. She had been up in that tree, which was the easiest tree in the world to climb, when the teabell rang on Tuesday. As she was hastening down, a twig caught the hat from her head, and, instead of stopping to get it, she had run on into the house, thinking she would come back for her hat after tea. And, of course, she had forgotten it, and so the hat had been lost.

"Hold on!" cried George, as she began to scramble up after it.

"Go slow," said Phil, "and don't get too near; there's something in it."

"Is it snakes?" asked Rosalie, anxiously, and drawing back, at which the boys laughed good-naturedly.

"No, no; go on. It won't hurt you," said Phil, encouragingly, "and it's worth seeing."

Rosalie thought it was worth seeing, indeed. She drew a quick breath, and her face turned as pink as her sunbonnet with surprise.

For the crown of her sailor hat was full of grass, feathers, strings, bits of wool, and leaves, with a soft hollow in the middle; and in the hollow was a little white egg, specked with red.

"Come down when you've seen it," called the boys at the foot of the tree. "The birds think it's theirs now, and that you're a robber. They want to go home."

"Well, I declare!" said Grandpa, when they told him about it. "They're bold little rascals, those wrens. We'll have to find some other accommodations for them, or by next summer they'll be taking up lodgings in our pockets. It's pretty late for planting, but I guess we'll have to try and raise some bird's-nest vines yet."

"Bird's-nest vines!" The children looked at him in wonder.

"Yes," Grandpa went on gravely, though there was the twinkle in his eyes with which they had grown familiar during the fortnight they had been on the farm.

"There's a sunny spot by the south garden fence where they ought to grow. We'll sow the seeds there."

The seeds were planted that very afternoon, George and Phil and Rosalie looking on with the greatest interest.

They had innumerable questions to ask about when they would come up, how long they would take to grow, and if they really bore bird's nests. But Grandpa only smiled and told them to wait and see.

How the children watched that little bit of garden! And what rejoicing there was when the first green leaves appeared! They watered and weeded the patch themselves, and loosened the earth around the plants. The vines grew fast, and climbed up over the garden fence. By and by some yellow blossoms came out, and when these fell off, little green balls grew in their places; but there was nothing that looked the least bit like bird's nests.

"Perhaps Grandpa only meant the vines for the birds to build their nests in," said Rosalie; "only I should think they'd be too low."

The green balls grew larger and turned yellow. They looked something like squashes.

"There're nothing but gourds," said George one day in disgust; "the kind Hannah uses to dip water with, you know. Won't Grandpa be disappointed when he finds that he planted the wrong kind of seeds!" For somehow Grandpa never seemed to go near the bird's-nest vines.

Interest in the south garden patch began to flag after this. It was quite late in the summer, and more than a week since any of them had visited it, when one day Grandpa said suddenly:

"I guess the birds' nests must be about ripe."

To their surprise he did not seem to be at all disappointed when they reached the garden.

He just picked off one of the handsome gourds, cut a big slice from the large end, scraped out the inside, and held it up for the little folks to see.

"Won't that make as good a nest as a little girl's hat?"

Three pairs of eyes grew very bright.

"It would make a lovely one," said Rosalie. "But where will you put them? In the apple-trees?"

"The wrens like to come as near to us as they can," said Grandpa; "so how would it do to put them under the eaves of the barn?"

It did seem too bad that they could not see the birds take possession of their new lodgings that season. But it was too late for making any more nests, and these had, after all, been raised for next year, as Grandpa reminded them.

But when they came back to the farm the next summer, there was a row of hollow gourds fastened all along the eaves. And the children never tired of watching the housekeeping of the wrens, from the time when they selected their dwellings—not without a good deal of quarreling—to the day when the last of the young broods flew out into the world to shift for themselves.—*The Outlook.*

THE IRREPARABLE PAST.

The man who has felt with all his soul the significance of time, will not be long in learning any lesson that this world has to teach him. Have you ever felt it, my Christian brethren? Have you ever realized how your own little streamlet is gliding away, and bearing you along with it toward that awful other world of which all things here are but the thin shadows, down into that eternity toward which the confused wreck of all earthly things are bound? Let us realize that, beloved brethren; until that sensation of time, and the infinite meaning which is wrapped up in it, has taken possession of our souls, there is no chance of our ever feeling other than it is worse than madness to sleep that time away. Every day in this world has its work; every day as it rises out of eternity keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, What will you do before to-day has sunk into eternity and nothingness again? And now what have we to say with respect to this strange, solemn thing time? That men do with it through life just what the apostles did for one precious and irreparable hour in the garden of Gethsemane: They go to sleep. Have you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden, which art has so fashioned into a perennial fountain that through the lips or through the hands the clear water flows in a perpetual stream, on and on forever; and the marble stands there—passive, cold—making no effort to arrest the gliding water?

It is so that time flows through the hands of men—swift, never pausing till it has run itself out; and there is the man petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away forever. It is so, brethren, just so, that the destiny of nine men out of ten accomplishes itself, slipping away from them, aimless, useless, till it is too late.—*F. W. Robertson.*

DR. ALEXANDER MACLAREN said recently: "The fountain is in the solitary cleft of the lonely hills and draws its waters from the snows which sparkle on their tops; and the minister to be a power must live alone with God."

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.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.—Many will be pleased to know that Harold Santee, of this place and church, who has been seriously sick in Rhode Island with typhoid fever, is now convalescing, and hopes soon to be at home.

Last Sabbath was a beautiful October day, with the thermometer at 84 degrees in the shade. The weather for the past two weeks has shown a marked contrast with the snow storm of Sept. 30, and a few succeeding cold days. The church attendance was fifty, several more than the resident and non-resident membership. Forty-five remained to the Sabbath-school. Four of those present have recently commenced observing the Sabbath, and another one proposes to commence keeping it this week, and others we expect to follow. "The fields are white and ready for the harvest." This little church hopes sometime to have a Seventh-day Baptist house of worship in this city. You who wish to see this desire materialized will doubtless have a chance to help soon.

OCTOBER 19, 1899.

HARTSVILLE, N. Y.—A Christian Endeavor Society has recently been organized and is progressing finely, and a good interest is manifested. The meetings are held the evening after the Sabbath. At the close of the prayer and conference meeting the Pastor usually speaks on the topic of the evening for fifteen or twenty minutes.

The drought has been very severe in this section this season, and many wells and springs are dry. It is a mystery how potatoes that have scarcely had a thorough rain since they were planted, can yield a hundred bushels of large beautiful potatoes to the acre. And the farmers have been surprised by good crops of oats and some other things, so the outlook is much more hopeful than it seemed possible at one time.

The mother and five children in one of our families have had the typhoid fever, but all are well now, or about. The low water in their well was possibly the cause.

OCTOBER 19, 1899.

WEST HALLOCK, ILL.—On Sabbath-day, September 30, the brief pastorate of two and three-fourth years at West Hallock came to a close. It is only natural that the ties between those working for the up-building of Christ's kingdom should grow stronger as the days and years go by. So there were mutual regrets that these ties binding pastor and people together should so soon be broken by the pastor's call to another field of labor. But it was a great satisfaction to notice, in the sadness of these closing weeks of labor, the practical Christian sense to regard the matter as the Lord's ordering. It was one of the pastor's many pleasant experiences with this people to be assured of their co-operation in his efforts to make these closing days the most blessed and fruitful of all his work among them, "redeeming the time." The prayer-meetings were better attended, and more tender and helpful. We shall always remember the general and hearty co-operation of all in the missionary rally conducted by the C. E. Society, on Sab-

bath afternoon, Sept. 23, an account of which we have looked for in the RECORDER.

It is not for us to measure results of our own work for the Lord. We can only pray that he will greatly multiply the seed sown, and that in the coming years the harvest may be gathered. It still waits in its richness and abundance. God send some anointed worker to reap the whitening field!

But it is for us to express our heartfelt gratitude for the many tokens of kindness and good-will received at the hands of the West Hallock people. May the Lord bless them richly, every one. These years with their joys and sorrows, their hopes and disappointments, are recorded. No unpleasant memory shall linger with us unless it be the memory of imperfection in the work we have tried to do. But there will remain with us the helpful influences of social and religious intercourse with the people. Under God's blessing these have brought to us a deeper religious experience which we hope will make us more successful in the field to which we go.

T. J. VAN HORN.

OUR POINT OF VIEW.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh;
Long as the tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns
And loyal Hope survives,
And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives.
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.
—Alfred Austin, in "Songs of England."

CORRECTION.

The "Sketch of the Dodge Centre Seventh-day Baptist church" in the RECORDER of Oct. 2, 1899, has two items which are not quite correct. It says my first sermon was preached in September, 1861. My record made at that time reads: "June 8, 1861, Sabbath. At the house of Mr. Joel Tappan, here in Wasioja, Dodge county, Minn., I preached my first sermon." Then follow the text and an outline of the sermon.

Also the statement that "the church licensed S. R. Wheeler" to preach the gospel is a mistake, unless the verbal and personal invitation by that noble Christian man, Dea. Nathan M. Burdick, could be called a license. I never have had it in mind that there ever was any church action taken concerning a license. By this I would not detract anything from the encouragement which the church gave me at that time. That encouragement was highly appreciated. But the regular written license was given June 7, 1863, by the First Alfred church.

The following is a copy and may be of service to somebody:

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., June 23, 1863.

Samuel R. Wheeler:

Dear Brother:—The first Seventh-day Baptist church in Alfred, of which you are a member, at a regular church meeting held on the 7th inst, adopted a Resolution approving of your being licensed to preach the Gospel.

By these presents you are therefore authorized to conduct the public worship of God; to expound his Word; and to do whatever is assigned to the Christian ministry, excepting rule and government, and the administration of the ordinances; for these you must receive ordination by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery.

The work to which you are called is great and honorable, but of fearful responsibility.

May the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls give you grace to make full proof of your ministry; in all things showing yourself a pattern of good works; in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, and sound speech that cannot be condemned.

And when your work is done may he crown you with the glory reserved for those who have turned many to righteousness."

Done by order of the church,

N. V. HULL, Moderator.

D. R. STILLMAN, Clerk.

This document was well written without blot or blemish and is one of the choice papers preserved with care through all the years. I had not heard a word of this action of the church till the paper was given to me. The circumstance is fresh in mind now. It was evening. Bro. O. U. Whitford and myself were taking a walk, getting refreshed for the night's work of study. It was war time when three hundred thousand and then "three hundred thousand more" were called by "Father Abraham" to become soldiers. Bro. Stillman was the enrolling officer. He enrolled us both as subject to the draft then ordered. After this he presented to me the plain brown envelope holding within this precious license. After telling me its import, I said: "Well you enrolled me for the war, and now you give me a license to preach the gospel. I do not know which is the worst." This expression shows something of the weight which came upon me as I thought of the greatness of the work which the license called me to do. As I have thought of this remark since, I have thought: It is much better to preach the gospel of "Peace on earth and good-will to men" than to go to war to kill and be killed.

This license was endorsed by the First Seventh-day Baptist church of Hopkinton, R. I., February 21, 1864. Signed, Paul Babcock, Moderator; N. R. Lewis, Clerk.

This license was endorsed by the Second Seventh-day Baptist church of Hopkinton, R. I., where I was engaged in my first year's work of preaching, May 21, 1864. Signed, B. P. Langworthy, Clerk.

As I read over the last paragraph of the license, I realize that much the larger part of my work is now done. While regretting failures and shortcomings, it is a joy to know that God has used me to turn some "to righteousness." There is resting by and by, and the "crown" will come in due time.

S. R. WHEELER.

BOULDER, Colo., Oct. 8, 1899.

ON HAVING A SORE THUMB.

The Man—With—a—Sore—Thumb had been pouring out his grievances to Uncle Bez. Somehow or other, everybody seemed to have pick of some sort or other, at the Man—With—a—Sore—Thumb. The minister had not called on him to pray at prayer-meeting last Wednesday night; he wasn't appointed on any of the committees at the last church-meeting; the minister's wife hadn't called on his wife for nearly four weeks, and altogether he had about made up his mind that he was not wanted in the church any longer.

"My dear brother," said Uncle Bez, "you must have a very sore thumb, indeed!"

"What do you mean?" asked the man, looking down at his hands.

"Why, you are getting so many unnecessary raps," replied Uncle Bez. "Don't you know when you have a sore thumb how everything gets in its way, how you are always

knocking it against something? And yet, you don't blame the things, for you know that it is only because your thumb is tender and 'touchy.' Well, whenever I find a man who thinks that he is getting knocks from everything and everybody, I begin to suspect that there is a sore thumb about him some place. Don't you think maybe that is what's the matter with you?

"When a man is not feeling just right in his own heart, he's pretty apt to imagine that everybody else is feeling the same way toward him. He gets suspicious and 'touchy.' But when a man's heart is full of Christian love, he takes it for granted that his brothers and sisters feel in the same way, and that they love him as much as he loves them. And what's more, it's true; love begets love; courtesy breeds courtesy. And, on the other hand, hate breeds hate, and ill-temper ill-temper. If you want to get 'sighted,' if you want to be disliked, just go about cherishing dislikes of your neighbors. They'll pay you back in your own coin; they can't help it, for you'll soon become unlikeable.

"The trouble with the most of us who get sore thumbs is that we think we are of a great deal more importance in the world than we really are. There are a good many of us who seem to think that this old world would cease to wobble along without our help. There are a good many of us who imagine that we are the one pillar which supports God's kingdom on earth; there are some of us who seem to think that we are of more importance than all the rest of God's children put together, and naturally we feel a little bit 'put-out' if the rest of the world does not fall down and worship us. We forget that God and the universe got along a long time without us; we forget that we owe our existence to them, and not that they depend upon us. Instead of honoring our Creator, we go about the world looking for people who we think are not honoring us enough. We keep nursing our sore thumb and hunting for things to jam it against. We are like old Haman who wanted the rest of the world to bow down to him, just because the king had shown him a little bit of honor. We get most wonderfully puffed up with our own conceit, and when we find a Mordecai who is attending to his own business, has no time nor inclination to make a palaver over us, we are immediately filled with hatred, and go looking about for revenge.

"If the preacher does not pay us enough attention, we begin to hunt for some way to get rid of him. If our neighbor slights us, we want to do him some harm.

"You remember what happened to Haman. The same sort of thing happens to every man who cherishes his petty spite and hates, who saves up his small revenges. I don't mean that he will necessarily be hung, but you may depend upon it that he will be 'hoisted by his own petard' in some way. He is ruining his peace of mind, smirching his soul. Don't do it, my brother. If your thumb is sore, don't keep jamming it against things, but get it cured. If your soul is sore, your spirit tired, your heart torn and bleeding, don't keep tearing it open anew, but go to the Great Physician, who stands willing to heal, to make you strong enough to bear the thousand little ills of life, noble enough to overlook the petty wrongs which are really not worth considering.

"It is the Hamans of this world who have the greatest unhappiness. Even when they receive earthly honors, they cannot enjoy them, for fear somebody is not thinking enough of them. But how different are those who really and truly have that 'Peace which passeth understanding.' Why not seek and find it?"—*Ram's Horn.*

MENTAL FATIGUE IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

Regarding the number of hours of mental application per day which may be safely expected of a pupil in school, investigations have tended to show that there is a danger of requiring too many. When pupils return to school morning after morning without having recovered from the previous day's labors, it is evident that too heavy draughts are being made upon their nervous capital. It may be said in reply that many factors conspire to produce this depleted condition, as insufficient sleep, inadequate nutrition, and outside duties; but the answer is that under such unfavorable circumstances less work may be demanded. As the curriculum is planned in many places, alike in graded and ungraded schools, the pupil is expected to be employed in the school for five or six hours a day, no matter what may be his age, and to this work should be added studies at home for the older students. Now, as Kraeplin has justly observed, nature ordains that a young child should not give six hours' daily concentrated attention in the schoolroom, but, rather, she has taken pains to implant deeply within him a profound instinct to preserve his mental health by refusing to attend to hard work for such a long period. Consequently, in such an educational *regime*, the mind of the pupil continually wanders from the duties in hand. The most serious aspect of this is apparent, that when attention is constantly demanded and not given, or when a pupil is pretending or attempting to keep his thoughts turned in a given direction, yet allows them to drift aimlessly because he is practically unable to control them, he is acquiring an unfortunate habit of mental dissipation.—*Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.*

"I MET in India an intelligent Sikh from the Punjab," said Sir Monier Williams; when I asked him about his religion, he replied: "I believe in one God, and I repeat my prayers, called Japji, every morning and evening. These prayers occupy six pages of print, but I can get through them in little more than ten minutes." He seemed to pride himself on this rapid recitation as a work of increased merit. I said: "What does your religion require of you?" He replied: "I have made one pilgrimage to a holy well near Amritsar. Eighty-five steps lead down to it. I descended and bathed in the sacred pool. Then I ascended one step and repeated my Japji in about ten minutes. Then I descended again to the pool and bathed again, and ascended to the second step, and repeated my Japji a second time. Then I descended a third time and bathed, and ascended to the third step and repeated my Japji a third time; and so on for the whole eighty-five steps, eighty-five bathings and eighty-five repetitions of the same prayers. It took me exactly fourteen hours, from 5 P. M. one evening to 7 A. M. next morning." I asked: "What good did you expect to get by going through this task?" He replied: "I hope I have laid a great store of merit, which will last me a long time." This is the genuine Hindu idea.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The first real battle of the Transvaal war has at last been fought. The scene of the engagement was Glencoe, in Natal. That place is the railroad junction where the branch to Dundee connects with the main line to Ladysmith and Durban. If the Boers had captured Glencoe they would have isolated Dundee and broken the center of the British line of defense. The Boer force which advanced to the attack was the same, or a part of it, that had come down from Charlestown, past Majuba Hill, and had captured Newcastle. Its numbers were far greater than those of the British in its path, and the country there is precisely the sort of country—rough and hilly—that the Boers delight to operate in and that offers them the greatest possible advantage over the British. Hitherto the British have remained strictly on the defensive. But when the Boers began to throw shells into their camp from safe places on the tops of the nearby hills the spirit of Dargai was aroused. The British batteries replied and then "the regiment of British infantry" moved out with a rush—and with fixed bayonets. The Boers were put to flight after a hard struggle in which both sides lost heavily. The result will be to strengthen the British position in South Africa.—News from the Philippines states that three insurgent officers entered Angeles Oct. 20, and applied for permission for a commission to visit Gen. Otis. They want to "discuss peace terms, arrange for the delivery of more American prisoners and to consider methods for the release of the Spanish prisoners." Two battalions of infantry were sent to Jose Malinas Oct. 20, to disperse a band of 300 insurgents. The rebels fled in the direction of Magalang, west of Arayat. The advance guard of General Lawton's column has entered San Isidro, the Filipinos, under General Pio del Pilar, retreating up the Rio Grande. The heaviest resistance encountered by the Americans was at San Fernando, where the enemy destroyed a bridge.—After eleven contests to sail what would be termed a fair race between the American vessel Columbia and the British Shamrock, a splendid victory was awarded the Columbia on Friday, Oct. 20, proving beyond any doubt that American shipbuilding and American seamanship are superior.—The first of a series of meetings to continue two weeks, conducted by Dwight L. Moody, in Brooklyn, for the purpose of increasing religious interest among the church people, was held on Friday night in the Marcy Avenue Baptist church. The church was crowded to hear the noted evangelist. He spoke on "Revivals."

You expect your minister to be in his place every Sabbath—are you always where you can see that he is in his place? You expect him to bring you some message of warning, hope, cheer or encouragement—are you always where you can hear the message when it is given?—*The Wellspring.*

God's promises were never meant to ferry our laziness. Like a boat, they are to be rowed by our oars; but many men, entering, forget the oar, and drift down more helpless in the boat than if they had stayed on shore.—*Beecher.*

DEATH is the launching of the ship from its stocks of clay to its own element; the sea of eternity.

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 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: 1-4.
Dec. 23.	Christ's Coming Foretold.....	Isa. 9: 2-7.
Dec. 30.	Review.....	

LESSON VI.—NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

For Sabbath-day, Nov. 4, 1899.

LESSON TEXT.—Neh. 1: 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day.—Neh. 1: 11.

INTRODUCTION.

Twelve or thirteen years after Ezra went up from Babylon to Jerusalem to institute reforms in the religious life of the people, there was a third return of the Exiles. It was a small party in numbers; but Nehemiah was its leader. He was a man of prayer, a man of deep religious convictions, and a true patriot.

Esther was anxious for the prosperity of the Jewish people; Ezra was eager that the Law of God should be carefully observed by his chosen people; Nehemiah was a lover of the holy city, Jerusalem. All three of these were intensely devoted to duty. Nehemiah is noted for his steadfast perseverance in spite of difficulties and for his great zeal in the work for God which seemed to be especially assigned to him.

We know little of Nehemiah, except what is told us in the book which bears his name. Some have thought that he was a descendant of the house of David; but that seems hardly probable. If such had been the fact it would no doubt have been mentioned in connection with the narrative of his appointment as governor.

The Book of Nehemiah is probably by the same author as Chronicles, and was originally, no doubt, joined with Ezra and the two books of Chronicles as one book. See Introduction to Lesson 9 of last quarter.

Our present lesson tells of the circumstances that aroused the zeal of Nehemiah and led to his visit to Jerusalem.

NOTES.

1. *The words of Nehemiah the son of Hachaliah.* These words are evidently prefixed as a title to this book. The first six chapters and a part of the seventh are an autobiographical narrative by Nehemiah. The remainder of the book concerns the work of Ezra and Nehemiah in bringing about the needed reforms. Nothing is known of the father of Nehemiah. In the Revised Version his name is spelled more properly, "Hachaliah." *And it came to pass in the month Chisleu.* Chisleu or Chislev was the name of the month corresponding to the latter part of November and the first of December. The Hebrew names of the months are of Babylonian origin. It may be that this time that the New Year was reckoned from the first of the seventh month. The date mentioned in chapter 2:1 is evidently after the time of chapter 1; yet the month of Nisan is there spoken of as in the same twentieth year of Artaxerxes. *As I was in Shushan the palace.* That is, the fortress or castle, a distinctive portion of the capital city Shushan, or Susa, set apart for the royal residence. The same expression occurs frequently in the Book of Esther. Nehemiah's presence in the palace is explained by the fact that he was one of the king's cupbearers.

2. *Hanani, one of my brethren.* From Neh. 7: 2 is evident that Hanani was own brother to Nehemiah. *And I asked them concerning the Jews that had escaped.* Nehemiah shows a great interest in his brethren who had returned to the holy city, and were living in the midst of difficulties for the sake of their devotion to God. It is probable that there was no regular means of communication. *Which were left of the captivity.* This clause explains the reference to the word "escaped." *And concerning Jerusalem.* Nehemiah is particularly anxious concerning the city which Jehovah had chosen to put his name there.

3. *In great affliction and reproach.* They did not have the equipment that they needed. "Reproach"

refers to their sufferings from the unkindness and ridicule of their neighbors. *The wall of Jerusalem also is broken down.* This may possibly refer to the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar—nearly a hundred and fifty years before; but it is more likely that it refers to some recent calamity. *And the gates thereof are burned with fire.* This fact is first mentioned here. It was customary for an invading conqueror to break down the walls of the city which he had captured and to burn the gates, and the woodwork connected with them.

4. *I sat down and wept, mourned certain days.* Compare similar expressions in Ezra 9: 3 and Psa. 137: 1. Nehemiah was greatly affected by this bad news, which was probably unexpected. *God of heaven.* This same title for God is found in some of the Persian inscriptions.

5. *I beseech thee, O Lord God of heaven, etc.* The divine titles refer to the strength and mercy of God. Nehemiah believes that God is able to answer his prayer, and that it is through his compassion that he will do so. *Observe his commandments.* Much better as in Revised Version, "keep his commandments." There is a mutual relation between God and his people. He keeps covenant, and they keep his commandments.

6. *Let thine ear now be attentive, etc.* Nehemiah pleads earnestly. As often elsewhere in the Bible, God is spoken of by language suited to a man. It is easy for us to speak of the ear and eye of God and to think of him as giving attention to a request. *Confess the sins of the children of Israel.* Confession is very appropriate in connection with the supplications of prayer. *I and my father's house have sinned.* Nehemiah wishes to make personal confession. Some have thought that he belonged to the house of David, as confession of their sin would be particularly fitting; but there is no sufficient evidence of his connection with the royal family.

7. *We have dealt very corruptly against thee, etc.* A more specific confession of their sin. They have been unmindful of the Law.

8. *The word which thou commandest thy servant Moses.* The reference is rather to the general thought of several passages of the Pentateuch than to any particular passage. Compare Deut. 30: 1-5; Lev. 26: 33-42; Deut. 4: 27-29.

9. *But if ye turn unto me.* "Return" as in the Revised Version is better, as it is a strong word in the original. *Though there were of you cast out unto the uttermost part of heaven.* See the Revised Version. The promise of restoration in the case of repentance was very emphatic. Nehemiah therefore asks with confidence for help from God. *The place that I have chosen to set my name there.* This expression occurs often in the Book of Deuteronomy. The reference is to the temple at Jerusalem.

10. *Now these are thy servants, etc.* Nehemiah is adding emphasis to his prayer by pleading that those on whose behalf he is asking are God's own people. He has already redeemed them in the restoration from Babylon, and in the ancient deliverance from Egypt.

11. *O Lord.* This is the Hebrew word "Adonay" properly translated "Lord." *Who desire to fear thy name.* Much better as in the Revised Version, "Who delight to fear thy name." "Fear" is used of the reverential awe in which we should stand before Jehovah. *This man.* Probably refers to king Artaxerxes. Nehemiah has evidently decided to appeal to the king for aid. *For I was the king's cupbearer.* Much better as in Revised Version with the parentheses and without the article. Nehemiah was one of the many cupbearers before king Artaxerxes.

A WORLD without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer without flowers, and like a homestead without a garden. It is the joyous day of the whole week.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75 c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Tall Chimneys.

There are some very tall chimneys in the world, rendered necessary to produce a strong draft and to discharge certain gases of a poisonous nature so high in the atmosphere as not to mingle with that used in respiration by the people.

The chimney attached to the sanitary reduction plant, at San Francisco, Cal., is 265 feet high, and it was thought at one time to be the tallest chimney in the world; its outside diameter at its base is 44 feet, and there were used in its construction 1,250,000 bricks, and its cost was about \$15,000.

There is a chimney in Glasgow, Scotland, that beats this San Francisco chimney all hollow, being 474 feet in height, and now wears the palm of being the tallest chimney in the world.

The largest chimney in the world is one built by the Third Avenue Railway Company, of New York. The foundation of this enormous chimney consists of a solid block of concrete, 88 by 85 feet square and 20 feet thick. On this remarkably solid foundation a square pyramid base, 55 feet on a side, gradually diminishing to 40 feet at a height of 15 feet from the ground, from which point the chimney proper takes its upward course.

The chimneys above alluded to are those noted for their great height and large proportions, built on scientific principles, according to rules laid down in the books.

On our early frontier pilgrimages we have seen chimneys not exceeding 20 feet in height, having at the base a place for a "log-heap fire." The houses were built of logs, and, of course, the fire was all within the room, yet at each end of the fire, next the wall, was a place called "the chimney corner." Here on various occasions were to be seen the occupants of two chairs engaged in a lively discussion of the principles of social science, in a most friendly manner. Such scenes brought vividly to our mind the words of C. D. Warner, in his Backlog Studies: "If it was difficult to read the eleven commandments by the light of a pine knot, it was not difficult to get the sweet spirit of them from the countenance of the serene mother, knitting in the other chimney corner."

Inside Photography.

The interior walls of the stomach of Mr. James O. Foster, a wealthy lumberman of Cleveland, O., have been photographed, and revealed a tumor which, if not treated surgically, would ere long endanger his life.

Many experiments heretofore have been tried to obtain a photograph of the stomach, but have as often proved failures; in this case it was perfectly satisfactory.

The apparatus used on this occasion, for taking the picture, consisted of a rubber tube one-eighth of an inch in diameter and about three feet long. Attached to the end of this tube was a rubber bulb, the walls of which were made as thin as it was possible to make them, giving the bulb, when inflated, the appearance of a transparent toy balloon. The interior of the bulb was treated the same as that of photographic plates for receiving impressions from light.

When prepared, this bulb was swallowed, and by means of the tube was then inflated, until its walls conformed perfectly to every section of the inner walls of the stomach, and after an exposure to the X-ray was made, the tube and bulb were withdrawn; and then the picture taken on the inside of the bulb was developed in the ordinary way. It was found

to have disclosed all the salient features of a tumor as clearly as though it had appeared on the surface.

It is indeed wonderful how "science spreads her lucid ray" over almost every profession and industry, embracing not only the earth and the seas, but the heavens.

MARRIAGES.

COLLINS—BURDICK.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, in Independence, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1899, by Rev. W. L. Burdick, Mr. C. Roscoe Collins and Miss Mabel L. Burdick, both of Alfred, N. Y.

WARE—HESS.—At the parsonage, Shiloh, N. J., Oct. 4, 1899, by Rev. E. B. Saunders, Mr. Morton Ware, of Rhodestown, and Miss Ellena Hess, of Greenwich.

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.

ROBBINS.—At North Loup, Neb., Oct. 1, 1899, little Doris, infant daughter of Verne and Laura Robbins, aged 17 days.

This little one spent its life in suffering. The mother heart expressed its faith in these words: "Gone to better care than I could give her." Burial, Oct. 2, attended by the pastor. E. A. W.

FILER.—Near Garwin, Iowa, Oct. 8, 1899, of typhoid fever, Roy W. Filer, son of Charles and Nellie Filer, aged 6 years, 6 months and 9 days.

Services conducted by Eld. H. D. Clarke in the Christian church, Garwin.

ASHURST.—At his home in Columbus, Ga., Sept. 27, 1899, at the age of 23 years, Mr. Roderick Ashurst, after an illness of two years.

He was the son of Eld. A. P. and Rada Ashurst. At the age of 16 he was converted and united with the First Baptist church of Quitman, Ga. He accepted the Seventh-day as the Sabbath about six months before his death, and conformed most heartily to those convictions in his practice. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word. All who knew him regarded him as a most exemplary Christian. When the dark shadows of death thickened around him, he was asked, "My Son, is the Lord with you now?" His reply was prompt and decisive, "I am all right." These were his last words. A. P. A.

BOND.—At her home near Lost Creek, W. Va., Oct. 3, 1899, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Bond, wife of Eli Bond, and daughter of Abraham and Sarah Batten.

She was born Jan. 15, 1832, and was therefore aged 67 years, 8 months and 18 days. She became a member of the Lost Creek Seventh-day Baptist church in her young days, and was married and settled near their present home in 1853. She was ever one of the strong Christian mothers and ever beloved by those who became acquainted with her. The three of her children who are married all live within sight of the home farm. The other members of the family living were at home with the father and mother. To a family so located together it seemed especially a sad parting, yet faith in the sure promises of God and the assurance thereby of her sweet rest in Jesus brings the ever needed consolation to those who mourn her loss. M. G. S.

GREENE.—At Alfred, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1899, after a brief illness of cerebral meningitis, Frank Rudiger, son of Principal Frank L. and the late Clara (Rudiger) Greene, of Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 10 years, 1 month and 9 days.

Since the death of his mother three years ago Frankie had lived in Alfred with his grandfather, Philip S. Greene, and his Aunt Mary, and was the center of their love, as he was the hope of his father. He was intellectual, active, affectionate, and gentle—a manly boy, and had an artistic taste and development unusual for a lad. He was a ready learner in things spiritual as well. During his brief sickness his heart was lifted in prayer again and again, and a few hours before his death he sang from memory two stanzas of the familiar hymn "Even Me." He passed over with a smile that still lingers with us, and the link broken here is joined on the other side. F. L. G.

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THE HOUSE WITH SIXTY CLOSETS, A Christmas Story for Young Folks and Old Children. By Frank Samuel Child. Cloth. Profusely illustrated by J. Randolph Brown.

"The House With Sixty Closets" is the delightful title of a "Christmas story for young folks and old children," as the author, Frank Samuel Child, quaintly puts it, and the delight increases as the book is examined. It tells of the strange things that happened or did not happen on the "night before Christmas" in the family of a minister blessed with the goodly number of fourteen children, counting his own and those left in his care by a sister no longer living. The parsonage to which they come was the mansion house of a famous "Judge" and his lady, built according to the latter's ideas. How the stately couple step from their portraits for a frolic with the children, of whom little Ruth is a leading spirit, and the sixty closets which are animated with life for the occasion, forms a story that has not had its like since "Alice in Wonderland," and like that famous book will charm young and old. It all concludes in a wonderfully sweet and impressive manner that will give Christmas a deeper and truer meaning to many. The plentiful and excellent pen-and-ink illustrations by J. Randolph Brown, who has caught the true spirit of the story, add greatly to the attractiveness, and the whole make-up is pleasingly unique. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. pp. 212. Price \$1.25.

A FIRST MANUAL OF COMPOSITION, Designed for use in the Highest Grammar Grade and the Lower High School Grade. By Edwin Herbert Lewis, Ph. D., Professor in the Lewis Institute, Chicago; author of "A First Book in Writing English," "An Introduction to the Study of Literature," etc. The Macmillan Company, New York and London.

Dr. Lewis first came into notice, among later writers on English Literature, in 1894, by his "The History of the English Paragraph, a dissertation presented to the Faculty of Arts, Literature and Science of the University of Chicago, in candidacy for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy." The books from his pen which have appeared since that time have sustained fully the expectations which his first "Thesis" awakened. The present volume, like his "First book in writing English," is based on the idea that while "The chief principles of rhetoric can be grasped very early, only long practice can transform them into a workman's instinct." In the preface we are told:

"One thought has dictated much in the plan of the book; namely, that the student concerned is neither wholly child nor wholly adolescent. He is a human being in the most significant of mental moments, that in which the transition begins from the irresponsible, sensory child to the responsible, rational adult. He needs to write freely, fluently, even imaginatively; and yet he must be taught that the person who expresses himself too freely and inexactly will unintentionally bear false witness and make trouble for his fellows. His logical powers are developing, and he is not without desire of learning how to think; but he is unable to follow bitterly long and close chains of reasoning. He needs to know new words and how to spell them, but not a bookful unavailable for his composition. He must gain the power of constructing decent sentences, but he cannot gain it in a week," etc.

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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.
- " Vol. XX., Nos. 23, 26, 31, 35.
- " Vol. XXI., Nos. 1, 51, 52.
- " Vols. XXII-XLVI., entire.

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

A full supply of the publications of the American Sabbath Tract Society can be found at the office of Wm. B. West & Son, at Milton Junction, Wis.

REV. E. H. SOCWELL having removed from Welton, Iowa, to New Auburn, Minn., requests his correspondents to address him at the latter place.

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 Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N. Y., will meet the last Sabbath in each month for public worship, at 2 P. M., at the residence of Dr. S. C. Maxson, 22 Grant St. Sabbath-keepers in the city and adjacent villages, and others are most cordially invited to attend.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. M. B. Kelly, 5455 Monroe Ave. MRS. NETTIE E. SMITH, Church Clerk.

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. I. L. COTTRELL, Pastor. 201 Canisteo St.

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 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.

SOUTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

Program of the Order of Business of the Seventh-day Baptist South-Western Association, to convene with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Attalla, Ala., on Thursday, Nov. 13, 1899, and days following.

1. Convene for organization at 10 A. M.
2. Introductory Sermon, at 11 A. M., by Eld. G. M. Cottrell; Eld. R. L. Wilson alternate.
3. Education Hour, at 3.30 P. M., led by Eld. S. H. Babcock, of the North-Western Association.

SIXTH-DAY.

4. Missionary Hour, at 10 A. M., led by Rev. O. U. Whitford, or representative.
5. Woman's Hour, at 3 P. M., led by Mrs. A. B. Lanphere; alternate, Mrs. R. L. Wilson.

SABBATH-DAY.

6. 11 A. M., Missionary Sermon by Secretary O. U. Whitford, or representative.

FIRST-DAY.

7. At 10 A. M., Tract Society Hour, led by A. P. Ashurst.
8. Sermon by A. P. Ashurst at 11 A. M., followed by joint collection for Tract and Missionary Societies.
9. Young People's Hour at 2.30 P. M., led by Miss Carrie Wilson.
10. Lone Sabbath-keepers correspondence and conference Hour at 3.30 P. M.

SECOND-DAY.

11. At 9 A. M., completion of unfinished and miscellaneous business. Preaching and other services will be arranged for each evening by special committee.

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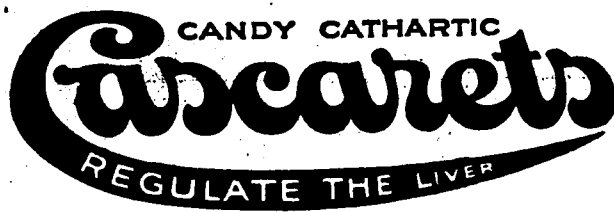
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