

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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GOD'S WORD TO PARENTS.

AND these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. Deut. 6: 6, 7.

For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. Acts 2: 39.

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands: happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee. Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children, and peace upon Israel. Psalm 128: 1, 2, 6.

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it. Prov. 22: 6.

Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul. Prov. 29: 17.

What son is he whom the father chasteneth not? Heb. 12: 7.

And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Eph. 6: 4.

But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. 1 Tim. 5: 8.

Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Matt. 19: 14.

\$2.00 A YEAR

PLAINFIELD N J

Sabbath Recorder.

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

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

THE revival in business over all the land ought to bring many new subscribers to the RECORDER. Now that we offer it until the close of 1900 at the price of one year there are very few people who cannot earn enough to secure it for the next fourteen months in two days. *Three and one-third* cents per week will secure the paper for sixty weeks. Cannot you secure one new subscriber on those terms?

INDUSTRY in the United States is at its best. Everywhere one goes activity is the rule in all forms of business. From iron-making and coal-digging to agriculture the earth is alive. "Push" is the only word. The surface of the earth pours its harvests into granaries and the channels of commerce, and all manufacturing interests are "humming." Prosperity abounds. Prices are remunerative. No one need be idle if he is capable and willing. All this is cheering. That it will increase "worldliness" is to be feared. On the other hand, it will give those who serve God with earthly things the chance to do more than before. All our denominational work ought to be enlarged this year. The work of the Tract Society has been waiting for this time, and God demands that it be doubled or more at once.

THIS wave of prosperity will leave permanent impress on the Nation. Added to what we have been it will do much to make the American people foremost in the skill and executive ability which will equal or surpass the attainments of any other people. Competition and opportunity combine to demand so much of the men who conduct the growing business of these years that no set of weaklings can meet the occasion. Last evening I met a man who was a pupil of mine in Wisconsin thirty years ago. Coming to manhood he "took up" a farm of moderate value. Four years ago he retired from it, and now combines city and country life in an easy way. Similar instances are at hand on every side. Men of his class do not spend a large amount for religious work, but prosperity makes them far better citizens than they would be if poverty sat at their doors.

THE permanent influence of ten years of such prosperity as we are enjoying now will contribute greatly to the foresight and intelligence of all who are active in the industries which crowd land and sea. Such times create enthusiasm and stimulate ambition. This farmer I saw last night is already a "captain in the industrial world." He has business interests enough to make him conservative. Anarchy appeals to such men in vain. Unless they are made blind by some deceptive scheme, they cherish what is best for the country as a whole, because their personal prosperity is part of the prosperity of the Nation. Add sound morals and active religious principles to such men, farmers, mechanics, promoters of industry of all kinds, and you approach the ideal man.

SOME remarks of Miss Caroline Hazzard at her inauguration as President of Wellesley College are worthy of repetition before the

eyes of every woman in the country. Among other most excellent things she said, "The problem is not simply that of bringing children into the world, but what kind of children shall be born, what kind of a mother shall be educated; or, if the highest development of motherhood is denied her, how shall she take her place in the world, a useful and honored member of the community, having children of her spirit. For I take it the eternal feminine is simply this: It is the power of love which has its throne in a good woman's heart. Call it altruism if you like, call it the Mother sea, found a philosophy or a system of speculation upon it—it is simply this endless capacity of love and devotion which Mary of Bethany showed when she sat at Jesus' feet. Granted, then, that this is at the root of woman's life, that every woman child who comes into the world has this gift and responsibility, that this is her contribution to human life, with what reverence, with what awe, should we approach her, to make or to mar! Sentimentality and manliness, like Scylla and Charybdis, stand on either side. The intellect must be trained to its full capacity, or there will be an uneven balance. Heart and head in happy union must rule the conduct. And so we believe in what is called higher education. Ideal justice is not a common virtue, and the powers of the mind must be trained to regulate the emotions."

ADMIRAL DEWEY has been accorded the welcome due a noble, manly hero. The way in which he has received this welcome, and the wisdom of his words concerning the Philippine question, have been of great value to the people. His knowledge of the situation, his grasp of the larger question of National duty, and his clear-cut views have influenced public opinion beyond computation. The summary of his words is this. We must hold the Philippines for their sake, for the sake of stable government, good order, and civilization. He favors a conservative, humane, but strong, policy. His words have done more than any other one thing to brush away the opposition to the avowed policy of the Executive. War is terrible. We long for the day when the possibility of it will be gone forever. But Spanish misrule was terrible. Barbarism is terrible; and, mourn the fact as we may, the history of the world shows that the terribleness of war has often been the only path to better things in many cases. But what we began to say is that Admiral Dewey has enriched the public mind in no small degree by his wise, well-balanced words touching our national policy and duty in Asia.

HE was a young man in his first pastorate. The ladies proposed to make him a present of some helpful books. Perhaps they thought only of their regard for him; but in giving him food for head and heart they were providing better food for themselves. He will be prompted, to do better work for his people by the knowledge that they love him. He will study more earnestly because those to whom he is to minister have placed the books he needs within his reach. Pastor and people will be doubly blessed by the gift.

IF you have a hard time in trying to overcome evil habits and temptations, cease to feed such desires. They will be overcome easily when you have starved them a while.

SIBERIA, which has been considered a frozen waste, is rapidly developing into a great grain producing country. Russia is doing much to develop that country because it is likely to become a harvest field of immense value. The American Consul at Chemnitz, Germany, reports that emigration to Siberia has increased in ratio unknown except in some sections of the United States. Wheat ripens in Siberia in 107 days, while in northern France it requires 137 days. Oats mature in 96 days. Navigation on the Obi and the Yenisei rivers has increased with equal rapidity. Our Consul, Mr. Monaghan, also reports that Siberia has 23,000 square miles of coal land that has never been mined. Iron ore is abundant and rich, and eastern Siberia has considerable gold. Russia promises to be one of the great World Powers, and the development of Siberia will strengthen her in scores of ways.

SOME men are always ready to complain of the "circumstances" which they say force them into failure. Such complaints are as foolish as they are illogical. Nothing outside of a man is as powerful as that which is within him. Given high ideals and holy purposes, a man may laugh at circumstances, *i. e.*, the things which stand round about him. God offers to occupy the souls of men with truth and the divine presence, and being thus garrisoned, a soul can overcome circumstances unto constant victory.

IF you wish for anything that you are not willing to ask God in prayer to grant you, that wish is your condemnation. If you go where you are unwilling to ask God to bless your going, or where you are unwilling to be seen by the best and purest friend you have, you are walking in the ways of evil. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

THE 83d Annual Report of the American Bible Society, the largest agency in the world for distributing the Scriptures, shows that there is no decline in its work. The report shows that 1,380,892 copies were distributed during the year; 780,934 of these went out from Bible House, New York City. In Japan and China the distribution is increasing year by year.

MR. LEONARD COURTNEY, in a speech before Parliament lately, asserted that the desire to obtain possession of newly discovered gold mines in the Transvaal was at the bottom of England's attitude toward the Boers. This has been suspected, and if Mr. Courtney's charge is supported by future events, the shame to England will be the greater.

DO NOT fret your heart over the consequences of right doing. Live righteously, and do your duty—that means all your life work and everything—in the love and fear of God. Work and obedience are yours. Consequences *i. e.*, the fruit of your love and labor, are with God.

SOME one has said that if the heart-strings are not tied in a "hard knot," the purse-strings will be all right. One thing is certain, if the doors of the heart are opened to good and closed against evil, life and actions will be right.

VIRTUE and righteousness are not the mere absence of vice and unrighteousness. There can be no such negative goodness. "He that is not for me is against me." That universal law finds fulfillment in every life.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

Yesterday we saw a group of farmer boys "picking up" potatoes. Strong, agile, good natured, and trustworthy. They reminded one of the value of a home in the country compared with one in the city. Long ago, when the writer was a farmer's boy, he learned to love Whittier's poem on the "Barefoot Boy." It came back yesterday as we noted the characteristics and listened to the chat of the boys who gathered potatoes. Here is a bit of it:

Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground nut trails its vine,
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

The Genial Art of Granting Favors.

A short time ago a gentleman did me the kindness to share with me something of which I was in need. After reaching home I wrote expressing my friendliness, thanking him for the favor, and asking him to accept a proper proportion of its cost, which would be found enclosed in the letter.

An extract from his reply is submitted for your admiration: "I take the liberty to return to you part of your communication, retaining the part which to me is most attractive. It was a pleasure to me to grant you so small a favor. Please accept it as such."

Now it was not the return of the money which warmed the heart, for we really wished him to accept it, but the gracious, genial spirit of the letter. Somehow a letter of that kind goes with one. Its kindly influence steals through the day. Its memory and the friendship which it cements are a permanent possession. Put into your educational curriculum, young people, the gracious gift of granting favors, and the genial art of letter writing.

Some one adds: "And learn to write plainly," but that is another subject.

Another View of Revivals.

Read the following letter over two or three times and you will find it is kind, though keen. It will jolt you, but it will make you think. This is an important subject, and it is well to have a rapid fire on it from all angles. Perhaps something will occur to you. What was the effect on you when you were "filled with the Spirit."

I am surprised at your description of Kelly's sermon. Will he take the place of the Salvation Army girl, recently arrested for preaching on the streets (and, judging by Conference), if some one should be gloriously converted, and testify the wonders of God's grace, how could he do it without shocking the church? It would be impossible to such a one to just say a sentence or two in a very moderate voice, you know. He would likely be *ecstatic*. His voice might rise to G, and he might forget and talk *five minutes*, and he might cause some of the proper folks to think he was claiming to

be better than them. I suppose though it is best to "quit teasing the Lord for a blessing and go to work," yet it is "not of him that runneth, but of the Lord that sheweth mercy," and how can one do anything without power? Since it has been declared that one at least of our great churches shall have no revivals, I suppose you will have to give up evangelism. Maybe there will be enough sentiment for revivals in what is left of us to keep you going a year or two. How would you like to come to — right away, or later? I should enjoy it ever so much. Well, I must close or be liable to be called "long-winded."

The Ohio Campaign.

The gubernatorial campaign in Ohio presents features of marked interest. The independent candidacy of Jones, the golden rule manufacturer who was recently elected mayor of Toledo by a two-thirds majority over the combined votes of the regular parties, is causing no small stir. He is now in the field against both parties in the state, and the movement has assumed proportions so serious that the partisan speakers are advising voters to cast their ballots for the other party candidate rather than for him. The word from political headquarters to the country newspapers is to ignore Jones and not to intimate that any meetings for him are being held. It is only recently that certain dailies in the large cities have loaded their guns with such epithets as "hypocrite," "political charlatan," "traitor to his party." Seriously, the public does not doubt his sincerity or the purity of his purpose. The worst name that can be made to stick to him is "idealist" or "visionary enthusiast." In the eyes of some people, of course, these names are as bad as the others. The wisdom of Mr. Jones' campaign may be honestly challenged; but many of the thoughtful citizens of Ohio this fall, with a barrel to right of them and a barrel to left of them and no desire to go backward, will be likely to say, "first pure, then peaceable."

Living in God's Presence.

The man who lives in the presence of God is a success. Our literature keeps the great heroes in prominence, but every true man is a hero, and all consecrated life is great. We do not think enough about doing the little things, following the narrow rounds of duty in the love of God.

Indeed, there is a satisfaction and a safety about the common place and humble. Looking forward to hard work on the frontier or in obscurity, one feels sure of his own motives, and the sense of that abiding presence is very sweet. To go where honors and praises are thick, to feel the laurels upon the brow, to have thrust into the hands what men call prizes—oh, the true man feels only the more humble. He knows his own weakness, and he prays as he never prayed before for the constant cleansing of the blood of Christ.

How sweet to be out on the ocean sailing away from the friends of the home land, if Christ goes with us. How pleasant to plow the field when Christ walks in the furrow. How blessed to share the joys and sorrows of a community obscure and unknown, if it is God's work.

Let me put it down here as the deep settled conviction of my life. If this hand should never write another word, let this stand as my creed. It is better to walk in the valley of the shadow with your hand in the hand of Christ than to walk the highway of life alone. I would rather be the humblest man doing God's will with a pure heart than to receive

the homage of the world with a troubled conscience. And even this statement seems very weak; for what a ghostly failure is any life lived "afar from God in weariness and sin."

Lord, I thank thee for the quiet happiness of my heart to-night. Many a day that communion has been broken. The consciousness has been troubled with a vague sense of wrong. Oh, the blotted record, the base ingratitude, the sinning against noon-day light—how the memories follow us, and make us uncertain of ourselves! It is all right now. I put my hand in his and look up into his face with no cloud or barrier between. What is before I do not know, even the next step is no clearer yet; but

"All the way my Saviour leads me,
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt his tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in him to dwell,
For I know, what'er befall us,
Jesus doeth all things well."

THE BROTHERHOOD.

At a business meeting of the Brotherhood, held at Ashaway, R. I., Aug. 28, 1899, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, L. R. Swinney, DeRuyter, N. Y.; Secretary and Treasurer, I. L. Cottrell, Hornellsville, N. Y.; Vice-Presidents, M. G. Stillman, Lost Creek, W. Va.; Clayton A. Burdick, Ashaway, R. I.; T. J. Van Horn, Brookfield, N. Y.; D. B. Coon, Little Genesee, N. Y.; G. W. Hills, Nortonville, Kan. The constitution was amended so as to include only Seventh-day Baptist ministers.

The following paper was presented by Dr. O. M. Burdick in the Laymen's hour at the Semi-Annual Meeting at Alfred Station, N. Y., and requested for publication in this column. We expect to follow this with other excellent papers presented at that time from the laymen's standpoint. Sec.

THAT AND BETTER WILL DO.

BY O. M. BURDICK.

It is told of Mr. George W. Childs that when he was beginning his long management of the *Public Ledger*, his foreman called his attention to the excellence of one of the early issues, with the air of having reached the standard of what such a paper should be. "That and better will do," was Mr. Child's reply. He appreciated what had been accomplished, but felt there was a still better before him and the foreman, and toward that he would strive. And his success as a newspaper man lay in that feeling that there was a still better than the best he had done, and that he must continue to strive toward it.

That feeling indeed is the key to real success in any kind of work. The writer, the artist, the public speaker, the farmer, merchant or mechanic who is fully satisfied with what he has attained and feels no impulse toward a better than his best, has reached the limits of his attainments.

It is the function of true criticism to hold up the highest standard to all these and make them work toward the ideal achievement. The absence of such criticism may be fatal to them.

We hear a great deal said in these days about progressive farmers, and who are they? Are they the men who are perfectly satisfied with their present attainments? who are content to farm it as their fathers and grandfathers did before them? Oh, no. The pro-

gressive farmer, while he appreciates the good work done by them of a generation ago, tries by every improved method of farming to do better than their best, to increase the value-producing quality of his farm, to improve his stock, to make one acre produce what two gave to them. The farmer who says "that and better will do," is the successful man, the progressive farmer.

The carpenter who insists upon building your house as his predecessors of 50 or 75 years ago builded, will surely get left in the sharp competition of to-day. The best of those days have been superceded by the better of to-day. The reign of the handsaw and the jackplane is ended, and machinery, doing far more and better work, has taken their places.

The eyes of the world have been turned with intense interest for the last two weeks to the international yacht race, just decided in favor of our own "Columbia." Each successive trial for the cup requires that the competing vessels be a little better than the best that have sailed before, and only by strict adherence to this rule have we been enabled to retain the cup on this side of the water for 48 year. "Eternal vigilance is the price of success," in yacht racing as well as in all other lines of work.

Have you a "corner grocery" in your village where, night after night, the same company of boys and men meet and discuss the latest slander and exchange smutty stories? Who apparently have no ideals above their own lives, who strive for nothing high and noble, content to live out their days as cyphers, as no-body's? God pity the boys who are content to live with no thought of anything higher than their belittled lives, and put before them some ideal worthy of their best efforts.

The whole business world is on the sharp lookout for young men who are to fill positions of responsibility and trust and those who are sober, God fearing, industrious, painstaking in whatever they undertake are the ones who "get there." More and more are great railroad corporations requiring their employes to be, not only total abstainers from all that intoxicates, but they must be Christian men, knowing that property and human life is safer when intrusted to the clean hands and clear heads of such men.

There were, at one time, a company of professional actors gathered for a social time in the private rooms of one of their number in the Fifth Avenue hotel, and, during the evening, one of the most gifted of these artists was requested to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and so perfect was his mastery of the art of expression that the two first words of this beautiful prayer hushed that gay company into an awed silence, as if in the very presence of the Father. So he went on through the prayer, and at the close there was not a dry eye in the room, each one feeling as if this man was talking face to face with God.

Was not the great success of the late Mr. Spurgeon due, not so much in *what* he said, as in the way he said it? Two friends of his, both ministers, were visiting him and stayed to his evening devotions, and speaking afterward of this simple, childlike talk with God one said to the other, "Newman, did you ever hear anything like it?"

It seems to me that this very essential element, of *effective* public speaking, is in too

great a degree lost sight of by our public speakers. Much time and study are given in the search after a new thought, an original idea, but too little to the way those thoughts and ideas shall be presented to the listeners. I have heard it said of one of our own ministers that he didn't believe in the study of elocution and kindred methods of increasing the effectiveness of public speaking.

Great singers tell us of weeks and months spent in hard, incessant practice to perfect a single note. Stage actors study hard and long to give the most perfect expression to a few sentences, and shall ministers of the gospel take less pains to perfect themselves in their highest of all callings? Continue to give us of your best thoughts, but make them better than the best by increased powers in communicating those thoughts to your hearers.

The Greek said: "I have thought the true, I have done what is good, I have achieved what is right." The Christian says, "Oh! that I could do these things." Infinite aspirations characterize all Christian civilization. There is a better beyond its best. Saint Paul said, "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And only as we lay emphasis not on the good achieved, but on that which is better beyond, can we say with him: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." 2 Tim. 4: 7, 8.

A HYGIENIC HOME.

My wife and I are trying hard
To live on a healthful diet;
We read the food chart by the yard,
And run our kitchen by it;
We've banished from our bills of fare
All that such guides condemn;
True hygiene is all our care,
As planned and taught by them.

For breakfast, coffee is tabooed,
Hot cakes and eggs forbidden,
And milk, since it is oft imbued
With germs profuse, though hidden;
Bread is unwholesome, so is steak;
Submissive to our lot,
Oatmeal and graham gems we take,
And drink boiled water, hot.

For dinner, soup will never do,
And oysters typhoid nourish;
Salads, entrees and ices, too,
Are mere dyspeptic flourish.
Potatoes (by the last advice)
Are poisonous, we're told;
We eat rare meat, chopped fine, with rice,
And drink boiled water, cold.

For supper—some professors teach
'Tis best to go without it,
But since discretion's left to each,
We take our choice about it;
On chicken, waffles, tea and cake
We are forbid to feed;
But gluten wafers, cocoa (weak)
And prunes are all we need.

It grieves us much our friends to view
So reckless in their diet;
Our wholesome menu we pursue,
And beg of them to try it;
But appetite's ungodly sway
Their nature so enthalls,
We cannot get a guest to stay
Within our healthful walls!

—P. Leonard, in *Munsey's Magazine*.

ONE would not think it had been a period of unexampled financial depression during the past six years, to read the record of notable benefactions in Appleton's *Cyclopedia* for 1899. This annual foots up gifts by Americans to religious, educational and philanthropic causes amounting to \$203,000,000 in six years, all paid in sums of \$5,000 or upwards. When we remember how few there are who can give \$5,000 in one lump sum, it is probable that such an aggregate does not represent more than one-half the actual gifts of generous American citizens during that period. We doubt if it were ever equalled even in the most prosperous times by any other people.—*Exchange*.

History and Biography.

By W. C. WHITFORD, Milton, Wis.

THE FIRST YEAR OF DeRUYTER INSTITUTE.

The excellent photo-engraving of DeRuyter Institute and of a portion of its campus, showing their present appearance, is found on the first page of the SABBATH RECORDER, published the 2d inst. To some it will recall to mind the wooden cut of this institution, designed by Franklin W. Stillman, and inserted in the columns of the *Protestant Sentinel*, Oct. 16, 1838. The general features of the dark-brown, stone building, four stories high, ninety-four feet wide and sixty-four feet deep, including the two wings projecting backwards, have been preserved. The old cupalo has had a square tower raised upon it for a town clock, which was taken out some years since; and in place of the dial upon the front side is the inscription in large letters, "Union School and Academy." A metal roof has been substituted for a shingled one, and the balustrade above the eaves has disappeared. The stone steps with the railings at the sides and the balconies above, somewhat depressed in their middle, have a familiar look. A tall flag staff now stands on the ground near the door that opened formerly in the main chapel. The maples on the lot have grown from mere saplings to large sized trees. The substantial picket fence enclosing the "old school yard," to keep out the stray cows in the streets, has been removed. The flag-stone walks leading up to the front of the building in its center are not represented in the latest engraving. Instead of grown men and a woman standing on these walks is a group of boys near the entrance. Alas! the cherished expectations of the founders of the Institute and the subscribers to its funds for building, have been realized only in part.

Charles H. Maxson, Esq., lately of DeRuyter but now of Westerly, R. I., who has served at different times as the Secretary, the Treasurer and the President of the Board of Trustees, has just loaned the writer a copy of the catalogue of the institution, covering the first year of its operations, beginning Oct. 2, 1837, and closing Aug. 29, 1838. It is true that Rev. Alexander Campbell, through whose efficient efforts this enterprise was completed, arranged in behalf of the Directors to have "a high school for gentlemen and ladies," conducted in the previous summer, opening June 5, 1837, and taught by Solomon Carpenter and Miss Sarah E. Robinson, the former paid at the rate of \$350 per year and the latter \$300.

This catalogue was printed by John and Charles H. Maxson, at DeRuyter, the former the publisher of the *Protestant Sentinel*, the organ of the Seventh-day Baptists. It is, for that time, "a very creditable specimen of typography." The officers of the Corporation or Board of Trustees were Dea. Samuel P. Burdick, President; Dr. Ira Spencer, Secretary and Treasurer; Rev. Alexander Campbell, E. D. Jencks, Matthew Wells, Jr., Hon. Benjamin Enos, William Maxson, Dea. Henry Crandall, Rev. Eli S. Bailey, Perry Burdick, Dea. John Maxson and Ephraim Arnold, Trustees. Nine of these twelve members were Seventh-day Baptists, and three observers of the First-day. All were residents of DeRuyter or vicinity, except Rev. Eli S. Bailey, then the pastor of the Second Brookfield church, and William Maxson, of Westerly, R. I., who is

now the only survivor of the number and who still serves the Pawcatuck church of that place as a deacon.

The faculty was composed of Eber M. Rollo, a graduate of Williams College, the Principal and Instructor of Natural Philosophy and Mathematics; Solomon Carpenter, a graduate of Brown University, the Instructor of Languages; William B. Maxson, of Stephentown, N. Y., the Instructor in the Preparatory Department; Dr. Augustus L. Saunders, the Lecturer on Chemistry; Miss Sarah E. Robinson, a graduate of Troy Female Seminary, the Preceptress for a brief time, and succeeded by Miss Mary L. Bonney, a popular teacher from Hamilton, N. Y.; and Mrs. Lucy M. Carpenter, a graduate of the Lima Female Seminary, the Instructor of Drawing, Painting, and Italian.

There were in attendance during the year two hundred and sixteen students, of whom one hundred and fourteen were gentlemen, and one hundred and two ladies. The first term opened with nearly eighty students and enrolled one hundred and twenty-seven before the close. Of the whole number, ninety-six—fifty-five gentlemen and forty-one ladies—report their residence at DeRuyter. Only nine came from outside the state, having come from New Jersey, Michigan, Rhode Island, Vermont and Upper Canada. A large majority of them were from Seventh-day Baptist homes.

It is interesting to note the positions which some of these young men and ladies have reached in subsequent life. Lorenzo D. Ayers, of Stowe Creek, N. J., became a Seventh-day Baptist minister; James Bailey, of Brookfield, N. Y., the well-known minister of the denomination, the editor of the *Seventh-day Baptist Register*, and the author of a work on our General Conference; Rowland S. Burdick, of DeRuyter, an associate publisher of the *Register*; Bethuel C. Church, of Sand Creek, Mich., a minister, the teacher of a select school at Alfred, in the winter of 1837, the origin of the University of that place, and the Principal of Milton Academy in 1844; William H. H. Coon, of Brookfield, N. Y., the founder of the Utica church, Wis.; Hiram S. Crandall, of DeRuyter, a noted physician at Leonardsville, N. Y.; Henry Goodwin, of DeRuyter, a Representative in Congress; William B. Maxson, of Stephentown, N. Y., a minister of the denomination; Jonathan Maxson, of Westerly, R. I., a well-known business man still of that place; Luke G. Maxson, of Alfred, a President of Trustees of Milton Academy and a successful physician; Nathan Maxson, of Alfred, a deacon at Milton, Wis.; David J. Mitchell, a distinguished lawyer in Syracuse, N. Y.; Truman Saunders, of Berlin, N. Y., a deacon in two churches of Illinois and Wisconsin, and for many years a Trustee of Milton College; Jacob D. B. Stillman, of Schenectady, N. Y., subsequently a Principal at DeRuyter Institute, and a prominent physician in California; Franklin W. Stillman, of New York City, a Recording Secretary of the American Sabbath Tract Society; Barton G. Stillman, of DeRuyter, a Trustee of the Institute; and Jason B. Wells, of DeRuyter, a deacon of the church, a Trustee of the Institute and a County Commissioner of Education.

Julia A. Bailey, of Brookfield, the daughter of Rev. Eli S. Bailey; Samantha Brightman, of Cazenovia, N. Y., a highly esteemed teacher

at her place of residence; Caroline B. Maxson, of DeRuyter, subsequently the Preceptress of Alfred Academy, and the first wife of Dr. Jacob D. B. Stillman; Cornelia P. Maxson, of DeRuyter, a wife of Dea. Jason B. Wells; Mary S. Maxson, of DeRuyter, a wife of Rev. George B. Utter, and the mother of Hon. George H. Utter, the editor of the *Westerly Daily Sun*, R. I.; Julia Emma Wescotte, of Preston, N. Y., the wife of Dr. Albert Utter, and a teacher of instrumental and vocal music in Milton College; and Caroline E. Wilcox, of Whitestown, N. Y., a Preceptress of DeRuyter Institute, and a Mrs. Stanley, now of Chicago, Ill.

The expenses for each student, it will be seen, were very moderate. Board in the Hall of the Institute was \$1.25 per week; furnished rooms, with the exception of bed and bedding, thirteen cents per week; tuition in the elementary English branches, \$2 to \$2.50 per term of fourteen weeks; and in the higher studies of mathematics, physical sciences, philosophy and economics, \$5 per term, and in painting and drawing, extra, \$4. All bills must be paid and receipted before any one can become a member of the Institute.

The peculiar feature in the courses of studies consists in arranging one as preparatory to another, called the Collegiate Department, which embraced the four regular classes of a college and assigned studies to each class. These studies were, in every respect, equivalent to those required in Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., for graduation in the ancient classical course, six years afterwards. Three terms in Hebrew were substituted for as many terms in advanced Greek, and evidences of Christianity for the second term in moral science. It is true that twelve years later, students completing the then required course in DeRuyter were admitted with no conditions into the Senior Class at Union. It seems that ladies in the former school could pursue studies in the French and Italian languages in the place of those in the Latin and Greek. United States history received some attention in the Elementary Department; history in general or of any other country was entirely omitted, as it was usually in other collegiate institutions at that time. The instruction in advanced reading and elocution was exceedingly meager. No effort was made to interest either teachers or students in English and American literature by the study of its history or the works of its standard authors. Such schools did not then hardly dream of having a gymnasium or an athletic association. What was also surprising at DeRuyter, but it would not have been at Union, Williams or Brown, no arrangements were made for teaching instrumental and vocal music, a department now found in universities in this country. But at DeRuyter special effort is made in the fall term "to fit young men for teaching," presumably in the winter district schools.

The purpose and the management of the Institute are explained in its Prospectus for this first year of its existence. These are stated in the following paragraphs: "The great object of education, as expressed by a distinguished writer of our own country, is 'to render the mind the fittest possible instrument for discovering, applying and obeying the laws under which God has placed the universe.' It shall be our aim to make the

course of studies, the discipline and general arrangement of the Institution accord with this sentiment."

"The teachers in their intercourse with their pupils will endeavor to cultivate feelings of reciprocal kindness and regard, and a high sense of social responsibility. A special solicitude will be felt on the part of the teachers for the moral elevation of those committed to their care. But as the Institution is to be purely literary in its character, let it be distinctly understood that nothing in its internal organization shall be allowed to interfere with the religious scruples of any people."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A dispatch to the *New York Tribune*, under date, London, Oct. 29, says: All rumors that the European Powers will intervene in the Transvaal war are idle fictions. France and Russia may have some ulterior purposes if convenient opportunity arises for carrying them out, but there will be no attempt to secure a coalition of the Powers in favor of peace or the enforcement of the principles of the Congress at The Hague. France may ultimately purchase Ceuta and the Canaries from Spain or take possession of Morocco, and Russia may swoop down upon Herat and strengthen her hold upon either Persia or China, but these aggressive policies will be deferred until England is deeply involved in South African affairs if any attempt be made to take advantage of the war. The arbitration arrangements adopted at the Peace Congress cannot be applied to the Transvaal war without the consent of England, and so European Power is prepared to affront the British Government by suggesting that the names of the Orange Free State and the South African Republic were in the original list of Powers which the Dutch Government submitted to the approval of Count Muravieff before invitations to the Peace Congress were sent out. This list was revised at St. Petersburg, and when the Dutch Ministers received it the names of the two Dutch republics in South Africa had been dropped. Russia was responsible for the exclusion of those two commonwealths from the Congress, in which minor nationalities took no active part. The British and Boer forces were only four miles apart, according to the latest advices from Ladysmith, in Natal, and a patrol of mounted infantry had been shelled by the Boers; a great battle was believed to be impending; a dispatch from Mafeking said that all was well there October 21. A prison ship has been fitted up at Simonstown, near the Cape, for the reception of Boer prisoners.—The 47th Volunteer Infantry, now at Camp Meade, Pennsylvania, has been ordered to proceed to New York City on November 4, and there embark for the Philippines on the transport Thomas.—Captain McClelland, Company I, 1st South Dakota Volunteers, on his return home from the Philippines, brought some silver ore given him by a native, who said there was a large amount ten miles from Manila. The ore has been assayed, and runs 1,400 ounces. Black Hills miners are much interested, and may send McClelland back to prospect.—Superintendent Rose of the Cornell Steamboat Company announces that the Delaware and Hudson Canal, recently abandoned, will be reopened in the spring between Cuddebackville and Rondout, N. Y.

Missions.

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

EVANGELIST L. C. RANDOLPH is holding a series of evangelistic meetings with the Albion church, Wisconsin. May this church, Pastor S. H. Babcock and Bro. Randolph have our prayers that a wonderful blessing may be poured out upon the work, the membership of the church be greatly revived and precious souls saved.

EVANGELIST J. G. BURDICK returned from his trip to England greatly refreshed and invigorated. He with Bro. Cook, of the New York church, are holding meetings at Preston, N. Y. The brethren of the New York church sent, at their own expense, and by the approval of the Evangelistic Committee, Mr. Cook to assist Evangelist Burdick in the work. An interest is already awakened there. Let us remember them and Preston in our prayers.

FROM J. W. CROFOOT.

STEAMSHIP COPTIC,
At Sea, Nearing Honolulu.
Oct. 5, 1899.

Rev. O. U. Whitford, Westerly, R. I.

Dear Friend:—We are sailing through smooth seas, under pleasant skies, with nothing to worry us and no direct cause for alarm. During the first two days we were both sick, and kept to our beds as the safest way of avoiding severe illness. So far we have both escaped serious difficulty. I ate something at every meal and kept it all down by keeping a horizontal position. Since Monday morning we have both been in first rate health. People say that we are having an unusually smooth sea and pleasant voyage.

Of the 98 first cabin passengers on board, more than 40 are missionaries or members of their families. Of the 23 passengers for Shanghai, 17 are missionaries, of whom only two besides us complete their journey there. We are quite stay-at-homes compared with some. The man who sits opposite me at the table is going 1,200 miles inland from Shanghai.

There are also on board besides the crew of about 100—all Chinese except the officers—about 400 steerage passengers, three dogs, a monkey, a parrot, a few cats, some canaries, and fleas beyond all accounting.

The passengers are conducting a series of concerts and other entertainments, one of which was held last night. Some out-door sports, such as cricket and shuffle-board, furnish exercise. There is a good salt water plunge-bath arranged twice a day for those who wish it. Yesterday and to-day have been uncomfortably warm, as we are now within the tropics.

The ship, 430 feet long, 2,744 tons, seems to be a good one and well officered. The uniformed Chinese give good service in dining saloon and elsewhere.

The Hawaiian Islands were sighted just before luncheon to-day, and we expect to reach Honolulu to-night. I suppose this will come on the Gaelic, leaving Honolulu Oct. 7.

FROM G. VELTHUYSEN, SR.

By the great goodness and the mercy of our Heavenly Father my illness and depression of spirit have disappeared, and so I could resume my labors. I know that many,

many dear friends, who sent up their prayers and supplications for Christ's sake in my behalf, will now give thanks for God's answer on their prayers. May God bless them all for their love and sympathy.

Last Sabbath I took back again preaching and direction of the Sabbath-school. Our deacon, Bro. Spaan, did the work during my absence with the fullest consecration and zeal. And as for our monthly, *De Boodschapper*, my eldest son did all the work as editor, being exemplary sustained by our much esteemed brother, F. J. Bakker, Rotterdam, who furnished many excellent items, as well prose as poetry. I feel also in this respect a great obligation to said brother, always so full of zeal for the Master's cause. Most probably you are acquainted with the fact that my younger son, Peter, went again to the United States. By the papers we learned yesterday that the steamer, on board of which he took passage, arrived the day before yesterday at New York. We hope that Peter may have had a safe passage, and that God may bless his entrance in his new sphere of working. Our prayers are for him, that he may become an able and faithful minister of the gospel, and that in such a way the Lord will bless the service of love of the beloved brethren and sister who enable him to enter in the school at Alfred. We feel very thankful to them all, and ask heartily the Lord to reward them for their kindness and generosity.

The work with the Bible-wagon was resumed in the spring and constantly set forth. Probably Bro. Schouten, who drives that work, will at wintertime do the same as he did the previous wintertime, *viz.*, use a sciopticon for bringing several good things before the public. He is now laboring in the southern part of our country.

We all send kind regards to you and the whole brotherhood.

HAARLEM, Holland.

FROM H. STILLMAN.

Realizing the sacredness of our mission as those who stand in God's name as representatives of his holy Word, and the fearful responsibility that rests upon those to whom God has committed great truths, and especially to us who stand as representatives of God's holy law and the awful consequences that follow to those who attempt with unhallowed hands to direct and steady the ark of God, leads me as his professed ambassador to seek wisdom of God that I may always carry message only to my people.

I have sought, above everything else, to stand before them with my heart warm from the altar, that the message that I bring may be "a savour of life unto life and not of death unto death." We need so much as individuals, and as a people, to open our ears and our hearts to the voice of God that spake on Sinai, and then can we rightly receive his message that comes from Calvary.

We need means to carry on the work of the Lord. As a people, we have in our possession an abundance if it is consecrated. With all the means that we possess we shall dwindle and die unless we place ourselves renewedly upon the altar of consecration. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, "Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

ASHAWAY, R. I., Oct. 16, 1899.

FROM N. M. MILLS.

I can report my work on this field as being in a prosperous condition. The appointments of the church are all well attended. We meet at the church three times each week, unless the weather is very stormy, and have meetings that show spiritual life and power. I preach regularly twice each week, and often three times. It is largely union work on this field. Our evening meetings are made up from representatives of three and four, and sometimes five or six different denominations, but all are working together, with increasing zeal and power, for the salvation of precious souls, and the building up of Christ's kingdom here below.

I had the pleasure of baptizing two willing candidates last Sabbath, and receiving them into the church. There are others who ought to take this step ere long. We hope and pray that they may. We find that our work in Sabbath Reform must necessarily be of a personal nature—house to house work. This work is very encouraging.

Pray for us and the work on this needy field.

WESTERLY, R. I., Oct. 11, 1899.

FROM S. R. WHEELER.

The work has moved along much as usual. Sabbath services—preaching, Sabbath-school and Christian Endeavor prayer-meeting for the old as well as the young—have been maintained without interruption. Some weeks ago a number of our people went to Wyoming to work in the construction of a railroad. This has decreased the attendance upon our Sabbath service. Amidst all this moving to and fro we remember the Sabbath-day to come together to worship God with those present and pray for those absent. Our people being scattered, we have not kept up prayer-meeting on Sixth-day night for some time. But every Sabbath it is announced that we are to offer our prayer-meeting prayers at our own homes. We also counsel families living conveniently to each other to meet together. This is done occasionally.

At the last regular church meeting it was voted to ask for the work of an evangelist. We very much need such help and shall be glad for Bro. Randolph or some other brother to come to us as soon as convenient. The importance of keeping up this church can hardly be over-estimated. It is the Seventh-day Baptist lighthouse for a large surrounding district. It lights the path from Kansas to California. It is the nucleus around which many scattered ones cluster. They would feel lonesome and homeless if there should be a dark spot where this light now shines. It also cheers the pilgrim and visitor as they are journeying through, or have come to rest for a little season. It makes these feel at home to have Sabbath privileges with their own people and enjoy spiritual refreshment.

The news of the good Conference at Ashaway came to us as refreshing water to a thirsty soul. It gave us a taste of the same spiritual food which those present partook of so bountifully. It is a great denial, especially for pastors who are so far away and means so limited, that they are deprived of the most or nearly all of these precious denominational gatherings. We read about them, and the better they are the more we rejoice.

The Lord grant you wisdom in your coming

session. "The work is great and large" and the means put into your hands is all too small. Before closing I will raise this question, which has often come to my mind. Why are not some of the large donations for immediate use? It is well to have some permanent funds. But why should all the larger gifts be locked up in this way? What a blessing it would be, if occasionally, some one should give thousands of dollars to be used at once in cancelling accumulated debts, and doing some special work which might be demanding immediate attention.

BOULDER, Colo., Oct. 12, 1899.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Quarter Ending September 30, 1899.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer.

In account with

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Table with columns for Dr. (Cash in Treasury, Loans, etc.) and Cr. (Salaries, Traveling Expenses, Churches, etc.). Total balance in Treasury as of Sept. 30, 1899, is \$6,988.26.

MISSIONARY BOARD MEETING.

The Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society held their regular meeting in the vestry of the Pawcatuck church, on Wednesday, 18th Oct., 1899, at 9.30 A. M., President William L. Clarke in the chair.

There were present, members: William L. Clarke, A. S. Babcock, O. U. Whitford, S. H. Davis, B. P. Langworthy, 2d, S. P. Stillman, Gideon T. Collins, N. M. Mills, G. B. Carpenter, L. F. Randolph, L. T. Clawson, J. H. Potter, J. Maxson, Ira B. Crandall, E. F. Stillman, O. D. Sherman.

Visitor: Rev. T. J. Van Horn.

Prayer was offered by O. U. Whitford.

Charles H. Stanton, Ira B. Crandall and Albert L. Chester were elected a Committee on Permanent Funds for the ensuing year.

It was voted that A. S. Babcock be a Committee to procure bond for the Treasurer, in the sum of \$20,000.

The Reports of the Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer and the Evangelistic Committee were received and ordered recorded.

O. U. Whitford, G. B. Carpenter and S. H. Davis were elected Evangelistic Committee for the year ensuing.

Correspondence was read from Rev. G. Velthuysen, through which he informs us of his restoration to health, also giving interesting items concerning the work in Holland.

Correspondence was read from Rev. Wm. C. Daland, showing an encouraging state of religious feeling among the membership of the Mill Yard church, and urging that the Board continue help to that church for a while.

A letter from Mrs. Nathan Wardner was read concerning the work of Rev. F. J. Bakker, in Rotterdam, Holland. It was voted that the Corresponding Secretary be instructed to respond to Mrs. Wardner's letter, stating that, under our financial condition, we do not feel that we can now take upon ourselves the entire expense of this work; but we would feel willing to appropriate for the Rotterdam church, upon their application, the sum of one hundred (\$100) dollars, provided an additional one hundred dollars is previously pledged for that mission.

The Corresponding Secretary was instructed to reply favorably to the communication from Bro. David E. Titsworth, President of the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association, in relation to interests in South Africa.

A communication was read from Rev. E. H. Socwell, in which he states that he has accepted a call to work in another place, and resigns the position of General Missionary on the Iowa field, which resignation was accepted.

The following orders were granted for quarter ending Sept. 30, 1899:

Table listing financial orders for the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1899, including salaries for various missionaries and traveling expenses, totaling \$400.00 for Holland and \$1,000.00 for China.

The following appropriations were made for the year 1900:

Table listing appropriations for the year 1900, including \$400.00 for Holland and \$1,000.00 for China, with sub-items for salaries and expenses.

Table listing various locations and their associated amounts, such as Lincklaen, N. Y. (50 00), Otselic, N. Y. (50 00), and A. G. Crofoot, Stokes and Holgate field, and traveling expenses (125 00).

Several communications were received which were referred to the Corresponding Secretary.

Adjourned.

WM. L. CLARKE, President.

A. S. BABCOCK, Rec. Sec.

LOOK AND LISTEN.

There was no doubt of it. The man was dead. He had been run over by the swift-rushing train; and his horse lay, a bruised and bleeding mass, there in the ditch. The most skillful surgeon in the world could not restore life to this crushed and gory frame. What was to be done next? Why, sue the railroad company, of course. Preparations were accordingly made to secure a large and exemplary sum from the corporation for the benefit of his heirs.

But in the court a few facts were brought out by indubitable testimony and through corroborative witnesses. It was shown that the railroad had been where it was for twenty years. It was made plain that the man who was killed had crossed at that point regularly every day since his childhood, and knew its time-tables and train-schedules perfectly. It was in evidence that no obstacles prevented a full view of any passing locomotive, and that the train by which the man was killed was one due at that time and not one "running wild." The people on the train and others beside the track heard the whistle when the train was approaching and heard the bell when the crossing was about to be made. And yet the man drove on the dangerous point of the road-bed apparently absorbed in some deep meditation; and he was killed.

When this point was reached and no contradiction appeared, the judge dismissed the case. An appeal was taken, and a second followed the first. Now from the court of last resort comes the clear-cut decision of the issues involved. "It is not only the duty of railway employes to exercise due diligence and care to perform their duties with as few perils as possible to the people, but when a point of danger is known to exist it is the duty of every man who knows of such existence of peril to look and listen. If he neglects to do so his death is simply the inevitable result of his own criminal folly."

But that is an old maxim, as old as the days of Moses. Only then the maxim was applied to goring oxen rather than to rushing trains. No man lives who does not already know the peril of drink, the penalties of lust, the end of the transgressor under the operation of God's common, retributive laws. It is a terrible thing to look upon the wreck that sin has made; the bloated form, the blood-shot eye, the weakening and decrepit frame slowing sinking into the grave. But the only possible verdict must be to acquit God. The peril was not a hidden or obscure one. It was for the man to "look and listen." Had he done so, he would not have fallen. Did he fail to do so, his mischief has simply returned upon his own head, his iniquity has come down upon his own pate.—The Interior.

Woman's Work.

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

"THE love of Christ constraineth us."

DAVID LIVINGSTONE said, "It is something to be a missionary. The great God, before whom the angels veil their faces, had an only Son, and he was sent to the habitable parts of the earth as a missionary physician. It is something to be a follower, however feeble, in the wake of the Great Teacher."

SOME one has said, "The Master's work must go on just the same, and those who are willing to make an extra exertion will have an extra blessing."

MARY LYON said, "If there is a work to be done and nobody else takes it up it is my work," and "The only thing in the universe that I am afraid of is, that I shall not do my whole duty."

A LETTER from Mrs. Crofoot, mailed at Honolulu Oct. 8, and received at Alfred Oct. 20, says:

"We are due at Honolulu to-night about 5. Land was sighted this morning; will have to spend an hour in quarantine. Yesterday and to-day have been very warm. We have had beautiful weather and a smooth sea; some who have been this trip before say it is an unusual voyage.

"Of the 98 cabin passengers about 40 are missionaries. One missionary from India has two children, famine sufferers, who have been with her in America. The crew, with the exception of the officers, are Chinese, so you see we are becoming used to Chinese service. I do wish they would relax the muscles of their faces and smile, or show some signs of intelligence.

"The Protestant missionaries proposed one day having a prayer and praise service, but the Captain soon threw a wet blanket on the plan, on the ground that it would interfere with cricket and other games which had been planned, and as much as said that he did not want any such notice on the bulletin board.

"They did however have one entertainment which the missionaries could enjoy. It consisted of music, readings and memory and second sight exhibitions. One missionary from Scotland sang a Scotch ballad. They tried to close by singing, 'God save the queen,' but I heard more singing 'America.'

"We are sailing under the British flag. There are between 350 and 400 Asiatic passengers in steerage who spend their time gambling and smoking."

OUR BEGINNING.

By Mrs. C. N. PEARRE.

I will bring the blind by a way they know not.—Isa. 42: 16.

In the early seventies my lot was cast in Iowa City. Among the friendships formed there was one that gave me peculiar pleasure and, as it turned out, was of great profit. The lady whose influence was so benignly given was Mrs. Mary L. Thacher, wife of the President of Iowa University, a Congregationalist divine. She was likewise a minister's daughter, had known how to be in want and how to abound; was cultured and saintly, and of most gracious manners. Her heart went out warmly to preacher-folks, for she so well knew their struggles and trials and their precious compensations. This was most

grateful to me, a stranger. She took a sympathetic interest in young people, and so did I; and thus one way and another we soon found we had much in common. One great interest, however, she had to which I was a stranger, though not blind to its importance and deaf to its call as I had once been. She was full of missionary enthusiasm, and I had never had anything of that kind to even kindle an interest. True, by two singularly touching incidents in the church of which I had been a recent member, I had been won from indifference to wish we had some missionary work to do. I was altogether ready to take part. As these incidents were in the way of the divine leading they may be helpful to some other life.

One was the pious and persevering efforts of a devout young girl scarcely more than a child, whose frail life was even then ebbing away, to fill and send a mission box. She availed herself of whatever material kindness put in her way, and with her own little hands fashioned garments and laid them away, till her box was half filled. Then others in the church, and out, helped till her box was filled. I had no hand in it, thinking it only the morbid fancy of a sick girl. Besides we had no mission to which to send it. But, nothing daunted, when her box was ready she obtained of Mr. Errett the address of a poor colored preacher in Alabama whose people were in want from the failure of the cotton crop, and sent him her box, charges paid. He wrote her most gratefully that it reached them on Christmas morning and made a blessed day for them; that there was some one to fit every garment, and that a hundred dollars would not have helped them more. "Your labor is not in vain in the Lord," took a new meaning for me.

The other was this: A young woman was the support of herself and demented, bed-ridden mother, and they were very poor. Her needle was all that stood between them and want. Her pledge to the State Missionary Society was due, and she had nothing to meet it but a precious keepsake, a little gold dollar. It was a bitter struggle, but faith triumphed. Then followed a most remarkable series of providences, and from that day forward, she assured me, she had never been in want.

Mrs. Thacher was an officer in the newly-organized Congregationalist Woman's Board of Missions, with headquarters at Chicago. This Board was pushing its work with all the ardor of the new enthusiasm, and she was in the forefront. Her husband said she served up "missionary" for breakfast, dinner and supper. She took me to her meetings, she gave me thrilling bits of experience of their workers abroad, she read me original letters from the field, she told me of the heart-melting self-denials of disabled missionaries, and the sweet, unostentatious ministries in their behalf. She was very magnetic, enough to stir the heart of a clod, and I was by this time not a clod. All this seemed to me a type of Christianity beyond anything my church could show.

She was greatly anxious to arouse the Iowa City churches to missionary zeal. She brought Miss Malinda Rankin to tell at a union meeting the wonderful story of her work in Mexico. It was done so simply and with such pathos and power, one preacher said she was doing better preaching than he.

I was invited to an interview with Miss Rankin, and after telling me of her heroic efforts and endurance, and the glorious outcome of them, she sweetly plead that our church would go and take the unentered province of Guadalupe and win it for Christ. How could I tell her we had no provision whatever for doing anything for Christ beyond our own border? But I have lived to see a dear daughter of Texas stand before our assembled thousands and plead for this same Mexico, and the plea did not have to be turned sadly away.

Again, Mrs. Thacher called Mrs. Sarah J. Rhea, a returned Persian missionary, to tell of their work and God's blessing upon it in that far land. Mrs. Rhea was a Tennessee lady with much of the sweet Southern manner left after long residence among the Orientals, of tender, resonant voice and winning speech. And, withal, she had a glorious story to tell of the conquests of the gospel in that stubborn Moslem land. How I was thrilled when in the words of Paul she exclaimed, "The churches of Asia salute you!" Quickly I remembered in sadness that my church had no part in that glad salutation. As the heart-stirring story developed and we learned how those who had gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed, had come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them, I was deeply impressed with the thought that we had no share in any such toilsome sowing, no share in any such rejoicing harvest. The thought seemed to be confronting me everywhere that not only was there one glorious chapter of delights in Christian experience that we were not able to read, but one fearful chapter of responsibilities to which our eyes had been sealed. But while these various object-lessons were slowing bringing into view this great lack in our church the light was dawning to the new day.

My friend could not have been the enterprising officer that she was without talking over frequently with delighted interest the rapidly developing plans and methods of the new movement; telling how, hand to hand and heart to heart, they were all astir with missionary activity, casting about for everything that would contribute to the delight and profit of the new work; what charming companionships were being formed; how Christian woman seemed to be just flowering for a glorious new fruitage.

My heart began to stir; I wanted to be in it. It slowly dawned upon me that there was no reason why we could not be in step with this glorious march, except the one significant reason, we had no objective point, we had no missions to work for. You see I had missed the real point in the lesson of my young girl's mission-box.

And then there was no one to move in the matter. Surely we could be led, if we had a leader. This matter pressed upon my heart and would not down. Finally, upon the 10th day of April, 1874, about ten o'clock in the morning, just after I had finished my private devotions, the question came home to my heart almost like a voice—"Why cannot you do it?" With a great throb of joy, I said: "I will," and the turning point had come.—*Missionary Tidings.*

A CHILD of God should be a visible beatitude for joy and happiness, and a living doxology for gratitude and adoration.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

DANVERS AND I TAKE A WALK.

BY JAMES BENTON.

It was the first day of October, 1899. The sunshine was as bright as a new-born hope. The wind was the breath of the northwest, close to chilliness. The air was filled with ozone, best tonic for weary nerves. The valley was narrow and the hills were high. We climbed a couple of hundred feet, through a pasture lot, to the edge of a maple wood, where we sat down to rest on an old moss-covered stone fence. A village was scattered up and down the valley below. On the opposite side of the valley the wooded hills showed in the morning sun like some rare old painting of an "Autumn scene."

It was about seven thirty A. M., "eastern time." Two crows flew across our line of vision. One of them turned his ebon head to look at us, suggesting that the hill belonged to crows, and not to mortals with overcoats on. We made no reply and they disappeared around the point of the hill. Crows are curious.

What we could see from the point where we sat was incomplete, like an unfinished life. The incompleteness suggested something better higher up. The hill, as a whole, was so high and steep that we had no idea of going to the top when we started. But the next "bench" beckoned to us, and, picking our path among stones, mosses, and pools of water which told of springs hidden in the heart of the hill, we went on slowly, that lungs and heart might be tempered to the unusual strain. Once Danvers said, as he jumped from one larger stone to another that lay a little higher up the hill, "There is a good lesson here for Christian Endeavor Societies." "It reminds me more of climbing the Alps," said I. "That is it," he answered, "I meant that it is like attaining the high ground of character and service." (I believe Danvers would moralize if he fell into a mill pond or got caught in a railroad smash-up.)

Reaching the crest of the bench we stopped to rest again, under a wide-branched maple which stood at the edge of a bank of ferns whose color outrivalled any autumn tinting I ever saw before. As to form, the fronds were the perfection of grace. The wind, softened by a sheltering point of the hill, played with the swaying ferns, as a child's breath might play with floating thistle-down. As to color, a soft golden hue predominated, while purple and green, shading into the prevailing gold mingled, until the longer one studied it the more indescribable it became. I asked Danvers to tell what the color was. "I cannot," he said. "I can feel it. It soothes me as the lullaby songs of my mother used to. It falls on my senses as some soft, sweet strains of music do. Only that I do not dare to trample on the ferns, I would like to lie down in them and let the restful color put me to sleep."

I made no answer. I felt what Danvers said; but there was no place for discussing the question. We sat looking at the ferns for some minutes, then rose to go on. It almost seemed as though the ferns might speak, if they would, and whisper to us what we wanted to know. I felt sure they would whisper if they said anything. Later in the walk we saw a fire-like bush which shouted at us: "Come over and pluck me and let me stain your hands as the blood of Duncan did the hands of Lady Macbeth." Of course the

color did not say that just as I have written it, but it looked as if it wanted to. I feel the influence of that color still; but when I try to analyze and describe it my eyes close and my pen stops. From the higher ground, a little way up the hill, we took a last look at it. In a moment Danvers turned, looked me full in the face, while his own glowed with a new radiance, as he said: "I know. That is the color of divine love." I cannot improve on that definition.

Climbing to the next bench, we found a neat bit of upland pasture, and a little further on we gained the top, which was nearly on the level with all the surrounding peaks. The village, long since out of sight, seemed but a memory of other times. Beauty lay spread out before us, for miles, in every direction. The highest hills welcomed us, as to say: "Glad to greet you. Come here and stay. We pity the people who live down in the narrow valleys. Stay up here." I feel sure that Danvers heard the hills calling to us, though he said nothing about it. There are some things one does not need to say. We sat enjoying the splendor of the hills, the clouds, the sky, when Danvers began to sing, softly:

"Oh Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home forever more."

Two squirrels sat on a rock, near by, with wonder-filled eyes, and listened while he sang. I waited, wordless. The wind lulled, and I could not break the listening silence as much as I wanted him to go on. Four or five minutes passed, when he began again in a subdued voice which reminded one of the summer call of the wind across a violet-perfumed meadow:

"The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song."

Finishing that stanza, he rose to his feet, faced the east where the longest sweep of the undulating hills were listening, and broke into the chorus like an organ with all the joy stops open:

"Oh Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, MY HOME FOREVERMORE!"

If any one was listening they heard that chorus half a mile away.

We crossed a plateau and skirted the crest of the hill for half a mile or more, until a valley opened on the other side, revealing another village, which lies near the water-shed where the streams going to the St. Lawrence and to the Hudson take their course. Getting bearings from the sun, we plunged into the thick woods and down the face of what was now a young mountain. The undergrowth was like a jungle. The rocks were beautiful with deep green, wet moss, and as treacherous to the feet as they were pleasing to the eye. We clambered down, down; and then farther down, until I wanted an extra pair of knee joints and wished that my "summer overcoat" was hanging up at home. At the foot of the hill while we rested I said to Danvers: "I can understand the experience of Moses on Mt. Nebo better than I did before this walk. What a sorrow that must have been when he knew that his feet might not touch the land he had sought so long, and on the beauty of which his glad eyes rested!"

"Yes," Danvers answered, "It was a little sad, but think what a funeral that was, when the angels dug his grave, and the presence of the Most High crowned it with his glory. But best of all, Moses stepped from the top of Nebo into the real land of promise, while an angel held the golden doors open. That was glorious victory over earthly things."

It was half past ten in the forenoon by my watch when we got back from that walk.

CLEANING GLASSWARE.

There is nothing that proclaims good management more than a dainty, neatly-laid table, and perhaps there is nothing that adds so much to its attractiveness, according to the expense involved, as pretty glassware. Fashion not only allows, but favors, odd pieces; so a table may be made very attractive with a number of these ornamental dishes, if they be shinningly clean. Even the cheap ware will compare favorably with the finest cut-glass if it is polished often. Glass must be washed in tepid water before it is put into hot water, to avoid a too sudden change from cold to heat. Cold contracts and heat expands, and a sudden change will be apt to cause a fracture. Fancy glassware becomes dim if it is not cleansed often, and a brush must be used for cleaning the fancy portions, as a cloth cannot reach the dust which accumulates in the crevices. It very often happens that cruets, toilet bottles and other articles become coated on the inside with a brown sediment which is impossible to wash out. In such cases egg shells and a strong suds will prove very helpful. Shot is very often used for this purpose, but it is apt to scratch the glass, and thus mar its beauty. Wash the glasses which have held milk, and the dishes which have been used for salads, in cold water, then wash through a suds of pearline and tepid water, and rinse in clear hot water. They should be wiped with a soft towel as soon as they are taken out of the water. If they are allowed to drain, the water will dry on them in cloudy streaks, and no soap or rough cloth should ever be used about glassware. If possible one should have the regular glass linen towels for wiping and polishing the dishes. A table may be neat and lovely despite the absence of costly furnishings, as dainty trifles and perfect napery may lend their aid, but it remains for the glassware to make or mar the final effect; for if any of this be dim it may spoil the appearance of an otherwise perfect table, for the glass may be glistening, though it be imitation and not cut.—*Ex.*

ONE of the most remarkable features of life in New South Wales is the transformation of criminals into hard-working citizens. Of the thirty thousand settlers there in 1821, twenty thousand were, or had been, convicts. It is said that on board an American liner, a boastful Australian asserted loudly, and over and over again, that "the men who settled Australia were a remarkably sensible lot." "Yes," said an American, quietly, "I have always understood that they were sent out by the very best judges."—*Youth's Companion.*

"WHEN I am telling a man a story I stop short if I see a peculiar gleam in his eye." "Does it mean that he has heard it before?" "No; it means that he isn't listening because he is thinking up the one he intends to tell me."—*Chicago Record.*

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

Their Books.

ONE year ago two brothers, strong in body, mind, and heart, were mine, who now are laid away to rest in death. One evening not so very long ago I had occasion, at a friend's request, to find a book about the Chinese language that one of them had owned. As I hunted out the volume among the books so dear to me, because they were so dear to them, some way the fullness of the loss came over me as it had not come before and I sobbed aloud in grief I could not well suppress. The books they owned were few, but choice; the little means they had to spend that way was used with wisdom, showing forth their own true worth. The work our brothers hoped to do of course cannot be done by us who stay; but who can tell, perhaps in death they help us more, as we try to be more manly, brave, and earnest, as we strive to emulate their virtues and be an honor to their memory. May these few words express to all who read them a brother's tribute to the noble dead.

One Thing at a Time.

A YOUNG woman, who has been eminently successful as a teacher of children in Sabbath-school, said to me the other evening, "You cannot get a child to look at a picture with any degree of interest and appreciation when there are other pictures near by." We were talking about the double page of pictures sent out by the *Sunday School Times*, containing illustrations of places of interest for the last quarter of International Lessons for 1899. She said she always cut out the pictures and used one at a time, then the attention was concentrated, and the desired fact or teaching was fixed in the mind. I fear sometimes that we are all children of a larger growth. For example, in the matter of what we read. We are surrounded with cheap books, magazines, and papers; there is so much that is good that we want to read, we try to cover so much ground in our reading, that we often fail to enjoy and appreciate that which we do read. Oh for some wise teacher to select for us, *one at a time*, the pictures of life, the good things which we have a right to enjoy!

A New Field to Conquer.

LESS than two years ago we were all suddenly called upon to study the geography of the West Indies and to learn how to pronounce a long list of names of Spanish generals, warships, cities, rivers, and so on. We had no more than commenced this task when Dewey's victory at Manila opened up another field of study of even a larger scope. This was followed by troubles at Samoa, which made a study of the islands of the Pacific a necessity. Of late we have been blundering over French names connected with the trial of Dreyfus; and now, forsooth, we must hunt up the latest map of South Africa, locate and learn the names of cities, rivers, and mountains, unheard of before. The Dutch republics of South Africa have commenced a war which surely will end in their defeat. I am not saying that they will be conquered by England. What I mean to say is that they must succumb to twentieth century civilization, against which they are in reality fighting, and England happens to be the nation into contact with which they have come.

Cultivating Appreciation.

SHORTLY after I mailed my contribution to the RECORDER for last week, my eye fell upon the following in the *Sunday School Times*. It expresses about what I had in mind when I made reference to Bro. Randolph's paragraph in a recent issue of the RECORDER:

Readiness to appreciate value in that which does not appeal directly to our personal interests is a mark of largeness and power. We most commonly estimate merits by the degree in which a thing ministers to our necessities or our taste. Our temptation is to label as useless that which contributes nothing to our uses. When the high-grade musician or hymnologist can see a value in "Gospel Hymns" not to be found in the classic church books, when the unimaginative prosaer can confess to a function in the uncomprehended flight of the sentimentalist or poet, when the hard-worked tradesman is ready to believe that the world will be benefited by the vision of the astronomer or the diary of a Nansen facing death as he hovers near the Pole,—then we can take fresh courage for the race, and hope for the speedier coming of the recognition of the brotherhood of man. A noteworthy case of this power to appreciate the value in that which has no direct appeal to us is found in the remark made by John Stuart Mill on the request of Carlyle that he give a critical reading to the manuscript of the latter's "Sartor Resartus." "I did not deem myself a competent judge of Carlyle," says Mill. "I felt that he was a poet, and that I was not; that he was a man of intuition, which I was not; and that, as such, he not only saw many things long before me, which I could, only when they were pointed out to me, hobble after and prove, but that it was highly probable he could see many things which were not visible to me even after they were pointed out." Here was the man of largeness and power. He recognized the presence of a value which was valueless to him. If we were to cultivate this appreciation of that which has no appeal to us, we should the more truly prove ourselves ministers to the wants of those who are different from ourselves, yet, who, like us, know what it is to hunger and thirst for that which is food and drink to them.

Our Sympathy and the People of Transvaal.

THE following clipping from the *Christian Endeavor World* is so timely, especially for young people, that I cannot forbear sending it to the RECORDER. Read it thoughtfully, and then be not hasty to judge until you are well informed of all the facts on both sides of the question:

If any people need to guard against taking sides hastily in the Transvaal troubles, and condemning indiscriminately, it is Americans. It is but a little more than a year ago that sensitive Americans were chafing under the ignorant and unkind criticisms of our neighbors over the water on the motives and justice of our war against Spain. Almost the entire European continent misunderstood us, as most of us believed, and gave their sympathies entirely to Spain. But, as a nation, we have never faltered from the belief that our purposes were humane and in accord with the highest interests of Christian civilization, though in carrying them out we caused distress and humiliation to a weaker nation.

Our own experience should make us chary about letting our natural sympathies with the under dog lead us in the absence of all the information necessary to an impartial judgment, to condemn sweepingly the policy of one of the foremost nations that make for human freedom and righteousness.

Much has been said on both sides which we do not think it best to repeat here. Our purpose is not to argue the case one way or the other, but to remind our readers that while war is an awful resort for settling disputes, and we should ever stand for peaceable settlement of international questions, and use all the influence we may have to avert what now seems to threaten, yet very few of us are in position to judge as to the merits of the case. We must have faith in the ultimate triumph of justice at the hands of a race that stands, the world around, as the most perfect racial incarnation of the love of fair-play. The British people should not be harshly condemned for the mistakes of their officials. The era of Anglo-Saxon fellowship, so hopefully begun, should not be marred by crude, sweeping accusations against a whole nation.

DO NOT be imposed upon by appearances.
—*Marcus Aurelius*.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

What have I done? What am I doing? What am I willing to do?

I hope these questions have been revolving in many young minds of late. Of course they should be both asked and answered from the standpoint of a religious worker. Many may be able to answer them with a good degree of satisfaction; but I dare say the most of us cannot.

1. We have persistently struggled with our respective business problems until we have familiarized ourselves with their minutest details, and, as a result, have been blessed with prosperity.

We have by great and repeated effort surmounted the barriers which stood in our way to social position, such as natural diffidence, easy embarrassment and lack of versatility of speech.

We may have gained a considerable local notoriety in the field of athletics and popular amusements as a result of faithful application and a determination to succeed.

How about a corresponding enthusiastic and determined effort in our religious undertakings?

2. We are very much interested in the various political and military movements of the day, and spend much time in ready and pointed discussion of their various features; have been exceedingly interested in the races between the Columbia and Shamrock, and are enthusiastic over the result; are very much enjoying both business and pleasure these fine autumn days, and are devoting almost our whole time to their interests. How about a like interest in spiritual things?

3. We are quite willing to belong to the church and Christian Endeavor, attend a good proportion of the meetings, sing, testify and pray; but we are not willing to abandon evil habits, though conscious that they are very detrimental to spiritual growth, and we are decidedly unwilling to make personal effort for the salvation of men.

It is to be hoped that these are not fair samples of answers that many of we young people are having to give to our inner consciousness. A good degree of energy and enthusiasm manifest upon the above things is all right, and even commendable, but the trouble is there is too great a discrepancy between the energy expended upon these things and that expended upon the cultivation of our spiritual natures, and the advancement of Christ's kingdom upon the earth.

I am confident that human energy expended with equal wisdom and proportion upon Christian effort, as upon secular affairs, will yield even greater manifest results, with immensely greater satisfaction.

If any one does not believe this theory correct, let him give it a fair and practical test and then report to me.

M. B. KELLY.

5455 MONROE AVE., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 23, 1899.

THE Y. P. S. C. E. of Nile held a very interesting meeting Sabbath evening, October 7, at which time a Leaf or Autumn program was given as follows:

1. Devotional Services.
2. Music.
3. Recitation, "The Last Leaf."
4. Music, "Falling Leaves."
5. Reading, "Death of the Flowers."
6. Music, Chorus.
7. Reading.
8. Recitation, "Seed-time and Harvest."
9. Music, "Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall."

The church was tastefully decorated with autumn leaves. The Juniors assisted with the music. Although few in numbers, our interest in the Master's work is not abating.

REC. SEC.

Children's Page.

IN THE CAVE IN THE WOODS.

BY MARY ALLAIRE.

Her hair was like white silk that had been spun in the yellow sunshine and had caught its rays. Her eyes were like the violets that blossomed on the bank in the woods where the sunshine lay longest. She had learned to sing from the birds and to dance by watching the tall grasses swaying in the wind. For playmates she had the little wood people, squirrels, rabbits, and the deer when they were babies. She found nuts for the squirrels and piled them at the foot of their trees, and roots and herbs for the rabbits, which they found in easy hiding-places. Her dolls were pieces of wood picked up in the forests; their dresses, the leaves of trees and the wild flowers, which were sewed with grasses. Such a busy, happy life this lovely baby lived in the deep woods! The days and the weeks and the months went by, the baby growing more and more beautiful; she lived in the woods at first very happily. For when she was tired, there was always a bed of moss near by. As soon as she was thirsty, a little rill was not far off. The wild berries were always growing, and the flowers seemed to spring up wherever she walked. When she went to bed, the softest lullabies were sung, and she dreamed the most beautiful stories. One day she looked up and discovered that the leaves had nearly all gone from the trees; that the squirrels were so busy hiding nuts that they paid no attention to her, while the rabbits were burrowing and digging too busily to answer her calls. She leaned against the trunk of a big tree. How still everything was! The golden haze made all the woods beautiful, but there was no one to speak to; the grasses did not dance, nor the tall weeds, for there was no wind to play a tune. For the first time the little girl was lonely, and the tears came into her eyes.

"How the leaves begin to blow, and the flowers to bend! and I'm cold," she said, with a shiver, moving closer to the tree, and drawing the skirt of her skin dress about her.

She slowly slipped down on the bank at the root of the tree. The leaves fluttered again and again. The little girl felt the wind touching her eyes and cheeks; her eyes closed, and she sank softly down. The giant crept out of the woods, picked her up, nodded toward the trees about, and everything was still. When the little girl woke up, she was in a cave in the woods, in which a soft, clear light was shining. The pine-needle bed on which she was resting made her know that she was in a world she knew before quite well. She moved, and immediately the giant came to her and touched her on the forehead. The light in his eyes seemed to glow about her. She raised her hands and patted his cheeks. "A loving heart," he murmured, "but that is not enough."

The little girl gave him her hand as she rose, and walked about the cave with him.

It was a wonderful place in which she found herself. The soft light shone always, but there were no windows. Long afterward the little girl learned that this was the light of the sun and the stars that shone on the leaves and was carried down to the roots and warmed and lighted the earth, just as she learned that the beautiful dripping fountains

that made their baths and gave them water to drink were the rain and the dew that fell on the leaves and came to them through the great trunk of the oak that she loved to play under.

The giant carved the most beautiful paper-cutters, bowls, wooden forks and spoons, which he carried to the nearest town and sold. "Thou must care for these," said the giant, "when I am gone. Never touch them, for they are worth much," he said, pointing to the shelves on which he kept dozens of things beautifully carved, against the day when sickness might come and he could not work. One day the giant was gone, and the little girl was playing outside the cave. None but the giant and the little girl knew how to find the door. There was a rustle in the woods, and the little girl was surprised to see a beautiful lady, who asked softly, "Will you take me in to rest?" Now the little girl remembered what the giant told her, but she wanted to please this beautiful lady. "Thou mayest rest here," she said, pointing to the soft, mossy bank on which she had often rested herself.

"Nay, beautiful child! I would rest in the house, where thou mayest guide me, if thou art kind."

The little girl looked at her and smiled sweetly.

"Thou mayest rest here, and I will bring thee a cup of cold water," she answered.

The lady drew her beautiful dress about her and sank down on the mossy bank. Freda—that was the little girl's name—ran gayly toward the big oak, and slipped into the beautiful cave. With a quick glance around, she sprang lightly on the table made of a smooth stone, and reached to the shelf for the prettiest cup.

"Thank you, dear child. Oh, if I had some food!"

"Would berries do?" asked the little girl.

"Yes, sweet child," said the lady, closing her eyes wearily.

Freda hurried back, and taking from the shelf the beautiful carved saucer that belonged to the cup, filled it with the blackberries the giant had gathered before day-break. In a moment she stood before the lady, who, with glistening eyes, was examining the cup. The little girl handed her the berries, and the lady thanked her.

"Do flowers grow near here?"

Without a word the little girl sped away and gathered handfuls of beautiful cardinal-flowers that grew on the banks of the stream not far away. When she came back, the lady was gone, and there were no beautiful cup and saucer. The little girl sank frightened on the bank. The clouds came and the winds blew, but at once the giant appeared.

"Thou must pay the penalty," said the giant, softly, looking at the weeping little girl on the mossy bank. His head dropped on his breast, and the tears fell, and a great rain-storm startled the wood people. When the giant raised his head, a milkweed stood before him, its beautiful pod of yellow silk drooping as though it could not face the sunshine.

The giant walked sadly away.

ONE WAY TO MANAGE.

Ted and Patty perched on the wood-pile, and watched the frantic attempts of Hiram, the hired man, to drive six little pigs up a broad plank into the farm-wagon.

Neighbor Billman had bought the pigs that morning, and Hiram had promised to deliver them by noon, but he soon found that was easier said than done. They had made up

their piggish little minds that they wouldn't be delivered to neighbor Billman. So they dodged, and squealed, and ran between Hiram's cowhide boots, and stepped on his toes, and nearly tripped him up, until at last the poor fellow dropped down on the saw-horse, and, wiping his crimson face vigorously with a crimson handkerchief, exclaimed in despair:

"Well, I'm beat!"

The provoking little scamps trotted off to a pile of refuse potatoes, and began to munch them contentedly, giving vent to many little saucy squeaks, and casting numerous defiant side glances at their defeated tormentor, as they doubtless considered Hiram.

"Must you give it up, Hiram?" queried sympathetic Patty.

"I'd make 'em go in!" exploded Ted, kicking at a maple log with his copper toes.

"Make 'em! That's all you know about it!" responded Hiram, in an injured tone.

"I'll go in and get mamma to make you a glass of lemonade, Hiram," said Patty, and "p'r'aps she can think of some way to help you."

"I'll be thankful for the lemonade," replied Hiram, much mollified, "but I guess p'r'aps your ma hain't made a study of the best way to get pigs into a wagon."

But Patty had flown, so this doubtful speech remained unanswered.

Presently she returned with a pitcher and glass and a plate of cookies. She also had a look of mysterious satisfaction on her kind little face, which was explained when, just as Hiram finished the lemonade and cookies, mamma appeared with a pail of something steamy and savory-smelling. She carried it over near to the suspicious little pigs. They stopped munching apples, and sniffed appreciatively. Then she walked along to the wagon, set the pail on the plank, and pushed it slowly up into the wagon. And, honor bright, every one of those "mulish" little pigs trotted briskly after it! Up they went, straight into the wagon which they had been "dodging" all the forenoon!

"Well," said Hiram, "your ma knows more about pigs than I give 'er credit fur."

"I don't know much about pigs," said mamma, "but I do know that gentle ways are best, and that coaxing is much wiser than driving."

Remember that, little folks—and larger folks.—*Epworth Herald.*

IN DOLL LAND.

In Germany there are whole communities of people who make dolls; whole families that work all day at doll-making, each one having his own part to do. Not only do these families make dolls, but the fathers and mothers of these fathers and mothers made dolls, and so did the grandfathers and grandmothers. A man making a doll out of a piece of wood, using a knife to do it, will draw himself up proudly, and tell you that his grandfather made the same kind of a doll.

The mothers in the families cut out the bodies, the children make and stuff them, the fathers paint and treat the faces. In some families, where there is a great deal of talent, the whole family make heads.

Some of these doll-makers have come to New York, and they live near together, making a little German village of doll-makers. These people make only the rag dolls which we see in the stores dressed in gingham, and wearing sunbonnets on their heads. Some of the women and girls make the clothing and bonnets, the boys stuff the bodies, and, as in Germany, the men make the faces.

Our Reading Room.

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

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Editor Lewis and myself were appointed by the Executive Committee of our General Conference to attend some meetings of Sabbath-keeping Baptists to be held in Jersey City. I attended three meetings; Dr. Lewis two; and Deacon Spicer, of our church, accompanied us once.

All of the meetings, even including the dedication services of a new church, were exactly of the same general character; and consisted of singing, prayer, testimonies from the people, and addresses by the leaders, of greater or less length.

They call themselves "Mount Zion," and "Church of the First-born." "Founded 1882, by the Holy Spirit, through Martin Hancox, Antoinette Jackson and Robert Jackson." They pay great honor to the Bible, and highly exalt Jesus Christ as Saviour; and teach that the church of Christ and the Apostles, in respect to faith, practice and experience, is the exact and literal pattern for all time.

But they hold no meetings for public worship on the Sabbath, thinking that would be contrary to the doctrine of Sabbath "rest." And what they teach concerning personal "holiness" and "perfection"; what their leader claims as to special divine revelation and illumination; and what they believe and teach in regard to the possession and exercise of miracle-working power, seems to me to be neither Scriptural nor rational.

They gave us most cordial and fraternal welcome; and I believe them to be worthy of fellowship as Sabbath-keeping Baptist Christians. Without doubt they have been most shamefully misrepresented in newspaper reports and pictures, and by their enemies; and, equally without doubt, they and we are considerably removed from each other in our interpretation of Bible teachings.

PASTOR MAIN.

ADAMS CENTRE, N. Y.—Our Society has been enjoying a visit of two weeks from Rev. L. E. Livermore, who has been representing the interests of Alfred University. He preached for us two Sabbaths, and we all appreciated his excellent sermons. He does not take away for the University a large sum of money, but a great amount of good-will and an interest in the cause of education that will, perhaps, bear fruit in the years to come.

Our church and the parsonage barn have received a new coat of paint, which has freshened their appearance very much. But as the Lord looks upon more than the outward appearance, we are praying for the adorning of the Spirit in such manner as will please him, and will qualify us for his work.

Dea. Gould Trowbridge and his wife, Mary (Corry) Trowbridge, completed fifty years of their married life October 18, 1899. Nearly fifty of their relatives and friends, being reminded of that fact, quietly assembled at their home that day and gave them a genuine, though pleasant, surprise. Besides providing a bountiful dinner, the guests brought some valuable presents as an expression of their high esteem for this worthy couple. The pastor, in behalf of the company, pre-

sented these tokens of regard with a few appropriate remarks, and prayed for the divine blessing to rest upon all.

A. B. P.

JACKSON CENTRE, OHIO.—Elders Seager and S. H. Babcock stopped here on their way home from Conference. They each preached twice here, also at Stokes. The people were indeed glad to hear and see their former pastors again. It was good for us to have them here and we trust that it was no loss to their home parishes. It is an encouragement to be remembered by those we love and have known in former years.

The friends of the pastor and his wife gave them a genuine surprise and donation on the evening of the 16th inst. The many pounds of flour, sugar, etc., as well as the hard cash in sums from one cent to one dollar, were all appreciated and thankfully received. May God abundantly bless all his dear children that they may consecrate their all to his service.

The Jackson Centre people would be very glad indeed to have the editor of the RECORDER spend a few days with them while on his Western trip.

A. G. C.

OCTOBER 19, 1899.

WALWORTH, WIS.—*Dear Editor*:—We are spending a few days at the beautiful village of Walworth. We reach here now by the C. H. & L. G. Electric road from Harvard, which connects Walworth with Lake Geneva. The "lake season" is closed for this year, although we find Bro. Walton Ingham and family still here, his two sons having typhoid fever. There are fifteen new residences being built here this season.

The C. M. & St. P. R. R. are surveying for a railroad through here, which will be built next spring to Milton Junction.

The village supports three doctors, three general stores, drug store, meat market, and furniture store, millinery, etc. Our Seventh-day people ought to be able to handle all this business. Good opening for blacksmith, hotel, and there are farms for sale and to rent, and none better in the world.

We are looking for the Walworth church to become one of the strongest churches in the denomination, and with the united effort of pastor and people it will be. The services are well attended. The pastor, Rev. S. L. Maxson, has just returned from Conference with a new determination to do better work, if possible, in building up the church and society to a high standard of loyal Christian living.

* * *

OCTOBER 16, 1899.

A BANQUET IN JAPAN.

BY IRVING A. RYTENBERG.

It is a Japanese custom for the merchants to give one to the manager or buyer of a business house when he is leaving, or a new man taking charge, in order to show their good feeling and incur the good-will of the new boss. In this instance it was a combination of the two, and they evidently did their best.

We were sent for by a committee in jinrikisha and conducted to the banquet hall. This was at a large tea house, situated about quarter of a mile up the mountain, and commanding a beautiful view of Kobe city and harbor. Directly in front of same was a large lotus pond. This flower, as you may know,

grows like the pond lily and is considered sacred by the Japanese. The front of the building was decorated with lanterns, and over the entrance were Japanese and American flags crossed.

We were first invited to remove our shoes, as is required of all who enter Japanese houses. Button-hole bouquets were given us made of paper, and the colors indicated the committee, the guests of honor, and ordinary guests.

First thing we did was to be photographed with all the guests. This is always done at any gathering of a similar nature, to preserve as a memento of the occasion. Each person receives an envelope tied with five strands of cord colored red, white and gold, which are royal colors.

This is a modified form of the ancient custom which required all of the female attendants and household of the emperor to tie their hair with these colors. This envelope contained an order on the photographer for one large picture. This has also been modernized, as formerly the guests received a whole baked fish tied in this manner.

Our places were at the head of the room. I can't say table, because there was none. We sat on the floor upon round mats and directly in front of the takonoma. This is a platform in an alcove, raised about four inches, and is found in the best room of every house in Japan. The idea of it is very pretty and poetical. They believe at some time the emperor may perchance visit them (though he never does), and this seat is reserved for him. In this alcove on the platform can always be seen the most precious possession of the household, and one can almost gauge the wealth of the man by the kakemono, etc., of the platform. Kakemonos are wall hangings of tapestry or picture painted on silk and fine paper, etc., and are very valuable.

We, as guests of honor, were placed directly in front of this alcove. Next to us were our interpreters and head officemen, on the sides of the room were the merchants. We were the only foreigners. Before anything is eaten the chairman of the committee explains the object of the meeting, making apologies for the poor dinner, to which one of the merchants replies, and makes a complimentary speech, which modesty forbids me repeating, but it as full of compliments as any American after-dinner speech could be. We understood very little, but the translation was written and sent to us the next day.

Of course we had to reply to same through the interpreters. Then the eating commenced—that is, all eating except myself. I have not been able to acquire the taste for Japanese food. The food consisted of soup, fish, shrimp, pickles and fruit. Eating is a small item—it is all drinking. "Hot sake" is the only drink the Japanese care for. Like everything else, upside down in Japan, the wine is drunk hot instead of cold. It is considered poor breeding to drink it cold. Only laborers and the poor classes do it. Sake is a wine distilled from rice and is quite mild.

We are then asked for our cups by each merchant in turn, which a maid sitting near washes each time and then fills for him to drink from. We then have to do the same with the cup of each guest. Fortunately the cups are small, holding about one-half a gill, otherwise we would never have survived. Then things begin to get warm as the wine

takes effect. Each person removes his top kinono and has it stored away. We also removed our outer garments and felt cooler in a light cotton kinono. Then we had Geisha dancing and jugglers, and finally guests began to dance and danced until the late hours. After most of the guests had departed, the committee and some of the merchants with whom we were better acquainted remained and entertained us with more Geisha dances, etc., until we retired. We had to spend the night there, as it would have been impolite to have returned to our rooms after this extra attention.

On our return to the office next day we found a wooden box 6 inches by 6 inches and 2½ inches deep, containing Japanese food and sweets. It is the custom to send you what you don't eat, or, more correctly, the custom is, the man takes home all except the soup, to divide with his family. I have often seen men when offered cake, etc., wrap it up in a paper napkin (a supply of which he always carries) and put it in his pocket to take home with him.—*The Jewish Messenger*.

EDUCATION IN THE NEW POSSESSIONS.

BY WILLIAM T. HARRIS.

It seems to me that there are three simple steps in the inauguration of an educational scheme for Cuba and Porto Rico.

First, I take it for granted that the Government will leave the management of the islands for several months, or even years, in the hands of military commanders, who will govern through provost marshals assigned to districts—these being instructed to take all proper steps to interest substantial citizens, citizens possessing educated intelligence or successful in the management of property, to come forward and assist in restoring social order and in re-establishing schools and business in the proper channels. By a gentle pressure on the part of these provost marshals old schools could be re-established, and perhaps new ones opened. It is important that the United States Government should do something as soon as these schools have been re-opened—namely, it should furnish supervisors to visit these schools and suggest improved methods of instruction, giving the teachers of these new possessions the benefit of the experience in the United States that has accumulated during the many generations that our common school system has been in operation. The supervisors should consist of one general superintendent of schools and a sufficient number of assistants to make possible a weekly visit to each of the schools on the island.

In the next place, something should be done with regard to the instruction of the natives in the English language. Great care should be taken not to attempt too much. If the United States Government should employ teachers of English (and these must all be acquainted with the Spanish language) to make weekly visits to the several schools and give model lessons in instruction in English and direct the instruction in this branch, one lesson a day being required in each of the schools, the native teachers would soon become good instructors in this branch, and the English language would very soon come to be taught in an effective manner, and this with a minimum of outlay from the public funds.

Besides the literary work, there should be,

as I have suggested, schools of industry, with special teachers, in every considerable town and village. The general manual training school, as it exists with us, would do good work there, but I think that special trades schools are better. They would fit all who desire instruction for their special vocations.

The revenues of the islands collected by the United States should support the teachers and the supervisors.

After the military rule, of course, civil rule must come. Indeed, it should be the policy of the government to make the military rule a system of nurture to develop civil rule and self-government on the part of the people of these possessions. While the military rule lasts it will give opportunity for the National Government at Washington to become acquainted with the peculiarities of these islanders, to learn their strong points and their weaker points, and, so to speak, acquire a fund of experience necessary for the formation of proper civil codes and the organization of a system of government for them.

It is evident that the first step on the road to prosperity must be the re-establishment of the various industries and civil vocations of the people. The establishment of schools should proceed, step by step, with this settlement of civil and industrial vocations, so that the youth growing up may understand the rationale of the things that they practice, that when they grow to manhood and womanhood they will be qualified to enter into a new order of citizenship which our National Government will hope to encourage and succeed in bringing to a vigorous maturity in these islands.—*The Independent*.

WHY THEY FAILED.

BY MRS. H. F. LANE.

Rev. Silas Cobb was looking sorrowfully at his books. For once he wished his library was smaller. Mrs. Silas was looking at her well filled china closet dreading to pack its contents. For a moment she wished she had less property in the crockery line. "We have resigned," she wrote that day to her mother. A well written letter it was. It convinced the mother that her daughter was all right and the church all wrong. The wiser and less indulgent father wondered why every church the Cobbs left was all wrong and the aforesaid, persecuted saints.

The Cobbs were good people. They were also very human. The Rev. Silas was a sincere man. His most indifferent parishioner believed that "Silas did as well as Silas knew how." What more could be said? The church in Rockdale was a good one. A remarkable one in that it never would tolerate debt and would not eat to support the minister. The singing was fine and cost nothing. Better than all, the members really wanted to be good to their minister and wife. Why had the Cobbs failed in Rockdale? Why had their lives been a patchwork of badly carried out effort?

After careful review, their best friends were forced to own it was the result of a habit of allowing personal feeling and interests to control in their intercourse with their people. They never had, and never would learn to "smile and make no sign" when differed from in non-essentials. First came a marked coolness resulting in the offending party being snubbed for a while, finally in being dropped.

The wicked wondered at this conduct; the well-meaning and patient wearied of the littleness. The poor little parsoness exacted humble apologies for the most trivial offenses, all the while feeling sure she was in the right. The Cobbs did not know their people. They did not know that the things of permanent value are mostly hidden—have to be sought. A real and fancied slight lost them what really might have been a valued friendship. They failed in tenderness and patience. When with the flock they acted as if their lot was indeed a hard one. The people were unkind, harmonies were dumb, and a discord was somehow struck every time.

The little morbid parsoness openly wailed at the lack of culture in the sisterhood, foolishly wishing they did less cooking and dish-washing and read Browning! She stood aloof from the struggle of life, serenely contemplating it, instead of descending to take part in the contest. In continually denouncing human nature as selfish, unreliable and degraded, she advertised herself. In her desire to absorb all the goods the gods had to bestow she gave out nothing.

It is now the fashion to pose the minister's wife as a patient, much-abused saint. Are they all saints? Does the young minister always choose his wife with direct reference to his life work?

In a six months' stay with the church at Rockdale—a looker on—I learned to admire and respect the sisterhood. Few would have endured slights and insults so patiently. The Cobbs might still be there if they had only known it was great and noble to respect a feeling which they might not share or understand. They failed to see that everybody needs and values kindness and that it is a duty, however others may bear themselves toward us. If they could only have done earthly things in a heavenly spirit! If they could have worked in the softening shadow of the cross. If the little parsoness could only have believed with George Eliot that "when death the great Reconciler has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity."

The Cobbs are without a home, and it is their own fault. But God is leading them into the light. They will learn that the man who revenges every seeming wrong, every fancied slight that is done him has no time for anything else. Humility and meekness escape many a blow.

The people in Rockdale are peace-loving and averse to change. In these unsettled times of church and country it is refreshing to hear nothing unkind said about the former pastor. Perhaps plain Betty Bangs, the cobbler's wife, expresses the feelings of the greater number: "Too bad the Cobbses couldn't behave so's we could 'a kep um! They had a good seat o' work."

It will be well for the minister and his wife, when going to another field, to keep constantly in mind that degrees of luster there must always be, but the weakest has a gift, however trivial, which used wisely may become a gift to the race. Christ is tender of his "little ones" and is grieved when one of the under shepherds neglect the weakest of the flock. In men and women as in soil sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of. The watchful husbandman should bring this to the surface.—*The Standard*.

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: 13-18; 4: 1-6.
Dec. 23.	Christ's Coming Foretold.....	Isa. 9: 2-7.
Dec. 30.	Review.....	

LESSON VII.—REBUILDING THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

For Sabbath-day, Nov. 11, 1899.

LESSON TEXT.—Neh. 4: 7-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Watch and pray.—Matt. 26: 41.

INTRODUCTION.

Nehemiah waited four months for a favorable opportunity to speak to king Artaxerxes concerning his desire for Jerusalem. The king granted unto him even more than he asked, and appointed him governor of Jerusalem and gave him letters unto the governors of the neighboring provinces. Provision was made for the necessary lumber for repairing the gates of the city, and the new governor was sent on his journey with a military escort.

Nehemiah found many difficulties in the work before him—the greatness of the task, the apathy of some of the Jews, the interference of their jealous neighbors. After a thorough examination of the condition of the wall, he showed his wisdom and good generalship by setting the people at piecework, each family building a definite portion. It is to be noted also that every piece of wall and gate was assigned to some one. No section of the wall was to be left in ruins; for a wall is no stronger than its weakest part.

The enemies of the Jews at first satisfied themselves with talking about this work, at one time ridiculing the workmanship of the Jews, and again making charges of treason against them. The work is now half done, and they realize that they must do something more forcible in order to prevent the completion of the wall.

NOTES.

7. *Sanballat* in Neh. 2: 19 is called the Horonite (probably from Beth-horon which may have been his native place). He was the leader of the enemies of the Jews and was probably the governor of Samaria. *Tobiah* is called the Ammonite. It is very likely that in the moving about of the different peoples after the destruction of Samaria and of Jerusalem, some of the Ammonites who dwelt on the east side of the Jordan had transferred themselves to Samaria. *The Arabians*. A recently deciphered inscription of Sargon, king of Assyria, is to the effect that he imported a colony of Arabians into Samaria. In chapter 2: 10, Geshem is mentioned as the leader of the Arabians. *The Ashdodites*. Ashdod was one of the principal Philistine cities. Its inhabitants were naturally joined with the Samaritans in resenting the revival of the importance of Jerusalem. *The walls of Jerusalem were made up*. Literally, "the restoration of the walls went forward." *The breaches*. That is, the gaps in the wall. In some places the work had to commence at the foundation. *They were very wroth*. Compare v. 1.

8. *And conspired all of them together*, etc. In addition to their taunts and their endeavors to create the impression that the Jews meditated treason against king Artaxerxes, they now proposed to resort to open violence to prevent the rebuilding of the wall. *And to hinder it*. To cause disturbance to him, that is, to the inhabitant of Jerusalem,—the singular used collectively for the plural.

9. *Nevertheless we made our prayer unto our God*. Compare verses 5 and 6. From these references to prayer it is evident that Nehemiah had some one to pray with him. Before this he had been praying alone. *And set a watch against them day and night*. Nehemiah was not such an enthusiast as to pray to God and then sit waiting to see deliverance wrought without his effort.

10. *And Judah said, The strength of the bearers of burdens is decayed*. Many of the Jews were discouraged. The laborers were ready to faint from weariness. *And there is much rubbish*. It seemed almost an im-

possible task to remove the small stones and other debris of the ruins.

11. *They shall not know, neither see*. Their enemies threatened a sudden attack in an unexpected place; and there was every indication that they could easily do as they had threatened. The Jews were scattered along the wall; their enemies could concentrate at any point they chose.

12. *And it came to pass, that when the Jews which dwelt by them came, etc*. There has been much discussion as to the meaning of this verse. It is very possible that there is a corruption of the text, and that some words have been dropped out. The translation of the A. V. shows a decided lack of clearness. This verse may mean that they who dwelt in the outlying districts near the enemies were frequently petitioning their relatives in the city to return home and help protect their families. This would be of course another difficulty for Nehemiah to meet. How should he keep the men at work in the city when there was this constant call for them to leave? Another explanation of this verse is to the effect that Nehemiah's spies revealed unto him the designs of his enemies, so that he was able upon ten occasions to thwart their plans for a secret attack. This sounds probable, but the verse as it stands does not tell this.

13. *Therefore set I in the lower places behind the wall, etc*. The word "therefore" refers not alone to verse 12, but to the whole situation. It was necessary for Nehemiah to withdraw some of the men from the work on the wall that they might be ready for fighting. *I even set the people by their families*. As Nehemiah had planned the building of the wall by families, so now he plans the defense. If occasion for fighting arose, these men would be fighting to protect their kinsmen and their own homes.

14. *Unto the nobles and to the rulers and to the rest of the people*. Nehemiah encourages and exhorts all classes. The nobles were the heads of families, the aristocracy if we may call them by that name; the rulers were the magistrates and subordinate officers of government.

15. *That it was known unto us*. That is, that their plans were known and that we were on the lookout for an attack from them. *That God had brought their counsel to nought*. It was God who had done this, although some man might say that it was Nehemiah. *We returned all of us*. Practically all of the laborers were able to return to the work, for their adversaries seem to have lost heart.

16. *The half of my servants wrought in the work, etc*. Of the body of young men, Nehemiah's personal attendants, half continued in the work and half bore arms. It seems that this was the only body of men required to remain under arms after the first alarm. *Habergeons*. Coats of mail, probably made of leather, covering the body down to the knees leaving the arms bare. *And the rulers were behind all the house of Judah*. In case of any danger they would be on hand to take the proper measures for protection and resistance.

17. *They which builded, etc*. The translation of the R. V. is better. Only two classes of laborers are mentioned. In addition to the heavy-armed company of Nehemiah's young men, each burden-bearer carried a light weapon.

18. *For the builders*. Better, "And the builders." Having both hands occupied, they had their swords girded by their sides. *And he that sounded the trumpet was by me*. Nehemiah expected to be at the point of danger himself. He kept the trumpeter at hand to call for the assistance needed.

HE who trusts in his own moods for progress in the Christian life is like the man who rows or rests while his boat is fastened to the shore. Trust in self is doubt of God. Faith in our own faith is childish folly. Faith is faith because it cuts the bonds that bind us to ourselves and makes us share the life of our Redeemer.—*Selected*.

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.

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Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Petroleum.

There is an important difference between the petroleum that is obtained in the United States and that found in Eastern countries. In the United States the petroleum is used for fuel in its crude state, as it comes from the wells, while in Russia, Italy, and other European countries they only use the refuse that is left, after the lighter properties of the oil have been removed by a partial distillation.

The Russian petroleum that is obtained from the Baku region, near the Caspian Sea, one of the largest oil producing sections in the world, (we gave a description of the Baku oil production in a former article) has a much smaller proportion of illuminating and lubricating properties than the American oils, and the process of refining in this country has been brought to far greater perfection than in Europe; consequently the refuse has been far greater after distillation in that country than in this. Again there appears to be a difference in the material from which the oils are extracted, or in the process by which it is manufactured, in the world's great laboratory down deep underneath, because a difference is found between the American and European oils in their composition.

This may be accounted for by the fact that the European oils are found in the rocks of the tertiary period. This history of geology, as set forth by Lyell, tells us that the American oils are obtained from the rocks of the Devonian age, therefore the Russian oil must antedate the Pennsylvania by a vast number of years.

Petroleum was known to the Persians, Greeks and Romans under the name of naphtha. The existence of petroleum in Pennsylvania and New York was known from the earliest settlement of the country, but it was not until 1859, when, by boring a well at Titusville, on Oil Creek, that oil was obtained in sufficient quantities to make it of commercial value.

By scientific distillation and treatment, petroleum has been made to furnish many products used in the industrial arts, such as in the manufacture of rubber goods, paints and varnishes, floor and table clothes, also paraffine used in the manufacture of candles, and for making fabrics and paper waterproof; also for lining metallic vessels for electric batteries and for insulation; for giving a polish to laundry work; for the fulminate in matches, for covering cartridges, preserving fruit and vegetables, by forming a coating on the surface, and for lots of other purposes of an antiseptic nature.

Petroleum as an industry, starting in 1859, now is found to be the most diversified industry in the world; it yields light and heat, and in a multitude of ways adding to the comfort and happiness of the people in every quarter of the globe.

EVIDENCE that colds are infectious is furnished by our domestic animals. Cats seem to be especially susceptible. Probably they often bring home from their nocturnal rambles those mysterious catarrhal attacks which so often rapidly run through the house. It is an old saying, "The cat is sneezing; we shall all have colds." Sheep, too, are liable; a whole flock may show that curious eruption around the lips which we all know only too well as one of the most unpleasant accompaniments of a bad cold in the head.—*Omega*.

MARRIAGES.

BOND—DAVIS.—Near Lost Creek, W. Va., Oct. 19, 1899, by the Rev. M. G. Stillman, Mr. Arden Bond and Miss Elva Davis, both of Lost Creek.

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.

CORRECTION.—Ephraim D. Stillman, of Whitesville, N. Y., was baptized by his pastor, May 14, 1892, in his 70th year instead of 17th.

REFORM NEEDED IN EVANGELISTIC METHODS.

During the summer months many ministers are laying plans for special services to be held during the approaching fall or winter, and they are obliged to confess that the problem of acceptable and successful evangelism becomes more difficult each year. It is not to be doubted that there are ministers gifted with peculiar power for awakening and convicting the careless and indifferent, nor can it be denied that the introduction of a new face and a new voice will oftentimes bring new hearers under the power of the Word. Not only pastors, but men distinctly and pre-eminently evangelists, have their rightful place therefore in the economy of grace.

But those best acquainted with the feelings and conditions of the churches find that the stronger churches are less and less willing to adopt these means, and the weaker are less able to assume their cost. Unless there be certain reforms in evangelistic methods, it seems as though the system would be "reformed altogether" and dropped out of use, much as it is needed.

The first objection urged to present methods is that undue if not absolutely fictitious value is placed upon the size of the crowd that can be gathered. The one condition which is never waved by a modern evangelist is that as many churches as possible shall unite in the services, and that except upon certain designated hours all their doors shall be fast closed. A house to house visitation is then arranged, and, if possible, it is planned that the largest factories and department stores shall be shut during certain afternoons, so that the city shall present the appearance of being deeply moved. Nothing is so accretive as a crowd, and under these skillfully planned incitements a tremendous audience is secured which soon becomes little better than a vast mob, too large for any church auditorium, and so promptly adjourned to a theatre or opera house; but it is later discovered the thousands thus brought together are scarcely more susceptible to the influences of devotion or deep religious impressions than the casual concourse drawn by a fire, or arrested in the public highway by a dog-fight.

We could wish to see something of the old-fashioned ways resumed, when the attempt was not so much to raise a crowd as to reach a soul. The union of two or more congregations really in sympathy and both desirous of a spiritual outpouring is undoubtedly beneficial; but those of large experience in revivals will agree with us that better results can be secured from congregations of 500 to 800 in a church than from throngs of 3,000 and 5,000 in some amphitheatre devoted to prize-fights and vaudeville performances the rest of the year.

But a second objection is that the cost of these apostolic missions has far outrun their usefulness. Only a few of the more wealthy churches can meet the sums required, which run from \$200 to \$500 or even \$1,000 a week, the last named sum being necessary when the meetings are held in buildings specially rented or erected for the purpose. Sincerity and simplicity are instinctively regarded as twin virtues, and it does not give one the right sort of a feeling to find the conductor of a revival demand for himself and assistant a suite of apartments at the best hotel, such a suite as few millionaires would venture to engage for their own use. And yet we have known just that demand made by a brother preaching the gospel of self-denial, and in one case where we were called to audit the bills, found that the expense was run still higher by the requirement that his meals should be served in his private apartments. Others travel accompanied by singers and private secretaries until one is tempted to enquire whether "the work of an evangelist" as Paul conceived it required the staff of a major-general and the cuisine of a bishop.

To meet such costs as are now involved in a series of meetings requires the lead of the very wealthy churches, and unfortunately these are the churches least calculated to take care of the results of a popular movement. The fruits of every such revival are in a great measure necessarily lost.

Evangelism seems likely to break down by its own weight unless some reforms are promptly inaugurated by those interested. The movement needs to be stripped of its spectacular features. There might well be less thought of the Grand Stand and more of the Great White Throne. The conditions demanded before entering upon such a work ought to be much more simple than they are, involving less of machinery and more of devotion. The services of an acceptable evangelist ought to be within the reach of any average church, and not possible only by the formation of a revival syndicate. Such a movement should be marked by simplicity and self-denial throughout, and until the revival is freed from some of its present meretricious accessories its visitations are likely to be far apart and its converts scattered almost before they are numbered.—*The Interior.*

NOTICE!

Jonathan Palmiter, of Westerly, R. I., was married in 1793 to Martha Stillman, daughter of Elisha Stillman, of Hopkinton, R. I.
Wanted, the address of any descendant of Jonathan Palmiter having any family records.
Address, Thos. B. Stillman,
Hoboken, N. J.

WANTED!

The following Publications are needed to complete the work of placing our printed matter in permanent form. After binding, they are to be placed in the Libraries of our Schools and Publishing House. Any one who can furnish any of these, and will do so, will thereby help a good purpose. Send to J. P. Mosher, Manager, Plainfield, N. J. All charges will be paid at the Publishing House.

- Conference Minutes, 1807-1865.
- 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 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 regular Quarterly Meeting at East Portville, N. Y., commences Nov. 10, as follows: The first evening preaching by Rev. Geo. P. Kenyon, followed by a conference meeting. Sabbath morning at 10.30, sermon by Rev. J. L. Gamble, Ph. D. In the afternoon at 2 o'clock sermon by Rev. D. B. Coon. In the evening a sermon by Rev. W. D. Burdick. Sunday morning, sermon by Rev. F. E. Peterson. We will try to fill up the rest of the time by singing and conference meeting. I hope the Spirit of the Lord will rest upon us.
J. G. MAHONEY.

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. 16, 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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