

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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

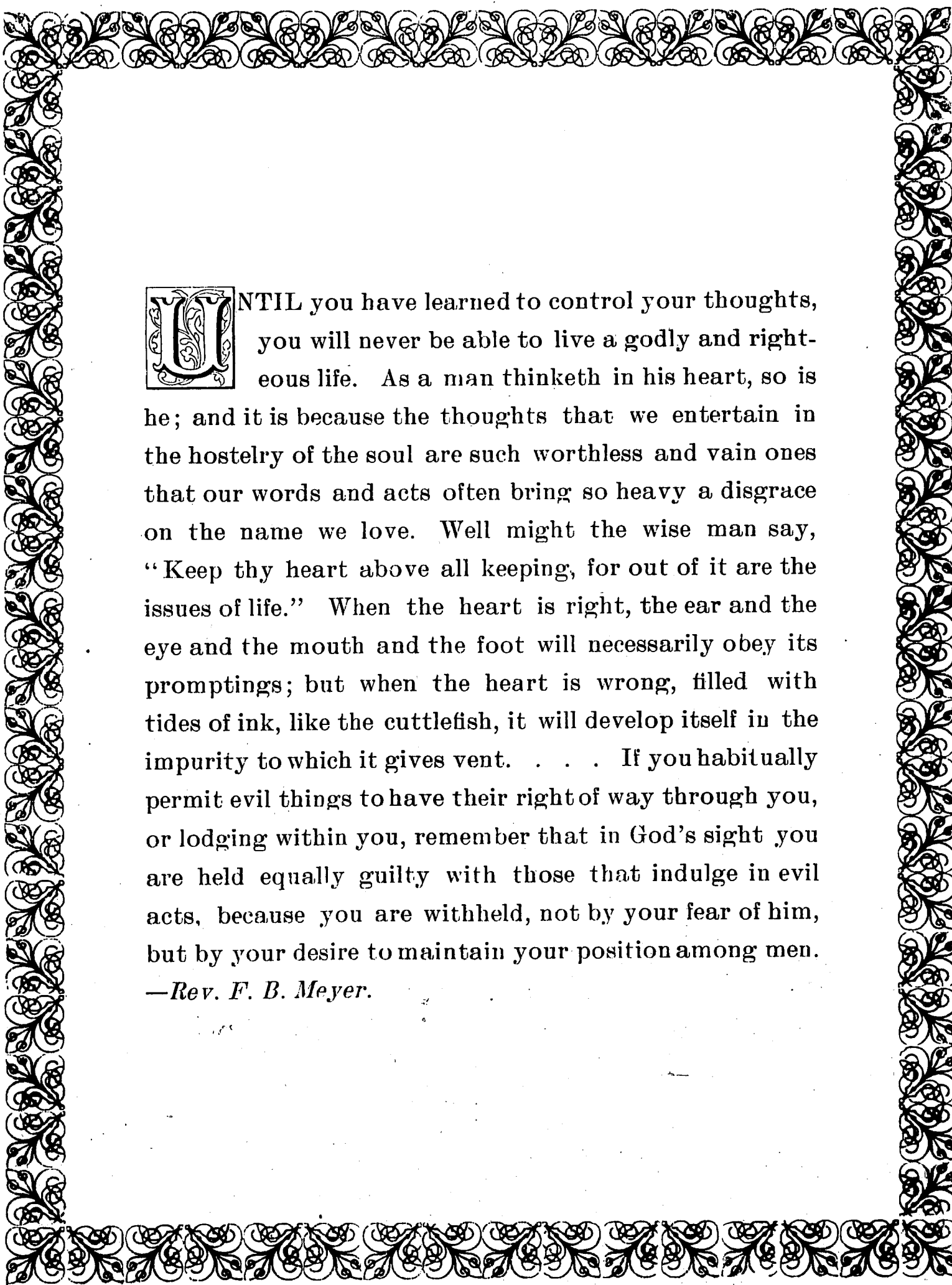
VOLUME 55. No. 45.

NOVEMBER 6, 1899.

WHOLE No. 2854.

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UNTIL you have learned to control your thoughts, you will never be able to live a godly and righteous life. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he; and it is because the thoughts that we entertain in the hostelry of the soul are such worthless and vain ones that our words and acts often bring so heavy a disgrace on the name we love. Well might the wise man say, "Keep thy heart above all keeping, for out of it are the issues of life." When the heart is right, the ear and the eye and the mouth and the foot will necessarily obey its promptings; but when the heart is wrong, filled with tides of ink, like the cuttlefish, it will develop itself in the impurity to which it gives vent. . . . If you habitually permit evil things to have their right of way through you, or lodging within you, remember that in God's sight you are held equally guilty with those that indulge in evil acts, because you are withheld, not by your fear of him, but by your desire to maintain your position among men.

—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

\$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 trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

—Keble.

THE recent International Congregational Council, at Boston, listened to a vigorous discussion concerning Theological Seminaries and the training they give to students. The discussion was valuable as well as vigorous. Some important facts were brought out; *e. g.*, Theological Seminaries need to spend less time upon abstractions and dead issues, and more on pertinent truths and practical questions. Original methods should be cultivated that the student may become an efficient workman rather than a theory-laden imitator. The RECORDER believes that our Seminaries should exalt the two fundamental doctrines of faith and obedience, and aim to develop the power to grasp them and apply them to the moral and spiritual needs of the specific people to whom those trained in the Seminaries are called to minister. The broadest culture one may attain finds its main value in enabling the young minister to aid those whom he is called to feed and guide. There is considerable theological rubbish contained in "Courses of study" in Seminaries which ought to be swept out to make room for common questions and spiritual culture. Less metaphysics and more heart culture would be a general improvement.

ONE cannot travel in the West without noting the close connection between forests and the normal and necessary water supply. Floods and drouths both prevail where the forests are destroyed or are not grown. People are learning that forests and their relation to the general welfare of the land is something our fathers did not appreciate. When this country was first settled, the forests were so vast that little impression was made upon them. Trees were cut down and burned in the most indiscriminate manner. This was mainly where land was valuable for agricultural purposes. But with the advancing civilization, one forest after another disappeared until now the trees upon the hills are being attacked, and ere long these will be bare, and the valleys, as a consequence, will suffer beyond measure. A tree stands near the window where we write, which has nearly or quite doubled its circumference since we saw it first, more than fifty years ago. Holmes did not write unmeaningly when he wrote to the effect that in the long run trees and truth have much in common. He who murders trees unnecessarily is a kin to him who disregards truth. The penalty is great in either case.

THE National Anti-Polygamy League, having a membership of about three thousand of men and women of the United States, has in preparation a monster petition to Congress against the avowed polygamist Brigham H. Roberts, and requesting the passage of a constitutional amendment forever prohibiting a polygamist from holding public office. All men and women who believe in the sanctity of the home and the purity of American womanhood should assist in securing signatures to this petition. Unlike other

petitions, the women are permitted to sign this one as well as the men. It is right that this should be so, as the insult is against the women of the Nation. Blanks for the names can be had by addressing Grace J. Cutler, Secretary of the National Anti-Polygamy League, 15 Spruce St., New York City, and the names should all be sent in to Miss Cutler before the third week in November. Write for blanks at once, and aid in this great moral movement, for every possible agency will be required to prevent the seating of Roberts.

THE age of Victoria, Queen of England, whom all the world delights to honor, naturally calls attention to the coming Queen, Alexandra of Denmark, now Princess of Wales. In many respects she is the opposite of her mother-in-law, who has occupied the throne for more than sixty years past. Victoria is calm, dignified, serene, and unimpassioned. Alexandra, on the other hand, is excitable, fervid, variable in temper, pathetic, and freakish as to intimate friends. As to dress, she is tasteful, while Victoria, left to herself, would be almost Quakerish. In spite of these differences, Alexandra is said to be Victoria's favorite.

IT was in the office of a popular hotel. Two men were discussing the general question of religion. The noisiest of the two said: "Savages cannot be christianized until they are civilized, and civilization must be carried by commerce." The conversation drifted on, and the war in Luzon came in for consideration. The noisy man, who evidently deemed himself a fine representative of civilization, cut the matter short by saying, "What in hell do we care for the Filipinos?" We wondered how long it would take to fit savages for giving Christianity a favorable reception through such a "civilization(?)" as that!

THERE is a legend concerning an artist who long sought for a piece of sandal-wood, out of which to carve a Madonna. He was about to give up in despair, when in a dream he was told to carve the figure from a block of oak wood. He obeyed, and produced a masterpiece from a log of common firewood. Many of us lose great opportunities in life by waiting to find sandal-wood for our carvings, when they lie hidden in the common logs we burn. Success comes from doing what is at hand, not in waiting in idleness for something better.

THE best preaching is that which brings men face to face with God's law, and with all truth as related to their every-day life. Every sermon should bring men closer to duty, destiny and God.

IF you want more light on any question of duty, live up to what you have already. To do the will of God is the best way to find out more concerning what he wills.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Yes, and it is more blessed to give than to talk about giving and let the matter end in talk.

HE who has no conflicts is weak, or careless, or cowardly. Strength is always seeking conflict for sake of truth and righteousness.

ONLY one day
God gives to me
At once—oh, may I use it faithfully!
—Emma S. Watson.

COLOMA, WISCONSIN.

The Seventh-day Baptist church of Coloma, Wis., is located about thirty-six miles north of Portage, Wis., midway between that city and the city of Stevens Point. The first settlement in that section was made by John Drake, a Seventh-day Baptist from DeRuyter, New York. He established a hotel on the old "Territorial Road," a military highway leading from Stevens Point to Milwaukee. The section was known at that earliest time as "Burr-Oak Prairie." The Indians then held the country. Water was obtained for culinary purposes ten miles distant, and on one occasion Mr. Drake was offered ten dollars for a single pailful, which a traveler desired for his famishing horse. He refused to sell, for it was the only water with which to prepare the dinner for that day.

Religious services were established at an early day, and a Seventh-day Baptist church was organized about 1854, under the labors of Eld. J. M. Todd, so far as we can learn (the records of the church are not at hand). Eld. Hiram Babcock became pastor, continuing as such until about 1862. A wave of emigration then swept over the church, carrying nearly all of the families as a whole or in part to points farther West. This depletion was so great that the church organization was broken up, and for a time the family of Daniel C. Richmond and Mrs. Leland Burdick were the only faithful representatives of the once strong church.

As the years went on, the Sabbath-keeping interests were slowly strengthened by families within a few miles from Coloma. And in August, 1885, a new church was organized under the labors of the late J. W. Morton, acting as General Missionary on the Northern-Wisconsin field. Since that time the missionary Pastors, McLearn, Ames, Todd, Coon and Loofboro, have had charge of the work. The newly-elected pastor, Charles Sayre, is now in charge. The present membership is about thirty-five.

The writer spent a few days with the Coloma church during the latter part of October, 1899. The attendance and interest in the services showed that the members of the church are earnest, devoted, and determined to hold up the banner of our precious faith, like faithful sentinels on the outposts. They are scattered widely. Some came twenty-four miles, some fifteen, some twelve, some ten, and not a few from three to five miles, to attend the services on Sixth-day evening, Sabbath, and First-day. Such faithful witnesses have many promises on which to rest.

Thomas Lowe is the Senior Deacon, and E. D. Richmond the clerk of the church.

PORTAGE, Wis.

DR. LEWIS IN WISCONSIN.

Rev. A. H. Lewis, of Plainfield, N. J., filled the pulpit at the Baptist church last evening, and delighted an audience that tested the capacity of the church to its utmost. The subject of the discourse was "Some dangers which threaten Christianity and the Republic through loss of Regard for Sacred Time and Disregard for Civil Law." Dr. Lewis ranks among the leading orators of the East, and his power and eloquence were by no means lost on the audience last evening.—*Berlin, Wis., Journal, Oct. 23.*

THERE are three things in this world which deserve no quarter—Hypocrisy, Pharisaism and Tyranny.—*Robertson.*

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

Whittier and Milton.

We are delighted to find what a familiar acquaintance the Seventh-day Baptist people have with literature. Now that little quotation from "Whittier," "They also serve who only stand and wait,"—several people have asked sly questions about it. The teacher of the Boys' School en route for China was the first. He was curious to know in what poem of Whittier's the line was to be found, and remarked that Milton used the same words. He seemed to be very much amused—was not as serious and solemn as one might expect a missionary to be.

On mature reflection we have concluded that the friends are right. Milton is the sole author. But Whittier expresses the same thought. Conjuring it up from memory and with no opportunity to verify it, word by word, it is something like this:

"Who may not fight may still fulfill
The harder task of standing still,
And good but wished with God is done."

Won't some of our bright young students look it up?

Revival at Albion.

The greatness of the Albion field has been something of a surprise. There are, probably, not more than two or three larger societies in the denomination west of New York state. The people are substantial and intelligent, the soil is fertile and well kept, the homes are pleasant and ample, the necessities and comforts of life well provided for. The Academy, though not now under the control of our own people, is conducted by a broad-minded, Christian gentleman, and is doing good work. The impress of this institution is plainly to be seen in the community. The legacy of culture and morality which it has left cannot be measured in money. Albion people have a right to feel proud of their village and country.

The peculiar temptation of prosperous people is to become indifferent to spiritual things. People who can take care of themselves forget their need of God. In the distractions of "much serving" often the communion with Christ is crowded out. It was the Laodiceans, "rich and increased with good," having "need of nothing," who were really "wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked." Don't forget the prosperous people in your prayers, for often their need is the greatest. Grant, O God, a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit on our churches. Lay bare thy mighty arm this winter in the salvation of souls.

The spirit of the meetings deepens night by night. Sabbath-day was a season of tenderness and power. All hearts were melted as two candidates, in entire surrender to God, made their offerings for baptism. Several have sought "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." May these manifestations be but a few drops before a great refreshing shower of divine grace.

God grant Albion a mighty awakening. Dr. Lewis is to be with us next Sabbath, and Mrs. Townsend Sunday night.

In one form and another Christian churches are too generally attempting to defend faith from the world, rather than to conquer the world by faith.—Prof. F. C. Porter.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

BY CHARLES STILLMAN, ALFRED, N. Y.

Read at the Layman's Hour of the Semi-annual Meeting at Alfred Station, and requested for publication.

Greville said: "One great reason why men practice generosity so little in the world is their finding so little there. Generosity is catching, and if so many men escape it, it is in a great degree from the same reason that countrymen escape the small-pox, because they meet no one to give it them."

These words happily were written many years ago. Now we trust all are constantly being exposed, and let us hope there are no immunes, at least among our own people.

A boy once said, "there are three graces, faith, hope and charity, of these three the greatest is mercy," which was not so far from the fact when we consider that mercy is the foundation on which generosity or charity rests. May we not say that mercy is the tree, and kindness, generosity and charity are the fruits.

In the parable of the Good Samaritan, whose generosity or charity none question, our Lord said, Who was neighbor to him who fell among thieves? The reply was prompt: He who showed mercy upon him.

There is not a person before me this morning who would not resent an accusation of being unmerciful. You have it in your power to know if the accusation would be just, for we are told, "by their fruits ye shall know them."

Believing as I do in the charity of our people, the only question is, Are we using good sound business principles in its provision and bestowment?

To return to the Good Samaritan.

What was the first requisite for the help that he rendered? It was that he had the money to do with. I care not what particular method of saving he had adopted, he had the means on hand for immediate charity; and that is not all, he seems to have a system in the matter, for he does not hesitate to promise or pledge himself for more in the future, showing that it was not a matter of chance with him, but of planning and executing. Second, he had the spirit to give, the needs of others appealed most forcibly to him.

The Priest and the Levite may have been sorry for the man, they probably were, but they lacked the Christ spirit, that spirit of which Isaiah said, "himself took our infirmities and bear our sickness."

How gladly this Good Samaritan would have aided in the China Mission or the work in Africa were he among us now.

We all love these causes and are more or less interested in their success, but what are we doing to aid in the great work being done? Are we using the same practical business methods that we apply to our every day transactions in the office, shop or on the farm? Are we laying plans ahead to see how much we can raise for the accomplishment of the ends involved in these sacred trusts committed to our care? Are we estimating the cost of continuing the work along these and similar lines, and looking ahead to see where dollars can be laid up for the work?

If you felt that a barn must be re-shingled or the building and its contents would be greatly damaged, how carefully would you

look over your expense accounts to see where little savings might be made, which, in the aggregate, would cover the cost of the needed improvement.

Did you need a harvesting machine? If you could not raise all the money at once you may have been known to give a note for the balance, or even two or three notes payable one, two and three years from date. Christ compares the saving of precious souls to the harvest. Yet how many, before me ever for one moment considered the question of giving all the money they could possibly spare for promoting the work, and then to cover the balance for immediate needs giving their notes payable as just indicated?

In the home circle we are all ready, willing and glad to do our part, we sacrifice, we labor and we plan to make our homes thrifty and pleasant. Yet what results could we hope to attain if we did not work in union? There must be a wise and just distribution of labor and responsibility.

We are members of the Christian church, or at least we are all living under the influence of the church, and are reaping the benefits of a Christian civilization, and every one should be glad to do something to keep up the interest and pay the expense of such an organization.

The question of your interest in the church being granted, and without questioning that each is doing something in the way of church support, yet I wish to see if there is not some way of making the supply come more nearly to meeting the demand.

In the commercial world we are told that supply and demand govern prices; were that so in the religious world, what think you would be the market value of every penny that is given for evangelistic work? There is, I believe, no great lack of the spirit of consecration nor any considerable want of interest in, or desire to support financially, the various departments of Christian activity, but there is a very great and I fear increasing need of methods and practice of systematic giving.

As to what these methods should be there has been considerable said by those who have studied the question. The testimony of those who have adopted the tithing system is that they have very much more for God's work, and also more for themselves. And this is no surprise, for the Bible teaches this principal all though its precious pages.

We have not all been equally blessed in the bestowment of worldly goods. Yet we can all do our part. I have often thought that the proportionate amounts given by those in very limited circumstances and those whom we call well provided for, were heavily in favor of the less wealthy.

They seem to be like the team driven by an ignorant laborer who, working a large horse beside a small mule, used an evener with one end longer than the other. A neighbor going past the field where he was plowing spoke of the inequality of his team as to size. "Yes," said the laborer, "but I have fixed that all right, you see I have given the horse the long end of the evener." When the matter was explained to him that he had given the advantage to the large horse, he said, "I thought the little fellow had to dig in pretty hard, but I supposed it was all right, the horse seemed satisfied."

Are we not inclined to be satisfied when

some one, less able than ourselves, is doing our work for us?

All well-directed effort looks to the accomplishment of an end, and is not discontinued until the end is accomplished. All our churches and societies are working for definite ends, but all for one great end, that all the world may know our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, whom to know is eternal life. Until this end is attained we should not lose one atom of interest, neither should we slacken our efforts nor diminish our contributions, but increase all until we hear the welcome call, "Come, ye blessed of my Father."

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT

Of The Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association to the Shareholders.

BY WILLIAM C. HUBBARD, SECRETARY.

Sabbath-day, July 9, 1898, Mr. Joseph Booth, an industrial missionary of Nyassaland, British Central Africa, occupied the pulpit of the Plainfield Seventh-day Baptist church, preaching a missionary sermon, and telling of his work among the negroes of Africa, and of his hope for the future of that dark continent.

At that time Mr. Booth was in the employ of the African Baptist Industrial Mission, of Philadelphia, as field secretary, and was traveling among the First-day Baptist churches, trying to interest them in establishing an industrial mission in Africa.

Coming to Plainfield, Mr. Booth was asked if he knew of the Seventh-day Baptists. He did not; but looked up Rev. A. E. Main, and was invited to present his missionary experience. During his remarks, Mr. Booth confessed that he was not altogether satisfied in his own mind about the Sabbath question, and had promised himself years before, when in Africa, that if ever an opportunity presented itself he would look into the question carefully.

Sabbath afternoon he spent with Rev. A. E. Main and Rev. A. H. Lewis, and for the first time in his life he saw the Sabbath in a new light and in its true relation.

After careful and prayerful consideration of the subject, he offered himself for membership with the Plainfield church, and on Sabbath morning, Sept. 24, 1898, he and his wife, Annie S. Booth, united with the Plainfield Seventh-day Baptist church.

Thus, in a few weeks, he had met a great question squarely, the deciding of which called for great sacrifice on his part, put great obligation on us, and bids fair to open a great mission field where the gospel has never been preached, nor the Sabbath known.

Mr. Booth's friends deserted him, and he turned to his new friends and appealed to them to carry forward the work in Africa, which was so near and dear to his heart. It seemed to us that, as a denomination, we were doing all we were able. Our China Mission and the Tract Society could not extend their work, for lack of funds, and a new appeal from the Gold Coast, "Come over and help us," had come about this time. How could we take up new work?

In face of great difficulties, Mr. Booth persisted, and showed us we could not afford to refuse to enter the open door of opportunity, opened to us by an unseen hand.

After many conferences and meetings it was decided, on Sunday, January 29, 1899, to form the "Sabbath Evangelizing and Indus-

trial Association," its object being "the evangelizing of heathen lands by the creation of self-supporting and self-extending industrial mission stations on Seventh-day Baptist principles."

This Association was regularly incorporated under the laws of the state of New Jersey, January 30, 1899, as a stock corporation, having a capital of twenty thousand shares (20,000), par value one dollar (\$1), divided into four annual series of five thousand (5,000) shares each.

The following officers were elected January 30, 1899, to serve until the annual meeting in October.

President—David E. Titsworth.

First Vice-President—Henry M. Maxson.

Second Vice-President—Rev. Arthur E. Main.

Secretary—William C. Hubbard.

Treasurer—Mrs. Geo. H. Babcock.

All of Plainfield, N. J.

Mr. Booth has had considerable experience in coffee plantation and industrial mission work, having organized something over a dozen stations, and he estimates that it will require a total of twenty thousand dollars (\$20,000) to bring a coffee plantation in Africa to the self-supporting and self-propagating stage.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth made a hurried trip among a part of our churches in February and March last, and because of the hearty response they met, the Association decided to fit them out and send them to Africa at once, giving Mr. Booth power of attorney to purchase land, build, and start a coffee plantation.

Accordingly, Mr. and Mrs. Booth and their infant daughter, Mary Winifred Booth, sailed for London, England, by steamship Paris, April 19, 1899.

They made their home with Rev. William C. Daland during their stay in London, and we desire to record our appreciation of the help Dr. Daland gave to Mr. and Mrs. Booth while his guests, and the loyal way he has stood by this Association, placing his time and talents at our disposal.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth sailed from Southampton May 13, 1899, on S. S. "Gascon." They arrived in Blantyre July 16, 1899, and Mr. Booth started for the interior at once to look for suitable land for the plantation. From letters recently received we believe he has before this selected a tract of land and is ready to develop it.

We need more funds at once to purchase this land. We have promised to uphold their hands in this undertaking. Already Mr. Booth has faced great personal danger because of the Sabbath truth, but he knows no fear, and we may depend on it that both he and his wife will push vigorously the work they have in hand if we at home will only give them our prayerful and financial support.

Our people have taken hold of this movement beyond our expectations, and have received a blessing already.

The Treasurer's report shows that 3,265 shares have been subscribed for, besides donations received. This is very good, but we need to have fifteen hundred more shares taken this year.

This is the Lord's work. Will you help?

LIST OF DIRECTORS.

At the Annual Meeting of the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association the following persons were elected to serve as

directors of the Association for the time indicated:

For three years—Henry M. Maxson, David E. Titsworth, Rev. Arthur E. Main, William C. Hubbard, Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner, William M. Stillman, Geo. H. Utter, Rev. E. B. Saunders, C. B. Cottrell, Mrs. George H. Babcock.

For two years—Hon. Frank Hill, Orra S. Rogers, Mrs. J. E. B. Santee, Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mrs. W. H. Ingham, C. C. Chipman, Alex. W. Vars, Rev. Martin Sindall, Mrs. L. A. Platts, Dr. A. S. Maxson.

For one year—U. S. Griffin, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Rev. A. B. Prentice, Rev. William C. Daland, Dr. H. C. Brown, Rev. E. A. Witter, Dr. C. H. West, Prof. A. B. Kenyon, Rev. F. E. Peterson, E. K. Burdick.

OFFICERS.

At the Director's Meeting the following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year:

President—David E. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.

First Vice-President—Henry M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.

Second Vice-President—Dr. A. S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.

Secretary—William C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

Treasurer—Orra S. Rogers, Plainfield, N. J.

CAMPING ALONE.

BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

When the wind, across the garden, brings you word of distant streams,
And the clatter of far rapids weaves blue magic in your dreams,

'Tis time to bid the town good-bye—the Row, the Park, the Square—
And leave the weekly book-reviews to some one else's care.

'Tis time to come away and "pack" your grub
Along the wooded trail I will tell,
To cast a fly where never reel has sung,
And mark the smoking camp-fire's pungent smell.

For the plover calls his mate to him, and flushes from the sedge.

The half-pound trout are leaping at the rapids' flying edge.

The great loons whistle for you, 'till I turn to see who calls,

And hear the white gull's rasping laugh float in across the falls.

'Tis time to strap your kit and come with me,
For big Exploits lies lovely in the sun—
I've swung my blackened kettle from the fire,
And the bacon in the pan is nearly done!

At Gambo my three new friends shook their heads and asked what would happen if I broke my leg or my neck, all alone there in the woods. "You will be lonely," said the inspector of the pulp-wood; but I remembered that he had spent a whole winter in the wilderness, packing his "nunner bag" and knocking the drift from the points of his snowshoes with a gaff at every step.

"You must be crazy!—the flies will worry you to death," said Mrs. N.; but I remembered that she had just returned to Gambo from a fishing trip on the upper ponds.

"Come and catch salmon with us," said Mr. N.

"It's awfully good of you, I muttered, "but I like to do crazy things."

The inspector of pulp-wood informed us that Badger Brook was the last place made—nothing but an operator's hut at the edge of the track. Also that I might be able to swap my sugar for hard bread with the operator. Gambo was not made very long ago, but it consists of an empty hotel instead of an operator's shack. The trout at Gambo are too small to come all the way to Newfoundland to catch. I left the place with few regrets, for I had spent two days there casting select flies at small and select fish. In Gambo the train is the easiest thing to catch—but one has to "turn out" at three o'clock in the morning to do it. We reached Badger Brook at 8.30 A. M. The telegraph office, where the operator sleeps, cooks and listens to the everlasting tick-tick of his instrument,

is a tiny, one-roomed building about 15 by 10 feet. It stands close up to the track, surrounded by fallen timber, blackened by fire, and jagged stumps, among which the brown hares play leap-frog all day and the "Old Sam Peabody" calls for rain. He never seems done with his cry for rain, and (worse luck) the rain never seems unwilling to answer the invitation. On the other side of the track are two shanties built of rough logs and roofed with bark and tar-paper. In these live the section men belonging to the railway—four for this section of twelve and a half miles.

During the winter months the train gets no further than Badger Brook. From there on to the outposts the mail is carried by couriers and dog-sled. The shortest trail from Badger to "the salt water" is that to Hall's Bay, a distance of sixty miles, through barren, greenwood, swamp and burnt land. This is the trail that I wished to follow. Somewhere I had heard that camps were stationed every five miles of the way, and that the path was as easy to find as Fifth avenue, though as crooked as Fulton street. But at Badger Brook the operator asked me to "mug up," and then think my plans over quietly. "Mugging up" is not dangerous, though the tea is often painfully strong.

"The road is about as wide as a pair of snow-shoes," he said, "except where it strikes a bog, and then it's from sky line to sky line." While he was making this discouraging remark over the edge of his tin cup, an old man with a rifle came up from nowhere in particular and said that the trail started into the woods about two miles farther along the track and that it was thirty feet wide. Then he went away through the fallen trees and the fragrant underbrush, with every intention of shooting caribou out of season. The operator begged me to stay with him for a while—any sized while—a day, month or a year. To begin with, I stayed to dinner. We cooked a kettleful of beans and ate them all. In the afternoon I started out to find the trail to Hall's Bay. After walking five miles along the rails with my full kit—axe, blanket, fishing tackle and grub—on my back, and seeing nothing but an endless front of gray and black woods, uncheered by song of bird or rustle of leaf, I tramped back to the little red shack. The glistening rails, the lonely wind and the lifeless forests had laid cold fingers of depression on my heart. The sunlight served only to light up the desolation. The operator seemed pleased to have me back.

"The old man was here again," he said, "and has decided that the only way to get to Hall's Bay is to follow the brook to the dam and then strike into the woods and trust to luck to bring you out in the right place."

"Luck never hung to me for sixty miles," I replied, and unstrung my pack. I cooked the supper that night—bacon, Indian meal flap-jacks and tea.

The moon came over the eastern woods like a huge red shield, but dwindled as she slid up the green sky. The rapids softened their clatter, and ghostly shreds of mist followed them down toward "Exploits." A plover started his plaintive crying in the marsh. The birches across the stream looked like white pillars holding up the dusky loom of the hill. To the north Hodge's Mountain

pushed his black head against the lighting stars. The operator brought his mouth-organ into the moonlight and played some familiar airs, and a waltz which changed, for me, the music of Badger Brook to the pulsing sway of an orchestra.

A lumber road, red with pine needles and alive with moose-birds, runs west from Badger Brook. On the morning of the 24th I started along this solitary way. A thin rank of pines and birches divided me from the glad waters of Red Indian River. The wind blew strong, ruffling the smoke-gray feathers of the moose-birds and zigzagging the flight of the yellow butterflies. The road ended suddenly in a tumble-down lumber shanty and a copse of young birches, so I went down to the shore and followed it around to a cove where the water was quiet and the banks green with Indian willows. Finding this cove was like running across an old friend, for there are a dozen spots just like it among the islands of the river St. John in New Brunswick. A brace of golden plover swerved up from the water-grasses. I watched their flight with admiration and regret and that twitching of the trigger-finger which most of us feel, no matter how gentle our natures, at the sight of game. But I soon became accustomed to seeing these fine birds wheeling over me or standing on the shingle bars, and flocks of snipe went past unnoticed. More common than any river birds were the gray-white sea-gulls. They flew above me and skimmed low over the water, uttering a strange cry like rusty laughter—"hah, hah," and again, "hah, hah, hah!" as if at some unholy joke. Then a loon, floating down stream with nothing showing but black head and neck, whistled and disappeared. I unstrung my pack where the current of the river is split by a high-back ridge of rocks looking like one of the ribs of old Mother Earth. The gulls had full possession of this mid-stream wall. They stood its entire length much like rustic volunteers on parade, for, though they toed the line together, they worked their heads about and laughed at one another.

Red Indian River, at this point, is about a quarter of a mile wide. Both shores are well timbered with spruce, fir, birch and pine. Forest fires, set by sparks from a passing train or the camp-fires of some careless trapper or angler, have not yet desolated the place. On the rocky shore I built myself a lean-to of spruce boughs and then cooked my dinner of bacon and tea. The frying-pan had hardly touched the fire before the bacon began to sizzle. I took my tea "naked," which means, in the language of the primitive Newfoundlander, with neither milk nor sugar. The wind blew with steady force from the south-west. The trout would not rise either to Red Hackle or Silver Doctor, though I made cast after cast, with the thought of more bacon for supper haunting me like a weird. But great desire and little skill were alike unrewarded. Early in the evening the wind turned bitterly cold, and the rain came in gusts. I crawled under my slender shelter and rolled up in my blanket. Little knobs of rock stuck into me here and there, and my pillow was a bunch of fir-tops wound about with a pair of golf stockings. My abode seemed to be all door, and that door faced the wind and the rain. At last I fell into an uneasy sleep and dreamed of soft beds, of fire-lit rooms full of familiar faces, and of a cheer-

ful grate that burned merrily but would not warm my feet. Then some one came in out of the windy night and sat grinning at me. I awoke with a start and found my revolver in my hand. It was two o'clock, and colder than ever. Dull thunder sounded above the sweeping of the wind. The gulls were quiet, and even the river had lost the note of gladness from its song. With some dry wood which I had stored in my shelter I started a fire within a foot of my couch. The crackling pine-slivers threw showers of sparks over me, but my blanket was too damp to catch fire. Partially thawed, I returned to my dreams and did not awake till after five. The sky was still heavy with clouds, but the rain had ceased falling. Thus I learned that the climate of the interior of Newfoundland is not that balmy delight which the compiler of a well-known guidebook would lead us to believe.

It was Sunday morning. The gulls tuned me a greeting from their wet rocks. The river hurried past with masses of spinning foam from the swollen rapids higher up. I piled my fire with dry splinters from a pine-butt and put on the kettle. Then in for a swim, much to the astonishment of the gulls. The water was cold as the sea. By the time the kettle had boiled the clouds had cleared away and the sun shone bright. As the air grew warmer the black flies and mosquitoes came joyously forth to taste that which the gods of chance had sent them. After supper the wind fell and the sun went down through a cloudless sky that held the daylight until nine o'clock. Up and down the stream the trout jumped like acrobats. About half-past nine I threw a couple of birch sticks across the fire and turned in. For two hours I lay on my back and tried to keep away the flies with a fir branch. Then the "biteumnoseems" joined the fray and pricked me with red-hot stings. From twelve o'clock until half-past one I fought them with a reeking tobacco pipe and a bath towel. Though weary for want of sleep, the dainty torture inflicted by these pests drove all charm of rest away from me. People who sit at home and read outing articles are apt to consider the flies as part of the fun of camping and fishing—something that one would miss with a feeling of real sadness. They class the biting, buzzing pests with the open fire, the long-handled frying-pan and soft couch of hemlock boughs. Some time during the dark hours I built a "smudge" inside my shelter of dry wood, with wet bark on top, and until five in the morning I crouched over it with my blanket about my head and the bitter smoke puffing into my eyes.

Noon found me five miles further up stream, knee deep in swirling water. The stream twisted, and lifted white hands in the sunlight. A wind bearing the fragrance of the great forests touched my face gently. The trout bit hard and fast. The reel sang and the tip trembled, and the memory of last night's discomforts faded out.

That night my sleep was untroubled by dreams. I lay on a bed of hemlock within a few yards of the water, with nothing between my face and the far, white stars.—*The Independent*.

LUCK is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.—*Richard Cobden*.

Missions.

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

THE Corresponding Secretary is now doing field secretary work in the Central Association in the interests of the monthly pledge card system for raising funds for the support of our missionary and evangelistic work. He will go from this Association to the Western. All mail should be sent to him at Westerly, R. I., and all needed mail will be forwarded to him.

WE would call the attention of churches without pastors, and ministers unemployed among us, to the card of the Board of Pastoral Supply and Ministerial Employment in the Business Directory of the RECORDER. This Board was appointed by the Conference to be helpful to all concerned, that our beloved Zion may prosper and that nothing shall hinder our churches and our ministers in doing good work for our cause and for our Master.

SAMSON was mighty in physical strength but weak in mental power. He had no forethought. He was always getting into trouble. The story of his encounter with the lion is familiar to us all. The riddle which helped to make merry the marriage feast may serve a more weighty purpose to-day. Life has its lions in the way, and the sweets of victory may be ours here and hereafter. In the ordering of life there is no comfort in the idea of chance or fate. God is sovereign in earth and in heaven. He has a plan for you and for me. He respects our freedom of choice and governs with equity, yet he varies the details as may suit him. Out of all that comes to us of prosperity and adversity, pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, trial and struggle, there shall come, if rightly taken and used, a higher character. There is conflict, warfare, struggle in every step in life. It is step by step that the climber reaches the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, then to the dome, but what a glorious view rewards him for the climbing. So each struggle in life, every conflict and victory gained is a step lifting us up to our higher selves, and to more glorious views of God and eternity. The error of our philosophy of life is right here, we would eliminate out of life pain, toil, conflict, trial and sorrow, and have ease, everything smooth, no trouble, no struggle. We regard natural evils as incidental or accidental. Well, without conflict and struggle, where is strength of character and the glory of true manhood? We must see that the struggles and conflicts of life, the trials and sorrows we experience, are a part of the discipline of life to bring out the pure gold and make character strong, noble and Christ-like.

FROM R. S. WILSON.

This has been the most interesting quarter to me of any since I have been in the missionary work. First, we have had good meetings all the quarter at our church in Attalla, and a good Sabbath-school. Our meetings have been well attended and with good interest. We held a few days' meeting at our church beginning on Friday night before the third Sabbath in August, and ended Tuesday night following. The meetings were well attended and with good interest. There were a good many who rose for prayers, and the church seemed to be greatly revived. I am preaching at the Heald school-house again this year,

and on the first Sunday in September I began a revival meeting there, where there are no Seventh-day Baptists at all, the professors mostly being Methodists. The meetings ran for eight nights; we held no day service. The meetings were run mostly for the benefit of saw-mill hands and wood-choppers who had to work during the day, and the farmers were gathering fodder, but we had from two to three hundred people coming every night. The congregations increased from the first to the last, some coming five and six miles in wagons. We had a grand revival, and there were three conversions reported at the close of the meeting, and several cold and back-slidden Christians were warmed up and reclaimed. The people there want me to preach for them once a month as long as I would. I told them I would preach for them as long as the interest demanded, and would preach at night only. I visited around during the day. I never went to a house without having a talk on the Sabbath question, most of the time the man or woman of the house asking me to explain my views.

There are a great many people here who seem to be very much interested in the Sabbath question. There were two ministers visited my meetings there who took part and said they were glad to be there. I also assisted a Methodist minister in a meeting, preaching once for him and doing whatever came to me to do. I staid with him two days. The minister wanted me to stay all the week and preach once a day and he preach once a day, but my business was so arranged that I could not stay.

I will say of my meeting at the Heald school-house, that some young converts who were converted in a Methodist meeting and were going to be sprinkled, or be baptized as they call it, refused to be baptized at the time appointed by the church after I had told them that Sunday-keeping and their way of baptizing were alike of pagan and Catholic origin. Well, we hope for a good time there next Sunday.

I am just back from Cullman. I find our people there strong in the faith. I think we are gaining ground there. I used to go there and preach to small congregations, but now we have good congregations. I preached at Symco the Sabbath before the fourth Sunday in September. At night, after I had preached as good a gospel sermon as I knew how to preach, a minister, who was present, said he was in hopes I would preach on the Sabbath question. He then asked me a few questions and then asked the people to remain and let me tell them about the Seventh-day Sabbath. They took a rising vote on my preaching awhile on the Sabbath question. I then spoke for thirty minutes on the Sabbath question, telling them I could not tell all at that time. Then it was voted for me to preach at that place the fourth Sunday in October two sermons on the same subject. I then go to the Alexander school-house and preach one sermon, and the brethren there will commune by taking the Lord's Supper. We are expecting a good time at the Association. I hope Bro. Whitford, you can be with us at that time. Pray for us and the work here.

ATTALLA, Ala.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us.—Jonathan Swift.

FROM E. H. SOCWELL.

The quarter just closed has been full of busy toil, but not all has been accomplished that I planned to do. I am reminded at the close of each passing quarter how far short I come of carrying out my plans and, although I deplore the idea of coming short, yet it seems impossible to avoid it. I presume it is well to place our ideal high, then come as near realizing it as possible.

The first few days of the quarter were spent around Milton, Wis., where I had remained for a little time after our Association, and the rest of the time has been spent in regular labor upon the Iowa field.

The interest at Welton remains very much the same as in the past. All appointments of the church are fairly well attended, especially Sabbath service, and the usual interest is manifest in religious matters.

Under the pledge card system, the Welton church is raising more than double the amount of money for our Missionary Society than was formerly raised by the usual collections. Many of our people are also interested in our African Mission and are supporting it with their means.

At Grand Junction church matters are progressing after the usual manner, and here too the pledge card system has resulted in increased contributions for missionary purposes.

Our Annual Meeting convened last month with the church at Garwin, and was quite well attended and a good degree of interest was evinced. Pastor H. D. Clarke and family are now located at Garwin and are getting acquainted with their new surroundings. I trust they may enjoy a pleasant and profitable work with this church.

During our Annual Meeting, I preached in the Christian church, of Garwin, on Sunday morning, and in the United Brethren church in the evening to large congregations of our old friends and former neighbors. Each time I have been in Garwin over Sunday, since we removed from there, I have, by invitation, preached in one or both of these churches, and it is always a great pleasure to preach to these friends who were so kind to us during the five years. On the Sunday following the close of our Annual Meeting, at the invitation of Pastor Williams, I preached in the United Brethren church in Gladbrook. When living in Garwin, I frequently exchanged pulpits with Pastor Williams, and, at the time of the death of my father, he was selected to conduct the funeral services. It was a great privilege to visit this warm friend and to preach to his people, to whom I have so often preached in other days.

During the last part of the quarter I visited and performed labor among Sabbath-keepers and others in Marion and Cedar Rapids for a few days.

While on my way to Gray to visit my mother and my sister and husband, I stopped in Carroll to enquire about our lone Seventh-day Baptist, Mrs. Jas. Glass, who for years has lived in that city, but I learned that she with her husband has removed to Wilmot, Kan. During the quarter, all the families in our society at Grand Junction, and many First-day families, have been visited; many of our own families and First-day families at Garwin and Welton have received visits and families upon the field at large have received what attention could be given them. The

condition of the field at large is good, and many features of the general work are very promising.

For over eleven years I have toiled upon the Iowa field as general missionary, and ties have been formed that are hard to sever, but the anxiety and toil and exposure have caused failing health, and I am obliged to make a change and seek the more quiet home life of the pastorate.

The last missionary trip upon my field has been taken, the farewells have been said, kind words have been received from the dear ones upon the field, tokens of love and esteem have been received by Mrs. Socwell and myself from the people, all of which form links in the chain of loving remembrance that bind us forever to the many loved ones upon the Iowa field.

May God bless all the loyal ones, scattered here and there over the great state of Iowa, and send them a missionary to whom they may become as much attached as they have to the one now leaving them, and to whom they may be as kind as they have been to him.

May God bless and lead into the truth the many First-day pastors of Iowa, who have so generously invited me into their pulpits and shown me so many tokens of love and kindness. May he remember with kindness the thousands of First-day people in Iowa to whom I have preached the Word, and repay the many of this number whose homes have been open to me and whose hospitality I have enjoyed.

WELTON, Iowa.

FROM H. D. CLARKE.

Possibly it may be of interest to say in addition to the statistical report herewith given, that I spent this my first quarter as missionary pastor in making the acquaintance of the people and studying the situation, that I may plan, if possible, wisely for the future. I have visited every family in the society except three; attended a township Sunday-school Convention, giving an address; taken up the Junior work, conducting the meetings Sabbath afternoons.

The Lord has in his Providence also led me to look after the interests of homeless orphans in the state, and I have found homes on trial for two, and now have in my charge four more for whom I expect to find homes during October.

The Iowa Yearly Meeting convened with this church in September, and was a spiritual feast to us all, doing our church great good.

In this connection I wish to pay a tribute to the faithful work done in this state by your general missionary, Bro. E. H. Socwell, who has for so many years traveled about, enduring the hardships of a home missionary, visiting lone Sabbath-keepers, and acquainting clergymen of all denominations with our work and position as a people. He will be missed, but he leaves this field with the goodwill and affection of many people. The Lord bless him and his wife in their new field of labor. I hope the Board can in some way continue to help Iowa, that the light kindled go not out.

GARWIN, Iowa.

If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man.—W. M. Thackeray.

Do NOT yield to misfortunes, but meet them with fortitude.—Virgil.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

For the month of October, 1899.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer,

In account with
THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.
Dr.

Balance in treasury, Oct. 1, 1899.....	\$1,405 01
Sabbath-schools:	
Plainfield, N. J., General Fund, \$10.32; China Schools, \$11.25.....	21 57
North Loup, Neb.....	6 42
Nile, N. Y.....	20 00
Railroad Surveyors, Ormsby, Pa.....	10 00
Churches:	
Albion, Wis.....	14 65
Welton, Iowa.....	7 95
North Loup, Neb.....	11 69
Chicago, Ill.....	6 14
Hammond, La.....	7 45
First Westerly, R. I.....	9 65
Wellsville, N. Y.....	9 00
Attala, Ala.....	1 40
Hornellsville, N. Y.....	7 10
Jackson Centre, Ohio.....	3 93
Second Alfred, N. Y.....	14 50
Plainfield, N. J.....	48 72
Salem, W. Va.....	20 00
Walworth, Wis.....	22 14
New Market, N. J.....	21 00
Adam-Centre, N. Y.....	35 00
Farina, Ill.....	18 82
New York, N. Y.....	21 21
Hartsville, N. Y.....	10 00
Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I.....	128 04
First Genesee, N. Y.....	17 87
Mrs. S. E. Roe, Milton, Wis.....	10 00
G. H. Lyon, Ormsby, Pa.....	15 00
W. H. Godsey, Wynne, Ark.....	1 00
Mr. Monroe, Wynne, Ark.....	5 00
Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Board.....	100 00
Lois Babcock, Brookfield, N. Y.....	2 00
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. VanHorn, West Hallock, Ill.....	6 00
Sara A. Langworthy, Hopkinton, on debt.....	1 00
C. Allen Davis, Dell Rapids, S. D.....	15 00
L. E. Livermore, Killingly, Conn.....	2 00
Ella F. Swinney, Hilloh, N. J., from entertainment.....	9 00
Zebulon Bee, Bolivar, W. Va.....	6 00
	\$2,071 26

Cr.

O. U. Whitford, balance on salary, traveling expenses, etc., quarter ending Sept. 30, 1899.....	\$ 226 45
E. H. Socwell, salary and traveling expenses, quarter ending Sept. 30, 1899.....	92 63
Eli F. Looftoro, 5 weeks' labor and traveling expenses, quarter ending Sept. 30, 1899.....	11 60
R. S. Wilson, salary and traveling expenses, quarter ending Sept. 30, 1899.....	40 65
Churches, appropriation quarter ending Sept. 30, 1899:	
Attala, Ala.....	25 00
Boulder, Colo.....	50 00
Fitchie, Berea, W. Va.....	18 75
Carlton, Garwin, Iowa.....	25 00
Salemville, Pa.....	12 50
First Westerly, R. I.....	50 00
Shingle House, Pa.....	10 00
Bethel, Ill., (6 months).....	50 00
Hornellsville and Hartsville, N. Y., (4 months).....	66 64
W. I. Langworthy, Alfred, N. Y., freight and cartage on goods for J. W. Crofoot, Alfred to New York.....	7 20
Evangelist Committee, orders Nos. 153-157.....	237 76
Ella F. Swinney, expenses to Conference.....	8 00
Geo. H. Utter, job printing, envelopes for collection, etc.....	51 71
Albert S. Babcock, traveling expenses, Providence to Berlin, N. Y.....	10 96
Interest.....	7 77
Cash in treasury, Oct. 31, 1899:	
Fund for re-enforcing China Mission.....	\$651 42
Fund for reduction of debt.....	86 00
Available for current expenses.....	331 22
	1,068 64
	\$2,071 26

E. & O. E.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treas.

GRACE.

The Greek word *χάρις* occurs in the Greek New Testament at least 125 times, and is translated in the English New Testament by the word *grace*. In many, if not most, of the passages in which the word occurs, it means the favor of God to men. But this is not its primary meaning, nor is it the only sense in which it is used in Scripture. The word *χάρις* was in use by Greek writers before the Christian era, as was also its Latin equivalent *gratia*, from which comes our word *grace*. The word is exceedingly rich in meanings and is well worth a little study.

Donnegan's Greek Lexicon has over a column of definitions of *χάρις* and illustrations of its uses by classical Greek writers. The principal of these definitions are: "joy, delight, (but mostly that which gives joy or satisfaction), gracefulness, attraction, loveliness, agreeableness, favor, good-will," etc. Robinson's Lexicon of the Greek New Testament devotes a page and a half to definitions and examples of the uses of the word by Scripture writers. He gives as its primary meaning: "what causes joy, pleasure, gratification," and then applies it to "1, grace of external form or manner; *pr.* of persons, gracefulness, elegance; 2, grace in disposition, feeling toward any one, *e. g.*, favor, kindness, good-will; 3, grace in act and deed, an

act of grace, a favor conferred—the grace of God," etc.

The history of the word *χάρις* (*grace*) seems to be something like this: from the root meaning "joy, delight," (Donnegan) it came to signify that which causes joy or gratification,—some agreeableness of form or manner, or some characteristic beauty or excellence in person or speech. Then we have a further transition of meaning when it is used to describe the disposition or feeling awakened in the beholder toward the one who exhibits such qualities; hence the meaning—favor, good-will. Ruth said to Boaz, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes?" Boaz explained that it was her beautiful behavior toward her mother-in-law, for whom she had left father, mother and native land. Then in its theological sense it signifies the favor of God to man.

I have dwelt thus largely on definitions, not only to indicate the wide range of the uses of the word *grace*, but especially to emphasize the fact that its primary meaning makes it as truly applicable to pleasing traits in men, as is its secondary meaning to the favor of God. Although in common speech we frequently use *grace* and *graceful* as descriptive of that which is pleasing in objects and in persons, yet in religious thought and discourse we incline to limit its use to its theological sense, leaving out of mind the idea of *grace* as loveliness in Christian character.

It is well to magnify the grace of God by which we are saved, but it is also well to appreciate and strive for the graces of the Spirit,—love, gentleness, meekness, kindness, patience, charity, forgiveness, etc. Without these qualities a Christian, though strong in faith and sound in doctrine, is one-sided and defective. One may be very conscientious, zealous, correct in deportment, yet be irritable, or peevish, or complaining, or suspicious, or uncharitable. Such a person is not attractive or winsome. His influence as a Christian is not helpful to others. He lacks *grace*. *Grace* is beauty of character. It is winsome. He who has it shows that he has been in the school of the Master, who dwelt among men when on earth "full of grace and truth." Even his speech will "be always with grace, seasoned with salt." Col. 4: 6.

If we would have satisfaction in our religion and exert a savory influence, we should heed Peter's exhortation to "grow in grace" as well as "in knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." 2 Pet. 3: 18. I am aware that some of the commentators understand *grace* here to mean the grace of Christ, and that the Revised Version seems to favor that interpretation by supplying an article before *grace*, making it read "grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord," in place of putting the article before knowledge as the old version does. But there is no article in the Greek before either word. It reads "But grow in grace and knowledge of our Lord." Peter exhorts the persons addressed not to fall from steadfastness, but to *grow*; and names two particulars in which they are to grow, namely, in grace and in knowledge. Of course it is not Christ's knowledge in which they are to grow, but their own. Knowledge is one element in their growth, and grace is another. It is growth in mental possession and also in heart possession.

Whether this is the right interpretation of Peter's meaning or not, it is certainly true that we need for a well-developed Christian character not only knowledge of Christ, but also loveliness of spirit,—and this is *grace*.

C. A. BURDICK.

FARINA, Ill., Oct. 29, 1899.

Woman's Work.

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

DAVID'S SLING.

BY MARY BASSETT CLARKE.

Not with the armor of King Saul,
Not with his jeweled sword,
Went Israel's champion forth to fight
The battle of the Lord.

Give me the weapons I have proved,
The stripling said, and took
For service in his trusty sling
Five pebbles from the brook.

A single stone sufficient proved,
When guided by his will
Who gave the victory, that day
On Elah's lonely hill.

Take thought, my soul, on David's faith,
Which leaned on God's strong arm,
Nor shrank from duty's path or work,
Through fear of loss or harm.

Take thought, my soul, on David's skill,
With armor wisely proved,
The simple weapons of his youth,
Whose use he knew and loved.

Not with another's armor thou
Can'st gird thee for the fight
With giant sins, and bravely stand
The champion of right.

Perchance the weapons given thee
Another might disdain,
But wielded in the fear of God,
Thou shalt not use in vain.

Another may have greater wealth,
A broader field to till,
It matters not, thou hast thine own
Appointed place to fill.

Another may have gift of tongues,
Another songs of flame,
Thy single talent yet should serve
Thy Master's cause the same.

When doubts or fears beset thy path,
Take thought on David's sling,
And to the battle of the Lord
Thy simple service bring.

"ALL the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong."

"THERE are women whom we have not yet reached."

WHY are not the women all reached in this grand work of saving the world for Christ? Shall we not, dear sisters, examine our own hearts and find the reason why we are not interested when there are millions of women yet in darkness, who know not that "Jesus loves them"? Have you ever thought that while we speak of them as a company of women, Jesus calls each one by her name? Are they not worth working for?

Mrs. ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP says, the women of the East do more than all other influences to perpetuate the false religions. They wield an extraordinary power in the home, and, clinging more than the men to the traditions and customs of the past, they train their children in their beliefs. "To bring down, or rather raise up, the influence of women in the East is surely a task worthy of women in the Christian church at home, and all the more so, as it can only be accomplished by women."

WHAT THE SPIRIT SAITH UNTO THE CHURCHES.

BY Mrs. A. L. FRISBIE.

In olden time holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit; in later days the Father spoke to the world by his Son; but how is the mind of the Lord revealed in these last days? Let us not in our blindness incur the reproof of the hypocrites, "Ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

What can speak to us with more authority than the voice of passing events? Is it not the voice of God? Let us pass in review the suggestions of the hour and, with reverent hearts, inquire what the Spirit saith through them to the women of the churches to-day.

If there is one benefit conferred by Christianity more marked than all others, it is the elevation of woman. As we compare Christian and heathen countries there is no contrast so strong as that drawn between the women of these countries; and never was that contrast shown in clearer light than to-day. Let us call to mind the way of special blessing in which we have been led that we may give the more earnest heed to the word that speaks to our hearts, "Freely ye have received; freely give."

We sit in the quiet of Christian homes with our treasures about us. Love beams upon us from dear eyes, answers our unspoken thought, and makes life beautiful with tender ministries. We tell our wondering little ones the story of Jesus and his love, and as we fold them in our arms we rejoice that we may bring them, with ourselves, in loving trust, to him who is able to keep all that is committed to his care, and even when the sun of our joy is darkened we sorrow not as those without hope. When we bend beneath heavy burdens we look with confidence to "the rest that remaineth;" when heart and strength fail, the everlasting God is our refuge. Even from the graves of our loved ones speaks a voice, saying: "I am the resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

We know that there are women who are bound in chains of ignorance and superstition, into whose darkened lives comes neither joy nor hope. The brightness of our lives is all the greater by the contrast, and we thank the good Lord that we are not as they are. Sometimes we pray, "Thy kingdom come," and we give a little from our abundance, and complacently apply to ourselves the promises to the liberal soul. O my sisters, we are but stewards of this manifold grace of God. It is not ours to keep in our own souls, and for our loved ones, and for our land. It was given to us that we might impart to others. We speak of our gifts to these suffering, sorrowing ones. Alas, we can never pay our debt! Our obligation is measured only by our ability, and, tried by that standard, it was never before so great as now.

"Freely ye have received, freely give." What has Christian womanhood to give? Ever since the day when the infant Jesus, helpless and dependent, rested on his mother's bosom, the Lord has given to woman work to do for him. To some—blessed among women—it has been given through all ages to bring little children to him that he might bless them. There has ever been need of the cup of cold water which a woman's hand may give in the name of disciple.

But to-day greater opportunities are open to women than ever before. She is made to feel that the world has need of her; that advance along every line is largely dependent upon her. She has no gift nor grace that she may not freely use. Her voice, her pen, her social influence, her executive power, are not only needed, but they are desired in the work of the world. Christian womanhood, looking backward one hundred years, gives thanks, and takes courage.

And as woman stands upon a higher plane, socially and intellectually, than ever before, so, also, it is her privilege to occupy an advanced position spiritually. As in science, literature and art she is enriched by the patient, toilsome effort and research of many years, so in spiritual things she enters into the labors of generations of those who, through faith, have obtained the promises. And now, what a glorious heritage is ours. The gospel of Christ grows more precious in the light of the Christian's experience of successive ages. As we draw near and nearer to the dawn of the perfect day, should we not walk in clearer light?

But what shall we do with this constantly increasing power—social, intellectual, and spiritual? Can we fail to hear the words of the Lord Jesus, emphasized by our remembrance of the wonderful blessings which his love has brought to us? "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." It is time for us to realize that even our best things are not too good to be used in the service of the Lord—that our dearest things are just those which we should hasten to give in glad surrender to him who gave himself for us. It is not sacrifice to spend and be spent in his service; it is glory and honor and eternal life. It is only those who lose their lives in a self-abnegation that is Christ-like, who find them in a richness of fruitage which eternity shall reveal.

There is inspiration to earnest, effective work in any line, in the consciousness of power; but there is need to know, also, that there is scope for the full exercise of that power. We have seen that Christian women of to-day may have special fitness to do effective work for the Lord. Has he, with increased ability, given corresponding opportunity? Does the law of supply and demand hold good in the spiritual economy? A thousand voices unite to answer, "The field is the world." This is the word of the Spirit to the churches to-day. "The world for Christ." This should be our watchword and inspiration. Let us open our hearts to receive in full measure the grand, uplifting power of this word of the Spirit, "The field is the world."

Mothers, with silvering hair, and bending form, to you it speaks. Your field is the world. It may be that your days of active service are almost over, but in the leisure that comes as the shadows deepen you will have time to look over the field, white already to harvest; you can pray the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth more laborers into his harvest; you can speak words of cheer and counsel to those who are bearing the burden and heat of the day.

O weary workers, who toil in the noon of life, it is for you. Some of you had thought to do great things for the Lord, but cares have thickened around you; little children cling about your knees and clasp your hands; and your way seems hedged about, and you pant for enlargement. But this woman's work for women, which takes in the world, brings you just what you need. As you sit in your homes, by your prayers and gifts, by your sympathy and interest, you may reach to the uttermost parts of the earth. As you look over the vast field and note the groups of earnest laborers scattered here and there, inspiration and encouragement will come to you. As you listen to the story of their hopes and fears, and rejoice in their successes, and

sympathize with their trials, you will feel that their work is your work; and as you realize that their hands are strengthened by your self-denial and your prayers, the lives which have sometimes seemed to you narrow and contracted will be transformed and ennobled, as they are thus linked with the lives and labors of others in the world-wide field.

And to you, cherished daughters of our Christian homes, comes this word of the Spirit: "Your field is the world." You stand in the vigor of unspent powers, that have been prepared by years of careful discipline for the work of life. But now the days of preparation are over; the time for earnest work has come. "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." Where will you thrust in your sickles? There are places in this harvest field where the heat is fierce and the burdens heavy, and the laborers, few and scattered, are falling fast. Will you go to help them? Do not close your ears to the voice of our departed Lord saying, "Go, teach all nations." If he shall call you to go far hence to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, we will bid you God speed, and will rejoice with you that he has counted you worthy of such high honor. You are the light of our homes, but you are, also, the hope of the world.

The Spirit brings to us all to-day the glad summons once spoken to the weeping Mary: "The Master is come and calleth for thee." He does not ask us to go with him into prison and to death, but his word is to us: "Go, work to-day in my vineyard. Your strength, your talents, your culture, your opportunities,—all are for me. Freely ye have received of my treasures, freely give to those who are ready to perish." And again, "The field is the world."

"He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."—[Condensed from *Life and Light for Woman*, by Mrs. C. M. Lewis.]

CAN WEALTH GIVE HAPPINESS?

From Bank Clerk to Railway King—Incidents in the Life of the Late Cornelius Vanderbilt.

BY W. M. C.

In a land where there is no titled aristocracy, no ruling class, yet where great fortunes are accumulated by some individuals, the character of those who possess such enormous wealth is of utmost importance. Having in view this fact, and that other fact of the relation between the ownership of great riches and individual happiness, a few incidents taken from the career of one who has recently passed from time to eternity may be read with advantage by our *Christian Work* young folks.

"I have three teams that I want to get over to Staten Island," said a boy of twelve one day in the year 1806 to the innkeeper of South Amboy, N. J. "If you will put us across you may keep one of my horses in pawn, and if I don't send you back six dollars within forty-eight hours you may keep the horse."

The innkeeper asked the reason for this somewhat novel proposition, and learned that the boy's father had entered into a contract to get the cargo of a vessel stranded near Sandy Hook, and take it to New York in lighters. The boy had been sent with three wagons, six horses and three men to carry the cargo across a sand-spit to the lighters.

This work accomplished, he had started with the sum of six dollars to travel a long distance home over the heavy Jersey sands, and when he reached South Amboy his pockets were empty.

"I'll do it," said the innkeeper, as he looked into the honest, determined face of the boy. The horse left in pawn was redeemed before the forty-eight hours had elapsed.

"My son," said the same boy's mother on the 1st of May, 1810, when he asked her if she would lend him \$100 to buy a boat, "on the 27th of this month you will be sixteen years old. If, by that time, you will plow, harrow and plant with corn the eight-acre lot, you may have the money."

The field was rough and stony, and the work hard, but the task was done in time, and well done.

From this insignificant beginning Cornelius Vanderbilt laid the foundation of the colossal fortune which has increased in the hands of his children and grandchildren, until the individual fortune of his grandson, Cornelius, who died on the 12th of September, is estimated at \$150,000,000.

The man who has left such great wealth to his children was born on a farm at New Dorp, Staten Island, Nov. 27, 1843. His grandfather, known as the "Commodore," took a great interest in him, and when he was only a few years old he said, "If he is ever to become a man he must earn his own living." The boy's father, William H. Vanderbilt, would probably have held a very different view; but he was coerced by the stronger will of his father, so when young Cornelius had received a common school education, at the age of sixteen he presented himself to John M. Crane, then president of the Shoe and Leather Bank, and asked for employment, promising to do his best to please. Mr. Crane read the letter the boy presented.

"I see you are a Vanderbilt," he said; "are you a relative of the Commodore?"

"He is my grandfather," was the reply.

"Why don't you ask him to recommend you?" suggested Mr. Crane.

"Because I don't want to ask him for anything."

The young man obtained the place. When his grandfather heard of the incident he was much pleased. He asked his grandson why he had not applied to him, and he received the same reply that had been given to the bank president. Early and late the new clerk toiled in the bank, boarding in the city and going home on Saturday night to spend Sunday with his parents. He displayed an industry and thrift that pleased the Commodore greatly and prompted him to say, "That boy will make a man. He is making his living."

After several years' work in the bank, the Commodore one day presented himself before his grandson and asked him if he would not like to take a trip to Europe. Cornelius had never had a vacation. He wanted one. But the trip to Europe would have necessitated the loss of two months' salary, and the salary was \$60 a month.

"I can't afford the loss of wages," he said; and he rose still higher in the estimation of his grandfather. In everything but years the boy was a man.

At the age of twenty he was transferred to the banking house of Kissam Brothers, where his work was broadened and his salary in-

creased. Later he was taken from the banking-house to fill a position in the office of the Harlem Railroad. At his grandfather's death he reaped the fruits of his high favor with the Commodore. While his brothers received \$2,000,000 each, his legacy was \$5,000,000.

While he was laying the foundation for a great business career and for domestic happiness he was also walking in the path of charity and piety. A member of the Protestant Episcopal church, a leader of the Sunday-school and a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, he had established a rule that part of his time and money should be given to the poor, and in time the demands of charity and philanthropic service took almost as many of his hours as did the care of the vast property that eventually fell to his direction. There was no public-spirited movement in which he did not take part; there was no great charity in which he was not a participant. Few knew how much of this sort of work he did, but now and then by accident, not through any design of his, the public got an insight into his doings in the field of religion and relief.

"Can wealth give happiness?" is a question often asked. That depends. Certainly lasting happiness is not to be found in the self-indulgence made possible by the ownership of riches. Perhaps the greatest privilege which the wealthy enjoy over the poor, is the privilege bestowed by wealth of making others happy. The subject of our sketch seems early to have appropriated this truth. Need we possess millions to share in the same privilege? Because, it may be, we have not the means to give largely, shall we withhold those gifts of time and money which even the poorest can bestow?

We can be rich without money. Whoever uplifts civilization is rich though he die penniless; no income is so small but that some portion of it can be spared for religion and philanthropy. Having little, we are apt to say, "If only I were rich, I would help this or that good cause, or befriend this or that needy individual." Begin to give now, and you will enter upon the enjoyment of true happiness, without impairing the advance of your fortunes.

Try to be somebody. When he was nineteen years old (so well known was his character for reliability) Cornelius Vanderbilt, founder of the now famous family, was awarded the Government contract for conveying military supplies to the posts around New York, although his bid was higher than any other submitted in competition. The Government officers wanted the business *done*, and they knew that young Vanderbilt would do it. So his grandson, the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, gained honor and respect because he preferred to live a useful life, to obey the mandate of the moral imperative, rather than devote himself, as he might so easily have done, to the pursuit of self-gratification.—*Christian Work*.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Receipts in October, 1899.

Churches:	
Berlin, N. Y.	\$ 13 75
Chicago, Ill.	6 15
New Market, N. J.	21 00
Jackson Centre, Ohio	3 48
Plainfield, N. J.	48 71
Adams Centre, N. Y.	20 00
New York City	21 21
Faria, Ill.	7 72
Hartsville, N. Y.	5 00
Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I.	52 66
Sabbath-school, Plainfield, N. J., \$10.53; <i>Boodschapper</i> , \$3.47	14 00
A. W. Vans, Dunellen, N. J., to complete Life Membership.	10 00
Mrs. James Southall, Pine Hill, Ala.	4 00

\$ 227 68

E. & O. E.

J. D. SPICER, Treasurer.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Nov. 2, 1899.

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

Faith Strengthened
by Adverse Sur-
roundings.

THE following was handed to me last evening:

"I like so well to think of that captive Jew Ezra, that was both priest and scribe, and of his wonderful faith in God that we have all been so much interested in in the Sabbath-school lessons, and the noble way he showed his faith when he openly resolved to make the journey from Babylon to Jerusalem unattended by soldiers or guard in any human form, just trusting in God, going with the great amount of silver and gold that he had entrusted to his care, that meant so much in the rebuilding of the temple, and the many loved ones depending on them for protection. It looked indeed like a great undertaking and risk, but Ezra knew to whom he looked for strength and for guidance; and I have no doubt went on his way rejoicing, and arrived in safety at his destination. Our superintendent said one's surroundings often helped to strengthen one's faith. It was a new idea to me, but one I could readily understand and appreciate; for I have thought so many times how those who are sheltered and surrounded from every worldly care ever come to know just what a joy there is in a personal knowledge of the wonderful help that comes to the dependent ones who trust in him; and I think if we follow Ezra's example we shall arrive in safety at the New Jerusalem, and find a temple awaiting us in a far better condition than he found." * * *

A Letter from Dr. Palmborg.
READ Dr. Palmborg's letter through three times, and then think about it for five minutes, and if you are not ashamed of yourself then you are already doing as she has been doing for years. Are you earning one dollar and a half a week, or are you earning thirty dollars a week? It will make no difference in your attitude toward the spirit of her letter. And yet in the years when she was with us at West Hallock, Milton and Chicago, very few of her friends knew of this particular part of her consecration. The spirit which manifested itself in giving her tenth, week by week, also found expression in her life devoted to mission work in far-off Shanghai. We do well to feel a pride in Dr. Palmborg, as our representative in China, in the great work she is doing there; but who knows, possibly in God's sight the fifteen cents a week, given by an uneducated orphan, a "hired girl," was even greater than her work among the heathen. We cannot all go to Shanghai, but we all can give as she did, be it cents, dimes, or dollars a week.

When it Comes, not When it Goes.
You will notice in Dr. Palmborg's letter that she gave her tenth to the Lord when it came to her. Ah! there is the secret of the whole thing. The tenth was put aside at once, not necessarily handed over to any specific object, but given to the Lord. Thus she always had something on hand, belonging to the Lord, from which could be given to various objects. I verily believe that a tenth regularly given would make full treasuries of the Lord in each pocket-book, in each home, in each church, in each Board of our denomination. As we read Dr. Palmborg's letter and think about the noble work she is now doing, how many of us have high impulses and strong desires to do some such work our-

selves? Why not begin as she did, by consecrating ourselves and all we have to the service of our Lord, and prove that we mean what we say by actually putting aside, as fast as it comes to us, one-tenth, or more, of the product of our labor or of our possessions.

The Subject of
Tithing.

Dear C. E. Friends:—I have much enjoyed reading, from time to time, articles in the RECORDER, and especially on the Young People's page, on tithing. As I have always been interested in the subject, I feel that I would like to give you a little of my personal experience. I became a Christian at the age of eleven, but it was not till three years later that I had my attention drawn to the Sabbath by becoming acquainted with some of our people. In the two years that followed, while I was studying my Bible to settle for myself the question of the Sabbath, I also settled another question that met me there—that of tithing. As I began to feel it a duty and a privilege to observe the Sabbath of the Lord, I also felt it a duty and a privilege to give him what seemed clearly to belong to him, one-tenth of all I had, though that was but little. I remember telling my pastor and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. G. M. Cottrell, of my intention and the pleasure I felt when Mrs. Cottrell said, "I know the Lord will bless you in doing it." I have often felt since that her words were true as I realized that he did bless me so abundantly. At that time I received one dollar and a half a week, and each time as I received my wages, it was with a decided feeling of satisfaction that I put fifteen cents of it into a small box I had dedicated to that purpose. Small as the sum was, I was always able to give out of it something toward every line of work. Later when I taught school and was able to put aside three or four dollars a month, I felt rich indeed. The great advantage of first laying it aside was that then it was already given and was no longer mine. After that there was no need to wonder if I could afford to give to any object that was clearly the Lord's work, neither was there the least sense of begrudging it, because it was not mine, but already given over to the Lord. I believe it is a plan that helps to make one a "cheerful giver." I do feel that if our people should all adopt it there would be enough to use for the Lord's work wherever needed, whether at home or in foreign lands, and he would pour us out the blessing he has promised to those who bring the tithes into the storehouse. It is his, he has required it of us. Are we honest when we keep it back from him?

Your fellow-worker,

ROSA PALMBORG.

SHANGHAI, China, Sept. 29, 1899.

THE FUTURE OF ALASKA.

Wherever man can live in comfort man will live. In this he nowise differs from other animals. It is a law of reciprocity that the eater and the eaten each produce conditions favorable to the existence of the other. The fruits which most tempt birds and other animals, including man, have the best chance in the general struggle for soil and sunlight to survive. Timothy and clover make good hay—and one will find them growing along the wagon-roads and trails everywhere in the northern woods. Hickory and chestnut trees depend upon the squirrels which they feed for their own extension. Reindeer branched off from the common stock, went North, and carried and planted their rations. The musk ox started where the caribou—the American reindeer—left off, and carried the edible moss as far northward as he could find land. He

grew a thatched roof upon his back which would shed the snow without melting it; and under which he could draw his stout legs for warmth, when the cold became too severe. The Esquimo, the Lapp and the Finn took the Arctic zone as a matter of choice, because they could live in the snow, and exchange less labor for their living than they could in a temperate climate.

We think that we cannot live comfortably without modern conveniences, a daily newspaper, dress-parties, and gadding. These are mere froth-bubbles on the surface of the great stream of human life. They have nothing whatever to do with its sources, its flow, or its direction. Whipped cream is nothing but good milk with an airy fancy added. If fashionable ladies would leave out the milk, and depend upon the contents of the bubbles, they would soon starve out that nightmare of "good form" obesity.

The world is filling up, and men and women are being pressed into the crannies. To live in a cranny, and not be sure of the living which makes the cranny habitable, will set a man who is worth saving to looking about, both for more room and for a certainer breakfast. Alaska offers immense roominess and inexhaustible food supplies. A man can go out anywhere along the coast and catch more cod and halibut in an hour than he and his family can eat in a week. A seventy-five pound halibut is seventy-five pounds of condensed cream. Of the native races the Thlinkut and the Aleut always did live better than the Algonquin or the Cherokee, who lived in the fruitiest and fattest land in America. Therefore Alaska will be populated by a thrifty and a contented people. They will largely be herdsmen, and ship their abundant beef and venison south in refrigerators cooled with chips off their icebergs. Jackson planted the reindeer and they will grow apace, despite the cursing of the grand-jury men who want to sell atrociously mean whisky to the natives. But there will be more than reindeer. Our sheep were made for cold weather—they are ready to hand. Hogs are grazers, and can be lined up with lard, by feeding them fish. As for cows, there is where the Aleutian and Lapp cow-breeder will get in his fine work. He will borrow the musk oxen's thatch and his snow-shovel feet and bestow them upon Durhams and Alderneys. There is fattening pasture enough in Alaska to furnish two hundred millions of pounds of first class beef per annum.

The riffraff that has rushed into Alaska—not to dig gold themselves, but to plunder those who do—the grand-jury men on our side of the line, and that den of thieves and robbers who constitute the government of the British Northwestern Territory, are not there to stay. They are anxious to get out of the country with their swag as soon as they can get enough of it to live in New York and London. (That judge who put Jackson in jail was raised in New York City.) There will be a civilization there, and it must be a Christian civilization. That is the only kind of civilization in this world that was not, and is not, an organized savagery.

Our British Columbian friends beat the Americans both in enterprise and in far-reaching statesmanship when they promptly opened the door for the Finnish, Lutherans who were expatriated by America's particular friend, the Czar. If he wished to do his traditional enemy a bad turn, and the Americans a friendly one, he would have given us a "tip." We need just such honest, pious, home-loving and thrifty people for Alaska—need them, in fact, more than the Anglo-Americans do. They already have the very best stock of people—the Scots of the Hebrides—brought them in by way of Hudson's Bay.—*The Interior.*

Children's Page.

COLONEL GRUMPY.

He was a darling little boy,
With sunny eyes of blue,
And happy as the day was long
Unless he had to do
Some task that did not please him much,
And then he was so cross,
His mother thought her boy was gone,
And grieved so for his loss,
And said, "It was a dreadful case,
That here in her own dear boy's place
Was surely Colonel Grumpy."

Her boy, she said, was good and sweet—
The pearl of little boys!
But Colonel Grumpy was most rude,
And broke up all his toys;
He tore his picture-books to bits,
Cracked his slate, lost his hat,
Pulled his little sister's hair,
And teased the pussy cat.
She wished he'd go away, and then
She'd have her own sweet boy again
Instead of Colonel Grumpy.

"That Colonel Grumpy's not my boy
I'm sure is very plain,
And so I'd better send him off
To-day in all the rain.
So, Colonel Grumpy, go away
In spite of wind and wet!
I want my boy, who does not sulk,
Nor does he scold or fret!"
A little sob, two pleading eyes.
Then clasped tight in her arms, he cries:
"Good-by, cross Colonel Grumpy!"

—June Campbell, in *St. Nicholas*.

PETER.

Dorothy lived with her grandparents on a little farm among the mountains. She loved animals, and was never without a pet of some kind.

One day as Dorothy's grandfather was taking the cow to pasture, he noticed three little creatures playing near a large rock. He thought they were young foxes, and he started to catch one; but before he could reach the place two of the little fellows had tumbled into their hole. The other was about half in when Dorothy's grandfather grabbed him.

It was not a fox, but a baby woodchuck—a queer, fuzzy little ball of fur with beady black eyes, stumpy tail, and big, yellow teeth.

The baby woodchuck bit, and scratched, and struggled to get away. But at last he was tied in a handkerchief, and then he was carried to Dorothy.

Dorothy was delighted with this new and strange pet; and though her grandfather said woodchucks rarely became tame, she was sure this one would. She named him Peter, and then took down her old squirrel cage, and lined it with soft hay and placed him in it, with some fresh-cut clover and a little dish of water.

For a few days Peter was very wild. He insisted on spilling his water, and he would snap and bite whenever his little mistress replaced it. But by and by he saw that Dorothy did not mean to hurt him. Then he gave up biting. In two weeks he would drink from his dish without upsetting it, and would nibble clover from Dorothy's hand, and let her scratch his funny little head.

In a month Peter had grown to twice his former size, and had become so tame that he would let Dorothy take him in her arms and carry him about.

One day little Dorothy forgot to fasten the cage door, and Peter walked out. But he did not go far, and went back to his cage of his own accord. The door was never fastened again, and all day long Peter would play about the veranda or nibble grass in front of the house. He always returned to his wire house for the night. By this time he had

learned to answer to his name. He would run to Dorothy whenever she called him.

One day Dorothy's grandmother was baking cookies, and she gave one to Peter. It was funny to see the little woodchuck taste it, then taste again, as if he were not quite able to make up his mind whether he liked it or not. Finally he decided that he did like it, and he ate it all. From this time, cookies were his favorite food. As soon as Dorothy's grandmother began to bake he would run to the kitchen, and sit on his haunches in the doorway, and wait patiently until his cooky was given him; then he would scamper off to one of his grassy nooks and eat it at his leisure. He would hold it in his fore-paws and nibble here and there in the very cunningest way until it was all gone.

Several times during the summer Peter wandered off to the woods and spent the day. At last, one cool October day Peter went off and did not return.

Dorothy was afraid some one had killed him. All winter long she mourned for Peter.

One fine morning in April as Dorothy was walking down the road with her grandfather they espied a big red woodchuck sitting on a stump in a field.

"Oh, grandpa!" cried Dorothy, "see that woodchuck! doesn't he look just like my dear old Peter?"

"Perhaps it is Peter," said her grandfather. "Call him and see."

Stepping to the side of the road, Dorothy waved her hand and called, "Peter, Peter! come here, Peter!"

And what do you think happened? Why, the big red woodchuck first looked at Dorothy for a minute, with his head on one side, and then came running across the field—and it was her dear old Peter, safe and sound, coming back to her after his long winter sleep.

Dorothy took the great red fellow in her arms and hugged and kissed him. Peter seemed to share her delight. He rubbed his nose against her cheek and grumbled down in his throat as woodchucks do when they are pleased.

Of course Dorothy carried Peter home and fed and petted him, to make up for all the time he had been away. That afternoon Dorothy's grandmother got out her baking tins and rolling pin. And the moment Peter heard the sound, he started up and ran to the kitchen door, and took his old place again, to wait for his cooky. So you see that during his long winter sleep he had not forgotten about the cookies.—A. Hyatt Verrill, in *Little Folks*.

SWEET CONFIDENCE.

BY THOMAS B. CHRYSAL.

A six-year old young lady
Stood near the music-stand
In Central Park, one Sunday,
With candy in her hand.

She looked around bewildered,
As if she were afraid;
Then to a Park policeman
The little maiden said:

"Do you like candy, mister?"
"No, not a bit," said he.
"Well, then," she cried, "I'll trust you
To carry mine for me!"

—St. Nicholas..

As a rule, if you come up close to heroes, you will find that they are made out of the most commonplace people in the world. If you remain a coward you have no one to blame but yourself.—*Commander Booth-Tucker*.

THROUGH A PANE OF GLASS.

Very few of us know how beautiful the bottom of the ocean is. In Southern waters we can see much deeper than in our Northern waters.

In Bermuda a wooden box about twelve or fifteen inches deep, with a glass bottom, is used to look at the water life. This box is trailed after the boat or held at the side, revealing wonderful, beautiful plants, fish, sea flowers, caves and mountains and sea forests.

In the island of Santa Catalina, on the Pacific coast, boats for travelers are used having a pane of heavy plate glass about twelve feet long inserted in the bottom, raised so that in running in and out shore it will not be struck by rocks. The passengers sit on either side of this pane of glass, and watch the wonderful sea life over which they are passing. These boats are used at night, when the water is illuminated. Every move of the boat, the water dripping from the oars, brings the most beautiful colors in view. Sometimes it seems as if great worms were floating in the water. These appear and disappear; coming to the top, they are caught, and prove to be sea worms, that, held in the hand, emit about as much light as a smouldering sulphur match.

Another thing revealed by these glass-bottomed boats is the destruction caused by some of the sea insects, such tiny creatures that you scarcely see them. They eat into the great trunks of trees used to build wharfs, and so honeycomb them that the wharf falls into the water after a time. The piles of the wharfs are ablaze with light given out by these tiny creatures at night.

ONE WAY TO WASH DISHES.

Some of our naval officers were in Mexico several years ago. They went to visit some villages of one of the peoples or tribes of Mexico who were interesting because they clung to their old habits of living. Their houses were huts. There were great numbers of wild geese in this section, and these officers decided to go shooting. They came back, and the Mexican women, while the geese were being cooked, made some tortilla, a bread peculiar to Mexico. It is made of corn ground by hand between stones, and baked on a flat stone before the fire. The cakes are made very thin. When the geese were cooked, the pieces were laid on the plates of tortilla. When the officers had eaten their meal, they ate their plates.

SELLING SNOW.

In warm countries like Italy, ice is very hard to get, and costs a good deal of money. One of the princes living in northern Italy near the mountain ranges sells snow. The snow is packed in baskets and carried by mules at night to coast villages, where it is shipped to the cities and sold at three and five cents a pound. This prince has the entire right to this trade.

WHAT THEY SEE.

People who live out-of-doors all the time, like some of our Indians and the wild peoples of Africa, say beautiful things of changes in the great out-of-door world that we hardly notice. In Africa one tribe call thunder "the sky's son," morning "the day's child," twilight "the eyelashes of the sun." One native of Africa called ice "water fast asleep."

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.

LITTLE PRAIRIE, Ark.—On Sabbath evening, Oct. 13, the meetings began with good interest; the attendance has continued good and interest increasing. Our hearts were made to rejoice in love of God and much joy one for another; it was a blessing sought for by all Christians that attended, and blessings were received in prayer, praise and preaching. It was my first visit to Little Prairie church. I thank God for the privilege. May God continue to bless the people all around Little Prairie. I was to conduct the meetings for the first week, and Bro. Fitz Randolph continue the second week. I did this work with the Lord's help. Sabbath evening and morning there were seven who took Christ on in baptism in Arkansas River, myself officiating; the result of our labor for the Lord, and the Lord's blessings attending his Word. Bless God. Six of these candidates were young people. All this in answer to prayer. The meetings are continuing with good interest, and we hope to have more souls saved this week to join in praise to God with us. I will have to leave for home the 25th, to get ready to go to Crowley's Ridge. I would like to stay with the people of Little Prairie, yet how glad I am to leave them praising God. God bless you, brethren and sisters, and friends; continue to praise him. I leave many who would not accept God's Word in the salvation of their souls; may God bring it to pass that they may do so, and that speedily. God bless them. I say to all, may God's blessings ever be yours to share to the full of our living, that we may be made complete in him who is the head of the church.

Dear young people who have enlisted to serve God, make your lives a blessing to the little Prairie Seventh-day Baptist church, God bless them and help them to love him with that love which comes from God. Brethren and sisters of Little Prairie church, encourage them, help them to hold on to God by holding on with all your heart, soul, mind, and strength. Keep the Christian influence around them. God bless you ever more. Amen.

W. H. GODSEY.

WYNNE, ARK.

RELIGION ON A STAR ROUTE.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"I hold, and allus did, that an April mornin' oughter be pleasant," said Uncle Lige, bolting into the general store which was also the post-office of a little Connecticut village, and shaking himself like a half drowned and wholly drenched canine. "Blew so I couldn't carry an ambril, an' she pinned her shawl over my head ter keep the rain out'er my neck, an' she said I looked like the witch er Ender, an' I guess I did. There, I've got the plaguey thing off. Wall, a pooty considable lot on ye seems to hev got here. Wonder how the new mail driver'll like it?"

"He'll have to come whether he likes it or not," said Demosthenes, the postmaster; "'taint like meetin'—go or stay ter hum, just as ye please."

"Did ye make out ter git a seat yisterday?" chuckled Uncle Lige.

"Jest about. There were seven out all told. I dunno but weshall git ter be as slack about

religion all around here as they be up in New Hampshire. Have you read that Governor's proclamation?"

"Sarten, an' it hit me hard, yis it did, and I'm glad he writ it, but I told her I didn't know what to do about it. Parson preaches well enough, but nothin' revivin'; meetin's like a cold April, promises enough ahead but nothin' started. Somehow, nowerdays, I seem ter git more out er spiritualism than I do out of anythin' else, an' thet makes me think there's a little set er spiritualists over east a piece, an' I reckon the new mail driver may be one. I mean ter sound him about it. Cap'n Crane, over to the axe factory, he's one. I've sounded the Cap'n. He's heard sounds an' seen sights ter make ther hair rise on yer head. Oh, he's got inter the mysteries!"

At that instant the outer door opened, and from the gust of fog and rain the new mail driver with his leathern pouch seemed evolved as if he was one of Cap'n Crane's spiritual manifestations, for no one had seen his team drive up to the door.

"Mornin'," said Uncle Lige, who always constituted himself spokesman. "Disgustin' weather."

"Good morning," replied the small bright-eyed man, with a homely dignity befitting the custodian of the United States mail. "Another disagreeable morning, sure enough, but it brings summer a day nearer, and we ought all of us to have enough of the gospel of faith and hope garnered up in our hearts to make sunshine for rainy days and shady places."

"'Twould take a lot on't ter make sunshine in an April like this one. The spring is late, powerful late."

"That's what Cap'n Crane said as I passed the axe factory, and by the way he said it you'd suppose he'd lost faith that summer was following on and sure to get here."

"Ye know Cap'n Crane, then?" said Lige, brightening up, while the listeners all stood alert. "You must be a mind reader. I was just a-speakin' of the Cap'n."

"That so? Well, I don't pretend to be a mind reader, but Cap'n Crane is, and all the rest er them things; he's always groping in the dark, trying to see into what is hid from mortal sight; sometimes it's one thing and sometimes another. There's too many of that sort over our way. They've tried all theisms and are now trying to believe that they are spiritualists because they want to be something, and the old church stands on the hill-top to show that confidence in righteousness and truth is held dear in the hearts of a few, and that the religion of Jesus Christ cannot die."

"But Cap'n Crane's got where he can see and hear things."

"He tries to think that he has, but you see all his life he has been rebelling against the truth that he has refused to accept, and you just mind this: if you find an old man following after spiritualism he is one of that sort who never had the courage or the persistency to be an out and out Christian."

"S'pose you've read that New Hampshire Governor's proclamation?" put in Uncle Lige, not quite liking the turn that the new mail driver was giving the conversation.

"Of course; and there's truth in it. In every country community there's a class ready to follow on after this thing and that

ism. They will drop the life-line of religion to catch on to any floating plank for the sake of a change, and then another will bob up and catch hold, and then another, until the safe old ship of the church seems almost deserted, and when it begins to look as if there wasn't enough left to man her much longer, down goes the plank and the whole possey of 'em turn toward the church once more; but presently the old plank floats by, the other side up, and the same old-gang catch on and float around until it sinks again. Just now Cap'n Crane and his crew are hanging on to an old raft of spiritualism, and are floating around in the fogs and mists of doubt, and pretty soon they will be swamped upon the breakers of despair. I tell you, my friends, nothing but the religion of Jesus Christ abides, and if you are all adrift and catching at straws, get hold of the life-line of the true faith and don't let go. If you don't see anything, or hear anything, or feel anything mysterious, just hang on and make sure that you'll be towed into a safe harbor; but if you let go and catch on to any old water-logged raft that comes floating your way just because there are a lot of other poor miserable wretches hanging to it, you run the risk of losing the life-line altogether; for you can't cling to both at the same time, and there's no way of hitching the raft to the life-line, and this is a serious matter in which we are all interested, and it ain't best to run risks. Time I was on the way. Bag all ready? Guess it don't blow quite so hard"—and he was gone.

"Well, I swan!" sighed Uncle Lige, "he's quite a preacher, and don't seem to be laborin' under many doubts as to what he believes."

"Talks as if he'd got hold er the life-line," said Demosthenes, "and you found out that he ain't one er them spiritualists."

"Yis, found eout without askin', and he hit my case so nigh he must be a mind reader. Guess I'll drop off the old spiritualism plank and try ter git holder the life-line agin; guess I'll pin my shawl over my head an' go hum an' tell her. She'll be glad. She's been afraid I should git where I didn't take no interest in nothin', an' that is dangerous, yis 'tis."—*Christian Work.*

ADDRESS.

BY PRES. E. B. SAUNDERS.

To Seventh-day Baptist Endeavor Societies and Christians, gathered in General Conference, 1899, Christian Greeting:

Your Endeavor child (the Board) is now ten years old, has washed her face, put on a clean apron and has come to Conference. I use the pronoun "her" (feminine gender) because in so many of the societies, and especially the prayer-meeting, she is nearly all girl.

The boys are, however, endeavoring to be about the house, at the close of the meetings, in order to protect and see the girls home. Girls, you can stop this custom if fathers and mothers cannot. Refuse any young man your company home who will not come into the meeting and act like a man. You will save yourself and you may save the young man.

I said we were ten years old as a Board; children should be willing to wait; this was manners a few years ago. America has a new woman and we are afraid she is going to have a new child, one who will not wait. I had supposed a body as old as Conference knew

that not all children could be kept quiet and clean, to appear on a program at the close of a six days' meeting.

We are here; we want to thank you for some things, we want to make a few complaints and a few suggestions.

First, we want to thank you for living very carefully before us; example is everything. You have tried to be honest with men and with God. Careful of the use of the Sabbath. We know the sun sets the same time on the Sabbath that it did when you were young people. We know we have advantages you never had, and likely temptation as well, but we have the same way of escape.

We are trying to be faithful, to attend Sixth-day night or church prayer-meeting, take some part, and keep awake; sometimes it is hard work, for some of the prayers are so long they can hardly get them into the audience room of the church, and so cold and brittle that we are afraid they will break and the pieces fly in our eyes if we keep them open.

Some of us never hear our parents pray at home or at church, but we are trying to keep our pledge, "Take part in all meetings, read the Bible and pray daily." Many of us have adopted the "Quiet hour." The United Society have 15,000 members I think now. I wish that in the year to come we could form a "Quiet hour prayer chain." The Board keep a roll of names, and through the Mirror column of RECORDER, push this branch of work. "Go and grow," as Endeavor Clarke says. "Spend our steam in driving the wheels more than in blowing the whistle."

Again, the "Tenth Legion" or the giving of one-tenth of our income, has been gaining ground since 1896, until now the United Society roll has reached 14,700 members. Shall Seventh-day Baptists fall behind the procession?

Some have felt that we, like Solomon of old, could ask of God some "one thing," which would cover all other needs; hence we have asked of him help to do in his strength as Jesus would do if in our place. Some say we cannot do it. We can try. How many will? We are not self-satisfied, though we do think we have grown during the last ten years, grown in Christian activity, in benevolence, and in denying ourselves, or in self-control; at least we are not going to lay our shortcomings to others or to our parents in order to excuse ourselves. If we run about Sabbath-days on our wheels, or in other ways doing "our own pleasure," we are not going to lay it to the decay of Sunday, but to the decay of Seventh-day Baptists. We know what we should do and should not, and if we abuse our opportunities, do doubtful things on the Sabbath, set a bad example, call the Sabbath "Saturday," it is because we have not the moral stamina to live worthy of our time and opportunities.

Weak-minded people have been afraid poor Mr. Ingersoll would kill the church. If it is killed it will be they of its own household who kill it. *Internal decay.*

During the last year I have gathered twenty-five names of Sabbath-keepers who do not have the RECORDER. The Tract Board have made a generous effort to supply such. Individuals and societies have both responded to my request to remail them after reading until my list of names is exhausted. The young people who are quibbling about

keeping the Sabbath and about amusements are not the ones who are doing such work for others.

We have some examples of self-denial and heroism, which if known and realized, would put to shame we who are thinking simply of self, and how we can best enjoy ourselves? One of our number who had given herself to the foreign mission, stricken with grief and disappointment, has risen above self, until her influence has led a Christian Endeavorer, hitherto unheard of in any special work of missions, to send for a list of names to whom they might remail their RECORDERS.

If our beloved Dr. Ella Swinney was not in the audience I would tell you enough of her heroism to boil every drop of blood in this congregation. This unquenchable spirit is here and there bursting out in telling deeds. These are great women. 2 Kings 4: 8.

The student evangelistic movement is another manifestation. Two of our churches have, with the help of still others, sent out groups of workers. God bless them. We have twenty churches which can do this. Think of it. Twenty Seventh-day Baptist churches sending as many tents into the field, starting in the spring at the Gulf, moving northward to the Lakes as the season advances.

Expansion has been a ringing watchword but a much-abused one during the year. Are you an expansionist? I am if it means to send churches and schools, and not American saloons and brothels, by the hundreds into acquired territory hitherto half or wholly uncivilized.

Yes, expand the Juniors and the Seniors and our several thousand children and young people into Sabbath-keeping, consistent Christians, and they expand the Sabbath truth until it fills the earth.

SEMI-ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE CHURCHES OF THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

During the last session of the Western Association, a committee was appointed to arrange for other gatherings of Sabbath-keepers in the Association during the year. In accord with the call of the committee, Sabbath-keepers from most of the churches in the Association gathered at Alfred Station, Oct. 20-22, 1899.

The opening service on Friday afternoon was devoted to reports of the conditions of the churches in the Association, and to the reading and discussion of a paper on "The Book of Job," which was carefully prepared by I. L. Cottrell. The sermon by J. G. Mahoney was a suggestive introduction for the prayer-meeting which Pastor F. E. Peterson led on Friday night. On Sabbath morning a large congregation listened to the searching sermon by D. B. Coon. In the afternoon the Sabbath-school lesson was treated topically, and this service was followed by the Christian Endeavor and the Junior Endeavor prayer-meetings. The Christian Endeavor meeting in the evening, led by Walter L. Green, was strong both in the papers given and the Open Parliament on Christian Endeavor work. The Layman's Hour, on Sunday morning, was filled with papers and addresses which we wish others to carefully read as they shall appear in the RECORDER. It was an hour full of inspiration to the ministry and the laity to enter into that large Christian life which the church and the world needs to-day. The morning session was fittingly concluded with a sermon from 1 Cor. 1: 18, 26, 27, by Pres. B. C. Davis. In the afternoon Prof. W. C. Whitford gave a

helpful address on Bible study, showing the necessity of Bible study, and how to study the Bible in the Sabbath-school. The "Open Parliament on Practical Methods" which followed was devoted to the general discussion of questions asked by the congregation.

Many thought that the best meeting of the Convention was that of Sunday night when I. L. Cottrell, after preaching from Luke 1: 68, 69, led in a conference meeting in which there were many happy and earnest testimonies given.

The music of the Convention was varied and good. We were especially glad to hear the Alfred University Evangelistic Quartet, and the Alfred University Glee Club. Plans were matured for making the Conventions permanent and semi-annual. The next meeting will probably be in February—the date and place of meeting are left with the executive—D. B. Coon, F. E. Peterson, and W. D. Burdick. Those who attended the Convention feel that they have gained much in the practical suggestions given in papers and open parliaments, and are encouraged to work more faithfully in their respective fields of labor. *SEC., pro tem.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The breakdown of cables, the cutting of the wires by the Boers on last Thursday afternoon south of Ladysmith and the rigid censorship exercised by the British over despatches received before the wires were cut leaves the world in the dark as to the situation at the center of interest. That the position of General White's force is such as to cause the gravest anxiety is freely admitted, though optimists in London are inclined to find cause for greater confidence in General White's ability to hold his own since the timely arrival of the long range naval guns from the ship Powerful. Europe is filled with rumors and unconfirmed reports of British disaster, which find their echo here, but no real news has reached London, or, at any rate, none has been made public which sheds any new light. In fact, the news service was hampered by the limitations put upon the correspondents before the wires were cut, and no intelligible account has yet appeared of the action of Monday, when disaster befell the British. The correspondents were permitted to send only the briefest despatches, and these were made colorless and unsatisfactory by the rigid censorship. The War office in London either did not receive or did not give out any clear explanation of the operations.—The cruiser Dolphin will leave the Washington Navy Yard at once on a cruise to the northern coast of Brazil, for the purpose of making several important surveys. In case the reported troubles in Colombia should become serious it is probable that the Dolphin will be temporarily diverted from the proposed survey and proceed to the east coast of the isthmus.—The Postmaster General, on Nov. 3, issued an order forbidding postmasters in the United States to collect postage due in excess of the domestic rate on any letters sent by soldiers, sailors, marines or other persons in the United States service in Guam and the Philippine Islands. The order is given immediate effect, and postmasters are directed to disregard all ratings of postage due in excess of the domestic rate made prior to this date.—Bradstreet's reports: Despite some variation in the currents of trade distribution, the aggregate movement continues of immense volume; in fact, if the aggregate of bank clearings in the country, outside of the metropolis, is a trustworthy index, as it no doubt is, the country's trade reached its highest mark in the month of October. Prices certainly show marked strength, in view of the proportions of earlier advances.

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

LESSON VIII.—PUBLIC READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

For Sabbath-day, Nov. 18, 1899.

LESSON TEXT.—Neh. 8: 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the law.—Neh. 8: 3.

INTRODUCTION.

When Sanballat and the other enemies of the Jews found that their plans to prevent by force the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem were frustrated by the constant vigilance of Nehemiah, they undertook to bring about their purpose by deceit and fraud. They asked Nehemiah to meet them at Ono in the plain of Sharon, intending to do him some violence. They well knew that Nehemiah was the leading spirit in the work of rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, and that without him the work would cease. When this plan failed through the shrewdness of Nehemiah, they tried again to frighten the Jews by threatening to spread abroad the report that they were intending to rebel against King Artaxerxes. But all their schemes failed, and the walls were completed in the very short time of fifty-two days.

Within a week after the completion of the wall (for there is no reason to suppose that the seventh month mentioned in verse 2 is not in the same year as our last week's lesson), the people assembled to hear the law read by Ezra the scribe. He had brought this law with him when he had come up from Babylon some thirteen years before. The colonists had been in distress and almost in despair, and there had not been, as it seems, any good opportunity for instruction in regard to the law. Now that the wall is built and the people are in a fair way to attain prosperity, he takes the first opportunity to instruct them in the law, and in its doctrine of separateness for the chosen people of God.

As another mark of Nehemiah's greatness it is worthy of notice that soon after his great triumph in completing the walls of Jerusalem he is ready to take a secondary place and to be one of those to accept the law at the hands of the priest, Ezra.

NOTES.

1. *And all the people gathered themselves together as one man.* This was a popular assembly. The people were anxious to hear the law which Ezra had brought to them. *The street that was before the water gate.* That is, the open space just inside the water gate. This gate was on the east side of the city very near the temple. *The book of the law of Moses, etc.* Even if we infer that this generation was in practical ignorance of the law, it is not safe to conclude that it was formulated by Ezra. It is called the law of Moses. Its content was apparently all or nearly all that we now have in the Pentateuch. Their request for the Book of the Law implies that such a book was known to exist, although it is not at all necessary to conclude that Ezra had ever read the book to them before.

2. *Both men and women and all that could hear with understanding.* The law of God is not only for men, but also for women and children. For a similar expression compare Neh. 10: 28. One of the greatest contrasts between Christianity and Mohammedanism is in regard to the position of women. *Upon the first day of the seventh month.* That is, the Feast of Trumpets. Compare Lev. 23: 23-25.

3. *Before the street.* Before the broad place. Ezra was probably at the west side of this open space opposite the gate. *From morning unto midday.* This does not mean seven hours of consecutive reading for Ezra. The reading was often interrupted by exposition, and there were probably others to help in the reading. *And the ears of the people were attentive.* They came to hear the law, and they were steadfast in that purpose.

4. *And Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood* That is, upon a raised platform so that he could readily be seen and heard. *And beside him stood Mattithiah, etc.* The weight of evidence seems to indicate that all these men, who were the supporters of Ezra, were Levites. In the parallel account in 1 Esdras, seven are mentioned on the right hand and six on the left; here there are six on the right and seven on the left. It is very likely that there were seven on a side, and that one name has been accidentally omitted in each account.

5. *The book was probably in the form of a roll.* *And when he opened it, all the people stood up.* Probably, in token of their reverence for the law which was about to be read. It is not necessary to suppose that they remained standing all the while during the reading.

6. *And Ezra blessed the Lord.* A prayer of thanksgiving and praise before the reading was begun. To this the people made the appropriate response by word and gesture. Compare Psa. 134: 2; 95: 6, and many other passages.

7. *Also Jeshua, and Bani, etc.* Some have thought that the thirteen men mentioned in this verse were priests; but from a comparison with chapter 9: 5 and 10: 9-14, it is probable that they were Levites. The phrase, *and the Levites*, may mean, and the other Levites; or possibly the word *and* has been accidentally inserted. *Caused the people to understand the law.* They explained what Ezra read. It is probable that a short portion was read at a time. *And the people stood in their place.* The word "stood" is rightly printed in italics in our versions. There is nothing to represent it in the original. The emphasis is on the fact of their remaining in their place. It is not probable that they were standing.

8. *So they read in the book of the law of God, distinctly, etc.* Some have imagined that this verse refers to a translation of the original Hebrew in which the law was written into Aramaic, but there is no evidence that the Jews did not understand Hebrew at this time. In New Testament times a translation was necessary. This reading of the law was no mere vocal exercise for Ezra and the priests; the people were made to understand what was read.

9. *And Nehemiah, which is the Tirshatha.* This is a title of honor about equivalent to governor. The Tirshatha was the next in rank to the satrap. *This day is holy.* Both as the day of the new moon and as the day of this especial reading of the law. *Mourn not nor weep.* It was not appropriate to mourn upon the festival day. The people were weeping because they had not kept the law.

10. *Then he said.* The one who gave this command was probably Ezra, for he is more prominent than Nehemiah in all this section (chapters 8-10). *Eat the fat, and drink the sweet.* A proverbial expression, meaning rejoice rather than be grieved. *Send portions, etc.* Compare Deut. 16: 14. *For the joy of your Lord is your strength.* Compare Psa. 37: 39.

11. *So the Levites stilled all the people.* They caused them to stop their loud lamentations. They did not try to prevent the shouting for joy mentioned in the next verse.

12. *To make great mirth, etc.* They wept because they had not kept the law; they now rejoice because they have become familiar with the law and are privileged to serve God through obedience to it. Compare the delight in the law expressed by the writer of the 119th Psalm.

THE RETURN OF THE VETERANS.

BY PROF. RICHARD BURTON.

Beneath gray gloom they tramp along: their tread
Lacks rhythm; faded, soiled and torn, their dress;
They wot of storm and peril, wounds that bled,
And pains beyond imagination's guess.
The lookers on, struck mute by tenderness,
Hardly huzza: it is as if the dead
Walked with the quick. Beneath a brooding sky
The bronzed and battered veterans limp by.

—The Independent.

OUR opportunities for doing good are not limited to those we know well, nor even to those we meet occasionally, but extend to the multitudes we pass without a word, as a lamp set in a window not only brightens the room for the home circle, but cheers the heart of the stranger passing by.—Anon.

THE greatest truth of the gospel is Christ himself.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

The Largest Grain Elevator.

One of the largest elevators in the world, for the storage of grain, is now being constructed at Duluth, Minnesota, and it is to be made absolutely fire-proof.

There are to be eighty round tanks, twenty feet in diameter and seventy feet in height. In the spaces between these large tanks there are to be erected sixty tanks of the same height as the large ones. The walls of the 140 tanks are to be attached to each other, the interstices filled and all cemented together solid, thus covering all the ground with the storage plant.

There will not be any wood or iron used in constructing these immense cylindrical tanks, as they are being made of the best quality of Portland cement.

The form of construction is the strongest and most capable of withstanding pressure of any that has been devised. The pressure being on the concave sides of each cylinder, and being sustained by the convex, or outer surface, of the surrounding cylinders which are made into a solid wall, so that these 140 cylinders, each supporting the other, constitute one of the most substantial structures for the purpose of storage ever yet erected.

The conveying belts, for handling the grain, pass between two rows of tanks in a tunnel underneath, then up to a gallery at the top, thus receiving in or taking out from any of the tanks on either side.

Heretofore, about 2,000,000 bushels have constituted the limit of storage in any one plant, but by this combination a much larger storage capacity can be made perfectly safe.

The advantages to be realized are many, not only in construction over wood or brick, but in security as against heat generating in the receptacles to damage the grain, as well as in the rates of insurance against fire, and also the decay of materials, thus reducing the cost from 1¼ per cent per bushel, for storage in wood, to ¼ of 1 per cent in these improved tanks.

This kind of elevator, however, has been made for some years in Prussia, Roumania, and other places in the East, but this one at Duluth, we believe, is the first to be erected in this country.

This certainly indicates the great fertility and grain-growing qualities of Minnesota. It also reminds us of the saying of a farmer out West, "that he stacked out all he could, and what he had left over he put in his barns."

The Sun's Atmosphere.

Astronomers of late have been investigating the atmosphere of the sun, and have come to the conclusion that it is composed of various gases and metallic vapors.

As seen through a powerful telescope the atmosphere on its surface appears to be covered with white vapors, in the form of clouds, floating on an ocean of grayish fluid.

These cloud-like forms give no evidence of being composed of water, but have every appearance of being a result of carbon, precisely the same as the electrician secures to produce the very brightest of artificial lights. It is argued that the sun produces her light and heat by having her surface covered by fine drops of liquid carbon.

It is well known that liquid carbon will pro-

duce a transcendent light exceeding in radiance the glow of any manufactured electric lamp.

It is assumed that the entire surface of the sun's atmosphere is coated with these particles of liquid carbon, and that every particle thereof is intensely luminous, and from these particles emanate our light and heat.

The atmosphere of the sun is adjudged to be not less than 5,000 miles deep, and the spectroscope shows that it is mostly composed of metallic vapors of great luminosity. When the immense size of the sun's surface is taken into the account, sending forth its multitude of rays in every direction, it is no longer a wonder and a marvel that electricity (being so smart and quick of action) can collect and converge almost instantly a force that is called heat sufficient to melt the ends of two railroad bars of steel, and unite them, so that when cold they will become one perfect solid bar.

This solar planet, or luminary, is a wonder of wonders continually, notwithstanding its familiarity. The science of astronomy has been, and still is being, called upon to give essential aid to further elucidate the principles of action as developed by our everyday visitor. Wonderful! wonderful!! is the scientific display, as here shown by him who "made the sun to shine by day."

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.

TRUE science is simply the knowledge of God, and theology is the religious side of all true knowledge.—Principal Gosman.

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.

LARKIN.—Albert, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Larkin, died in Ashaway, R. I., Sept. 15, 1899, aged fourteen years and three months.

Albert was known as a good boy, full of joy and contentment of life. As one who served the choir, both at the regular church services and Conference, he was always prompt and obliging. A member of the Sabbath-school, he was constant in attendance. Two days before the end of the Conference he was taken sick, and his trouble developed into typhoid fever, which, complicated with spinal trouble, caused his death. The funeral services were held Sabbath, P. M., Sept. 16, at 2:30 o'clock. The attendance was very large, and the floral tributes from the day and Sabbath-schools, and from the choir, were beautiful, and the singing by a quartet from the choir showed tenderness of heart. The whole community sympathize deeply with the bereaved parents and sister in their sorrow. C. A. B.

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.



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- Conference Minutes, 1807-1855.
- Seventh-day Baptist Register, Vol. I, 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.

THE Sabbath-keepers in Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Bible Class, held every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, at the residence of Dr. F. L. Irons, 224 Grace Street.

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

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

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

THE Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services in the Boys' Room of the Y. M. C. A. Building, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. The preaching service is at 11.30 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services. GEO. B. SHAW, Pastor,
1279 Union Avenue.

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

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

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 next session of the Ministerial Conference of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Chicago and Southern Wisconsin will occur at Rock River, on Sixth-day, Nov. 24, 1899. The following program has been arranged:

1. How may the interest in our Bible-school work be increased? W. B. West.
2. What improvement, if any, can we, as churches, make in our present methods of work and worship? G. W. Burdick.
3. Exposition of Ezekiel, chapters 40-48. S. L. Maxson.
4. What are the dangers which threaten the church to-day, and how can they be averted? A. B. Campbell.
5. Is membership in secret societies, such as Masons, Oddfellows, etc., conducive to spirituality? and what advantages accrue to the church if the fees, dues, etc., which are paid to those orders were contributed to the work of the church? J. W. Stillman.
6. What has been the comparative history of missionary and non-missionary churches and denominations? L. A. Platts.

S. H. BABCOCK, Sec.

THE YEARLY MEETING of the churches of New Jersey and New York City will be held with the Piscataway church, at New Market, N. J., Nov. 17-19, 1899.

PROGRAM.

SIXTH-DAY-EVENING.

Prayer and Conference Meeting led by David E. Titworth.

SABBATH MORNING.

Sermon, Rev. Geo. B. Shaw.

AFTERNOON.

Young People's Hour, O. S. Rogers.
Y. P. S. C. E. Prayer-meeting, Myra Clark.

EVENING.

Sermon, Rev. Leon D. Burdick.

FIRST-DAY-MORNING.

Sermon, Rev. Arthur E. Main.

AFTERNOON.

Woman's Hour, Mrs. Anna C. Randolph.
Layman's Hour, Rev. Martin Sindall.

EVENING.

Sermon, and closing Conference Meeting, Rev. E. B. Saunders.

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.

S. I. LEE, Cor. Sec.

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The theologian should be a prophet, not a scribe.—*Prof. F. C. Porter.*

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