

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY WILLIAM G. HAESELBARTH.



WE thank thee, Lord, for all the good
With which thou hast the past year crowned;
Yet more we thank thee for the ills
That hedged our way with safety round.
They drew us wondrous close to thee
Through aching hearts and tearful eyes,
And proved of all thy gifts the best,
Thy richest blessings in disguise.

We thank thee, Lord, for every joy,
Likewise for every pain and loss,
For every burden we have borne,
And no less every bitter cross.
Our burdens bowed us to thy feet,
Our crosses lifted us to thee,
And thou hast made our weakness strength,
And all things for our good to be.

We thank thee for bright days and dark,
For sunshine, and for shadows, too;
Both were thy ministers for good,
And sent thy gracious will to do.
Shall we but thank thee for our joys,
When all our ills have wrought us good,
In drawing us more close to thee
Than any selfish pleasures could?

We thank thee, Lord, for everything,
For losses no less than for gain,
For each event that marked our life
With days of pleasure or of pain.
All things have proved thy wondrous love,
And filled with peace our nights and days;
And for this we would render thee
Our meed of thanks and grateful praise.

—Christian Work.

Sabbath Recorder.

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

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THAT we have entered into a period of marked transition in matters of religion and theology and their relations to the Bible, is too apparent to need statement. However soon or late the various stages of that transition may appear, no one can tell. That the final results will justify intelligent faith in the Bible, and increasing confidence in the glories of our future life, we cannot doubt. Fierce storms purify foul atmospheres. In front of the window near which this is written stands the massive and architecturally beautiful station of the Chicago and Rock Island railroad, in the city of Omaha. Granite, marble and other appropriate materials combine in semi-Grecian patterns to make the building beautiful and enduring. Far more so is the spiritual structure which shall come at last from the formative forces at work in the kingdom of Christ. Turmoil, doubt, agitation, error and unrest are all working toward higher ends. Bind your soul with truth, tie your life to God, and bear a hand in the glorious work of exalting and extending the reign of truth and righteousness.

WE have just read an address by one who claims that Christians come to higher attainments by believing that all law is done away and that the spontaneous choices of men are the highest standards of action. In the course of the discussion, the duty of parents to set an example of obedience to law before their children is urged. The writer says that the father who trots his horse across a bridge, his boy being in the carriage, and knowing that a sign forbids "driving faster than a walk," wrongs the child and teaches him to become a law breaker. We are forced to smile, sadly, at the inconsistency of a man who begins by denying the binding authority of the Ten Commandments and ends by insisting that he who breaks a Bridge Ordinance is building for lawlessness in his child. Christ made sharp condemnation of him who "breaks one of the least of these commandments, and teaches men so," but Christ is not talking about ordinances touching bridges.

VICE-PRESIDENT GARRET A. HOBART, after a long illness, passed away on the morning of Nov. 21. His death was peaceful. Hopes had been somewhat strengthened for a few days before his death that life would be prolonged beyond the present, but still with the fear that a change for the worse might occur at any time. Dr. Newton was in attendance during the night, and at an early hour on the morning of the 21st saw that Mr. Hobart was rapidly sinking. The family were summoned to his bedside at once, and when he died there were with him his devoted wife and their son, Garret A., Jr., Doctor and Mrs. Newton, and the nurse, Miss Alice Wardle, who had been in attendance during his sickness. Just before midnight Mr. Hobart called for his wife and son, with whom he visited for a short time. Shortly after this he became unconscious and remained in that condition until death came to his release at 8.30 o'clock. The announcement of the death of Vice-President Hobart has cast a gloom over the entire country, and especially so over the

immediate section of his home. He was a man loved by all. Among his strongest political opponents could he find some of his warmest admirers and friends as a man and neighbor. Mr. Hobart was born in Long Branch, N. J., June 3, 1844. He was graduated from Rutgers College at the age of nineteen, after which he took up the study of law in the office of Socrates Tuttle, in Paterson. He subsequently married Mr. Tuttle's daughter.

THE success of "wireless telegraphy" is assured. The Marconi system as tested, up to this time, leaves little chance for doubt as to practical utility. Guglielmo Marconi is a young man, native of Italy; his mother was an English woman; his education is English. No limit as to the distance that may be covered by messages has been found as yet. The Marconi system has been developed within the last four years. Special and successful tests have been made in the British Navy. In some tests made during the summer of 1899, "The Admiral reported that the system placed his ships under as good control at a distance of eighty miles as they would have been at fifteen miles without it." The facts established at this time are, that messages can be sent for one hundred miles over water, and fifty miles over land. The receiving apparatus is so "tuned" with the sending apparatus that it will take only the messages intended for it. Thus secrecy and certainty as to destination are secured. The wireless apparatus is simple and does not get out of order easily. The main cost is for the poles which support the "vertical wire," and the expense is slight compared with the wire system. Probably the new system will not take the place of the old where the latter is well established, unless the slight cost of the new system gives it commercial advantages. But as a new invention, wireless telegraphy has come to stay. Further details will be found from time to time in the Popular Science department of the RECORDER.

In the absence of the Editor on his Western tour of visitation with the churches, as Corresponding Secretary of the Tract Society, we take the liberty of reproducing what the *Janesville Gazette* says regarding his work at Milton, Wis.:

Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., of Plainfield, N. J., spoke at the Seventh-day Baptist church Sunday evening. His theme was: "The Ideal Minister of 1925." and a large congregation listened to its presentation. The production was logical and thoughtful, the pat illustrations, graphic descriptive scenes and beautiful word imagery holding the close attention of every hearer. Dr. Lewis has that rare quality of magnetism of voice and manner that captivates the ear, while his logic and lucid arguments clinch the truth in the mind of the bearer. Had he made the lecture field his calling instead of the pulpit, he would rank high among the platform speakers of the day. May it be the good fortune of Milton people to have the pleasure of hearing him again in the near future.

M.

It is said that at the famous battle of Waterloo, which decided the fate of Europe for centuries, the English Commander, Duke of Wellington, was defeated several times; but neither he nor his soldiers would recognize the fact, hence victory came to them at last. In every great work for Christ or truth, and in all Christian living, this refusal to know that we are defeated is the essential element of final success. There is no defeat for the soul that is in touch with God and in alliance with truth.

THE Sea of Galilee was storm-swept. The waves washed over the little boat that bore Christ and his disciples. They were fear-swept. He slept in peace. It is well if we can gain so much of Christ's spirit as to be at peace when storm, opposition or danger surround us. His sleep was peaceful, because of power. We may rest in like manner, since he promises to grant us power and help. When the frightened disciples woke him, one word of his drove the winds back to the mountains, and the heaving sea grew still. Rest your soul on the promises, seek his strength and be at peace.

GARWIN AND WELTON, IOWA.

A bit of history concerning the church at Garwin, Iowa, appeared in the RECORDER in connection with the account of the Association held there one year ago last June. Bro. Leon D. Burdick was then pastor. Since that time he has gone to Marlboro, N. J., and last July H. D. Clarke, formerly of Dodge Centre, Minn., became pastor at Garwin. Good fruits from his work there have appeared already. Though not large, the church holds a prominent place in all that is best in the affairs and interests of the place. A wave of emigration is sweeping over Garwin. Several families—six, we believe—have just gone from Garwin to Oklahoma. We hope that a new and successful Seventh-day Baptist interest will result from this movement. On the 15th of November the Editor spoke at Garwin, and was accorded warm welcome and a thoughtful hearing. Plans for improving the house of worship there are under consideration. These include a bell which, on each Sabbath-day, shall ring out the message that God's law is to be honored and his Sabbath observed. Bro. Clarke has been known as a successful worker with the young, and he is doing some general training work in the village each month.

WELTON.

The first settlements by Seventh-day Baptists were made at Welton, in eastern Iowa, about 1854, and the church was organized in 1855. It had a rapid and healthful growth for several years; then came the emigration impulse, and many families went westward, most of them to North Loup, Nebraska. As at Garwin the farming country is fine, and people are blessed with comforts and prosperity. The pastors whose labors have helped to organize and build up Welton have been: Lewis A. Davis, Chas. A. Burdick, Thos. A. Maxson, Varnum Hull, Henry B. Lewis, John T. Davis, James H. Hurley and E. H. Socwell. Welton has furnished a number of candidates for the ministry: James H. Hurley, pastor at Dodge Centre, Minn., and T. J. VanHorn, of Brookfield, N. Y., were "Welton boys." Among the candidates not yet ordained are: Eli Loofboro, late missionary pastor on the Berlin, Wis., field, now a student in the Divinity School of Chicago University; Chas. S. Sayre, now pastor on that field, but intending to study more hereafter, and Alvah M. VanHorn and E. D. VanHorn, of Milton, Wis. In this, as in similar cases, the fact is illustrated that smaller churches furnish the larger supply of ministers.

The Great West still lures a family from Welton now and then, so that growth in numbers is slow. That those who remain are deeply loyal to the church and to the truth we cannot doubt, after looking into their

eager faces while they listen to words touching truth and duty.

The Editor began his work here by speaking on "Social Purity" on the 17th of November. We go to Illinois to-day. Evangelist L. C. Randolph began work here last evening. People have been turning toward God as a preparation for the coming of the evangelist, and we doubt not but a blessing will attend the meetings. Some members of the Welton church live at Calamus, sixteen miles away. Two sisters came to attend the services on Sabbath, Nov. 18, so eager were they to meet with those of the household of faith, remained to attend the evening service and drove home after its close. Their example is a sharp rebuke to people who, living within a stone's throw of the house of God, go to it listlessly or stay away altogether. In every place we have visited during these weeks people have shown commendable zeal in attending the services of God's house.

Welton has no pastor now, E. H. Socwell having gone to New Auburn, Minn., this autumn. The deacons are J. W. Loofboro and J. O. Babcock, and the latter is also clerk.

P. S.—Bro. Randolph did not reach Welton for the 20th and the writer preached to the people who came to hear him at that time.

WELTON, Iowa, Nov. 21, 1899.

FOG, FIGHT, VICTORY.

On November 19, 1899, at eight o'clock in the morning, Eastern Iowa was buried in a bank of fog. Frozen mist covered the ground with "hoar frost." The Eastern sky gave no sign of the sun. It was a chilling, choking fog, like the breath of doubt. Weary nerves seek fresh air, in spite of fog. We started for a morning walk.

The first half-mile of the highway led through a strip of woodland. The fog filled the path between the trees, and sight stopped within a few rods. Behind, the fog crowded in, and crept close upon one's heels. The traveler buttoned his coat and shivered. The frost covered the banks on either side. Fog, frost, chill. We walked slowly. Laden lungs compelled it. Before the first half-mile was passed, stray drops began to fall from the fog-enveloped leaves which still hung to the branches overhead. Those were the first promise of better things; faint promises. The hidden sun was fighting, though unseen.

Fog and indifference are difficult things to fight. They make no clean, clear-cut opposition. Stagnation is worse than a hurricane, sometimes.

The drops from the leaves fell more frequently. The fog in the path ahead retreated a little. One could now see objects, dimly, ten rods distant. We met a small boy, on horseback. He said: "Nice morning, only kinder foggy!" That was good. "Kinder foggy;" but something better is coming. The tonic of the boy's hopefulness is good when you feel symptoms of an ague fit from the chill of a fog.

The woodland is behind us now. Fine fields lie on either hand. The fog is retreating from the sides of the road, as well as in front. Behind, it crowds in all the more, and it is pleasanter to look ahead. Thirty rods away a sheep-bell tinkles with a cheering voice. The sheep show through the fog, like moving bunches of mist, reminding you of Turner's

famous painting, in which the ghosts of ships float in an ocean of fog. That sheep-bell is tuned to match one we heard in Switzerland one morning, waiting for the sunrise, and sitting on the ruins of an old castle. The leader of an herd of goats tinkled that one. The world is small, when the tinkling of a bell brings Switzerland and Iowa together.

We faced the west while the bell told its story. A wave of warmth, not strong, but comforting, struck our shoulders and turned us toward the east. Above the trees was a luminous spot in the fog, and within ten minutes the sun looked out. He was feeble; seemed weary. He had been fighting that fog for hours. Overhead the sky was clear. The battle was more than half won. We walked a mile farther. The lines of battle changed every fifteen minutes. The fog would rally and rush in, and the frost held all the hollows yet, and covered the banks that lay in the shadows. But the clear dome of heaven grew larger, all the time. The fog banks retreated, sullenly and slowly, for half a mile on either side, uncovering farmhouses and windmills unseen before. The sun gained at every onset. The fog grew thin and the face of the sun shone with laughter. It was time to go back and write something for the RECORDER.

It was ten o'clock when we reached the house, and the glory of victory covered all the land. We stood on the piazza a moment and looked the sun in the face. He smiled and seemed to say: "I got word of the battle before I left the Atlantic coast this morning, but I knew I should conquer. Steady work is what does it."

Sabbath Reform is surrounded by the fog of indifference, and checked by the chill of a public opinion too nearly conscienceless. This chill touches Seventh-day Baptists more than it ought. It is dangerous. The ague of hopelessness is in it. But the sunshine of truth keeps at work. God is in heaven, even if fog envelopes the earth. Last night we tried to inspire an audience of earnest listeners with longings for "higher life." The victory of the sunshine over the fog this morning is a silent promise of victory for all truth. We shall not walk in the shadow always. Fogs are temporary. Soon or late they will be forced to retreat.

Above the fog and chill,
Above the strife and ill,
Above the wail of fear
God's sky is ever clear.
God reigns.

WELTON, Iowa, Nov. 20, 1899.

OVERGROWING DIFFICULTIES.

Three times to-day we have passed a row of maple trees, along which a barbed-wire fence was made twenty years or so ago, the trees being used as posts. Now the trees are large, and in most places the wires, which were fastened to them when they were small, are so over-grown that they are within the trees several inches. These trees present a fine example of the power of vigorous life to outgrow or overgrow hindrances and difficulties. The wires were stapled to the young trees. The life of the trees could not push the staples out, so it overgrew each staple, wire and all. In most cases even the scar, made at first, is overgrown, and the tree gives little sign of the victory it has gained, except the strange one of having a wire fence passing through it.

The moral lesson is not far to seek. The

Christian who is filled with divine life will rise above temptations, outgrow weaknesses, and overgrow difficulties. Such strength is essential to the doing of efficient work, or the living of efficient life. It is a shame which approaches sin for a child of God to remain weak and inefficient. The needful strength, help, life, are in easy reach. Each Christian is bound to make the most of himself for sake of himself, the cause of Christ and the honor of God.

Weaklings are burdens rather than helps. Growth does not come by wishing, nor much, if any, by emotion. Life is more than feeling or sentiment or intellectual creed. Growth is not the result of long self-examination and much self-condemnation. It is not attained by telling of one's failures, nor of complaining of one's surroundings. Spiritual life is living contact with God. Willing and loving obedience are the primary and ever-certain road to life. "Higher life" comes by obedience, and obedience is doing. It is more than dreaming. The man who measures himself, as to height or chest-girth, every day, will not grow by measuring; but the man who pushes into work each day, without stopping to measure, will soon be beyond the need of measuring. In the same way do we overcome obstacles, temptations, trials. The one need is life. The way to life is work.

A GRIPLESS GOSPEL.

It is scarcely permissible to call it "gospel," this popular theory which attempts to build "good news" on the ruins of abrogated law. Here, in the West, as everywhere, one is confronted, constantly, with the repetition of the destructive notion that the Ten Commandments are abrogated. It is heard, mainly, when the Sabbath question is at the front, and the main point of attack is the Fourth Commandment. The RECORDER joins with the most devout in teaching that the spirit of all law is greater than the "letter." We also urge that the true conception of obedience is reached only when the law is "written on the heart," and becomes an ever-present, ever-active power within rather than a restraint from without. But law thus embodied in life and crystalized in spontaneous choices is intensified in power and authority. This intensifying and crystalizing into life, character and action is the farthest distance possible from "abrogation." It is at this point that the popular, gripless gospel culminates in serious error. Logic laughs at the idea of forgiveness or repentance when no wrong has been done. Paul cut all debate short, when he declared that there can be no sin where there is no law. This fact stands to condemn the popular notion embodied in a gripless system.

But the evil results of a gripless gospel appear in detail and with increasing destructiveness in the lowering of standards of action and in the death of conscience. The church teaches "no law" and the world smiles at the weak appeals that follow. The sense of obligation is dissipated, and the masses turn from Sunday-observance and church attendance as unconcerned as a careless school-boy goes down the street whistling aimlessly, and forgetful of tasks and books. The blindness of religious teachers concerning the results of no-law theology surpasses credulity. Pews are left vacant, and holidayism abounds where Sabbathism ought to grow, because these teachers, eager to seem "free," destroy the foundations of faith and the sources of conscience by teaching a gripless gospel.

RAILROAD STATION, Omaha, Neb., Nov. 14, 1899.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

The Royal Road to Success.

There is a royal road to success in every calling in life, for the road to true success is a royal road. Study your problem and master it. A natural gift, a knack for your particular line of work is important, of course. Oh, that love for your occupation, that abiding enthusiasm which is patient and buoyant, transforming drudgery into a mission to live for! But more and more I come to feel that the successful man is he who applies himself to his problem and masters it.

A teacher, broken down in health, came onto a farm to recover his vigor. He determined to make a success of his employment, even though it might be only temporary. At a small expense he procured the agricultural bulletins embodying the experience of the best farmers in the state, and endeavored to learn from every other available source. They call him a book farmer, but he introduced practical economics and improvements, until, as he told me the other day, he had doubled the productiveness of his farm. He has a neighbor who has been blessed with very little education, but is that thing which is popularly called "a good manager." He is thrifty in habits, thoughtful in planning, alert for methods of improvement. He has also doubled the productiveness of his farm.

Our young men can succeed if they will pay the price. If they will train their faculties to take notice, if they are willing to work hard, if they will patiently solve their problems, fight their way to victory between the jagged rocks of defeat, the end is secure.

The same principles are operative in religious work. The pastor of a church, the superintendent of a Sabbath-school, the teacher of a class, the president of a society, the mistress of a home, may well bear them in mind. Ah, yes, it is all of the Spirit of God, I know, but the Spirit of God makes men faithful. The divine works through human channels and common-place laws. Lift up your head, comrade in the service. It is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Therefore, work out your salvation—your mission—"with fear and trembling," with reverent faith and sober fidelity.

Pray as We Go.

The ideal prayer-meeting is full of good cheer. As round the bright fireside, wit, pathos, instruction, narrative and aspiration freely mingle, so the church is our Father's house where the family gather without restraint to express thanksgiving, to give and gain fresh help for the duties of the week. The quaint testimony, the sudden turn of wit, the pointed story, all have their place.

A sober-faced deacon arose the other night, and simply said; "When I was a boy I used to want to be a man. I have the same desire still." Such a thought is not soon forgotten.

The following story was well feathered and barbed to reach its work. Two little girls were hurrying to school. But even as they went the bell began to ring. "Oh, dear," said one of them, "let's kneel right down here and ask the Lord to get us there before the bell stops ringing." "No," said the other, "let's skin along and pray as we go."

Gymnasium for Milton.

The enterprising students of Milton have conceived the plan of converting the old "Gentlemen's Hall" (this is not exactly what

they used to call it, but it sounds better) into a gymnasium. The old oaken frame makes one of the strongest buildings in town. It only remains to remove partitions, ceil, floor and equip with apparatus. The expense will be about \$500. Old students and friends of the institution are invited to send in their expressions of approval, ending with the formula, "enclosed please find check," etc.

The College has a splendid class of students at the present time. We have the word of President Whitford for it that no better average work has ever been done than that now in progress. The spiritual interests are high, the Davis room being crowded every Friday night.

The public spirit that the young men are showing is most commendable, and their excellent plan deserves to be carried out promptly.

Labor and Harvest.

In a birth-day book, just placed before me, opposite my own date, appear these words from Longfellow. How well they chime in with the busy mood of life:

"Labor with what zeal you will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun."

But a little below chimes in the always helpful Whittier:

"Thine was the seed-time; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest-time is hid with Him."

The Pastoral Element of Everyday Life.

There is something of the pastoral element in almost any occupation, rightly conceived. I found one of the secrets of a popular and successful physician to be in the personal interest he took in each home and its inmates. They felt, somehow, that their family doctor was one of them, and on anniversary days, as well as in times of sickness, their hearts turned to him instinctively. The true teacher bears the character and life of his pupils on his mind. The Christian business man is concerned in the human interests of those around him. The farmer has a watch-care over his help, the mother over the members of her household.

And so, whenever I find a man or woman or child with this pastoral heart, I feel like going up to them and offering a brotherly hand. It is all one work, its impulses arise from a common source, the love of the Great Shepherd who gave his life for the sheep.

The Best Book for Skepticism.

How pleasant to look into the clear, straightforward eyes of a manly young man, to take in the sweep of his broad shoulders and erect head, to hear his hearty voice and feel the grip of his hand. Yes, especially if it is some young man you have loved, and whose critical periods you have watched from afar, with yearning prayers.

"I don't know whether you will call it getting religion or not, but I have come to the point where I can believe what the Bible says."

I looked at his white teeth, his resolute face, and saw, with pleasure, that his belief was taking practical forms.

"Thank the Lord. I knew it would come. What brought it about? What have you been reading?"

"A book."

"What book?"

"The Bible, of course. What book should a man read who is looking for help?"

Well said a saint of old: "The Spirit of God rides forth gloriously in its own appointed chariot."

THE IMPORTANCE OF HIGHER EDUCATION WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS.

BY REV. G. B. SHAW.

Text, Eccle. 10: 10.—"If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength; but wisdom is profitable to direct."

These words need little explanation. It is simply this: If your axe or sythe or lawnmower or saw is dull, and you do not sharpen it, then you must put forth just so much more effort to accomplish a given amount of work. The second part of the text is the application when the Wise Man adds "but wisdom is profitable to direct."

One of the peculiar features of American civilization is the freedom of movement which is accorded to the units of the social organism. Man and woman are not born in a certain station in life and doomed to stay there. Coming with this freedom of movement is the American ambition and hope of advancement of rising. Every clerk, every teacher, every mechanic, every professional man is hoping and working and scheming for promotion. Promotion is not always in accordance with worth or ability, but in the keen competition for advancement a liberal education is always of decided advantage.

The conditions of the labor market are such that for an indefinite time to come it seems likely that purely unskilled labor is doomed to a place approaching the level of the most ignorant labor in Europe. Already, in the great cities, it is next to impossible for a self-respecting American to compete in the market of unskilled labor. All this without regard to the complication of Sabbath-keeping. Skill and education are relative terms, and the standards are rapidly being raised. A bright boy early left the public schools of Minnesota, and readily found employment in a village lumber yard, but he was doomed to drudgery, and finally lost his place altogether because he could not handle fractions in figuring on a load of lumber. There was one thing that he could do well. He made it his specialty. It was hard to find his equal to play "second fiddle" at a country dance.

A dozen instances of a like kind occur to you who know so well that one whose mind is untrained and empty enters the race of life sadly handicapped. Do not misunderstand me to say that simple brute labor is dishonorable, or that a self-respecting American would not work with shovel or hod. All positions in life are not equally desirable or useful, and education is a large factor in placing men and women in positions that are useful and desirable.

Much has been said, recently, about the fact that a much smaller percentage than formerly of college graduates enter the ministry. It is not because less men enter the ministry, but because more college men enter business and other professions than the one in question.

It is not impossible for one to succeed in business or professional life without a liberal education, but if he could "hoe his row" with a "blunt" iron, the chances are that he could be very much more successful if better prepared.

The second part of this subject has reference to Seventh-day Baptists.

Notice, first, the increasing difficulty of keeping a Sabbath. I beg pardon for saying

a Sabbath, for there is no such thing as a Sabbath. It is *the* Sabbath or *no* Sabbath; but you know what I mean. With a highly organized society, problems of specialization and interdependence are bound to complicate Sabbath-keeping. Grant, for the moment, that Christians generally observed the Sabbath, and we would still have a large Sabbath question to deal with. But Christians do not generally keep the Sabbath, and I see no reason to believe that they will soon do so.

It seems likely, then, that Sabbath-keepers have before them yet a long and severe struggle. Not indeed to prove that Sunday is not the Sabbath, nor yet to prove that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord our God, but to demonstrate the possibility of Twentieth Century Sabbath-observance. When attention is called to the difficulties of Sabbath-keeping, that they are real and not imaginary, do not understand this to be an apology for those who do not keep the Sabbath. Not at all. It is only to emphasize the thought that next in importance to the grace of God, which shall keep our consciences clean, will be an education of *hand* and *brain* that will make men and women independent. The problem for Sabbath-keepers is to be able to maintain their *personal independence*. We live in a time of great religious and political freedom, but there never was a time when men were accorded less *industrial independence* than the present.

No man or party is especially to blame for this condition; it is only a part of the social and industrial problem which the civilization of the century has brought, but it is unfortunate for those who do not wish to work when the majority do.

Giving to young men and women a liberal education, will not solve for them all problems of Sabbath-keeping, but it will so sharpen them that they will be able to stand in many a place where they could not otherwise gain or keep a foothold.

These statements have but incidental reference to the men and women who are already in the active work of life, but all thoughtful Seventh-day Baptists look forward with some concern to the industrial independence of the coming generation. Independence reaches its maximum on the farm, but farming in the East is unpopular and unprofitable. The influences that have driven Seventh-day Baptists from so many farms in the beautiful hills and valleys of Western New York have reached Wisconsin. Utica is practically gone, Walworth, Albion and Rock River are on the decline. Life on the farm is in many ways ideal, and yet few college graduates return to their father's farms.

It is not possible or desirable that all our people should be teachers or doctors or preachers, but between the farm and professional life the opportunity is not flattering to say the least. It is quite possible for a Sabbath-keeper to be a blacksmith, a mason, a carpenter, a miller or a merchant, but that it will be in the face of increasing odds you do not need to be told. The great stores and factories have "swallowed up" or "trodden down" the smaller ones. Capital is consolidated and labor is organized. Not many months ago Seventh-day Baptist capital and labor started a manufacturing industry in one of our Wisconsin villages. The business prospered. Soon more capital and a First-day partner were added, and was soon after

bought out by a larger firm and moved to a larger city.

What shall we say, that it is impossible for a Sabbath-keeper to be a business man? Certainly not. Our problem is to prepare him in the best possible manner. There is *some* hazle brush, and a few thistles in this work, and we suggest that the sythe be well sharpened before we begin.

Under the present organization of business, the number of employers is rapidly becoming less and the number of employed more. With a very few exceptions our people are among the employed. We are in the great throng of those who compete for places, and our hopes lie in bringing to the labor market exceptionally fine goods. We must be strong and well trained *morally, intellectually and physically*.

While there is usually a ready sale for labor that is *specialy* and *adequately* prepared in any sphere of life, yet would it not be safer and better that thorough preparation be made for the very highest position in business, mechanical and professional life? We have a hard "row to hoe," but it can be done, and the first thing to do will be to "whet the edge" of our tools, looking the while to our Heavenly Father for patience and grace and strength.

I do not think that I am a pessimist, but I see a problem, and have tried to state it squarely. The fact that we are holding our own in these days is evidence of a vitality that is encouraging. All the great evangelical denominations lost ground in New York City last year. Our ability to stay and grow depends largely upon our being well prepared to do the world's work. Seventh-day Baptists are an educated people; shall we not be more so? Indeed the importance of education to us becomes almost the *necessity* of education. "If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength; but wisdom is profitable to direct."

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.

NEW MARKET, N. J.—The month of November furnishes several items of interest to the friends of the New Market church. The evening of the 4th, Bro. James R. Dunham and wife received into their pleasant home a large number of their friends and relatives, who came to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Any words which I might write cannot portray the pleasantness of the occasion, nor the heart-felt congratulations and good wishes which were expressed by the many who presented themselves to the happy "bride and groom" of twenty-five years. Many beautiful and valuable presents, slight tokens of friendly esteem, were given to Mr. and Mrs. Dunham. The reading of a letter from Rev. L. A. Platts, who "tied the knot," and of two poems written for the occasion, added to the interest of the reception.

Last Sixth-day evening, Nov. 17, the "Yearly Meeting" of the New York City, Plainfield, New Market, Marlboro and Shiloh churches convened with us; closing Sunday evening. Sermons were given by Pastors George B. Shaw, Arthur E. Main, Leon D. Burdick and Edward B. Saunders. Several

valuable papers were presented, which we would like to see in the SABBATH RECORDER. All were well pleased with the services throughout, and I believe this church will be glad when it shall again be its "turn" to have the Yearly Meeting. It was thought best to continue the good work begun, so we are holding gospel meetings every evening this week, and may continue them for some time.

A Union Thanksgiving service will be held in our church, Wednesday evening, Nov. 29—a new departure—as in previous years it has been held Thanksgiving Day.

You can help us, dear brethren, by praying for us if you cannot be here to work with us. That God may bless the work here, and throughout our beloved Zion, is the wish and prayer of your fellow-worker.

MARTIN SINDALL.

DUNELLEN, N. J., Nov. 22, 1899.

WALWORTH, WIS.—This has been a very fine autumn with us. The crops, excellent both in quality and quantity, now are well secured. Whatever the farmer has to market commands a good price. Many new buildings have been built; many others are now in the course of construction, and many others are to be built as soon as possible. New streets have been opened and what has been a quiet little "Corners" easily assumes the dignity of a thriving village. The C. H. & G. L. electric railroad is an established convenience, and the C. M. & St. P. railroad will soon run their main line between Chicago and St. Paul through the village. In fact, it has been a year of general health, prosperity and blessing.

In our church work there has been a goodly degree of interest in all the appointments. Mrs. Townsend, of Ohio, recently addressed us, and it is expected that she will return to conduct evangelistic services at our church about Thanksgiving.

Our covenant meeting and communion service, a week ago last Sabbath, was a blessed occasion. The attendance was good and the spirit was loving and tender, "as one family." It was remarked "that we are revived now, why do we need an evangelist?" But as we remember our children growing up to be "young people," who ought to be fully brought into the Master's service, and see so many others who need the blessings of salvation, and think of the richer spiritual attainments within the reach of all, we see the necessity of extra meetings. There are better things awaiting us. Brethren and sisters, as you read these lines will you pray that our hearts may open to receive them.

S. L. MAXSON.

Nov. 16, 1899.

The Companion's New Calendar.

The *Youth's Companion* Calendar for 1900 is unique in form and beautiful in design. The oval centerpiece, in high colors and enclosed in a border of flowers, represents "A Dream of Summer" and is supported on either side by an admirably executed figure piece in delicate tints. The whole is delightful in sentiment and general effect. Larger than any of the *Companion's* previous Calendars, it is equally as acceptable as a work of art. As an ornament to the home it will take a pre-eminent place.

The Calendar is published exclusively by the *Companion*. It cannot be obtained elsewhere. It will be given to all new subscribers for 1900, who will also receive, in addition to the fifty-two issues of the new volume, all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1899, free from the time of subscription.

Illustrated Announcement Number containing a full prospectus of the volume for 1900 will be sent free to any address.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
203 Columbus Avenue, BOSTON, MASS.

Missions.

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

IN a letter from Pastor Crofoot, of Jackson Centre, Ohio, we have the following: "We received a letter last night from our children, written Oct. 18, at Yokohama, Japan. The first three days from Honolulu were very rough, with rain all of one day. The last two days before reaching Yokohama there was a gale, so that letter-writing was an impossibility." If they had a good voyage from Japan, they probably reached Shanghai Oct. 23. No doubt they have been in Shanghai for three weeks at this writing, and have been received with joyous hearts and open arms. We hope to hear from them soon.

I HAVE been asked, "Why do not our ministers contribute to our missions, Sabbath Reform work, and other denominational enterprises? We do not see their names in the monthly reports of contributions received, published in the RECORDER." Our ministers, as a rule, are liberal and regular contributors to our denominational lines of work, to our schools and other benevolent objects. This I know from personal knowledge. Many of them are tithing. I know of some who are receiving small salaries, and it would seem that they needed every dollar, and more if they could have it, for their living, who are tithing. To do that they have to make some sacrifice somewhere. I know of those who receive larger salaries who are tithing, but because it costs much more to live where they are located than where the smaller salaried minister lives, they are sacrificing as well. If the laity of our denomination were as liberal and regular givers, as a rule, for our cause as are our clergy, we would not lack much in funds for carrying on our various lines of denominational work. Our ministers, in word or examples, do not say: "Go and give," but "Come and give." The most of our ministers are contributing through the churches of which they are members, and hence the churches get the credit and not themselves. That is the reason their names do not appear more in the monthly reports of contributions in the RECORDER, or in our Annual Reports.

WE have many liberal and regular givers in our laity. God bless them and increase the number. There are some who do not give anything for the support of the minister, or for denominational interests, who are able to give. They know nothing of the blessing received in giving. "It is more blessed to give than to receive" is not in their creed. We heartily wish they would give, and experience the rich blessing which comes to those who give. Then we find also, now and then, what we call the perpetual one-sum giver. He may be the one-dollar or the five-dollar giver. He has never risen in all the years above that sum. He started years ago, perhaps, to give five dollars for the support of the pastor, and one dollar for missions. He is still there. He has paid for his farm, has money increasing in the bank or in investments. He may now own three farms instead of one, and out of debt. He may be a business man, out of debt and making money. God has wonderfully prospered him. However, he is still the perpetual one-sum giver. Now, is that giver treating God, Christ who gave himself for him, the cause, and his own soul right? Nay, verily. He is not giving as God gives him

the ability, and he is not only robbing God, but his own soul. Raise your giving, my brother; give God his due and get the blessing. If the perpetual one-sum giver is not prospered in this world's goods, but is still keeping up the one sum; he is certainly showing a self-sacrificing spirit, a love for the cause, which is worthy of praise and blessing, and which he will surely receive.

AS THERE was no service Sabbath-day in the Verona churches, because of a storm, the Secretary visited the people in their homes and presented the needs of our missions and the pledge card system of raising funds. Through the kindness of Pastor George W. Lewis and Deacon Mills he was able to call upon twenty-four families. He cannot aggregate the results, but believes there will be a generous response. Sabbath-day, Nov. 18, the Secretary spent with our scattered Sabbath-keepers at Sherman Park and Syracuse. He preached on Sabbath afternoon in the chapel of the Baptist church, where Rev. Albert Coit, D. D., is pastor. We remember Dr. Coit when pastor of the Baptist church in Wellsville, N. Y. We had a very pleasant interview with him, and he and his people were very kind in giving us the use of the chapel. There were twenty-three present at the service, and after it a Bible-class was taught by Dr. E. S. Maxson. This Bible-class meets usually at Dr. F. L. Irons on Sabbath afternoons, with Dr. Maxson as teacher. Pastor L. R. Swinney, of DeRuyter, preaches once in two weeks on Sunday night at Sherman Park. The congregation is made up of Seventh-day and First-day people. He has been preaching here for several years. There are nine Seventh-day Baptist families and parts of families in and about Syracuse. On Sunday morning it was our pleasure to attend the Central Baptist church and hear its pastor, the Rev. William H. Main, preach. He is a cousin of our Dr. Main, of Plainfield, N. J. Physically he is a different man from Dr. Main, being a heavy, broad-chested, round-faced man, and will weigh two hundred pounds, we judge. He is a vigorous, clear-voiced and demonstrative speaker. He holds his audience well by thought and delivery. His subject was: "Majesty and Power of God." Job 38: 11. 1. In Creation. 2. In Upholding and Controlling the Universe. 3. In Redemption. His sermon was strong in thought, fine in illustration, beautiful in imagery. He spoke from copious notes. While we agreed in the main with his sermon, there was one point he made which we do not believe. He said that God's work now is the work of upholding and controlling the universe. In the light of Scripture and of history, God's work now is the work of redemption, the great work of salvation. We do not believe that God sits on his throne in "majesty and power" to watch and see that the vast machinery of the universe runs all right. He is using his infinite power, wisdom and love in the great work of salvation and world-wide evangelization, and all saved men and women are called to be fellow-workers with him, and his Son and the Holy Spirit in that work.

COURAGE.

Courage—the highest gift, that scorns to bend
To mean devices for a sordid end.
Courage—an independent spark from heaven's bright
throne,
By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high,
alone.
Great in itself, not praises of the crowd,
Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud.

—Farquhar.

THE FIELD OF THE CHURCH.

It is a well understood maxim among horsemen that a horse to do its best on the track must be properly harnessed. Not only must the harness be appropriate as to weight and general characteristics, but it must fit the horse which wears it. Unless it does fit, the horse cannot do its best in any contest; instead of helping the animal, the mis-fit harness frets it. The same truth has been proven over and over again in every field of labor. An excellent family carriage could not be used for a trotting sulky, and neither could a trotting sulky be used for an express wagon. While all of them have wheels, they are intended for widely different purposes, and therefore vary widely in their parts.

One day last week, at a meeting of Free Baptist ministers held in Providence, a paper was read on "Why is church attendance so large"? The wording of the subject was the first surprise in the paper, because most people would have substituted for the word "large" the word "small." But later the author furnished another surprise when he asserted that, in his opinion, the attendance at church was large in view of the methods adopted to secure the attendance. And the idea was well worked out that in recent years methods were being adopted to secure attendance at church services which were foreign to the purposes for which a church is supposed to exist. Worship had been driven out by entertainment, and devotion and testimony had given place to curiosity and astonishment. Without saying that this is true of every church, it must be admitted that it is true of too many.

The real purpose of church attendance should be for worship. The meeting-house should be regarded as "the house of God." To so regard it is not to deny that God can be worshiped elsewhere—in the woods or by the seashore, in the office or in the shop. But it is true that the associations around a church building are particularly conducive to worship. It is there that men and women delight to go when they seek the comfort and strength which come from association with God. Hence it comes that church services are dependent for their attendance upon the things to which such services minister. But in recent times there has been a weakening of this desire to worship, whatever may have been its cause, and the religious leaders, instead of devoting their efforts to reawakening the necessary desire, have undertaken to "draw" the people in by novelties and entertainments. Hence the church, by abandoning its real field, has put itself as the rival of other places of entertainment; it has been trying to trot in a misfit harness.

A house of worship can well be a place of social pleasure, but a service of worship cannot be maintained as a service of entertainment. Here is a distinction which should be remembered. So long as the church works in its own field it can fear no rival, but when it leaves that and becomes the rival of entertainments it loses its peculiar power and must compete in a field for which it was not intended. The Providence clergyman well said that, considering the rivals it had accepted, the church was to be congratulated on its large attendance. But that is only another way of saying that it is not doing all that it might do if it kept itself from such rivals. Happy the individual or the society which finds its true field, and having found it occupies it!—*Editorial, Westerly Sun.*

Woman's Work.

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

A VACANT CHAIR AT THANKSGIVING.

META E. B. THORNE.

Thanksgiving day, and thou away!
Each year had brought its radiant spring
With fair young buds and tenderest blooms:
Its summer's glow of blossoming,
And wealth of rare and sweet perfumes;
Its harvest rich; the bounteous yield
Of orchard and of fruitful field;
And then when came this day of days
We gathered round the festal board,
Our hearts abrim with love and praise,
For all his blessings, to our Lord:
That pure and perfect bliss was ours,
That not a sorrow dimmed the hours.

Thanksgiving day, and thou away!
The chair is vacant by the fire
Where thou wast wont to sit when we
United in a tuneful choir,
Our voices raised in harmony.
The most melodious now is still,
No more our hearts to its tones may thrill.
Oh, how can we in festal cheer
Rejoice and tune the mirthful song;
Heart of my heart, and thou not here
To mingle in our loving throng!
To feast were but a mockery
While we so yearn thy face to see.

Thanksgiving day, and thou away?
I mind me how in years gone by
Across the wide, foam-crested sea
Some pressing duty called for thee,
And though we wept to say "good-bye,"
And lonely were the hours, yet we
Looked to the future hopefully;
And even our Thanksgiving cheer
Thine absence did not wholly mar;
Our hearts' love sped to thee afar,
And soon we hoped to greet thee near.

Ne'er to return, thou'rt now away,—
How can it be Thanksgiving day?

Thanksgiving day, and thou away?
Yet stay! Methinks, love, now I see.
When the Atlantic's heaving tide
Its billows tossed 'twixt thee and me,
What dangers might thy path betide
I know not; yet faith gave me peace,
And all my anxious care surcease.
But now I know no grief can come,
Or danger, to that blissful home
Where thou at heaven's Thanksgiving feast
Dost find thyself a welcome guest.
Till I shall share that joy and rest
Where thou art blessed, though away,
In faith I'll keep Thanksgiving day.
—Zion's Herald.

BE YE THANKFUL.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

"He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

"For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

As a people we have great cause for thanksgiving and praise for the mercies of another year.

As individuals, even the most anxious and discouraged ones, should take comfort in the thought of the breadth, the depth, the height of Christ's love for us.

The breadth of it, in reaching out to all the world; the depth of it, in that he descended to the lowest state of service and suffering to the most shameful and humiliating death that we might live; the height, the wonderful height to which he has promised to exalt us if we will follow and obey him.

What do we not owe to our Lord for all that comes into our lives?

OUR REST CORNER.

"Come ye apart and rest a while."

"MAKE a little fence of trust
Around to-day.
Fill it in with loving work,
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
For the morrow,
God will help thee bear what comes,
Of joy or sorrow."

The life of Mrs. Margaret Bottome, President of the Order of King's Daughters and Sons, is truly a wonderful example of complete trust in God's loving care. She has but lately returned from a delightful European trip. Since coming home she has spent a few weeks in a hospital in New York. Her answers to the many anxious messages sent her from loving friends were the same to all, "Yours, in love and faith that knows no fear." The latest news from her "corner room," which she has occupied since Oct. 13, is of an expected return to her home.

The above stanza was sent her on a card, during her illness. Mrs. Bottome says about it, "But the friend who sent it was not satisfied with the mere card, so she added an object lesson; an enclosure was made with a tiny fence, large enough to hold a number of pots of ferns, and so at any moment I could see my 'fence of trust,' and God's little ferns, so willing to stay in the enclosure. There were gates that I could open at any time so as to take out the ferns, but they always looked contented within the fence. Within a few hours they will go down to our apartment to preach to me the great lesson of trust that never is too perfectly learned."

"LONE SABBATH-KEEPERS."

Are those who live at a distance from the organized churches of Sabbath-keepers all so very desolate and forsaken as we might infer from the references we sometimes see in the RECORDER, or does the term which stands at the head of this item signify, simply, that these exponents of the Sabbath truth stand alone in this one particular only?

It is to be hoped the latter view is the more correct one, for it would be sad indeed to feel that those to whom it has been given to stand upon the outposts and keep alive the light of the unabridged Decalogue, should be friendless and alone where so many people are keeping nine-tenths of the law all of the time, and so many others keep all of the law six-sevenths of the time.

A brave soldier considers it a privilege to be a standard bearer, and if one is permitted to set up the banner of the King just a little in advance of the army, should not such a one find joy in the assurance of the King who said, "Lo, I am with you alway"?

Have we not read, "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house"?

Again it is written, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

It should be a blessed privilege to carry the torch of the advance guard, and while the "lone Sabbath-keeper" is denied the companionship of those who assemble for public worship on the Sabbath-day, it is not denied him to enter into his closet and worship in secret. By his every-day helpfulness to others he may win hosts of friends who may

be profited by his example of obedience to the law of God, even if his words be few.

The Sabbath will be honored of men eventually. This must certainly be, since he who originated the law also created mankind, and declared that this was to be a "perpetual covenant."

Happy, indeed, shall we be in the day of his reckoning, if it be shown that we have kept the light burning at the outposts, and then all our sacrifice and loneliness will seem very small to us if we find that by our little aid the garrison has been able to "hold the fort."

M. A. B.

CENTRALIA, Ill.

HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

The following touching story concerning Admiral Dewey has been published. Just before the battle of Manila, when the order was given to strip for action, the smallest powder boy on the flagship dropped his coat overboard. He asked permission to jump after it, but was refused.

He went to the other side of the ship, dropped overboard, recovered his coat, and was promptly arrested for disobedience.

After the battle he was tried and found guilty. When the sentence was submitted to Commodore Dewey for his approval, he became interested in the case, as he could not understand why the boy should risk his life for a coat just before the battle. He had the boy brought to him. He spoke kindly to the youngster, who broke down and told the Commodore that the coat contained his mother's picture, which he had just kissed, and he could not bear to see it lost.

Dewey's eyes filled with tears, he fairly embraced the boy and ordered him to be released, saying:

"Boys who love their mothers enough to risk their lives for their pictures cannot be kept in irons on this fleet."—*Advocate and Guardian.*

INASMUCH.

Matt. 25: 31-46.

REV. ARTHUR E. MAIN.

There is a tendency among some most sincere and excellent people, as it seems to me, to unreasonably and unscripturally magnify the importance of the emotional side of religion, and to depend too much upon feeling as a guide to practice, and a sign of one's spiritual attainments. Feeling is a real and important mental fact, and its moral and religious value is very great. But from mere feeling as a chief guide to truth and duty, or as indicating the degree of our progress in holiness, let us, for safety and wisdom's sake, turn to kingly reason, the lamp of experience, moral law, the Sacred Scriptures, and, above all, to the example and teachings of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Many things in theology, religion, and ethics are very much better than they used to be. Ideals and standards of excellence in character and conduct, in the church and in the world, are higher; the range of useful service reaches farther; and the sense of obligation is deeper and stronger. And if the grace and glory of God are not manifested through Christians and the church as they ought to be, it is still true that there has been real moral and spiritual progress among men.

But it means so much to be a Christian, that is, Christ-like in mind and action, that for a good while it has been a growing con-

viction that my own heart and life, and, if I may venture to say so, other hearts and lives and the Christian church and that great and complex thing we call Christian and cultured society, need a thorough reorganization or reformation along the line of Christ's spirit, words and deeds; and that we have very much yet to learn and to do before we shall be found walking exactly in the footsteps of Jesus, or even growing into his likeness as fast as is our privilege.

If the necessity of repentance, faith and pardon, of conversion, regeneration and the sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit, is not taught in the concluding verses of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew's gospel, it is found clearly enough in other scripture. But here, in the language of heavenly majesty and deepest solemnity, we are taught, not the whole, but only some of the essentials of true religion. And this discourse of our Lord has added interest, seriousness and weight when we recollect that it was spoken just a few days before the mockery of his trial, the cruelty of denial and betrayal, the agony of the garden and the suffering and shame of the cross. With what divine dignity and God-like self-command he speaks, as he hears the coming waves and billows of sorrow, and beholds the gathering darkness of Gethsemane and Calvary!

This scripture, Matt. 25: 31-46, is a most powerful pictorial and dramatic description of a coming day and event. In that great day whose shall be the words and acts? The Son of Man's. In Bible language, such an expression as the "son of joy" means that one, so to speak, belongs to joy and joy belongs to him; he is truly joyous. A "daughter of Jerusalem" means that one belongs to Jerusalem and Jerusalem to her; she is a real, living part of the sacred city. So, Son of Man means that he whose is the name, belongs to humanity and human nature to him; he is truly man. He is, too, the Son of God. He belongs to the being of God, and the being or "form" and glory of God belong to him; he is truly God. The speaker on that day is a king. His coming shall be in glory; angels attend him, a royal and heavenly retinue; and he shall sit on the throne of his glory. He is a Judge; and, having all authority in heaven and on earth he says, in an eternal sentence to some, Come! to others, Depart! And, in a beautiful and striking figure he is a Shepherd. The hearers of Jesus were accustomed to seeing a shepherd turn into separate folds at night sheep and goats that through the day had fed on the same pasture grounds.

Surely, the words of him who is Son of Man, Son of God, King in heaven and on earth, Judge of all, and the Great Shepherd of mankind, cannot but be as weighty as truth and reality, as solemn as eternity.

When, in this picture of the things yet to be, shall he speak? At the time of his coming in glory and at a time of separation and judgment. In no unreal sense does our Lord come to us every day and in life's experiences declare judgment, and in approving or condemning consciences cry, Come! or, Depart! In the hour of what we call death, our Lord comes for judgment in a sense still more real. But the New Testament seems to teach us to look forward to still another advent, coming, or personal return, of the risen and glorified Christ. Jesus said that neither he nor

angels knew when; how then can we know? And the description here is manifestly pictorial, not literal; but the picture of facts awfully real. Is it not enough to know that there shall enter into every soul's experience, that which answers to the coming of the Son of Man unto judgment? Is it not joyous or sad enough to know that we shall meet the King at his glorious coming, be tried at the great assize, and hear our Judge say, Ye blessed of my Father! or, Ye cursed!

Surely, words spoken at such a time cannot but be words of divine seriousness and everlasting importance. To whom is he speaking? To all the nations, the people from every kingdom and land and tribe and tongue gathered before him. And will he speak words without meaning or power to that countless throng for whose salvation he had suffered and died? Of whom is he speaking? "Of these my brethren." And who are Christ's brethren?

On one occasion when told that his mother and brethren stood without, seeking to speak to him, Jesus answered and said, Who is my mother? And who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.

This is the law within the kingdom of God; but in the parable of the Good Samaritan, Jesus extends the bounds of love and the sphere of duty and teaches that, according to the second great commandment, we must be compassionate, neighborly, brotherly, sisterly, motherly, to every one in need of our help.

With this agrees the teaching of the great apostle, who exclaims, As we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men, and especially toward them that are of the household of faith. A Christian's first duty, then, is to one's own family, church, community, and to other Christians; and afterward to other families, churches, communities and to all men.

The Bible teaches the reasonable doctrines of universal and limited divine Fatherhood and human brotherhood. In the Christian sense God is the Father of those who have received salvation through faith in Jesus Christ; and believers in Jesus, who do his Father's will, are brethren and sisters in him. In the larger sense, our Maker is the God and Father of all men, and all men are brethren. The whole world is kin.

The Fatherhood of God! How well the words sound; but do you really believe the doctrine? In the time of sin, suffering and sorrow, can you trust yourself to him who pities like a father, and comforts like a mother?

The brotherhood of man! What beautiful words! But do you really believe the doctrine? When you see one whom sin, selfishness, or ignorance, has robbed of grace and goodness, and stripped, beaten and left half dead, is that one your brother or your sister? The Fatherhood of God makes all men brethren; do you believe the doctrine?

What is it that the Son of Man, our Elder Brother, says and means, in the day of his coming and of judgment?

There were hungry people all around you; hungry in body and hungry in spirit for the bread of life. You gave them to eat; and,

although you did not know it then, you fed Me, too; for, in the power of heavenly love, I felt their hunger. There were thirsty people; thirsty in body and thirsting for the living water of divine love and human compassion. You gave them drink; and although you did not realize it then, you put the refreshing cup to my lips, too. There were strangers, homeless and shelterless; you opened to them the doors of your hearts and homes; and although you did not see me I was your sheltered guest, too. There were naked people, ragged and cold; or, with souls dressed in garments stained and torn by sin; you clothed them, or led them unto God for robes of righteousness; and it was as if you had done it unto Me. There were sick people, sick in body and mind, sick with sin and sorrow; you visited them with words and deeds of love, sympathy, and help; and, unknown to you, I was in the sick room, and in the troubled heart, and you visited Me. There were prisoners, men and women in jails, or imprisoned in the darkness of spirit-fettering and degrading habits; you went to them with messages of strength and encouragement; but you came to Me, too. Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom; inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto Me.

Then, unto them on the left hand. There were hungry and thirsty people; strangers and the naked; sick and prisoners. In the Fatherhood of God their Maker, and in the brotherhood of man, these poor and needy souls were my brothers and sisters. Some of them you only thoughtlessly passed by; upon some you looked with disdain; and some you yourselves ruined. And in neglecting and wronging them, you neglected and wronged me. It was for their redemption that I emptied myself of the glory which I had with the Father, and took the humble form of service, and the likeness and fashion of man, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross. But you gave them no food or drink, no shelter, love, or help. Depart from me ye cursed; inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto me.

On the streets and in the houses of our own beautiful city, a city of Christians, and costly churches and elegant and cultured homes, men and women, boys and girls, are going to destruction because of rum and lust, ignorance, idleness and neglect. By how much of self-denying service are we trying to rescue the perishing?

It is our national boast that we are sending to Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines the blessings of higher civilization, good government, education and the Christian religion. But, to an appalling extent, we are also sending them drunkenness, vice and the degradation born of corruption and of dread war.

Beyond the seas are millions of our fellow-men, who have never heard the gospel of God concerning his Son. The divine command is to go and tell all the nations of the love of God, revealed in Jesus who gave himself for their salvation. How much, out of our abundance, are we giving to spread the kingdom of God?

Fellow Christians! Fellow citizens! In the day of our Lord's return for judgment, what shall we hear him say? Come, ye blessed? or Depart, inasmuch, *inasmuch*?

What is it that determines the real quality of our words and actions, in the sight of heaven? Is it enough to be kind and good in form and profession?

What teaches the Christ? Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy by thy name, and by thy name cast out demons, and by thy name do many mighty works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity. What teaches the great apostle Paul? If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass or clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing—it profiteth me nothing!

Lord, Lord, shall any of us say? I led a very busy life; as an active member of Christian and benevolent organizations, it was often with tired feet and weary brain that I went the rounds of crowding duties. Yes, yes, shall the Son of Man have to answer? I knew all about your days and nights filled with cares and service; but you did not do it out of love for God and your neighbor.

Or, Lord, Lord, I gave liberally for the support of the church; in aid of many philanthropic movements; for foreign missions and for the cause of education. Yes, yes, I often looked over the treasurer's books and observed the record of your many and large contributions. But I saw into your heart, too; and your money was not the fruit of righteousness, or your gifts the offering of love for me or mine.

Or, Lord, Lord, with great zeal I sought to reform church and society; against existing evils I kept crying out, and called on men to follow me by reformation. Yes, yes, I used to hear your condemning words, and society did need regenerating; but did you not know that, according to my gospel, the streams of human life must be sweetened by casting the love, and patience, and truth of God into the bitter and barren springs of thought, feeling and action?

Or, Lord, Lord, I was thoroughly orthodox and conservative in faith and practice; I knew what doctrines men ought to believe; what their duties were; how to settle the question of amusements; and how to regulate the life and work of the church, and frequently and plainly said so. Yes, yes, I know it; and in those days of shifting grounds for belief and conduct, and of growing worldliness, there was need of soundness of faith and of conservatism in spirit and method. But your orthodoxy and conservatism were not made warm and living, by the mellowing and vitalizing power of the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit.

Or, Lord, Lord, I was a zealous minister of the gospel; I studied hard; my discourses were carefully prepared; I taught Christians the need of a higher life; I appealed to sinners to turn to God in repentance and faith; and people used to say that I preached powerful and beautiful sermons. Yes, yes, I have been

in your study, and seen you at work there; you had a large and fine library; I was in your congregation a good many times, but you did not see me, and heard you preach what men would call able and eloquent sermons; but, oh, in your study and pulpit, and as you went in and out before the flock, in the which the Holy Spirit made you bishop, your mind and heart were not on fire with the self-consecrating love of souls.

In conclusion, what an example Jesus gave us, that, following in his steps, we may be ready to welcome him at his coming. He came from heaven to earth not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. He puts himself by the side of little children, and says, whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me. To every faithful Christian worker, in any sphere of good endeavor, Jesus says, as he said to his apostles, he that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth me; and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me. Saul, yet breathing threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went to Damascus that he might bring Christian men and women bound to Jerusalem. But on the way, out from the heavenly light, there came a voice saying, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, who art thou Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. O Saul, you did not know till then, that he who threatens, and imprisons and persecutes, and stones a Christian, does it unto Jesus!

A woman, walking across a yard met a little child, and, stooping, kissed it, not thinking that anyone saw the act. But the mother, from a window near by was a grateful witness of the scene; and, at once, gave the stranger a large place in her heart; for inasmuch as she had done it unto the child, she had done it unto the mother. Our hearts see, easily enough, the naturalness of all this; but give ear, oh earth, the Son of God and the Saviour of the world says, If you minister unto the innocent, or the kind and good, or the troubled and suffering, or unto those whom sin and ignorance have robbed and stripped and beaten and left half-dead, you are ministering unto me.

What a privilege is ours! We heaphonors, many and high, upon military and naval heroes, and upon the world's great men and women; but it is our Christian privilege to give food and drink, clothing and shelter, sympathy and love, help and honor unto the Lord of life and glory, the Prince of peace, the heavenly Captain of our salvation.

What a reward may be ours! To have the Son of Man, from the throne of his glory, say to us, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me!

What punishment may be ours! What sorrow it would have been for the conquering hero, Admiral Dewey, if, when he came back to his native country, the American people had said to him and his men, we have no celebration for your bravery and victories, no splendid parades, no triumphal arch, no words of welcome! But what punishment to hear the then Divine Judge of all the gathered nations, but who once came from heaven to earth in the form of a servant and gave his life a ransom for

men from sorrow, sin and suffering; to hear him say, Depart from me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire, which is prepared for the devil and his angels; for verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto me!

O God, our heavenly Father, we thank thee for thy infinite love and grace revealed in Jesus Christ our Lord. We bless thee for that divine compassion in him which brought and still brings him, our fellow Burden-bearer, down right by the side of the hungry and thirsty in body or in soul, the naked and homeless, the sick and the prisoner. We thank thee for that gracious word, "inasmuch," although we are not able to climb its height or fathom the deep of its heavenly meaning. But we humbly pray, that, by thy grace and peace, we may so minister unto thy physically and spiritually poor and needy, whose sin and misery were borne by the Christ, that at his return for judgment and salvation, we may hear him say, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom. Amen.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

At the Semi-Annual Meeting recently held at Alfred Station, during the Laymen's Hour, John M. Mosher, of Andover, spoke extemporaneously about twenty minutes on "Hints from the Pew to the Pulpit." As the speech was unwritten, we are unable to give the subject matter in full for the columns of the RECORDER. He said in substance that as the Pew had listened many years to advice and criticisms from the Pulpit, without being allowed to talk back, he was glad to have the opportunity to talk as a layman to the Pulpit without fear of back talk. He told us what he would do if he were a pastor. He said there was a difference between a pastor and a preacher. A pastor was a shepherd who looked after the flock, so a pastor should aim to shelter the tender lambs from the blasts of winter winds of temptation and dangers. We could endure poor preaching if only we had a good pastor. A good preacher is not always a good pastor, neither is a good pastor always a good preacher. Sometimes we find both qualifications in one person. In such a case, the church is fortunate. He said he should aim, in his remarks, to hint what should be done by the pastor, and if his advice was followed, the church would be more prosperous, and the pastor and people would have occasion to rejoice. He then enumerated what he would do were he a pastor. He would get acquainted with his congregation; he would recognize the young especially, and make them feel that he loved them, and took an interest in their welfare, both in the church and out of it; he would put himself out of the way to do this; he would visit the sick, comfort the dying, and sympathize with the afflicted; he would seek out the stranger, and welcome them to the church services; he would interest himself in the saving of the soul of all who come under his preaching; he would ask the congregation to remain standing after the benediction, while he came from the pulpit and stood at the door to shake hands with every one who passed out. Much more he said he would do, all of which was well received by those listening, so much so that a wish was made that he were a pastor, and a threat was made to ordain him at once.

At the close of the morning session, he was congratulated by both ministers and people, and we wish all the readers of the RECORDER could have heard him instead of the few attending the convention.

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

The Cause of Misunderstandings.

HUMAN language at the best is an uncertain medium for conveying thoughts, and the human mind is too often but a careless receiver. Words and phrases may give to one man an idea far different from that which another gets. Herein lies the cause of many of the misunderstandings in life. I am in receipt of a letter from a friend who recently wrote for the RECORDER a short article to which I made reference in a later issue. He says that I did not understand his article, that I failed to catch the spirit of it. Doubtless in this instance the blame must be attached to the receiver; but it remains true none the less that great care should be used in conversation and in writing, in order that the speaker's or writer's thought and purpose may clearly appear; while those who read or listen should be equally careful lest they fail to grasp the thoughts exactly as they are given.

A Definition of Faith.

IN a conversation with President Whitford the other day, the topic under discussion was a paper read in Milton not long ago written by a professor of philosophy in a neighboring college. In our talk the President gave a definition of faith which was new to me, and I give it to you, not in his words, of course, for I cannot remember them. Faith is the accepting of something as true which you do not absolutely know is true, and then acting as though it were true. This calls for courage, for the highest kind of heroism. Did it ever strike you before now that there is anything heroic in faith? That there is more in faith than passive trusting? That it calls for bravery and manliness greater than that required in facing a line of bayonets or the cannon's mouth? Can you accept as true that which is beyond demonstration, and then act every day as though you believed it had been proved? Then you are truly heroic; and this is just what thousands of Christians are doing all the time, though perhaps they have never thought of it in just this way before.

HINTS FOR THE PRAYER-MEETING.

"Variety is the spice of life;" so to a great extent is variety the spice of the Christian Endeavor meeting. We have pledged ourselves to work for Christ and the church. The work Christ would have us do is to win souls from the darkness of sin, and surely one of the ways of accomplishing this is through the influence of the prayer-meeting. Our aim should be to increase our membership by gathering in the young of the church, those who are careless or indifferent to the call of the Master. So we can see how important it is that our meetings should attract as well as interest such persons by variety in program. But are we not getting into a rut? Is there not a tendency to conduct our meetings, week after week, the same as if we were following a printed program? We ought to suggest—yes introduce and see carried out—some new ideas that will lift us from the rut, give new life to our meetings and overcome the excuses we so often hear for non-attendance.

There are many methods, but none can be good that does not depend upon God's cooperation. The attraction of the meeting

should be Jesus Christ. His life, example and love should be the foundation; and then the influence of the Holy Spirit will rest on the members in such force that those who are not Christ-like will, I believe, recognize the presence of the Holy Spirit. Each member of the Prayer-meeting Committee should have some specific duty assigned to him, such as, to one, the seating, or the distribution of hymn books; to another the record of attendance; and so on throughout the committee, giving each something to do.

The Music Committee should have a varied program for each meeting, a solo, duet or quartet, for surely good music always attracts.

The Social Committee should be on hand with a smile and a warm shake of the hand. And above all, each individual member should feel that the success of the meeting depends on himself. If every Christian Endeavorer would start out early in the week with the prayer-meeting topic for the next week fresh in his mind, he could hardly fail, during the week, to see or hear something that would bear on the topic. To say something for Jesus' sake that will help another upward, should be our aim; and this can be best accomplished by a thoughtful and prayerful preparation for the meeting. Let Christ shine as the model of our meeting, for he has said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

In closing I will give a recipe for a good meeting clipped from the *Christian Endeavor World*. Be prompt in beginning and closing. Let every member come in a devotional spirit, not with a spirit of criticism. Begin with a bright, joyous hymn, and sing happy hymns throughout the meeting. Let the leader come filled with a prepared subject. Be thoroughly in earnest; be on fire. Let the leader have something worth saying, and say it. Be perfectly natural, and be in earnest. Have an aim and work it out. Avoid long prayers and frequent repetitions. Let the testimonies be brief. Be sympathetic; be quiet. Be prepared to take part yourselves, and carry out your intentions. Be a prayer and a listener; pray before coming. Seek to be constantly under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Be always genial and kindly to strangers, and invite them to come again. Let there be plenty of music interspersed; let there be diversity and variety. Ask for a blessing and expect it. Be humble; you are only one of the army, and not the most important person. Do all to the glory of God.

THOMAS B. BURDICK.

LITTLE GENESEE, N. Y.

QUARTERLY REPORT,

J. DWIGHT CLARKE, Treasurer,

In account with

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PERMANENT COMMITTEE.

Receipts from Aug. 1, to Nov. 1, 1899.

Little Genesee.....	\$ 56 00
Middle Island, Dr. Palmborg.....	2 00
Brookfield, Dr. Palmborg, \$5.25; Evangelical, \$3.....	10 25
Buckeye, Dr. Palmborg.....	1 25
Lost Creek, Foreign Missions.....	5 00
Ronnoke, Dr. Palmborg.....	3 00
Richburg.....	4 35
Marlboro.....	6 00
Leonardsville.....	3 00
*Dr. Palmborg.....	50 00
Adams Centre, Tract, \$20; Missionary, \$20.....	40 00
	\$181 35

EXPENDITURES.

George H. Utter, Missionary Society: Dr. Palmborg, \$75;	
General Fund, \$52.97.....	\$127 97
J. D. Spicer, Tract Society.....	52 98
Edwin Shaw, Secretary's expense.....	40
	\$181 35

*Dr. Palmborg in authorizing the payment of this sum (\$50) to the Permanent Committee, says: "I have never given anything to them, and I would like to have them know I feel interested in their work, and grateful for their interest in me and my work." Such an expression of interest coming as it does from a consecrated heart, is indeed an inspiration to each of us. Let this self-sacrificing example encourage us to freer giving.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

Two questions are frequently asked in connection with the subject of service for the Master: 1. How can I do efficient service? 2. What is there to do?

A few words may be helpful to some upon these points. I heard an eminent clergyman, a few days ago, lamenting on account of the impotency of churches. There does not seem to be any lack of activity in the churches. Religious services are frequent, church societies and committees are numerous, while individuals rush here and there, urging the people to fall into the line of some "new plan" of human conception for advancing the cause. Is it not possible that the church is depending too much upon human devices, and human energy for the advancement of divine things? "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord."

The indwelling Spirit is the great prerequisite to efficient service. "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you." We are not "filled with the Spirit" as a bottle is filled with some volatile fluid, but rather as our own life fills the body. We utterly fail to grasp the true conception of the Holy Spirit by the use of the impersonal pronoun *it*, for he is the most intense personality of the world.

Two years ago I enjoyed a week with my dear parents. They both, soon after that time, passed from the realm of the physical into that of the spiritual; but because of that fact I do not, in my frequent thoughts of them, think of them as impersonal. Somewhere they are still my personal father and mother.

They may not be near me or able to help me, but the Holy Spirit is the ever present, intelligent power, able to help all we need.

Will consider the second question next week.

M. B. KELLY.

5455 MONROE AVE., Chicago, Ill., Nov. 20, 1899.

THE Christian Endeavor Society of the Pawcatuck church, at Westerly, R. I., are having a larger attendance and good interest in the prayer-meetings with the passing of the vacation season. We are planning to assist the Ladies' Aid Society in the purchase of a new piano for use at the devotional and social meetings, which are held in the vestry of the church. The meeting of Sabbath afternoon, Nov. 18, was largely attended, many visitors being present by invitation of the Prayer-meeting Committee to listen to an address by Hon. George H. Utter. A quartet, consisting of Emma S. Langworthy, Hannah C. Stillman, Theodore Downs and Howard Lanphear, sang very pleasingly the hymn, "Have Courage, My Boy, to Say No," with solo by Miss Langworthy. While we regret the withdrawing from the Society of Rev. W. C. Daland, who has continued his membership with us until recently, and some other members, we are yet encouraged by the addition of a few new names to our roll.

On the evening of Nov. 16, the Society held an entertainment and social in the church parlors, which was a pleasant and successful affair. Miss Louise H. Allyn, of New London, gave several readings which were highly appreciated, especially one from "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," and the Society was assisted in the musical part of the program by the Misses Zangrandi of Christ Episcopal church of Westerly.

W.

Children's Page.

A CHILD'S THANKSGIVING.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Dear little child sitting with folded hands
And down-bent head, and blue eyes full of dream.
Wondering and puzzled how to understand
Just what these words, "Praise" and "Thanksgiving"
mean.

Say, shall I try to help you? Tell me then
What you like best of all things? Is it play,
Hiding among the roses, and again
Laughing and chasing all the summer's day?

Is it the quiet hour on mother's knee
In the warm fire-light when the day is done?
Or that still dropping into sleep, when she
Lays in soft bed her drowsy little one?

Is it the book whose pages charm your eye?
Is it the sound of music in your ear?
Is it the sister or the brother tie,
The joy of every day, delightful, dear?

Then, darling, listen! Each and all of these,
The eyes that read, the buoyant limbs that leap,
The music breathing from the ivory keys,
The cheering fire-light and the restful sleep;

The merry love which makes your happiness,
The tender love, unflinching, deep and broad,
Which never is too tired to help and bless,
Yes, even mother is a gift from God!

Each separate thing he gives and each is his,
He knows each little want and wish and need,
And kinder than the tenderest parent is
That mighty wisdom which is Love indeed.

This is the day chosen and set apart
For us to count the good gifts he has given,
And for each blessing, with a grateful heart,
To thank the gracious Father up in heaven.

The mighty cords are made of little strings,
Each voice has part in the great chorus clear,
And so, dear child, happy in childish things,
Say "Thank you," softly, and the Lord will hear.

"MOLLY'S THANKSGIVING."

BY GENE H. UNDERWOOD.

Mamma and I were sitting by our cosy sea-coal fire one cold November afternoon, chatting over our Thanksgiving plans. We were to have a real old-fashioned family reunion, and Molly and I had been looking forward to it and planning for it all summer. "By the way, where is Molly?" asked Mamma.

"She has gone to Fraulein Hahn's for her German lesson, but it's quite time for her to be home. Oh, here she is now! I want to tell her how we have decided to put the candles on the big cake!"

Mamma smiled as the door opened and Molly walked in. She didn't look at me, but, in an odd, excited way, went straight to mamma and said, "Dear little mother, I want to spend Thanksgiving and the two days after with Madame Hahn. May I go?"

"With Madame Hahn! My dear, what can you mean? And leave us and our friends!"

"It is this way, mamma. You know how sick and suffering the poor Madame is, and how devoted the Fraulien is to her. Why, mamma, she has not left her for one bit of pleasure or change for four long years! And now she has an invitation to spend this holiday in S—with a friend, go to some concerts, and oh—have *such* a good time! And I know she will go if I tell her I will take care of her poor mother while she is gone. Now, mamma, may I go?"

I sprang to my feet. "No, Molly! You shall not go! I won't allow it! Do you want to spoil all our lovely Thanksgiving plans, when we've looked forward to them for months and months? Let somebody else go! Why should you be a slave?"

"My dear Annie"—it was mother's gentle voice, falling like oil on the troubled waters—"this seems to me a question that should be left entirely to Molly's own heart. We shall

miss her sadly if she leaves us, and yet, I am proud of you, my darling girl, to have thought of it!"

Ah, for one such look as our mother gave Molly then, I believe even I could have done a good deal.

I cried myself to sleep that night, but when morning came I felt braver. Mamma said I could show my unselfishness—as if I had any!—by helping Molly to go; so I tried hard to put a cheerful face on the matter. The two days went by only too swiftly, and Thanksgiving came and brought with it our friends.

Molly had just time to welcome them, and then she ran hastily away, leaving mamma to explain and stem the torrent of their wrath at "Molly's freak."

Well, perhaps it was a freak, but I guess Fraulein Hahn didn't think so when Molly sent her off at last, she being so upset by the prospect of the short journey that she could do nothing but cry gently, and thank Molly for her goodness.

"Don't thank me yet!" laughed Molly, trying to make as little of it as possible. "Wait till you come back and see what kind of a nurse I have been."

Mamma had, the night before, sent down to Madame Hahn's everything necessary for a Thanksgiving dinner, and after an hour's reading aloud to the invalid, Molly set the little table for two, close to the bed, arranged it as daintily as possible with fruit and flowers and goodies, and beguiled the poor woman into a real *thanksgiving*.

After dinner, which lasted a good while "on purpose," Molly sang to her friend till it grew dark, and then sat by her bedside, talking in that gentle way which won everybody's heart.

"It has been a good day, dear one!" said Madame, in her gentle German fashion, as Molly put the room in order for the night. "A heavenly—sweet day; and the good God will send you, I pray, long life and happiness, for your kind heart's sake."

So they said good-night, and the day having been unusually tiring, Molly was soon asleep. She told me afterward that she had such strange dreams, and at last she thought she was trying to find her way home in a thick fog, so heavy and choking that she could see nothing and coughed a great deal. Presently this wakened her, and—it makes me tremble even to tell it—her room was full of smoke.

Hastily springing out of bed, she ran into Madame's room, and saw she was still sleeping, and that there was as yet very little smoke in her room. Evidently the fire was on the other side of Molly's room. Flying to the door, with trembling hands she pulled it open, and—oh, fancy! thick smoke and bright, fiery cinders rushed up the stairs and almost stifled her!

And then, what do you think my brave sister did, with the fire in front of her, and the helpless sick woman behind her? Flinging on the loose dress she had brought for morning wear, and a pair of slippers, she flew downstairs, though they were already hot with the dreadful flames behind them.

Fortunately the next house was very near, and Molly beat upon the door so loud, and cried, "Fire! Fire!" so lustily, that she soon heard a reply from the inside, and only stopping to say—"Madame Hahn's house is on fire! Oh, come *quick!*" she ran back over

the frozen ground, in the bitter November air, up the stairs that cracked now with every step, and were so hot they burned her feet as she ran up. Almost as she entered, two firemen stood by her side, and she heard poor Madame Hahn, wild with terror, imploring them to take her out of the fast-perishing house.

"Go down, my girl!" said one rough fireman. "We'll do as well by the old lady as we can, and you've no time to lose. Them stairs won't last three minutes longer."

"I can't leave Madame Hahn. Her daughter trusted her to my care, and I can't leave her till she is out of the house."

Hardly had she answered him, when—crash! the stairs were gone and the flames leaped up afresh, hot and fierce, and the smoke was blinding. Poor Molly, Madame Hahn and the firemen, were caught in a trap, and could only escape by the windows. By this time half the town was gathered around the burning house, and the greatest excitement was felt when it became known who was in danger. Only we—we who would have worked better than any firemen—knew nothing of it away up in our quiet house on the hill, and slept through all our Molly's awful danger.

I can't tell you much about the next few minutes, for poor Molly never likes to be asked about it, and always turns so white when she tries to tell, that we never urge her. The firemen told papa afterward they had "never seen such grit in a woman before, and not often in a man." And, oh, weren't we *proud* of her, then! There she stood, with a dreadful death so near her, calmly helping the men make a cradle of the sheets, tie poor Madame in, and at last lower her with ropes through the window, to the hundred eager heads below. Then how they cheered when Molly was carried down the ladder by one of the firemen, with her pretty hair singed, and great holes burnt in her dress, but her own dear self not hurt at all, thanks to the big blanket they had wrapped about her.

How gently the rough firemen carried her to a carriage that seemed there by a miracle, and how every eye there was wet as they watched the brave girl, who could coolly face such a death as that rather than flinch from a trust!

Ah, Molly, you taught us all a lesson then that we shall not soon forget, I trust.

They took Madame Hahn to the nearest house, and brought Molly straight home. How she was received *there* we shall never tell outside the family!

Well, my story is done. I couldn't begin to describe the Fraulein's return next morning from S—, her overwhelming love and gratitude to Molly or her great anxiety about her mother. But whether it was the excitement, or the change, or what it was, no one ever knew. Only, from that day Madame Hahn began to mend and now she is a well woman, much to everybody's surprise. Not, perhaps, overstrong, but so well that there seldom passes a week when she does not walk out to our house, to see her "dear, little heart's daughter," who saved her life on that night three years ago.

And *that* is how our Molly spent her Thanksgiving!

To PARDON those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.—*Pope.*

"DO WITH THY MIGHT WHAT THY HANDS FIND TO DO."

A paper prepared by Miss Gertrude Griffin, Nortonville, Kan., and read by Miss Tacy Rood, of North Loup, at the Kansas-Nebraska, Yearly Meeting, held at North Loup, Neb., Oct., 13-15, 1899, and by vote of the meeting requested for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

Let us as Christian Endeavorers consider some of the ways by which we can make our lives more useful.

First of all is to take Christ as our friend and guide. It is impossible to become like him by simply copying his life. This is to know him only after the flesh. There is something deeper than this. Some men have dreamed that they could rise to heaven by the development of the natural life, but Christ destroyed this hope by the statement that unless they have been begotten of God who is above as truly as they have been begotten of their father on earth, they cannot see the kingdom of God. Self cannot conquer self. We must have the indwelling Spirit of God to help us overcome self and prepare us for the work of the Lord.

We as Christians are the agents for carrying out God's purposes, and we all have a work to do. "My meat and drink," said Christ, "is to do the will of him who sent me." If we would please him this must be our purpose in life. We need not think that because we cannot go to foreign lands or be leaders in some great reform we cannot serve him acceptably.

As young people we are deeply interested in the missionary work of our denomination at home and abroad. We love and respect all of our dear ones who have left home and friends to carry the news of salvation to those less favored than ourselves. They are doing a grand work and are an inspiration to us. Perhaps we feel a special interest in Miss Susie Burdick and Miss Rosa Palmborg, as the Endeavor Societies have aided a little more in their support. We cannot all do as much as they, but we can do our best in the place God assigns us.

Much of our future usefulness depends upon the proper choice of a life work. In such choice we need to pray much, and if we can say from our hearts "Thy will be done," we will be led and guided, and the pathway will broaden and brighten as we advance. Another great help is the counsel of wise friends, but we must be careful that their advice is not the opposite of the leadings of the Lord. Having once decided upon a course, it is usually best not to reconsider but advance step by step even if our progress be very slow at first, and by divine aid we will be able to overcome all difficulties and make our lives a success in the highest sense.

Work makes strong endeavorers. Christ spent most of his time in work, and thus gave a new meaning to labor. The Scriptures were not in his hands as much as the hammer and plane. His followers have always been largely from the working class. Drummond says, "A servant girl in the kitchen can do the will of God as much as Mr. Spurgeon from his platform."

Some of our best lessons are learned by waiting. God may lead us as he did the Israelites of old, to the Red Sea of our experience, then require us to wait until the waters of difficulty are divided before we can go forward.

Despise not the day of small things is an old but very good motto. It is in the little

every day acts of life that we can best serve our fellow-men, by kind words and loving service to all, rich and poor. Christ said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." If we neglect these small acts and wait to do great deeds, we may never be called upon for them. Let us notice that faithfulness in small things prepares us for the greater.

Admiral Dewey was over sixty years of age when he sailed into Manila Bay. All these years he had been comparatively unknown, but he had been doing well the small duties and when the opportunity came to make himself a world's hero, he was prepared to accept it.

"It is marvelous," said the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, to Theirs, "how you deliver long, improvised speeches about which you have not had time to reflect." "You are not paying me a compliment," replied the President of the French republic, "it is criminal in a statesman to improvise speeches on public affairs. The speeches you call improvised—why for fifty years I have been rising at 5 A. M. to prepare them."

It is also helpful to live one day at a time remembering the promise that "as thy days so shall thy strength be;" any one can carry his burden however heavy; be gentle, kind and pure for one short day, and these single days well lived make up our lives.

"The way appears"—'tis long, sometimes,
And misses fields elysian,
What matter, if it still leads up
To touch the Mount of Vision?
Keep bravely on, O pilgrim soul,
And know each trial given,
Each cross well borne, each duty done,
May be a step toward heaven."

Influence is one of the greatest factors in character building. We cannot meet persons on the street, in business life, in social circles, without being influenced by them. Life-long friends and companions unconsciously become much alike. This being true, how necessary for us to select the highest and best as our most intimate associates and friends. We see this law in the life of Paul. From the time he met Christ he was a changed man. We see it in the lives of the humble men who were in close companionship with Christ by the beautiful Galilee. They knew not how it was brought about, but they became unselfish, gentle, doing good to others. It was because they had been with Jesus. They came into personal contact with him, but the fact of personal influence is none the less real to-day, for true friendship is spiritual. If we make Christ our most intimate friend and spend even a short time each day in reading our Bible and in prayer and meditation with him, before we realize it ourselves our lives will be changed, but others will know that the reason of the change is that we too have been with Jesus.

A lady attracted by something in the appearance of a working girl called at the crowded boarding-house where she lived. Her room was neat and bright, but the lady's eyes were attracted to the mantel which was covered with pictures, all faces; among them she noted Miss Francis Willard, Lady Henry Somerset, Philips Brooks, Longfellow and others. The girl noticed the look, laughed and said that these were her friends and every time she looked into their faces she was strengthened and spurred on to live nobly and well even her little life. So we can have many

such noble friends to help us. Let us look closely into some beautiful lives and see what is the secret of their success; see if they wait for great things, or do they "do with their might whatever their hands find to do," even though humble work.

Look at the brave life of Louisa M. Alcott. There is no woman who has been better loved and more helpful to girls. If she had refused to do the small duties that came to her, duties that seemed opposed to her high aims and ambitions, her life would not have been the success it was.

Then there was Fannie Crosby, who wrote so many beautiful hymns. She was sightless almost from birth, and this alone would have seemed to mark her life as a failure; but she made the best of her opportunities, and there is no writer of hymns whose work can compare with hers in its soul-touching grandeur and inspiration. Her life is a sermon. It gives strength to the weak who dread the toils of life; it makes those who possess all their faculties ashamed when they see a lion in every path; it shows the power of the human mind to rise above afflictions and wounds of the flesh, turn calamity into blessing, and her uncomplaining, undaunted life expressed in sacred song is a benediction from God upon his children.

Abraham Lincoln in speaking of education said, "Ah! that is what I have always regretted, the want of a college education. Those who have it should thank God for it." But he made the best of what he had, and the love and high esteem the American people have for him show what his life was. Talent is a priceless treasure, but unless there is development, perseverance and a willingness to do the small duties, the talent seldom proves to be of much real value.

Demosthenes did not become a great orator in a day. He had the talent, also great physical disabilities. It took years of incessant toil in his subterranean study to become the "father of oratory."

Little did these men and women, who toiled and struggled so bravely, realize how much their influence would help others in the great battles of life. It meant a great deal to be a Christian in the time of Nero. It means a great deal to-day. There is not so much physical suffering at present to be endured; the conflict is more spiritual. It reaches with greater force our inner life; for this reason we must possess great fortitude and firmness of purpose.

Let us then, as true Endeavorers, "do with our might what our hands find to do," leaving results with God, who will bless the work and the workers, and use us as instruments in influencing others for good that the world may be some better for our having lived and labored in it.

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladden'd.
No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere.
Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?
No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne,
And gaze into the Face that makes glorious their own
Know this, surely, at last,
Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day,
Honest hope for the morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they
make weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary?
Hush! the seven-fold heaven to the voice of the Spirit
Echo, "He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit!"

LETTER FROM MRS. TOWNSEND.

To fulfill a promise given Brother Ordway at General Conference to visit Chicago in the near future and become better acquainted with the western churches, I started Thursday, October 28, and reached Chicago, by the flyer, in about five hours, stopping at several towns for water and fuel, a distance of over 200 miles. Brother and Sister Ordway were in waiting with carriage at the Grand Central depot, and in a short time I found myself, where many other itinerants had in years of Auld Lang Syne, in Brother Ordway's pleasant home, and which habit has kept still in force; and, by the way, there ought to be in that great city, which is the central point to all ways, an industrial home for the youth that would send out rays of uplift and helpfulness to every quarter of the globe.

Friday evening was spent at Elder Kelly's, with a goodly number in attendance to a weekly prayer-meeting, which had recently been inaugurated, and was indeed of a strong spiritual character. There were several young men in attendance, students of the University; among whom we knew was Fred Whitford, Dr. Burdick and several whom I had never met before. On the following Sabbath-day, as it had been previously announced that I was to be in the city and talk, using the time of the regular service, a goodly number awaited our coming, and the meeting began promptly at eleven A. M. The choir, led by W. Williams, excelled by far the music rendered on Sunday in the "church on the corner." The Sabbath-school, led by Bro. W. Maxson, showed discipline and devotion, and an experience of nine years as superintendent gives me ability to say Bro. Maxson and his teachers are fast training boys and girls who will soon be able to lead and direct in the work of the church when it has been said to some of the older ones, "It is enough, come up higher." The Christian Endeavor, led by Brother Fred Whitford, was very interesting; being invited to say a few words, I could not but express my gratification at so large an attendance, as all three sessions had to follow each other because of the distance which some of the members lived from the building, and was impressed with the grand opportunity the young people of Chicago church had to disseminate gospel truth and light.

Brother and Sister Ordway and myself took dinner Sunday evening with Dr. and Mrs. Post who, with the Doctor's mother and his family, entertained us right royally.

Monday was spent in making calls on Brother and Sister Hull, who soon will be inhaling the invigorating air of Colony Heights, Cal., and Dr. and Mrs. Larkin, from whose home Brother Jay Crofoot and wife took their departure to the Orient to win souls for the Master and build up our Sabbath Reform work. We enjoyed a lovely luncheon with Dr. and Mrs. Larkin, and after Sister Larkin had taken a "snapshot" of her guests, we turned toward the Art building of World's Fair history.

Thursday we hastened to Bro. S. L. Maxson's at Walworth, whom we found awaiting the trolley car, and at whose home we were entertained, although we protested, as Sister Maxson and daughter were neither well, but they insisted, and added a trip to Lake Geneva, which was delightful; but upon our return from the lake Brother Irving and

Sister Phebe Coon had sent an invitation to spend the night, after evening service, with them, which I did. At second bell-ringing about sixty had assembled, although time had only permitted a few hours' notice of the meeting; and no meeting showed more interest or gave more hearty greeting, and on November 30 I am to return and hold a series of gospel temperance and evangelistic meetings.

The next day, on arrival at Milton Junction, I was very agreeably surprised to meet not only Elder Platts, per previous arrangements, but Dr. A. H. Lewis, who, on his Western trip, touched scheduled itinerary at Milton the same time I did, and to say the church and community had, in his discourse Sunday evening on the theme, "Study to be well approved of God," a rare feast, is speaking mildly. He visited Elder Lester Randolph at Albion also.

Friday evening, at the regular prayer service, much of the time was kindly given to me, and I could not help noting the large attendance of young men and women who hold their separate prayer service Tuesday evening and united Friday evening at College chapel early and then attended the church service. I felt it was no wonder that the deep spiritual thrill was so discernible, and Sabbath-day service was one of the sittings in heavenly places. President Whitford and Elder Platts were both in the pulpit. Elder Platts read the Scripture lesson from Romans 14. President Whitford led in prayer. My thoughts went back to the deep, grand undertones of divine inspiration felt and received at General Conference, and soon to the glory and honor of God there came that freedom of spirit and oneness of aim to magnify him who had led me so wondrously and unexpectedly into the broader vision of his truth, that I could not help giving my personal experience, and urged, especially upon the young men and women who were there as students, the value and privilege of the nineteenth verse of the Scripture lesson.

In visiting the chapel next day and learning more of its growth and work as a college sending out so many sturdy characters of Sabbath Reform and evangelistic workers, and knowing by personal experience and observation through the Milton Quartet that their worth was not surpassed by any college, I feel that Milton College is a nuclei in the West which must be built up at all hazards, with the grand openings of the Western country and so few to till and occupy on the special features of our denomination; the time is at hand when shoulder must be put to shoulder to add to the interests of the college. A much larger number of students will be in attendance this winter than ever before, and with the facilities to do with Milton will not be second to any college in the West. The brains and enthusiasm and co-operation of the citizens are all there and waiting for a "friend in court" to help lift and plead its cause. The young men are struggling hard to convert a building into a gymnasium, and hundreds of dollars worth of specimens are cared for in President Whitford's residence, ready for a "Science Hall." I cannot leave this subject without saying that no other interest will do more good, or give more direct or quicker results than by the turning of the attention of the denomination to the needs of Milton College.

Tuesday Elder Platts carried me across the beautiful rolling country to Brother Babcock's at Albion, where Elder Lester Randolph was holding a series of meetings. A deep feeling had been manifested, and upon arrival at the church it was filled from pulpit to door. A warm welcome in both handshake and smile from Brother Randolph greeted me half way down the aisle, and the singing lifted and lifted, and the beautiful rendering of the young lady quartet was so sweet and melodious that to a stubborn heart it must have been trying to resist the holy influence. After a short talk which followed the Scripture reading by Elder Babcock and prayer by Elder Platts, Elder Randolph asked an expression from those who desired a closer relation with God and a definite experience of being saved. There seemed to be a unanimous desire to express such wishes, and a definite and direct power had been felt. A social gathering was held after the services, and some one out of the church and in the habit of dancing suggested dancing, when an emphatic negative answer was made. Souls won for Christ and the church find plenty of recreation for feet, hands and heart, that gives more lasting enjoyment in reflection and memory than many experiences of the ball-room.

The next evening we found ourselves in Elder Crandall's cozy church at Milton Junction, with a good audience and closest attention. Feeling somewhat weary, for a lovely reception had just closed at Sister Platts' that had been tendered me by forty of the ladies of all the churches and members of the W. C. T. U., I could enter in most responsive to the quiet, peaceful, restful devotional exercise led by Elder Crandall and Elder Platts, and again how God had led me and vouchsafed his presence and filled my soul with delight and quietude made me glad to utterance, and the home-going when we, one by one, are welcomed with "Well done, good and faithful servants," seemed so precious near that an exhortation to steadfastness and love, living the profession we assume, came as a special message.

The morning, however, found me in sympathy with the bed, as a spell of billiousness had overtaken me and did not leave me when train time came, but feeling that I must return home, with Brother and dear Sister Crandall's help I got aboard the train, and at Chicago realized the car motion had had no tendency to settle disturbances within me, and Elder Kelly found he had a problem on his hands when it took himself and brakeman to lift me into the invalid chair, and getting a cab as soon as possible, he took me to his home where another beautiful reception was prepared for me, and while the company from fifteen miles or more were assembling, I was upstairs in bed trying to adjust inward riots and keep down medicine in half-hour doses directed by Dr. Burdick, and finally succeeded the next day so that, with but a day's delay, I arrived home, being gone two weeks and a day, the trip entire being edifying, comforting and uplifting, and my soul has been filled with an earnest desire to do more and better work for God's Word, God's work and God's day.

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They have an advertisement in this paper.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1899.

FOURTH QUARTER.

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

LESSON XI.—LESSONS IN GIVING.

For Sabbath-day, Dec. 9, 1899.

LESSON TEXT.—Mal. 1: 6-11; 3: 8-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9: 7.

INTRODUCTION.

The Book of Malachi has no definite date, but the prophecies reflect the surroundings of the time of the Restoration from the Captivity, the age of Ezra and Nehemiah. It may have been written a few years before Ezra's coming to Jerusalem in 458 B. C.

There has been much speculation in regard to the author of the book. The Hebrew word מַלְאָכִי, *Malachi* means "my messenger," as in chapter 3: 1. The most probable view is that this last book of the Old Testament, like many other books, is the work of a man known of God, but unknown to later generations.

The Jews who return with Zerubbabel and had so enthusiastically rebuilt the temple, inspired by the exhortations of Haggai and Zachariah, had fallen far in their devotion to Jehovah. At the time that this prophet arose whom we call Malachi, they seem to have become shamelessly negligent of the law, and to have lost faith in the power of God. The prophet urges the people to repent of their evil doing and to trust the God that loves them. To obey the law is to show confidence in God. Malachi makes his exhortation vivid and forcible by frequently introducing the objections or questions of his auditors, and answering them in detail.

NOTES.

1. *A son honoreth his father and a servant his master.* A statement of general truths upon which the prophet, speaking for God, bases his argument for the appropriate attitude of the people toward their God. *Where is my fear?* That is, where is the reverence due to me? *O priests, that despise my name.* The very ones who we would expect would be most apt to be careful in their service of God were prominent in their neglect. *And ye say, Wherein have we despised thy name?* They were so shameless in their disregard of their claims of God that they were ready to deny the charge.

7. *Ye offer polluted bread upon mine altar.* That is, they offered any sacrifices that were presented, that which was unclean or inferior, just as readily as that which was fitting, instead of instructing the people concerning what they should render. Compare Lev. 22: 17-25. *In that ye say the table of the Lord is contemptible.* The table of the Lord may be despised. Anything is good enough to offer in sacrifice.

8. *And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil?* The translation of the Revised Version is much better, substituting "when" for "if" and omitting the question mark. When a blind or lame or sick animal is offered, the priests say "No harm." *Offer it now unto thy governor.* Present this blind or lame beast unto the Persian satrap. They would not think of doing such a thing. *Will he be pleased with thee or accept thy person?* It is absurd to suppose that the satrap would graciously receive one bringing such a present, or regard him with favor.

9. *And now I pray you, beseech God that he will be gracious unto us.* This is not an exhortation to repentance; but rather a challenge to the unfaithful priests to accomplish anything for the people by way of intercession with God, whom they had treated so shamefully. *This hath been by your means, will he regard your persons?* When such has been your conduct will he show favor toward you?

10. *Who is there even among you that would shut the doors for nought? neither do ye kindle fire on my altar for nought.* The translation of the Revised Version is much better. God suggests that it would be

much better to forgo the form of service altogether than to continue with these worse than useless offerings. *I have no pleasure in you, etc.* Compare Isa. 1: 11-14.

11. *For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same my name shall be great among the Gentiles, etc.* The expression "shall be" is supplied by the translators. The Revised Version following the general trend of the argument supplies "is" instead. The Jews at Jerusalem are not magnifying the name of Jehovah, but there are people elsewhere who do reverence the name of God and render acceptable service to him. The prophet sees in the future, as certainly as if already in the present, the heathen purged from their sins faithfully serving God.

In the portion of the book between the two parts of our lesson, the prophet charges the people with various other short-comings in their relations with one another and with God. With chapter 3: 7 he begins to urge the people to repent and return unto God, manifesting their repentance by renewing their payment of tithes.

8. *Will a man rob God?* It scarcely seems probable that one would dare to defraud God. The Jews were required by the law (see Lev. 27: 30-32) to render unto God a tenth of all their increase whether of cattle or of produce; but they had been very negligent of this obligation. *Wherein have ye robbed thee?* They were insolent enough to ask a question implying that they were innocent of the charge. *In tithes and offerings.* It was not only in the matter of tithes that they failed of their duty, but also in many other special offerings.

9. *Ye are cursed with a curse.* Better "the curse." It is referred to in chapter 2: 2. *For ye have robbed me.* Better, "For me ye rob." The pronouns are emphatic and the statement is of present time. *Even this whole nation.* All the people are guilty as well as the priests who are particularly mentioned in the first half of the lesson.

10. *Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse.* Better as in the Revised Version, "the whole tithe." The storehouse referred to is probably the treasure chamber surrounding the temple on three sides. *Meat.* That is, food, provisions. The word was originally applied to booty. *Prove me now herewith.* Put me to the test. *The windows of heaven.* Compare 2 Kings 7: 2, 19. *That there shall not be room enough to receive it.* Literally, until not sufficiency, that is, until my abundance can be exhausted. As this is impossible, it means practically forever.

11. *And I will rebuke the devourer.* That is, the locust. *Neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time.* There shall be no hindrance to the natural fruitfulness of the vine.

12. *And all nations shall call you blessed.* Every one shall recognize your boundless prosperity and esteem you most happy.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Nortonville, Kansas, is situated on the county line of Atchison and Jefferson Counties, on A. T. & Santa Fe Railroad, 17 miles from Atchison and 33 from Topeka, and 65 miles from Kansas City, Mo.

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For information regarding Church, please write the Pastor, Rev. G. W. Hills, Nortonville, Kansas.

E. T. LEHMAN, Real Estate Agent,
Nortonville, Kansas.

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LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

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Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Pigeon Express.

We noticed only a day or two since that the only news from Ladysmith, now the seat of war in South Africa, was sent by pigeon express to Durban. It seems strange that in this day of telephones, balloons and wireless telegraphy, that science has not found some way for a speedy communication in time of war, by signals or otherwise, that could not be interrupted.

The British government, just at this time, is dependent on the pigeons for carrying their war news between Ladysmith and the war ship Powerful, the home of the pigeons.

It may be interesting to know how these dispatches are prepared for being carried by these winged messengers. The message, if a long one, is first written or printed in the usual way and then by photographic process is reduced from six or eight pages, book size, to a piece of paper that can easily be rolled and placed inside of a small quill. The quill is slipped in among the tailfeathers and carefully secured. On the arrival of the dispatch at the station, it is removed, and by the aid of a powerful oxy-hydrogen microscope, the writing or printing is thrown on a screen, magnified even larger than the original writing or print.

A good strong pigeon can average a mile a minute for the first one or two hundred miles. Many birds have traveled from Scotland to England, a distance of 600 miles, in a single day, and did not appear to be much wearied.

It was in Italy where pigeons were first trained to carry messages in times of war. At this day almost every European nation has a battalion of pigeons trained for war service. There are now about three hundred societies in England that are raising and training these wonderful birds for transporting messages.

Germany has many pigeons trained for war purposes, and keeps a record of their flights. Eighty miles in 1 hour and 32 minutes and 30 seconds has been done there. Also 350 miles in 6 hours and 13 minutes, and 440 miles in 7 hours and 43 minutes.

We wish that Commander Tutnell, or some other great English authority on pigeons, would give us a scientific explanation of the chart by which these pigeons steer a straight course for their home, hundreds of miles away, or wherein lies the wonderful attachment for the particular cote that causes such ceaseless exertions until it is reached.

Carbonic Acid Gas.

Mr. George Spencer read a paper before the Institute of Mining Engineers, on the extinguishment of fire by the use of liquified carbonic acid gas, in places where water could not be obtained, or if it could, to use it would not be advisable, such as in underground mines of great depth, having many extensive levels, or on ships carrying coals or merchandise, where there were compartments.

It appears that as a result of a fall of rock on some steam pipes, a fire was started on a level in a mine in which Mr. Spencer was interested, and which bid fair to produce great damage. A heading was built across the level as soon as possible to shut off the air, and thus for the want of oxygen to maintain combustion the fire would be smothered. Notwithstanding all their efforts to smother

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the fire, sufficient air continued to leak through cracks which caused it to burn slowly and thus all their efforts were baffled. Mr. Spencer now decided to try the effect of carbonic dioxide, and, for this purpose six cylinders of the gas were prepared and used, when the fire was found to be entirely extinguished.

Science has proven effectual in several instances by producing gas that will instantly check a flame or stop the progress of a fire. Wherever it can be applied and whenever a fire is surrounded by walls, as in a room, or compartment as in a vessel, the gas becomes effective at once.

For our protection against fire in our home we have kept this gas standing in bottles at convenient places, ready to be thrown into a fire with a force sufficient to smash the bottle and distribute its contents.

We pride ourselves in having here in our city a fire organization equal, if not superior, to that of any city in the United States. Among its appliances, is one for using this smothering gas. Nothing has been left undone during the last few years, that would in any way help to bring it to a high standing of efficiency; yet strange as it may appear, just in proportion as our fire department has been enabled to quickly subdue and extinguish fires and save property, just in that proportion has the premiums of our insurance policies been increased.

MARRIAGES.

HODGE—DAVIS—At the home of the bride, Aug. 24, 1899, by R. G. Davis, Mr. Homer B. Hodge, of Berea, W. Va., and Miss Viola Davis, of Summers, W. Va.

COLLINS—EHRET—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Berea, W. Va., Oct. 15, 1899, by R. G. Davis, Mr. Alfred B. Collins and Laura J. Ehret, both of Berea, W. Va.

DEATHS.

MERIDETH—At her home in Berea, W. Va., Nov. 6, 1899, Mary Ann Merideth, aged 79 years, 2 months and 15 days.

Sister Merideth was converted in early life and united with the M. E. church. At the age of seventeen she was married to Job Merideth. Soon after this union, she, with her husband, moved from their home in Marion County, W. Va., to Berea, where they both embraced the Sabbath and became members of the Seventh-day Baptist church. She has always lived a devoted Christian. She leaves six children and many other friends and relatives to mourn her sudden departure. R. G. D.

BANCROFT—Elder Isaac Bancroft died at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Aug. 22, 1899, aged 84 years.

He was for many years a Congregational minister, having been ordained in 1876, at Monroe, Wis., where he lived, and was for some years pastor of the Congregational church of that place. About 1884 he embraced the Sabbath and was afterwards baptized and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Milton Junction, Wis. He accumulated considerable property, which he gave away to charitable purposes. He was remarkable for his conscientiousness and moral courage. Possessed of great modesty and gentleness of spirit, he knew how always to speak the truth in love. H. H. H.

WENTZ—Mrs. Wentz, of Spearville, Kansas, died Sept. 20, 1899, after an illness of one month, aged 73 years, 9 months and 10 days.

Born in the state of Pennsylvania she, some years since, came with her family to Southwest Kansas and lived near Spearville. She had professed religion in early

life, but for various reasons had not united with any church. She embraced the Sabbath nine years ago and was a faithful Sabbath-keeper. It was my privilege to baptize her on the 16th of October, 1894. Had a Seventh-day Baptist church been organized, as we then hoped, she would have become a member. She was a faithful mother, and an exemplary Christian, and has gone to her reward. She leaves two sons, who are Sabbath-keepers, to mourn her loss. H. H. H.

MILLER—Martha B. Miller died at the home of her son, Samuel S. Miller, in the city of Rhineland, Wis., Nov. 15, 1899, of gastritis.

Martha B. Coon was the daughter of Samuel H. and Olive Coon, and was born in the town of Brookfield, Madison Co., N. Y., Dec. 18, 1820. She was married to Benj. S. Miller, Dec. 25, 1847. In 1849 they moved to Wisconsin, and settled at Utica, residing there for some years. Mrs. Miller was born and raised in the Seventh-day Baptist faith. When a young girl she united with the church at Brookfield, N. Y., and after her removal to Southern Wisconsin, became a member of the church at Christiana, in which she retained her membership until the time of her decease. M.

BABCOCK—At the home of his brother, C. C. Babcock, near Farnam, Neb., Julius Babcock died Nov. 6, 1899, in the 47th year of his age. Death was caused from severe cold contracted after several weeks of typhoid fever.

Brother Julius, son of Dea. Joshua G. Babcock, was born Feb. 4, 1853. At the age of 13 he was baptized by the Rev. A. A. Randolph, and united with the Long Branch church, Humboldt, Neb. Later in life he was ordained deacon in a little church in Western Kansas. About three years ago he came to Farnam and united with the Farnam church, in which he has been a faithful, consecrated worker. He has always been a man of strong convictions, and one true in living up to them. Many years of his life have been spent in teaching in the public schools of Nebraska and Kansas. No grander words could be spoken of a man than "He never came to our home without teaching the children something good." He leaves two children, a father, one brother, two sisters, and many friends to mourn the death of him who was a kind and loving father, a dutiful son and a good brother, ever ready and willing to "lend a hand." Funeral services were held at Farnam, Nov. 8. Text, James 4: 14. H. C. V.

FLINT—At Wickliffe, Ohio, Nov. 16, 1899, Maranda Young Flint, wife of J. Samuel Flint, formerly of Scio, N. Y., aged 74 years and 13 days.

She was the daughter of Henry and Fanny Young, was born in Berlin, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., Nov. 3, 1825, moved with her parents from Berlin to Alfred, in 1831, and from Alfred to Scio in 1841. She was united in marriage with J. Samuel Flint, Feb. 24, 1849, with whom she spent a helpful, happy married life of more than fifty years. She is survived by her husband, one daughter, Mrs. E. G. Bascom, of Wickliffe, Ohio, one son, J. Willard Flint, of Scio, N. Y., seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild. One sister and four brothers also survive her, Mrs. Louisa M. Benjamin, Lewis B. Young, Charles H. Young, of Scio, N. Y.; Stephen Young, of Brookville, Pa., and John Young, of Bolivar, N. Y. When about 16 years of age she became the subject of saving grace, and united with the Second Seventh-day Baptist church of Alfred, N. Y., and in later years transferred her membership to the Seventh day Baptist church of Scio, N. Y., and continued therein a worthy and trusted member until removed by death. She has been for more than four years past a sufferer from paralysis, and for some time past unable to talk, while her mind remained clear and active. In her physical disability she found great pleasure in listening to reading by her husband. One of her greatest sources of pleasure was the privilege of listening, from week to week, to the reading of the SABBATH RECORDER. She was a devoted wife and mother, an humble and trustful believer in Christ, and leaves to her relatives and friends the comforting assurance that she has entered into the rest awaiting God's believing children. Her remains were brought to Scio for interment. Funeral services were held and the burial took place on Sabbath afternoon, Nov. 18, 1899. S. B.

KENT—Albert D. Kent, son of Daniel Warner and Persis Bailey Kent, was born at Missionary Grove, Ill., March 18, 1841, and died at Walworth, Wis., Oct. 5, 1899, aged 58 years, 6 months and 17 days.

He had attended to his regular duties during the day and succumbed to a stroke of apoplexy soon after supper. In 1867 he became an invalid from sunstroke, and in February last he suffered severely from *la grippe*, from which he never fully recovered. While seeming to gain somewhat, yet he was conscious that the end which came so suddenly was not distant, and so left his city home in Milwaukee for the more quiet retreat of the country at Walworth, in the early summer. March 17, 1864, he was married to Miss Emily Campbell, at Edgerton, Wis., who still survives him. She, seeing his feeble condition, gave up the rescue and reformatory work, in which they had been variously engaged since 1880, and devoted her time to the care of her husband. Besides his wife he leaves an adopted son, a mother, three brothers and three sisters. Mr. Kent came from sterling New England Congregational stock who were among the pioneers in missionary work, and who, during the anti-slavery agitation, radically stood for the freedom of all men alike, black or white. He was a modest and retiring Christian, shrinking somewhat from the public expression of his faith, but doing what he could for his Master in the every-day associations with his fellow-men. In 1863 he united with the Congregational church at Waukesha, but later became connected with the Grand Avenue Congregational church of Milwaukee, where he held membership at the time of his death. Coming to Walworth, he began the observance of the Sabbath, and worshipped with the Seventh-day Baptist church. His funeral services were held at the Seventh-day Baptist church, Oct. 9, Rev. S. L. Maxson officiating. Text, Psa. 23: 4. Six brothers-in-law bore his remains to their final resting place in the Walworth Cemetery. He has passed beyond "the valley and shadow of death."

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 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 Semi-Annual Meeting of the churches of Berlin, Coloma, and Marquette will be held with the Marquette church, commencing on Friday evening, Dec. 8. Rev. G. J. Crandall, of Milton Junction, is invited to preach the introductory sermon. Miss Hattie Inglis, of Marquette, Dr. Gertrude Crumb and Miss Nellie Hill, of Berlin, are requested to present essays. MRS. ELLA G. HILL, Sec.

☞ 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.

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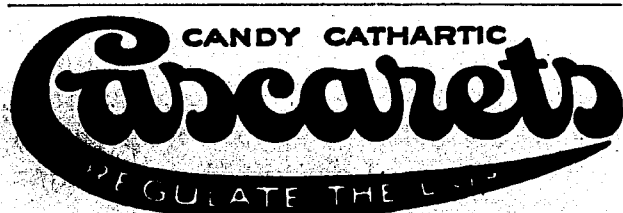
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Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, writing in the November *Ladies' Home Journal* in further emphasis of the teachings of his famous book, "In His Steps," reiterates that "the teachings of Jesus will work in the market, the home, the school, the shop, the street, the life of man everywhere, but they cannot work in a selfish heart, and they are not capable of expression in a soul that has put any one on the throne except him who is Lord of all. Why are men afraid to try love in business? Why are they cowardly in the face of giving the greatest thing in the world its most supreme test? Come, let us take Jesus at his word. If we seek the kingdom of God first, we shall have all the physical things we need. What would Jesus do? There is no question as to his conduct in our places. There is no casuistry in the question when asked honestly every day. When the world is willing to ask it, and live according to the daily answers, it will begin to enjoy its millennium. Perhaps that Golden Age will be this coming century. Why not? It rests with the human race to prove that of all the mighty forces that rule the real life of men on the



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The past binds us only to set us free.—Prof. F. C. Porter.

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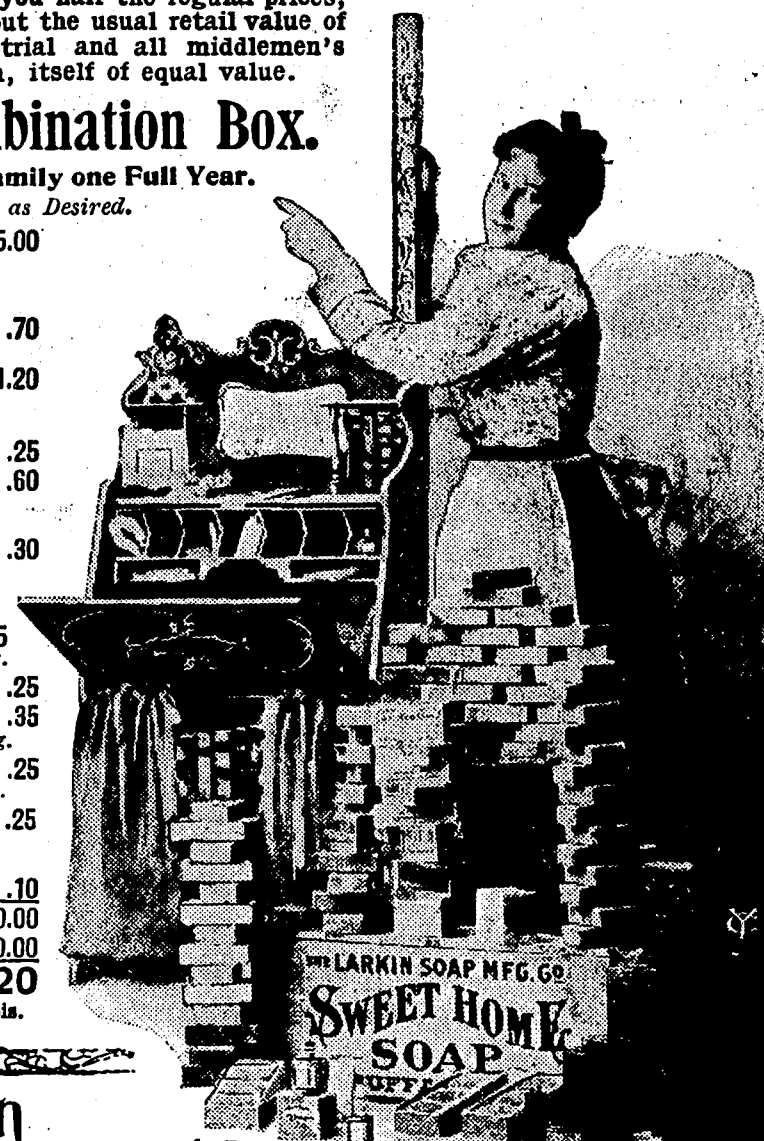
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