

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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THE LITTLE ARMCHAIR.

NOBODY sits in the little armchair;
It stands in a corner dim;
But a white-haired mother gazing there,
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sees through the dusk of the long ago
The bloom of her boy's sweet face,
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,
With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil and slate,
And the lesson is hard to understand,
And figures are hard to mate;
But she sees the nod of his father's head,
So proud of the little son,
And she hears the word so often said:
“No fear for our little one.”

They were wonderful days, the dear, sweet days,
When a child with sunny hair
Was here to scold, to kiss and to praise,
At her knee in the little chair.
She lost him back in the busy years
When the great world caught the man,
And he strode away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then a wistful dream,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees a head with a golden gleam
Bent o'er a pencil and slate;
And she lives again the happy day,
The day of her young life's spring,
When the small armchair stood just in the way,
The center of everything.

—Washington Star.

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Sabbath Recorder.

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

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CHARLES POTTER,

the honored President of the American Sabbath Tract Society, passed from this life into eternal rest on Sabbath morning, December 2. The RECORDER expresses heartfelt sympathy for the bereft family, and prays the All-wise Father to encircle them in his loving arms, and pour into their hearts his comforting grace. (Fuller notice will be given later).

WHY BE THANKFUL?

Field work for the last ten days made it impossible for the Editor of the RECORDER to write any special word for the issue next preceding Thanksgiving day. Having reached Chicago, we are led to write the following, although it will be too late to combine with other influences which have marked the National holiday.

TAKING the larger and the longer look, the whole world has cause for thankfulness that in the sense of interdependence, of mutual responsibility and of duties toward each other, the nations of the earth have reached a higher plane than at any time before. "International Law" means so much more in 1899 than it meant in 1799, that even the cynic must own that much progress has been made in favor of peace, justice and humanity. True, war has not ceased, but the causes which lead to war have lessened in number and risen in character. The inhumanity and barbarism which marked the general phases of warfare even half a century ago have disappeared in a great degree. Care for prisoners, for the sick and wounded, whether of friend or foe, has reached a point along lines of alleviation and justice not known before. The "Christian Commission" and the "Sanitary Commission" of the Civil War, and the Red Cross work and Hospital Ship appliances of to-day are unmeasured gain. That war exists at all as this century closes is cause for sadness, but that the tendency is toward better things is equal cause for thankfulness.

MAN's inhumanity to man has lessened in a similar, perhaps in a greater, degree. "Sweat shops" still exist, but in lessening numbers, while "Settlements" and "Hull Houses" have glorified the closing quarter of the century in work truly Christ-like. Care for the sick, the insane, the blind, the imbecile, the depraved and destitute of all classes has risen so rapidly that the man of fifty or sixty years looks on a state of society which was unknown when he was born. In spite of the complaint of pessimists, the century will close with many of the better interests of humanity "full high advanced."

THE keenness with which the public mind detects dangers and duties touching higher and better things, is cause for thankfulness. Evil in politics and corruption in social or business circles are challenged quickly and sharply. This fact sometimes makes it seem

that such forces are gaining ground. But the larger views of better faith in God, and truth, and righteousness, see that even if some forms of evil gain temporary ascendancy, final results make for victory. It is cause for thankfulness when even a few are quick to note coming danger, and to raise the warning cry. Stagnation in public opinion and indifference as to the progress of wrong and unrighteousness are sorest of evils. To know what danger threatens, is a long step toward averting it.

PERHAPS the largest cause for thankfulness which this Thanksgiving-day brings to the readers of the RECORDER, along denominational lines, is found in the dangers that confront us. If there be any cause greater than this it is found in the fact that we are waking—too slowly indeed—to the fact that our history is full of meaning concerning the present, and of promise for the future. That our denominational existence has continued at all, under stress of opposition and the smothering influence of indifference, is cause for double thanksgiving. Nothing less than immortal truth and an unfinished mission could have kept us alive until this time. The ordinary laws which govern the life of unpopular minorities would have buried us two centuries ago. That we are here to greet Thanksgiving-day in 1899, and to look toward the sunrise of the next century with growing hope is cause for deep and deeper thanksgiving.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 30, 1899.

WEST HALLOCK, ILL.

The RECORDER seeks to make each one of the churches of our household of faith more than a mere name to the rest. Hence the Editor makes sketches of history of places visited in his Field Work, hoping thus to increase the interest of all the churches in each one, and the interest of each one in all. The denominational work we have in hand is great; our churches are widely separated, and we cannot have too many bonds of interest to bind us together.

The first Seventh-day Baptist pioneers came to West Central Illinois in 1845. Among them was Anthony Hakes, a "licentiate" from Berlin, N. Y. As opportunity offered, he preached occasionally in what is now West Hallock, and at Farmington—thirty miles away—where Dennis Saunders, a Seventh-day Baptist from Allegany County, New York, had settled. In the autumn of 1848 Rev. Samuel Davison was sent to the Illinois field, by the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society, and permanent Sabbath services were established. Bro. Hakes preached when the missionary was not present, and although he was not made pastor until a later date, he was the founder of the church, more nearly so than any other one. In 1851, Rev. Stillman Coon, of Wisconsin, took the place of Mr. Davison, and the church at West Hallock was organized in 1854, certain preliminary meetings looking to this end having been held before.

The pastors of the church have been as follows: Stillman Coon, James C. Rogers, Anthony Hakes, Nathan Wardner, Geo. J. Crandall, H. B. Lewis, W. H. Ernst, G. M. Cottrell, Stephen Burdick and T. J. VanHorn. Bro. VanHorn closed his labors a few weeks since, and R. B. Tolbert, a theological student from Milton College, is supplying the pulpit, while the church is seeking a new pas-

tor. The services are well attended and the church is in good working order. The C. E. Society is vigorous. J. G. Spicer (Edelstein, Ill.) is church clerk.

The Editor spoke at West Hallock, on the evening of the 25th of November. The attendance was good in spite of darkness and unpleasant weather, and we trust that those who listened were encouraged and strengthened.

Our isolated churches are strong in proportion as they are interested and active in denominational work; and since denominational work is specifically involved in the missions of the Tract Society, the life of our churches is measured, in no small degree, by their active interest in the work of Sabbath Reform. The Seventh-day Baptist church which is not interested in Sabbath Reform work, now, presents a strange contradiction, and makes need for a new definition of Seventh-day Baptist.

PEORIA, ILL. Nov. 26, 1899.

HEREDITY IN SOUL LIFE.

Riding with a friend this morning, the talk turned upon the question of inherited qualities, how much they affect life and determine destiny. That they form a large factor, there can be no doubt. So far as this field of thought involves the question of "Original Sin," it is certain that the Gospel, and the power of Divine Life revealed in Christ are fully competent to overcome and eradicate this original tendency to do evil. It would be a hopeless task to attempt to preach that any transmission of tendencies or qualities along the lines of human life and history, is too strong to be overcome by Redeeming Love. We must make due allowance for such transmission, in our judgment of men and of their attainments in spiritual life, and this should make us charitable and patient when men reach high ideals slowly, or not at all; but the worst of tendencies or of qualities which the "Original Sin" can impart must yield to the touch of Redemptive Love, and the indwelling Spirit.

This conversation brought out a case in which the opportunities and surroundings of childhood seem to have played a prominent part in unfolding tendencies and powers from some far-off ancestor. A young man, being surrounded by favorable circumstances, has developed unusual mechanical tendencies, which, as the family history shows, have found little expression for several generations. Awakened in him in early childhood, and self-cultivated only, up to early manhood, these tendencies and abilities have become so strong as to change the whole purpose of his life. Under the domination of the mechanical element he has given up an established and desirable business to enter upon a course of University training along mechanical lines. We tell the story for sake of its application to spiritual experiences. Definite religious training and surroundings favorable to spiritual development ought to begin at the earliest moment. Parents and teachers should know that childhood ought to be surrounded by most definite and positive influences which make for moral and spiritual results of the highest type. It is not enough to wait until evil tendencies or moral weaknesses appear. Bring to bear every influence which will awaken or give development to goodness, purity, truthfulness, righteousness. Aid the latent tendencies for good, and thus

repress those which make for evil. If it be the highest purpose of human laws to make right-doing easy and wrong-doing difficult, much more is it the province of the family, the school, and the church to awaken the good, and eradicate the evil which children may inherit from immediate or remote ancestry. Divine life and love are strong enough to redeem and uplift the worst and the weakest, whenever a soul yields to them in faithful loving obedience and trust.

WEST HALLOCK, Ill., Nov. 25, 1899.

FARINA, ILLINOIS.

Sabbath-keepers from Milton, Wisconsin, first settled at Farina about 1862. Special missionary work was done on this field by Rev. James Bailey and Deacon I. D. Titsworth between 1862 and 1864. The religious interests of the new society were well advanced by their labors. Rev. C. M. Lewis came onto the field as missionary in 1865, and the church was organized in April, 1866, with forty-six members. The ministers who took part in the organization were: Chas. M. Lewis, L. M. Cottrell, Halsey Stillman and Leman Andrus. The pastors who have labored with the church since its organization have been: Chas. M. Lewis, Leman Andrus, O. U. Whitford, W. C. Titsworth, W. H. Ernst, Chas. A. Burdick, J. L. Huffman, D. B. Coon, and L. D. Seager, who is now in the first year of his pastorate. Lewis, Andrus, Titsworth and Huffman have gone on to join the church triumphant.

So far as we can learn the church has not produced any candidates for the ministry directly, although Secretary Whitford of the Missionary Society was called to ordination by this church. He was ordained at Farina in September, 1872. The ministers who took part in his ordination were: Stephen Burdick, Chas. M. Lewis, M. B. Kelly, Leman Andrus, S. R. Wheeler and L. D. Ayers. Burdick and Wheeler are yet co-laborers with him in the Master's work.

One feature of the Sabbath-school work at Farina is worth noting. For eighteen years the school has followed the practice of electing the superintendent only, giving him full power to appoint all other officers connected with the school. It is said that the results are excellent, better as to harmony and efficiency in work than any other plan would be. But it is found that those thus elected are likely to refuse re-election after two or three years, so great is the responsibility involved. In general, the plan is commended by those who have witnessed its working here, and we make this reference to it for the consideration of Sabbath-school workers. H. P. Irish is the present superintendent.

The fertility of the land in and about Farina, both as to grain and fruit, is well known. Unfavorable weather during the last season lessened the production, especially as to strawberries. The visit of the Editor at Farina, including the last Sabbath in November, gave opportunity for a sermon on "Social Purity," and other sermons on denominational work, denominational duties and dangers, and dangers and duties which surround Christianity in the United States and the Republic. Attendance, attention and interest rewarded our coming. The last service, on Sunday evening, Nov. 26, was marked both as to attendance and attention. Though somewhat isolated, the church at Farina is sound in faith and strong in pur-

pose. The young people's work is well-organized and well-sustained, and we have good reason to expect larger interest in, and more liberal support of, Sabbath Reform work from Farina.

We had hope of reaching Stone Fort and Bethel in connection with the work in Southern Illinois; but a wide-spread epidemic of small-pox in Williamson county, gave promise of little chance for public services in that section, because of rigid quarantine regulations.

For sake of the Editor of the Historical and Biographical department of the RECORDER we note the finding of some early records touching denominational history, among them the incident that one Thomas West, who came from England, built the foundation and aided in rearing the Seventh-day Baptist meeting-house at Shiloh, N. J., in 1771 A. D.; and that he, with many of his descendants—Rev. Joel C. West being one of them—were members of that church. Benjamin West, the artist, belonged to that family. Dr. C. H. West, of Farina, has the record.

Bro. Seager, pastor at Farina, has been ill, but is convalescing. He is full of zeal and devotion in the service of the church, and his people are supporting him faithfully.

The church furnishes an able member of the Legislature of the state of Illinois—38th Assembly District—in the person of Hon. Thomas Zinn, of Farina. His work during the last session showed him to be quietly brave and thoroughly efficient in promoting just and honest legislation touching great "incorporate interests" in the state.

FARINA, Ill., Nov. 27, 1899.

MODERN TYPE-SETTING.

The death of Ottman Mergenthaler, lately, has called attention to the wonderful type-setting machine which he invented. Already the setting of type by machinery has begun a revolution as great, if not greater, than that which was wrought by the invention of movable types. Twenty years ago no one could believe that what is now a well established fact could ever come to pass. Mergenthaler secured his first patent in 1874, but the "linotype" did not become established until 1892 and later. Since that time it has made rapid progress, first in this country, and later in Europe. Some one has said that "the best typesetting machines will do everything but talk." The average operator will set 5,000 "ems," an hour, which is from 5 to 8 times what can be set by hand. But the readjustment of the printer's work under these new surroundings has been equally rapid. In former times compositors on a "morning paper" had to go to work at 1 o'clock in the afternoon and distribute the type. After getting through with this they would go home for a while, come back at 7 o'clock and set type until morning. "Now the men go to work at 7 and work until 3 o'clock, and get the same money that they used to get for working from ten to thirteen hours. The great advantage to the printer has been that he has had his hours of labor shortened and his wages have not been decreased.

But there have been other advantages to the printer. The introduction of these machines has to a large extent been responsible for reforming him. He has to keep regular habits. Jobs are not easy to find, but they are easy to keep if a man is sober and industrious. The composing-room force has to be

better organized. The absence of a man necessitates the idleness of a machine and that is equivalent to the loss of several printers in the old times. There is not as much in "subbing" as there used to be. It is needless to say that publishers find many advantages in the present system. Smaller offices may continue to set by hand, but the machine promises to create a new era in "The art which preserves all other arts." What the next century will bring we wait to see. That is safer than prophesying.

WHY SO FEW BAPTISMS?

There is not a state in this part of the country in which the additions to Baptist churches during the past year have been in any degree adequate to the resources employed or even to the average or normal rate of increase. This has been commented on in all the state conventions, it has been the subject of anxious consideration by committees on the state of religion, and a matter for prayer among all thoughtful Christian people. It is not likely that anything new can be said about this serious symptom in our church life. Yet it may be worth while to inquire if the causes usually assigned are wholly or largely responsible for the decline.—*The Standard*, Chicago, Nov. 18, 1899.

Among the causes the *Standard* notes are: "Higher Criticism" and "New Theology." But these it thinks are not the main causes. More potent than these the *Standard* enumerates: "The average Baptist church is not properly organized for evangelistic work," "It does not seem to us that our churches are altogether successful in bringing home the personal appeal of the gospel to boys and girls between fourteen and eighteen," "The real object of Christian work is obscured by incidental efforts." The final reason is given in these words:

In a word, to name no other defects, the cause of present unfruitfulness lies in a lack of the shepherding and seeking spirit. It may be necessary to build higher the walls of the fold to keep out the subtle heresies of the intellect; it is certainly necessary often to leave the fold and to go out upon the hills to seek those that are lost—lost not half so often through errors of the mind as through rebellion of the heart.

All this is on the surface. The real causes lie deeper than those enumerated by the *Standard*. The primary and all-embracing cause is found in the no-lawism taught in the Baptist churches. The practical elimination of the authority of the law of God, by teaching that the Old Testament and the Ten Commandments are "back numbers," belonging to Judaism and not to Christianity, emasculates the gospel, dissipates conscience, and leaves young men and women to drift away under a growing sense that the Bible and the church put few obligations upon them. Along the same line the no-Sabbathism, so often taught in Baptist pulpits and in Baptist newspapers, turns young people away from Sunday-observance, and hence from religious instruction. These are the deeper causes which we advise the *Standard* to consider.

IT IS ALL EASY.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

To learn to be a Christian—
An easy thing to do.
Believe in Christ and he will cleanse
Your sinful heart for you.

To learn to serve your Saviour—
An easy thing to do.
Give him your love and serving him
A joy will be to you.

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

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

"Kicked Into Heaven."

The sensible idea of a West Virginia pastor is that "Nobody has ever been kicked into heaven. They have to be won by faithful service. No one has a right to interpret Timothy or any other Scripture into an excuse for Sabbath-breaking or law-breaking of any kind, but let us gently and yet firmly strive to lift to a higher standard. No one is perfect. Where one fails, another may do well, but fail in something else. 'Charity suffereth long.'"

The "Influence on Others."

From a young man who ought to know comes a practical illustration.

"By the way, I have just read your editorial on tobacco. It is all right. That is the point which many conscientious people lose sight of, their influence on others. I had it brought forcibly to me some time ago. I was weak enough to smoke several times until one day it came to my ears that a certain boy, being taken to task by his mother for smoking, pointed me out as an example, saying that if I could smoke he could. Being in a reckless mood, the circumstance did not greatly impress me until I determined to be a man in spite of everything, and it was then that I decided to quit it."

"Think 'it all out Now.'"

Young men, you that have doubts and permit those doubts to smother the voice of duty, you who are in that reckless mood which would give rein to impulse and postpone decision, listen. These words below are not the meditations of a feeble old man, the fires of whose life have died out, but they come from the heart of one of your own class who "came to himself."

"Tell those people who are being awakened to settle the question *at once*. Tell them not to put it off as I did, but think it all out *now*. The common error is made in thinking and telling one's self that 'there's plenty of time.' There is for some of us, but oh, how shall we make good the time lost by not deciding? The time is lost and cannot be reclaimed, and our time for performing our mission in life is that much shorter. Where are the last three years of my life? What have I accomplished for good? What has been the fruit of my evil influence? Oh, that I could say all that is in my heart to those who will not think out this great question. For all that is necessary is to think it out. No man in the possession of his faculties can reject the religion of Christ after giving it a fair consideration."

"The Ideal Incomplete Without the Evangelist."

The following letter is from Rev. L. D. Seager, pastor of the Farina church. The principles which he lays down regarding diversity of gifts and a use for all, are certainly Scriptural. We have an impression that the convictions which have taken such deep hold on him have grown out of his experience, and that he practices what he preaches. Somehow, we have felt in hearty accord with both his letter and that of Dr. Platts. They present different phases of the same work. There is a deep, underlying unity, and our schemes of work become broadened as we exchange views with an honest desire to be mutually

helpful. The ideal church is the mark to be aimed at, though it be so rarely found. But, even in connection with it the evangelist will still have his place. Ah, if the ideal evangelist could always be followed up by the faithful labors of the ideal church, the results would not be so sadly scattered and dissipated as they sometimes appear to be:

Dear Brother Randolph:

I was sorry when I saw my letter in print, for I saw there were several statements in it that would be regarded as personal thrusts. Yet the words spoken were real thrusts to me. They pained me, because opposed to essential truths, and because the sentiments expressed were unworthy the noble men who uttered them. Yet I am willing to suffer if any good can come from it. I am glad to see Bro. Platts' letter, and especially glad as it comes from one of our College churches. No greater mistake can be made than to send our children to a school of our own faith, located in a society of worldly professors, a church that lacks the fire of heaven, the power of a risen Redeemer. Our children can get the football and Greek, baseball and Mathematics, the social whirl and Science, at thousands of other schools. We need to make ours "Strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." Now that Milton "has set the pace" may Alfred and Salem become leaders, not followers merely. May the sacred fires burn upon the altars of every home. May our preachers' lips be touched with the "coal of fire from the altar." May every member be a Christian Endeavorer, doing personal work in all its spheres. May every service at the house of God be so inspired that saint and sinner shall feel in the inmost soul that like the offering of Abel, it is accepted of him. Yes, may the sacrifices speak "better things than that of Abel." And may it spread to the least of our churches and the most remote. Yet the ideal is incomplete without the evangelist. Paul said, "And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists," etc. Were the evangelists to work only where there were no prophets or pastors or teachers, among the pastorless churches for instance? Of what use for an evangelist to work in a place like that? The converts need the ideal church spoken of in which to develop. Most of our evangelistic work comes to naught because the lambs are left to perish. When Barnabas was in the midst of his work at Antioch he went for Paul. He was a "good man and full of the Holy Ghost and faith," and knew that one man cannot reach everybody. No two men or workers are alike. Eld. Huffman in his lifetime struck the gist of this matter when pastor at Jackson Centre, Ohio. He brought Eld. S. D. Davis, from West Virginia, to hold a meeting for him, saying that he believed Uncle Sammy's tender way of presenting the gospel would reach some whom he could not win. So we find it in every community. Some can be reached by personal work, some by the live services in the ordinary meetings for worship, some by the preaching of the pastor, some only by the evangelist. Surely his efforts should be just as much in place in the working church as the Sabbath-school, Christian Endeavor Society or prayer-meeting.

Again, a pastor is only a man, and all men are more or less one-sided. As a man he will only present to the church the things he is interested in. Often the church needs other truths, and old ones presented in a new way, that they may be forwarded in the divine life. We plead for all lines of God's work, "For the perfecting of the saints for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Send somebody to the churches that have not the regular preaching of the gospel; also, let the pastor be sent to follow up his work. Send workers too to the "regions beyond" that, like Paul, they may found new churches and call new pastors. That will keep up the demand for those who have tried their powers at home, and the workers that ought to go from every live church. While we have among us the unsaved and the weak, let us make every effort for them day-by-day and have an evangelist and a special effort from time to time. And may God bless all our workers in every field and in every calling.

Faith Standing on the Shore of Mystery.

Skirting all the shores of life are the deep seas of speculation. It is but a step from the solid ground of fact to the waters of philosophy which are over our depth. We have no sooner asked, What? than the restless spirit, of man queries Why?—and we are troubled to find no

answer. The narrow highways of life lie between blue oceans, whose depths only God's plummet can sound, but the highways are safe.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." That is fact. But why are sickness, pain and death permitted? Here we begin to lose our footing. "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" Shall we sing:

"Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain,
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain.
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee?"

Or shall we say that these are all "works of the devil"? Or, again, shall we conclude that they are the consequence of God's beneficent laws—broken?

Brains have been racked and hearts tortured, but the answer is still afar off. Sometimes on a still, calm morning, I think I can see the mountain peak clearly. Some day I shall climb it, see face to face and know as I am known. But for the present I come back to the thing tried and proved; that, whatever the source of obstacles and trials, God will cause them to "work together for good" to those who love him. And, with what increasing satisfaction, after straining our eyes for the far-away mysteries, we come back to the paths of comfort and duty.

To many of you, as to me, it was like an awful shock, a staggering blow, when two of our brightest and noblest young men—from the same home, within the same year—were mustered out of the ranks of the workers. The heart cried out, Why? if, indeed, it were not too stunned and bewildered to ask. In the shadowy background of the heart the problem has lain. I have no solution to offer; but I have been thinking of a sweet little presence that was in our own home four years and eight months, and then left us. Some one said: "It is so sad to lose the little one. It must be harder than never to have had her." And I answered, "Oh, you don't understand." It is no formal couplet, but a truth of sacred sweetness to those who know:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Never a day but I thank my Heavenly Father for the sweet little daughter who—coming—brought us love and joy and—going—taught us faith. There is a rich, sweet, tender experience in the midst of life's journey whose memory is precious beyond all words to describe. I am a better man because of the years between February, 1892, and October, 1896.

What a monument, an inspiration, an object lesson are the lives of Dighton and Frank Shaw. I thank God that I have been permitted to know these brave, pure, unselfish young men. The world is better, human life is richer because they had lived. With them at least is no sorrow; for "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;" no disappointment, for "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." As for us, we have God and his promises still, and the memory of the faith of our friends and the lives into which that faith was worked out will be a precious heritage forever.

The Work and Worth of the Physician.

It was no mere form when the preacher stood in the amphitheatre of Hahnemann Medical College on the occasion of its annual opening and gave thanks to God for his kind

and merciful providence. It was with hearty and unfeigned gladness that he saw Dr. E. Stillman Bailey installed as dean of this prosperous institution, and heard the overwhelming and long-continued applause with which the delighted students greeted their new chief.

Dr. Bailey is widely known among us as the son of Eld. James Bailey and the sweet-faced woman who was his life-long companion. He combines in his own personality the mental grasp, the rugged strength of father with the matchless gentle kindness and sympathy of mother. Father and mother are gone, but their work is marching on.

I have come to feel that the work of an earnest physician is essentially religious. The relief of human suffering is to this man a passion, a life duty, a religion. It grows out of the same sweet faith which was the heritage of those who have gone, and I can believe in very truth his well-remembered confession of faith recently, "I am a better Christian than I ever was before."

It is by contact with such men that my own ideas of the scope of religion have become broadened. There are many ways in which the Holy Spirit is still doing his office work. Some of the most faithful and valiant souls in the service of God to-day find their field in the hospitals of pain, the bedsides of weakness, bringing with them not only physical healing, but courage, love and faith. I have seen the eyes of a medical student fill with tears as he told me of words of counsel given him by this honored teacher—like the words of a pastor to a boy under his watch-care. Gentle, patient and thoughtful in the sick room, in the critical moments when the surgeon's knife must act, in the valley of the shadow,—there is chance for another Ian McLaren in our own country to tell heroic tales of our Doctor of the New School.

Out of the midst of a busy life I have written down this imperfect, fragmentary tribute to—not one man, but the class of men which he represents. And with these thoughts in mind, you are perhaps better prepared to enter into the heart of the introductory lecture which bears its own message. We quote only brief extracts:

"When I was requested to present the opening address I felt something of the enthusiasm come upon me that must quicken the hearts of those about entering the profession of medicine. What a grand opportunity is yours! The pioneer work is ended. More and more the accuracy of science is being acquired. More and more the spirit of healing is abroad. To begin now is to begin in the sunlight. May the opening door be the portal to a happy, professional career to each and all."

"The first introductory lecture that I heard was an inspiration to me as a medical student. It helped to shape the course of my professional life."

"It was not a sermon as given by a preacher, but an appeal by a doctor to know all things and all men. I have forgotten the words, but the theme called for the cultivation of human sympathy. It called for expert knowledge in affairs concerning human suffering. It impressed upon me the fact that sickness, contagions, wars with their horrors and all sufferings of mankind, whatever their origin, were to be studied, and their repetition prevented. The town, the city, the country, the world needed help then, it needs

it now, and I say to you whose eyes are intently scanning your prospective teacher's faces for the first time this evening, as mine did years ago, to you whose intuitions are alive with anticipation, have human kindness in your heart."

"To see ourselves as others see us may not always be profitable. Much will depend upon who the 'others' are. Montaigne, for example, said 'that he would like to be a little stronger before calling in his physician.' Dr. Samuel Johnson has pictured the medical career in sombre colors, representing it to be mere submission to peevishness and a continual interruption to the pleasure of him who followed it. The Duke of Devon, on the other hand, maintained that the physician was especially qualified from the nature of his work to bind together the different classes of society, and that those occupying this exceptional position should be men and women of sympathy, of character and of high, professional attainments."

"If to-night you seek entrance to professional studies, hoping for the commercial success, let me say that each year this road becomes more and more difficult. Competition, the law of general averages which is inflexible, makes the moneyed reward to the average physician less than the salary paid the average high-school teacher. Unless you are prepared to do your life-work in a few years, you will hardly undertake the toil of the physician, for his is the shortest life of any of the professions. Unless you are prompted by a high motive, you will not willingly place yourself subject to public and private criticisms, just perhaps at times, but unjust so often."

"The measure of the worth of the physician is the measure of the individual. It is a personal equation."

"There is no provision for mistakes in practice."

"The worth of a physician is not always seen by the light of day; his hours of working, so to speak, are counted by seasons and years. Nights or days are the same to him. Physical courage is not the only courage; the soldier is not the only hero. It requires greater heroism to face the horrors of a fever camp than to stand in battle line."

"There is hardly a city in Christendom in which the annual death rate per thousand has not been reduced ten or twenty or fifty or a hundred per cent in the last twenty-five years. The plague which for centuries kept down the population of Europe, is now unknown to civilization. The Asiatic cholera has lost its terrors. The various forms of fevers once so general and so deadly may be controlled; even pulmonary diseases, the most dreadful of all human ailments, seem on the point of yielding to sanitary and medical control. What is to be the result upon the population of the globe of this triumphal march of science?"

"How I wish that the inspiration might come to you to resolve to be a factor in this great work. Avoid the narrow and meaningless contentions so common in professional life. Ignore personal enmities, leave whining to weak souls. Be courteous to the lowliest."

"Be sure of your ground when stepping into new paths. An old sage once said he learned his philosophy from the blind, because they never advanced a step until they had tried the ground."

"Do not be discouraged if every effort is not at first crowned by perfections. Perfection comes in jeweled moments which are strewn like diamonds throughout the depths of space and time."

"I would also have you keep a liberal recognition of current events, aim to find some part of your recreation in the literature of the hour, dare to snatch leisure for research in other directions. Beware of prejudices based on ignorance, conquer them and live your life, receptive to convictions that will lead to the performance of a nobler mission."

"Do not fall at the feet of misfortune or criticism. You will discover that it is a force of man's own creating that plays the most active part in what he so often terms fate. And here, at the dawn of a new century, with the possibilities all yours, with lavish gifts of knowledge collected from ages past, with outstretched arms the new welcomes the new and the greetings are words of courage and kindest sympathy."

True, manly words, the test of their worth is that they ring through the soul, spurring us all to higher aims and nobler endeavors.

THE CULTIVATION AND SALE OF TOBACCO.

I have been much interested in the articles in recent numbers of the RECORDER on the use of tobacco. Having once been a slave to the tobacco habit, and having been redeemed by divine grace, I know something of the bondage, and of the blessing of liberty. I need not dwell on the evils of the tobacco habit. But one question needs to be asked. What would Jesus do? Surely no one can for a moment suppose that he would be a tobacco user. But do not the same arguments that are urged against its use apply equally to its cultivation and sale?

May it not be safely assumed that any business which is not a blessing to humanity is an illegitimate business, and is not for the glory of God? Have I a right to live for self as the ruling purpose of life? As a tobacco grower, what will be the influence and effect of my business on the bodies and souls of men? What will be my influence over those who use it? Can I receive the price of my tobacco crop and be distinctly conscious that I have given an equivalent for the money thus paid? Is it such in God's sight? Can I ask the divine blessing on the business in which I am engaged? Will not a prayer for success in my tobacco business be—practically—a prayer that there may be more chewing, smoking and snuffing and a general enlargement of the tobacco habit? Can he who seeks "first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," offer such a prayer?

If then the cultivation and sale of tobacco cannot be regarded as for the good of men, nor for the honor of God; if it is inconsistent with a hearty disapproval of its use; if in selling it, I receive money for which I give no real equivalent, and if I cannot consistently ask the divine blessing on my business, ought I not at once to discontinue it, at whatever sacrifice it may cost me?

H. H. HINMAN.

OBERLIN, O., NOV. 25, 1899.

AN unjust acquisition is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with horrible anguish, or else will be your destruction.—Taylor.

THE readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct ourselves.—Demosthenes.

Missions.

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

ON our way from Syracuse to Scott, N. Y., we stayed a night with Dr. L. W. Potter, in Homer. This village of about 2,500 inhabitants is situated in the broad, rich and beautiful Tioughnioga valley, a river of that name running through it. It is thirty-four miles from Syracuse on the Syracuse and Binghamton R. R., a branch of the D. L. and W. R. R. It is now becoming noted as having been the supposed residence of "David Harum." It is believed by many that David Hannum who lived many years and died not ten years ago in this village is the original of the hero of the book. But David Hannum possessed but few of the qualities of character which are brought out so beautifully by Edward N. Wescott in the life, words and acts of "David Harum." Dr. Potter showed me the home of David Hannum, of his later years. He never lived with a maiden sister. He was married twice. His first wife was a Miss Hitchcock by whom he had a daughter who survived her mother, lived with her maternal grandmother and died at the age of about seven years. His second wife was a Miss Babcock, and a bright "red haired" boy whose name was "Frank" was the fruit of this marriage. He died of diphtheria when about eight years old.

David Hannum was never a banker. He was a shrewd, sharp business man, loved horseflesh, and owned and drove fine horses, but was not a patron of the race course to any extent if at all. He bought many horses in Homer and the surrounding country for the Scranton horse-car lines and received \$10 per horse as commission. The David Hannum of Homer made the most of his money in "patent rights" and invested it in farms and lands about Homer, owning at one time some 2 000 acres. He bought his lands in the time of the late Civil War at war prices. After the war the value of real estate went down, David Hannum lost heavily, and at last he died a poor man. He lived well, was, indeed, rather a high liver, and had a beautiful home in his day. He never was a religious man, never noted for benevolence or philanthropy. It is said he was quite a profane man. It is evident that if David Hannum of Homer is the original of the "David Harum" of the story, the author embodied in his hero the characteristics and qualities of character of many other originals whom he had in mind. No doubt he took this man as the chief character in the idealization of his hero. I believe Mr. Wescott says in the preface of his book that he had made a study of several eccentric characters whom he knew and that "David Harum" was the ideal hero he made from such study, for his book. Whatever may be the facts as to the original place and person of the ground work of the story, the book will stand for itself as one of the finest in portrayal of character and in influence of this century.

We are now in Scott, N. Y. Our church there has been without a pastor since the 3rd of October. Bro. B. F. Rogers moved to Alfred, N. Y. Bro. J. T. Davis settles here as pastor of the church Jan. 1, 1900. The church has been very much diminished in numbers and strength by death and removals and to some extent by going away from the Sabbath. On Sabbath evening the Secretary conducted the prayer meeting,

preached on Sabbath morning, presenting also the plan of the Missionary Society in raising funds for our missions, and he preached Sabbath night. The congregations were fair in view of the wintry weather. He has some canvassing to do among the families. He goes from Scott to Preston.

LETTER FROM J. W. CROFOOT.

WEST GATE, Shanghai, China, Oct. 27, 1899.

Rev. O. U. Whitford:

My Dear Friend:—You will be interested to know that we have arrived safely in Shanghai, and are pleasantly situated in the mission house, taking our meals with Miss Burdick and Dr. Palmberg, and are now looking about for a Chinese to teach us the language.

My last letter was written just before we reached Honolulu, and though that seems a long distance off, in time as well as in space, I'll try to write a sketch of some of our experiences. As we approached Honolulu the flying fish seemed to increase in numbers, though we had seen many before. One flew on deck and was kept by one of the passengers, a Danish army surgeon. The scenery around Honolulu is worth a long journey to see. As the vessel nears the islands, the precipitous mountains seem to rise from the water's edge to great heights in very steep inclines. A nearer view, however, shows beaches on which villages and even cities are built. The islands being of volcanic origin, extinct craters abound. Honolulu is built around the base of a mountain called Punch Bowl. Inside the harbor several Kanaki boys swam out to the ship and amused the passengers by diving for coins thrown from the vessel. They very rarely failed to get the coin, and after getting them they put them in their mouth for safe keeping.

Very many people went ashore as soon as the steamer reached the wharf. The city may be American, but the people seem a motley crowd. Men are white, black, brown and yellow, and several gradations between. The natives are now fast dying out. It seems strange that savage people always take to the vices of civilization much more readily than to whatever virtue it possesses. The native women seemed to be dressed invariably in mother hubbard dresses. Many of them seemed to have on nothing else. Nearly all were barefooted, though many of the gowns were of very fine materials. It is said that when the missionaries first taught them to clothe themselves they taught them to make the mother hubbard dress and that the native women continue to use the same patterns. It seems to me that American women might take two lessons from them, *i. e.*, not to change the style of clothes every year, and not to compress their vitals with tight clothing.

Mr. Damon, a former missionary to China, who has a large school for Chinese in Honolulu, sent on board an invitation for all the missionaries to call on him that evening. About twenty-five of us accepted and had a pleasant evening. We sat for a time on the palm covered lawn and listened to the play of the fountain, and then went into the school-room where the boys were studying the next day's lessons. After evening prayers and hymns, all in English of course, we went to the hotel where we were to spend the night, thinking thus to avoid heat and mosquitoes. I returned to the steamer for some things, and on the way passed the Hawaiian Hotel

were the famous Hawaiian band was playing. Hundreds of people were lying or standing about on the grass under the palms, and it seemed as if at least half of them were clad in the light brown summer uniforms of United States soldiers, for there were two or three army transports, on their way to Manila, then lying in the harbor.

I lost myself once or twice before reaching the hotel again, for the city is somewhat backward in some respects, notably street lighting and transportation. The streets are very dark, and the street cars are drawn by mules. We did enjoy the luxury of a full sized bed that night, and all Honolulu beds have canopies to keep out mosquitoes, but there are some things that canopies do not avail against. It was better than on board however, for the ship rats are generally considered a necessity. Mrs. Crofoot has an unconquerable objection to having them for bedfellows.

Next day, Friday, October 6, we spent the forenoon in driving about the city and sight-seeing. We went up to Pacific Heights along a steep mountain road, from which we got a beautiful view of the city and harbor, and the sea showing between the mountains. We also visited Waikiki, a bathing beach, and Kaimani Park, where there were several banyan trees. We saw many tropical fruits growing, as cocoanuts and date palms along the streets and drives, and acres of rice and bananas, with ponds all about and ditches intersecting the fields. Although the signs and names of the streets were printed in English they looked distinctly foreign, for the names are native, Hawaiian, Japanese, or Chinese. The shops as a rule open the whole front instead of just a door in front. The post-office seems all out of doors, for the boxes and windows open on the verandas, and not one but the employees go inside. The native boats are very peculiar looking affairs with their out rigging to prevent capsizing in the surf. Flowers are of course very plentiful. Natives were down at the wharf when we left Friday afternoon selling long wreaths of brilliant flowers of all colors. Altogether Honolulu is a wonderful place and will give Americans a chance to visit a tropical climate without leaving their own country and kindred, though there is a by no means inconsiderable minority of Hawaiians who were strongly opposed to annexation.

October 8, 9 and 11, the sea was rough. (There was no October 10). The fact that the sea was rough is not my opinion merely, but a matter of official record as posted in the main companion way, together with the day's run, which was usually about 350 knots. I have no reason to doubt the roughness however, for we did not eat much those days, and what we did eat did not seem to be of much value to us. It was difficult to eat in the saloon anyway, for even the racks which are put on the table in rough weather to keep each person's dishes in front of him, failed to prevent all accidents, especially in the case of dishes like soup.

From October 12 to 16, the sea was smooth, and people enjoyed themselves pretty well for the most part. There were out-door sports on deck in the daytime and card parties or entertainments in the evening. Among the out door sports were a potato race, egg and spoon race and tug of war, in which I won a cigar, being on the winning side. The prizes

for all the events however were presented on Sabbath, so I failed to appear and get my prize. The passengers on each voyage contribute money to pay for prizes for the next voyage. Some of the prizes were of silver, and would be nice souvenirs, having "Coptic" engraved on them.

The officers put on full dress for dinner, and I must say their full dress impresses me as being more sensible than the American, though it looks very odd, differing from that I have been accustomed to see by the entire absence of coat tails.

During this period of smooth sea the evenings were fine, the moon being nearly at the full and the weather being very warm, too warm during the day, for we went nearly west for several days out of Honolulu. On the evening of Sunday, the 15th, about fifteen missionaries were up on the prow for a long time singing hymns, and a prayer-meeting was held there in the brilliant moonlight, with the blue vault of heaven above and the blue deep of the sea below. One said it was the best prayer-meeting he ever attended.

It was about this time that we turned northwestward toward the coast of Japan, and next morning, at about 3.30, our ports being opened, we shipped a sea through them that drenched us both in our berths, and wet nearly everything in the room. The water on the floor soaked through the bottom of the steamer trunk. We spent the remainder of the night in the library and smoking room on the deck above. Of course we got the ports closed before another wave came. The wind kept on increasing till Tuesday, when the Captain said it blew a "moderate gale." The sea was put down as "high." The vessel rolled till the life-boats, ordinarily more than 20 feet above the water, were touching the waves as we rolled and the waves came up. One of the life-boats nearly washed overboard. A quarter-master told me she rolled 30° from the horizontal. That's enough for me. Our chairs were of course lashed to the deck to keep them from tumbling about, but it was difficult to keep from sliding out of them and across the deck. Of course walking was, for a landsman, a very perilous undertaking. After a wave broke over the promenade deck, and while we were all hanging on and watching it, we discovered that it had washed a man and a chair or two down to the rail. It had dashed him against the rail and given him a scalp wound that was not severe but looked very bad. I'll not soon forget how he looked trying to get up, with his face all bloody and half his forehead hanging down over his eye. He was so bruised as to be lame for several days too. He is coming to the P. E. mission in Shanghai. It continued rough till we reached Yokohama at six Wednesday morning, the 18th.

Dr. Brander, a missionary who has been once and a half around the world, says it was the roughest he ever saw it, and I think all the other missionaries expressed the same sentiment. From Monday noon to Tuesday noon we came only 230 knots, while the day before we came 370. Some people were very much frightened and some were even moved to tears. Though we were both sick and uncomfortable, we received no injury.

Approaching Yokohama, the most conspicuous object is the snow-topped height of Fujiyama, the mountain which seems to be the pride of Japan, for pictures of it abound in

books, on crockery, on cloth and in all sorts of places. After we anchored, launches and sampans crowded all around us. The Quarantine officers visited us, and passed us I suppose. After breakfast, as the boat was to remain there all day, I joined a party conducted by Miss Gardner, a missionary returning to Osaka, and went to Tokyo. I certainly saw more strange sights than I ever did before in any one day. I felt at night, when I returned to the "Coptic," that I had seen all the pictures in the Geography except the walrus and the polar bear. To begin with there was the jinrikisha. The Japanese are small people anyway, and when your Rikisha man is running down hill he looks smaller than ever, and you think surely you will run over him. Their clothing, too, is very strange. Their legs from above the knees to the ankles are bare, and the clothing they wear is of very light material and strange shape. I saw a man riding a bicycle who was clad in what looked like a shirt and a dressing gown, the latter open the whole length. The sandals which the Rikisha men wear have a separate division for the great toe, and as one is running some distance ahead his soles present a curious two-toed appearance. My first man cheated me out of ten sen.

We went from Yokohama to Tokyo by rail and there took Rikishas for the day. The streets were full of people right out of a picture book. When you see a few people at an entertainment dressed in Japanese costume you admire it perhaps, but when you see all the people look like that, from old men driving street car horses to babies riding on their sisters' backs, you cannot get over your wonder. Many very small girls were carrying on their backs babies almost as large as themselves, and all looking like Japanese dolls, with the same wash-basin style of cut for their hair. Not only people but all kinds of merchandise seem to be transported by man power on two-wheel carts. I saw a sprinkling cart pulled by a coolie. Very few horses were to be seen anywhere and the native ones used only for drawing heavy loads of goods. They were led, not driven. A few fine horses were driven by coachmen of foreigners or by officials. All sorts of shops have the whole front open on the streets. I noticed particularly the carpenters drawing their planes and saws instead of pushing them. I saw a blacksmith sitting cross legged and holding an iron between his toes using both hands to file it. We visited a fine temple where we were obliged to take off our shoes before entering, and no wonder, for the floors were lacquered and any nails of course would injure them. The outside was covered with elaborate carvings, and the inside showed fine workmanship, some of it in gold and bronze. It was so dark and solemn inside that I felt almost as though I was worshipping an idol for we all seemed, unconsciously, to lower our voices as if in a sacred place. The twenty sen that we paid for admission to the temple admitted us to a tomb also. This too was a place of very elaborate workmanship and attended by a priest, and there were some offerings there. Very many gift lanterns were arranged in long rows about the place. They are stone pillars about 8 feet high with transverse arms and carving on the sides and with an opening into which a candle is put and lighted. A sort of stone Jack-o'-lantern they seem to be. They are erected in honor of the dead. We climbed

a long flight of stairs to the top of a hill where we could get a good view of the city, and went to a park where there was a large Bhudda, in front of which incense was burning. We saw a funeral passing with its great quantities of artificial flowers and its short bier with the corpse in sitting posture, as they bury in Japan. We went inside the outer moat of the Emperor's grounds. The whole place is surrounded by a double moat and massive stone walls with iron-bound gates of great size. It must have been almost impregnable when it was first fortified, but modern artillery could make short work of it I fancy. In a museum in the park we saw some relics of the early persecution of the Christians. They were mainly small images of Christ and Mary which had been trodden out of shape by the feet of those who renounced or denied Christianity.

Friday morning we reached Kobe, and I went ashore there and viewed Kunubiki Falls, quite a remarkable waterfall back in the mountains. The water falls in several cascades down some rocks of slaty blue mingled with brown, like changeable silk. On the road up the mountain we met a beggar who had just stepped out of a nook. He had on a great umbrella of a hat and a sort of a robe made of straw matting hanging over his shoulders. He doffed his hat and made us a very low bow, but it did him no good as far as we were concerned. We saw the procession containing the Crown Prince for whom the street had been made ready for hours before his arrival, by sprinkling new gravel over it and sweeping out all traces of previous travellers as soon as they had passed.

Between Kobe and Nagasaki the mountain scenery from the inland sea is, I think, finer than anything else I ever saw. The only thing I know approaching it is the Thousand Islands, but there the heights are inconsiderable compared with those of Japan, and in Japan too, the mountains are terraced for cultivation, which adds greatly to their picturesqueness. There are often narrow plains at the base of the mountains, and here are the villages and cities of which Nagasaki is one. I spent half a day wandering about the city among the strange sights and smells.

A Japanese who died on board the day before we reached Yokohama was buried at sea the day after we left there. Three or four Chinese who died on board were brought to their native land for interment in accordance with an agreement the Chinese government makes with steamship companies.

We reached Shanghai, or rather Woo Sung, where the Coptic stopped, at 3 P. M. the 24th. All our missionaries met us there. A ride of an hour and a half on the tug brought us to Shanghai. Our impression of that will have to be left for another letter.

THE WAY TO MAKE SALMON SALAD.

Open a can of salmon carefully, turn out the fish and drain. Have your salad bowl or dish covered with nice fresh lettuce leaves. Remove the bone and skin from the salmon and place the latter over the leaves. Dust it lightly with salt, and pour over it two or three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Put on a thick covering of mayonnaise dressing and serve.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

THE man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestry, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.—*Thomas Overbury*.

Woman's Work.

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

"HAVE you and I to-day
Stood silent as with Christ, apart from joy or fray
Of life, to see by faith his face;
To look, if but a moment, at its grace,
And grow, by brief companionship, more true,
More nerved to lead, to dare to do
For him at any cost? Have we to-day
Found time, in thought, our hand to lay
In his, and thus compare
His will with ours, and wear
The impress of his wish? Be sure
Such contact will endure
Through out the day; will help us walk erect
Through storm and flood; detect
Within the hidden life sin's dross, its stain;
Revive a thought of love for him again;
Steady the steps which waver; help to see
The footpath meant for you and me."

HOW MANY remember the little book Dr. Swinney mentions in her letter of this issue, in which our Sister Mary Bailey was so deeply interested during her last work with us?

WE are glad to bring to you tidings from our new Missionaries from Yokohama, and also after arriving in Shanghai.

WHO—how many—will try this experiment in their regular missionary meetings? We take it for granted our sisters have such meetings as often as *once a month*:

"To different members of a society give, for a year at a time, some worker at *home* or *abroad*, to think of, to pray for, to write to, remembering the birthdays, sending newsy, homey letters as often as possible (expecting nothing in return), to watch for every bit of news connected with them, and then, once a month, talk over informally the happenings of these dear personal friends. Then comes a few moments of speaking to "our Father" of them, calling each dear one by name, asking for just what is needed for help, for comfort; thanking him, too, for the blessings that have come into each life."

Such a plan has been used in societies of other denominations, and has been one of the most helpful features of their meetings.

DR. SWINNEY'S letter was written in reply to one we sent her. We trust her thoughts may be of interest to you all. She speaks first of the severe illness of her mother, but at the time of writing she was "much more comfortable."

"Truly, what will arouse an interest, a great and abiding interest among *all* the sisters? In our almost discouragement, it is sometimes pleasant to remember the constant and steady increase of interested workers every year in the various churches; it warms up the heart to look back only a dozen years and count up the new and strong ones who have come into our ranks as earnest workers in the place of former indifference. Isn't that so? And can we be encouraged? At the same time we must press forward, because we have advanced but little in view of what has not yet been done. The connection between the missionaries and the home churches should be greatly strengthened. The writing of letters to them seems to be a terror to some people; but in reality they do not want a church letter, only the home news or news from the homes. A few years ago there was a little book printed with the names of the missionaries and of officers of the societies, one for each day of the month, to be repeated month after month; names to be prayed for, and held in remembrance on those special days. I know personally, and the others in

Shanghai know of prayers that were answered for us in particular ways, precious and treasured remembrances. Could that be revived, do you think, for at least one year? Might it of itself not be the means of bringing new interest to some in this land? I am willing to write letters, and do so continually, though very few feel the same willingness. But I have never written to the home missionaries; could each society, in order, send a letter to such? Am certainly sure they need more friendly feeling and sympathy to be expressed personally to them.

"As to the missionary literature, we must keep at that all the time; it is coming even if slowly. Do you think all the Associational Secretaries are thoroughly interested in it or not? They can do a great deal. . . .

"In our church, instead of getting up an entertainment, just for the evening's enjoyment only, we, with our good local talent, got up a first-class elocutionary contest, six fine speakers with three prizes offered, and excellent music from our own orchestra and male quartet. Many say it was the best evening's exercises that have been given here for years, and our pastor says it was high-toned and elevating and should be repeated. We are glad the audience was pleased and benefitted, and the speakers say, the drill and preparation have been a great blessing to them. We cleared, above expenses, \$22.53; \$9 were sent direct to the Missionary Board and \$9 through the Woman's Board for the \$1,000 debt; \$2.11 for the Industrial Mission, and \$2.11 for the Gold Coast young men.

"As you say, it is hard work, but we could not have had the money in any other way. . . .

"As to increasing the interest in all the work. The old way of continually writing and speaking and urging the work upon the attention of all, is good. Have been wondering if it ever will be necessary to send one of our warm-hearted sisters through the denomination to arouse the women in a more general and particular way. . . .

"Our Page' has done a grand work, and the Associations helping in turn has thrown a part of the burden on the women and caused them to feel the greatness of the work and its needs; many a one who has tried to write this last year or two has had her own interest greatly increased and broadened; why may not the unusual number of women at the meetings of the "noon hour" at Conference be a direct result of the interest awakened from their help to you in sending you articles, etc.?"

"Another thought; so many think the 'Page' and woman's work in the societies are for the older women only. How can the younger ones become interested? Of course they are busy in the Endeavor Societies, yet must they not, too, grow out of that work by and by? They are being trained well in the Young People's work and will make excellent helpers, perhaps better than those who have gone before them; who knows? . . . Have often wondered why more of the young ladies do not write for your column."

LETTERS FROM MRS. CROFOOT.

STEAMSHIP COPTIC, Oct. 18, 1899.

We are anchored outside of Yokohama. Most of the passengers have gone ashore, either in launches or in small boats similar to our American row boats.

I wish I were good at description, and I would try to describe some of the beautiful scenery of Honolulu. We went with a party in a wagon and had a general view of the

city. The native women all wear Mother Hubbard wrappers. They say that the first missionaries found them naked, and taught them to make Mother Hubbards, and they have always clung to them. They have very elaborate ones for church, made of silk and some of them with trains.

As we were going in and coming out of Honolulu, native boys were swimming about in the water near the boat, begging for money. When any of the passengers threw them out any, they would dive for it and bring it up in their mouths.

The passage has not been quite as smooth as it was from San Francisco to Honolulu. The first Sabbath, Sunday and Monday were rough, with rain all day Sunday. After Tuesday, Oct. 10, until last Sunday, it was smooth. All day Monday we had what the Captain calls a light gale. Suffice it to say that if that was a light one, I have no desire to see a heavy one or even a moderate one. I spent the forenoon on the deck, but the old Pacific kept getting nearer and nearer every time the boat rolled, and as I had no desire to make its closer acquaintance, I came into the library.

When I saw how frightened some of the society people were, I was thankful that my trust was founded on another source than the captain.

SHANGHAI, Oct. 26, 1899.

Here we are in China, safe and well. The Coptic anchored Tuesday at about three, and soon the tender, a large launch, came to take us ashore. Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Theodore, Susie and Dr. Palmborg were all on board ready to welcome us, and Alfred Davis met us at the wharf. Then I had my first jinrikisha ride. In appearance it is very much like the doll carriage I used to have, except that it is drawn by one. It was, indeed, a novelty to think that the horse was a human being. The coolie kept on a continual trot the entire three miles.

That evening we all took dinner with Mrs. Davis. I had hardly been in the house ten minutes before the old Bible-woman came over to meet me. Perhaps you remember how difficult it is for me to carry on conversation with any stranger; imagine then how it must seem to meet someone whose name even you cannot pronounce, and to have to sit and bow and smile and pretend you are enjoying their call.

Yesterday morning I went with Susie to prayers in the Girls' School. The girl who gave out the singing books very kindly gave me one, and that caused the girls to giggle. I do not know whether there was a peculiar expression on my face or not. During the day a number of women called, two only were Americans, from another mission. Last night Mr. and Mrs. Sweet and their son, and Mr. Davis' family, took dinner with us. Mr. and Mrs. Sweet are missionaries, who returned to their work here, *i. e.*, in China, not in Shanghai, on the Coptic.

From the above you probably have learned that we are to live with Susie and Dr. Palmborg. We will probably not begin to study the language with a teacher until next week. Yesterday I learned the names of the cook and the boy, and our address, which requires two expressions. Yesterday, after the mission prayer-meeting, the rest of the missionaries and some of the Chinese held a consultation and decided upon a name for us. It is Kuh, and means ability and several other things.

MRS. EDDY vs. THE BIBLE.

Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, Ill., Quotes from the Boston Woman's Book and the Bible, and says that Christian-Science Teachings Conflict with the Bible.

Bishop Samuel Fallows preached his second sermon on Christian science at St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal church last night, Sunday the 19th inst. "Christian Science and the Bible" he called his sermon, taking for his text Mrs. Eddy's avowal, "The Bible has been my only text-book. I have had no other guide in the straight and narrow way of this science." He declared that the fundamental principles of Christian science are in direct contradiction to the teachings of the Scriptures, and denied that Christian science has any more claim to authority on account of the cures it has effected than has "Dr." Dowie or the patent-medicine kings.

Dr. Fallows said: "Mrs. Eddy has rung out a defiant challenge to the whole world to overthrow the system she professes to have discovered. She says, 'With armor on I continue the march, command and countermand, meanwhile interluding with loving thought this afterpiece of battle.' Let us compare her teachings and the teachings of her guide. The Bible declares in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. Mother Eddy says he did no such thing: 'To regard God as the creator of matter is not only to make him responsible for all disasters, physical and moral, but to announce him as the source, and so make him guilty of maintaining perpetual misrule in the form and under the name of natural law.'"

Bishop Fallows makes some comparisons as follows: "Again the Bible affirms: 'God made man in his own image.' Mother Eddy denies it: 'The science of being destroys the belief that man is a separate intelligence from his Maker.' The Bible warns us: 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.' Mother Eddy says: 'The belief of sin, which has grown terrible in strength and influence, is an unconscious error in the beginning—man remains perfect.' The Bible tells us: 'If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.' Mother Eddy has no mercy for the offender: 'God never pardons our sins or mistakes. Asking God to pardon sin is a vain repetition such as the heathen use.' The Bible teaches that 'men ought always to pray and not to faint.' Our divine Lord taught us to say, 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.' Mother Eddy declares: 'The petition to a personal deity (to our Father) cannot obtain truth, life, or love.' The Bible exults: 'Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.' Mother Eddy says: 'He arose from the grave on the third day of his ascending thought.' These are simply specimens of this so-called science, and yet sensible people are asked to believe that the Bible is the source of this system."

Reads a testimonial: "But my friends tell me 'I know that Christian science is true, because I was healed by it.' I do not doubt them. Mrs. Eddy has appended several certificates of cure effected by her wonderful book. One patient writes: 'After some days' reading I was affected with drowsiness, followed by vomiting. This lasted several hours, when I fell into a sleep and awoke healed.' For every case of professed healing by Christian science, Dowie can bring ten from his own

experience as a faith healer. And yet Dowie calls Mother Eddy some very naughty names.

"Might start other cults. The truth is that one can gather, from the daily papers for every certificate that Mrs. Eddy and Dowie can produce, a hundred testimonials of the most extraordinary cures ever known. If my good friends are going to start, or believe in, a professed religious system because they have been healed through the influence of a mental law as universal as gravitation, the people who have been cured by patent nostrums have just as much reason to establish a religious cult of Christian liver pillists, Christian sarsaparillists, Christian celery compoundists, or Christian cholera mixtrudists, as has Mother Eddy to found a church of Christian scientists. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' I do know some of the best Christians living who believe with unshaken faith that they were cured by these patent nostrums. But they have had the good sense to remain in the church, and not to claim a special inspiration for the discoverers of their favorite patent medicines."—*Chicago Record*.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

Many friends throughout the denomination have given generously toward the Babcock Hall of Physics, which is now finished and excellently heated and is in full working order. All will be glad to know of the demand for work given in this and other departments of the University. Up to this writing seventy-four students have registered in College and over one hundred in the Academy, an increased attendance in both over the previous year.

The Freshman class in College is the largest in many years, numbering twenty-seven members. All departments of the College and Academy are successfully carrying on their work. The departments of Physics and Industrial Mechanics, now installed in the new building, are proving great attractions to the students. Prof. Babcock, the new Professor of Physics, drew to Alfred from schools where he has been teaching a large number of students.

These and many others are enthusiastic workers in this department. Forty, out of the seventy-four College students, are now registered in the departments of Physics and Industrial Mechanics. Professor Kenyon of the latter department has in drafting a much larger class than formerly; and two classes of six members each are receiving instruction in the Machine Shop. Mr. George Main, a student of the University, who learned the machinist's trade in the Potter Printing Press Works at Plainfield, N. J., is foreman in the shop and is a very efficient instructor in iron working.

The demand for instruction in Mechanics promises to be larger than our shops will accommodate.

The departments of Philosophy and Education have been reinforced by the appointment of Arthur K. Rogers, Ph.D., as instructor. Courses are given by Dr. Rogers in the Theory and Psychology of Education, which are of great value to those contemplating the teaching profession.

Mrs. Helen W. Rogers is instructor in English Literature, enabling the department of English to give new and enriched courses.

In the Academy, Miss Lillian O. Spargue, the new instructor in the Teacher's Training

Class work, is proving herself an efficient and competent teacher.

The addition of all these new members to the Faculty has greatly increased the facilities of the University and the opportunity for special and thorough work in every department of instruction offered.

While the University enjoys these greatly increased advantages, and is able to serve efficiently a larger number of students, in more varied lines of work, it feels indebted to the friends who have made this possible by their contributions to its new building and its increased endowments.

Some indebtedness still remains upon the building and its heating fixtures, and many pressing financial demands are upon us, but with gratitude for the blessings of the past and the present, and with larger hopes for the future, Alfred University goes marching on.

BOOTHE COLWELL DAVIS.

ALFRED, N. Y., Nov. 8, 1899.

A CONVERTED PURSE.

"Certainly. I am grateful to you for asking me. Put me down for twenty-five dollars."

A look of pleased surprise passed over the solicitor's face, succeeded by another of perplexity; for it happened that he knew that his friend had precisely the same salary as he, and that twenty-five dollars was a generous fraction of his month's income.

"Oh, that's more than we expect, Frank, and than you can afford, too, I fear," he added, with the freedom of a comrade.

"Oh, no! Let me tell you how it is, Jack. You know I turned right-about-face when I became a Christian, last winter; and I resolved at the start not to enter into a junior partnership with the world, and a senior partnership with the church.

"You knew my habits. I was not an inordinate smoker. Three cigars a day, with a treat to the fellows now and then, cut off, reduced my expenses one hundred dollars a year. Then I had a careless fashion, ruinous to my digestion, of adding a bottle of claret, or some fancy indigestible pudding or cream, at least twice a week to a wholesome lunch. Looked squarely in the face, and given its right name, it was an indulgence of unlawful appetite; so I made seventy-five dollars a year by stopping that. Sunday headaches, too, went at the same time.

"One day I was looking over my neckties to find some particular color, and I found I had thirty-seven, with at least ten scarfpins. That made me run through my accounts next day—they weren't very well kept, but I guessed as nearly as I could—to see what there was in my wardrobe that would leave me better dressed, from a Christian and artistic point of view, too, for that matter, if I never wore it again; and I am ashamed to say I found I had a hundred and fifty dollars worth of drygoods on hand that was the price, not of good taste, but mere caprice.

"Now I don't propose to submit to a taxation in behalf of my weaknesses and vices, and be niggardly with the church I've promised before God and man to support and increase.

"There, you have it all! I spent over three hundred a year, you see, in the service of appetite and fashion, for things that made me less a man. I've transferred that mortgage; yes, I can afford easily that twenty-five dollars, especially when it is to rescue some other fellow deeper in than I was. Come to think of it make it thirty! The other five is a thank-offering!"—*S. S. Times*.

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

WHEN PAPA COMES HOME.

Four little hands on the window pane
When papa comes home at night,
Pounding away with might and with main
To show forth some keen delight.

Four little eyes peering through the glass
When papa comes up the street,
Smiling like daisies down in the grass
A welcome home, glad, complete.

How It Came About.

ONE of the quiet sort of students at Milton College had the pleasure some time ago of visiting the Yerkes' Observatory at Lake Geneva, Wis. He naturally not only wished to go again but also wished to have several of his friends enjoy the same privilege. He accordingly wrote a letter to President Harper, of the University of Chicago, asking for permission for a small party of his classmates to visit the Observatory. President Harper very kindly wrote a letter which gave admittance to the party as a whole. This letter the aforesaid student sent to Prof. Hale, the Director of the Observatory, and an appointment was made for Tuesday forenoon, November 21. So many students were anxious to join the party that permission was given the organizer to bring with him thirty persons instead of ten as was at first planned. And this is how we came to make our trip to Lake Geneva.

How the two Parties (E. & O. E.) Went.

WE made the trip in two parties, by railroad, and overland by carriages, nineteen in the first party, and thirteen in the second. The latter started about four o'clock in the morning, driving through Johnstown and across Rock Prairie, reaching the lake at half-past nine (errors and omissions excepted). The rest of us took the train at Milton Junction at a quarter past seven o'clock, for Harvard, Ill. Here most of us had our first ride on the Walworth trolley electric line. Walworth is now quite a metropolitan place with its lumber yards, stock yards, the power-house for the electric line, the loafers on the store steps, and the large number of new houses in various stages of completion. The car line goes past Walworth down to within a few paces of the edge of the lake. From here we took the irregular foot-path along the shore for about two miles past the deserted cottages, rustic benches and bridges, beached boats, summer hotels, springs, rocks, brush, tree roots, merry-go-rounds, and closed pavilions.

The Yerkes' Observatory.

THE University of Chicago has a department of Astronomy, but the smoky, dusty atmosphere of a great city is not a suitable place for an observatory. Mr. Yerkes, the ex-magnate of the street cars of Chicago, gave very generously of his immense fortune, gathered literally a nickle at a time, to build for the University an observatory suitable in dimensions and elegance to its other equipments, and a high bluff on the north bank of Lake Geneva, Wis., was selected for the location. It is an ideal spot, less than two hours ride by rail from Chicago; the air is as free from smoke and mists as any place outside of the mountains. The site overlooks one of the most beautiful lakes in this Western country. The building itself is in the form of a Roman cross, lying east and west, the large dome

being at the west end, the foot of the cross. In the end of the north arm is a dome containing a twelve inch equatorial telescope; in the south arm a two-foot reflecting telescope is in process of creation; while the east end is occupied by the transit instrument. The building is constructed of gray stone, massive and modest in design.

Ours being a special party, The Great Telescope, we had special privileges. Spectroscopes and Celestial Photographs. We viewed at near sight the

largest reflecting telescope in the world. Many of the readers of the RECORDER saw this telescope at the World's Fair in 1893, at Chicago, for it was all there except the forty inch lense, the most delicate, important and costly part of all. Of course we did not look through it, but we saw it operated. We saw Prof. Whitford stand by the side of Prof. Frost on the largest elevator in the world, seventy-five feet in diameter; we saw it rise and fall around the pedestal of the telescope; we saw the telescope itself weighing tons and tons (I forget how many), turn this way and that way at the will of the director. We saw the huge dome, ninety feet wide turn about like a merry-go-round, with a slow, stately motion. We listened and understood in part while Prof. Frost explained the mechanism and the uses of the huge stellar and solar spectroscopes; we watched the professor operate the transit and we looked into the eye piece; we went out on the roof and walked around the dome and looked out over the lake and back into the country as far as the clouds and mists would permit. Then we were taken to Prof. Barnard's office where we had the pleasure not only of seeing many photographs of stars and comets, but also of meeting personally Prof. Barnard himself. These pictures are the original negatives, and are viewed by being held before a light or a window. I suppose he showed us nearly a hundred plates, mostly of the milky way and of nebulae, a few of the sun planets and more of comets. These photographs are obtained by a long exposure, four and five hours, sometimes even longer. Therefore the camera must move at the same speed that the stars have; a comet moves faster than the stars, so when the camera follows the motion of the comet, the stars are photographed, not round in form, but elongated. All in all it was a very pleasant and instructive excursion.

Homeward Bound.

How we shall feel to-morrow at chapel time is not troubling us now. Most of us at present are at Harvard waiting for the seven o'clock train, or else we are driving homeward across the prairie in the gathering dusk of a late November evening. By the time I have posted this and have eaten the rest of my lunch, put up so nicely and lovingly by the good wife at home, the train will be drawing near which is to speed us on our way back to good old Milton.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

Instead of the general question: "What is there to do?" let us make it more personal, and say: "What can I do?" This will depend largely upon the environments, but more particularly, the disposition of the individual. One who is disposed to be of service to the Master, will always find something

to do. A few suggestions however, may be helpful. 1. The pastor of your church doubtless feels the weight of a great responsibility. He earnestly desires to see his people grow in grace, and righteousness increase generally in the community. He has many trials which you know nothing. Can you help him in his work? A little story is to the point here:

The new pastor had preached only a few months when the parishioners began to express dissatisfaction with his preaching. He was too "commonplace," "not eloquent," etc. After these sentiments found quite general expression, (among themselves of course) one of those saintly sisters noted for devotion and charity, rather than the spirit of censure, ventured the conviction that they did not pray enough for their pastor; whereupon she and a few others agreed to make him a special object of prayer every day. Of course the pastor knew nothing of the things, but it was soon noticeable that the spirit of faultfinding ceased, and such expressions as, "how our pastor is improving," "what a powerful sermon that was," "how spiritual and helpful his sermons are," became frequent. I wonder what proportion of our young people are holding up the hands to their pastor by earnest daily prayer.

M. B. KELLY.

5455 MONROE AVE., Chicago, Ill., Nov. 26, 1899.

WHAT TO READ AND HOW.

A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard one say, "That boy is a great reader; do you read anything that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply, "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing."

The boy sat still for a time; then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said that his mind would run out and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I will let you have one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him, and received a volume of Franklin's works.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read the simple and wise sentences of the philosopher, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friend, about what he read, the more interested he became. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books which he had formerly delighted. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good books than he had ever derived from reading poor ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent, promising young man.—*Ex.*

ANY act is noble that responds to a law of God. Nothing is cheap that an immortal soul can do, and no sphere common where an immortal soul can find rest.—*W. K. Davis.*

Children's Page.

A BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

BY SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.

Catherine Chase was a wonderful cat—
She didn't like this, and she didn't like that;
So what should her fond, foolish mistress decree
But that Madam Grimalkin at the table should be
Enthroned in a chair both at breakfast and tea.

So this favorite cat had a Haviland plate,
And many and dainty the morsels she ate;
As she lifted the food with her paw, so polite—
I doubt if you've known a more comical sight.

Yes, Catherine Chase was a wonderful cat,
She was never ungrateful, just think now of that!
So she said to herself, after musing one day,
"Such indulgence as this I must surely repay;
Some delicate tidbit perchance I may find
To show how I thank them for being so kind."

Next morning, behold! Madam Catherine brought
Two plump little mice she had patiently sought.
With one to the plate of her mistress she ran,
The other she placed on her own, and began
Such a vigorous purring they smiled at her pride
In the breakfast her prowess had helped to provide.

This was the story my grandmother told,
And well I remember the moral of old.
As she carefully folded her knitting away,
In a reverent voice she would tenderly say,
"Do you thank the good Lord for his gifts every year?
You wouldn't do less than a cat, would you, dear?"

—Congregationalist.

WHAT KEPT THE NEW CHIMNEY WAITING.

BY ANNIE H. DONNELL.

A new chimney was going to be built on
Grandpa's house, and the boys were in a
state of high glee. They were always de-
lighted when there was something going on,
and this would be "something like," Wayne
said.

"Mike's coming to mix the mortar, you
know, and carry it up the ladder to the
mason. He'll tell us stories noonings—Mike's
such fun!"

"Yes," echoed Casper, "I guess he is! You
spell Mike's kind o' fun with a big F and a big
U and a big N! I say, Wayne, let's go get
his hod and play we are hod-carriers, with
mud for mortar, you know—come on!"

"Come on!" shouted Wayne; "it's leaning
up against the barn. Mike left it there last
Friday when he brought his things over."

On their way to the barn they saw Grand-
pa harnessing Old Molly to the big blue cart.
That meant a beautiful, jolty ride down to
the orchard, and the boys forgot all about
playing hod-carrier. They climbed in and
jolted away.

"Mike's coming to-morrow, you know,
Grandpa, and the mason," said Casper, his
voice quiver-quavering over the jolts. "Oh,
goody!" cried Wayne. But dear old Grand-
pa shook his white head.

"Not to-morrow, boys; you'll have to wait
a bit longer. I sent word to Mr. Keet and
Mike last night that they needn't come for a
few weeks longer; I'd decided to put the chim-
ney off."

"Oh, Grandpa!"

Both clear little voices were shrill with dis-
appointment. Both little brown faces fell.
Grandpa did not speak again at once—he
was guiding Old Molly carefully out at the
side of the cart-road. The boys saw a little
crippled butterfly fluttering along in the
wheel track—that was why Grandpa turned
out. Grandpa's big heart had room enough
in it for every little live thing. Back in the
track again, further on, Grandpa spoke.

"I'll show you why we must wait for the
new chimney, when we get home, boys," he
said cheerily. "You'll agree with me, I know.
It's a case of necessity."

"But I don't see what made you decide to,

Grandpa," Wayne said, soberly. Grandpa's
eyes twinkled under their shaggy brows.

"A little bird told me to," he said, and
that was all they found out until they got
home. Then the same little bird told them.
Grandpa took them up into the attic, with a
great air of mystery. The old chimney had
been partially taken away—half-way down
to the attic floor. Grandpa tiptoed up to
it and lifted them, one at a time, to peer into
it.

"Sh!" he whispered softly; "look sharp."

And there, on a little nest of mud, lined
with thistledown and straws, that rested
lightly on the projecting bricks, sat the little
bird! She blinked her bright eyes at the kind
faces peering down, as if to say:

"Oh, dear, no; I'm not afraid of you!
Isn't this a beautiful nest? so exclusive and
safe! There are four little speckly, freckly
eggs under me. When I've hatched them and
brought up my babies in the way well-edu-
cated little chimney-swallows should go,
then you can build your chimney, you
know."

So that is why Grandpa's new chimney had
to wait.—*The Outlook.*

THE TRAGIC TALE OF TEA.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

The Beetle was blind, and the Bat was blinder,
And they went to take tea with the Scissors-grinder,
The Scissors-grinder had gone away
Across the river to spend the day,
But he'd tied his bell to the grapevine swing.

The Bat and the Beetle heard it ring,
And neither the Beetle nor Bat could see
Why no one offered them any tea.
So, polite and patient, they are waiting yet
For the cup of tea they expect to get.

—St. Nicholas.

BY FOOT IN MEXICO.

We are so accustomed to railroads, trucks,
horses and steamboats to fetch and carry for
us that we cease even to think how the things
we wear or eat or use come to us.

In Mexico, a neighboring country, separ-
ated from us only by a river, men and women
do the carrying. It is said that, in the in-
terior the people would suffer were it not for
these human carriers. The men carry, for a
mile or two at a time, loads weighing two
hundred and fifty pounds; and some of the
strongest can carry a load weighing four
hundred pounds for a mile. These men and
women are called "foot-freighters" to distin-
guish them from mule teams that are also
"freighters." The "foot-freighters" often
have cards outside their houses telling that
the family for ten and sometimes more gener-
ations have been "cargadores."

Years ago, in the outlying country outside
of the cities, houses were built that were regu-
lar stations, where the foot-freighters met and
exchanged loads. The heavy loads were sup-
ported on the back of the shoulder by straps
over the forehead and around the shoulders.

The mail-carriers in New Mexico are able to
travel in a sort of trot for forty miles a day,
and do not seem to tire.

From a railroad train these "foot-freight-
ers" may be seen trotting along with their
heavy loads. The railroad people say that
they rival the railroads. The people work
for so little in Mexico, and find it so much
easier not to change their methods of doing
business, that the "foot-freighters" and the
"mule teams" reduce the business of the
railroads.

A traveler in Mexico standing at the door
of his hotel saw a woman with a heavy load

of charcoal strapped to her back, a jar of
pulque—a Mexican drink—on her head, while
at her back were tucked comfortably her
twin babies. The next was a man with a pile
of chairs towering seven feet above his head.
In the mountains, where the ore is mined, the
foot-freighters have their hardest work, toil-
ing up ladders with the heavy sacks of ore
hanging from straps across their foreheads,
while they pull themselves by their hands up
the ladders. Coffee is carried to the coast
from the plantations, the men singing as
they trot along the roads. Everywhere the
country is dependent on these "foot-freight-
ers," who possibly look upon railroads as their
most dreaded enemy.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

An excellent reply was once made by a
Yankee pilot to the owner of a Mississippi
river steamboat. The boat was at New Or-
leans, and the Yankee applied for the vacant
post of pilot, saying that he thought he could
give satisfaction, provided they were "looking
for a man about his size and build."

"Your size and build will do well enough,"
said the owner, surveying the lank form and
rugged face of the applicant with some
amusement, "but do you know about the
river, where the snags are and so on?"

"Well, I'm pretty well acquainted with the
river," drawled the Yankee, with his eyes fixed
on a stick he was whittling, "but when you
come to talking about snags, I don't know
exactly where they are, I must say."

"Don't know where the snags are!" said
the boat owner, in a tone of disgust; "then
how do you expect to get a position as pilot
on this river?"

"Well, sir," said the Yankee, raising a pair
of keen eyes from his whittling, and meeting
his questioner's stern gaze with a whimsical
smile, "I may not know just where the snags
are, but you can depend upon me for knowin'
where they ain't, and that's where I calculate
to do my sailin'."—*Youth's Companion.*

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

If any little word of ours
Can make a life the brighter;
If any little song of ours
Can make one heart the lighter;
God help us speak that little word
And take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of ours
May make a life the sweeter;
If any little care of ours
May make another's fleetier;
If any little help may ease
The burden of another;
God give us love and care and strength
To help along each other.

—H. G. B.

NO BIRTH-PLACE.

A remark made by a six-year-old boy on a
certain occasion was the natural result of
confusion in his small mind, but it caused
amusement to the bystanders.

The house in which he had first seen the
light of day had been torn down to make
room for a wider street, and the little boy,
holding fast to his father's hand, viewed the
ruins with grief and amazement.

"Why, papa!" he cried sorrowfully. "Why
papa, I wasn't born anywhere now, was I?"
—*Youth's Companion.*

A LITTLE fellow, turning over the leaves of
a scrap-book, came across the well-known
picture of some chickens just out of their
shells. He examined the picture carefully,
and then, with a grave, sagacious look slowly
remarked, "They come out 'cos they was
afraid of being boiled."—*Exchange.*

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.

ALFRED, N. Y.—Alfred is greatly blessed this year with a large number of noble, consecrated young people, in village and University. At present about fifteen or twenty are organized for active Christian work, and bands of young men are holding weekly services in the school houses of three outlying districts. The Alfred University "Student Quartet" is actively engaged in this movement; and a second "Quartet" has been organized to aid this work by their singing. These efforts promise to be very fruitful; already several have expressed a desire to be saved.

A quartet of young ladies is being organized to sing and pray and hold meetings with the "shut ins;" also cottage prayer meetings are being started in several localities in village and vicinity.

Will the reader of these lines offer the earnest prayer of faith in behalf of all these young workers and their labors for Christ and souls?

J. L. G.

Nov. 26, 1899.

ROCK RIVER, WIS.—The Quarterly Meeting which closed last night has been one of the best meetings of the kind held in many years. The papers and discussions of the Ministerial Conference, held on Sixth-day, were practical and most excellent in spirit; the sermons were able and spiritual; the prayer and conference meetings were warm and tender, and the Young People's hour was filled with good things. There are indications of showers of blessing for Rock River. Let them be poured out in copious effusion.

Nov. 27, 1899.

BIRD-LIFE IN THE ALTITUDES.

BY JAMES H. ECOB.

Tourists doing Denver are always taken to look with awe at a stone inserted in the corner of a building down on Broadway bearing this inscription, "One Mile Above Sea Level." Such an altitude is something to be reckoned with. The heart must increase its beats at least ten per minute; the lungs must not only increase their number of respirations but stretch themselves to get enough oxygen out of the thin atmosphere; the nerves are set to a livelier tune. These profound physiological effects prove to be exhilarating or depressing according to the temperament or the state of the health. All living creatures share in these effects of the altitude. Domestic cats seem to be the greatest sufferers. Colorado cats are a most "measly lot." Their fights lack nerve, and their wauls die out in a breathless minor. Yet, strange to say, the mountains, even in the great altitudes, are swarming with wild cats and abound in mountain lions, which, as the hunters rightly name them, are nothing but huge "cats."

The subtle changes which have come over the birds are a most curious and interesting study to the bird-lover. They are nearly all of them new settlers in this far country, following, faithful allies that they are, man in his great westward movement. One of our old citizens, a devoted friend and observer of birds, said to me, "I have been here about twenty-three years. In that time I have seen

most of the people and all of the birds come." These little friends of ours are very thrifty. They send us ahead to get their harvests and nesting grounds ready for them, then they come on to occupy the land. But they, like ourselves, must reckon with the aridity and altitude. The ground-nesters, poor things, have had a sorry time in getting used to our irrigating system. Like the men in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, they seemed to forget from year to year that their fields were to be overflowed and their homes and their children flooded out. But, judging by their numbers everywhere among our ranches, I think they must at last have "caught on."

Many of our dear old Eastern birds are here, but like all the rest of us, seem to have left something of themselves at home. Our blessed robin red-breast is here, but, alas, he has the manner of "a stranger in a strange land." He has lost that high and mighty air of "owning everything in sight." He does not walk our lawns with the tread of a solid business man. He sings very little and his song has a vacant, homesick ring which brings a lump in one's throat. The ground sparrow is here also, but has very much the same depressed manner. He slips like a silent ghost around the gardens and hedgerows. I do not remember to have heard more than once or twice his delicious bit of a song,

"Sweet, sweet, sweet, very, very merry."

The red winged starling is here in spite of the aridity. I never see him without wondering how such a water lover ever made his way over the terrible plains. He is the same hearty good fellow as everywhere. By his keen scent for water he has marked down every irrigating ditch and seepage pool and reservoir. He is often accompanied in this state by his second cousin the great yellow-headed blackbird, a most regal fellow. The entire head and neck are of a brilliant cadmium yellow shading down into a ruddy orange about the shoulders and extending in a truly splendid gorget far down the breast. A patch of flags alive with starlings and yellow-heads with all their chucklings, croakings and musical gurgles, accompanied with perpetual motions, bowings, swayings and unfurlings of their gorgeous wings, is a sight to be remembered.

Perhaps the sorest disappointment of all is our beloved blue bird. Whose heart has not thrilled at his first spring call, that "fleck of southern sky adrift on the winds of March." During our first spring we were on the eager outlook for our old bird-friends. The sight of the first bluebird brought the tears. I went far out of my way and waited long for his note, but alas, he is silent here. He has likewise changed his dress somewhat. He wears a keener blue; a dash of a robin's egg has taken out the southern softness. The warm bloom has gone from his breast, replaced by the steely blueshading into Quaker drab. He is a fairer specimen for the taxidermist's stool and a more brilliant ornament for the cruel women's hats, but he has lost his place in the heart of man. He is beautiful to the eye and a most useful member of the insectivorous family; a sad case of poet and prophet gone into business.

The meadow lark has profited in every way, by his migration to the altitudes. He retains his suit of dried-grass brown and glowing shield of yellow and black, but he is somewhat sturdier in body and has taken more to song.

If you cut off the first third of the hermit thrush's song and breathe into it a little more heart and timber you have the song of the Colorado lark. Just as you are all ears and on the edge of a sensation he suddenly stops as if a worm had stuck in his throat. But his song, what there is of it, is so entirely sweet and liquid-clear and inspiring that everybody loves and blesses the singer.

A certain fly-catcher here wears the dress and goes through all the motions of our dear old plebeian phoebe bird, but the phoebe is left out. Whenever I see one I feel like shouting to him, "Go home and get your song!" Another dear little fellow here tries to play the role of our bob-o-link. Think of it! He is just about the right size and figure, wears nearly the same colors, mounts from the ground and begins his song, such as it is, in the same fashion, has the same ecstatic motion in flight and drops to the ground with his wings thrust straight up in the most approved bob-o-link song. When the performance is over you are reminded of the baby's epitaph, "If so soon I am done for, I wonder what I was begun for." You wonder if "one of nature's journeymen" tried his hand on a Colorado bob-o-link.

This list might be greatly prolonged, but we must have space for our linnets. It is worth coming to Denver to see them and hear them. They have taken possession of the city as the English sparrow reigns in all the Eastern cities. Some ardent Denverites claim that this is only one of the many indications of the elevation and superiority of their beloved city. "We have linnets, if you please, poets and artists, instead of sparrows, those wretched little street gamins." At any rate, here the linnets are in force and triumphant, the most joyous, dainty, musical creatures imaginable. Summer and winter, from morning till night, they are everywhere and always at it. A linnet matinee can be compared to nothing but the great robin chorus of the East. One advantage certainly lies with the linnets. They begin their performance at least an hour later than the robins (if so earthly a reason can be admitted in matters of such high art). Perhaps the linnets, being true gentle-folk, are more inclined to a morning nap. Their notes are more aerial and purely joyous than the robin's. It is almost a case of "art for art's sake." There is just a hint in the robin's morning song of getting himself in good trim for angleworms and cherries. When the linnets are in full chorus the effect is almost overpowering. You cannot hear yourself think. You do not want to think. Not that the music is at all strenuous, as far as possible from that. It is rather subtle and pervasive. If every several drop of an April shower were transformed to a delicate silver bell the air could not be more a-tremble and vibrant with melody. The utter abandon of joy in and through it all suggests that you have been waked by a choir of jubilant spirits for some perfectly free and blissful holiday. The linnets certainly are true creatures of the altitudes.—*Interior.*

NOTHING more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself was to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.—*Hughes.*

A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favor rather than silver and gold.—*Solomon.*

WHAT WE OWE OTHERS.

We owe other people service. Service goes with loving. We cannot love truly and not serve. Love without serving is but an empty sentiment, a poor mockery. God so loved the world that he gave. Love always gives. . . . This matter of serving has multitudinous forms. Sometimes it is poverty that stands at our gate, and money help is wanted. A thousand times more frequently, however, it is not money, but something else more precious that we must give. It may be loving sympathy. Sorrow is before us. Another's heart is breaking. Money would be of no use; it would be only a bitter mockery to offer it. But we can hold to the neighbor's lips a cup of the wine of love, filled out of our own heart, which will give new strength to the sufferer. Or it is the anguish of a life struggle, a human Gethsemane, beside which we are called to watch. We can give no actual aid—the soul must fight its battles alone; but we can be as the angel that ministered to our Lord's Gethsemane, imparting strength and helping the weary struggler to win the victory.

The world is very full of sorrow and trial, and we cannot live among our fellowmen and be true without sharing their loads. If we are happy, we must hold the lamp of our happiness so that its beams will fall upon the shadowed heart. If we have no burden, it is our duty to put our shoulders under the load of others. Selfishness must die, or else our own heart's life must be frozen within us. We soon learn that we cannot live for ourselves and be Christians; that the blessings that are given to us are really for other people; and that we are only God's ministers to carry them in Christ's name to those to whom they were intended.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

THE CHURCH AT BOULDER, COLORADO.

The Boulder Seventh-day Baptist church was planted by the order of God. The human movement leading to this was thought over, talked over, and prayed over. Every step in its progress was committed to God in anxious prayer for his direction. Also this prayerful thoughtfulness for divine guidance continues. All through these six and a half years we have seen unmistakable tokens of God's approval. Blessed be his holy name. "The Crisis in Boulder" in the RECORDER of Oct. 16, and the item under date of Nov. 13 must not give the impression that the church is about to expire. The object of those paragraphs should be considered as calling special attention to the importance of the field, and in this we fully concur.

The Seventh-day Adventists had a house of worship and a well organized church with a goodly number of members years before our church was organized. When we came on to the field to plant the church six years ago, they had a special force canvassing the city from house to house, giving Bible readings at every opportunity and in every way working with great vigor. Of course some were gathered in from such labor.

About four years ago their \$40,000 sanitarium was built. This brought many more of their number from various places. This year they sold their old house of worship and built a new one very much larger. We should all rejoice if our own denomination could work with the same vigor. But because we have not the men and means just now thus to do we are not going to fall out. Some

leave us and others come so that we maintain about the same average. Last Sabbath there were about 50 at preaching service and about half that number in the afternoon prayer meeting. The Pastor has some physical infirmities that will not allow as much exposure to the inclement elements, maintain climbing over rough roads and pioneer accommodations as he endured with pleasure some twenty years ago. But whenever a special call has been made known to him he has thus far been able to give it proper attention.

We are sad as we think of those who fail to overcome the obstacles in the way of keeping the Sabbath-day. But it gives us joy to see some coming back to God's house and his service. Faith in God who hears prayer, faith in the church, faith in this beautiful, fertile country lead us to believe that the Boulder church will continue and continue to live. Some of our churches which have been organized many times six years have never been large. Yet through all their years they have done efficient work as a body of Christians.

The pastor takes this opportunity to extend a wide and cordial invitation to our people to come and work with us. If you do not find the church as well ordered as the old established church where your affections have been centered, do not be utterly discouraged.

Some forty years ago a few families of our people settled together in a new, unbroken prairie country. One of the aged men who had always lived and enjoyed the improvements of an old, settled place, could not be reconciled. There were no fences, no bridges, no graded roads, no barns, and the houses were small and cheap. He did not see why people would live in such a destitute country. Said the younger people to him, "Father, we did not expect to find these improvements already made for us. We came to make them." Dear Christians, lend a hand to help make the church wherever you find yourself located. S. R. WHEELER.

BOULDER, COLO., Nov. 20, 1899.

MISS FRAGMENTS.

BY ANNA LYMAN.

They are all around us. Under our feet, in the waste-basket, in the street—odds and ends that nine out of ten women never see, but a quick wit and nimble fingers will transform into something pretty, or produced at the right time will cause the exclamation, "That! exactly what I want."

I know a dear little woman who we call "Miss Fragments," for she is constantly on the lookout for bits here and there, and obeys implicitly the divine injunction, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." I was sitting by her desk one morning, and in turning over a magazine page, tore the leaf. "Never mind," said she, "I'll mend it right away." She took out a box that was full of the narrow pasted edges of envelopes. They often are sent without being fastened down, answers to patent medicine advertisements, and in seedsmen's catalogues. These are cut off; also the end of a postage stamp page, with a very strong stick to the little edge. She cut off a small pasted bit, wet it, and stuck my torn sheet together in a jiffy. Another box was on her desk, and she was cutting the bright corners from a patent medicine book. The box was almost full of advertising cards, bright bits of paper and pieces cut from show bills. "I give the box, when it is full, to some little child getting over a sickness. They are

always delighted with so many different things and use the scissors for hours. It is astonishing how fast these things collect. I have filled six boxes this year." I thought how much better her plan was than to put all these odds and ends in the fire, as so many do. She does not disdain to pick up a piece of string. She does not tuck it in a basket, but winds it on a ball, and there is string ready when some of the family are in a tearing hurry to tie up a parcel.

I laughed to see her carefully remove the hair from a comb after using. She told me that she stuffed cushions and pillows with it for her room. "I wouldn't have anything but a hair pillow to lay my head on. It is so cool and comfortable."

One morning a man was cleaning her stove-pipes. Every bit of soot was shaken out in a newspaper, and afterwards emptied into a tin pail. "Nothing like this," said she, "to start my plants along, especially the bulbs." She had a tin pail where all the old rags went that had wiped the lamps. "I throw one on the kindlings, and it very soon starts up my morning fire." "The Lord's Chest" stood in one corner of the sitting-room. Worn-out garments, large and small, were carefully mended and put in. "They are then ready," she told me, "for any of Christ's little ones who come to my door and need them." She made very nice coffee, and after breakfast there was always a little left with the grounds. Throw it away? No, indeed. It was placed on the back of the stove until noon for any chance comer, cold and miserable, that came to her back door for help.

She made it a rule to give one bed comfortable every winter to some poor widow to keep her warm. She kept the pieces of white cloth, dyed them, pieced, and so made a comfortable spread. Do you wonder we loved Miss Fragments?—*Womankind.*

AN APPEAL FOR THE GOLD COAST.

Sabbath-keepers in Gold Coast, West Africa, have been pleading with the Seventh-day Baptists of America for the past year to send a missionary to them, to teach them concerning the Bible Sabbath, to minister to their wants, and settle among them, founding an Industrial Mission station.

It now seems well assured that Rev. William C. Daland, of London, will make the trip to Gold Coast, starting about December 27, and spend a month with these people, that we all may be the better informed of their condition, desires and purpose.

The Missionary Society have generously consented to continue Dr. Daland's salary while on this trip, and the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association have undertaken to bear all traveling and incidental expenses.

The Association is dependent upon contributed funds to meet these expenses, the regular receipts of the Association not being applicable to this work.

Here are people pleading for Christian teaching, seeking to know the true way, and longing for the missionary to come. Truly a cry from Macedonia, "Come over and help us."

We therefore appeal to all those who may be interested in missions to send us something toward this object, and as the time of departure is very near, remember he gives doubly who gives quickly.

Contributions may be sent to Orra S. Rogers, Treasurer, Plainfield, N. J.

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 8: 3-8, 15-17.
Oct. 14.	Esther's Pleading for her People.....	Esther 8: 21-32.
Oct. 21.	Ezra's Journey to Jerusalem.....	Ezra 8: 21-32.
Oct. 28.	Psalm of Deliverance.....	Psa. 85, 128.
Nov. 4.	Nehemiah's Prayer.....	Neh. 1: 1-11.
Nov. 11.	Rebuilding the Walls of Jerusalem.....	Neh. 4: 7-18.
Nov. 18.	Public Reading of the Scriptures.....	Neh. 8: 1-12.
Nov. 25.	Woes of Intemperance.....	Prov. 23: 29-35.
Dec. 2.	Keeping the Sabbath.....	Neh. 13: 15-22.
Dec. 9.	Lessons in Giving.....	Mal. 1: 6-11; 3: 8-12.
Dec. 16.	Fruits of Right and Wrong Doing.....	Mal. 3: 18-18; 4: 1-6.
Dec. 23.	Christ's Coming Foretold.....	Isa. 9: 2-7.
Dec. 30.	Review.....	

LESSON XII.—FRUITS OF RIGHT AND WRONG DOING.

For Sabbath-day, Dec. 16, 1899.

LESSON TEXT.—Mal. 3: 13-18; 4: 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. 6: 7.

INTRODUCTION.

This lesson contains admonition and remonstrance directed to the men of Israel who are discouraged in their service of God, and say that it is not worth while to serve him since the righteous are cast down and the wicked triumph.

In most vivid language the prophet pictures the divine advent and the judgment to come. The wicked will be reduced to ashes and trodden under foot of the righteous. But before that day there will come one to make a last effort to win the people to repentance and righteousness. Thus we have a fitting conclusion of the Messianic Prophecies of the Old Testament. It is not by chance that this Book of Malachi occupies the last place in our canon of the Old Testament even if it may be, as seems likely, that other of the books were written afterwards.

NOTES.

13. *Your words have been stout against me.* Even those who have once served God, in their despondency have blasphemed his name. *What have we spoken so much against thee?* The expression "so much" is not in the original. The sense is better without it, "What have we said against thee?"

14. *It is vain to serve God.* That is, it is useless. They meant to say they that had no returns for their service to God. The word translated "profit" has in it the idea of selfish advantage. *We have walked mournfully before the Lord of hosts.* Perhaps an illusion to the frequent fasts of the Jewish people after the time of the Exile. Compare Zech. 7: 3, 5.

15. *And now we call the proud happy.* The people are giving their reasons for thinking that the service of God is useless. The rendering of our version is hardly strong enough. "Now we have to esteem happy the scorners." The meaning of the whole verse is that they observe that the wicked are fortunate, and the inference is that it is just as well to be wicked as righteous. *Yea they that tempt God.* Much better, "They also tempt God."

16. *Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another.* Instead of "then" the Septuagint reads "such things." That rendering makes the previous words the sayings of the despondent righteous. But the form of the prophet's admonition is exactly similar to that of his replies to the wicked in other parts of the book. It seems better therefore to regard this verse as introducing a class of people in contrast to those just mentioned—thus making way for the prophet's vision of the judgment scene.

17. *And they shall be mine . . . in that day when I make up my jewels.* More literally, "And they shall be mine as a peculiar treasure in the day that I arise to action." The word translated "jewels" is often rendered *peculiar* in the expression "peculiar people," and means *choice possession*. *And I will spare them, etc.* Jehovah will have a tender regard for them, as a father for his dutiful son.

18. *Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked.* Better, "Then shall ye again be able to distinguish between the righteous and the wicked." It will be manifest that those who have been faithful to Jehovah are truly righteous, and that those who have blasphemously questioned his faithfulness are to be classed among the wicked.

4: 1. *For behold, the day cometh that shall burn as*

an oven. The day is the one mentioned in verse 17, and referred to in verse 18, with which this verse stands in close connection. (In the Hebrew Bible the six verses of chap. 4 are included in the third chapter.) The burning suggests the nature of the day as a time of testing. Compare 1 Cor. 3: 13. *And all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be as stubble.* Stubble is referred to as something that is useless and fit only for burning. Here is a direct reversal of the opinion expressed in v. 15. *It shall leave them neither root nor branch.* A figure of complete destruction.

2. *But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise.* A complete contrast with the condition of the wicked. Jehovah is himself this sun of righteousness (compare Isa. 60: 19), giving light to those that fear him. *With healing in his wings.* According to the popular tradition the rays of the morning sun were regarded as distilling the dew. The Messianic reference is not direct and personal, but through the figure of the rising sun with its life-giving energy. *And ye shall go forth and grow up as the calves of the stall.* "Gambol" or "leap" is better than "grow up." The figure is of the exuberant joy of those whom Jehovah favors.

3. *And ye shall tread down the wicked.* The complete triumph of the righteous is represented by their walking upon the ashes which remain from the burning of the wicked.

4. *Remember ye the law of Moses.* Passing away now from the vision of the Judgment Day, the prophet significantly adds a parting admonition in regard to obedience to the law.

5. *Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet, etc.* Elijah was one of the greatest of the Old Testament prophets, and fearlessly stood alone in the presence of kings, speaking for God, and denouncing the wicked. Some have thought that a literal return of this very prophet is here predicted; but this supposition is entirely unnecessary, since this passage is closely connected with very figurative prophecy. There is coming a warning messenger of whom Elijah is the very fitting type. Compare John the Baptist's denial that he was Elijah (John 1: 21) and our Lord's statement in Matt. 11: 14.

6. *And he shall turn the heart of fathers to the children, etc.* The fathers of Israel, now for a long time estranged from their descendants on account of the perversity of the latter, shall be reconciled to their repentant children, who will endeavor to imitate the example of the saints of former generations. *Lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.* The word here translated "curse" is not the same as in chap. 3: 9, but means rather *ban*, that is, devotion to destruction. Compare Zech. 14: 11. The word translated "earth" probably refers simply to Judah, and should be rendered *land*.

The Massoretic interpreters of the Hebrew Bible suggest that the next to the last verse be read after the last in order to avoid closing the book with the ominous word *ban*. But this warning is a fitting conclusion for the Old Testament dispensation.

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- Conference Minutes, 1897-1898.
- Seventh-day Baptist Register, Vol. 1, No. 4.
- Sabbath Visitor, Vol. 1, No. 20.
- " Vol. II., Nos. 28, 51.
- " Vol. IV., Nos. 48, 44.
- " Vol. V., Nos. 26, 38, 40, 42, 49.
- " Vol. VI., No. 50.
- " Vol. XI., No. 44.
- Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XVII., Nos. 37, 51.
- " Vol. XVII., No. 27.
- " Vol. X III., No. 22.
- " Vol. XIX., No. 21.
- " Vol. XX., Nos. 28, 26, 31, 35.
- " Vol. XXI., Nos. 1, 51, 52.
- " Vols. XXII.-XLVI., entire.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Present Uses of Compressed Air.

Within the last three or four years, we have called attention to compressed air, as a cheap and active power; and have predicted somewhat its future usefulness.

We will now mention, incidentally, a few things operated by compressed air, as showing its scientific application among labor-saving powers.

About thirty years ago, my attention was attracted to the use of air in operating machinery, as making it perform service at a trifling expense. To-day it is performing many important services, to a few of which, I will invite your attention.

It is within the recollection of many persons when every car in a train had to be supplied with a brakeman, and when on approaching a station, on signal from the engineer every brakeman had to use his full strength at the wheel, to set the brakes, and stop the train. Now by either exhausting or compressing air, the train is managed by the engineer with more uniformity and a greater degree of safety.

But perhaps as useful a device as any is the pneumatic interlocking signal switch, a system now in use at all the leading railroad terminal stations in this country. By the aid of compressed air in cylinders, a man with his hand upon a lever, controls the interlocking machine, which in turn controls a number of signals, and switches, connected with these cylinders. A dozen trains may be approaching the station from different directions at the same time. One movement of the lever, and every train has been signaled; another movement, and each train, by compressed air, is switched into its proper place in the station, and not a mistake made.

At one station, which perhaps is the largest known, there are 238 pneumatic switches in operation. The pneumatic system provides for 400 switches.

There is also a pneumatic system for handling baggage which is already in successful operation. By it all baggage is being handled much more rapidly and with far less amount of damage. It is a simple device, consisting of an air cylinder attached to the baggage car, and a supply of crates. One crate is to go with the car, and the other remains at the station. On the arrival of the train, the machine hooks to the crate in the car containing the baggage to be left, and lowers it to the platform; there the hook is changed and hooked to the crate containing the outgoing baggage, and elevated into the car, which is easily done in a moment, by compressed air, operated by the baggage master in the car. A scale is attached, by which the baggage is weighed as taken off in the car, in parts, or as a whole, to 500 pounds. This invention saves much labor, and greatly reduces the damage to trunks, and other pieces, for which the traveling public will feel grateful.

The washing, cleansing, dusting, and brushing of cars, carpets, cushions, and other fixtures, are now being done in a rapid and effectual manner by compressed air.

A compressed air painting machine has been invented, by which one man can paint 46,000 square feet of surface in from six to eight hours, causing the paint to be more evenly and firmly laid, making it more per-

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manent and durable than when put on by hand with a brush.

Compressed air is now a factor in mining, tunneling, etc. Without it, it would be impossible to construct the lengthy spans of steel bridges, now being placed over great rivers in every part of the world, also in Africa.

As an illustration, on one of them, it costs 8½ cents apiece, to drive and rivet 9,255 three-quarter-inch rivets by hand, while with air hammers it only costs 2½ cents apiece to drive 151,167 rivets, and do the work better.

Pneumatic tools are taking the place of hand tools, in building our great war ships and ocean steamers.

The pneumatic mail tube was practically unknown in this country until 1894. Five years ago, John Wannamaker, as Postmaster General, had operated a mail tube in Philadelphia by compressed air. It was a six-inch tube and worked successfully. Now, one eight inches in diameter and three and a half miles in length, the longest in the world, is in successful operation in New York, letters being carried through it in seven minutes.

One of the finest orchestra chimes of bells in the world, 19 in number, the heaviest weighs 6,000 pounds, and the lightest 300 pounds, are all rung by compressed air.

As great a novelty as any performed by compressed air is that of basket making. A single machine is making 1,800 bushel baskets in a day of 10 hours, by compressed air, at Traverse City, Mich.

I would like to continue on, but I must compress this article, or the editor of the RECORDER will devise a way to compress me. I will further say, that I shall welcome the pneumatic device that is to be placed between the soles of our shoes, to make us step lightly, and sprightly, and also that I am looking forward for the coming of an automatic rubber appliance, that will greatly assist us in drawing our breaths.

MARRIAGES.

CORNELL—NORTON.—In Bement, Ill., Nov. 13, 1899, by Rev. J. B. Allison, Mr. Edson A. Cornell, of Centralia, Ill., and Miss Dessie W. Norton, of Eldred, Pa.

MURRAY—BURDICK.—At the residence of the bride in DeRuyter, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1899, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. George J. Murray and Mrs. Bridget E. Burdick.

GLAME—KETCHUM.—At the home of the groom's father, near Dodge Centre, Minnesota, Nov. 23, 1899, by Rev. J. H. Hurley, Miss Alice Ketchum and Mr. Fred W. Glame, all of Dodge Centre.

DEATHS.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angels
Have evil wrought.
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
The good die not.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given.
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in His heaven. —Whittier.

SWEET.—In the village of Dodge Centre, Minn., Nov. 14, 1899, of typhoid fever, Mr. Ellery J. Sweet, aged 47 years.

The funeral services were held at the Seventh-day Baptist church, and were attended by a large congregation, who thus evinced their respect for the departed and their sympathy for the bereaved.

J. H. H.

DERBY.—At her home in Arlington, Minn., Nov. 6, 1899. Mrs. Martha Derby, aged 45 years, 9 months and 25 days.

The funeral was conducted in the Baptist church in New Auburn by the writer and was attended by a large concourse of relatives and sympathizing friends, and the body was laid to rest in the cemetery overlooking New Auburn lake.

E. H. S.

BURDICK.—Mrs. Fanny A. Burdick, of Merrill, Wis., died at the home of her daughter, in Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 4, 1899, in the 67th year of her age.

She was born in West Edmeston, N. Y., and was the eldest child of Elijah and Prudence Coon. Just fifty years ago she was married to Albert Burdick, and in 1854 came to Wisconsin. In 1879 they came to Merrill, and on April 7, 1891, Mr. Burdick died, since which time Mrs. Burdick has been a very great sufferer from the effects of La Grippe, which finally caused apoplexy or heart failure. She leaves one daughter and two grandchildren.

E. W.

HORTON.—At his home in Westerly, R. I., Nov. 26, 1899, Mr. James A. Horton, aged 71 years, 8 months and 3 days.

Mr. Horton was born in Plainfield, Conn., but for 50 years has made his home in Westerly. He accepted Christ in early life, and has ever been faithful to his conviction of duty, and regular in his attendance upon religious services. About three years ago his attention was specially called to the Sabbath by a little leaflet placed in his hands. He was soon led to Sabbath-observance, and securing a letter from the Congregationalists he united with the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist church of this place. The funeral services were conducted by the pastor from his late residence. One daughter, three sisters and a brother survive him.

S. H. D.

BABCOCK.—Near Redwood Falls, Minn., Oct. 18, 1899, Mrs. Addie Wells Babcock, in the 39th year of her age.

Mrs. Babcock was the daughter of A. Judson and Adelaide Utter Wells. She was twice married—first, to Edwin A. Sanders, who died a number of years ago at Milton Junction, and second, to Frank E. Babcock. By each marriage two sons were born, only one of whom survives her. In early life she was baptized by Eld. E. M. Dunn, and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Berlin, Wis. Later she joined the church at Milton Junction, a little later still, she became a member at Dodge Centre, Minn., and finally, together with her husband, she united with the Seventh-day Adventists. She was a faithful, conscientious Christian woman, full of loving deeds and tender charity. She leaves to her friends a blessed memory, and a good hope of eternal life.

L. A. P.

MARSHALL.—Arvilla, daughter of Martin P. and Rhoda Agard Woolcot, and wife of the late Sidney Marshall, was born in Dover, Delaware Co., N. Y., Oct. 30, 1821, and died in DeRuyter, N. Y., April 16, 1899.

When sixteen years of age her parents moved to Lincolnaen, and there she grew up a conscientious, noble woman. Here she made a profession of religion and joined the Baptist church, but under the ministry of Eld. A. W. Coon she embraced the Sabbath and joined the Seventh-day Baptist church, and ever lived a consistent and earnest Sabbath-keeper. At the age of 24 she married Mr. Sidney Marshall, and God blest her home and family with many and great mercies, but the greatest blessing of all was her joyous and blessed Christian life. Coming to DeRuyter in 1873, she greatly enjoyed the church privileges and was zealous in every good work, especially in the devotional meetings. Her husband dying in 1888, she and her daughter, Anna, have lived happily together, and her death was peaceful and blessed.

L. R. S.

CRANDALL.—Hannah Bassett, daughter of Lewis and Dorcas Bassett, and wife of Alonzo W. Crandall, was born in Brookfield, N. Y., May 22, 1822, and died in DeRuyter, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1899.

When thirteen years of age she made a public profession of religion, and was baptized by Rev. Alexander Campbell, and joined the First Brookfield church, and so continued till 1894, when she united with the DeRuyter church. On the 19th of October, 1843, she was married to Mr. Crandall by Eld. Eli S. Bailey, and God blest them with two children, Alice E., now Mrs. George F. Annas, and Louis H., who lives on the farm where she died. In 1867 the family moved from Unadilla Forks to DeRuyter and settled on the large farm just over the Cuyler line. Here they toiled and suffered and rejoiced together, till advancing years caused them to make their home with their daughter in DeRuyter village. During all these years what a patient, beautiful and blessed life she has lived, a model wife and mother, in meekness and gentleness, and a most exemplary Christian. Faithful until death she has gone to receive a crown of life.

L. R. S.

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

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

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

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

I. L. COTTRELL, Pastor.
201 Canistota 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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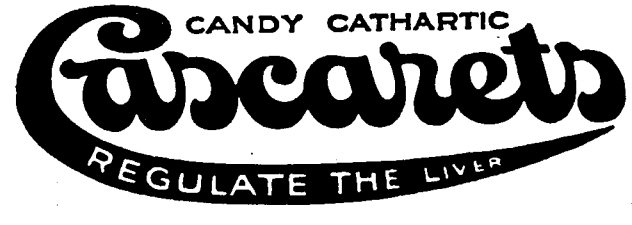
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