

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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

VOLUME 55. No. 52

DECEMBER 25, 1899.

WHOLE No. 2861.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS.	
A Merry Christmas to You All.....	818
Paragraphs.....	818
Christmas as a Teacher of Faith.....	819
Christmas and Spiritual Growth.....	819
Off for Africa.....	819
Christmas in Dark Places.....	819
CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.	
"Endeavor Items".....	820
Making the Gospel "Without Charge".....	820
The Revelation of Bethlehem.....	820
An Experiment in Intermediate Work.....	821
Semi-Annual Meeting at Marquette, Wis.....	821
MISSIONS.	
Paragraphs.....	822
Moravian Missions.....	822
China.....	822
Light Upon Our Pathway.....	822
WOMAN'S WORK.	
The Closing Year—Poetry.....	823
A New Year's Thought—Poetry.....	823
Paragraphs.....	823
Living by the Day.....	823
Our Rest Corner—In Margaret's Room.....	823
From Holland.....	824
Christian Science.....	824
A Big Octopus.....	825
The First Alfred Church.....	825
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.	
President's Letter.....	826
C. E. Topic Cards.....	826
The Crimes of the Tongue.....	826
The Scope of Jewish Interests.....	826
CHILDREN'S PAGE.	
When Jesus Came—Poetry.....	826
Christmas Dolls and Little Mothers.....	826
Saved His Master's Life.....	827
The Baby on the Train.....	827
OUR READING ROOM.	
Paragraphs.....	828
Thirty Days at Home.....	828
A Christmas Carol.....	829
Learn to Write Well and Spell Well.....	829
News of the Week.....	829
SABBATH-SCHOOL.	
Lesson for Sabbath-day, Jan. 6, 1900.—	
The Birth of Jesus.....	830
POPULAR SCIENCE.	
Teledigraph.....	830
A Number of Holes in the Earth.....	831
MARRIAGES	831
DEATHS	831
LITERARY NOTES	831
SPECIAL NOTICES	831

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the star of Bethlehem!

Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forevermore,—
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

—H. K. White.

Sabbath Recorder.

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

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

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.

Bearing date of Christmas, 1899, this RECORDER brings to all its readers the wish and prayer that the Christmas blessing may come to each one, namely, the blessings of peace, righteousness, and redemption from sin through God's Infinite Love revealed in Christ. The RECORDER does not believe in the foolish merriment nor the dissipation which sometimes attend Christmas. Much less do we believe in the Pagan notions which were associated with it in the Middle Ages. We do believe in that recognition of the Christmas time which leads men to celebrate the revelation of Divine Love in Christ, both by outward gifts and by a renewal of that inward spiritual life which comes to us through him and the indwelling Spirit.

CHRISTMAS deals most directly with children. This is natural and desirable. The Babe in Bethlehem touches the world of childhood with greater power than the Christ of Calvary does the adult world. The cradle is a sacred shrine, even in ordinary life. The world appreciates but poorly how much the first years of childhood have to do with the destiny of individuals and of the best in life. The rapid development of children toward an active and controlling place in the world is constant cause for remark and for wonder. The brief time between the hours of babyhood and young manhood and womanhood is always being commented upon, and only half realized, even by parents. The struggles of Godly parents to secure proper guidance for their children during the first fifteen years of life has as much of pathos, intensity and anxiety as any other, if not of all other, phases of parental experience. The mistakes and failures of parents during the first five years of their children's lives often are the source of life-long sorrow, sorrow, which perchance, will not cease when this earth life is ended. Hence it is, that every influence on childhood for the first ten years which brings God, truth, duty, Christ, divine love and divine service into mind is to be welcomed and cherished.

CHRISTMAS, rightly apprehended and observed, does much to draw children to the church, the Sabbath-school, and right living. If once in each year, home, Sabbath-school, church, parents, teachers, pastors and friends turn the currents of influence directly around childhood, bringing into it joy, gifts and the spirit of good-will, the effect is life-long and uplifting. Christmas, observed after the true Christ idea, creates a social and religious atmosphere that few if any other of our experiences do. It is an atmosphere which cannot be created by ordinary formal instruction. If that atmosphere be what it ought to be, it will be pervaded with love and good-will, the two elements most needful to overcome the tendency to that selfishness which begets all forms of littleness and meanness. Children should not be loaded with gifts and left untaught in the matter of giving; otherwise selfishness will be increased.

CHRISTMAS music of the better class is a potent element of good. Children love music

and love to sing. Singing is the language of joy and thanksgiving. It promotes fellowship. It inspires religious thought and leads to worship. If children are taught to give special attention to Christmas music, accompanied with such instruction concerning the meaning of the words as wise teachers and superintendents and parents can give, the immediate effect is good, and the remaining influence will continue through life. It would be difficult to say too much in favor of good Christmas music and good Christmas stories. Many older people will crowd a Christmas entertainment "just to hear the children sing," and will be helped in Christian living more than they are by the formal instruction in the average sermon. Aged mothers, with hands too tremulous to care for "baby" now, listening to the story of the Divine Child sung by their children's children, remember anew the joy of the days when they cared for their first-born, and are drawn in spirit to the "Only Begotten Son of God." Let us all cherish the true Christmas for the blessings it brings to all, but most of all, to the children whom we would have to be like Christ.

CHRISTMAS ought to give at least momentary relief from those good but most undesirable people who are always telling of their misfortunes, miseries, and bad luck. The cheer of Christ's day of love ought to close the lips of those whose stock in trade for conversation consists in telling every listener how badly God and the world have dealt with them. This is the day for exalting the joys of life. It is not the day for cataloguing life's trials and enlarging upon life's sorrows. He who always complains of what he has, destroys his chances of being or having anything better.

At Christmas time it is well to remember that the wealth of love, which God has showered on this world, and his care over his children forbid us to doubt or fear as to the final results, which he will bring to pass. To be an optimist is not to be blind to the fact of evil, but rather to be open-eyed to the fact that God is greater than all else, and that divine love can never lose its own. The pessimist and cynic who see only evil and always prophesy disaster fail to credit God with the power and the love which are supreme in his universe.

We are grieved to learn from Mrs. M. R. Helms, of Nashville, Tenn., that the *Cottage Pulpit*, which, among other good things, was an earnest defender of God's Sabbath, has been suspended because of the serious and continued illness of her husband, the editor. The RECORDER brings assurance of sympathy to them both, and the prayer and hope that Bro. Helms may be restored to continue the Master's work.

THERE is a Rabbinical saying which runs as follows: "Once upon a time there was a dog that barked without cessation from morning till night. And there was a foolish man who stopped to notice the barking cur. But the wise man said: 'Do not bother. The dog barks so furiously simply because he is afraid that otherwise none would know that he too is in the world.' *Haec fabula docet*: the yelp often is the only resort of small men to call attention to themselves." What the ancient Jewish Rabbi embodied in this fable

remains true to this day. Small criticism and smaller gossip are to be discarded as the wise man discarded the barking cur.

SOMETIMES we read the story of the visit of God's angel to the tent of Abraham, and think it commonplace. So it is. The coming of God to men is usually commonplace, simple, and unostentatious. It is a serious error when we fail to remember that God comes to us in many simple commonplace ways. It is God's way, and best befits our need. We need to learn this and to be ready to hasten and give hospitable entertainment as Abraham did. Greatest blessings come in commonplace ways. Christ came in a manger. Heaven was interested though men cared not. Three Magi represented earth and its homage. A "host" of angels represented heaven and its joy. Look out for God's angels in commonplace experiences.

Not long ago we listened to an excellent paper on "John Bunyan, and his Pilgrims' Progress." Next to the Bible, Pilgrims' Progress stands in power for good. The forceful style which Bunyan developed finds full counterpart in the Bible. When the Prophet Nathan sought to bring the sinning king David to repentance, he came with the story of the "Ewe lamb." David heard, saw, and sank to cover himself with sackcloth. Among the parables of Christ, the story of the Prodigal is rich in every element of literary immortality. Men never grow weary of that picture of the Divine love. The Prodigal is appropriate to this Christmas time. Read it, and if need be hear God's voice calling you home into welcoming rest.

We are glad to call attention to a leaflet on the Sabbath-question published by Rev. L. M. Cottrell, of DeRuyter, N. Y. It is fitted for an ordinary envelope, in size and form, and may be circulated in ordinary business or social correspondence without additional cost. Secure a supply from the author as above; and drop the leaflet into the hands of your friends.

THE article by Mary M. Church on another page suggests the well-known and important fact that in Sabbath-school work, with younger and intermediate classes much, almost everything, depends upon the personal resources of the teacher. We commend this to the consideration of the Sabbath-school Board, in making provisions for the new Lesson Helps for the intermediate department. The personality of the teacher is always great; never more so than in "Intermediate work."

THERE is great good in being dissatisfied, and in rightly-tempered regret. Such regret is the light which comes through experience and the fuller knowledge which wisdom brings. He who wisely regrets past failures will avoid them. He who is dissatisfied with the attainments of to-day will set himself to make greater ones to-morrow. Complete self-satisfaction is often closely allied to low aspirations and to folly. To desire better things is half of their attainment. Christmas ought to awaken troops of new desires after the indwelling of divine love and attainments in Christlikeness.

MEN are co-creators with God in determining their own destiny, and the destiny of the

world. In a degree too great to be measured, men determine their destiny by their daily choices. Those who fail through neglect or disobedience, often cast the blame on God. They say: "God made me thus." On the other hand, those who succeed are in danger of saying, "I am self-made." Both these conclusions are faulty and fraught with danger. We must remember how much we are arbiters of our own destiny and labor accordingly; but we must not forget that, above all, God guides, and that the sure road to success is the way of obedience to him and his commandments.

CHRISTMAS AS A TEACHER OF FAITH.

It is difficult to overestimate the value of a right conception of Christmas as promotive of faith on the part of children. Children gain their ideas of God, and of his relations to them, largely, through adults, especially through their parents. All marked events and vivid personal experiences leave permanent impressions on the memories and character of children. This is doubly true when material gifts become continuous object lessons which keep events and experiences in mind.

There is a peculiar satisfaction in receiving half-expected and yet unknown gifts. The element of surprise alone fixes the memory and influence of these experiences as ordinary events do not. This fact is a large factor in the intelligent faith of later years. Hence it is that Christmas is such a teacher in matters of faith. The faith of the child passes quickly from the traditional "Saint Nicholas" to parents and friends, and though some form of the tradition may linger in the speech of Christmas time, children soon come to expect a "Merry Christmas" because they believe in parental love and providence. This kindness and provision on the part of parents is the natural pathway which leads the heart of the child to the Father above, whose love and care and compassion have given Christ and all things good. Such lessons in faith even babyhood can grasp, and in this grasp is the latent potency of later and fuller faith.

The uncertainty as to what the child will find among his treasures on Christmas morning teaches another phase of faith in that, although he may not find just what he dreams of or expects, he is sure to find something good, perhaps better than all he has hoped for. Every experience which enlarges the faith of children in the idea that love rules the future, though the manner of that ruling is unknown, enriches child life. Indeed, the ruin of childhood is well advanced when suspicion and doubt take the place of confidence and trust. The child whose hunger for the love of parents and friends goes unsatisfied is likely to be turned from the pathway of faith in divine love.

The RECORDER brings to parents and teachers a plea for childhood and its rights at Christmas time. It has no right to demand costly gifts or useless ones; but it has the right to call for such expressions of love in gifts, and words and deeds as will satisfy its hunger and lead it toward God and good through thankfulness and faith. Associate Christmas and childhood with all that is purest and best, thus drawing children toward the higher faith and richer love of God in Christ, through the memory of that time in the year when the Christ-idea and the Christ-love are especially exalted.

CHRISTMAS AND SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

Few Protestants think of Christmas as a means of "growth in grace." The higher conceptions which ought to be associated with all that calls Christ to mind, may become direct and valuable agencies in our spiritual experience. To remember Divine love coming into earth life, in such a way as to touch all and ennoble all, will deepen our love for the Father above and the Babe of Bethlehem. Coming thus, every pure home is sanctified, every mother is honored, and all childhood is blessed. To the adult Christian these days of Christmas time ought to bring floods of high resolve, holy aspirations. Meditation is a primary means of spiritual uplift and growth. He is delinquent as to opportunity who goes through Christmas week unblest by hours of holy communion with Christ, not as the Babe of Bethlehem, but as the glorified spiritual King of men. It is of little moment to sing of the coming of Christ, unless the deeper meaning of his coming to us is developed in our hearts. That he came, abode for a time, and then passed on to prepare for our following him into the glorified life "where the many mansions be," is not simply theme for song and story, but for embodiment in such high conceptions of this life, and such transcendent hopes of the life to come, as will lift us into holier living and sublimer faith. Christmas ought to be pre-eminently Christ's time for re-coming to cleanse, strengthen and enlarge all our spiritual experiences and purposes. Rise to this higher view of Christmas, in your soul-experience to-day.

OFF FOR AFRICA.

We are glad to announce that Dr. Daland sails from London, for Salt Pond, Gold Coast, Africa, on the 27th of December. This step seems to be the wisest course since the local interests there are quite as important, if not more so, than the coming of the young men to the United States for school work. The baptism of converts who are waiting, the organizing of a church and the establishing of a school, are the first steps toward permanent work in the Gold Coast. It is the choice of the people there that someone representing the Seventh-day Baptists in America come and set things in order thus, and that the young men who desire to come here for study may return with our representative. We deem it fortunate that Bro. Daland can go on this mission. Additional funds are needed for this special work, and contributions should be sent to O. S. Rogers, Treasurer of the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association, Plainfield, N. J.

CHRISTMAS IN DARK PLACES.

BY ALICE K. FALLOWS.

Uptown, where joyous anthems peal from churches festooned with green, where gracious trees loaded with good things stretch their arms over many circles, where steaming turkeys are but an incident in an ample dinner, Christmas has a rarely happy significance. But down among the tenements, with their accompaniment of drudgery and poverty and hunger, Christmas is the climax of the year, the focus of twelve months' anticipation. Yet with rich and poor, the Christmas spirit is the same. The world has not forgotten the message given to it nineteen hundred years ago; "Merry Christmas!" rings out from one end of the city to the other, and each one

spells the meaning as he will. To the newsboys, who are mustered in irregular lines along a great table, it means real turkey and mince-pie and ice-cream—a wonderful experience in the annals of their vagrant meals. To the people who wait on them, Christmas has a deeper meaning, self-sacrifice it may be, and the brotherhood of man; nor do they despair even when in the midst of the feast two little urchins fight for possession of a piece of pie stolen from the third; for sitting next is a freckle-faced boy with a snub nose and a vicious look, who is nevertheless taking home for his little sister's Christmas the big yellow orange he wanted for himself.

In the Truant School, for the truants with their shaved heads, and striped jeans, sitting with folded arms, disconsolate and silent in a hollow square, Christmas signifies the bitterness of disobedience. They were not good enough even to be released over Christmas on parole. But pleasure is in store for them after all, and the news of a Christmas dinner sends a smile from face to face. In hospitals and orphan asylums, in prisons and all the other institutions which shelter the sick and unfortunate and erring, Christmas brings relief and gladness for a day.

For weeks beforehand, every church and charitable society is a center of joyful preparation. The different schools have celebrations, sometimes attended by Christmas trees that mark an epoch in the lives of the children for whom they hold dolls and trumpets and rabbits and sheep and mild-eyed cows, that one little city-bred east-sider believed to be rhinoceroses from Africa.

The Flower Mission, too, puts up basket dinners, and high-bred ladies in gingham aprons bustle about the day before Christmas and are at the service of the poor, black Mammies, Irish Biddies or whoever else is on the list. All cases must be investigated carefully and reported worthy. Sometimes the rule is a hard one. One woman thought so, who had walked a mile and climbed wearily up to the Flower Mission room, only to be turned away because her name was not among the favored ones. She sat down on the doorstep, half fainting, and there one of the Bible-workers found her with her empty basket, and asked her what the matter was.

"I think I'm a little hungry," was the answer.

"Have you anything in the house to eat?" The woman shook her head.

"Did you have any breakfast this morning?" "No."

"Any supper last night?" "No."

"Any dinner yesterday?" "No."

"Why not?"

The woman looked up sadly.

"My husband's sick," she answered. "I've got four children. I can't find work. We can't live off the neighbors any more. That's all."

The Bible-worker turned her about and took her up stairs again. It was Christmas, the rule was broken over and her story accepted in faith. Fifteen minutes later she came down again with her basket full, its lid propped up by the stiff yellow claws of a ten pound turkey, and Christmas gladness written in her face.

Dotted here and there about the city, the college settlements and social settlements radiate cheer and comfort at Christmas time, and half a hundred inconspicuous societies con-

tribute their share to the general sum of happiness. But in spite of all the organized effort to make Christmas a merry day to the poor, for many it is one full of rigor and self-denial. Out of the sorrow of such as these sometimes the Christmas spirit shines brightest, when some kindly woman gives from her poverty to her neighbor who is poorer. Once more humanity, in its humblest guise, learns that it is blessed to give and blessed to receive, and the miracle of Christmas is worked again. Up a pair of rickety stairs, behind a creaking door, in some draughty, unpromising garret, there is a Christmas sermon preached as eloquent as any from the pulpit.—*The Interior.*

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

"Endeavor Items."

We are in receipt of a little periodical from North Loup, Neb. It is headed *Endeavor Items*, and is published "occasionally" at the office of the *Loyalist*. The editors, Walter and Tacy Rood, were assisted in their undertaking by Ray Rood, remembered by Conference visitors as a member of the Milton quartet, 1899. The terms of the paper are, "Good-will of the Endeavorers," and its editors stoutly declare that it is "entered into the C. E. Society of the Seventh-day Baptist church at North Loup, Neb., as *first-class matter*," which postulate is reasonably demonstrated in the pages that follow. The inaugural is short and pointed: "The editors of this little sheet, wondering what their work for the Master might be, decided to send out the *Endeavor Items* hoping that it might be the means in God's hands of accomplishing some good results. We don't need to pray for something to do; but for a willingness to do the work there is around us."

Making the Gospel "Without Charge."

As in the heart of many another preacher, no doubt, there used to be cherished in this breast the hope of one day preaching the gospel without salary. As Paul wrought with his own hands so that he might make the gospel "without charge," so this ideal was to provide for support from my own resources; then, from the vantage point of that missionary example, turn the church's money into unselfish evangelistic channels. Ah, how the pastor would plead with his people for the consecration of their money to the service of God—not one cent of it all to go to his own use, directly or indirectly. If I give my all to God's work, will not each of you give at least the tenth of your income? And in imagination I have seen the church swayed as by a rushing mighty wind of the Spirit of God, coming up to its high privilege. The vision is still there, but it is afar off. With most of us there are other mouths to be fed, responsibilities to be met, education to be obtained—and we longing to give our whole time to the work of the gospel. The tentmaker of Tarsus recognized that the case was different with other preachers who had families to support; so he declares as the general order that "even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel." Most of us must humbly come under this latter rule, and, while we give our time and thought to the ministry, permit the church to provide the necessary things which we would gladly earn with our own hands.

Yet the ideal still lingers, enticing as ever, and we would fain congratulate the layman in whose heart the Spirit has implanted the call to preach the gospel in connection with his avocation in life. There lies upon our desk the proposition coming indirectly from a young physician of brilliant attainments to locate with a church where there is an opening for the practice of his profession, and supply the pulpit *gratis*. The church, in their turn, is to pay a stipulated sum into the evangelistic fund, preferably for the support of a particular evangelist. The sum from the church and the collections on the field ought to support a first-class man.

Brethren, when a spirit like this is manifest among the lay members of our people, we have reason to thank God and take courage. May we not utilize these forces? I am not at liberty to give the name of the physician, but I would be glad to hear from any community offering a good opening for one who, like Christ, should be both preacher and healer.

THE REVELATION OF BETHLEHEM.

BY REV. HUGH MAC MILLAN, D. D., LL. D.

Have you ever thought of the divine wisdom which ordained that the Bible should be written in such a country as Palestine? Had it been composed by writers living in the low Nile valley, or on the great monotonous plains of Babylon, how could it have told us about the shepherd life on the wild mountains and among the lonely rocks?—and thus the sweetest scenes and the dearest emblems of the Bible would have been lost to us. It is because Palestine is a land of mountains and valleys, that it is a land of flocks and herds, that the Bible presents to us so many touching and tender allusions to the pastoral life. The shepherds of Bethlehem were in the region appropriate to them; for the hill country of Judea, more than any other part of Palestine, was a sheep country. It was there that all the sheep that were used in the sacrifices at the temple were reared. Sheep and vines were the chief productions of Judea; and hence the aptness of the two great parables of the "Good Shepherd" and the "True Vine" which our Lord uttered in Judea. Hence, too, the appropriateness of the shepherds of Bethlehem receiving the revelation which connects the calm, pastoral life of the Old Testament with the busy, eventful city life of the New; the visions of meditative prophets with the preachings of active apostles.

Well do I remember the "Field of the Shepherds," where the transcendent vision appeared, and the feelings which I had when I stood there. You naturally expect to find the traditional scene up among the mountains, for it is there that sheep and shepherds are usually to be seen: it is their native home. But it so happens that the town of Bethlehem itself crowns the highest ridge of the hills along that side of the horizon; and therefore the "Field of the Shepherds" is necessarily below the town, on the long slope of the terraced hillside. It is a rough, irregular piece of ground, surrounded by a rude, tumble-down wall built of stones gathered out of the field. A number of old, gnarled olive trees cast their mystic shadows over the inclosure, which is the only sacredness which it seems to possess. You catch yourself expecting to see in that field something to distinguish it above all other fields, and connect it unmistakably with the great event that happened there. But there is nothing around

you save the quiet, undisturbed loveliness of Bethlehem itself, with its beautiful terraces and bright blue sky. The supernatural event blended here with the natural scenery, as the Divine and human nature united in the person of the Holy Infant. The landscape does not look different in the least degree from any other Eastern landscape; and the sky does not come nearer to the earth or exhibit a greater glory. And just as the spot on which the sublime revelation was given to the shepherds was a common spot, with nothing to distinguish it from any other spot, so the shepherds were engaged in their common occupation when they received it. They were not standing idly gazing up into the purple depths of the sky. They were not looking for something remarkable in the sidereal heavens, like the wise men of the East, who saw the star that was to arise out of Jacob slowly swimming into their ken. They were simply employed in their ordinary work, watching their flocks while they were feeding, and guarding them from the possible attack of beasts of prey. They were thinking only of their homely duty, not of ideal things; and all at once the angelic vision came to them. The glory of heaven shone round about them, and haloed them in their common clothes and in their every-day occupation; and the wonderful announcement was made to them that, in a way as lowly and homely as their own appearance and work, the Saviour of the world was born, not in a king's palace, but in a cave that served as a stable for beasts of the stall.

There was a certain dignity and honor connected with the experience of the wise men of the East. They were learned astronomers and sages; and the vision came to them in the form of a brilliant star; but the star did not disclose to them the form of the child on their own splendid watch-towers of science. It led them, on the contrary, far away from the scenes of their own renown to the manger bed of the little Jewish Child at Bethlehem. They had to forego their own greatness and wisdom, and to become as little children in the presence of this wonderful Babe. But the shepherds had not to leave their employment or alter their dress or change their nature in the least degree. Just as they were, in all their pastoral trust and simplicity, they found themselves all at once in the midst of heaven; and they brought their flocks following them to the rude stable, with the light of heaven shining around them all the while.

Long before, on the ridge of Horeb, there was a lonely shepherd keeping his father-in-law's flock; and while engaged in this daily task there appeared to him a supernatural fire burning in a native bush of the desert. The common waste spot on which he stood became holy ground, and he found himself face to face with God, who revealed to him the secret of the sufferings of Israel, and the meaning and the design of their election and discipline as the covenant people; and the vision changed him from being a shepherd of sheep into being a shepherd of men, and his shepherd's crook became a rod of power doing wonderful miracles for the guidance and deliverance of his human flock.

And are these things not significant to us upon whom the ends of the world have come? The disciples who gazed up into heaven after the ascending Saviour, were commanded by the Angel to go back to Jerusalem; and

there, toiling in the Master's service, among the common, hard duties of life, they should find again the Saviour whom they had lost for a time. They would see him in every little child, and hear his voice in the wail of every wayside beggar; and his cross would be set up before them in every sin and sorrow and suffering of humanity. And so it is not when speculating about abstract doctrines, or dreaming about heavenly visions, that heaven draws nearer to us and reveals itself. It is when engaged in daily duty, doing the work of that appointed hour that is laid to our hand. We shall find Jesus, not in great things, but in the little commonplace, every-day things of life. The more we are converted from our pride and self-sufficiency, and become teachable and susceptible as little children, the more clearly shall we discern and understand the revelation of Bethlehem. When we are acting as good shepherds, doing some needful shepherding in the world, feeding the lambs or the sheep of Christ, watching his tempted ones lest they go astray or fall into the clutches of a beast of prey, or going out in search of the lost to reclaim them, guarding the poor and defenseless from the evils and hardships of their lot in the night time of their desolation and darkness; then, suddenly, in the place which we have thus made sacred, shall be revealed to us the Babe of Bethlehem, and through the hushed air we shall hear the celestial music, and in the common scenes of our daily life the true blessedness of Christmas will be ours.—*Christian Work.*

AN EXPERIMENT IN INTERMEDIATE WORK.

BY MARY M. CHURCH.

The intermediate department of the Bible-school occupies the gap between the primary and the senior departments. Too often, alas, this gap is a literal one, large and yawning, as the class records of many schools indicate.

It is a fact that large numbers of boys and girls who leave the primary classes with fair records are soon lost to the school. No doubt parental laxity is partly at fault, but it can hardly explain all cases. At such an age the pupil is developing strong tastes and inclinations of his own. There is no good reason why he may not incline toward Bible study, provided he be judiciously handled. The object lessons and pictorial teaching of the primary department are suddenly dropped, and the new intermediate pupil is expected to listen quietly to abstract generalizations and moral lessons drawn from detached portions of Scripture. He is not stimulated to work, he is simply stuffed, and very naturally bends his energies to the inventing of mischief. A class of bright boys and girls, recently interrogated on the subject, said: "Oh! we just go to class and read over the lesson, and the teacher does not know what we are doing half of the time."

As a sovereign remedy for this sad state of affairs, the newly appointed teacher determined to keep these same boys and girls as busy as possible, to arouse their interest in the closing period of Old Testament history, and to make Daniel and Esther, Ezra and Nehemiah, something more to them than so many names at the top of obscure pages in a corner of the Bible. As they studied the first six verses of Psalm 137, and thought of the lonely captives weeping by the river of Babylon and rudely requested to sing, their sympathies were stirred and attention fixed. They

eagerly followed the thrilling experiences of Daniel and his companions, of Esther and Mordecai, and were thus prepared to enter into the spirit of Psalm 126 and to rejoice at the release from captivity. This psalm was learned and frequently recited until made familiar to each pupil. Tracing on a map the route from Babylon to Jerusalem aided the class in localizing their information. The circumstances attending each successive return journey were carefully noted and frequently reviewed. Some member of the class would be sent to the board and directed to write the name of the king in whose reign the first body of exiled Jews were sent back to Jerusalem, the name of the leader, the number of people following, and the date of the expedition. The same facts were written in outline concerning the other expeditions. In order to give a correct notion of Jerusalem's history and national importance, a few questions were written on cards and given to the different pupils to be answered at the next session. The Bible reference containing the desired information was written distinctly after each question. The list included such questions as: "When and how was Jerusalem made the capital of the kingdom of Israel?" 2 Sam. 5: 6-9. "What structures did Solomon erect in and around Jerusalem?" 1 Kings 9: 15. "Describe the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar." 2 Kings 25: 1-10.

Some, of course, lost the question cards, but the greater number brought in careful and concise answers.

A fairly correct idea of the walls and gates of Jerusalem, together with the surrounding valleys and hills, was gained by a hasty sketch on the blackboard and by showing illustrations from books and magazines. It was surprising how quickly the boys and girls searched among the big words in the third chapter of Nehemiah and counted the names of the city gates there given. They were then interested to turn back to the previous chapter and follow Nehemiah in his midnight tour of inspection about the ruined defences. The account of the dedication of the wall (Neh. 12: 27-43) gave another opportunity for reviewing the gates and towers from the blackboard sketch. This constant use of the Bible in the class-room increased the number of individual copies brought.

To induce a regular study of the Bible lesson at home was found to be a more difficult task. A device that seemed harmless, at least, proved a moderate success. The same pupils who thought it an impossible feat to read three chapters in Nehemiah, consented readily when asked to read them, counting the number of times the name of God was used, how many different people were mentioned and how many different places. The reports were brought in with commendable accuracy. A similar plan is being used in studying the prophecy of Malachi.

In reviewing the lives of Ezra and Nehemiah an earnest effort was made to render their nobility and strength of character so apparent to the pupils that their own lives might be inspired thereby. The description of Ezra, as given in Ezra 7: 6-10, together with the brief portions of autobiography, were repeatedly emphasized.

An acrostic of the name Nehemiah, containing some of his chief characteristics, proved an interesting feature of a review. With a

little assistance, the pupils made an outline of Nehemiah's career from cup-bearer to Tirshatha, including his notable deeds in rebuilding and dedicating the walls, defeating the enemies without, reforming the laws in regard to debt, marriage, and Sabbath-observance, and re-establishing the temple service.

Some of his most memorable sayings were put on cards and distributed for memorizing, e. g., "The God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore we his servants will arise and build." "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." "Should such a man as I flee?" "For the joy of the Lord is your strength. Remember me, O my God, for good."

The pupils were requested to write the story of Nehemiah's life in their own words, trusting entirely to memory.

This record of an experiment that has been at least partially successful is given not because of any novel ideas it may contain, but with an earnest wish to promote a deeper interest in the study of God's Word.

DELPHI, Ind.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING AT MARQUETTE, WIS.

The Semi-annual Meeting of the Berlin, Coloma and Marquette churches was held at Marquette, commencing on Friday evening, Dec. 8, with prayer and song service, conducted by Mr. Chas. Sayre, pastor on this field. This was followed by an excellent sermon from Psa. 91: 16, preached by President Whitford of Milton College.

On Sabbath morning the Bible classes united and were taught by Elder Whitford. John 15: 15, was the text chosen for the service which followed. Sabbath evening Elder Whitford preached an earnest discourse from Matt. 16: 26, "For what is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Besides the usual singing by the congregation, some very good selections were sung by a quartet.

The business session of the Semi-annual Meeting was held Sunday morning at 10.30. It was decided to hold the next meeting with the Coloma church, beginning on Sixth-day evening, June 8, 1900. Also to invite Rev. M. B. Kelly, of Chicago, to preach the introductory sermon; Rev. L. A. Platts alternate. Following this was read a very fine essay by Miss Hattie A. Inglis, of Marquette; subject: "What we should make of life." Another equally as good, from Miss Gertrude Crumb, M. D., of Berlin; subject, "A useful Christian life," followed. Elder Whitford again preached to a good audience, using for his text John 4: 14, "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

The closing service was on Sunday evening, when Elder Whitford spoke from 2 Tim. 4: 2, "Be instant in season." The attendance was good, each church in the village being quite well represented; but we hope that more of our people will avail themselves of the privilege and blessing of attending these meetings. We all join in thanking Elder Whitford for so kindly coming and preaching for us on this occasion.

MRS. E. G. HILL, Sec.

BERLIN, Wis., Dec. 13, 1899.

ONE of the highest spiritual luxuries is the enjoyment of pure and exhilarating and sublime thoughts.—T. L. Cuyler.

Missions.

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

WHILE out on the field the sad news came to me of the death of Jonathan Maxson, and a few days later of Charles Potter. They were brothers-in-law and their deaths but a few days apart. Two veterans are gone to their heavenly home who will be greatly missed in the home circle, in the church, and in the towns in which they lived. They were loving, loyal Christians, and true and staunch citizens. Both were positive characters, positive in their convictions, positive in their statement of them, and positive in their stand for what they thought was right and duty. You knew where to find them every time, whether for or against, never vacillating. I love positive characters, though their positiveness will make some enemies, yet in the long run positive characters make more friends than negative ones. Mr. Maxson and Mr. Potter were both generous men. God gave to one more means than to the other to respond to calls for giving. I never went to either of them in the interests of charity or a worthy cause, denominational or otherwise, without receiving a generous response. While struggling to obtain a theological training, I knew something of the generous heart and hand of Mr. Potter. We shall miss Mr. Maxson very much in the Sabbath evening prayer-meeting, in the Sabbath morning service and the Sabbath-school, and in the church socials. He was a valuable member of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society for forty years. We shall miss his faithful attendance, earnest words and counsel. Mr. Potter was also a member of the Missionary Board and occasionally attended its meetings. He was a wise counselor. He had a warm heart for our missions and for evangelism, and he was a large giver for their support and advancement. As the President of the Tract Society, and in the work of Sabbath Reform, and in his efforts to build up our schools by his generous gifts, he will be missed most by our people. May the loving Father bless and comfort the bereaved families, and remember in loving kindness the churches in their loss. Upon whom shall the mantle of the departed brethren fall? May God raise up among our people young men who in integrity of life, loyalty to principle, generosity of heart and ability to do in denominational interests and efforts, and in Christian spirit and service, will take the places of such men whom God is taking from us, as the years are passing by, unto himself and to the heavenly home.

REV. L. C. RANDOLPH reports that he commenced his work with the Welton church December 6, and Sabbath-day, December 9, four offerings were made for baptism, and it was a tender time. He thinks there will be a good work of grace in Welton. In the work at Albion, Wis., he reports that there were eleven baptized and three more had made their offering for baptism. All of the number but two, he thinks, were past fifteen years of age; four are heads of families, one seventy-four years of age. The church is in good working condition, and general harmony prevails. Several who have been on the back ground have taken up their work again. Pastor Babcock feels greatly encouraged and says the meetings were of inestimable value to him. The work at Albion was a good healthy one and its results will be permanent.

A RIDE of sixteen miles in the heaviest snow-storm of the season brought us from Preston to the Otselic church. A slight cold, a sore throat and some fever, were the result of the ride, but good quarters at the pleasant and comfortable home of Bro. E. C. Rogers, and some medicine, overcame all troubles, and Sabbath afternoon found us ready for service. Sermon that afternoon to a fair audience, and the presentation of the needs of our missionary and evangelistic work and a sermon Sabbath night constituted the services in the Otselic church. Sunday morning the Secretary preached in the Freewill Baptist church at Otselic Centre. The Otselic church was organized in 1830, and has now twenty-six members. There are within the precincts of this church and society thirteen Sabbath-keeping families and parts of families which make, when all are out, a congregation of about forty persons, men, women and children. They maintain a Sabbath-school Sabbath-days, and Mr. Alfred Coon, of DeRuyter, is supplying them with preaching once in two weeks. At Preston, years ago, Eld. A. W. Coon did some of his best evangelistic work; a great revival in that section at one time resulted from his labors. At Otselic Eld. Joshua Clarke, while pastor of the DeRuyter church, held at times revival meetings, and many found Christ who to-day regard him as their spiritual father and hold him in sweet memory. A thaw before we left Otselic spoiled the sleighing, and only one cutter ride did we get.

THE first day in DeRuyter there was a heavy rain, but a few calls on old friends were made. Pastor Swinney was in usual vigor. Bro. L. M. Cottrell, though not well but improving, seemed just as zealous and earnest in the cause of the Master as though forty instead of eighty summers had crowned his life. Mr. and Mrs. Cossom were at father Stillman's, busy packing and getting ready to sail for China after Christmas. They go to China as missionaries under the auspices and support chiefly of a church in Brooklyn, N. Y. May the Lord greatly bless them and their labors. On Tuesday morning, Evangelist J. G. Burdick left for Watson, N. Y., to hold revival meetings. Wednesday evening the Christian Endeavorers of the DeRuyter Seventh-day Baptist church held a chicken supper and literary entertainment, at which we spent a very pleasant time, meeting several schoolmates of forty-five years ago in DeRuyter Institute, as well as other friends. The young people made quite a good sum of money which is to go toward repairing and remodeling the meeting-house. That is a good move and in a right direction. Part of a forenoon was very pleasantly spent in the Union School. The opening exercises in the morning were held in the room which was used as the chapel when Henry L. Jones was Principal of DeRuyter Institute. It not only brought up pleasant memories of chapel exercises, old schoolmates, but especially of rhetorical when interested audiences were treated with prose, poetry, oratory and fiery declamation. Principal Sears and the teachers were very cordial. Recitations in Rhetoric, Arithmetic and Cæsar, in which the students did finely, were greatly enjoyed. The "old stone heap" looked outside just as it did forty-five years ago, but inside changes had been made. Some of the students coming from the surrounding country occupy rooms in the building. The

names of students of many years ago, some of them living, most of them on the other shore, are seen carved on the wood-work in rooms and especially in the old belfry. DeRuyter Institute, with its noble teachers, did, in its day, a great pioneer educational work for our people, giving an impetus and a fruitage which is now seen and felt, and will never end.

Sabbath-day was a lovely winter day, sunny and inspiring. A missionary sermon in the morning at DeRuyter and one in the afternoon at Lincklaen Centre, to good congregations were the pleasant duties of the Secretary that day. The way we were received and entertained in the nice home of Dea. C. J. York during our stay in DeRuyter, leads us to believe that he and his good wife have well studied the office of a deacon and know how to fulfill its duties with winning grace and kind hospitality.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

By universal consent, Moravian missions hold a unique place among the world-evangelizing agencies. They send out one missionary for every sixty of their members; they raise ten dollars per member, annually, for foreign missions; they have three times as many communicants in the foreign fields as in their home churches. What is the cause of their astonishing success? We believe it is revealed in the following striking sentence: There is never a church among the Brethren without a mission to the heathen; and there is never a mission of the Brethren which is not the direct affair of the church.—*Selected.*

CHINA.

There is an area of 4,469,200 square miles in the Chinese Empire, which is one-fifth larger than the United States. It has a population of about 383,000,000, or five times that of the United States and more than the total combined population of the three continents of North America, South America and Africa, and it is estimated that over 30,000 a day, or "a million a month," are dying without Christ. In this vast country there are only about 2,500 Protestant missionaries, which if equally divided would give only about one missionary to 150,000 of the people. "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields."—*Word and Work.*

LIGHT UPON OUR PATHWAY.

We are plain men and women, most of us. We trudge on under burdens. Our life is made up of journeys to and from a well, an office, a school, or a factory, and it seems to the natural man a grind, a depleting and depressing routine.

But when the natural man becomes changed into the spiritual man, when Jesus with his life and spirit, with the hopes and helps of his gospel, enters into our hearts, when we drink of the water he has drawn and holds out with his wounded hands, a light falls upon our task like a roseate glow; seen above, in heaven's overarching blue, a loving face looks down upon us from the sky, and he whose face it is counts our steps and notes our deeds, reads our motives and purifies our emotions, and every moment is a sacred earnest of eternity.—*The Churchman.*

LET every action tend to some point, and be perfect in its kind.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

MEASURE your mind's height by the shade it casts.—*Robert Browning.*

Woman's Work.

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

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

Oh! Year, soon complete in thy fulness,
Of story, and rhythm, and balm,
The grandeur attending thy closing
Is like to a beautiful psalm

That breathes in harmonious language
The spirit of love and repose,
And pictures the valley celestial
The brighter, the nearer its close.

Thy vales in the pride of the seasons,
Were fair as earth's valleys could be,
And furnished the emerald margins
To rivers that ran to the sea.

Thy hills in their raiments transparent,
That shifted from vapor to fold,
As the sunlight bathed them in glory,
Flamed out in their purple and gold.

The furrows that promised at seed-time
Reward to the myriads that tilled,
Salute thee, crowned queen of the harvest—
The dream of the year is fulfilled.

And now, at the close of the banquet,
Close-folded in garment of mist,
Awaiting the final leave-taking—
You stand at the door to be kissed.

The bugle-strain dies to a whisper;
The garlands are faded and dry;
The hall is deserted and lonely,
We bid thee, fair sovereign, "good bye."
—*Missionary Tidings.*

CLOSING, but not gone, its account not yet sealed up forever, a few precious days remaining. What shall we do with them?

If we have failed to do many things we resolved should be done in the year 1899—if we have allowed opportunities to slip away unused, let us profit by these mistakes and consecrate our lives more unselfishly to the Master's service.

"Consecrate me now, to thy service, Lord."

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

BY MARY WARREN AYARS.

Before me lies a perfect day—
Thy gift, O Lord, and bright
With thine own glory's light.
O Son of man! Grant me thine aid,
That when I meet the evening's shade,
Spotless, unmarred by thought of sin,
And bright as when it did begin,
I may give back thy perfect day.

Behind me lies thy perfect day—
How can I give it back,
By sin so marred and black?
O blessed Saviour! Love me still,
Forgive my proud and wayward will,
Blot out the stains of sin and wrong—
And let my humbled soul be strong
In thee to live a perfect day.

—*S. S. Times.*

"ANOTHER year should always mean a better year."

Another year of progress, another year of praise;
Another year of proving thy presence "all the days."
Another year of service, of witness for thy love;
Another year of training for holier work above.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

"LEANING, resting, trusting, loving,
Enter thy New Year."

Have we, each one of us, a clear, definite aim for the New Year?

Are we satisfied with the results of the year just closing? Our growth and success will be measured by these results, by our self-denial shown by our gifts, by our depth of purpose to work for the Master.

We have the special promise of God's presence with us each day and each hour of the day, and let us not confine our gratitude to him, for the blessings which have come to us as a people, but let us remember the new experiences which we have had as a nation, and for *everything* give praise.

For the increased responsibilities we have assumed may we realize the increased de-

mands made upon us and take as our motto for the New Year:

"God's will to know"—"God's will to do"
—"God's will to love."

LET us begin the New Year by observing the "week of prayer" in the "Quiet Hour" in our homes. It may not be wise to designate any special hour in the day, circumstances in the various homes must decide for each one; but let *all of us* set apart a time each day for quiet communion with the Father for his blessing upon every individual phase of our work.

No one can measure the influence such seasons of prayer may have in making us "willing" to do his will. While we can bring but "a few loaves" perhaps, for feeding the hungry multitude, Christ's command to "bring them to him" is just as binding as if we could give many loaves, and the promise of abundant fruitage is as great.

LIVING BY THE DAY.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

"My house was well built," said a farmer once to me, "for it was built *by the day*." That is the way in which the best, strongest and happiest lives are built; they are not constructed "by the job," but one attainment in grace is laid upon another, like the blocks of granite in a solid house wall. Each day brings its duty to be done, its temptation to be met and conquered, its burden to be carried and its progress to be made heavenward. There are 365 days in every year, but really there is only *one* working day, and that is *to-day*. Sufficient to each day is the labor thereof.

This is just the sort of living that I commend to my readers. God means to shut you up in this style of thinking and planning and doing when he makes his gracious promise, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." The journey made up a mountain is simply a succession of steps. If the climber attempts to leap upward he exhausts his strength, if he looks down he grows dizzy, and if he looks too far forward he gets discouraged by the distance yet to be surmounted. So in accomplishing each day's work you have simply to take one step at a time, and to take that wisely is all that you need to think about. Take no anxious thought for the morrow. God never made a Christian strong enough to stand the strain of to-day's duties and all the load of to-morrow's anxieties piled upon the top of them. Paul himself would have broken down if he had attempted the foolish experiment. We have a right to ask our Heavenly Father for strength equal to the day, but we have no right to ask him for one extra ounce of strength beyond it.

* * * * *

The earnest Christian who lives by the day not only faces each duty or each trial as it comes, but he also is on the lookout for each day's *opportunities* for serving his Master. Almost every Christian promises himself that sometime or other he will be very holy-minded and very useful. The growing, productive Christian is he who is on the watch for opportunities and grasps them when they come. The beautiful morning-glories which opened in my little garden yesterday are all withered away. So went some precious opportunities to serve my

Saviour and to do good to my fellow-man—they will never bloom again. But there were fresh flowers that opened with this morning's sun; even so doth our Master give us a fresh chance to serve him and to bless others every day we live. Here lies the generic difference between profitable and unprofitable Christians. The one class are always looking out for opportunities to do a kind act, to gain an influence, to win a soul to Jesus.

* * * * *

With new duties come new supplies of grace every morning to those who seek it by honest prayer. We cannot live on yesterday's meals. As the children of Israel gathered fresh manna every morning, so must we look upward for a fresh supply of heavenly "rations" for the day's march. The early hour is the best for prayer and for feeding on God's Word. That godly-minded Christian, Garret Noel Bleeker, of New York, used to go home also at noon-day not only to take his meal with his family but to have a few quiet moments with his Master. Arthur Tappan had a room up near the roof in his store for noontide devotions. In these times of awful stress and strain on business men, would it not clear their heads and nerve their faith if they would stop amid the heat of the day's toil and hurry to have a few minutes face to face with God?

The secret of happy days is not in our outward circumstances, but in our own heart life. A large draught of Bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the soul's windows to the precious promises of the Master, a few words of fervent prayer, a deed or two of kindness to the first person you meet, will brighten your countenance and make your feet "like hind's feet" for the day's march. If you want to get your aches and your trials out of sight bury them under your mercies. Begin every day with God, and then, keeping step with your Master, march on toward home over the roughest road or in face of the hardest winds that blow. Live for Jesus by the day and on every day until you come where "the Lamb is the light thereof" and there is no night there!—*Congregationalist.*

OUR REST CORNER.

"Come ye apart and rest a while."

IN MARGARET'S ROOM.

I found Margaret in her little parlor counting out her money with a very sorrowful face. "It is so little," she said, holding up a few silver pieces, "and there is so much need, but my whole heart goes with it. I have a fashion of praying over every penny, asking God to make them dollars by influencing someone, somewhere, to give dollars for me, because I cannot." Her poverty depressed her more than usual—her inability to do anything for her Lord. Her life was so cut off and cornered. Very touching to me was the droop of her weary head, the listless way her thin hands rested in her lap, as if for her there was no work. "How I would like to be somebody," she said with a timid smile, "to work with other brave ones—have a large field. I grow restive in my small corner. I shall go up to God so empty-handed—so ashamed of my nothingness." I tried to comfort her, but it was a time when words

failed. I was carrying a burden myself that day. I left her and sat down in my room to read. I was discouraged, but determined not to give way to gloomy thoughts. I thought of Amiel's words, "Nothing resembles pride so much as discouragement." I read on until I came across something which sent me back to Margaret, and together we read and pondered the message we send to all the dear readers of the *Echo*:

"And when it is all over, and our feet shall run no more, and our hands are helpless, and we have scarcely strength to murmur a last prayer, then we shall see that instead of needing a larger field, we have left untilled many corners of our single acre, and that none of it is fit for our Master's eye were it not for the softening shadow of the cross."—*Home Mission Echo*.

FROM HOLLAND.

HAARLEM, Nov. 24, 1899.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER.

The friends here rejoice now and then in the good letters of our dear Sister Mary Jansz, Pati, Java. One of said letters appeared in our Dutch monthly, *De Boodschapper*, of October last. And because we believe the brotherhood in America will be happy with us in reading it, the editor of *De Boodschapper* asked his daughter to translate it for your columns. So you have herewith her translation, which, no doubt, is as perfect as anybody in Holland will be able to make it.

We trust you will understand how happy the Lord makes us by knowing that we have such a faithful sister there on the Isle of Java as our dear Sister Jansz. Her highly esteemed father is a missionary of the Mennonites, who, many years ago, brought the gospel to heathens and Mohammedans, but seems not to be able to understand the words of God, "The Sabbath is made for mankind," "The Seventh-day is the Sabbath of the Lord." So on this point our dear sister has to bear what is indeed a cross; because, as a keeper of the Sabbath, she stands alone in the midst of her family.

Contra, the unfaithfulness of John v. d. Steur the faithfulness and holy zeal of Sister Jansz is a great comfort to us. We cannot but praise the Lord because of her sincere piety and her love for God and her neighbor.

It is all well here in the church. We enjoy a great deal of good by the blessings of the house of God. Next week, if possible, we will send you the translations of a small item, making mention of a feast day we enjoyed not long ago in our chapel. Dear RECORDER, God bless you! Our Christian salutation to the whole brotherhood.

G. V., SR.

Dark Java.

I suppose it will please the readers of the *Boodschapper* to hear about the gospel work in this remote corner of God's extensive vineyard. And, though my labor is so small, that I think it rather difficult to issue such an insignificant report, I derive comfort from the thought expressed in the words of the prophet, "Who despiseth the day of small things?" Taken up by God's hand, little things can effect a good deal, and the smallest, tiniest thread, spun by love and gratitude for Jesus, is woven by him who rules and directs everything into the gigantic and glorious fabric, upon which eternity only will shed its full light, the glorious work of the salvation of a world lost in sin, to the honor of him, who sacrificed himself for it.

I am writing for brethren and sisters; this circumstance encourages me to produce my insignificant reports—for such as are interested in the labor of one of them, and by her simple tales will, no doubt, feel an increase of interest in this poor country, where the devil has put down his claw and the gospel penetrates only

with the utmost difficulty, through the thick darkness hanging over the souls. Whenever I am proceeding on my lonely way through the Javanese and Chinese quarters, or when I am standing all alone amidst the powers of darkness, speaking of the Saviour of the world, in the prison or in the market place, I shall feel supported by your prayers, and inspired by your sympathy, dear brethren and sisters. Oh, that our prayers might arise more powerful to the Lord of the vineyard—our prayers for India and Java too! I am sure a revival will follow, obstacles will be overcome, and the redemption by the blood of the Lamb will break the dykes and flow on as a mighty stream, carrying precious souls to the feet of our beloved Saviour.

"Won't you come in?" I was asked one morning by one of the Javanese officials of the prison for natives. He and his young wife were standing before their bamboo house in the vicinity of the prison. I stopped for a moment to promise him that I would come some other time, as I was rather in a hurry just then. He introduced me to his wife and asked when I could hold a meeting for the prisoners. Some time before I had begun the labor among the prisoners. With a good deal of fear and trembling I held my first meeting. I had to speak the language of the natives, as the prisoners do not understand any other, which was a difficult thing to me, as I had seldom been in a native village, but have spent nearly my whole life in the cities. Moreover, the native language is a hard one to learn. But I went every Sunday to speak for the prisoners with a good deal of misgiving; but with an ardent prayer, that God might reveal himself to the hearts, notwithstanding my weakness and inability. The prisoners would be called to the meeting by a bell and would listen while seated on the ground, about sixty or ninety men, natives, a few Chinamen among them and one Chinese woman. I used to begin the meeting by singing a hymn, after which I would read a story from the gospel and explain it to them as well as I could, and say a short prayer that God might grant them to understand his love and grace. Every time the question rose within me: "Will it do any good?" That very morning, in our daily prayer-meeting with converted native women, I had read the words, "Forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord," and we had given ourselves anew to go on with courage, doing whatever our hand should find, though it would seem to us to be useless, but firmly believing that, according to the Lord's promise our labor done in his name could not be vain. Now the official of the prison asking for my coming seemed an encouragement from the Lord. "There is indeed a change to be seen in the prisoners since you started the meetings," he said. "And as to myself," he added, "whenever I hear the delightful words of the Holy Book, it is as if my heart is watered by a fresh stream." Oh, what a great encouragement these words were to me! An inspiration to continue my labor with fresh zeal! The words "of the Holy Book" have not lost anything of their power as yet. "They shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent them," says the Lord. And on this arid, seemingly barren land the Lord will pour living waters, streams of redemption, and the bones shall live!

Dear brethren and sisters, let us not relent, but daily grow in zeal in our prayer and labors, knowing the Lord is working through us, and that his glorious end shall be reached. With prayers for a blessing, yours in the service of king Jesus.

M. JANSZ.

PATI, Java, May 8, 1899.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY REV. J. L. GAMBLE, PH. D.

NO. III.

Is it "Christian"? This is a most serious question; for any thing which claims to rank with the Christian religion as a means of salvation, a teacher of saving truth, a guide to eternal life, requires the most searching and thorough examination. Whatever its professions, we must judge it by a comparison of its fundamental doctrines with those of the Bible, the Word of God. This we have done, briefly, in a former article; but, that we may not be deceived by professions or superficial appearances, let us consider some Bible cautions:

1. "Christian Science professes respect for Christ and belief in God." Yes, but any system or person that professes respect for Christ

and belief in God is not therefore necessarily Christian; for, in his Word, God says: "They draw nigh unto me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." Let us then never be deluded by profuse expressions of great respect for Jesus Christ and his teachings. These may be but the covering, the disguise of fatal errors.

2. "Christian Science seems sometimes almost to work miracles in Christ's name." Yes, but a person or system that works miracles in Christ's name is not therefore necessarily Christian. Such works alone are not sufficient to accredit a person or system as a true and accepted representative of Christ and his religion. Hear Christ the Judge of men: "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out demons, and in thy name have done many wonderful works? And then will I declare unto them, I never knew you." Should we be surprised to find such people in these last days, fulfilling the prophecy of our Lord? Let us be on our guard about accepting any teaching simply because accompanied by wonderful works.

3. "Christian Science seems to meet a need and hunger of the soul, bringing rest into many a troubled life." Yes, but every thing that seems to bring quiet and rest to the weary is not therefore necessarily Christian; for God's Word warns us that even "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light," a minister of mercy; and that he will be especially so manifest in the last days, coming to deceive men "with all power and signs and lying wonders." 2 Thes. 2: 9.

One who has thoroughly examined Christian Science at its fountain head, says: "It is so cunningly devised that it is calculated to deceive, if possible, the very elect. It comes as a tempter, offering to man to-day the fruit of the tree of knowledge and of the tree of life." And he further says: "We cannot account for the influence it exerts over the minds of so many, unless we hold that it is one of the manifestations of that 'strong delusion,' which, according to the prophecy recorded by St. Paul, God shall send upon the earth in the latter times, when the man of sin shall be revealed with signs and lying wonders." Rev. Dr. Gordon said: "It has been Satan's steady policy either to parody Christianity by inventing spurious imitations or to adulterate it with such heathen mixtures as to turn the truth of God into a lie. The literature of Christian Science presents clearly enough such a Pagan adulteration of the religion of Christ; and we greatly fear that the prince of the power of the air may be appropriating and reinforcing whatever occult principle of healing there may be in this system, and using it to accredit his own gospel." And he calls it "the devil's travesty upon a vital truth."

John Calvin long ago said, "Satan perverts the things which otherwise are truly the works of God." The important lesson is that no one should accept any doctrine or system because the teaching seems to be true or comforting or restful, or simply because it claims to be from God. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," that which stands the test of the whole Word of God. Be not deceived; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.

In another article I wish to speak of some of the attractions of Christian Science—that which has given it such power and influence over so many hearts.

A BIG OCTOPUS.

The largest devil fish caught in many years in Puget Sound was captured by rock cod fishermen at the Narrows near Tacoma, the 1st of July. The monster measured fourteen feet from tip to tip, having eight arms, over six feet long, and a body two feet in diameter. The rock cod are caught in water at least 300 feet deep, and it is in depths like this that the octopus, or green-eyed monster, known as the devil fish, is usually found. Rock cod fishermen use set lines, to which are attached several hundred hooks, fastened three inches apart, and baited with herring. The devil fish sometimes attach themselves to the bait, or the cod or salmon caught on the hooks. If the devil fish is above the bottom, or if the bottom be sandy or gravelly, he can be raised to the surface when the hooks are pulled up. If the bottom is rocky, Mr. Devil Fish simply fastens himself to the rocks and allows himself to be cut to pieces by the hooks before he will release his tentacles from the rocks and come up. When the fishermen raise one to the surface, great care must be taken that he does not grab the bottom of the boat, in which event he might overturn a small boat, or, to get rid of him, the boat must be taken ashore and overturned. The suckers of the devil fish are then released from the boat by the dexterous use of a large spade, which is shoved beneath them. The suckers and tentacles are fastened so tightly to the boat as to form a vacuum, and their release is attended by loud reports like those of a rifle.

The wonderful sucking power of the devil fish is better understood when it is realized that each of the eight tentacles, or arms, is covered with 300 or more suckers, ranging in size from three inches in diameter near the mouth to the size of a lead pencil point near the ends. Once caught in the powerful grasp of one of these tentacles, nothing, whether it be fish or human being, is ever released, unless the tentacles themselves be cut in two and the octopus slashed to pieces. Even four or five of the eight arms can be cut off and the monster will still live and thrive.

The devil fish is of a light pink flesh color and has two bright green eyes. Its body is shaped like a spider, the eight tentacles radiating out from the head. The mouth is on the under side, exactly in the centre of the radiating arms. Inside the mouth is a beak, or bill, shaped exactly like a parrot's. Everything caught by the tentacles is carried to the mouth, just as the elephant performs the same act with his trunk. The stomach contains a crude digestive apparatus. The octopus has neither flesh, blood nor bone, but seems to be composed of gristle. The eyes and small head are located on the opposite side from the mouth. The only use to which the octopus has been put so far is to make food for the Puget Sound Indians. The Siwash take off the outside skin and boil the remaining mass of gristle into a delectable stew.

The arch enemies of the octopus are the dog fish and shark. His only means of defence is the black fluid, or ink, which he emits when attacked or in danger. This fluid discolors the water all around and enables him to escape. Three drops of this fluid will impart an inky blackness to a large pail of water. A fifty-four pound devil fish caught several years ago had a quart of this fluid in the ink

sack located near its intestines. The big devil fish under notice weighed ninety pounds and had nearly two quarts of the fluid. As found in the ink sack the fluid is much thicker than when thrown out. It has been learned that the octopus dilutes it by passing it through a second sack before throwing it out to blacken the water and blind his enemy. No fish will remain in this blackened water for an instant.—*St Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE FIRST ALFRED CHURCH.

Many readers of the RECORDER will be interested to know the facts concerning the resignation of Dr. J. L. Gamble as pastor of the First Alfred church, and the election of his successor.

Dr. Gamble has faithfully and ably served the church as supply and pastor for about four and one-half years. On September 2, 1899, he presented his resignation. The following quotations show the spirit of the resignation.

To the First Alfred Seventh-day Baptist Church:

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—But a little over four years ago I came to Alfred a stranger. The thought of becoming pastor of this church had not entered my mind. Such a thought at that time was impossible. President Davis was then your pastor, apparently settled for life; but his acceptance of the Presidency of Alfred University left the pastorate unexpectedly vacant. I was then employed as supply until Dec. 1, 1895. The church failing at its annual meeting that year to choose a pastor, I was continued as supply until May 1, 1896, at which time, by previous vote of the church, I became acting pastor for one year; and on May 1, 1897, I entered upon service as your pastor.

I owe all this entirely to the providence of God and the kindness of friends whom God gave me here. It is well known that this position came to me without seeking on my part. I have always had to face the fact that a goodly number of the church did not favor my election to the pastorate; but I was encouraged by the added fact that I was supported by the entire Advisory Committee, as I understood, and by the great body of the real workers of the church.

In entering upon the position under such circumstances, it was my hope, and the hope of my friends, that those who did not approve of my choice at the time would acquiesce in the choice of the majority and give me their support and co-operation. Some of the members I think have done this—have honestly endeavored to help me, and to make my task as easy as possible; but for some reason I have been unable to win over the greater number, and my work has of necessity been correspondingly hampered. . . . I have long been considering what is my duty. What course I ought to pursue. An element of opposition has power, if it choose, to make the pastor's life very unhappy and render his best service impossible. I am here to *serve* the church, and not to *obstruct* its work. How can I best serve it? is the question which I have been anxiously pondering for many months. . . . I wish to put the matter in such shape that the church can, without embarrassment, fully express its convictions and its choice. . . . I believe four or five years are long enough for any pastorate without an opportunity for the church to express itself freely and without trammel. . . .

There are many reasons to hold me back from relinquishing this desirable pastorate, but in such matters personal considerations should not be allowed to influence action. . . . Therefore I now tender my resignation to take effect January 1, 1900. . . .

For Christ and the church,

J. LEE GAMBLE.

At a meeting of the church held September 17, the church voted by ballot on the acceptance of the resignation of the pastor. A majority of the votes favored the acceptance of the resignation, though a considerable minority opposed the acceptance. At the same meeting the church voted to call to the pastorate the Rev. William C. Daland, of London, Eng. After some weeks the church received notice from Bro. Daland that as he was already under conditional contract with the Leonardsville church, he could not accept the call.

At a meeting held October 15, the church voted to extend a call to the Rev. L. C. Randolph, of Chicago, Ill. Word has been received by the church that Bro. Randolph accepts the call. He is therefore expected to assume the pastorate of the church Jan. 1, 1900.

It may be added that at the time of Dr. Gamble's call to the permanent pastorate of the church in 1897, Eld. Randolph received a considerable minority vote; and that during the revival meetings conducted by him in the church last March and April, many people became much more strongly attached to him than ever before. It is the prayer of the church that all discordant and indifferent elements in the church and in the community may speedily be drawn into the fullest unity and the deepest consecration to the cause of Christ.

It is just, however, to Dr. Gamble, and to all concerned, to say that not only are his closing services for the church his best, but that the richest fruits of his labors are showing themselves most abundantly in these last months of his labor with us.

During the past two years the church has rallied heroically in paying off a considerable part of its indebtedness. It has made extensive repairs on the church amounting to over \$2,000. It has made repairs on the parsonage to the amount of some \$300. It has raised in cash and pledges, through the personal efforts of the pastor, over \$700, with which Memorial windows are soon to be placed in the church. There have been 83 additions to the membership of the church within the past two and one-half years; 55 by baptism, 3 by testimony and 25 by letter.

The contributions for benevolent purposes have steadily increased during Dr. Gamble's term of service as pastor. The contributions for 1898 and 1899 have each year more than doubled the contributions reported for 1897. The average weekly offering for the past four months has been \$50.89. Seldom if ever a better average for the church than now.

The present year is witnessing the largest average Sabbath-day attendance during Dr. Gamble's pastorate. At the present time there are six weekly services for preaching and prayer, maintained within the bounds of the church, aside from the Sixth-day evening and Sabbath-day services and the Sunday services in the University. The First Alfred Evangelistic Band, consisting of about thirty young people, has been organized for school-house and neighborhood evangelistic work. This band is co-operating with the pastor in maintaining the extra appointments.

Dr. Gamble's sermons, from week to week, are strong, fearless, pointed presentations of the fundamental principles of the Christian life. As he closes his labors with us, many of our people are feeling that we have not fully appreciated before the scholarly, conscientious, consecrated service Dr. Gamble has given to the church; and we are praying that God will open up a way for the unhampered use of his splendid gifts for the benefit of the denomination and the upbuilding of the cause of Christ.

BOOTHE COLWELL DAVIS.

ALFRED, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1899.

ALL of us who are worth anything, spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or expiating the mistakes of our youth.—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

The evidences of interest in practical service for the Master, by our young people, are very gratifying. If you do not receive replies to your letters, do not be discouraged and cease writing, for your letters, either from societies or individuals, are very helpful and encouraging. Let them come as you feel moved. They are very much appreciated, and I shall be very glad, indeed, for the young people to feel perfectly free to write anything of interest or helpfulness to the cause. Next week we hope to write the first of several letters upon the subject of personal work, and as an excellent preface to them I quote from a letter from an earnest worker in the Eastern Association:

I think one of the greatest reasons for the seeming lack of energy on the part of many of our young people, is the apparent failure we meet with in Endeavor Work. Our ideals of Christian attainment are high; we encounter many hindrances in trying to reach these high ideals; little things annoy and dishearten us. The energy we expend on things other than spiritual, and duties other than God-given, afford us immediate results, either success or failure. This is not always true in the cause of righteousness. We strive to do something for somebody; lead some one into the right path; help to build up the church and Endeavor Society, and withal do just as Christ would have us do. We fail, or see no result whatever. We have not yet learned that God does not always reveal to a devoted soul the progress it is making. It may be our duty to sow where others shall reap; but God will get the harvest just the same. Christian Endeavorers must possess their souls in patience, and in true humility wait.

We are not working for rewards,—only to feel that we are doing our duty. Let us talk more with God of our plans. We need to have our hearts filled with divine love, our souls afire with divine light, and then our lives would be as resistless as the never-ceasing power of Niagara. . . . As Christian Endeavorers, and as Seventh-day Baptist Christian Endeavorers, we must be more active in the cause of Christ. (Italics mine.) Our union with God must be deeper; then we will not question how to utilize our energy to the glory of God; the question will answer itself in the fact that we are seeking in all things the service of the Master, the glory of God and the blessing of others.

M. B. KELLY.

5455 MONROE AVE., Chicago, Ill., Dec. 17, 1899.

C. E. TOPIC CARDS.

Booklets for 1900 are ready for distribution. Through the kindness of the United Society, we are permitted to use the topics and references as arranged by them, making only the necessary changes to adapt them to the use of ourselves as a denomination. We hope all our C. E. Societies will make their orders for the entire year, as the book covers the period from January, 1900, to January, 1901. Following are the prices:

100 copies.....	\$1.50
75 ".....	1.15
50 ".....	1.00
25 ".....	.50
Single copies.....	.03

Societies wishing the names of their officers, or any special announcements, to appear on the Booklets which they may order, can be accommodated at a slight advance in price. Any information bearing on this will be cheerfully furnished by the Publishing House.

WHEN a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.—*Thomas C. Haliburton.*

It is good to hunger and thirst, so it be for righteousness.—*Christina Rossetti.*

THE CRIMES OF THE TONGUE.

The second most deadly instrument of destruction is the dynamite gun, the first is the human tongue. The gun merely kills bodies, the tongue kills reputations and, oftentimes, ruins characters. Each gun works alone; each loaded tongue has a hundred accomplices. The havoc of the gun is visible at once. The full evil of the tongue lives through all the years; even the eye of Omniscience might grow tired in tracing it to its finality.

The crimes of the tongue are words of unkindness, of anger, of malice, of envy, of bitterness, of harsh criticism, gossip, lying and scandal. Theft and murder are awful crimes; yet in any single year the aggregate sorrow, pain and suffering they cause in a nation is microscopic when compared with the sorrows that come from the crimes of the tongue. Place in one of the scale-pans of justice the evils resulting from the acts of criminals, and in the other the grief and tears and suffering resulting from the crimes of respectability, and you will start back in amazement as you see the scale you thought the heavier shoot high in air.

At the hands of thief or murderer few of us suffer, even indirectly. But from the careless tongue of friend, the cruel tongue of enemy, who is free? No human being can live a life so true, so fair, so pure as to be beyond the reach of malice, or immune from the poisonous emanations of envy. The insidious attacks against one's reputation, the loathsome innuendoes, slurs, half-lies by which jealous mediocrity seeks to ruin its superiors, are like those insect parasites that kill the heart and life of a mighty oak. So cowardly is the method, so stealthy the shooting of the poisoned thorns, so insignificant the separate acts in their seeming, that one is not on guard against them. It is easier to dodge an elephant than a microbe.—*William George Jordan.*

THE SCOPE OF JEWISH INTERESTS.

The Jews are sometimes charged with being a narrow people, but in point of fact there is none other whose interests are so varied and general. Their history, stretching back to the infancy of the world, is intertwined with that of the leading nations of antiquity as well as of modern times, so that in universal history they are at home. Scattered all over the world, there is scarcely a land which has not for them a direct personal interest. Is there a war in South Africa, Jews are concerned in it. Is gold discovered in the Klondyke, Jews are among the first to brave its dangers. Is there demoralization in a country, Jews are the first to feel its effects. What form of human activity are they not engaged in? Is agriculture the subject of discussion, are Jews not interested in its condition if for no other reason than because of their colonists here and abroad? In the domain of science and art they have their representatives. In sociology they have furnished the standards and standard-bearers. In education, philanthropy, politics, commerce and the professions they are deeply concerned. In literature theirs is "the book," and in more than one sense can they be termed "the people of the book."—*Jewish Exponent.*

LIFE without love can be borne; but life without honor, never!—*A. K. Green.*

WHERESOEVER the search after truth begins, there life begins.—*John Ruskin.*

Children's Page.

WHEN JESUS CAME.

BY G. E. M.

Long years ago, by Bethlehem town,
The temple sheep were feeding;
The wintry stars shone kindly down
On flock and shepherds heeding,
When Jesus came.

The wise men from the Orient,
Led by a starry finger,
The shepherds, too, by angels sent
To worship did not linger,
When Jesus came.

A mother's love received its crown
And childhood dearest blessing,
When Heaven's King did nestle down
In Mary's arms, caressing,
When Jesus came.

O happy night, so full of song
And joy for every sorrow!
For stars shine bright, though nights be long,
And dawns a glad to-morrow,
Since Jesus came.

CHRISTMAS DOLLS AND LITTLE MOTHERS.

BY CONSTANCE CONRAD.

Madge Franklin and her friends, Mabel and Carol Grey, were gathered in the sunny sitting room at the Franklins', busily engaged in dressing dolls.

"Isn't she sweet?" questioned Madge, as she laid a baby doll in a long white dress softly across her lap, while she drew a tiny embroidered cap over her flaxen hair and tied the narrow ribbons under the doll's dimpled chin.

"I love the babies best of all," she said, as she lifted the pretty doll and gave her a kiss.

"Oh, Madge Franklin! kissing a doll!" exclaimed Carol, as she smoothed the skirts of the doll dressed in the bicycle costume which lay on her lap.

"I don't care," answered Madge; "she looks like a real baby," and she added as a second thought, "She can carry the kiss to the little mother who is going to have her as a present."

Just then Mabel, who had thus far been engaged in carefully arranging the gathers in the skirt of the bright plaid dress on her brown-eyed doll, looked up from her work. "It's well we have these three days at Thanksgiving," she said, "for we have not gotten on very fast. I wonder whether the other Juniors are ahead of us?"

"Carrie Hamlin has her doll dressed," answered Madge; "and little Hettie Todd asked her mother to help her; and she has the prettiest crocheted socks and pink silk cap."

"I'm going to make boots for my bicycle girl," said Carol.

These girls were all members of the Junior Endeavor Society, and in their plans for the Christmas-time they had decided to dress a dozen dolls, and send them to some of the very poor people in the tenement portions of New York. They had heard from their missionary that she saw children every day in the week who had never owned a doll, or even had one nearer their motherly little arms than the show windows of some poor little store, through which they had gazed, hungry-eyed, at Christmas time.

There was a double pleasure in this work for these young girls as they petted and patted and admired the dolls they were dressing, and spoke pitiful words out of tender hearts for the little mothers who had never owned any dolls of their own, and the joy these would bring into the poor homes they were going to.

A large amount of perseverance was called for before each doll was fitted with a neat wardrobe throughout, for these little girls were not very skillful with their needles as yet. They had occasion more than once to encourage themselves with the thought that they were Christian Endeavorers, and that they were endeavoring to bring joy to the hearts of some of the dear Christ's children at the beautiful Christmas-time.

But when the dolls lay at last neatly packed in the box in which they were to travel to the city, brown curls lying close to the flaxen locks, the bicycle girl in a jaunty cap and wing and top boots keeping guard over a baby doll in soft raiment on either side, dolls in plaid dresses and white guimpes, and more in pink and blue gingham, all lying side by side, the Juniors were jubilant over their work and the beautiful doll family they were sending away to the little mothers.

If each doll could have spoken she would have carried some of the sweetest thoughts and most loving Christmas wishes from the Juniors to each far-away little mother; but even in silence their bright and pretty faces carried the unspoken message.

And the children who were waiting, not knowing the joy which was traveling toward them! What of them? There were so many of them, so many who would have no other Christmas, that the kind missionary's heart ached as she chose from among the children the dozen little folks who should have the Christmas dolls.

On Christmas Eve she took all the dolls with her, and climbed tenement stairs and found her way into dark basements in search of the children she had chosen; and one day after Christmas there came a letter to the Juniors, telling of a few of the little mothers whom the Christmas dolls found, and the poor homes they had made happy. This was part of what the letter said:

"Little Cora Gains' prospects for a happy Christmas were not large. Cora's father is out of work and her mother is ill. There are five children in the family, and Cora, the youngest, is four years old. The doll was her only present, and she loves it dearly.

"Another doll went to Julia Aker. Julia's father is a tailor. One may see him any short winter's day sitting cross-legged, sewing away, with his table close to the window to save light. He sews from morning till late at night, but makes little money. There are two boys in this family besides Julia, and Julia's father told them all he had no money for toys; they must be thankful for bread and health. When the missionary gave Julia one of the Juniors' baby dolls she was overjoyed, and her mother said, 'I think some little girl dressed this doll, it looks so nice!'

"Becky French had no thought of Santa Claus remembering her. Becky's father is a longshoreman, which means that he walks from dock to dock and does little odd jobs. His business cannot be a very good one, for Mr. French's family look half starved; and as for dolls, Becky has never owned anything that resembles a doll, except wooden sticks dressed up for doll babies. Becky's little hands look like birds' claws, but she plays and sings all day long, and no one could possibly get more fun and pleasure out of the bicycle doll than she."

If the Juniors had been happy when they saw their box full of pretty dolls start on its

journey, it was nothing to the pleasure that thrilled their hearts and shone in their faces when they heard of the little mothers they had made happy. They had caused the light of God's love to shine into some dark places in all its sweetness on the day of his birth, and in return it was flooding their own hearts as well.—*Christian Work.*

SAVED HIS MASTER'S LIFE.

In "Wild Animals I Have Known," Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson relates a terrible experience. He had gone out alone to a remote district on his pony to inspect some wolf-traps. In one of them he found a wolf, and having killed it, was engaged in resetting the trap, when inadvertently he sprung the next one, and his hand was caught in the massive steel jaws.

"I lay on my face," he says, "and stretched out my toes, hoping to draw within reach the trap wrench, which I had thrown down a few feet away. Wolf-traps are set in fours around a buried bait, and are covered with cotton and fine sand so as to be quite invisible.

"Intent on securing the wrench, I swung about my anchor, stretching and reaching to the utmost, unable to see just where it lay, but trusting to the sense of touch to find it. A moment later there was a sharp 'clank!' and the iron jaws of trap No. 3 closed on my left foot!

"Struggle as I would, I could not move either trap, and there I lay stretched out and securely staked to the ground. No one knew where I had gone, and there was slight prospect of anyone's coming to the place for weeks. The full horror of my situation was upon me—to be devoured by wolves, or die of cold and starvation. My pony, meantime, stood patiently waiting to take me home.

"The afternoon waned, and night came on, a night of horror! Wolves howled in the distance, and then drew nearer and nearer. They seized upon and devoured the carcass of the one I had slaughtered, and one of them, growing bolder, came up and snarled in my face. Then there was a sudden rush, and a fight among the wolves.

"I could not see well, and for an instant I thought my time had come when a big fellow dashed upon me! But it was Bingo—my noble dog—who rubbed his shaggy, panting sides against me and licked my face. He had scattered the wolves, and killed one, as I afterward learned.

"Bingo! Bingo, old boy! Fetch me the trap wrench!

"Away he went, and came dragging my rifle, for he knew only that I wanted something.

"No, Bingo—the trap wrench!

"This time it was my sash, but at last he brought the wrench, and wagged his tail in joy that it was right. With difficulty, reaching out with my free hand, I unscrewed the pillar nut. The trap fell apart and my hand was released, and a minute later I was free.

"Bingo brought up my pony, which had fled at the approach of the wolves, and soon we were on the way home with the dog as herald, leaping and barking for joy."

THE BABY ON THE TRAIN.

Who has not seen babies on the train, and, sometimes, heard them? Many a traveler has been made conscious of the presence of some unwinged angel, and wished the mother would either go into another car, or hoped the next station would be the place where she would get off the train. But then there are

babies and babies, and this is the way a summer tourist, returning from the mountains, writes about the baby on her train and in her car. The baby, observed the lady, had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked around in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride on the cars. Then, as she became used to the roar and rumble, the baby proclivities asserted themselves, and she began to play with her father's mustache. At first the father and mother were the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby, and tried to look unconcerned; but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile. The baby pulled the hair of an old lady in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said, "Nuisances should be left at home." But she caught sight of the laughing eyes of the baby, and when she turned back she seemed pleased about something. Several others had become interested in the child by this time—business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls—and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it upon her own head, it made such a comical picture that an old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst out into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing. Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and everyone was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, and was at a loss to account for the frowns of everybody. He had failed to notice the baby. The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no customers until he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification. The conductor caught the fever and chucked the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he playing peek-a-boo. The old lady in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old lady's cheek. It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear.

The train sped on and pulled into the station where the baby, with her parents, was to leave the car. A look of great regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it just once; the old lady returned the caress she had received, and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a by-by over the shoulder of her papa, to which everyone responded, including the newsboy, who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat. The passengers, rushing to the side where the baby got off, watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking by-bys all the time. Then they lapsed into silence. They missed that baby, and not one of them would be willing to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart warm or cold, in the car.—*Zion's Watchman.*

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.

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.—It has been some time since the Independence church has been represented by letter to the Reading Room of the RECORDER. Perhaps this communication may not be untimely. An unusually pleasant season has just passed. The fall of 1899 will go on record as one of the very pleasantest in our experience, with scarcely any disastrous storms. Bountiful harvests have blessed the land, and farmers enjoy the fruits of toil, and with fair prices for farm products. Better times seem to dawn upon us, and the hope for general prosperity in business matters in the future seems to brighten. Perhaps no time in the history of our church has there been better union among our members than at the present, consequently the affairs of the church run smoothly, and its appointments are well attended.

As to spiritual life and growth, we would be glad if more were perceptible, yet the influence and labors of earnest hearts and consecrated lives will not fail of fruits, as the coming years shall unfold harvests, the result of willing effort and constant seed-sowing. Some discouragements have to be met in the loss by death of some of our worthy members during the year, and we are led to inquire who will rise to fill the vacancies and assume the responsibilities of these important positions in the vineyard of the Lord. Pastor Burdick, who was been ill for nearly six months and obliged to give up his pastoral work for a while, is now able to take up the work in the same commendable way as formerly, and we have reason to thank God that he has been restored to us and the work here. The pulpit was very ably filled most of the time, in the absence of the pastor, by the pastors of neighboring churches, who very kindly offered their services. We believe the establishing of Christ's kingdom and the spread of his truth is in the hearts of our people.

CORRESPONDENT.

SHILOH, N. J.—I have been reading the RECORDER to see what was doing. This is what I read the RECORDER for. I read the reports from the "battle fields" where Dr. Lewis, L. C. Randolph and J. G. Burdick were waging war on sin. Then I looked for Home News, or news from the churches in "camp;" "arms stacked" in too many cases, I fear. You say or think, How about Shiloh? Well, brethren, our Sabbath morning service (not dress-parade) is large, some three hundred people, or nearly so, being present. We have good music. Then follows the sermon of about forty minutes, during which time the congregation are not allowed to sleep, in peace at least. Our entire services do not exceed an hour and fifteen minutes usually; could you endure that? Then the shaking of hands with all I can reach, usually nearly all. Our Sabbath-school meets at 3 o'clock Sabbath afternoon, and numbers from 140 to 150. It is one of the best I have ever visited, not only in our denomination, but in any other.

Our Men's Meeting, organized four years ago, is a power. It is conducted by the men at 2 o'clock Sabbath afternoon. The Sixth-day night meeting is usually attended by

from 30 to 60 people, and the hour is all occupied by prayer and conference. Our Christian Endeavor meeting is held the night following the Sabbath. The Juniors meet at 4 Sabbath afternoon. On Monday night we have had a reading circle and have been reading the "Colportage Library Books." On Tuesday evenings we have held musicals at the parsonage and other places, where all joined in singing and in enjoying the musical instruments brought and played. The young people are fitting up a reading room for the winter. We hope to start off the week of prayer with a sunrise New Year's morning meeting. Teacher's Meeting is held Sunday nights. Many of our young people are away teaching and attending school. I want to be one link in the prayer chain of pastors of the denomination to ask God daily to revive every church we have.

Yours in the work,

E. B. SAUNDERS.

P. S.—I received a letter to-day telling me of a good opening for a Sabbath-keeping doctor among our people. I shall be glad to inform any of your young doctors wishing to locate.

E. B. S.

MILTON JUNCTION, WISCONSIN.—Thermometer only six degrees above zero this morning, a little snow, but pleasant. We have had a very beautiful fall, and the health of the community, with very few exceptions, is good. The religious interest is quite good, though not what we desire to see. We are praying, looking for, and hoping to see it greatly improved. We had a very pleasant Thanksgiving service. A quite large number took their dinners to the church and, after the sermon, served them together in the basement. The social feature was very enjoyable.

A week ago last Sabbath one, coming to us from the Congregationalists, was baptized, and last Sabbath she, with two others who had been baptized before, received the right hand of fellowship. This was our communion Sabbath and it was a good and precious season. Last Tuesday evening the Lyceum of our High School had an oratorical contest, two from each of the four classes taking part. The speaking was very good indeed, and for persons so young it showed commendable progress.

We are interested in the Gold Coast, West African mission and intend to try to help it on. The people here are showing their kindness and helpfulness in various surprises from time to time, that are encouraging and strengthening to the pastor and his family.

We sorrow with you all as our aged heroes are falling, yet we feel to thank God that the success of Christian enterprises is not dependent upon the lives or deeds of Christian men. God takes the workers but the work goes forward. May we all learn to depend on our own work less and our Father's more. We desire the prayers of our dear brethren and sisters that we shall be so submissive to the Master's will that he shall always use us for his glory.

G. J. CRANDALL.

DECEMBER 15, 1899.

ALBION, WIS.—The series of meetings conducted by Evangelist Randolph, which began the evening following Oct. 13, closed evening after the Sabbath, Dec. 2. As a result there has been a general awakening among the membership of the church, eleven have been added by baptism, two by letter and verbal

testimony and there are three others who have offered themselves for baptism and membership in the church. Besides these visible evidences, there is an undertone of moral and spiritual uplift, the extent of which, doubtless, does not fully appear. Nov. 4, Secretary Lewis was with us and spoke Sabbath morning and evening following, giving two stirring sermons along the lines of the present dangers, demands, duties, etc., which concern us as a people in these times of agitation and inquiry concerning the Sabbath and the reforms looking toward a higher, purer devotion to God and his truth. It was a timely and appropriate addition to the evangelistic services in progress. Monday evening, Nov. 6, Mrs. Townsend, of Holgate, Ohio, was with us and gave us a very interesting address, in which she related her experience in coming to the Sabbath. A large and attentive audience, many of whom were First-day people, some of them students in the Academy, listened to her address.

Bro. Randolph is now conducting meetings at Welton, Iowa. We are holding one or two extra meetings each week, and hope for additional results.

The weather has been delightful for the time of year, almost rivaling the more Southern climate for pleasantness and salubrity. The year has been one of general prosperity, and there are manifold reasons for gratitude and thanksgiving to the Giver of all blessings.

S. H. B.

DEC. 12, 1899.

SUMMERVILLE, MO.—A letter from Summerville, Mo., reports that Rev. T. G. Helm, of that place, has been injured by being thrown from a horse—he was riding one animal and leading another—and that he has not been able to leave his house since the accident. He must be assisted in dressing, in leaving his bed and in many other ways, being able to sit up, but not able to walk. The only permanent member of his household is a "little girl Emma," his granddaughter we presume. Though alone as to Sabbath-keepers, and thus afflicted, Bro. Helm remains strong in his faith and practice as a Seventh-day Baptist, and clear in his hope that the "Lord of the Sabbath" will fulfill his promise and his holy will in his case. He would be glad to find "a faithful Sabbath-keeping young man to cultivate his little farm." He closes his letter as follows:

"My days are swiftly passing by,
And I a pilgrim, stranger."

"I know that I must soon pass away, and I earnestly request the prayers of all who may learn of my condition. I am a 'lone Sabbath-keeper,' and have none of 'like precious faith' with whom I can associate."

The RECORDER sends words of Christian greeting to Bro. Helm, and unites in the prayer that his affliction may work out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

THIRTY DAYS AT HOME.

He stood in the police station. Ragged, dirty, forlorn, his long, unkempt hair crowned by a battered hat, beneath it a face that showed only too plainly the marks of dissipation and sin. A handsome face perhaps it would never have been called; self-will was stamped upon every feature, and a casual observer would perhaps have pronounced him utterly bad. Charles Dawson had been called by the judge and he had appeared. He

stood there now with an air of dogged, sullen indifference.

Why did the judge look at him so earnestly? He was not interesting.

"What is the charge?"

"Drunk and disorderly, your honor," replied the officer.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"No," was the sullen answer. He had been this way too many times before to mind it.

"Your sentence—thirty days at home. Officer Riggins shall see that the sentence is carried out."

The audience stared as if they could scarcely believe their ears. The prisoner gave a startled look at the judge, and shook his head; no, it could not be. Much mystified, he passed from the court room. Home! impossible! Home! He had not seen it for twenty years. Bah, the idea! And he laughed a hard, coarse laugh that his mother would have wept to hear. Why, this was queer. The officer had told him to put on his hat, and they were really passing out through the great iron gates and up street. He walked as in a dream.

"Where do your parents live?" asked the officer.

Had he forgotten? No. Couldn't he see it as plain as though it were only yesterday instead of twenty long years ago?

The officer repeated his question, and he said that his home was in B—.

He scarcely noticed when they reached the station and boarded a train. One word rang through his ears, not musically, but a confusion of memories. He noticed no one as the train sped on. They must be nearing B—. The whistle shrieked, the train stopped. Oh, if he could get away! He must not, could not go home. But the strong arm of the officer held him fast, and he found himself forced by the stronger will to tread the way toward home.

It was spring when he left it, for the buttercups and daisies were both in bloom, just the same as they were now.

Somehow growing up in the heart of this man so full of sin was a longing to see the home again, but he indignantly scouted the idea as unworthy of one of the worst denizens of E—'s hotel. Homeward—even the trees seemed to look familiar. The old school-house stood beside the way, and he thought of the time when he was an innocent, light-hearted boy. One little daisy looked up at him and he picked it. Bah, what did he care for a flower? But he did not throw it away.

He remembered how he had once stood by mother's chair and she said to him, "Charley, if you want to be a man, never touch liquor." Father hadn't wanted him to go to town. He and mother had stood in the doorway and watched him go far down the road. Would they look the same as they used to do? They would be glad to see him, he was sure; father had said so the morning he went away.

Then a turn of the road brought the old house in sight, weather-beaten, gray and low, but the center of so many memories. Suppose there were strangers there; suppose—but that wasn't probable; father wasn't so old or mother either, for, although he would not own it, he did not like to think that perhaps there were two more graves in the family lot.

The sun had been slowly nearing the horizon; now it lingered for a moment on the old gray house as if it loved it, and then sank behind the tall pines that edged the wood. Two old people sat by the window. There were tears in Mother Dawson's patient eyes as father turned toward her. Soul communion is better than speech, and each knew of whom the other was thinking. His hand trembled as he laid it upon hers and said, "Mother, let us pray." And if ever angels hush their music to listen, they did so then. He prayed for the wandering boy wherever he might be, prayed that God would bring him back to himself and to them, but if—and the old man's voice faltered—if not in their lifetime, God's will be done.

And the wanderer outside heard it, and strong man, hardened though he was, he wept. The prayer was ended and he went in, alone, for even the officer felt the sacredness of such a meeting.

Words would fail to describe it, but the gladness reached higher than the gray old house, for we are told that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

"They do say," said Deacon White, some months later, when the excitement over the returned prodigal had somewhat abated, "they do say that that Dawson boy, or man he is now, is real stiddy; helps his father on the farm and such like, but I dunno," shaking his head; "I hope 'twill last."

It did last, and Charles Dawson will, throughout his lifetime, be grateful to the judge who pronounced the sentence that with God's help made a man of him; and if there is one verse in the Bible dearer to him than all others, it is this: "His father . . . fell on his neck, and kissed him."—*Ram's Horn.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!

And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

"In the light of that star
Lie the ages imperaled;
And the song from afar
Has swept over the world.

Every heart is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

"We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.

Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King."

—*J. G. Holland.*

LEARN TO WRITE WELL AND SPELL WELL.

There are apparently small things that have much to do with success—things small in themselves but great in their influence. Prominent among them are good penmanship and good English. These accomplishments develop accuracy and refinement. Good health is a duty that cannot be ignored. Without it success is doubtful, and it is easier to secure and to retain than thoughtless young men are willing to admit. Neatness in personal appearance is another duty, and, like health, it can be maintained at far less cost than many suppose. These several things, and others equally simple, create an influence of gentility that is essential in business relations. Good breeding is on the increase in this country, and it counts powerfully as an element of success.

For a final word, let me call attention to the thought suggested at the beginning—

namely, that a complete life, thoroughly rounded physically, mentally, spiritually, is the life that contains within itself the elements of success in material equally with higher things. The bane of living is incompleteness. The difficulty is that character is improperly centered, that young men do not see their problems whole, large, complete. It needs to be such a dreaming of dreams and seeing visions as creates ideals—sentiment, but not sentimentality. Then the struggle of life is to keep them. Occasionally an old man survives, bright, pure in heart, hopeful, radiant. Such are a matchless inspiration; always they are men that got their positions and kept them.

The life of additions creates and keeps a position; such is a growing life. The life of subtractions fails either to create or to keep a position. Every compromise of principle, every act for which apology or explanation must be made, every deed that must be covered with darkness, is a deduction. Add constantly, and you will both get a position and keep it.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The disasters of last week which checked the British advance in South Africa led to a radical change in the management of the war. General Buller was relieved of chief command and Lord Roberts was placed over all the British forces, with General Kitchner as chief of staff. This gives to South Africa the best that England has in commanders, as it had already the best in the line of soldiers. Little fighting has been done during the past week, and, in a moderate sense, the British army has held its own at the points of defeat. Meanwhile the Boers have strengthened their positions, and fierce fighting is yet to come, unless peace shall intervene. Rumors of steps toward peace have been slight, too slight to give much hope. Public feeling in England is much depressed, although preparations for sending large re-inforcements are being pushed. The limited amount of news, which is permitted to come through British lines, increases popular fear.

In the Philippines little fighting has been done, and Aguinaldo seems to have gone into the fugitive business permanently. But the most distressing "casualty" of the war came on Dec. 19, when General H. W. Lawton was killed by a rebel sharp-shooter, in a little skirmish at San Mateo. He was an able officer who had done excellent work, and was held in high esteem. The Nation is in mourning for him.

Congress has adjourned for the holidays. Currency legislation, along the lines of the Bill already passed in the House, has been taken up by the Senate, and is promised early attention when Congress assembles in January, 1900. The Roberts investigation was kept up until the time of adjournment.

The influence of the war in South Africa, and the personal contest between the great money interests in Wall Street, have given an exciting and, to some, a disastrous week in the New York Stock Market. Some heavy losses have come, but the week closes with an improved state of things. A large amount of gold is going to Europe.

The already famous Molineux trial for murder is dragging along in New York, with a week of contest as to "hand-writing," signatures, and the like.

General Wood has succeeded General Brooke as Governor of Cuba. The appointment of such a man is excellent, and makes for the best results.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1900.

FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 6.	The Birth of Jesus.....	Luke 2: 1-16
Jan. 13.	The Child Jesus Visits Jerusalem.....	Luke 2: 41-52
Jan. 20.	The Preaching of John the Baptist.....	Luke 3: 1-17
Jan. 27.	The Baptism and Temptation of Jesus.....	Matt. 3: 13 to 4: 11
Feb. 3.	The First Disciples of Jesus.....	John 1: 35-46
Feb. 10.	Jesus and Nicodemus.....	John 3: 1-18
Feb. 17.	Jesus at Jacob's Well.....	John 4: 5-26
Feb. 24.	Jesus Rejected at Nazareth.....	Luke 4: 16-30
Mar. 3.	Jesus Healing in Capernaum.....	Mark 1: 21-34
Mar. 10.	The Paralytic Healed.....	Mark 2: 1-12
Mar. 17.	Jesus at Matthew's House.....	Mark 2: 13-22
Mar. 24.	Review.....	

LESSON I.—THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

For Sabbath-day, Jan. 6, 1900.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 2: 1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins. Matt. 1: 21.

INTRODUCTION.

We begin our studies in the life of Jesus by considering the story of his birth. The student will do well to read the passages suggested in the Daily Readings, particularly the first chapter of the gospel according to Luke, that he may be familiar with the circumstances which the evangelists relate preceding the birth of our Lord.

Luke tells us more than the others concerning the infancy and childhood of Jesus. The second chapter of the third gospel together with the second chapter of the first gives us a picture of the Babe of Bethlehem which fascinates us with its sublime simplicity.

In the apocraphal gospels imagination has portrayed many marvelous sayings and doings of the infant Jesus. These writings show themselves to be spurious by the contrast with gospels of Matthew and Luke, and make us more sure of the entire credibility of the accounts which we find in the New Testament. No forger could have written such a narrative as that which we have for our study this week.

In noticing the dates of events mentioned in the New Testament it is to be remembered that when the Roman abbot, Dionysius, first introduced, in 535, the custom of reckoning dates from the year of our Lord's birth, he made a mistake of five years.

NOTES.

1. **And it came to pass in those days.** An indefinite, general reference to the time near the birth of John the Baptist, mentioned in the preceding chapter. **Cæsar Augustus** was the first emperor of Rome and reigned from B. C. 27 to A. D. 14. **All the world.** That is, the inhabited world. The meaning is evidently restricted to the Roman empire. **Taxed.** Literally *enrolled*. The enrollment was, however, almost certainly for the purpose of taxation.

2. **And this taxing was first made,** etc. Much better as in the Revised Version without the parenthesis. "This was the first enrollment made when Quirinius was governor of Syria." Volumes have been written in regard to the interpretation of this verse and in attempts to harmonize this statement with the data of profane history. Many have thought that Luke made a great error in referring to Quirinius, who became governor of Syria ten years later; but recent research has shown that he also served as governor of Syria shortly after the death of Herod the Great. Although it cannot be established that Quirinius was governor of Syria when Jesus was born, it is almost beyond question that the enrollment begun at this time was completed under the oversight of this governor. In other matters Luke shows himself

an accurate historian; we must then require much stronger evidence than that which is brought forward to make us doubt his veracity in this verse. **Cyrenius** is the Greek form of the Latin name *Quirinius*.

3. **And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.** It was the custom of the Romans in taking a census to count every man where he was found, as with us. The Jews preferred to be registered by families. The Roman officials therefore conceded them the privilege of journeying to their ancestral homes.

4. **The city of Nazareth.** The word "city" is sometimes used in reference to a comparatively small village. **Because he was of the house and lineage of David.** The word translated "lineage" ("family" in the Revised Version) refers to the larger divisions of the tribe; the word "house" to the subdivision of the family. Joseph was in the direct line of descent from David. Our lesson does not help us in settling the question as to whether Mary was of the house of David or not.

5. **His espoused wife.** Compare the Revised Version and the account in Matt. 1.

7. **Her firstborn son.** The use of word "firstborn" does not decide the question whether other children were born to Mary. **Swaddling clothes.** The usual clothing for an infant. **In a manger.** Tradition has it that this manger was in a cave which was occupied as a stable. There is, however, no ground for this tradition. **The inn.** This was not a hotel with a host; but a public khan or caravansary where lodging was free to those who came early enough to secure it.

8. **In the same country.** That is, in the vicinity of Bethlehem. **Abiding in the field,** etc. This circumstance has been supposed to present definite information as to the time of year of the nativity. The shepherds usually led forth their flocks in the spring and returned with them in the fall. It is asserted however, that in some cases the flocks remained out of doors all winter. There is a tradition also that these shepherds were watching over the temple-flock from which animals were provided for the daily sacrifices. The fact of the flock remaining out all night is, therefore, no objection to the theory that our Lord was born in the winter.

9. **The angel of the Lord came,** etc. It is no wonder that they were afraid at the grandeur of the sight.

10. **Fear not.** This is not a reproof, but rather an assurance. **To all people.** The Revised Version renders more accurately "to all the people." The message was first and particularly for the people of Israel.

11. **A Saviour.** The children of Israel had had saviours before, those who had delivered them from their enemies. **Which is Christ the Lord.** This Saviour is particularly described. He is the Anointed One, the Messiah of the Old Testament, and worthily bears the title "Lord," which was used by the Jews as equivalent to the proper name of God, *Jehovah* or *Jahwe*.

12. **And this shall be a sign,** etc. They were told how to make sure of that which was promised. They were to find a babe under certain peculiar circumstances.

13. **A multitude of the heavenly host.** This expression probably refers to the angels.

14. **Glory to God in the highest,** etc. The Revised Version follows a Greek text which differs from the received text by one letter. The parallelism also favors the later rendering.

In the highest—glory—to God.

On earth—peace—to men.

15. **Unto Bethlehem.** They had doubtless been told whither to go.

16. **And found.** Not accidentally, but by searching. **Lying in a manger.** Compare verse 12.

TAKE the world as it comes, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it.—*Horæ æ Walgole.*

The Saving of Money

by the use of Royal

Baking Powder is considerable. Royal is economical, because it possesses more leavening power and goes further.

Royal saves also because it always makes fine, light, sweet food; never wastes good flour; butter and eggs.

More important still is the saving in health. Royal Baking Powder adds anti-dyspeptic qualities to the food.

There is no baking powder so economical in practical use, no matter how little others may cost, as the Royal

Imitation baking powders almost invariably contain alum. Alum makes the food unwholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Teledimgraph.

A new word has been hatched, but as yet has not been introduced into society. When introduced and accepted by the high-toned Lexicographers, it will remain for a "time, time and a half time" before the word "obsolete" will be annexed thereto.

This new-fledged word signifies a machine, or rather an apparatus, by which the Kaiser may send by cable a correct picture of his big arm chair, and have it printed in the *Tribune* here before the time of its having been taken. The way this is brought about is as follows: The picture of the chair is first taken on tinfoil, and then prepared with a kind of ink that will harden and not blur by moderate rubbing. Two cylinders are prepared, similar to those used in a phonograph; one for sending and the other for receiving. By a device they are made to revolve precisely in harmony with each other. The tinfoil is wrapped around the sending cylinder, and a fine steel point is placed over it, which by means of a fine screw is made to move a trifle at each revolution of the cylinder, so that in passing the whole surface of the tinfoil will be covered. When the point comes in contact with the ink, it is raised, and thereby the circuit is broken.

The receiving cylinder is wrapped in a sheet of carbon paper, placed between two blank sheets of paper, and the point or needle over this cylinder follows exactly the motions of the sending point, both in movement and pressure, thereby reproducing, by means of the carbon paper, an exact copy or picture of the original chair, although three thousand miles away. But what is a name?

A Number of Holes in the Earth.

It is said that the lowest place on the earth's surface is about a mile from the head of the dead Sea in Palestine. The highest mountain peaks have been explored, and the lowest valleys traversed in aid of science, yet a desire has always existed to obtain further knowledge of the composition of the crust of the earth, its strata and various qualities.

In the early history of the Bible frequent mention is made of digging wells. These wells were for obtaining water for flocks and herds, and for culinary purposes; but were only excavations and of various depths; the digging of such has been the practice in all the ages.

Since the discovery of petroleum, science and invention have been on the giving hand. Science gave the information that there were vast deposits of oil and many valuable metals far down within the crust of the earth; and invention gave directions how to proceed and ascertain where they were, and how to produce them for use. Hence we find the drilling of holes for oil, through which to bring it to the surface; also to determine the location of minerals, that by sinking shafts they also could be obtained.

When invention had succeeded in drilling a hole of a given diameter, say fifty feet, the scientific fact was settled by parity that if fifty feet could be drilled, then an hundred, and a thousand, and so on, as the anxiety continued and the money held out.

Here and there are located some of the holes that have penetrated downward over a thousand feet. At Charleston, S. C., one was drilled to a depth of 1,250 feet; one at Kissengen, Bavaria, to a depth of 1,787 feet; another at Grenoble, France, to 1,798 feet; another at Passy, France, to 2,000; one at Louisville, Ky., 2,086 feet; one at Neusalwerk, near Minden, Prussia, to 2,288 feet; one at Columbus, Ohio, to 2,775 feet; one at La Chapelle, France, to 2,950 feet; one at Pesth, Hungary, to 3,182 feet; one at St. Louis, Mo., to 3,843 feet; one at Sperenburg, Prussia, to 4,190 feet. If there are others of greater depth they have escaped my observation.

There was one projected by a syndicate, at Pittsburg, Pa., a year or two ago, which was to push on down and explore the unknown regions, so as to inform us about the geodetic, geocentric, climatic and such other phenomenal relations as might appear, but to this time I have not received their report.

If there had been appropriated one-tenth of the time and money to gain a knowledge of what is below us, which has been expended to find what never existed north of us, and what we can only look at above us, the knowledge and wealth of our little world would, we think, have been far better understood.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's catarrh cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75 cents. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MARRIAGES.

BATES—AUSTIN.—At the home of Mr. J. C. Heath, uncle of the bride, Adams Centre, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1899, by Rev. A. B. Prentice, Samuel Fox Bates, of New York City, and Eva Madara Austin, of Adams 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.

PALMITER.—Silas A. Palmiter was born in Alfred, N. Y., July 21, 1822, and died in Albion, Wis., Dec. 6, 1899.

He accepted Christ as his Saviour in early manhood and united with the First Alfred church, Alfred Centre, N. Y. Subsequently removing to Wisconsin, he united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Albion, Jan. 27, 1855, where his membership was retained until his death. He came to Wisconsin in the year 1854, and soon after settled on a farm between Albion and Edgerton, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was twice married, first to Susan Wells, of Little Genesee, N. Y., about the year 1846, who died in 1874. In about the year 1876 he married Mrs. Mary (Page) Tanner, who survives him. Funeral services at the Albion Seventh-day Baptist church, Dec. 8, 1899, conducted by the pastor. S. H. B.

SIMPSON.—In West Hallock, Ill., Dec. 10, 1899, Wallace M. Simpson, in the 37th year of his age.

Bro. Simpson was born and has always lived in Peoria County, Ill. After suffering many months, his weary soul has at last gone beyond this vale of tears and sorrow. He was an earnest, consistent Christian. Uniting with the West Hallock church at 19 years of age, his motto for life was the golden rule. A wife and two daughters, with many relatives and friends, are left to mourn his loss. The funeral services were held in the Seventh-day Baptist church on Dec. 12, at 11 A. M. Text. 1 Cor. 15: 55. R. B. T.

Literary Notes.

JESS, BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL, by Jenkins Lloyd Jones. Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

This most readable book consists of eleven sermons by the pastor of "All Souls Church," Chicago, Ill. They were born from vacation experiences and observations. Mr. Jones loves God, and nature and a good horse. "Jess" was a beautiful saddle horse, Mr. Jones' companion on these vacation trips through Northern and Northwestern Wisconsin. She carried him and helped him in securing material for the sermons; hence her name is the leading word in the title of the book. Here are some titles from the list of sermons: "A Quest for the Unattainable," "The River of Life," "The Religion of a Bird's Nest," "The Uplands of the Spirit," etc. The author is a keen observer and a sympathetic lover of nature. Nature is to him a direct revelation from God, and association with nature is communion with God. The companionship and intelligence of Jess appear in a strong and attractive light. On a given occasion, after a ride of twenty miles one forenoon, Jess and her rider came to a farm where an inviting barn promised rest and dinner for her, but an uninviting house promised so little for her rider that he walked out, calling Jess to follow. "This she did, like a sulky child, a long way behind." The result of this experiment is told by the author in these words:

"All this while I felt that the outcome was still dubious, but I walked on, hoping she would forget the barn. A hot quarter of a mile of dusty road, and then came the shady woods at the edge of which I meant to mount and hurry on to wherever our dinner might be. Jess was a long way behind, six or eight rods. When I stopped she stopped, and when I spoke, instead of the usual prompt response she shook her head. We stood a full minute, both suffering acutely from different anxieties. I did not want to be beaten, or to lose my horse; she did not want to disobey, neither did she want to lose her dinner. I called in vain, and when I started to go toward her the scales turned, and the strong will of the horse triumphed; she turned, and with a brisk trot retraced the quarter of a mile of dusty road and entered the barn unbidden. I followed sheepishly, too much amused to be angry. The farmer greeted me afar with a jeer, 'That's the time you got left, sir, I think.' I thought Jess would restore something of my self-respect by appearing guilty and somewhat afraid of me, but there were no signs of either. With her mouth full of

delicious clover she turned her bright eyes upon me in perfect satisfaction, and said as plainly as a horse could say, 'Don't be a fool, now. Take this bit out of my mouth and you go and get your dinner.'"

We make room for two or three gems from the sermon, "A Quest for the Unattainable."

"Heaven help the man or woman, the boy or girl, who is not interested in anything outside of his or her own immediate comfort and that related thereto, who eats bread to make strength for no special cause, who pursues science, reads poetry, studies books, for no earthly or heavenly purpose other than mere enjoyment of acquisition; who goes on accumulating wealth, piling up money, with no definite or absorbing purpose to apply it to anything in particular." . . . "The world has need of inspired men,—those who believe in the unattainable and those who are practical enough to venture the impossible. The only things history seems to care much about are the impossible things and they are most loved who have dared the most in the interest of the impossible, they who have defied a doubting world, proving thereby the possibilities hid in the world's impossibilities."

These glimpses of "Jess" must serve to induce the reader to secure the book and gain the good it contains. Our readers in Wisconsin will find double enjoyment in the book.

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WANTED!

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

- Conference Minutes, 1807-1855.
- Seventh-day Baptist Register, Vol. 1, No. 4.
- Sabbath Visitor, Vol. I., No. 20.
- " Vol. III., Nos. 28, 51.
- " Vol. IV., Nos. 48, 44.
- " Vol. V., Nos. 26, 38, 40, 42, 49.
- " Vol. VI., No. 50.
- " Vol. XI., No. 44.
- Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XVI., Nos. 37, 51.
- " Vol. XVII., No. 27.
- " Vol. XVIII., No. 22.
- " Vol. XIX., No. 21.
- " Vol. XX., Nos. 23, 26, 31, 35.
- " Vol. XXI., Nos. 1, 51, 52.
- " Vols. XXII-XLVI., entire.

GOD NEEDS THE HELP OF MOTHERS.

"The grave mistake of repressing children," writes Barbetta Brown in the December Ladies' Home Journal, "is caused by the mother's failure to be keen enough to see where she may touch a child's life and where she may not; where it is for her to guide, to help, to encourage, and where the child-life is sacred to itself alone. That the child is another individual never occurs to some mothers, nor that he has his own possibilities for growth, not to be tampered with; his own privacies, not to be invaded; his own 'holy of holies,' to be held holy. The power that is working in the vast life of this universe is working in your son or daughter as part of it; and it has its own purpose in regard to each child-life as surely as for each planet in its orbit. God needs much help from mothers, but God does not intend to be effaced by mothers. Co-operate, then, with the power working through your children, mothers. Do not make the great mistake of attempting to compete with it."

HEALTH for ten cents. Cascarets make the bowels and kidneys act naturally, destroy microbes, cure headache, biliousness and constipation. All druggists.

LIVE in the present, that you may be ready for the future.—Charles Kingsley.

FEAR to do base, unworthy thing is valor; If they be done to us, to suffer them Is valor too. —Ben Jonson.



ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

Alfred University will celebrate its Centennial in 1936. The Trustees expect that its Endowment and Property will reach a Million Dollars by that time. To aid in securing this result, a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund is already started. It is a popular subscription to be made up of many small gifts. The fund is to be kept in trust, and only the interest used by the University. The Trustees issue to each subscriber of one dollar or more a beautiful lithographed certificate signed by the President and Treasurer of the University, certifying that the person is a contributor to this fund. The names of subscribers are published in this column from week to week, as the subscriptions are received by W. H. Crandall, Treas., Alfred, N. Y.

Every friend of Higher Education and of Alfred University should have his name appear as a contributor, and receive one of these beautiful certificates, which can be framed and preserved as a permanent souvenir.

Proposed Centennial Fund.....\$100,000 00

- J. B. Jones, Wellsville, N. Y.
Mrs. E. E. H. Milton, Alfred, N. Y.
Mrs. C. D. Potter, Belmont, N. Y.
John B. Coffin, Rochester, N. Y.
E. W. Barnes, Wellsville, N. Y.
Charles M. Barnes, Wellsville, N. Y.
Mrs. Enos W. Barnes, Wellsville, N. Y.
William K. Paul, Belmont, N. Y.
Mrs. William K. Paul, Belmont, N. Y.
Miss Helene Paul, Belmont, N. Y.
Page House, Hornellsville, N. Y.
W. W. Coon, Alfred, N. Y.
A. F. Thompson, Cuba, N. Y.
Arthur Kinney, Cuba, N. Y.
L. E. Norton, Alfred, N. Y.
Prof. A. R. Cran, Alfred, N. Y.
Hon. Charles H. Brown, Belmont, N. Y.
Mrs. Oscar P. Chase, Binghamton, N. Y.
Julia Willets Williams, Belmont, N. Y.
Leonard Willets Williams, Belmont, N. Y.
Lloyd Willets Williams, Belmont, N. Y.

Amount needed to complete fund.....\$ 99,783 00

Salem College.

Situated in the thriving town of SALEM, 14 miles west of Clarksburg, on the B. & O. Ry. A town that never tolerated a saloon. This school takes FRONT RANK among West Virginia schools, and its graduates stand among the foremost teachers of the state. SUPERIOR MORAL INFLUENCES prevail. Three College Courses, besides the Regular State Normal Course. Special Teachers' Review Classes each spring term, aside from the regular class work in the College Courses, No better advantages in this respect found in the state. Classes not so large but students can receive all personal attention needed from the instructors. Expenses a marvel in cheapness. Two thousand volumes in Library, all free to students, and plenty of apparatus with no extra charges for the use thereof. STATE CERTIFICATES to graduates on same conditions as those required of students from the State Normal Schools. EIGHT COUNTIES and THREE STATES are represented among the student body.

FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 5, 1899.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue to

Theo. L. Gardiner, President, SALEM, WEST VIRGINIA.

Fall Term Milton College.

This Term opens WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6, 1899, and continues fifteen weeks, closing Tuesday, Dec. 19.

Instruction in the Preparatory studies, as well as in the Collegiate, is furnished by the best experienced teachers of the institution. These studies are arranged into three courses:

Ancient Classical, Scientific, and English.

Very thorough work is done in the different departments of Music, in Bible Study in English, and in Oil and China Painting and Crayon Drawing.

Worthy and ambitious students helped to obtain employment, so as to earn the means to support themselves in whole or in part while in attendance at the College.

For further information, address

REV. W. C. WHITFORD, D. D., President, Milton, Rock County, Wis.

Seventh-day Baptist Bureau of Employment and Correspondence.

T. M. DAVIS, President. L. K. BURDICK, Vice-President.

Under control of General Conference, Denominational in scope and purpose.

FEES.

Application for employment..... 25 cents. Application to Correspondence Dep..... 25 cents. One and two cents stamps received. To insure attention enclose stamp for reply.

Address all correspondence, SECRETARY BUREAU EMPLOYMENT, ALFRED, N. Y. Box 207.

EUGENE FIELD'S POEMS A \$7.00 BOOK Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. Subscriptions as low as \$1.00 will entitle donor to this daintily artistic volume "Field Flowers" (cloth bound, 8x11), as a certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00. The fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund, 180 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill. (Also at Book Stores.) If you wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

Mention this Journal, as Adv. is inserted as our contribution.

The Sabbath Recorder.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY AT PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Per year, in advance.....\$2 00 Papers to foreign countries will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.

No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT.

Transient advertisements will be inserted for 75 cents an inch for the first insertion; subsequent insertions in succession, 30 cents per inch. Special contracts made with parties advertising extensively, or for long terms.

Legal advertisements inserted at legal rates. Yearly advertisers may have their advertisements changed quarterly without extra charge. No advertisements of objectionable character will be admitted.

ADDRESS.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to THE SABBATH RECORDER, Plainfield, N. J.

OUR SABBATH VISITOR.

Published weekly under the auspices of the Sabbath-school Board at

ALFRED, NEW YORK.

TERMS.

Single copies per year.....\$ 60 Ten copies or upwards, per copy..... 50

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications relating to business should be addressed to E. S. Bliss, Business Manager. Communications relating to literary matter should be addressed to Laura A. Randolph, Editor.

DE BOODSCHAPPER.

A 16 PAGE RELIGIOUS MONTHLY IN THE HOLLAND LANGUAGE.

Subscription price.....75 cents per year.

PUBLISHED BY

G. VELTHUYSEN, Haarlem, Holland.

DE BOODSCHAPPER (The Messenger) is an able exponent of the Bible Sabbath (the Seventh-day), Baptism, Temperance, etc. and is an excellent paper to place in the hands of Hollanders in this country, to call their attention to these important truths.

Business Directory.

Westerly, R. I.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

WM. L. CLARKE, President, Westerly, R. I. A. S. BABCOCK, Recording Secretary, Rockville, R. I. O. U. WHITFORD, Corresponding Secretary, Westerly, R. I. GEORGE H. UTTER, Treasurer, Westerly, R. I.

The regular meetings of the Board of managers occur the third Wednesday in January, April, July, and October.

BOARD OF PULPIT SUPPLY AND MINISTERIAL EMPLOYMENT.

IRA B. CRANDALL, President, Westerly, R. I. O. U. WHITFORD, Corresponding Secretary, Westerly, R. I.

FRANK HILL, Recording Secretary, Ashaway, R. I. ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES: Stephen Babcock, Easton, 344 W. 33d Street, New York City; Edward E. Whitford, Central, Brookfield, N. Y.; E. P. Saunders, Western, Alfred, N. Y.; G. W. Post, North-Western, 1987 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.; F. J. Ehret, South-Western, Salem, W. Va.; W. R. Potter, South-Western, Hammond, La.

The work of this Board is to help pastorless churches in finding and obtaining pastors, and unemployed ministers among us to find employment.

The Board will not obtrude information, help or advice upon any church or persons, but give it when asked. The first three persons named in the Board will be its working force, being located near each other.

The Associational Secretaries will keep the working force of the Board informed in regard to the pastorless churches and unemployed ministers in their respective Associations, and give whatever aid and counsel they can.

All correspondence with the Board, either through its Corresponding Secretary or Associational Secretaries, will be strictly confidential.

Adams Centre, N. Y.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Next session to be held at Adams Centre, N. Y., August 22-27, 1900.

DR. S. C. MAXON, Utica, N. Y., President. REV. L. A. PLATT, D. D., Milton, Wis., Cor. Sec'y. PROF. W. C. WHITFORD, Alfred, N. Y., Treasurer. MR. A. W. VARS, Dunellen, N. J., Rec. Sec'y.

These officers, together with A. H. Lewis, Cor. Sec., Tract Society, Rev. O. U. Whitford, Cor. Sec., Missionary Society, and W. L. Burdick, Cor. Sec., Education Society, constitute the Executive Committee of the Conference.

Utica, N. Y.

D. S. C. MAXON, Eye and Ear only. Office 225 Broadway Street

Alfred, N. Y.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY. COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS. THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. For catalogue and information, address Rev. Boothe Colwell Davis, Ph. D., Pres. ALFRED ACADEMY. PREPARATION FOR COLLEGE. TEACHERS' TRAINING CLASS. Rev. Earl P. Saunders, A. M., Prin.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY. E. M. TOMLINSON, President, Alfred, N. Y. W. L. BURDICK, Corresponding Secretary, Independence, N. Y. T. M. DAVIS, Recording Secretary, Alfred, N. Y. A. B. KENYON, Treasurer, Alfred, N. Y. Regular quarterly meetings in February, May, August, and November, at the call of the president.

W. W. COON, D. D. S., DENTIST. Office Hours.—9 A. M. to 12 M.; 1 to 4 P. M.

THE ALFRED SUN, Published at Alfred, Allegany County, N. Y. Devoted to University and local news. Terms, \$1 00 per year. Address SUN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

New York City.

HERBERT G. WHIPPLE, COUNSELOR AT LAW. St. Paul Building, 220 Broadway.

C. C. CHIPMAN, ARCHITECT. St. Paul Building, 220 Broadway.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD. GEORGE B. SHAW, President, New York, N. Y. JOHN B. COTTRELL, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y. F. M. DEALING, Treasurer, 1279 Union Ave., New York, N. Y. Vice Presidents—F. L. Greene, Brooklyn, N. Y.; I. L. Cottrell, Hornellsville, N. Y.; M. H. Van Horn, Salem, W. Va.; G. W. Lewis, Verona, N. Y.; H. D. Clarke, Garwin, Iowa; G. M. Cottrell, Hammond, La.

Plainfield, N. J.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY. EXECUTIVE BOARD. C. POTTER, Pres., J. D. SPICER, Treas. A. L. TITSWORTH, Sec., Rev. A. H. LEWIS, Cor. Sec., Plainfield, N. J. Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 P. M.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL BOARD. CHAS. POTTER, President, Plainfield, N. J. JOSEPH A. HUBBARD, Treas., Plainfield, N. J. D. E. TITSWORTH, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J. Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited. Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

THE SABBATH EVANGELIZING AND INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION. D. E. TITSWORTH, President. WM. C. HUBBARD, Secretary. O. S. ROGERS, Treasurer.

W. M. STILLMAN, COUNSELOR AT LAW, Supreme Court Commissioner, etc.

Chicago, Ill.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE. M. B. KELLY, President, Chicago, Ill. MISS MIZPAH SHERBURNE, Secretary, Chicago, Ill. EDWIN SHAW, Cor. Sec. and Editor of Young People's Page, Milton, Wis. J. DWIGHT CLARKE, Treasurer, Milton, Wis. ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES: ROY F. RANDOLPH, New Milton, W. Va.; MISS L. GERTRUDE STILLMAN, Ashaway, R. I.; G. W. DAVIS, Adams Centre, N. Y.; MISS EVA ST. CLAIR CHAMPLIN, Alfred, N. Y.; MISS LENA BURDICK, Milton Junction, Wis.; LEONA HUMISTON, Hammond, La.

Milton, Wis.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Hon. Pres., Mrs. S. J. CLARKE, Milton, Wis. President, Mrs. L. A. PLATT, Milton, Wis. Vice-Pres., Mrs. J. B. MORTON, Milton, Wis. Mrs. G. J. CRANDALL, Milton Junction, Wis. Rec. Sec., Mrs. E. D. BLISS, Milton, Wis. Cor. Sec., Mrs. ALBERT WHITFORD, Milton, Wis. Treasurer, Mrs. Geo. R. Foss, Milton, Wis. Secretary, Eastern Association, Mrs. ANNA RANDOLPH, Plainfield, N. J. South-Eastern Association, Mrs. M. G. STILLMAN, Lost Creek, W. Va. Central Association, Mrs. THOS. R. WILLIAMS, DeRuyter, N. Y. Western Association, Mrs. C. M. LEWIS, Alfred, N. Y. South-Western Association, Mrs. A. H. BOOTE, Hammond, La. North-Western Association, Mrs. NETTIE WAGE, Milton Junction, Wis. Editor of Woman's Page, Mrs. BARBARA T. ROUSSE, Alfred, N. Y.