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FROM A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed

The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. . . .

They in thy sun

Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, mossy and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. —Bryant.

\$2.00 A YEAR

PLAINFIELD N J

Sabbath Recorder.

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

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It is somewhat unfortunate that the study of the biographies of great men and women receives comparatively little attention in these days. Nothing influences thought and action, especially in the earlier years of life, more than the experiences of others. What another has done is an incentive to similar action on the part of children and young people, especially. Those biographies, of which there are too few, which reveal the inner life of men and women who have blessed the world by word and deed, come to the thoughtful reader with peculiar power. The picture of a noble life, in its various experiences and relations, is likely to be at once attractive and inspiring. This fundamental principle, which appears everywhere in the contact of man with man, shows the value of biographical study, especially of the best models. The reader will, doubtless, recall in his personal experience how the knowledge of what some given person had thought or done wrought such changes in his own methods of thinking and acting, as made that single experience the beginning of a new epoch to him. The better class of biographical literature, coming with its wealth of experiences which a given life has wrought, brings a more nearly complete picture of what life may be, or ought to be, than any other form of literature. The attractiveness of popular novels is found, in a large degree, in the biographical element, as told in personal experiences.

ALL the deeper fountains of our being await the touch of the experience of some other person, in part or in whole, to unfetter the forces that are within us. Even the great man owes much, by way of suggestion and impulse, to his more common fellows round about. Surely no man can develop himself along any line of important activity by shutting himself away from contact with other men; and since the experiences of each man are confined to a single generation, the reading of books, biographical and otherwise, is the only means by which he can know the people of times other than his own. Hence it is that Homer and Dante, Shakespeare and Milton, Goethe and Tennyson, Emerson and Longfellow, through the pages their pens have left, have enriched all generations, through the centuries. These experiences are quite as true touching religious life as elsewhere. Hence the value of those sermons which impinge upon the soul, awaken great aspirations, and set in motion deep and strong currents of thought, and lead the eager and devout listener into larger and more hopeful fields of work. Robert Browning is enriching thousands of lives each year through his poems, and it is said that some of the earlier poems of Shelley, coming into his hands, marked an epoch in his thought and purpose which was the beginning of his immortality as a poet. Shakespeare has been a source of enrichment to many minds, yet the greatest sphere of his influence has been, not in the plays he has produced, but in the thoughts his lines have awakened in other hearts.

PUBLIC SPEAKING, SUCCESSFUL AND UNSUCCESSFUL.

The public speaking at the late sessions of our Anniversaries, as a whole, had much to commend it. Whatever influence other forms of communicating thought may have, the human voice, and therefore public speaking, must always hold a prominent, if not the prominent, place. Properly trained, and rightly used, the human voice is the most effective agent for imparting ideas, compelling attention, and moving men to action. The voice is essentially the organ of the soul. Public speaking, at its best, is the free, clear and impressive presentation of thought. To be most effective, thought must be expressed so that he who presents it, and the language in which it is presented, shall be subordinate to the thought itself.

One of the first essentials toward successful public speaking is that the speaker should be the least prominent factor in the case. Next in importance is the language used, and back of this, as supremely important, the thought to be presented. Hence, it follows that a weakness, by far too common, and serious, attends every effort at public speaking wherein the speaker calls attention to himself, by way of excuses and apologies. This weakness appears with almost equal prominence when the speaker presents his message merely as his own opinion, and indulges in frequent references to himself in connection with that opinion. The rule which ought to control in all public speaking is never to make apologies, and seldom, if ever, present anything as a merely personal view. Some of the speeches at the late Anniversaries, as is true in every similar gathering, were discounted as to effect, at the beginning, by apologies, explanations and personal references.

One ought not to speak unless he has a message. That message should be so prominent that everything else gives place to it. While the average hearer may not analyze the reasons, he is keenly alive to the fact that when a speaker talks without having a definite and well-ripened message the interest of the hearer flags and attention is soon lost. This weakness is likely to appear in the efforts of those who have had little experience in public speaking, under the mistaken idea that they gain sympathy by apologizing or explaining. On the contrary, they usually lose both attention and sympathy by such a course. Two suggestions are in point. Never attempt to speak, in a pulpit or elsewhere, when you have not a clear-cut and definite message to give. Never obtrude yourself in front of that message, and so weaken or destroy its force by apology or explanation, except in extremely rare cases where circumstances will make the personal reference an efficient helper to the message which is to follow. In a word, have a message. Give that message. Keep yourself out of sight.

SOME THINGS THE CENTURY HAS WROUGHT.

In these last months of the century one cannot help thinking what strange revolutions the century has seen. Railway building and travel have been developed, and our whole system of civilization has been revolutionized, in so far as intercommunication is concerned. The invention and development of steam navigation on inland waters and on the ocean are the product of this century. With the developments in the commercial

world, the globe has been reduced to almost nothing as to extent or time, and the development of the steam navies within the century has shifted the balance of power and remodeled the political lines of the world. In the transmission of thought, the electric telegraph and the telephone have done even more, and by them distance is practically annihilated. The production of that supreme blessing of civilization, fire, has been revolutionized during the century by the introduction of friction matches. The lighting of buildings and streets by gas and by electricity has made civilized communities another world within the last half of the century. In the matter of reproducing forms, and even colors, the art of photography has entered a little way into the wondrous mysteries of nature, whose photographic work surpasses even the dreams of the best artists of the day. In the matter of sound, the phonograph has made the human voice, whether in words or in music, practically immortal, and made it possible for many generations in the future to know the tone of voice and the characteristics of the men now living. The Rontgen rays have denied that bodies are opaque, and shown by rays of light the unseen and the unknown characteristics of those things we have hitherto called solid. Spectrum analysis has analyzed the situation of the sun and the stars, and measured the rate of the motion of stellar bodies which are still invisible to other means. The introduction of anesthetics and the progress of surgical art has made it possible to prolong life or to secure complete immunity from disease in a way never dreamed of at the opening of the century. Security against poisonous influences, through the use of antiseptics and germicides, have added untold success to medical science. Space forbids the enumeration of all the wonderful things the century has brought to light, all of which combine to increase human happiness, enlarge the sphere of human knowledge, and make this planet of ours, in all its seeming greatness, like the home of a single family, in which the children speak to each other, day or night, as choice or fancy dictate.

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

In some respects the Book of Proverbs is the most peculiar book of the Old Testament. There is little in the book touching the national life of the Hebrews. In this respect it differs widely from other books of the Old Testament. There is little theology in the Book of Proverbs, in which it differs largely from most of the Old Testament. A theological creed could not be built upon the Book of Proverbs, although the practical religion which it teaches is sufficient to build a model religious character, in most respects. Christianity would find nothing in the Proverbs out of which to draw what are called the fundamental doctrines of religion. Nevertheless, the book has greater value, so far as right living is concerned, than many other books of the Old Testament, and its teachings are not of less value in point of practical duty than the general teachings in the New Testament.

There are touches of poetry running through the book, but, as a whole the truths contained in it are the result of human experience, and in crude, Western phrase may be called "wisdom in solid chunks." The character of the book is well set forth in the opening

lines, which indicate that the Proverbs are written in order that those who read may learn wisdom:

The proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, king of Israel:

- To know wisdom and instruction;
- To discern the words of understanding;
- To receive instruction in wise dealing,
- In righteousness and judgment and equity;
- To give subtlety to the simple,
- To the young man knowledge and discretion;
- That the wise man may hear, and increase in learning;
- And that the man of understanding may attain unto sound counsels;
- To understand a proverb, and a figure;
- The words of the wise and their dark sayings. Prov. 1: 1-6.

Keeping this introduction in mind, no student of the book can fail to secure valuable warnings and practical truths, which will serve as important guides, and will awaken high aspirations. The student will also find comparisons, suggestions sharpened by touches of satire, smile-provoking as to their aptness and pertinence. Thus, for example, from Prov. 25: 19, "Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint." He who must visit the dentist often will appreciate the forceful simile of a broken tooth; and a sprained instep, when one desires to take a tramp of five miles, is a fine suggestion of a "foot out of joint." Or this from Prov. 26: 17, "He that passeth by, and vexeth himself with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears." Few things could more sharply point out the wisdom and duty of minding one's own business.

These touches of practical wisdom have many things in common with the New Testament. Compare the following from Prov. 25: 6, 7; and Luke 14: 8-10:

Put not thyself forward in the presence of the king,
And stand not in the place of great men;
For better it is that he said unto thee, Come up hither:
Than that thou shouldst be put lower in the presence
of the prince,
Whom thine eyes have seen.

JESUS CHRIST SAID:

When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room; lest a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him, and he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room. But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher; then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee.

Without increasing examples, these will be sufficient to awaken an eagerness in the mind of the reader for a more careful study of that book, which embodies human experience in all ages, in pertinent and telling forms; which, if heeded, will lead to wisdom and righteousness.

THE struggle against commercialism and worldliness increases each year. Christian work and reformatory movements are confronted by subtle foes on every hand. The cause of Christ calls for men and women of the highest type—both as to conscience and power to accomplish. But all righteousness is of God, and must prevail.

ON another page will be found a story, "A Griselda of the Cabin," which is commended to all our readers who are acquainted with anybody who ever says things which exasperate.

REV. F. F. JOHNSON, of Stone Fort, Ill., has distributed 20,000 pages of tracts and 1,000 copies of papers within the last three months. An excellent work.

WISCONSIN LETTER.

The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Wisconsin Endeavorers has just been held at Racine, the "Belle City" of Wisconsin. If the beautiful way in which this Convention was received and entertained is a fair sample of the way in which such things are usually done in this city, the name is strikingly appropriate. The First Baptist church, in which the principal sessions were held, the great Lake-side Auditorium opened for the mass meetings, and the Y. M. C. A. Hall where the grand reception was held, were beautifully decorated with flowers and bunting, all showing the Convention colors. Places of business displayed tokens of welcome to the delegates and visitors; and one observing delegate remarked that the great banner at Republican headquarters displayed the Convention colors, while the signs in front of every barber shop on the streets wore the same banner of welcome. The homes of the city were generously opened for the entertainment of delegates, and the chairman of the local committee assured us that every public institution of the city was also open to receive us, not excepting the jail and the insane asylum! The Convention was said to have been the largest and most successful ever held in the state.

The principal features of the Convention were: First, a series of Bible studies, conducted by Prof. William R. Newell, of the Moody Bible Institute; the missionary, or evangelistic, element in the various addresses, and the reports of the various officers, under the head of "The King's Business." The four hours given to Bible study were occupied with the first eight chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. The topics for the addresses were: "The Missionary Spirit of Christian Endeavor," by Dr. William M. Lawrence, Chicago; "Right Thinking About Missions," by Dr. Albert Haupt, Watertown; "Soul Winning," by Dr. Johnston Myers, Chicago; "Christianity—A Challenge to Reason," by Rev. Mr. Bigler, Madison; "Advance Endeavor," by William B. Shaw, Treasurer United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston; "Not Mine Own," by Rev. A. C. Kempton, Janesville, President of the Convention. I cannot do more than mention these topics, every one of which suggests its own message; they were in the hands of able men, fired by the true gospel spirit. The Annual Reports included, among other things, reports from the Superintendents of the Missionary Department, the Junior Department, the Evangelistic Department, and reports of the Secretary and of the President, all indicating wholesome activity among the young people of the state.

The zeal which characterized so many conventions of young people a few years ago, demanding of our Legislatures laws for the protection of Sunday, was "conspicuous by its absence," the subject not having been so much as mentioned. This, together with the large place given to the actual study of the Bible and of evangelistic or missionary topics, is a hopeful sign of the spirit and purpose of Wisconsin Endeavorers.

The next session is to be held at Fond-du-Lac, and the President for the ensuing year is the Rev. A. C. Kempton, pastor of the Baptist church in Janesville. Among the denominational Vice-Presidents is Prof.

Edwin Shaw, of Milton College, for the Seventh-day Baptists.

Central and Northern Wisconsin are experiencing one of the wettest seasons in its history. The Wisconsin River has broken from its banks near Portage, and the upper or northern part of that city is now inundated. In the southern part of the state frequent and abundant rains have given an unusually long season. Farmers have cut a second crop of hay, in many instances larger than the first; and up to the present date—October 10—cows are in pasture, as fresh and full as at any time during the season.

Seventh-day Baptist interests are in a healthful state. The churches, with their pastors, are all at work earnestly, and in harmony with each other; the quartet work of the summer has stimulated the spirit of evangelism, deepening the sympathies of all, and widening the fields of work. Milton College, that training center of so many efficient workers in our Western churches, is enjoying a fuller term than for several years past.

The Milton church and Sabbath-school gave a "Harvest Home" service in place of the quarterly Sabbath-school review, the last Sabbath in September; and at the communion service, the first Sabbath in October, nine persons, five of whom had been received by baptism and four by letter, received the right hand of welcome to the church.

L. A. PLATTS.

MILTON, Wis., Oct. 10, 1900.

SOME UNPOPULAR THOUGHTS ABOUT WAR.

A nation is an aggregation of individuals. The same standard of right and wrong should govern men both individually and collectively. The same circumstances that would justify a person in his private capacity in taking life would also justify a nation, but wrong whether committed by single person or by a collection of people can never be made into right.

God has given to all living creatures an instinct for self-preservation, and man is no exception. The man is culpable who would not close the career of the midnight assassin, with his soul dyed in crime and his hands imbrued with the blood of upright citizens, rather than witness the destruction of his family. A nation, too, has the right to protect itself and maintain its own existence when an invading foe seeks its destruction.

Is the head of a family justifiable who thinks that a neighbor is oppressive toward his own family, and, confident of his power to crush the one he deems a tyrant, challenges him to combat, and having obtained the victory takes his possessions and attempts the government of his family, although he may have to employ force for many years to accomplish his object? Will not the same principle apply to a nation which, seeing a much weaker nation oppressive toward its subjects, feels itself to be heaven's appointed agent to chastise the offending nation and bestow good government upon its subjects, especially if it has coveted possessions which can be seized as a reward for the sacrifices made for the cause of humanity? Can the robber who dictates to his victim the alternative between surrender of coveted property or death say that he has come honestly by his possessions? Should a nation be proud of the possessions obtained from a foe who lies prostrate at its feet with

no choice but to comply with the demands of the victor or extinction?

In times of war, even among the most liberal nations of the earth, the individual, who is not in sympathy with the war spirit of the times, is deprived of freedom of speech and of action. No matter how much he may loathe the warlike doings of his nation, he must be silent regarding his convictions or be branded a traitor, and be obliged to support the measure he deems wrong, by taxation on his food and clothing, if not in a more direct way. General Sherman truly said, "War is hell." Not only do the conflicting armies, in their zeal to take each others' lives, do acts of violence which, under any other circumstances, only demons would do; but the patriotic majority of the nations at war with each other seem transformed into beings of a fiendish nature, and hail with acclamations and thanksgiving a victory which destroys millions of property and sends thousands into eternity, not bestowing a tear for the woe of the widow or for the destitution of the orphan. The returning victorious chief is accorded a position above that of every other mortal. Crowds throng every available place to get a glimpse of him. Triumphal arches are built in his honor, and, unless the ardor of the nation has cooled before the next Presidential election, he is made the chief executive of the nation, with little or no consideration of his fitness for that high office.

Should there be a calamity by fire, flood or famine, involving not a tithe of the misery and destruction of an ordinary battle, very naturally, all are filled with sympathy. Letters and telegrams of condolence come pouring in, to surviving friends, even from the uttermost parts of the earth.

The war spirit, everywhere so prevalent, is acquired, to a certain degree, through heredity, but in a much greater degree from environment and teaching. The imagination of children is captivated by the glamor, martial music and stately marching of dress parades. Numerous selections in the school readers are given, recounting the bravery and the glorious deeds of military heroes, and the greatness of those who have been conquerors, while the attendant misery, devastation and woe have been left unrecorded. As if the children could not imbibe a sufficiency of the warlike spirit through the teaching of the family and of the public school, many of the churches have instituted "The Boys' Brigade" in their Bible-schools. If Christ were upon earth, and the children should be sent to him to receive his blessing in a stately military march, would the Master have said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

At the advent of "The Prince of Peace" the angels heralded his coming with their celestial song of "Peace on earth and good-will toward men," and all his teachings were for the abolition of hate and strife, and for a universal brotherhood. Yet many who profess to be his followers, including some of the watchmen on the walls of Zion, have been among the foremost advocates of war. Judging from the standard of Christ's teachings, is there a nation to-day to whom the term Christian is not a misnomer? What shall be said of war between two nations, both claiming to worship the "Prince of Peace," both sides praying to the same God for success to their arms, both ascribing victories on their side to

the righteousness of their cause and to their peculiar favor with God?

While millions of her subjects are suffering the pangs of hunger and thousands dying for want of food, one of the foremost nations of the earth has been spending sums which would greatly alleviate, if not entirely prevent, this misery in dealing out wholesale death to another Christian nation, as if war must come to the assistance of famine to produce a sufficiency of victims!

Suppose a nation has been wronged and grossly insulted by another nation, and to avenge its wrongs the injured nation has recourse to arms; who has to suffer the punishment, the innocent or guilty?

Why are innocent people required to surrender their lives for acts in which they have had no complicity? The practice of duelling is justly held in abhorrence by the civilized nations of the earth, and no duellist is regarded as a hero; yet there are elements of fairness in it which are wanting in battles. Only those concerned in the quarrel engage in the duel, and every other condition is made as nearly equal as possible. Why not have those directly responsible for the rupture of friendly relations between two nations meet and settle the affair as in a duel? It was a happy day for the Israelites when David accepted Goliath's challenge to a duel, which took the place of a decisive battle. The costly armaments of nations lead to war.

If the United States had been as well equipped with the munitions of war in the past as now, she would, undoubtedly, have been plunged into war by some real or fancied insult from another nation, several times since the conflict of 1861-1865. Her very unpreparedness has given time for concessions, and for reason to assert its sway.

It is claimed that all the warlike preparations and show of power will bring the respect of nations and give the appellation of the greatest "World Power" to our nation. The nations may, indeed, fear and tremble, but will there be the genuine respect and friendship that this nation has hitherto commanded?

The poor and the down-trodden have hitherto sought our country as a refuge, where they might assert their manhood, and instead of the conscription for war and the abject toil, and the sacrifices which they were obliged to make for the support of standing armies, and for the paraphernalia of royalty, they have enjoyed the blessings of peace and freedom in "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Is the friendship of king or kaiser, and of lord and nobles, more to be desired than the gratitude and love of the victims of oppression, whose shackles have been rent asunder by our country?

Like the Israelites, when under the control of the King of Heaven, our nation seems to desire to become like the other nations in the possession of fleets and armies, and in conquest, and have its name a synonym for power among the nations of the earth.

The young man, deprived of the restraints of the home and of the church, must be strong who can resist the temptations of the camp life, with its enforced idleness. Is it any wonder that he has recourse to questionable amusements to pass away the time? Often, with his health broken, his aspirations departed, and an acquired taste for idleness, he again becomes a member of the family and of

society, carrying with him all the vices obtained in his army life.

May the professed followers of the "Prince of Peace" do all in their power to bring about the time foretold by prophets when "Nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

PHEBE A. STILLMAN.

POTTER HILL, R. I.

THE FALL OF PEKING.

BY W. A. P. MARTIN, D. D., LL. D.

President of the Imperial University at Peking.

The marvelous rescue of our little colony has been flashed to you. Our experiences during a siege of two months will serve to fill many a mail-bag.

For more than a year the fanatical Boxers had been killing Christians and burning their villages with secret connivance of the mandarins. They threatened to come to the capital and drive out all the foreigners. But nobody believed they would make the attempt. Early in June the storm cloud burst on us with startling suddenness. The railway to the south was torn up and our legations ordered a guard of marines from Tientsin. The little guard, only 414 for some eight legations, arrived in the nick of time, as the next day the track from Tientsin was also torn up. Their arrival certainly prevented a massacre, though it did not prevent war and bloodshed.

The people of each country had taken refuge under the flag of their legation. Churches and missions had been burned, as also legations in exposed quarters. Appeals to our naval authorities were made, and as a first step toward rescue the forts at Taku were captured. This led the Chinese to declare war against all the powers concerned.

On the 19th the German Minister was killed in the street while going to the Foreign Office. This showed that there was no hope of protection from that quarter, and the people in most of the legations fled to that of Great Britain, which was large and capable of defense.

There we were at once attacked by fire and artillery, government buildings being reduced to ashes, in the hope of involving us. We fought the fires, however, with success, so that they did not reach the legation, and as to the artillery it was so poorly served that it did no great execution.

Our guards and volunteers kept watch day and night, and now and then made a sortie to drive back the enemy. In these engagements we lost heavily, and in the course of eight weeks one-third of our force had been killed or wounded.

Our food supply was reduced to the lowest ebb. Horses and mules to the number of eighty-eight were eaten, and we feared we should have to try the virtues of dog meat, which some of the Chinese affect to relish. In two weeks our bread would have run out, and we thought the Chinese, despairing of storming our castle, counted on starving us to death. I say to death, for with such a foe there can be no surrender. We were wild with joy when, at 2 A. M., on the 14th of August, we heard the machine guns of our deliverers outside of the city wall. In the forenoon of the same day the Americans, under General Chaffee, came in through the water-gate under the wall.

The key of the situation was the wall between the Tartar and Chinese cities—all the

legations being on the Tartar side, within easy range. On the outbreak of hostilities it was held by Chinese soldiers, but the Americans and Germans, whose legations were nearest, aided by English and Russians, drove them back and camped on its top. There they had a continual fight to keep their ground, but there was no thought of retreat, as that meant destruction in detail to the whole foreign quarter. Though valiant deeds were done by men of other nationalities, the glory of holding the wall belongs chiefly to Captain Myers, of the United States Marines, and to H. G. Squiers, Secretary of the United States Legation.

In the British Legation were crowded a thousand foreigners and as many Chinese. The Ministers generously gave free scope to the action of committees of defense composed of missionaries and women. Several of our missionaries greatly distinguished themselves by their activity in fortification and procuring supplies, and in organizing labor. Messrs. Gamewell, Tewkesbury and Hobart deserve special mention.

Distinctions of creed and nationality were merged in the presence of a common danger. Everybody tried to do something. Professors of our university shouldered rifles or wielded spade and shovel. Ladies joined the fire brigade, and passed buckets from hand to hand to fight the fire. They also made sand bags dozen after dozen, tearing up curtains and clothing to obtain material. The courage of the men was equalled by that of the women, who strove to look cheerful whether they felt so or not. Only one man went mad, and one, only one, woman fell into hysterics.

About 1,700 Roman Catholic and 400 Protestant natives sought protection. They were mostly placed in the palatial grounds of a Mongol prince adjoining the British Legation and defended by French, Japanese and Italian soldiers. Not only was it essential to our safety to keep the enemy out of those grounds, but the labor of the Christians in building barricades was indispensable. How they were to be fed was a serious question. But happily large stores of abandoned grain were found within our lines and seized for their use.

Some 2,000 more of the Roman Catholic church found refuge in a cathedral two miles away. Bishop Favier, aided by forty marines, undertook to hold the position, and though cut off from us as completely as if he had been at the North Pole, he succeeded in keeping the enemy at bay. Some of the buildings were undermined and blown up with nearly a hundred converts in them. There is no brighter page in the history of the war than the defense of the Peitang Cathedral.

The murder of German missionaries a few years ago gave the Kaiser a pretext for seizing a seaport. The seizure of the port exasperated the secret societies called Boxers, who combined the various forms of paganism against Christianity. The government encouraged them, and finally incorporated them among the imperial troops. Their fanaticism was contagious — mandarins, princes, and even the Empress Dowager became convinced of their miraculous powers. Hypnotism and other magical tricks figured among their methods, and almost the whole population of the northern provinces became enrolled in their anti-foreign league.

Their manifesto charged foreigners with seiz-

ing Chinese territory, getting possession of the maritime customs, building railways and insulting the gods.

It promised the aid of the gods, and declared that their votaries would be shielded from harm. Hence the courage amounting to madness, with which the Chinese Government made war against all the world.

Elements the most incompatible were fused into sudden combination by this outburst of savagery. The Japanese and Russians, though on the verge of hostilities, buried their enmity for the moment and marched side by side to the rescue. French and Germans forgot their ancient feud and thought only of crushing the common foe. The Japanese, by their discipline and courage, showed themselves worthy to march with soldiers of the cross in this new crusade.

They now hold the northern half of the Tartar city. The Russians hold the inner city, where the palaces are situated, and their batteries are mounted on a beautiful hill in the Imperial Gardens. British troops are camped in the Temple of Heaven; United States troops in the Temple of Earth, and the whole city is divided into districts, under the banners of the invaders, who, while protecting life, have not scrupled to pillage. Half the people fled, and the abandoned property was too strong a temptation.

"Mene tekell upharsin" is written on the palace walls. "Weighed in the balance and found wanting." "Doomed to be divided" between half a dozen great Powers. America claims no foot of soil, but I think we ought to take the fine island of Hainan as a stepping stone to the Philippines.

Ten days have elapsed since the entry of our deliverers, and no one has come forward to negotiate. The Empire itself appears to be abandoned to its fate, the Dowager and court having fled to the far west. Under the tutelage of foreign Powers a new China will spring up—old things are passed away. Behold, all things are become new.

Last Sunday people of all creeds joined in a *Te Deum*, and Dr. Smith in a spirited address cited ten proofs that the hand of God was in our deliverance. Can we forget the horrors of this siege! For myself, I cannot forget the kindness of the United States Minister and Mrs. Conger, who took me into their family during those trying days. Mr. Conger deserves a better post than that which he has filled with such signal ability.

Professor Tower, of the university, was killed on June 19, not long after the German Minister. To him and to Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent, is due the credit of securing the Mongol Palace for our Christian refugees. Let his name be honored as a martyr for humanity.—*The Independent*.

JESUS IN POLITICS.

The *Jewish-American*, Detroit, October 12, makes the following sensible and commendatory statements concerning the "Jewish Vote":

Jews do not, as a rule, confuse religion and politics. They foist no men into positions of trust simply because they are nominally co-religionists—and, least of all, men whose personal character is not unquestioned. Indeed, the majority of Jews realize that a disreputable Jew in exalted office can do them more harm than a dozen men of high character can compensate. Besides, there is no such thing as a "Jewish vote." We vote as American citizens and not as Jews. Our co-religionists belong to all political parties, and their affiliations are in no sense determined by their religious belief. Politicians will do well to bear this in mind, if they count for support upon the Jewish vote. It simply does not exist. Hence it is neither a danger nor a stronghold to any man.

WAS JESUS CRUCIFIED ON WEDNESDAY?

BY WILLIAM FREDERICK.

Who can solve the following problem based on Bible truths, without proving Wednesday crucifixion, or contradicting the Scripture? It is a known fact that "the feast of unleavened bread," which is "called the passover" (Luke 22: 1), always came on the fifteenth day of the first month (Lev. 23: 6). This day was "called the passover" from the fact that it was during the night of the fifteenth that the death angel smote all the first born of Egypt, and passed over all Israel. The day before the feast was called "the preparation of the passover," because "they killed the passover on the fourteenth day of the first month" (2 Chron. 35: 1), and prepared it to be eaten the following night. We know Jesus was crucified on the fourteenth, because John says "it was the preparation of the passover" when it occurred (John 19: 14). We also know that Jesus was crucified on the fourteenth because it occurred the day before the passover Sabbath, which always come on the fifteenth, no matter what day of the week it happened to come. (Num. 28: 17, 18.) Jesus was buried as this Sabbath "drew on." It is also a known fact that Jesus came from Jericho to Bethany on Friday, when he attended the last passover. John says this occurred "six days before the passover." (John 12: 1.) This shows that Friday came "six days before the passover" the year Jesus was crucified.

The facts above stated give all the necessary elements of a clear and easy mathematical problem, as follows: Jesus came from Jericho to Bethany on Friday, "six days before the passover" (fifteenth), and was crucified on the fourteenth. What day of the month did he come to Bethany, and what day of the week was he crucified? It is evident that if Jesus came to Bethany "six days before the passover," he came on the ninth, because six from fifteen leaves nine. If the ninth was Friday, then the fourteenth must have been Wednesday. This seems to prove that Jesus was crucified on Wednesday, instead of Friday, or that he did not come to Bethany "six days before the passover" as John says. So far as the writer can see, there is no scriptural evidence for Friday crucifixion. The proof for Wednesday crucifixion is abundant in both the Old and New Testaments.—*Public Opinion*.

TRACT SOCIETY.

First Quarterly Report, July 1, 1900, to October 1, 1900.

J. D. SPICER, Treasurer,

in account with

THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

Dr.	
Balance, cash on hand, July 1.....	\$ 940 03
Receipts in July as published.....	552 95
Receipts in August as published.....	311 89
Recel. ts in September as published.....	281 83
Office receipts, J. P. Mosher, Ag't.....	1 333 62
Interest.....	95 00
Loan, note 4 months, Sept. 17, City Nat'l Bank.....	500 00— 3,075 29
Total.....	\$4,015 32

Cr.

Salary, Secretary and Editor, \$166.67, \$166.67, \$166.66.....	\$ 500 00
G. Velthuysen, Sr., Holland, \$50.50, \$50.50, \$50.50.....	151 50
A. F. Ashurst, salary, \$40.00, \$40.00, \$40.00.....	120 00
A. F. Ashurst, postage, \$5.00, \$10.00, \$5.00.....	20 00
William C. Whitford, for historical research.....	200 00
Expenses to Conference, Editor and Stenographer.....	20 00
A. F. Ashurst, \$40.00, \$10.00, \$4.24.....	54 24
Stenographer for RECORDER office, \$15.45, \$9.45.....	24 90
Interest on note.....	10 00
Clerical Assistance.....	25 00
J. P. Mosher, Ag't., office expenses, sundry bills and pay roll, \$661.74, \$291.21, \$972.32, \$532.16, \$245.29, \$453.36, \$315.37.....	2,671 45
Total.....	\$3,797 09
Balance, cash on hand, Sept. 30, 1900.....	218 23
Total.....	\$4,015 32

Indebtedness, note, City Nat'l Bank, 4 months, Sept. 17, 1900..... 500 00

E. & O. E.

J. D. SPICER, Treas.

Examined, compared with vouchers, and found correct.

D. E. TITSWORTH, }
WM. C. HUBBARD, } Aud. Com.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Oct. 14, 1900.

Missions.

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

It is hoped that pastors, missionary pastors, and officers of churches that have no pastors will see to it that the pledge cards for securing pledges of money for the support and carrying on of our missions are distributed among the congregations and pledges are made. It would be a good plan, and would facilitate the securing of pledges, to have some persons, young men or women, to canvass the church and congregation for such pledges. Any church or congregation lacking pledge cards will please notify the Corresponding Secretary, the number needed, and they will be forwarded at once.

THE echoes from the General Conference are interesting, and will be a source of inspiration and impetus to greater activity and endeavor. It was very gratifying to see so many of our young people in attendance to the Conference. The proportion of the attendance of the young people was the largest known for years. They were not only interested hearers, but active workers in the Conference. Some of them presented most excellent papers and addresses. They gave us fine quartet and solo singing. They added, every way, very much to the interest and success of the Conference. We can remember the time when but very few of our young people attended Conference, or even our Associations, and it was a source of anxiety and discouragement as regards the future of our people. But this is all changed, and our young people are large and important factors in all our convocations. This augurs well for the progress and advancement of our mission and work as a people, and for the life, growth and strength of our churches. We heard at Conference, and have since: "Why have our Conference in August? Why not have it later, when it will be cooler and more pleasant?" We used to have it later, and sometimes found it as uncomfortably cool as we now, at times, have it uncomfortably warm. The change was made to accommodate our teachers, students and young people, so that they could attend the Conference. That change was a good one. We can afford to endure the warm weather if we can have our young people at Conference. They are the hope of our cause and mission in the world.

FROM R. G. DAVIS.

I will endeavor to give an account of the work done during the quarter in the two churches of which I have charge. Bro. D. C. Lippincott and the Salem College Quartet were here in July, and held meetings a little over two weeks with the Ritchie church; and, notwithstanding the busy harvest time during which they were in progress, a good degree of interest was taken in the services by a large majority of the people in the community. At least two, a "mother and her daughter," professed faith in Christ, while many others gave evidence of renewed life. The regular appointments of the church have been sustained during the quarter, and especially the meetings on Sabbath were well attended. The long distance which some of our members have to come, through heat and over dusty roads, to attend the meetings, and also their prayers and warm-

hearted testimonies, all give evidence of their interest in the Master's work.

In connection with the work at Berea, I have held a two days' meeting each month at Conings, a small church situated about ten miles southeast of Berea. Eld. Lippincott was also at Conings during the revival at Berea, and preached one Sabbath and First-day following. These meetings are not only well attended by our own people, but by a number of First-day families. The interest manifested by this little band of Christian workers is very encouraging.

BEREA, W. Va., Oct. 7, 1900.

FROM S. R. WHEELER.

All the appointments of the church have been maintained during the quarter without interruption. Some of our prayer-meetings on Sabbath evening and on Sabbath afternoon have been very precious seasons. The Sabbath-school, with Bro. D. M. Andrews as Superintendent, has done good work. The lessons have been forcibly impressed upon many minds. The preaching has been listened to with marked attention. The pastor has been much encouraged by appreciative words from numbers of his hearers. We have had more visitors with us this summer than ever before. Twenty-two of our own people, representing the states of Kansas, Nebraska, Illinois, Louisiana, New Jersey and Wisconsin have been with us in our meetings. One of these was with us more than three months. Thirteen were here several weeks. Some others only for one Sabbath. All of these felt it a privilege to have such Sabbath opportunities while taking their summer vacation. It was cheering to have them with us and take part in our services. A few of them helped in the song service, to the pleasure of us all. This large visitation causes us to realize that this church has an important work in providing Sabbath privileges for those who are away from their homes. Dea. Rogers, of Milton Junction, Wis., spoke of it as a life-saving station. We shall ever be glad to welcome such visitors, and we hope to feed them spiritually whenever they worship with us. We also ask all such to remember us as in need of their presence and encouragement. Two united with the church by letter in July. We are thankful to God for his continued mercy and goodness to us.

BOULDER, Sept. 30, 1900.

FROM E. H. SOCWELL.

There is nothing of unusual interest to report from this field. The church is in a good condition, and religious services are well attended. It has been our privilege to visit the baptismal waters where two of our young men followed Christ in the beautiful and holy ordinance of baptism. Since then, we were rejoiced to receive into our church a lady who was formerly a member of one of our churches but who for many years had abandoned the observance of the Sabbath. Now she comes back to the truth with gladness of heart but with sorrow over the past years of Sabbath violation. We have an organized choir of our young people who are doing faithful service in taking the lead in our music. The church recently provided the choir with new anthem books, and are being more than repaid by the deep interest our young people take in sacred music and by the beautiful anthems they render at Sabbath service.

I still preach each Sunday evening in the

Baptist church here in town, and the audience is increasing in size since the hot weather is over, yet during the hottest weather the audience was not as small as it has been during the same period in years past, so people tell me.

At the request of Pastor Cross, I recently preached in the Congregational church in Winthrop, on Sunday morning and evening, while the pastor was absent attending an Association. The closest attention was given by the audience, and many favorable comments were made concerning these two services. I am told that this was the first time a Seventh-day Baptist had ever preached in Winthrop. Altogether, I am much encouraged over the condition of the field.

During the quarter I have preached 25 sermons, attended 24 prayer-meetings, made 22 visits, distributed 738 pages of tracts.

NEW AUBURN, Minn., Oct. 8, 1900.

A GRISELDA OF THE CABINS.

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON.

The dusky congregation of Persimmon Ridge church groaned and swayed, ejaculated and assented, in decorous answer to the eloquence of the lank and impassioned preacher.

"An' yet, my bred'ren," he chanted, "d'is some so blin', d'is some so foolish, d'is some so h'istered in dee own conceit—"

Unc' Adam rocked in his seat in the Amen corner, and groaned response.

"Um-huh! un-huh! Dat so! Dat my ol' oman to de ve'y life!"

"D'is some so boun' in de chains o' wickedness; d'is some so satisf' wid a fyar outside—"

"U-u-ur yas! So she are!" fervently from Unc' Adam.

"D'is some so wrop up in sin an' selfishness; d'is some so guv up to de debble an' all his wuks—"

"Ya-a-as, my brudder! Mahaly Ann."

The preacher stretched his long arm pointedly toward Unc' Adam.

"D'is some so soak' in spite an' meanness; d'is some so chock full o' gall an' bitterness—"

"Amen!" "Amen!" came in full-voiced chorus, and the heads of the mobile congregation turned as one toward the left-side pew. But through it all not a ribbon quivered upon the neat bonnet of Mahaly Ann, sitting in sober dignity in the middle aisle.

"Hit sho is scan'lous de way Unc' Adam 'have hisse'f," had been for years a commonplace of Persimmon Ridge society, and "What mek he do so?" a perennial speculation. Certainly it seemed a strange perversity that prompted his "meanness" to Mahaly Ann—a woman so patently in every way the superior of her spouse that it was hard to imagine why she had ever entered into the unequal partnership; though there was a dim tradition that in his youth Unc' Adam had been "likely" to look upon. Now whatever comeliness belonged to the pair appertained solely to Mahaly Ann—erect still for all her three-score and odd years, light brown in color, and of a matronly massiveness of figure; while Unc' Adam had shrunk and shriveled with age until his black little puckered face suggested a frost-ripened persimmon; albeit his speech and manner, it must be confessed, partook rather of the nature of this indigenous fruit in its crass earlier stage. And yet there was a vague memory in the minds of some of the hoary elders of an early mildness and in-offensiveness on the part of Adam that had

almost attuned for his insignificance; a sort of amiability in his most evident weaknesses even, which were simply harmless vanity and excessive desire to propitiate and please. "But Adam niver were good 'nough for Mahaly Ann," they did not fail to add; "an' des see how he do 'er!"

The unaccountable acrimony into which he had gradually fallen seemed, indeed, to concentrate itself upon his wife, and upon the pride of her heart, "Jawn," her son and his, now for years settled and married in far California; from whence came regular supplies, and, every now and then, a dutiful letter. The "meanness" of Unc' Adam toward his long-suffering spouse was never more glaring than on those red-letter days on which news came to her from "Jawn." While Clarindy James's "little gal," who had been to school, painfully spelled out the precious epistle to the hungry ear of Mahaly Ann, Unc' Adam would tramp around the cabin, under pretense of lookin' for sump'n', jerk open drawers, rattle pans, and interject sarcasm.

"U-u-u-us yes!" he would say. "U-u-u-ur ya-a as! You happy now, I reckon! Nutt'n' like Jawn! Ob cose! Dat what I say. Ain' nobody fitt'n' to hol' can'le to Jawn—ev'y-body know dat. What de use o' bodderin' wid nocount critters like dem in dese parts? You ain' got no time to study 'bout trash—you ain'. Don' mek no diffunce 'bout nutt'n' dee says. Aw naw. Don' mek no diffunce 'bout nutt'n' but Jawn! I 'spec' he done set de las' one of de ribbers in Californy on fire by now!"

But perhaps, after all, the common opinion of Persimmon Ridge that "he des 'buse Jawn to spite Sis' Cunnigum" was not far wrong. For outside of Mahaly Ann's presence the subject drew forth no remarks of especial tartness. He even acquiesced gruntingly in the praises evoked by his son's success in life and dutiful conduct, and from time to time announced the advent of his successive grandchildren with something like grandparental pride.

Indeed, in all matters unconnected with Mahaly Ann he could still upon occasion show distinct good nature; sometimes—toward children especially—even exceptional forbearance and kindness. The most important avocation remaining to Unc' Adam in his old age was the cultivation and care of a little garden; the devastation of which on three separate and several occasions by the hens of lame little Wash'n'ton Jefferson over in the next cabin he yet took with the most exemplary patience. Unc' Adam was also a skillful brewer of persimmon beer. And on this delectable beverage the heart of Unc' Adam was most fondly set. Yet once, after all the labor of gathering the fruit, making into cakes, baking over the fire, breaking up into the carefully prepared barrel, piling on of fresh persimmons, apple-peelings, and honey-shucks, and pouring in of water; after the seemingly interminable period of waiting for it to "wuk" was almost over, and Unc' Adam's mouth was already watering for the first "simmon beer" of the season—Clarindy James's "little gal," in a wild game of "hi-spy" with her young companions, had fallen against the barrel as it stood under the sloping eaves of the cabin and knocked it over, to the bursting of its venerable staves and the pouring out of its stored-up sweetness. "An' Unc' Adam," the child reported with almost adoring gratitude,

"Unc' Adam he des say, 'Shet updat hollerin' an' go 'long, chile. You ain' meant to done it.'"

Facts like these rendered still more inexplicable his unwearying persecution of his high-minded and irreproachable wife. Towards Mahaly Ann there was a really amazing energy of bitterness in the dim and decrepit old man, and an ingenuity in finding out ways of expressing it which wrung a sort of admiration even from those who most condemned his atrocious domestic conduct.

"Ain' he de outbreakin'es' man? But he sho is got de gif' o' de gab!" one would say to another, not without gusto, after a neighborly visit to Mahaly Ann; upon which occasions he not unfrequently sat by and maintained a running commentary of startling frankness upon the personal appearance, mental endowments, and general characteristics of his wife, with all of which the erstwhile visitor never failed to regale Persimmon Ridge. And it was the part of some recipient of the recital to ask, "An' what Sis' Cunnigum say to dat?" to lead up to the never-varying climax—

"Sis' Cunnigum? Sis' Cunnigum niver open 'er mouf'."

Unc' Adam shook his woolly white head and muttered to himself, on one side of the neatly swept red brick hearth; while upon the other sat the decent partner of his joys and sorrows, placidly knitting a gray yarn sock by the light of the fire; though one would not have thought the soliloquy which Unc' Adam took no pains to render inaudible would have been conducive to tranquility in the breast of his spouse.

"I gwine 'way fum yere 'fo' long, I sholy is. I done ben sayin' it long 'nough; now I gwine up an' do it. I done stan' dat 'oman des 'bout long's I gwi' stan' 'er, I is. Dat what I gwi' do. Yas, I is. I des 'bleege' to git shet o' 'er—d'ain' no use talkin'. One dese mornin's I gwi' up an' lef' 'er, an' she ain' gwi' see me no mo'. I gwi' light out, sho!"

He feebly rubbed his head with his small shriveled hands, and groaned heavily.

"Dat 'oman! Ugh! I dunno to save my life huccome I uver come 'cross de fool notium o' ma'in' 'oman like dat—I sut'ny don't. I reckon I out o' my min' when I done dat—spang out o' my min'. I des 'bleege' to been. 'Case she allis was ugly as sin, an' she niver did had a bit o' sense."

He nodded sleepily forward, and weakly recovered himself.

"Tek keer o' de fire, Adam!" warned his wife.

"'Tek keer o' de fire?' 'Tek keer o' de fire?'" he echoed, angrily. "Ain't I got sense 'nough to keep out o' de fire? U-u-ur yas! 'Tek keer o' de fire!' Hummany times is I bu'n up, I like to know? I des ax you dat. Hummany times is I bu'n up?"

She measured the foot of the sock which she was knitting by its finished fellow, and obviously engaged in some mental calculation regarding it.

"I dunno, Adam," she answered, absently, seeing that he waited a reply.

He glared at her with his dim yellow eyes, and brought his clenched hand down upon the calico-covered arm of his comfortable padded chair.

"Dere 'tis!" he said, "Dere 'tis! Dat what I say! des well talk to de side o' de house. Des 'ear 'er; 'I dunno, Adam!' 'I dunno,

Adam!' An' she dunno what 'tis she dunno, I tell you what 'tis she dunno—she dunno nutt'n'. Dat what 'tis she dunno. She mighty right, she dunno! Ain' got no mo' sense 'n a bee-martin, she ain'. Ain, got a grain o' sense. Dat what de mahter wid 'er, des like I say. Dat what mek 'er think ain' nobody else got no sense. 'Tis des 'cause she ain' got none 'ersef. Dat de way you allis fin' it. She ain' got sense 'nough to know she ain' got none. An' dat whar de trouble come in."

He nodded again, and hastily drew back.

"Go 'long to bed, Adam," his wife advised.

He straightened himself up.

"U-u-ur yas! Po' ol' man! to ol' to set up wid young folks like you, is I? But I gwine when I want, an' I ain' going befo'! You hear dat, does you?"

"Dey sut'ny oughter tu'n Unc' Adam outer de chu'ch," Clarindy James announced, returning one evening from a friendly dropping in on Mahaly Ann. "Seem like he got a debble dese days, it sholy do. D' wa' nutt'n' 'pon top de yearth he didn' name Sis' Cunnigum des now. He des sot dar 'bukin' 'er an' he sot dar 'busin' 'er de whole blessed time. I ain' niver 'ear 'im so scan'lous befo'. 'An' what she say?' She ain' 'spon' one word, Sis' Cunnigum ain'. She ain' 'spon' one word!"

Unc' Adam fidgeted in his chair, watching Mahaly Ann, as she began silently to prepare supper, after her visitor had gone.

"Say sump'n', 'oman," he suddenly commanded her.

She started at his voice. After all, even Mahaly Ann's nerves were not made of steel. To-night her face looked very lined and old, and there was a curious tenseness of lip and nostril.

"Say sump'n'!" he thundered, weakly. "I done stan' dis thing long 'nough, an' I ain' gwi' stan' it no longer. You gotter say sump'n' when I talks to you, you hear dat? I ain' gwi' hab you treatin' me disaway—lettin' me set up an' call you out o' yo' name ev'y which-a-way—an' you des as calm as ef 'twas fly buzzin' on de wall. I done call you dis, an' I done call you dat; I dun 'buse you to de neighbors, an' I don hel' you up in meetin'. An' it ain' done no manner o' good. What you gotter say, hey? What you gotter say? You ain' got nutt'n'? Dar den! See what you kin say to dat!"

It was a puny blow, but the buttermilk pitcher slipped from Mahaly Ann's grasp and crashed upon the floor. She dropped upon a stool, covered her face with her apron, and rocked to and fro in a sudden tempest of deep-drawn sobs.

"Adam," she said, "huccome you 'spise me so?"

"Huc—huccome I 'spise you so?" he stammered. His teeth were chattering as from an ague, and he shook from head to foot. "Huc—huccome I 'spise you so? Huccome you 'spise me so hit don' mek no diffunce what I says nor what I does? Dat what I wa' know? Dat what I been axin' mysef for thutty year, an' I ain' foun' out yet. I done been layin' mysef out to seeef d' wa' no word o' mine could tetch you; I done wo' mysef out, an' I done 'zaust de lanwige—an' d' ain' none. You done cook my vittles an' you done mek my clo'es, an you done 'low dat 'nough to do for no-count critter like me; d' wa' no call in de worl' to 'spec' me. An' you ain' 'spec' me no mo'n de

blowin' o' de win'. You cyar' say I ain' guv you good chance. I done riz up, an' I done riz up, an' I done riz up. I done 'front you dis way, an' I done 'front you dat way; an' you dunkeer. Dar you been, des as cool as a cucumber, hol'in' you'se'f way off yander, an' d' wa' no mortal way o' techin' you. An' hit hes come to dis: I 'low to myse'f, 'Ef I cyar' mek you feel my tongue, I is gwi' mek you feel my fis', des once befo' I dies.' An' I done done it."

He stood watching her swaying abandonment to unwonted tears with a strange exultation of countenance, over which began gradually to steal a shadow of awe. The pool of buttermilk slowly widened upon the floor, the rasher fried acridly against the bottom of the pan, the blackening pone smoked upon the hearth; and Mahaly Ann, a veiled image of despair, showed in her convulsive weeping no sign of surcease. A childlike wonder dawned and deepened upon his face.

"Mahaly Ann," he said, "what you crying 'bout?" For a moment she fought for her voice.

"I done stood, an' I done stood, an' I done stood," she wailed, "till I des cyar' stan' no mo'. I done been min'in' it all de time I ain' thought I min' it! An' den, 'pon top o' all, for you to up an' hit me!"

The bacon burnt into extinction, the bread turned to a cinder, the buttermilk slowly soaked into the floor, and still the veiled form of Mahaly Ann swung to and fro, Unc' Adam looking on with a face in which compunction struggled with an unaccustomed peace. He feebly cleared his throat at last and shifted in his seat. He scratched his head and gazed at her thoughtfully. He rubbed his face and neck. And then he lifted himself rheumatically from his chair and limped toward her. He drew the apron from before her face with a quaint touch of masterful gentleness.

"Don' cry no mo'." he said, ef you cryin' 'bout dat ar lick I gin you. 'Tis cur'us thing 'bout dat ar lick. Seem to me now dat moughter been des a kin o' love-lick, honey!"

—*The Outlook.*

HOPE.

Did it ever occur to you what a world of thought is wrapped up in that little word "hope"? Its very pronunciation makes every bosom bound and burn. It is music to the ear of the young, health to the sick, and life rejuvenated to the old. Poetry makes hope a formation, grief makes it a solace, and desolation makes it the brightest flower that adorns earthly creation, while even disappointment and delusion whisper darkness out of the sky of to-day into sunshine of tomorrow. Sobbing sorrow may crush and cripple the soul, but hope gives it new elasticity. Nay, it may be humiliation in the dust, but hope will raise it up again. Hope is man's birthright, which, after all his blandishments, delusions and mockeries, never maketh him ashamed to hope on, hope ever. Airy fancies may allure him, and smiling faces beguile him into treachery, but hope flits eternal around the human head and breast, and hangs the rainbow on the blackest cloud in all the chaste sparklings of an angel from immortal life. Now, when you connect the word "hope" with "salvation," then what a wonderful word it becomes! At once it comes to measure man's most delightful Christian attainment. Indeed, so intimately is it associated with practical godliness, that religion itself is called "a good hope through grace."—*Rev. Dr. Armitage.*

Woman's Work.

Mrs. HENRY M. MAXSON, Editor, 439 W. Sixth Street, Plainfield, N. J.

Look up and not down,
Look out and not in,
Look forward and not backward,
And lend a hand.

RESIGNATION OF MRS. ROGERS.

Our Board had fully arranged its plans of work for the new Conference year before word came from Mrs. Rogers that it seemed best for her to give up her part of the work. As her health was the consideration, the Board thought best to accept her resignation, and she was released with the expression of our hearty appreciation of her services. We are happy to announce to our readers our good fortune in securing the present services of Mrs. Henry M. Maxson, of Plainfield, N. J., and gladly welcome her to a place in our ranks. In behalf of Woman's Board,
MRS. ALBERT WHITFORD, *Cor. Sec.*

A FORE-WORD.

In taking up the work of the Woman's Page, we wish to add our tribute of respect and appreciation to the retiring editor, Mrs. Rebecca T. Rogers. Her name has always stood for all that is true, all that is good, all that is pure, and her words have always been an incentive to higher thought and nobler action. In the seven years of her connection with the RECORDER, she has, through sickness and health, through weal and woe, been always faithful to the task set before her. We deeply regret that Mrs. Rogers deems it necessary to lay down this work, but hope that we may have occasional, if not weekly, words of encouragement and admonition from her pen.

WE are glad that we are not expected to fill Mrs. Rogers' place, but only to do our best there. It is fortunate for us all that each one has his own place in the world, that no two persons have exactly the same work to do, or the same way of doing it. So we may not have for you the same message that some other might have, but we trust that it may always be a message of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will toward men."

We ask of the sisters of the denomination their help and their prayers. Just by way of illustration: if you are asked to make a contribution to the Woman's Page of the RECORDER, do it promptly and cheerfully, and you will not be helping one person only, but perhaps every woman in the denomination. If you have a message, send it to us; it may be the word for which some fainting soul has been longing and waiting.

LET us as women take up our work for the coming year with renewed zeal and increased vigor. Shall we not "lend a hand" where there is so much work to be done? Shall we not strive with a quiet perseverance that shall win success, to do the work that our hands and our hearts find to do.

HORACE GREELEY ANSWERED. — Horace Greeley once had a discussion with an advocate of woman suffrage shortly before the American Civil War. He was using, as his final argument, the inability of women to fight. "What would you do, for instance," he asked his friend, "in the event of war?" "Just what you would do, Mr. Greeley," she replied promptly. "I should stay in an office and write articles urging other people to go and fight."—*Woman's Journal.*

NOW THY WAY IS UNDERSTOOD.

BY MRS. BELLE SAUNDERS.

Father, glorious Father, good,
Now thy way is understood.
Now the long, long mystery ends.
But ye weep, my faithful friends,
For one whom ye now call dead,
Who, in unknown bliss instead, lives and loves you.
Lost, 'tis true, to the light that shines for you,
But in the light ye cannot see,
Lives in unfulfilled felicity.
Cease your weeping, dry your tears.
That which now the women lave
For its last resting in the grave,
Is the house which I am quitting,
Is the garment no more fitting,
Is the cage from which I'm fitting
Like a bird, to home more fitting.
Father glorious, Father good,
Now thy way is understood.

THE following were the last words that Mrs. Saunders wrote to be sent to a very dear friend:

"To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am sat down in my Father's throne." M.

WHAT CAME OF A BROKEN LEG.

The woman who told Miss Alling that John Dwyer had been run over, added: "It seems like an unchristian thing to say, but it's better to have his leg broken now than to have his mother's heart broken hereafter, and that's what things were coming to. She's a 'dacent' woman, but 'aisy,' and he took advantage of her in every way. Many a time have I seen her, after a hard day's work, dragging up the coal and emptying the ashes, and the lad over on the corner smoking cigarettes and bothering every one that went by."

Miss Alling looked as sympathetic as possible, but did not commit herself by any remark. When she reached the school-house, however, she told her neighbors she felt "unchristian," too, but that she could not help rejoicing at the prospect of John's absence.

"He's the meanest, most underhanded boy!" she exclaimed. "I can excuse mischief, but not malice. I feel my lips tightening every time I think of him. I'm sorry for his mother, but glad for myself."

However, being a conscientious body, in spite of her dislike, she did the "proper thing." The children put their pennies together and bought flowers to be sent to the hospital; each day a few letters were written to him. Miss Alling sent glasses of jellies and books as her contribution, but she never went to see him.

When he was sent home, she heard reports of his progress, and that, owing to some injury to his back, he would, in all probability, never walk again. Little hints were given out that John would like to see her, but she ignored them.

One day the truant officer came in and began a lecture with, "I always thought you a good-hearted girl; but I think you must be a stone. That child lies there in that miserable, dirty room, day after day, just craving to see you, and yet you never go near him."

"What child?" said she, bewildered.

"John Dwyer! He has said it fifty times, if he has said it once, that he wished his teacher liked him, because then she would come to see him; and he made the most minute inquiries about the new red silk waist some of the children had seen you wearing, and wondered if I could get him a piece; he wanted so much to see it. And then he told how pretty he thought you were and how

nice you looked in this or that dress. He doesn't care for books, but he adores you."

"He must have been born again in the hospital, then;" said Miss Alling, "for, judging by his actions, if any child ever disliked a teacher, that boy disliked me. However, I'll put on my new silk waist and go and see him to-night. I think it is just his contrariness. Even if he is in bed, I feel perfectly sure he will do or say something to make me bristle all over. I can't tell you the effect he has on me; but I'll go."

Escorted by two of John's neighbors, she went; and what she saw made her "a new woman," she said,—a pale, miserable little face; an untidy room; beside the bed the remains of an unappetizing lunch on a table without a cloth; smoke-grimed walls; a picture, highly-colored, of "The Bleeding Heart."

Her tightened lips relaxed, and instead of the hand-shake she had meant to give, John received a warm kiss, and a visit of an hour. He told her he didn't like to study, but he did like pictures, and spoke of "St. Mark's Cathedral," which hung in the hall at school.

"I never got tired of looking at that. I got a chair once to stand on, so I could see it better, but the principal sent me home for doing it; so I never got a good look at it."

Miss Alling's mind had been busy during this interview. She promised to come again, and left the boy looking as if he had had a tonic.

The principal explained, when told of the chair-standing episode, that John had always been so troublesome, that he thought, of course, he must be up to some mischief, and so sent him home.

"But he'll have a good look at St. Mark's, because I am going to send it over there at once." And he did. Not only that, but all the pictures in the school were hung low enough for the tiniest child to see the smallest detail, if he wished to investigate.

A gay silk quilt, a pretty jardiniere, with a "Lady Washington" geranium; a rug for the battered-up lounge; and some white curtains accompanied the picture.

A committee of little girls was appointed to see to John's lunch each day. The teacher attended to it herself long enough to teach the little girls what to do. With magnificent St. Mark's hung at the foot of the bed, and with the few bits of color here and there, the room seemed a glorious place not only to John, but to the whole neighborhood.

St. Mark's was discussed, and, not finding any accounts simple enough to suit her, Miss Alling wrote the stories herself and had them printed on the school machine. The wonderful horses aroused an interest in Napoleon which Miss Alling promised to gratify later on; at present Venice and its history were enough.

When St. Mark and its surroundings had been thoroughly studied, and not only John, but nearly all the people in the neighborhood, had a very good idea of beautiful Venice and its history, a picture of the Palazzo Vecchio was substituted and the story of lovely Florence began. Miss Alling wrote her simple account of Dante, of Savonarola, and of Fra Angelico.

The Palazzo was followed by "David," and the story of how it remained out of doors for three hundred years with no damage except from the elements made some of the de-

structive children look incredulous, and then thoughtful, when the lesson was impressed upon them by John.

Mercury, with the story it told, came next. Fra Angelico's angels, with their marvelous color, charmed their beauty-loving eyes. John, who had hated books, now read everything he could get.

His health was improving, and the problem of his future was proving a nightmare to Miss Alling. His mother was a frail woman, and what would become of both, if her health gave out? But she trusted something would turn up, and told her mother she had two longings now instead of one. Formerly her ideal of happiness, perfect and complete, was a trip to Europe; now she wanted, in addition, an occupation for John which would support him.

One evening after school, dropping in to see the boy a few minutes, as she often did now on her way home, she noticed that as she entered his room, her rather hastily pushed some pieces of paper under the bed-clothes, as if to conceal them. Her curiosity somewhat excited, she questioned him as to what he had been doing; when, with much embarrassment he drew them out and rather reluctantly handed them to her. He had attempted to copy some portions of the pictures which had hung before him, and colored them with penny chalks. These were creditable; but the sketches of the groups seen outside his window and of the little occurrences in his room were full of life and fun. A picture of an old Irishman in the neighborhood, standing before the picture of St. Mark's and saying that "Ireland had finer nor that," showed the boy's appreciation of humor. She took the sketches to a friend, who said, "The boy should be an illustrator; he seemed to have the happy faculty of catching just the point." But where was the money to come from?

"I need every cent of my salary, or I would advance it myself," she said to the principal.

He patted her on the shoulder and said that "things would shake themselves into place!" and so they did.

The truant agent appeared one day to tell Miss Alling that she thought her an angel; she had developed a soul. "No, two souls; your own and John's."

"My own," said Miss Alling, looking a little offended.

"Yes, you never before knew there were gray children; they were all either black or white. You were just—dreadfully just, but your justice was never tempered with mercy; now it is. You really treat children as if they were 'folks,' not machines."

Miss Alling looked thoughtful and said slowly, "I think you are right. I told my mother yesterday I had begun to enjoy teaching, and the children were so much more interesting than those I had taught before; but I see the change was in me. Thank you!"

The truant agent laughed and said, "Besides that, you have done some missionary work. All the women in the neighborhood are collecting pieces of silk to make quilts like the one you lent John. Covetous eyes are laid on every soiled necktie belonging to the mankind of their acquaintance. A silk quilt means a clean bed; a clean bed a clean room; this silk quilt epidemic all means company for John, and you know no one can be in John's society very long without receiving a great deal of information about foreign countries."

And she laughed.

"And last, but not least, now prepare for something fine; a definite, practical reward for you. Your little stories are to be published. The minister went in to see John, picked up your story of Venice and its palaces and read it through, took it away with him, and then sent it to a publisher, a friend of his, saying that a book which would interest a man and boy equally must be good, no matter what the publisher thought, and he wanted it printed. He had just received an answer—a favorable one, too; so I see fame and fortune for you. Perhaps not much of either, but you are modest, and if it gives you a little inexpensive trip to Europe, you will have had your reward."

"And John shall have enough to pay for his art lessons, whether I go to Europe or not."

And that's how a circulating art gallery revolutionized a neighborhood; gave each of the women a silk quilt; gave Miss Alling her trip and a big push up the ladder of fame; for her stories found favor wherever they were read, and she took courage to write more; and gave John an occupation which filled his days with delight and promised to fill his purse with ducats before long, for every one felt an interest in the helpless boy.

The truant agent says it was the broken leg which performed these wonders, and they laugh at her and let her have it so.—*School and Home Education.*

HELP OF CONFERENCE.

BY ANNIE L. HOLBERTON.

No, I did not go to Conference, but eager hand and heart Searched the dear, familiar columns that its tidings would impart,
And my thirsting soul was strengthened: common life seemed broader, higher,
While I felt that humblest service in His Name would good inspire.

As our Editor invites them, let these "Conference echoes" ring:
To how many hearts new courage will their inspiration bring,
And the happy, active worker, with the means to help at will,
Well may pity those whose trial is "the task of standing still."

In our band of Sabbath-keepers there are spirits true and strong,
Ready to withstand the current with the right against the wrong,
And one privilege vouchsafed me, in which gratefully I share,
Is to follow them in spirit with a God-speed and a prayer.

May the thrill of Conference voices echo through one vast domain
Till they shout the holy message over valley, hill and plain,
And arouse the sleeping millions who his Sabbath still disdain
To know God is not always mocked, and his mandate put to shame.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

For the Quarter beginning July 1, and ending October 1, 1900.

O. S. ROGERS, Treasurer,

In account with

THE SABBATH EVANGELIZING AND INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION.

DR.	
Balance in treasury, July 1, 1900.....	\$ 484 50
Receipts from stock, first series.....	95 00
Receipts from stock, second series.....	507 00
Receipts from stock, third series.....	120 00
Receipts from stock, fourth series.....	109 00
Receipts from donations to General Fund.....	100 11
Receipts from Loan.....	100 00
Receipts for Gold Coast Interests.....	19 74
Receipts for Girls' Fund Stock.....	37 00
Receipts for Christmas Box.....	4 25
Total.....	\$1,576 60

CR.

The W. U. Telegraph Co., cable to J. Booth.....	\$ 1 89
Postage and Revenue Stamps.....	6 70
Lining boxes to be sent to Africa.....	8 62
J. Booth, by cable.....	500 49
Expense of same.....	19 19
J. Booth, by draft.....	362 79
Expenses to cable message to J. Booth.....	18 63
Balance in bank Oct. 1, 1900.....	658 29
Total.....	\$1,576 60

E. & O. E.

ORSA S. ROGERS, Treas.

Examined, compared with vouchers, and found correct.

F. J. HUBBARD, } Aud. Com.
A. W. VARR. }

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Oct. 16, 1900.

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

"I WILL STRIVE."

"I cannot keep the pledge," I said;
With grief and shame I bowed my head.
"I am so weak and yielding ever."
But Hope came with the morning light
And whispered, while my fear took flight,
"Endeavor! Endeavor! Endeavor!"

So, "trusting in the Lord for strength,"
We know no limit, breadth, or length,
A sure supply, exhausted never,
Beyond all failure and defeat,
Let us our motto still repeat.—
"Endeavor! Endeavor! Endeavor!"

—Ella S. White

THE MUCILAGE-BRUSH AND THE BLOTTER.

A FABLE.

BY BEN J. AMIN.

The sun peeping in through a crack in the blinds shot a morning ray of light across the writing-desk. This sudden challenge at once aroused from the stupor of the night all the occupants of the desk, except the paper-weight, which by nature was not easily disturbed. "Why don't you wash your dirty face?" said the mucilage-brush to the blotter. "Why don't you clean your nasty teeth?" responded the blotter without stopping to think; for if the blotter had stopped to think out something of its own to say, the conversation would have ended then and there. At this the mucilage-brush bristled up and was about to say something, but for a time the words stuck fast in its throat. Finally it blurted out, "You're a back number, that's what you are." "Dry up, or I'll make you," said the blotter quick as a flash.

Now in the beginning the mucilage-brush did not mean to start the trouble. It was slightly vexed at being roused up so suddenly, but by this time it was really angry. The inkstand, retiring by nature, stopped up its ears for fear of the next outbreak; the calendar's attention was so distracted that it forgot the date it usually ate for breakfast, and no one knows what would have happened next had not the office boy come in just then. He noticed that the blotter was fairly black in the face with rage, and that the mucilage-brush was as stiff and unyielding as so much wire; so he picked them both up and threw them into the waste-paper basket which had been looking on with open-mouth amazement. Then he gave the calendar's head a twitch and uncorked the inkstand. This so frightened the other occupants of the writing-desk that they were all as quiet as mice, except a half dozen loose bills and the leaves of a note-book. The bills were so agitated by the unusual event that they were all in a flutter till the boy seized the still sleeping paper-weight and sat it down on their heads with a bang. The leaves of the note-book were not so frightened, but part of them had had their backs to what had been going on, and now their curiosity caused them to move about in trying to see what was the occasion of so much confusion. The boy promptly closed the book and fastened it with a rubber band.

MORALS.

Be careful about arousing people too suddenly in the morning.

Ponder well the first words you speak when you wake from a deep sleep.

When other people get into a quarrel keep your mouth shut.

Don't be too anxious to see a fight.

Do not neglect your own work to listen to foolish word-sparring.

HORSE SENSE—A PRIZE STORY.

A horse, harness, and buggy have recently been purchased by the Pittsfield, Mass., Union and placed at the disposal of a Christian Endeavor worker who is spending the summer in a neighboring suburban town. The horse is known as the "Christian Endeavor horse," and is used to convey aged and infirm people to church, as well as to carry the worker to the schoolhouses where children's classes are conducted, and also is used in house-to-house visitation. The regular evangelistic work of the Pittsfield Union is conducting services every Sunday afternoon but one, each month, at the almshouse; every Sunday conducting evening services at one of the smaller churches which is without a pastor at present; twice in the month sending workers to lead and assist in the Christian Endeavor meeting of one of the weaker societies in the Union, and the last Sunday of each month having charge of a service at the county jail. The Union has an editor who has in charge the publishing of a column of Christian Endeavor news once a week in one of the daily papers. If this item wins the prize the dollar will go to buy feed for the horse.—*C. E. World.*

AN INDIAN ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Rev. W. H. Pierce tells the following story to illustrate how keenly the Christian Indians discerned the spurious from the genuine in religion:

"A Klondike traveler came to the mission house with his toes very badly frozen, but, to the astonishment of the missionary, he refused to have anything done for them. Although his feet began to swell and the pain became excruciating, he resolutely declined to accept treatment, on the plea that he was a Christian Scientist. Several of the Indians came in and had some conversation with the man, who did his best to explain his creed. It was evident that his learned disquisition had little effect upon their unsophisticated minds, for a young chief tapped the Scientist on the brow, as he said, 'Stranger, there is something wrong with your head, your brain is crooked;' and then significantly added, 'Tell the missionary what size box you want, and we will bring it over for you.' When the young man saw death staring him in the face, he relinquished his Christian Science foolishness and allowed Mr. Pierce to treat his toes.—*Sel.*

"A PLAYTHING."

An Endeavorer who is teaching in Brazil sends us the following delicious bit of English as "she is wrote" by a Brazilian wrestler with our nouns and verbs:

"One of my boys in the English class which I have in the College wrote the following sentence in his exercise in original composition. It is certainly original, and in order that it may not reflect too darkly upon his professor I will hasten to relate that he is not the best student in the class. Here it is: 'The association of struggles Christians going to give a plaything in the Friday evening.'

"Of course he meant to say that the Christian Endeavor Society is going to give a social on Friday evening, as any one may readily see."—*Sel.*

NEITHER can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy. For envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the streets and doth not keep home.—*Francis Bacon.*

OUR MIRROR.

WESTERLY, R. I.—The Pawcatuck church has been the scene of two weddings since the Whitford marriage, Aug. 15, and three of the parties are members of our Christian Endeavor Society. William H. Browning and Miss Mabel L. Stillman were married Sept. 26, and Elisha C. Burdick and Miss Mary E. Babcock were married Oct. 10, Rev. S. H. Davis performing both ceremonies. The church was elaborately decorated on each occasion, and at the reception following the young people received the heartiest congratulations of their many friends. While the Christian Endeavorers miss our pastor, Mr. Davis, his place is being well filled by his willing and able assistant, Mr. Wilcox. He led the meeting Sept. 29, and gave a talk at the missionary meeting last Sabbath. The absence of a number of our members from town makes the meetings smaller than formerly, but we are hoping for a larger attendance soon. The Local Union of Christian Endeavor Societies of this vicinity held their last meeting with the Potter Hill Society Sept. 27. The attendance was quite large, but only a few representatives from our Society were present. The entertaining Society had tastefully decorated their chapel, and furnished a bountiful collation at the close of the exercises. The program included addresses by M. S. Willard, H. L. Osborne and Rev. F. C. Baker, and a most impressive quiet hour service conducted by the President of the Union, Rev. J. G. Dutton. w.
OCTOBER 17, 1900.

COAL NOW RULER OF THE WORLD.

Coal is king. Once cotton held the throne. Then wheat took the sceptre. For a while corn ruled. But now the monarch of monarchs is coal. On land and sea it is supreme. Why? Mainly because the activity and production of the world have exceeded the local supplies of fuel, partly because in England there have been strikes in the collieries. But whatever the explanation, the fact is admitted—coal is king.

For years we have been supplying England with English plum puddings, and a large part of the grand old roast beef of England comes from Chicago. It is not surprising, therefore, that sending coals to Newcastle should become a fact instead of a proverb of the impossible. Many of the English ships, many of the English factories, a large proportion of English machinery, are all being run by the force dug from American mines.

Every day the world needs more coal. Within a year the consumption has increased something over a hundred million tons, and still the call is for more. A distinguished English scientist names coal as the single commodity that has the widest industrial, commercial, social and political interest. He says: "'Tis coal, not love, that makes the modern world go round, and that nation must lead the others which has cheap coal, good coal, and plenty of it." That nation is the United States.

Few appreciate the tremendous part coal plays in affairs. In a year our railroads carry the inconceivable total of one billion tons of freight. If a crowd were asked what item made the largest showing, nine out of ten would reply, grain, and yet, of the whole quantity, only 60,000,000 tons are grain, while 295,000,000 tons are coal. For every pound of grain of any sort that our railroads carry, they transport almost five pounds of coal. The significance of these figures shows the greatness of coal far better than any elaborate tables or descriptions.

Coal is king, and from its throne in America it is ruling the world.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Children's Page.

UNCLE ALEC'S BAD FOLKS.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"I'm going to jail."

"Virginia Swann!"

"Yes; I'm going to-day. They've sent for me. Haven't you always known I'd come to it sooner or later?"

Virginia's bright face shone with fun; then it clouded over. She threw herself into the hammock and rocked back and forth violently.

"It's such a nuisance! I'd a good deal rather not go. Freedom's good enough for me. But there's Uncle Alec sick abed and worried to death about his bad folks; and Aunt Alec's got her flowers all picked—ready. I'm the only one who's in the proper condition to go to jail. It's my first sentence, and it's a nuisance!"

The girl in the invalid's chair smiled. She was used to Virginia.

"Do you know, dear," she said, suddenly, "I'd be willing to go to jail with you if I could only get on my feet and walk?" "I wouldn't ask anything better!"

"You, poor dear!" Virginia cried, impetuously, springing across the little space of lawn to the pale girl's side.

"You'd be just the one to preach to Uncle Alec's bad folks; it would make them all good just to look at you! But me—it's carrying coal to Newcastle, Emily Warren. That's what I told Uncle Alec. But he just put out his long, white hand and stroked mine, and said he to me, 'It's time you did some good in the world, little girl—run away and do it.' Wasn't that exactly like Uncle Alec?"

The hammock had resumed its swing to and fro. Virginia shut her eyes and assumed a far-away expression. The corners of her saucy little mouth drew down.

"I'm thinking of my text—sh!" she said. "Uncle Alec's was, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' Whoever but Uncle Alec could preach a sermon to prisoners from that? No, I think I shall take, 'Thou shalt not steal.' That will make 'em feel at home."

"Virginia!"

"Well, I'm 'a bad folks,' to-day. They ought not to send me missionarying. I'm a heathen, and somebody ought to come and preach to me."

A tiny girl trotted slowly down the walk. Virginia's face broke into coaxing smiles.

"Oh, little Hop o' My Thumb, come here and be kissed all nice. You blessed baby! Don't you want to go a-preaching with Virginia? Go and ask mamma if you can't. Tell her it will help the naughty folks be good."

"Yes; I'll go help the naughty folks be good. I put 'em in the closet an' say, 'Now, sink o' your sins like ev'rything!'"

The two girls laughed, but the face of the tiny one was sweetly serious. She trotted away to ask mamma.

In the early afternoon, Virginia loaded herself with Aunt Alec's flowers and started away. She was going across the street to call for Hop o' My Thumb. At the gate she kissed Aunt Alec with a wry face.

"It's such a ridiculous notion of Uncle Alec's, Auntie! the idea of sending me!" she said. And Aunt Alec smiled up at the tall girl gently.

"Keep your eyes open, dear, and your heart, and you'll find a way. Did he tell you about his two most anxious 'cases'—the one whose time is nearly out, and the one who is going to die. I put in the moss roses for him. And give the white pinks to the one who's going out. White things, maybe, will remind him to be pure. He hasn't been very penitent. We're afraid he'll fall right back again as soon he gets out. Your uncle has wrestled in prayer for him again and again."

She sighed, and the gentle ripple of her breath stirred her soft laces. Virginia was thinking that looking at Aunt Alec always reminded her to be pure—Aunt Alec was so white.

"We're going to jail, Hop o' My Thumb. Don't you feel queer?" Virginia said, as she clasped the cool little hand in hers. The tiny one looked up at her gravely.

"Yes; I feel queery, too. Is it like goin' to the unheaven place, 'Ginia, where there's heaps o' bad folks?"

"No, dear—oh, no; not like *that*," smiled Virginia; "Uncle Alec's bad folks can be sorry and begin all over again after a while."

"After they get out o' the closet?"

"Yes; after they get out of the 'closet,' dear. Uncle Alec goes to see them, and tells them to begin all over and not be bad folks any more—that God will forgive them, you know."

"Yes, I know—same as he fo'gives me, 'times when I eat out o' mamma's sugar-bowl. He fo'gived me twice to-day."

The clear little voice sank into silence for a minute, then began again, eagerly.

"An' we's goin' to tell 'em to be good folks, same's Uncle Alec does. I like to do that."

It was a new experience to the tiny one. It had always been some one else who told her to be good.

Uncle Alec's "bad folk" lived in the big stone house with barred windows. They approached it with curious awe. Even Virginia's sixteen-year-old heart beat faster. A youthful looking jailer met them outside the great iron door, and led them in.

"Uncle Alec is sick abed, Mr. Cummings, so I came," Virginia exclaimed. Then she laughed, reassured by the young jailer's pleasant face.

"I didn't come to preach a sermon—mercy, no! Just to bring Aunt Alec's flowers. She wanted me to distribute them for her, but I wish you could, Mr. Cummings! We're afraid of Uncle Alec's bad fo—. I mean the prisoners, aren't we, Hop o' My Thumb?"

"Oh, no, I isn't, not a speck!" affirmed the tiny one, cheerfully. "I like bad folks dreffly. I know how they feel when they eat sugar out o' their mammas' sugar-bowls. I'll 'tribute the flowers, 'Ginia."

The long, bare hall was full of dim daylight, and the chill of sunlessness. It was lined with rows of cells with grated windows. Some of the doors stood open, and a few prisoners lounged about aimlessly on the hard benches without. They stared in astonishment at the fair vision that appeared suddenly in the jailer's wake. The tall girl and the tiny one, in their white dresses, with the glory of Aunt Alec's flowers about them like a halo, seemed to have burst out of the dimness and chill like a beautiful gleam of sun.

"My God!" muttered one of the men who had had a tall, fair daughter once. And one beside him gazed at the tiny one wistfully.

"There were two especially," whispered Virginia. "Uncle Alec was especially troubled about the—the one who was sick, and the one who was almost ready to be let out. And Aunt Alec sent special flowers to them."

She began to hunt among the flowers for the white pinks and the roses.

The jailer opened one of the heavy, iron-grated doors and motioned her in.

"This is the one that's goin' out," he muttered in her ear. Then, raising his voice:

"Here's a couple of ladies to see you, Bill. The minister's sick, and they come instead. Walk right in, ladies. Bill's going into society again pretty quick, and a little practicin' will do him good!"

The bit of a room was not inviting. Neither was Bill. He glowered at them in surly silence. There was no promise of better things in Bill's face.

But the tiny one was unabashed and cheerful. Here was her opportunity. She crossed the little bare place importantly and peered up into the grim face.

"Is you one o' the bad folks?" she piped, sweetly. "Well, so is me, but he fo'gived me, God did. I guess he's got dreffly tired, but he did it. Has he fo'gived you?"

The grim faced relaxed a little—a very little. The little sweet voice ran on:

"I guess you'd better take me in your lap, don't you? You can't talk so well when you're standin' up, you know. I can climb up—there! Now, whyfore, don't you tell me if God's fo'gived you? You look so sorrowful, I'm 'fraid he hasn't. Well, he will, 'cause he fo'gived me. I asked him to. Want me to show you how to do it? You put your hands right so, and shut you eyes—you got you eyes shut?—honest and true? I can't see 'cause I've got mine shut up. Now, you say, 'Dear God, I want you to fo'give me 'cause I ate it out o' my mother's sugar-bowl. I guess I won't again—you better say, 'I guess'; it's safer. 'Please to keep me from being a bad folks any more, forever 'n' ever. Amen.' There!"

Virginia had crept forward and laid the bunch of white flowers in the tiny one's lap. Her bright face was wet.

"Tell him about them, Hop o' My Thumb," she whispered.

"They're for you, that's what," the tiny one said. "And they're all white ones, so's you'll be white. 'Ginia said Aunt Alec said so. I guess that's why mamma puts me on white dresses. Smell 'em. Oh, my, don't you know how? You do it this way."

She buried her little nose in the fragrant pinks, and drew in a long, loud breath.

"We must go now, dear," Virginia said. But the grim man tightened his fingers around the tiny one's arms.

"Let her stay a spell—till you're ready to go back," he said. "I'll mind her all right. I had a little young one once, and I minded her. She was smilin' and chick, like this one. Oh, warn't she though! Let her stay."

"Let her—'twon't do a mite of harm," the jailer whispered. "Bill ain't the kind to hurt a little 'un."

"I'm going to stay wiv Mr. Bill," announced the tiny one, conclusively. "I like it in this teenty room, an' he likes me, don't you, Mr. Bill?"

And so Virginia left her there while she visited the other prisoner that Uncle Alec was

anxious about. It was the one who was dying.

"Can't stand it much longer—he's all worn out. I ain't sure but he will go out before Bill does, now," the jailer remarked, with sorry wit. But his rough face was not devoid of sympathy. Virginia noticed that his big voice softened when he spoke to the haggard man on the cot.

"Well, Barney, how is it now?" Aint sufferin' quite so bad, are you?—not quite. The minister's sick, too; he sent this young lady to see you instead of comin' himself."

"And I brought you some moss roses—see?" added the girl, gently. She let them fall in a pink, sweet shower on his coverlet. He put out a great blue-veined hand and lifted one and then another.

"There was a bush of moss roses grew at home, clost up to the door. Mother never let us boys pick any except on Sundays," he said. "Mother had queer notions. She said for us to look for a sermon in 'em."

He was smiling up at Virginia—a curious, wistful smile. It brought quick tears to the girl's eyes.

"Moss roses and mother's hymns—and Sunday—always went together. When I've recollected one—it ain't been often—I've recollected the other two. They're sweet-smellin', ain't they! They smell of Sunday, and the hymns and mother."

"What were the hymns?" questioned Virginia, with quickening color. "Maybe, perhaps, I could sing one. She had never sung before strangers in her life—and before Uncle Alec's bad folks!

The sick man's face brightened. How long it had been since he had heard one of mother's hymns!"

"There was the 'Jesus, lover,' one, and the one with 'majestic sweetness' in it; she sang those two Sunday nights when we boys were gettin' restless. We sit on the doorsteps and listen, as still as mice. I ain't recollected before for ten years. Mother was a splendid singer."

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,"

sang Virginia's clear voice, softly. It filled the little cell-room and ran over into the big, bare corridor. It rose clearer and louder as the verses went on. Virginia had forgotten to be afraid.

"Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin."

The listless loungers outside crept to the door. Bill and the tiny one came, hand in hand. It was very quiet, save for the hymn.

"Now the one with 'majestic sweetness' in it," quavered the sick man, eagerly. And Virginia sang it, unafraid. She sang both of mother's hymns several times, and a thin, baby treble joined in with words of its own.

"Sing, Mr. Bill—hurry, sing!" the tiny one commanded, but the grim man shook his head. One or two others ventured in, with a low, bass rumble. It was better than Uncle Alec's preaching.

"I knew you would find a way, dear. It was a beautiful way," was what Aunt Alec said.

"Why, Auntie, it wasn't much to do—just sing!" protested Virginia. "Anybody can sing. But it takes Uncle Alec to preach—or Hop o' My Thumb. It was you did it today, wasn't it tiny one?"

"Yes, it was me, assented the tiny one, modestly. "You can tell how to do it, you know, when you've been a bad folks, yourself." Solemn retrospect was in her face. "An' been p'eached to," she added, gravely. —*American Messenger*.

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.

WESTERLY, R. I.—The pastor of the Pawcatuck church, Rev. S. H. Davis, went to New Haven, Conn., September 27, for a course of study in the Yale Divinity School there. He was accompanied by his wife. The church has engaged Mr. Wayland D. Wilcox, a theological student at Alfred University, to act as assistant pastor during his absence, and he preached his first sermon here September 29. His text was, "Take ye away the stone," and the sermon is spoken of in the highest terms by all who heard it. Mr. Wilcox is rapidly forming the acquaintance of the members of the congregation, and seems to be the right man for the place. Pastor Davis returned home for the communion service, October 6, and the covenant meeting the evening previous. The Ladies' Aid Society began their bi-weekly sessions October 9, with a supper in the church parlors. The evening was stormy, but the attendance was satisfactory considering the weather. W.

OCTOBER 17, 1900.

CELIA ARABELLA WITTER SAUNDERS.

Mrs. Saunders was born in Wirt, Allegany county, N. Y., November 9, 1859, and died in Westerly, R. I., Oct. 4, 1900.

Her birthplace, was one of the most romantic sections in that section of the county, literally in the woods, about two miles from the village of Nile; there she passed the first seven years of her life. Before she had passed her third birthday her father entered the Union army never to return, his body filling a grave in Andersonville.

In her eighth year she was taken into the home of her grandfather, at Little Genesee, N. Y., where she grew to young womanhood under the spiritual care of the Rev. T. B. Brown, who fostered her religious tendencies with parental care. He was permitted the privilege of baptizing her when she was only eleven years old, saying as he did so, "she is the ripest child in religious matters it has ever been my lot to meet." When Belle was sixteen years of age her mother, Mrs. A. K. Witter, removed her family to the village of Alfred, N. Y., that they might receive a college education.

Here Belle made herself known as an aggressive Christian worker, "ever doing with her might what her hands found to do." She graduated from the University in the summer of 1889. Soon after graduating, she came to Westerly, R. I., to care for the home of her brother, Rev. E. A. Witter, and for his motherless children. She entered at once into Christian work in that community. She organized "the Woody Hill" Sunday-school and helped to carry it on for a number of years, with a good degree of success. It has been well said "her life was one known and read of all who knew her."

October 27, 1890, she married J. A. Saunders. To them have been born two daughters who, with the husband and father, are mourning the loss of a devoted wife and mother, and a wise counselor. She leaves a mother, three brothers, Rev. E. A. Witter, of North Loup, Neb.; Emmett Witter, of Alfred, N. Y.; Charles E. Witter, of Westerly, and one sister, Mrs. Jessie Randolph, of Plainfield, N. J.; also a

large company of relatives and friends who mourn her early death.

The First Westerly church and Sabbath-school, the W. C. T. U., and the community feel that they have met with an irreparable loss. The sympathy of the entire community was shown by the large attendance at her funeral, on Sabbath afternoon, October 6, 1900, when her pastor spoke from these words: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

The music was furnished by a quartet from Westerly. After a beautiful rendering of the hymn entitled "The Christian's Good Night," the pastor read a poem which Mrs. Saunders composed when she was too weak to speak above a whisper, which appears on the Woman's Page, under the title, "Now Thy Way Is Understood." N. M. MILLS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Some sharp fighting has been reported this week from South Africa, and it is suggested that before the Boers will yield to British supremacy a general revolt throughout South Africa will be brought about, and that the war, which as it seems, has practically reached an end, may be long-continued and spread over a larger territory than heretofore. It is also reported that many of the Boers are preparing to emigrate to the United States, and that large amounts of gold are being shipped from South Africa to this country. President Kruger has left South Africa, Lord Roberts and General Buller have left for England, and the final movements are to be carried on by General Kitchener, of the British forces, and General DeWitt, of the Boers. The result must be the annexation of the Boer territory to the British Empire.

The situation in China has grown more complicated during the week, as a result of the tendency to revolt in the southern provinces. Full confidence cannot be placed in the promises of the government to punish offenders, and in the South the Mohammedans are joining with the revolting party. This makes the case more difficult, and the Viceroy of the southern provinces are in doubt as to what course to pursue. At Peking, preparations are going forward for the negotiations between Li Hung Chang and the representatives of the various powers. A general proposition for negotiations has been sent by the Chinese representatives. It is evident that Russia is to withdraw from co-operation with the other powers in the present military movement. Russia and the United States lead in favor of a diplomatic settlement, and against further appeal to arms.

The great strike of the coal miners in Pennsylvania is not wholly settled, but the end seems to be near.

Ex-Secretary Sherman is seriously ill, and there is little prospect of his recovery.

The deposit in the Savings Banks of the United States for the last twelve months were one-third of a million dollars more than the year before. The report of the Comptroller of the Currency shows that there are now five millions and six hundred thousand depositors whose money is in Savings Banks in the United States. The total sum thus deposited is two billions and four hundred millions dollars. The average amount for each depositor is about four hundred dollars.

Political questions absorb more and more of the public attention as the election approaches.

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.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 6.	Jesus Dining with a Pharisee.....	Luke 14: 1-14
Oct. 13.	Parable of the Great Supper.....	Luke 14: 15-24
Oct. 20.	The Lost Sheep and Lost Coin.....	Luke 15: 1-10
Oct. 27.	The Prodigal Son.....	Luke 15: 11-24
Nov. 3.	The Unjust Steward.....	Luke 16: 1-13
Nov. 10.	The Rich Man and Lazarus.....	Luke 16: 19-31
Nov. 17.	The Ten Lepers Cleansed.....	Luke 17: 11-19
Nov. 24.	Sober Living.....	Titus 2: 1-15
Dec. 1.	The Rich Young Ruler.....	Matt. 19: 16-26
Dec. 8.	Bartimeus Healed.....	Mark 10: 46-52
Dec. 15.	Zaccheus the Publican.....	Luke 19: 1-10
Dec. 22.	Parable of the Pounds.....	Luke 19: 11-27
Dec. 29.	Review.....	

LESSON V.—THE UNJUST STEWARD.

For Sabbath-day, Nov. 3, 1900.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 16: 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ye cannot serve God and mammon.—Luke 16: 13.

INTRODUCTION.

The parable of our lesson was probably spoken soon after that of last week's lesson, although there is no close connection between them. Our Saviour's teaching is addressed particularly to his disciples, not so much to the twelve as to the new disciples, publicans and sinners. Jesus had defended himself by the three parables of chapter 15, for his desire to call the publicans to himself. Now he is warning these publicans who have recently been rendering thorough allegiance to the world, lest they should show less zeal and carefulness in his service than they had shown in their former service.

Some have wondered that our Lord should present the unrighteous acts of a steward as an example for his disciples; but it is not the moral nature of these acts that he approves, but simply the prudence. Elsewhere we find our Saviour speaking of his own second coming as of the coming of a thief in the night. In that case the similarity consists only in the suddenness and unexpectedness.

Much error has arisen in the interpretation of this parable from the effort to find out too minute resemblances. For example, some think that the rich man is God, while others think that the rich man is Mammon, and that we are taught to be unrighteous toward Mammon as the steward was unfaithful toward his master.

TIME—Shortly after last week's lesson; in December of the year 29, or possibly in the January following.

PLACE.—Perea.

PERSONS.—Jesus and his disciples. It is not unlikely that the multitude was also present.

OUTLINE:

1. The Predicament of the Unjust Steward. v. 1-3.
2. His Prudent Scheme. v. 4-8.
3. The Interpretation of the Parable.

NOTES.

1. *There was a certain rich man who had a steward.* We are not to look for an allegorical interpretation of these two characters in the parable, but simply to take them as representative men of this world who think of temporal matters and not at all of eternal life. *And the same was accused unto him.* The verb in the Greek suggests that it was a malicious accusation, although it appears to have been founded on fact. *That he had wasted his goods.* The verb is in the present tense, "he was wasting his goods." Just how he was doing this does not appear. At all events, he was untrue to his office as steward.

2. *How is it that I hear this of thee?* Much plainer, "What is this that I hear of thee," as in the Revised Version. *For thou mayest be no longer steward.* The rich man has the truth of the charges fully established in his own mind and does not ask for an explanation, but simply for an accounting of the business matters in the hands of the steward.

3. *Then the steward said within himself, what shall I do?* He makes no denial and undertakes no defense. His thought is concerning what is best to be done under the existing circumstances. *I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed.* He views the future possibilities in regard to obtaining a livelihood. His life of physical ease as the manager of affairs has unfitted him for manual labor. His pride makes the occupation of begging also very distasteful to him.

4. *I am resolved what to do, etc.* Or, as we would say, "I know what I will do." His ingenuity suggests at once a plan of procedure in the few days that remain of

his stewardship. He will be a welcome guest in the homes of those who are now his lord's debtors, and thus live without labor and without begging.

5. *So he called every one of his lord's debtors, etc.* These debtors may have been merchants who had bought on credit the produce of the rich man's estates. Thus the steward began the execution of his plan, asking first that the debtor should confess the amount of his obligation, that there might be no misunderstanding. We are to infer that he had a private conference with each debtor.

6. *An hundred measures of oil.* The word translated "measures" is the Hebrew "bath," equivalent to eight or nine gallons. The whole hundred baths of oil was worth, perhaps, \$50. We must remember, however, that the purchasing power of money was much greater then than now; so that this debt would correspond to a debt say of \$500 to-day. *Take thy bill and sit down quickly, and write fifty.* The word translated "bill" is a general term for something written, and may be translated equally well "bond" or "note." It may have been written with a stylus upon a piece of wood covered with a thin coating of wax, and thus easily altered. The steward had a legal right to deal with these debtors as the representative of his master, and to make rebates to them. We need not, then, condemn them without a hearing and think them as dishonest as he.

7. *An hundred measures of wheat.* The word translated "measures" is the Hebrew "cor," equivalent to eight bushels. The value of the whole hundred measures of wheat may have been \$500 or \$600. *Take thy bill and write four score.* Or, as we would say in modern English, "eighty." The steward seems to have thought twenty per cent a sufficiently liberal discount in this case. We are to infer that he went on making similar allowances to many more.

8. *And the lord commended the unjust steward because he had done wisely.* We are apt to connect the idea of wisdom with that of righteousness; so the word "wisely" in this verse may, perhaps, be better rendered "prudently." There is no suggestion of right or wrong here. Of course the steward had done wrong, and had defrauded his master for his own gain; but the master overlooks that fact and admires his prudent conduct. *For the children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of the light.* This clause serves as an introduction to the lesson to be drawn from the parable in the following verses. So far as concerns dealing with their fellowmen and with earthly possessions, the men of this world show more wisdom or prudence than those who think of heavenly things (and are thus aptly called children of the light). The disciples are to learn a lesson of prudence and not of injustice, although the lesson of prudence happens to be illustrated by injustice.

9. *Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.* "Mammon" is an Aramaic word, meaning "riches." It is personified in verse 13 as all that this world can offer by way of possessions as contrasted with God. It is called "mammon of unrighteousness," not because there is really anything evil about riches in themselves, but because they serve frequently as the instrument of unrighteous dealing, and because they are the representative object of delight of evil men. The "of" before mammon should be rendered "by means of." Our Saviour does not say, "Make riches your friend;" but rather, make a wise use of riches. *When ye fail.* The best manuscripts read, "When it fails," that is, mammon. There will come a time when all that this world can offer will be of no account. Then we shall wish for something different in which to put our trust, that we inherit the eternal habitations in heaven. Compare John 14: 2. The word "they" in the last clause of the verse has an indefinite general reference, as in chapter 23: 31.

10. *He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.* This verse has the statement of the general truth which is applied in the text. The small trust tests the man. If he is true to that he will be true to the larger trust.

11. *It, therefore, ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, etc.* If a man does not use his earthly possessions well, if he does not regard them as a stewardship to be used in view of the eternal life, rather than as a means in themselves, how shall he obtain the spiritual blessings which are the only real riches? "Unrighteous mammon" in this verse corresponds to "that which is least" of verse 10.

12. *And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, etc.* If ye have not been faithful in the little trust which has been committed to you, namely, your earthly possessions, which are not really yours, but God's, how will you ever obtain the blessings of the heavenly life?

13. *No servant can serve two masters, etc.* Some have the idea that they can devote their energies to the service of the god of this world, and at the same time be reckoned as the servants of the true God, and so obtain the eternal blessings; but this divided service is an impossibility. The word "other" means not simply another, but also of a different kind. *Hold to the one.* The verb implies opposition to the other along with the holding to the one.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Ceramics.

[With pleasure we comply with request, and cheerfully admit the following to our scientific columns.]

The ancient art of ceramics is important in the history of individuals and nations. It has marked the borders of civilization with the useful and beautiful, ornamented with golden outlines and enamel tracery.

Ceramic collections are libraries, each specimen a volume, expressing the thoughts of the designer whether ancient or modern, civilized or barbarian.

The great cities of all ages since the building of the Tower of Babel are historical monuments of the Ceramic Art.

The first fire that was kindled on clay soil baked the clay; thus the savage tribes as well as the artisan molded the clay after their own thoughts, as the decoration suggests the taste of the sculptor and painter. Ceramic works take precedent of other arts in permanency, and form link after link in the chain of human thoughts and of history of the races of man. The study of this art is the study of facts.

Unglazed pottery is the fabric of all nations, while the Egyptians were the first to practice the art of enameling and painting with colors. The clay vases of Germany are of peculiar interest from their antiquity and beauty, and after hundreds of years remain the beautiful product of the pottery art, like paintings on canvas and statues of marble. Many factories are producers of faience, others produce claywares—gray and brown jugs, drinking mugs, crocks, pitchers and potteries used for ordinary purposes. But common stoneware, molded with the skillful hands of the artist rises into realms of beauty and differs from the common only in superior composition, quality and fineness of paste. How the Germans acquired this art is unknown. Stanniferous enamel has been transmitted from country to country and from age to age.

Is there some lost line in the art, yet to be traced from Europe, along the track of the Aryo-Germanic immigration, which will lead back to the manufactories of Central Asia in ancient days?

Did it come from the Rhodians who made the tiles for the Saute Sophia? Or did some roving Saracens wander northwest with the art and introduce it among the German races, teaching them how to add beauty of color and enamel to their unglazed potteries? It is interesting to know that through Germany, rather than the South of Europe, that the art was brought to England. Germany abounds in ancient pottery wares covered with lead glaze and tiles of enamel. These tiles bear decorations in relief; many of them are works of old time art.

The Convent of St. Paul, at Leipsic, was built in the twelfth century, in which was a frieze of tiles bearing relief subjects representing heads of Christ and the Apostles. This tile is covered with stanniferous enamel and is colored green, shading into black.

The Hirshvogles, of Nuremberg, were early art potters and lived when that city was the mother of art. They made pottery stoves, decorated in reliefs, enameled in dark green, mingled with yellow and brown.

Villengen, in the black forests of Germany,

has roof tiles that have outlasted the storms of three centuries, in perfect condition and glaze.

One artisan was so skillful that he was called a sorcerer, and at his death was refused burial on consecrated ground. His remains were buried outside the city, but his grave was marked by a stone on which was engraved a potter's wheel. Stoves and works in faience were made in the sixteenth century, which were decorated with wide borders in blue and with family arms. Later works were in polychrome in the flowry style of Strasburg. The Holland Delft ware is synonymous with domestic pottery, as china is with porcelain.

There were thirty distinct potteries at Delft in the seventeenth century, which was not only sold in Europe but in the East and West Indies.

The introduction of hard paste or porcelain was an important event. In 1701 the Elector of Saxony employed two experienced chemists in his laboratory on the Elbe, in the old Castle of Meissen. Here a finer red ware was made, but it was not porcelain. After much experimenting, one of the chemists stumbled on the secret of making porcelain. The story is, "that his valet purchased a new hair powder in Dresden, and the chemist found it made his wig heavier than usual. He used some of this hair powder in one of his mixtures, and the result was porcelain, and this hair powder was the clay which alone would produce the hard paste porcelain, and is known by its Chinese name, Kaolin." The government monopolized this discovery and sought to keep it a profound secret. The Kaolin was placed in casks by dumb men, sealed and conveyed to Meissen, where the factory was established. This secret was kept for a hundred years. But stone walls failed to keep the secret, and the art was carried to Vienna and spread widely from year to year.

The first sale of Meissen or Dresden pottery was at a fair in Leipsic, in 1715. The first color used at Meissen was blue, from cobalt, but decorators soon used all colors known to faience decorators. History shows that the King superintended the porcelain factories of Dresden. During the seven years war Frederick the Great captured Dresden and the royal factory which was the property of the crown. He carried the molds and materials and workmen to Berlin, and from this plunder the Berlin factory dates its origin and success. In flower decoration, in birds, animals, figures and figurines the Dresden work was superior, while the Sevres excelled in blues and rose tints.

Porcelain, in its transparent condition, is as beautiful as gems, and the different wares bear the factory marks which produced them in almost infinite forms and purposes.

The Vienna factory of hard paste porcelain was the first child of the Dresden. It was owned by the crown, and a brilliant era began in the time of Marie Theresa. The paintings of Watteau and Boucher, Angelica Kauffman and other celebrated artists have been exquisitely reproduced on porcelain. The Thuringian porcelain is ribbed or fluted, while the Marieberg faience has rustic handles and ornamentations of figures and flowers. These factories of hard paste porcelain have been owned by the crown in the different kingdoms, and the mark is the initial of the reigning Emperor or Empress. Thus, by the support of royalty, the wares of the pure, hard paste

porcelain rises to the finest art and is marvelous in beauty.

"Behold this cup within whose bowl,
Upon a ground of deepest blue,
With yellow-lustered stars o'erlaid,
Colors of every tint and hue.
The palaces, the princely halls,
The doors of houses and the walls
Of churches and of belfry towers,
Cloister and castle, street and mart,
Are garlanded and gay with flowers
That blossom in the field of art."

ELEANOR M. ELLSWORTH.

ALFRED, N. Y.

OH, TO BE AN INDIAN.

Rev. Dr. Gray, editor of the *Interior*, writes racy letters for its columns, from his summer camp in the woods of Northern Wisconsin, under the title of "Camp-fire Musings." In these he mingles woods-craft, photography, theology, and sly dabs at his Presbyterian brethren, in sparkling confusion. In a late issue he discourses of Indians thus: "But about my Indians. Returning from Clear Lake about six o'clock in the evening, I found them in a circle around a little fire over which simmered a black pail of tea. They looked at me suspiciously, knowing that they had taken the scant supply of blue-berries from right under our noses, but I unstrapped my heavy camera, made room for myself in the circle, and said I would like some tea. A tin cup not very shiny was produced, filled and given to me, while I took a bit of rather dark looking bread. As I lifted the cup to my lips the ice went out of the circle. A little paper of sugar was produced, and some dried venison; I was welcome to the last morsel any of them had. I drank some of the tea and passed the cup to the next, who took a sip and passed it on. It was a communion of brotherhood and fellowship, and I doubt not as pleasing to God, in the aisles of the forest, as a more formal one in the aisles of a church.

Then I seated them on a pine log, seven grown persons including one swarthy white man, probably of French ancestry—three little ones, and a dog with a glass eye. One of the little ones turned her head so as to give me two noses, three eyes, and a correspondingly elongated smile. I got the dog's glass eye good. I am immensely proud of that glass eye.

One of the men, who showed it in his appearance, is said to be the strongest man in the Northern Woods. He is an Indian, not a savage. He is in requisition in the logging camps. If he were a white man he would probably enter the prize-ring, win piles of money and die a wreck and a beggar. I like the Indians—would not care to be one myself now, but would like to have been one in the times before the white man's foot brought disaster upon the land. We all have our day-dreams, and this is mine, my ideal of a happy life. Just think of it! this land from the ice to the tropics one undisturbed paradise. The rivers brown with wild rice, the streams brimming with trout and bass, the lakes with sturgeon and muskallonge, deer, moose, caribou, bear-trailing V's of geese in the sky, ducks by the million, pigeons by the billion, blue-berries, a world wide carpet of them, cranberries in the slough, brown nuts dropping from the trees; blackberries and raspberries in their season, paw-paws, plums, persimmons—boundless room, exhaustless plenty, absolute freedom. What would I have? well, two acres for corn, potatoes, and other garden truck; a cabin with a wide chimney, Henry Van Dyke to tell me delicious lies, and Hillis to coruscate in the gloaming."

IN PRAISE OF LAUGHTER.

It may seem rather late in the day to speak a good word for a humorous view of the world and the practice of laughter, but there are still good people among us who act as if there were something unchristian in wit and undignified in the unbending of a hearty laugh. If there are any such they need to be reminded that laughter is a form of rest—nerve rest—so urgently demanded in our strenuous modern life—almost the only form of rest; indeed, for nervous tire, excepting sleep. Foolish laughter is undignified, but so are foolish, mawkish, sentimental tears and unrelieved solemnities. The world is full of humor, and a life without it is wholly incomplete. It would do some of the unco-dignified a world of good to unbend in the compulsion of a hearty laugh. It would be a means of grace to many over-solemn persons if they could taste more of the human brotherhood of amusement. We should be happier, better and more influential for this sparkle of fun upon the surface of our lives. It is natural, human, brotherly, to laugh and to see frequent opportunities of laughter; it is unnatural, inhuman, unbrotherly, to be morose and glum. The people who laugh heartily are the people who have recuperative powers. The ripple of laughter above the depths of thought helps to make ideal social relations possible. If rest from work is beyond our reach, as it must be to many, at least there lies very close to us this rest of fun.—*Congregationalist*.

MARRIAGES.

SAUNDERS—BASHER.—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Clarinda Basher, in Scott, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1900, by Rev. J. T. Davis, Mr. Clark Saunders, of Alfred, N. Y., and Miss Classa Basher, of Scott.

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.

SAUNDERS.—Celia Arabella Witter Saunders was born in Wirt, Allegany County, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1859, and died in Westerly, R. I., Oct. 4, 1900. A more extended notice elsewhere. N. M. M.

ROGERS.—At his home, near Leonardsville, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1900, of a complication of diseases, Deacon James Deloss Rogers, in the 71st year of his age.

Deacon Rogers was born in the town of Brookfield, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1829, and was the son of James and Lucinda Whitford Rogers. He was baptized and united with the First Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist church, March 30, 1847, and remained a member of that church till the time of his death. In 1856 he married Cynthia Palmiter, by whom he had five children. His widow and three children survive him. He was ordained deacon of the church in 1879, and was always a faithful servant of God and an office-bearer in the church of Christ. Funeral services were held at the First Brookfield church, Oct. 14, 1900, conducted by the pastor. Interment in the village cemetery at Leonardsville. W. C. D.

EDWARDS.—At Leonardsville, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1900, after a long and painful illness of cancer, Mrs. Lucy Jane Edwards, in the 69th year of her age.

Mrs. Edwards was born at Unadilla Forks, N. Y., April 22, 1832, her maiden name being Clark. About fifty-one years ago she was married, and for a time lived in the West, but for the last forty years her home was in Leonardsville. About forty-two years ago she became a follower of Christ, and was baptized, uniting with the Seventh-day Baptist church in Walworth, Wis., of which she remained many years a member, until some years ago she joined the First Brookfield church, of which she was a member at the time of her death. Mrs. Edwards was always an active, industrious and self-reliant woman, somewhat reticent, but devotedly attached to those she loved. She always took a great interest in the work of her church and in the welfare of

her family, watching with rare devotion the development and religious life of her grandchildren, the sons of Mr. Albert Whitford, of Leonardsville, and the daughter of her son, Mr. Otis B. Edwards, of Frankford, N. Y. She leaves, besides this son, one daughter, Mrs. A. Whitford, of Leonardsville; one brother, Mr. Mills Clark, of Miles Grove, Pa.; and one sister, Mrs. J. W. Babcock, of Geneva, Ohio. Funeral services were held from her late home, Oct. 12, 1900, conducted by her pastor. Interment in the village cemetery at Leonardsville, N. Y. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." W. C. D.

CLARK.—At West Winfield, N. Y., Mrs. Addie A., wife of Byron F. Clark.

A notice is at hand announcing the death of Mrs. Clark lately (no date given). She was born at Berlin, N. Y., in 1852. Of her character the notice says: "Her sweet personality and beautiful character won a host of friends, who deeply deplore her demise. Her domestic relations were ideal and her home circle formed a beautiful environment." She was a sister of Daniel Hull, of Berlin, N. Y., at which place she was buried.

Literary Notes.

The *Delineator* for November is an artistic gem, so far as illustrations are concerned. One hundred and twenty-two pages exclusive of advertisements. Butterick, New York.

McClure's Magazine for November will contain a vivid account of the siege of the Foreign Legations in Peking, written as a diary by Katharine Mullikin Lowry, one of the besieged. It will relate in full many of the soul-stirring events that we already know, and will make clear many incidents upon which we have hitherto had little light. It will be illustrated with plans of Peking, of the Legation Quarters, and of the British Legation.

HISTORY OF DOGMA, by Dr. Adolph Harnack, Ordinary Professor of Church History in the University, and Fellow of the Royal Academy of Science, Berlin. Translated from the third German edition by Neil Buchanan. Vol. 5. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. 1899. pp. vii-380. Price, \$2.50.

Volume 5 deals mainly with the development of doctrines developed by Augustine. This marks a great epoch in the history of Christian doctrine. No one is prepared to consider Augustine's relation to Christian doctrines without a clear understanding concerning the man and his experiences. The reader, if not familiar with Augustine's Confessions, should study them before attempting the reading of the present volume. Like all epoch-making characters, much that Augustine said and did was the result of personal experience. As a young man, he was reckless and dissipated. His conversion gave tone and character to all he wrote, and it must, therefore, be considered in the light of his personal experience. The volume before us, after outlining the historical situation in the first chapter, gives a careful view of "Western Christianity and Western Theologians before Augustine." While he may be considered as the doctrinal founder of Western Christianity, this came about through his strong desire to reform the abuse, and especially the sins which prevailed at that time. Chapter three treats of "Historical Positions of Augustine as a Reformer of Christian Piety." A prominent element of Augustine's theology was self-criticism. "Sin and Grace" were the decisive factors in his theories. He recognized fully the authority of the church as the source of faith, exalted the doctrine of God's grace, and forgiveness thereby, set up a higher standard of personal faith, and took a somber, not to say a pessimistic, view of the time in which he lived. Augustine wrote much upon the "Doctrine of the First and Last Thing." Many modern theories concerning eschatology are the direct product of Augustine's thought. Chapter five of this volume discusses "The History of Dogma in the West Down to the Beginning of the Middle Ages," that is, from 430 to 604 A. D. This includes the conflict between Augustinianism and those forms of Pelagianism which were prominent in that period. This includes the time of Gregory the Great and his influence upon the church and its doctrines. Chapter six takes in the "History of Dogma of the Period of the Carolingian Renaissance." During that period the question of predestination was prominent, and the reader is aware that it passed from the Augustinian period into early Protestantism, forming a prominent factor in New England theology. It was during this period also that the doctrine of the Lord's Supper gradually passed into the practice of the Mass, and many similar questions, not a few of which pointed toward the coming revolution which appeared later in Protestantism.

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North-Western Tract Depository.

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

The Sabbath-keepers in Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Bible Class, held every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, with some one of the resident Sabbath-keepers.

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 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. Church Secretary, C. B. Barber, address as above. Sabbath-keepers and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

The Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. 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, 1293 Union Avenue.

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.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST SERVICES are held, regularly, in Rochester, N. Y., every Sabbath, at 3 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Irving Saunders, 516 Monroe Avenue, conducted by Rev. S. S. Powell, whose address is 4 Sycamore Street. All Sabbath-keepers, and others, visiting in the city, are cordially invited to these services.

The Semi-Annual Meeting of the Berlin, Coloma and Marquette churches will convene with the church at Berlin, Wis., Sixth-day evening before the first Sabbath in December, at 7.30 P. M.

Rev. L. A. Platts, of Milton, is invited to preach the introductory sermon.

Essayists appointed: Mr. E. D. Richmond, of Coloma; Mrs. Inglis, of Marquette, and Mrs. E. Whitney, of Berlin.

All are cordially invited to attend this meeting.

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The South-Western Association will be held with the Hammond, La., Seventh-day Baptist church, November 29-December 2, 1900.

PROGRAM.

THURSDAY—MORNING.

10.30. Welcome.
11.00. Sermon, Rev. G. H. F. Randolph.

AFTERNOON.

2.00. Devotional Service.
2.15. Letters from the Churches, Communications, Appointment of Committees.
3.15. Education Hour, Rev. W. L. Burdick.

EVENING.

7.30. Song Service, Choir.
8.00. Sermon, Rev. E. H. Socwell.

FRIDAY—MORNING.

10.00. Missionary Hour, Rev. O. U. Whitford.
11.00. Sermon, Rev. A. P. Ashurst.

AFTERNOON.

2.15. Devotionals.
2.30. Woman's Hour, Mrs. A. H. Booth.
3.30. Sermon, Rev. W. L. Burdick.

EVENING.

7.30. Song Service.
7.45. Social Meeting, Rev. O. U. Whitford.

SABBATH—MORNING.

10.00. Sermon, by Rev. O. U. Whitford.
11.00. Sabbath-school, Superintendent W. R. Potter.

AFTERNOON.

3.00. C. E. Meeting.
3.45. C. E. Hour, Prof. B. R. Crandall.

EVENING.

7.30. Song Service, Choir.
8.00. Address on China, Rev. G. H. F. Randolph, Returned Missionary.

SUNDAY—MORNING.

9.30. Business Meeting, Reports, etc.
11.00. Sermon, Rev. E. H. Socwell.

AFTERNOON.

2.30. Tract Society Hour, Rev. A. P. Ashurst.
3.30. Sermon, Rev. O. U. Whitford.

EVENING.

7.30. Song Service.
7.45. Sermon, Rev. W. L. Burdick.
Closing Service.

G. M. COTTRELL, President.

J. L. SHAW, Corresponding Secretary.

The Semi-Annual Convention of the Western Association will be held at Andover, N. Y., Nov. 9-11, 1900.

SIXTH-DAY.

2.00 P. M. Paper, "Church Discipline," Eld. Stephen Burdick.

3.00 Paper, "How Can We Better Interest Our Non-Resident Members in Church and Denominational Work?" Rev. L. C. Randolph. Each paper to be followed by discussion.

7.00 P. M. Praise and Prayer Meeting, Walter Green, Rev. F. E. Peterson.

SABBATH.

11.00 A. M. Sermon, Rev. W. L. Burdick.

2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school, Conducted by Superintendent of Andover Sabbath-school.

3.30 Y. P. S. C. E. Short Program and Prayer Meeting, arranged by Henry Jordan.

3.30 Junior Meeting, led by Superintendent of Independence Junior Christian Endeavors.

7.00 P. M. Papers:
1. Advantages of Junior Endeavor Training, Nettie T. Burdick.
2. What Kind of Young People Do We, as a Denomination, Need? Dora Kenyon.
3. Music.
4. The Important Mission of Seventh-day Baptist Women.
5. The Work of Laymen, E. B. Davis.
Seven-minute discussions to follow each paper.

FIRST-DAY.

11.00 A. M. Sermon, Rev. J. G. Mahoney.

2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school Work, Rev. I. L. Cottrell.

7.00 Song Service, Clarence Clark.
Sermon, Eld. B. F. Rogers.

All come who can, and bring a copy of "Best Hymns" with you.

BUTTER AS A LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN.

H. Doerfler, in the *Muenchener Medicinische Wochenschrift*, discusses the use of butter in the constipation of infants and children. Acting upon the theory that the torpidity of the intestine in such cases is caused by excessive feeding, and is not a disease, he uses the butter as a mechanical laxative. He names as the advantages that children never refuse it, and that pallid cheeks grow rosy under its use. It has little effect after six years of age. From one-half to one teaspoonful is given to a child up to three months of age, and when regular bowel action is established, it is then used only every second or third day. A child of five months to a year should have one to three table-spoonfuls per day. The butter must be sweet and fresh, and it is important that it is not melted, since this changes its character.—*Popular Science News.*

THE DOCTOR: "Queer saying that, about truth lying at the bottom of a well." **The Lawyer:** "You wouldn't think so, if you knew the amount of pumping we lawyers sometimes have to do to get it."

BE what you wish others to become. Let yourself and not your words preach for you.—*Amiel.*

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