

SPECIAL THANKSGIVING NUMBER.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

IT has pleased Almighty God to bring our nation in safety and honor through another year. The works of religion and charity have everywhere been manifest. Our country through all its extent has been blessed with abundant harvests. Labor and great industries of the people have prospered beyond all precedent. Our commerce has spread over the world. Our power and influence in the cause of freedom and enlightenment have extended over distant seas and lands. The lives of our official representatives and many of our people in China have been marvelously preserved. We have been generally exempt from pestilence and other great calamities, and even the tragic visitation which overwhelmed the city of Galveston made evident the sentiment of sympathy and Christian charity by virtue of which we are one united people.

Now, therefore, I, William McKinley, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the 29th of November next, to be observed by all the people of the United States, at home or abroad, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Him who holds the nations in the hollow of his hand. I recommend that they gather in their several places of worship and devoutly give him thanks for the prosperity wherewith he has endowed us, for seed-time and harvest, for the valor, devotion and humanity of our armies and navies, and for all his benefits to us as individuals and as a nation; and that they humbly pray for the continuance of his divine favor, for concord and amity with other nations, and for righteousness and peace in all our ways. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this twenty-ninth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred, and the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-fifth.
WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

By the President:
JOHN HAY, *Secretary of State.*

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Sabbath Recorder.

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THANKSGIVING.

BY WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death sorrow sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

—Selected.

THE value of thankfulness to one's own life is appreciated too little. The spirit of genuine thanksgiving brings with it almost every desirable result. It cannot exist without some good degree of appreciation of our relation to the great Father, as loving and obedient children, and of him as a helpful, compassionate and loving Parent. This spirit enlarges and enriches the idea of father, rather than of ruler or of Deity. Many hearts lose the blessedness which comes through the thankful spirit, because they are not able to conceive of God except as a great First Cause, a Ruler. More than all else, as to value, in this larger conception, is the sense of nearness which the child feels to the Father, and the sense of restfulness and thankfulness which comes with the consciousness that such a Father is present always to watch and guide.

It is unfortunate and pitiful that many people look upon Thanksgiving day from the holiday side alone. In the largest degree it ought to be a day of rejoicing, but not of foolish mirth. It is a day for true thanksgiving and not for unhealthful feasting. It is a day for family reunions through which the conception of God's larger family ought to be strengthened and brightened. On one side it is especially a national day, and all themes connected with national life are pertinent for consideration in pulpit or in private conversation. But the most important side to the individual, and that is always the most important side of any great question, is the development of genuine thanksgiving and its accompanying graces, of larger faith in a loving Father, and of sweeter obedience to the Father's requirements. These things come without abstruse theological theories to back them or complicated religious ceremonies to lend them force. The RECORDER anticipates the coming of Thanksgiving with the hope that each reader of these lines, moved by these suggestions, will come to that day in such a way as to secure higher blessings than they have been wont to do. Pastors will find in that day favorable opportunities for presenting phases of truth along the lines of thought here suggested, or along the larger lines of national life and duty, which are peculiarly pertinent to the day, and equally so to this closing year of the century. A few years since, a friend of the writer, speaking of a sermon preached on that day, said, "The circumstances of this year are such that a Thanksgiving sermon preaches itself." Every child of God who seeks, as he ought, causes for thanksgiving will find that each recurring

Thanksgiving-day will develop uplifting and enriching thankfulness, with scarcely an effort on his part.

It is well to mark this day by special thanksgiving for harvests and material blessings. Perhaps we must always start with the material, as a stepping-stone toward higher conceptions and attainments, but the real purpose of Thanksgiving-day will be lost if both in thought and word our praises do not go farther than for abundant harvests, preserved health and national prosperity. Out of these the individual and the nation ought to rise to the higher plane we have already suggested, and from that exalted standpoint catch clearer sight of future duties and coming destiny. It will be happy, indeed, if influences combine to bring your heart into such rich thanksgiving, such renewed conceptions of duty and privilege, and such longings after larger opportunities and attainments, as will make Thanksgiving-day an epoch in your life, back of which you can never go, even in the hours of deepest despondency or times of greatest misfortune.

THE RECORDER joins with all who mourn over the sins of the year and the weaknesses of our national life, in deploring them and seeking forgiveness from the Father of infinite mercy. That great evils still exist, we know; and that fierce battles for right and purity will come with each succeeding year, is all too true. On the other hand, we believe that no student of national life can doubt that along many important lines there is permanent gain. In proportion to the population, for example, a far greater number of people are total abstainers from the use of intoxicating drinks than in former years. Higher conceptions of individual obligation are seen in many ways. Better appreciation of the duty of men to use money and the things of this world for higher purposes appears. Larger provisions are made by individuals, by private organizations, and by the state, for the care of the unfortunate of all classes. In all this there is cause for devout thankfulness. The greatness of the opportunities which lie before us as a nation will help to awaken the sense of obligation which is necessary to right doing and to the fulfillment of our high mission in the years to come. Without enumerating causes, we all have abundant reason for loudest praise and deepest thankfulness that things with the nation are as well as they are.

ON the other hand, the RECORDER is deeply impressed that the dangers of success will be emphasized by the late national election, as much, if not more, than they have ever been before. The genius of our republic makes it necessary that two great parties should exist, not that one may represent the highest and the other the lowest conception of national life, but rather that each should vie with the other in attaining that which is highest and best in national affairs. With this higher conception the attrition between the political parties, and the menace which each may give to the other in the matter of national control, tends to work for higher good. By the same law, too great success coming to any party endangers it. It will be well if the party in power, having attained so signal a victory through its own efforts and the co-operation of others not usually allied with that party,

shall learn wisdom, take warning, and walk carefully along the way which opens before the nation at the beginning of the new century. We wish it might be that from every pulpit in the land on the coming Thanksgiving-day there should be heard a careful discussion of national dangers and duties; thanksgiving for success, and warning against mistakes and failure. No pastor can do a higher service in the broad field of Christian citizenship than to instruct his people in matters pertaining to national holiness, to warn them against the dangers of national sin, and to rejoice with them in all that makes for the best in the nation's life.

SUCH preaching will be of little value if the hearers have not, in some good degree, a corresponding comprehension of the situation, which will enable them to listen wisely and to cherish carefully what may be said. In many cases it is not the fault of the pulpit that men are not better instructed along these lines. The richest words of wisdom and the most solemn warnings often fall upon ears that are deaf, and slide off from hearts that are indifferent or hardened, as rain slips from the slated roof. Whatever the coming Thanksgiving-day may bring to you of sorrow or of joy, of meager supply or of great abundance, success or failure, rest or weariness, strive that you may receive from it abundant lessons in that deeper Thanksgiving which enriches the soul by drawing it nearer to the Father of mercies, ennobles life by filling it with aspirations, and strengthens hope for future success in a way that will enable you to labor yet more successfully than you have hitherto done for all that is right and righteous. Thus may it be a genuine, uplifting, enriching, and comforting Thanksgiving-day, the last of the century, glorified with blessings and winged by aspirations that will carry your life into the coming century stronger and purer for whatever the unfolding years may bring.

IN his hours of discouragement each man is likely to think that his troubles and burdens are greater than those of any other person. We are apt to say to each other, "if I were in your place, my work would be easier than now." A little consideration of life's duties from the standpoint of others shows how erroneous these conceptions are. The clergyman who supposes that the trials of the preacher and pastor are greater than those of the business man will learn by comparison that the business man has the same opinion concerning the preacher's position. While their duties and trials and obligations may differ, each one has his full quota, and they are much alike. Temporary discouragement is a part of every man's life, as is temporary or comparative failure. The man who has no business, with money sufficient to meet all demands, and leisure which he knows not how to use, is often deemed most fortunate. If he be a man of any aspirations worth naming, he will fret under the very lack of demand which his position brings. If he does not feel thus uneasy, he is still more unfortunate, because, lacking in high aspirations and desires to do and be something more than he is. Look less at what you suppose to be your neighbor's good fortune, and more for that sort of divine discontent which is the essence of all true attainment and the basis of true success. Look at your work

more as a whole, and at your failures and difficulties more as temporary. Do your best, and leave the results for coming time under the guidance of the Father. As "into each heart some rain must fall," so each life must find difficulties to overcome and discouragements to rise above. These experiences are as common in our earthly life as storms and fogs are in the world of nature. But the severest storm passes by, the fog melts before the sunshine, and the world rejoices in spite of temporary darkness.

REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, in a late number of the *New York Independent*, writes concerning "Hindrances and Helps in the Ministry." There is nothing new in what Mr. Sheldon says, nor is it put in an unusually striking manner. Many of the things he suggests, however, are worthy of being repeated and ought to engage the consideration of preachers at all times. He warns the young preacher against "formality" and against "oratory." His definition of oratory, however, is not complete when he says, "I believe the pulpit is the last place for the display of oratorical power." That is likely to convey a wrong impression, and the young preacher who should follow the natural interpretation of what Mr. Sheldon says will lose thereby. Mr. Sheldon's definition of oratory is more nearly allied to bombast than to genuine oratory. Every preacher ought to cultivate genuine oratorical power, for sake of the truth which he is to herald. Mr. Sheldon names among the helps to success, "The strength which comes to the preacher when he accepts a hard field and enters it to do his best." This is another way of expressing the great truth that a consciousness of the importance of the preacher's work, which develops all his latent powers, is absolutely essential to success. Other things noted by Mr. Sheldon are, "Preaching what a man believes out of his own experience," "the habit of loving everybody in the parish," and "personal work with young people."

It ought to go without saying, that the work of the preacher, the importance of that which he is to herald, and the permanent character of the influence which truth exerts, should lead him to seek the highest cultivation, both as to thought and manner of expression, that he may be worthy of the great calling in which he is engaged. Indolence or indifference, carelessness or neglect, superficialness or dullness on the part of preacher are so nearly criminal, that the man who permits either of these to appear in his work must always stand self-condemned.

REV. CHARLES MERLE D'AUBIGNE, son of the church historian, who, as a delegate from the French churches, is making addresses in this country for the Franco-American Committee of Evangelization, draws a sombre picture of the present social and religious situation in France. The use of intoxicating drinks has increased, so that, next to Belgium, France is now a nation of the "hardest drinkers" in the world. There are five hundred thousand public houses in the Republic, or one for every 76 in the population. Immoral literature abounds and crime increases proportionately. The number of criminals among young people is much greater than it was fifty years ago. Comparatively little faith remains in the Roman Catholic church,

and its power for good upon the lives of the people is decreasing constantly. Very few of the population attend the services regularly, and in Paris "scarcely 200,000 people go to mass once a year, while in some villages public worship has been completely abandoned." Under the natural law of reaction, there is a tendency on the part of more thoughtful men to consider the claims of Protestantism, although the general result of loss of faith in Roman Catholicism tends to infidelity, for which France has been noted so long. In the north of France the tendency toward Protestantism is greater than elsewhere, and the sale of the Scriptures by the British and Foreign Bible Society has a marked influence. The social and religious future of France presents serious problems. That much of agitation, if not of revolution, must come, is evident to all students of French history.

THE progress of reconstruction in both Cuba and Porto Rico goes forward steadily and with marked success, in many departments. All the larger towns and cities have been provided with good hospital service, and sanitary work of great importance has been carried on in both islands during the last year. In the two eastern provinces of Cuba the inhabitants passed through the last summer without a case of yellow fever, a state of things scarcely known before in the history of that country. Street-making and sewerage in Havana have been carried on throughout the entire year, and over six hundred miles of first-class roads, including many bridges, have been built on the island. The Custom House service at the various ports has been systematized, and the receipts show a balance of a million and a half dollars for the year. The sugar crop of Cuba amounts to 600,000 tons, and the tobacco crop will amount to a million dollars. A favorable change in the qualifications for elective franchise in Porto Rico has been made, and the returns show a much larger registration of voters at the approaching election.

MAJOR GENERAL WOOD, Governor of Cuba, has taken most commendable ground in relation to the Constitutional Convention, which met on November 5. The Cubans have been left free to elect their delegates and manage the Convention without interference, and whatever may be the result of the Convention, the future of Cuba is rapidly passing into her own hands. This is well, and in keeping with the policies made before the war.

THE Peninsula of Corea, which was a prominent cause of the late war between China and Japan, has caught the spirit of progress from Japan and the West, and marked changes are going forward. This progress includes internal improvements, valuable sanitary steps and many other items of advanced civilization. Railroads, both steam and electric, are being introduced, and there is a strong effort to advance education and improve the character of the schools. Separate schools for teaching the English, German, French, Russian, Japanese and Chinese languages are in successful operation, and the character of the native schools is steadily improving.

ONE of the most popular hymns in the English tongue is "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." The author, Augustus Toplady, was

an ardent Calvinist, a contemporary of the Wesleys, and in point of doctrine strongly opposed to the Arminianism of the Methodists. This hymn, from the theological standpoint, was written in the strong polemic spirit of those days as a protest against the supposed error which the Wesleys were teaching. It was written in the year of our national independence, 1776. The polemic character has been lost, and the hymn has found a permanent place in the songs of all the churches of Christ. So do theories and disputations yield richer fruit when men have risen high enough to find in them the greater truths of the universal love and compassion of the Father of all men and the Redeemer of all who trust.

NEWS is at hand announcing the death of Dr. Ella Swinney, at DeRuyter, N. Y., on the 14th of November, 1900. Services are to be held at Shiloh, N. J., on Sabbath, Nov. 17. Our readers will wait eagerly for the full notices concerning her and her work, which her pastor and friends will furnish. The RECORDER brings its tribute of honor, love and sorrow mingled, to the memory of a woman, able, noble, devoted and consecrated. She has done a work for eternity, and leaves a memory twice blessed. On the page devoted to Woman's Work, will be found the last message from Dr. Swinney. That message is characteristic of one whose life-work has been for others more than for herself.

A THANKSGIVING WORLD.

The nations of this world have not been without Thanksgiving-days, and outward expressions of gratitude to the Creator. The roots of Thanksgiving run deep down into the soil of the ages. From earliest Biblical times, the Jews observed a Thanksgiving-day in the celebration of the Feast of the Ingathering and Tabernacles. The ancient Greeks held a festival similar to that of the Jews, and the Romans also held a thanksgiving harvest, which they called Cerealia. European nations were in the habit of appointing special days for returning thanks when any great event ended happily, as, for instance, in Holland, where the first anniversary of the siege of Leyden was made a public Thanksgiving-day, and celebrated with great devoutness on the third day of October, 1575. Since then many anniversaries of special events in history, which have given cause for thankfulness, have been set aside for jubilant celebration, with devout praise and giving of thanks.

The celebration of the Old and the New England Thanksgiving-day had but few points in common, if we compare the observance of the "Harvest Home" with the first Thanksgiving of New England. The old English "Harvest Home" was a joyous occasion. England held a national Thanksgiving at the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

Then came the early celebrations in New England. No doubt the Pilgrim Fathers, in their institution of Thanksgiving-day, being well versed in Scripture and history, had these old festivals in mind. The first Thanksgiving service held in North America was distinguished by religious ceremonies conducted by an English minister, named Wollfall, in the year 1578, on the shores of Newfoundland. On this occasion, probably, the first Christian sermon, and first celebration of Holy Communion, in North America occurred.

HOW ARE YOU CLOSING THE CENTURY?

The RECORDER is burdened with anxiety for each of its readers as the end of the year and the century hastens. It is more than a change in the calendar, this passing from the Nineteenth to the Twentieth Century. The coming new year will be unlike ordinary years, in many respects. As the denominational organ, the RECORDER is impressed with its duty to urge upon you as a Seventh-day Baptist layman a reconsideration of your attitude, your choices, tendencies and efforts along special lines of denominational work. Considerable more than two hundred years have passed since our denominational life began in the United States. For at least two-thirds of this period open doors were scarcely known, when compared with the open doors which now abound. But opportunities are not the main thing in the accomplishment of any great work. It often happens that the spirit of devotion and of brave consecration create opportunities in the midst of the greatest difficulties, which opportunities are more valuable, an hundred-fold, than the unused ones that wait in vain for ready hands and willing hearts to meet them.

How much of a Seventh-day Baptist are you, now that the century is closing? How much faith have you in the distinctive truth for which you stand? Do not change that last sentence, and ask why the RECORDER does not say "for which we stand." Such generalizing is dangerous if there be a low or only moderately strong sense of personal duty. If you are a Seventh-day Baptist at all, you stand for a distinct truth. You stand for obedience to that truth. You stand for the dissemination of that truth. You are identified with that truth; and through the truth you are identified with God, the author of the truth and the Lord of the Sabbath. How much do you realize this? Are you willing to make any new effort for the sake of the truth for which you stand; to give more of money, to give more and better obedience, to give larger love, and labor with larger hope? How much are you willing to herald this truth? to let it become a marked characteristic of your life?

The questions suggested above, if allowed a place in your mind, will awaken many more. Let them be a mirror by which your life shall be examined, by which your work shall be tested, by which your worth to the cause for which you stand shall be measured. Consider these questions along the line of your relations to the church with which you are connected, to the society in which you live. Let the rest of the year, from Thanksgiving forward, be spent in personal examination as to what you really are, religiously. Many men are afraid of themselves, and are unwilling to undertake such examination as we commend to you. If you find a tendency of that kind, go read the words of James, in which he discusses the vast difference between being condemned by your own consciousness of failure, and of being condemned by the Father of light and truth.

TO PASTORS.

Seventh-day Baptist pastor, put the foregoing questions to yourself, in these last months of the last year of the century. How much do you, as the leader of your church, stand for denominational faith and works? What hopes and expectations have you? Renew the examination of your position as a

watchman on the walls of Zion. Define Zion with a large definition. Make a new study of the meaning of the word watchman. Sit down with the words of Ezekiel until you enter deeply into the meaning of God's message, "I have set thee as a watchman." Do not shrink from the fact that if your voice is not lifted when it ought to be, and your warnings are not given as they should be, that God will require the blood of souls at your hands. How many people are there in the church, over which you are set as an under-shepherd? Are you doing all your duty to them? Are you preaching all the truth they ought to know? Are you constantly bringing things new and old out of the treasury of God's Word, that the lives of your people may be enriched and their souls strengthened for the peculiar work God is giving them? Study the difference between the duties that come to the pastor of a Seventh-day Baptist church, and the duties which come to a Methodist or Presbyterian pastor. Think well what it means to be with the minority, standing for an unregarded truth. The coming Thanksgiving time ought to awaken such strains of reflection in the mind of every pastor. No personal consideration can equal the importance of your position as watchman, pastor, guide, example to the flock. We do not speak to you simply as men. We appeal to you as those whom God has called, anointed, and set to do a work too large to be measured, too sacred to be disregarded, too important to be described, in fullness. Do not wait until the year has closed, before these questions find a place in your heart.

Scarce four weeks will remain when Thanksgiving has come before the year and the century will both be buried. Pray God that all your weaknesses may be buried with them, and that all of your strength may be resurrected with the coming of the new year. Pray that all your doubts may drift away with the knell of the departing year, and all your hopes may sing a twice glad chorus with the bells which welcome the new century. To pastors and people alike, the RECORDER says, seek that you may enter upon this new century as servants of Christ more consecrated; as Seventh-day Baptists more hopeful and earnest; as men and women more determined and better prepared to bless the world by every act and word. May the coming Thanksgiving be the threshold to that larger and newer life, over which the RECORDER and all its readers may pass a better service for the Master.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

During the week the text of an agreement which the representatives of the Powers have reached concerning the demands to be made upon China has been published. It does not differ essentially from what has been foreshadowed for some time. It includes the capital punishment of the leading offenders in the killing of missionaries and native Christians, indemnity for losses, special apologies to be made to Germany, and a monument to be erected to the German Minister who was murdered. The Empress Dowager does not appear directly in the negotiations, and rumors of her death continue to float. One of the demands is that the Emperor shall be open to approach by the representatives of other Powers, as the rulers of civilized nations usually are. Things with the Chinese move

so slowly that one may not yet say how successful this proposed basis of settlement may be.

A speech by the German Emperor at the opening of the Reichstag during the last week is moderate and judicious in its treatment of the Chinese question. The English press insists that concerted action on the part of the Powers will secure justice from China through diplomatic sources, and that such unity of action, strenuously insisted upon, is the only wise course to pursue at the present time.

On the 14th of November it was reported that the Czar of Russia, already suffering from an attack of influenza, had developed symptoms of typhoid fever. The report at that time indicated a favorable progress of the disease. This news is received with considerable anxiety at the capitals of other nations. It is agreed by all that the Czar has done excellent work in behalf of peace in Europe, and there will be a general feeling of gratitude when it is known that he is free from danger from this attack of typhoid.

Ex-President Kruger, of South Africa, has reached Suva, a passenger on board the Dutch cruiser Delderland; his destination is unknown. It is said that General Botha has offered terms to Lord Roberts on which he will surrender. The guerilla warfare in South Africa continues with vigor at some points.

Speculative stocks in New York have been extremely active since the election. As in all similar cases, reckless men are likely to suffer loss. There have been some cases of failure. We have little sympathy for such cases.

On the 13th of November President McKinley, in a carefully-worded speech, expressed his gratitude for the loyal service which each member of his Cabinet had given to him and to the country during the last four years. He interpreted the vote of confidence, as expressed in the late election, as being more than attributed to himself, since it involved the acts and policies of the men who had so wisely and patriotically aided him in their relations as his Cabinet. He closed by inviting each member of his Cabinet to continue in charge of their various departments during the next term of office. Only one similar event has occurred for many years. President Grant's second term was characterized by a similar request.

Revelations showing the connection between Tammany Hall and the vicious elements in New York City have been developed by the late election and by the work of clergymen in the city of New York, led by Bishop Potter, until it was announced on November 16 that Croker, the leader of Tammany Hall, has asserted that there is no such connection, so far as he is concerned, and that he has given orders that any member of the Tammany organization who is in league with evil-doers, or receives money from them, shall leave the organization. In other words, Croker has whirled into the ranks of reform.

The Constitutional Convention, which met in Cuba last week, is moving along the line of its work, and a strong sentiment in favor of annexation to the United States seems to exist in the Convention.

A CORRECTION.

In the list of places represented in the African Boxes, in last week's RECORDER, the names of Bushnellsville, Syracuse and West Edmeston were inadvertently omitted in copying. The Committee is very sorry for the error. M.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN PORTO-RICO.

BY CHARLES E. BUELL.

(Secretary of Dr. Carroll, late Commissioner to Porto Rico.)

By a royal cedula in 1513, the introduction of negro slavery in the West Indies was authorized, and a slave trade became established; it continued until the early part of the nineteenth century. In 1765, according to the best data obtainable, the number of slaves in Porto Rico did not exceed 5,000; in 1812 the number had increased to 17,000; in 1846, to 51,000; decreasing to 41,000 in 1860, and to 32,000 when the system of slavery was abolished, March 22, 1873.

Prior to the establishing of negro slavery, the slavery of the Indians, who were declared to be rebels of Porto Rico, was decreed by Don Fernando the Catholic, pursuant to the Ley de Partidas, or law of the ancient Spanish Code. It seems also that white slavery existed to some extent in the island during the early days of colonization. From the most trustworthy accounts there were white female slaves sent to Porto Rico from Spain, and its dependencies, and the more important fact appears that these white female slaves were so sent on account of their religious faith; they were victims of a religious persecution; these white female slaves were forced into slavery and deported, banished, to a far away island as a punishment for a belief that was contrary to the belief of the then State Church of Spain. The most probable cause of the punishment of these women was their belief in, and obedience of, the commandment of the Decalogue regarding Sabbath-observance; they were keepers of the Seventh-day as the Sabbath-day, and for this they were sold into slavery and were sent thousands of miles from their native homes to an island which was then considered as a most undesirable place to be held in bondage.

According to the historian, Don Jose' J. Acosta, there were sent from Spain to Porto Rico, during the period from 1511 to 1515, for sale, white female slaves, *cristianos viejas* (old Christians). This classification implies that these Christian women were believers in a creed older than the then Catholic belief; namely, the belief of the primitive Christian sect, which differed mainly in the observance of the Sabbath-day, instead of Sunday; (*Sabado* instead of *Domingo*)

"This data of the illustrious abolitionist," says Senor Brau, "is corroborated by the license granted by the Catholic king to Hernando de Peralta, in Burgos, July 2, 1512, to take to San Juan two white Christian slaves; this confirmation is strengthened by the fact that Don Fernando having declined to hear the petition, which the authorities of Porto Rico addressed to him asking that the introduction of these slaves to the island should be prohibited, because the inhabitants preferred them in marriage to the other women, who were held in less esteem on account of their being *cristianos nuevas*, (new Christians) or better said, tainted with Moorish and Jewish blood."

By a series of royal cédulas, traffic in slaves was prohibited, not only as to introduction of white slaves of whatever caste, but also of mulattoes bought in the islands of Cerdana, Menorca, Majorica and other parts of the east, but these prohibitive cédulas which circumscribed to the coasts of Guinea, the sorrowful privilege of supplying slaves to the American colonies, confirms the fact which I

explain. Slavery was finally abolished in 1873, through the persistent representations and influence of the best and most respected of Porto Rico's citizens, and was not due to, or to be attributed to, Castillian legislation.

The forcing of the native Indians into slavery was so general and the amalgamation which resulted from this contact of slaves with the Spanish masters, and the negro slaves led to the extinction of the Indians to such an extent that no pure Indian type is found in the island.

The competition of slavery with the free labor of the island was sufficient to pauperize the free laborers, and to-day the mass of peons that live scattered throughout the island bear testimony to the dire necessities which held the free laborers in a bondage that was worse than slavery. A well-known historian of Porto Rico in writing of the people of the island stated:

"The proportion of children attending schools, to the total population, is 22 per cent. Only 19 per cent of the total population of Porto Rico live in towns; the remaining 81 per cent live dispersed in the country, not in villages even, but singly." This was in 1886. The poverty of the people, growing out of the conditions due to competition with slavery, has led to a desire to live isolated, to seek seclusion. One gentleman speaking of the scattered condition of the peons, says: "If the planters could be prevailed upon to allow the peon class to live on the estates, and not employ those who have to walk three or four miles to work, the owners would lose nothing, and the peons would become sociable and form villages, in which schools could be gradually established."

The result of slavery in Porto Rico now raises one of the most difficult problems; how to educate and elevate the scattered peons.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., November, 1900.

TYPEWRITER TALK.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

No one can hammer long upon a typewriter without getting some truths hammered into his own head. The intelligent machine talks back. Mr. Remington, for instance, has been trying to teach me how to make a good impression. That is one thing we are in the world for—to influence men.

"You must hit the right letters;" that was the first precept the typewriter laid down. It meant by that, I conclude, that, if we want to make a good impression upon the people we meet, we must choose proper themes of conversation, we must not rub them the wrong way, we must mind our p's and q's. The man of ecstasies, who always talks in capital letters; the man of a hobby, whose mental typewriter is forever practicing on a few copy sentences; Herr Grasshopper, who leaps from topic to topic as a child would strike aimlessly the typewriter keys, all make bad impressions. We must start with a capital and a paragraph, and go straight on down a coherent page, says my typewriter.

"Get an even touch!" the shrewd machine continues. "Some operators print one line feebly, and the next strongly, and close every sentence with a period that perforates the paper." How restful, how pleasant, are the folks that are always the same, my typewriter means. They are not in April to-day, August to-morrow, and December next week.

Let us seek an even temper, an even touch on life's key-board.

"And look to your ribbon!" snaps out the Remington. "I have seen many a sheet spoiled because the ribbon was not shifted, or was worked too far toward the end. You can't make a good impression without fresh ink." Does it mean, perchance, that a man can't expect to work off forever on the same audience the same stock of ideas? Is it hinting at fresh studies and new interests? I wonder.

"Oil often!" How frequently my typewriter, just like my lawn-mower, says that! Only a drop of oil is needed, to be sure, but the drop goes straight to the strategic points. Lacking it, the machine begins to hitch and squeak, skip letters and double them, spoil my temper and my copy. What oil must we use, fellow-Christians, if we are to make good impressions among men? It has many names. "Tact" is one of them.

But the people we meet! Ah! here my typewriter has an advantage, for it carries along with it the paper on which it would make an impression, while we are quite powerless over people. Sometimes the typewriter's paper carriage does not move at all, and half a dozen letters may be superimposed. It is like talking to sluggish minds, that make no attempt to follow. Sometimes the operator forgets to move up the paper cylinder at the end of a line, and the following line gets printed over its predecessor, thus erasing both—for all the world like the listeners that pretend to be hearing, but are thinking their own thoughts the while. My typewriter has its paper under wise control, if it will. Would that we could all say as much for our partners in conversation, our scholars, our congregations. It would be so much easier, then, to make a good impression.—*S. S. Times.*

"GO HOME AND TELL THY FRIENDS."

How much there is in these simple words of our Lord! What thoughts they ought to stir up in the hearts of all true Christians! "Go home and tell thy friends." Home is the place, above all others, where the child of God ought to make his first endeavors to do good. Home is the place where his best affections ought to be concentrated. Home is the place where he should strive daily to witness for Christ. Home is the place where he was daily doing harm by his example so long as he served the world. Home is the place where he is especially bound to be a living epistle of Christ, so soon as he has been mercifully taught to serve God. May we all remember these things daily! May it never be said of us that we are saints abroad, but wicked by our own fireside—talkers about religion abroad, but worldly and ungodly at home!—*Bishop J. C. Ryle.*

THE GENTLENESS OF GOD.

We wonder sometimes when God is so great, so terrible in majesty, that he uses so little violence with us who are so small. But it is not his way. His way is to be gentle. He seldom drives, but draws. He seldom compels, but leads. He remembers we are dust. We think it might be quicker work if God threatened and compelled us to do right. But God does not want quick work, but good work. God does not want slave work, but free work. So God is gentle with us all—molding us and winning us many a time with no more than a silent look. Coarse treatment never wins souls. So God did not drive the chariot of his omnipotence up to Peter and command him to repent. God did not even speak to him. That one look laid a spell upon his soul which was more than voice or language through all his after life.—*Henry Drummond.*

Missions.

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

MISS ELLA F. SWINNEY, M. D., former Medical Missionary at Shanghai, China, passed away Nov. 14, 1900, at the home of her brother, Rev. L. R. Swinney, DeRuyter, N. Y. Funeral service at Shiloh, N. J., on Sabbath, Nov. 17. More extended notice hereafter. Blessed are they who die in the Lord. c. o. s.

OUR trip from New York to Chicago was on the reliable Erie. No. 5 is the finest train on that line. It leaves New York at 2.30 P. M. and arrives in Chicago next day at 5.20 P. M. The accommodations are excellent and the train men are pleasant, kind and gentlemanly. We did not take a sleeper, but had a seat to ourself, a good pillow furnished by the porter, and we slept as nicely as one would in a Pullman berth. However, a short man like myself can do that better than a tall, long man like some of my brethren in the ministry. In the autumn time the Erie route has along its way some of the finest autumnal scenery in our country. In Steuben and Allegany Counties the hills and valleys are gorgeous with the most brilliant autumnal hues. When a student in Alfred University the woods about Alfred were in the fall a source of delight and admiration. One could not tire looking at them. The great variety of bright colors seemed to be bunched together on a hillside with a master artist hand and taste, to court the attention and enjoyment of every lover of nature and of beauty. The woodman's axe has deprived Alfred very much of her once autumnal glory and grandeur. No. 5, however, deprives one largely of beholding the mountain foot-hills and ranges in their glorious autumn dress because it passes through the best scenery in the night. However, we saw enough as it was to impress us as to how much we lost. Along the way in Ohio and Indiana the farmers were husking corn, gathering apples, and putting in their winter wheat. The country looked as if it had suffered some during the season from drought. At 5.30 P. M., a joyous meeting in our daughter's home, finding all well and happy, was a good finish to a pleasant journey.

THE first Sabbath in our trip to the Southwest was spent in Chicago. Our people there hold their church service, Sabbath-school and Christian Endeavor meeting all in the afternoon. The church service begins at 2.30, and when they are through all of their services it is nearly night. The Sabbath was pleasant, but it was a very unpropitious time for an enjoyable service, as upon that day the Republicans of Chicago had their grand political parade, and it passed by the building where our people hold their services. The strains of martial music and of brass bands, the tramp of horses and of men, the shouts and hurrahs of the crowds made it difficult to hold the attention of an audience or for one to keep well in mind the thread of discourse. However, we enjoyed very much the privilege of worshiping with our people on that Sabbath-day and of meeting and shaking hands with old friends. It was a great pleasure to meet some of them in their homes during our stay in the city, and it was a source of regret we could not see them all. This is quite a change and contrast from the time when the

Chicago church was organized with twelve members, held its services in the Pacific Garden Mission and carried on the Jewish mission. There is a great change in the personnel and number of the congregation and the place of holding meetings. Now there is a strong, self-supporting church and a settled pastor. It is a live church. It paid its pastor a salary of \$1,000 the past year, and propose to increase the salary the present year. It raised \$110 toward sending out a quartet the past summer, and it gives fairly well toward our denominational interests, yet we would kindly suggest that our brethren there put forth an effort to make more general, rather than by a few, the pledges and contributions for our organized work as a people. It would result in a larger sum for such work, and the money is needed. The Chicago church and the New York church, with their self-support and their live work and liberal giving, are evidences that our people can live and thrive in large cities.

AFTER a pleasant and safe journey, we arrived at the home of Bro. L. F. Skaggs, at Boaz, Mo., on Sixth-day noon, Nov. 2. Bro. Skaggs and his family gave us a hearty welcome. Here is our Delaware church. The membership is small. They have a neat little church building, well painted inside and outside. Bro. Skaggs is the missionary pastor of the church. The church services are regularly maintained. Two young ladies are ready for baptism and church membership. We preached here Sabbath morning and night and Sunday morning and night to good congregations. The people are good hearers, and we trust are doers as well as hearers of the Word. It is a good country, a great wheat raising section. They raise only winter wheat, and there are vast fields of it looking very fine. The beautiful green of these large fields makes a striking contrast to the dead autumn colors about them. This is a well-watered and wooded country. There are large apple orchards, and a great many barrels of that fruit are shipped from here. The weather is fine, such golden, sunny beautiful autumn day! Politics are running high in this state, but November 6 will decide the contest and settle the strife and we trust there will be a calm. We go from here to the Corinth church, in Barry county. Bro. Skaggs will go with us in our visit to that church and congregation. More anon.

SEC.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There has been a wonderful growth in morals, a remarkable unfolding of morality, during the last fifty years. New situations are always emerging; new problems are always turning up; new and delicate relationships are coming into existence. And as these fresh complications of society arise, perplexities of government, labor and capital, and a thousand more perplexities, the old morality is taking new and delicate shapes. Just as these flowers under the touch of genius have revealed new colorings and shapes and tints, we know a great deal more than they knew fifty years ago of the wealth and manifold splendor of the globe. And during the last fifty years God has been opening the eyes of Europe, and making us see wonderful things out of his law. There are fairer and more exquisite and more imperative perceptions of duty and character and responsibility than there were before. Take hope—morality is growing and it is going to grow. It is one of

the most delightful things of life to know that the Lord of righteousness is ever being unfolded and illustrated, and we understand more perfectly the magic of eternal righteousness. If you could come back again in fifty years, you would find a new morality again, a new sense of justice, of fairness, of sobriety. Talk about the morality of to-day—it is a barbarism. I tell you the time is coming when a man will put his soul into a convict's sackcloth because he cherished a sullied imagination. The time is coming when there will be no more wife-beating, when a man will put himself upon the treadmill for a month for having given her an ugly look. The time is coming when a capitalist, a lady, would rather put on the cast-off garments of a leper than put on a purple that was stained by a workman's tear or blood. The time is coming when a man would rather pick his master's pocket than waste his time. The time is coming when a man will not have to be taken up for forgery or embezzlement; it shall be no more. There shall be such a spirit of magnanimity and charity that a man will stand in the church porch and do penance for having in a moment of meanness given a threepenny bit at the collection. "O," you may say, "that is a touch of the grotesque." I give you that, that you may remember it. Just as during the last fifty years the best thing of all is that the conscience of the race has grown, in the next fifty years the conscience of the race will continue to grow, and there shall be a code of morals, character, and etiquette more superb and delicate than any that we know to-day.—Dr. W. L. Watkinson.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

For the month of October, 1900.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer,

In account with

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

DR.

Balance in Treasury Oct. 1, 1900.....	\$ 953 78
Churches:	
Nortonville, Kan.....	48 55
Milton Junction Wis., salary of F. J. Bakker.....	30 00
Ritchie, Berks, W. Va.....	10 50
Plainfield, N. J.....	33 16
First Westerly, R. I.....	5 81
First and Second Verona, N. Y.....	4 25
Boulder, Col.....	6 70
Hammond, La.....	10 00
Second Brookfield, N. Y.....	6 08
Independence, N. Y.....	25 00
Shiloh, N. J., General Fund, \$26.57; China Mission, \$4.21	30 78
Jackson Centre, Ohio.....	3 55
Milton, Wis.....	22 18
New York City.....	16 50
Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I.....	78 02
First Brookfield N. Y.....	11 17
Fairfax, Ill.....	6 50
Chicago, Ill.....	10 00
North Loup, Neb.....	10 00
Sabbath-schools:	
Plainfield, N. J., General Fund, \$10.01; China Mission, \$10.63.....	20 64
North Loup, Neb.....	3 78
Rockville, R. I.....	10 00
R. R. Surveyor's Armsby, Pa.....	5 10
Sherman Park, Syracuse, N. Y.....	1 60
Dodge Centre, Minn.....	11 00
Mrs. E. L. Ellis' Sabbath-school class, Dodge Centre, Minn., Boys' School.....	1 00
Sale of Campbell's Autobiography at Conference.....	3 00
Mrs. H. Alice Fisher, Northboro, Mass.....	7 50
J. H. Coon, Utica, N. Y.....	6 00
Mr. and Mrs. Sherman, Crawley's.....	1 00
On account sale of Ayers' property at Unadilla Forks, N. Y.	12 95
Semi-Annual Meeting, Minnesota.....	5 50
C. H. Tucker, Westerly, R. I.....	1 00
S. H. Crandall, Glen, Wis.....	2 75
S. C. Maxson, Utica, N. Y.....	5 00
Giles Ellis, Dodge Centre, Minn.....	10 00
Income from Permanent Funds.....	80 25
Estate of Julia A. Powers, New London, Conn., China Mission.....	300 00
Estate of Asenath B. Rogers, Milton, Wis.....	200 00
Evangelistic Committee—Collections on the field.....	252 52
	\$2,262 44
CR.	
O. U. Whitford, balance on salary, etc., quarter ending Sept. 30, 1900.....	\$197 70
O. U. Whitford, advance on traveling expenses.....	75 00
A. G. Crofoot, salary and traveling expenses, quarter ending Sept. 30, 1900.....	18 65
L. F. Skaggs, salary, quarter ending Sept. 30, 1900.....	6 25
R. S. Wilson, salary and traveling expenses, quarter ending Sept. 30, 1900.....	38 53
Chas. S. Sayre, salary, quarter ending Sept. 30, 1900.....	25 00
G. H. Fitz Randolph, salary and traveling expenses, quarter ending Sept. 30, 1900.....	159 65
Churches:	
Attalla, Ala., three months.....	25 00
Boulder, Col., ".....	50 00
Ritchie, Berks, W. Va., three months.....	18 95
Garwin, Iowa, eight weeks labor.....	15 36
Hammond, La., three months.....	37 50
Hornellville, N. Y., ".....	50 00
New Auburn, Minn., ".....	18 75
First Westerly, R. I., ".....	50 00
Second Westerly, Niantic R. I., three months.....	18 75
Shiloh House, Pa., three months, 7 weeks labor.....	6 72
Second Verona, N. Y., ".....	10 00
Evangelistic Committee—Orders Nos. 201-203.....	292 96
Cash in Treasury, Oct. 30, 1900:	
China Mission.....	\$620 22
To Reduce Debt.....	240 55
Available for Current Expenses.....	287 10
	1,147 87
	\$2,262 44

E. & O. E.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treas.

Woman's Work.

MRS. HENRY M. MAXSON, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.

TIRED MOTHERS.

BY MRS. MAY RILEY SMITH.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight—
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away;
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off thy breast,
This lipping tongue that clatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown,
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear a patter in my home once more;
If I could mend a broken cart to-day;
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.

But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumped by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

—Baltimore News.

WE are glad to receive and publish a letter like the following, from one who knows where-of she speaks. How much more happiness life would contain, if we, like this sister, should tell our friends how much we appreciate them, rather than wait to make our moan and our eulogy after the ears have become dead to our tenderest words:

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

The RECORDER of last week brought to me a great surprise in the publication of the "Letter from Mrs. Rogers." It has made me feel that I want to express through your page my appreciation of the work Mrs. Rogers has done for us, as women of our denomination. She has kept before us our needs and made many helpful plans and suggestions in our work. She has brought to us words of cheerfulness, help and sympathy in our daily duties.

Personally, I feel the "Woman's Page" of the RECORDER, during the past seven years, has been to me a friend, and of greater help than I can well express. It has increased my interest in our work, it has helped me to purer thoughts and nobler living, it has encouraged me to try to do my part faithfully and well, it has increased my faith in prayer, and, above all, it has helped me to walk nearer my blessed Master. I thank God for Mrs. Rogers and her faithful work, and pray that she may be fully restored to health.

MRS. W. C. WHITFORD.

ALFRED, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1900.

A MESSAGE FROM DR. ELLA F. SWINNEY.

When I was in the hospital in Philadelphia this summer, the medicine given me was so strong that it debilitated me very greatly. I could not eat the food they brought me, but not knowing what to do I went on suffering the pangs of hunger, going to bed hungry and in the night suffering for the want of food. I finally grew desperate and sent for the doctor, telling her that I must have something appropriate to my condition; something nourishing. "Why, certainly," she said, and was greatly surprised and shocked that the nurses had not told her before. From that time on, I was well supplied and had a very comfortable and pleasant time.

This experience has set me thinking, and given me a longing to get access in some way to the dining-rooms of the many public institutions of our country. Do the inmates of such institutions have enough of such food as they need and can eat, is the question that comes to me. Our Heavenly Father is all-wise and all-powerful, and loves the souls of the children of men, and is intensely interested in the salvation of all classes.

When a very little girl there would come, two or three times in a summer, from our county-house, an old man going to visit his relatives for a few days. Years before he worked for my mother's father, and so he always came by our house to get a good dinner. My mother always took pains to give him a very comfortable meal. I once heard him tell my mother that they always had for supper in the almshouse, coffee, bread and molasses, nothing else. It grieved my childish heart. I am happy to say that at the present our county-house is under very different and more comfortable management.

Delaware is a small state with only three large counties. They have had no penitentiary, but the state convicts, whenever there are any, are taken to the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, or to the penal institution in Trenton, N. J. I read this summer, concerning two or three of the convicts in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, whose bills were handed in to the state of Delaware. So many days' board at twenty-one cents a day. One might have some difficulty in getting three nourishing meals out of that small amount of money, although they buy food and groceries on a wholesale scale.

Not long since, I saw in the paper that the convicts in one of the penitentiaries, perhaps Sing Sing, compelled to hard daily labor, one morning refused to eat their breakfast. The officials called in others to stand by them, and all looked at their revolvers, thinking that a case of mutiny was coming. The men were told to eat their breakfast and go to work. A very few ate, the rest all went out hungry to their daily task. We wonder why their request for better food was not heeded. Some of them, no doubt, were strong and needed wholesome and abundant food before their hard labor. Some of them might have been frail and needed nourishing food even more. How can men who are treated with no consideration, especially when they are hungry, be anything but sullen and hateful in their hearts? Can they be made any better by such treatment?

It is said that in some institutions, where the men are treated very carelessly, that on Sunday morning when the preacher comes, nearly all the little doors are closed. They do not want to hear the gospel. They are sullen and cross and would rather have the practical part of the Christ-love manifested; while in institutions where they are kindly treated, when the minister comes and the singing commences, all the little doors fly open and the men listen with interest and pleasure and have the chance of being made better.

Several times this summer I have had a longing to be well and able to do something for the improvement of these unfortunate classes, but I shall never be able to do anything in this line. I hope these few words will stir up new thoughts and new desires in

some sister's heart to do something for this class of people. It may be that some of our noble-hearted women can do something, if they feel interested; at least make an effort in this direction, now or in the future.

Dictated to Mrs. T. R. Williams.
DeRUYTER, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1900.

WOMAN'S BOARD.

Receipts in September and October.

Milton, Wis. Ladies' Benevolent Society, Home Missions, E. F.	\$10 00
Dunellen, N. J., Missionary, debt, Mrs. Martin, \$1; Mrs. James R. Dunham, \$1; Mrs. John S. Emmons, \$1; Mrs. Geo. Larklin, \$1.	4 00
Alfred, N. J., A. M. B. Crofoot Home.	5 00
Utica, Wis., Mrs. Herina Coon, unappropriated.	8 60
Wilton, Iowa, Ladies' Benevolent Society, African girl, "Susie."	12 00
Albion, Wis., Ladies' Missionary and Benevolent Society, African girl, "Ibbie 'abcock."	12 00
Salem, W. Va., Ladies' Missionary Society, unappropriated.	25 00
DeRuyter, N. Y., Woman's Benevolent Society, unappropriated.	4 00
Milton, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society, Tract Society.	15 00
Hatsfield Point, New Brunswick, Canada, Mrs. Alida Sherman, Foreign Missions.	2 00
Milton Junction, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society, RECORDER.	4 00
Total.	\$96 60

E. & O. E.

MRS. L. A. PLATTS, Treas.

RESOLUTIONS.

Passed by the Woman's Missionary Society, of Nortonville, Kansas, Aug. 2, 1900:

During the past year, death has again entered our Society, and our Heavenly Father, in his wisdom, has called away from earth our sister, Mrs. Rose Stillman, to her eternal home.

Resolved, That in her sudden death, we should heed the admonition of our Saviour, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh;" and we know that, sooner or later, the message will come to each of us, "The Master is come and calleth for thee."

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to her lone companion and children, and while they mourn the loss of a faithful wife and affectionate mother, she has left to them the comforting assurance that she died trusting in the "Rock of Ages."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be recorded in the Secretary's book, and a copy be given to her husband and children.

MRS. S. TOMLINSON,
MRS. NANCY CLARK,
MRS. KATE E. PERRY, } Com.

A SALVATION ARMY ORATOR.

I think the best speech I ever heard for obedience to the rules of the art was an address of about ten minutes by a young Salvation Army officer on the streets of Chicago. I listened with amazement. He was, perhaps, twenty-three years of age, with delicate, clear-cut features, sensitive mouth and marvelously intelligent eyes. I was just passing the group as he stepped into the circle that always surrounds these noisy but sincere enthusiasts. He took off his hat, and, in a very low, perfectly natural and very sweet voice, speaking exactly as though he were having a conversation with his most confidential friend, he began: "You will admit, my friends, that human happiness is the problem of human life." And from this striking sentence he went on to another equally moving, showing, of course, that happiness could not be secured by traveling any of the usual roads, but only the straight and narrow path which the Master had marked out. It was as simple as it was sincere. And it was as conversational as it was quiet.—Saturday Evening Post.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally, in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER AMMERGAU.

PART I.

The miracle play of the Middle Ages has been called the poor man's Bible. Some important fact of Scripture was singled out and represented, perhaps in the church yard, by tableaux and pageant for the edification of those who had no other means of learning. Representations of biblical scenes were common in the Colosseum at Rome as early as the thirteenth century; and during the next three hundred years such plays became very popular in all parts of Europe. The invention of the printing press rendered the "mysteries" unnecessary, and at about the time of the reformation the Emperor Maximilian abolished them throughout all of Bavaria. An exception was made, however, in the case of Ober Ammergau on account of the vow of the people.

That came about in this way: one of the results of the thirty years' war was the breaking out of a dreadful plague in the Tyrol and surrounding provinces. This resembled the black death, sweeping away whole families and sometimes even whole villages. The little hamlet of Ober Ammergau maintained a strict quarantine, and for a time was exempt from the ravages of the dread disease; but at last Caspar Schuchler broke through the quarantine and came home to see his wife and children. In three days his whole family was dead, and the plague had begun its work in the peaceful valley. After the death of eighty-four victims, the frightened peasants made a solemn vow that, if the plague were stayed, they and their descendants should perform every ten years the Passion of Christ. From that hour the sick recovered and no more persons were attacked by the disease. A cross of wood, forty feet in height, was erected on the summit of Kofelburg, two thousand feet above the town, and as long as that remained standing the vow was to be binding. Since that time, 1635, till the present, with two or three interruptions on account of war and once when a change of time was made to the even decade, the Passion Play has been given every ten years.

It has become, therefore, a very real part of the lives of the peasants. As soon as a child is old enough to talk his mother says to him, "If thou art good, thou mayest perhaps be allowed to take part in the play when the year comes round." Not to be considered worthy to take part is a disgrace; and to be chosen for the part of Christ is the highest honor known to these people. The play dominates their whole lives, and is a holy thing to them, in which no outsider can have a share. In 1890 the old wooden cross was blown down; but instead of seizing this opportunity of releasing themselves from the vow of their fathers, they immediately, amid great rejoicing, erected a new cross, this time one covered with zinc, which appears like precious metal under the rays of the morning and evening sun.

The inhabitants of Ober Ammergau are no ordinary German peasants. Living in a mountain fastness so far away from the center of government, they are much more like independent Swiss villagers than like German dependents. Nearly every man owns property, and he pays no tax upon it. Here is one

place in the world where the saying "As sure as death and taxes" would not be understood. The proceeds of the play pay all the village expenses. The amount taken in on the decennial year is divided into four parts; the first is used to defray the expenses of the play itself, the erection of the building, the buying of materials for costumes, etc.; the second supports the church, the school and the poor; the third goes for village expenses, the building of the electric road and similar improvements; while the last part is divided among the 685 players, every family having at least one representative. The largest amount that even the principal characters have received has never exceeded \$250 for almost a year's work, as the rehearsals begin in January and the play continues until late in the fall. No one can truthfully claim that the Passion Play is given for mercenary motives, as flattering offers for producing the play in other parts of Europe and America have been persistently refused. This is well, for without its historical and devotional setting the play would seem sacrilegious.

The theatre, so called, stands a little off from the main street, and will seat an audience of four thousand. Three sides of the building are enclosed, but the one toward the stage is left open. The stage itself has no roof over it and appears like an open square or market place of Jerusalem. Behind it are three structures with streets between them, representing the Temple with the house of Pilate and the house of Caiaphas on either side. Beyond these buildings the mountains form a natural background, above them the clouds float, and around them the wild birds fly with perfect freedom. Admission is gained by tickets which cost from fifty cents to \$2.50 according to the location of the seats. These tickets cannot be obtained in advance. As many are distributed to each householder as he has accommodations for guests, and on the morning of the play he furnishes them to those who occupied his beds the night before. No more than four thousand spectators are admitted to the theatre at one time, but it is often necessary to repeat the play next day for those who were unable to obtain seats at the regular Sunday or Wednesday performances.

It is a remarkable fact that, while all the players are devout Roman Catholics, nothing enters into the play which can offend the most strict Protestant. Mary is represented solely from the human standpoint—the loving and heart-broken mother; while the only deviation from the Gospel narrative is the introduction of the traditional St. Veronica who offers her handkerchief to Christ when he is on the way to Calvary.

The present form of the play is due to the parish priest, Fr. Daisenberger, who rewrote the score, omitting all debasing features such as Satan with his attendant imps and Jonah emerging from the mouth of a painted whale. The music was composed in 1814 by Rochus Dedler, the school-master of the village. The parts for both orchestra and chorus are stately and solemn, resembling oratorio music. The scenes for the play are arranged from all four of the Gospels, forming a continuous representation of the events of Passion week, interspersed with typical tableaux from the Old Testament. The fall of manna and the return of the spies from Canaan with bunches of grapes typify the bread and the wine of the

Last Supper; the sale of Joseph for twenty pieces of silver leads up to the betrayal of Christ for thirty; the suffering of Job precedes the agony in the garden; the despair of Cain prefaces the remorse of Judas; the choice of the scapegoat foreshadows the condemnation of Christ, while the brazen serpent in the wilderness typifies the crucifixion. It is expected of the chorus to explain in song the scene which is to follow, setting forth the connection between the type and the fulfillment.

The high calling which Daisenberger felt that he and his parishioners had before them is well expressed in these lines of his:

"Let God be praised! He hath this vale created
To show to man the glory of His name!
And these wide hills the Lord hath consecrated
Where He his love incessant may proclaim!"

MARY A. STILLMAN.

WEBSTER, Mass.

JUNIOR SUPERINTENDENTS—GREETING.

From the Secretary of the Young People's Committee, I learn that there were reported at the last Conference twenty-six Junior Societies, with a membership of six hundred and eighty-four. So incomplete, however, were these reports that I do not even know the names of the Junior Superintendents, who are to be my co-workers during the coming year. I would like to take each one of you by the hand and talk over with you your work for our boys and girls. You could give me much assistance, I am sure, and your plan of work would help some other.

Now we want to make of this office of General Junior Superintendent a sort of Mutual Aid Association, a means whereby you may get and give help in this important work that we are doing. I am going to begin my work of General Superintendent by asking every Junior Superintendent who shall read this article to write to me—remember I do not even know your names, so I ask for your name, the location of your church and society, the number of Juniors in your Society, and what you are doing. Are you using the Junior Topic Cards issued by the United Society of C. E., or some other method in your meetings?

In our place in the Young People's Committee, let us exchange ideas regarding methods, conduct of meetings, anything that is of interest to you. Let us have anything that you consider good; and if you have a troublesome question, let us discuss that too. If you have any suggestions regarding this Junior work in general, let me hear about it. Let us help each other. Consider that I have sent you a blank to be filled and feel responsible that it is filled and sent to me as early as possible.

I will set the ball rolling by telling you of our Society here in Plainfield. Last Sunday we had a very impressive Graduation Service, when six of our Juniors were received into the membership of the Senior Society, four as Active and two as Associate members. The services consisted of the regular Junior exercises, followed by special exercises for the graduates, in which they took part. Remarks were made by Pastor Main, Miss Mabel Mitchell, Junior Superintendent, and Mrs. Maxson, all speaking of the importance of the step and the necessity for renewed vigilance in the performance of new duties. Miss Ida Spicer, President of the Senior Society, extended to the new members a cordial welcome on behalf of the Society, and spoke of the meaning and importance of the Senior

Pledge. We are glad to report that many of the parents were present at this meeting.

There has been an Intermediate Society formed by taking from the Juniors all the boys and girls of twelve years and over. Mrs. Frank J. Hubbard will have charge of this division. Their work will probably be some form of Bible study. The children under twelve remain in the Junior Society under the charge of Mrs. Ira W. West. It has long been a problem how to interest a boy of twelve and one of five in the same lesson, and it is thought that the forming of an Intermediate Society may bring a solution of the question and be a means of greater good to all concerned.

Cordially yours,

MRS. HENRY M. MAXSON,
General Junior Superintendent.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Nov. 13, 1900.

QUARTERLY REPORT.

J. D. CLARKE, Treasurer.

In account with the
YOUNG PEOPLE'S PERMANENT COMMITTEE.

Receipts from Aug. 1 to Nov. 1, 1900.

Berlin, N. Y., Boys' School, \$5; Dr. Palmborg, \$5.....	\$10 00
Berlin, Wis.....	4 00
Albion, Wis.....	11 00
Salem, W. Va.....	10 00
Farina, Ill., Dr. Palmborg.....	30 00
Milton Junction, Wis.....	6 25
First Verona, N. Y.....	10 00
	\$81 25

Expenditures.

G. H. Utter, Missionary Society, Dr. Palmborg.....	\$75 00
J. D. Spicer, Tract Society.....	6 25
	\$81 25

J. D. CLARKE, Treas.

TRACT SOCIETY—EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, Nov. 11, 1900, at 2.15 P. M., President J. Frank Hubbard in the Chair.

Members present.—J. F. Hubbard, Stephen Babcock, D. E. Titsworth, A. E. Main, A. H. Lewis, W. M. Stillman, G. B. Shaw, H. M. Maxson, J. M. Titsworth, O. S. Rogers, F. J. Hubbard, W. C. Hubbard, A. L. Titsworth, and Business Manager J. P. Mosher.

Visitor.—H. H. Baker.

Prayer was offered by Rev. A. E. Main, D. D.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Committee appointed to confer with the Missionary Board on the London question reported progress.

Correspondence was received from Rev. Geo. Seeley, in which he accepted the appointment as our representative on the Canadian field.

Correspondence was received from Rev. A. P. Ashurst, reporting on the work during the month of October, showing the distribution of 24,520 pages.

On motion, the Treasurer was authorized to forward to Bro. Ashurst funds sufficient to pay his expenses to the South-Western Association, to be held in Hammond, La.

The proposition of Bro. Ashurst, looking toward the purchase of a farm in Columbus, Ga., for industrial uses, was referred to the Committee on Industrial Methods.

Treasurer J. D. Spicer presented his usual financial statement.

On motion, the revision of the mailing lists of the Sabbath Reform edition of the RECORDER was referred to a committee composed of A. H. Lewis and J. P. Mosher.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH, Rec. Sec.

THE DISCOVERIES AT NIPPUR.

[In the New York Independent of this week, Prof. Hilprecht has an article touching his discoveries in ancient Babylon, of which mention was made in our news column of last week. He gives a summary of his work in the following:]

We know that the Nippur of the fifth and fourth millennium had practically the same extent as the Nippur of the days of Artaxerxes and Darius. We had proved the correctness of my theory concerning the Temple library by finding it at the spot where for twelve years I knew it would be unearthed. Nearly 90,000 documents have been taken from its rooms and shelves. We have found convincing evidence that the stage tower I have referred to as introduced by Ur-Gur existed in Babylonia long before the old Sumerian race was conquered by the invading Semites. I have determined that the large building bearing the colonnade was not a creation of the Cassite Kings who ruled Babylonia from about 1700 to 1100 B. C., as was stated on the authority of the second expedition. It was constructed about 1,000 years later, near 300 B. C.

We have not only solved the problems we set ourselves on the beginning, but we have made many discoveries having an important bearing upon the topography and history of ancient Nippur and upon the religious ideas and the customs of the daily life of the Babylonian people. In view of the leading role which Nippur played as a religious and political center in early Babylonia, before it was succeeded by Babylon as the metropolis of the country, it goes without saying that the historical data we have found and the many new facts we have determined will materially affect our knowledge of all Babylonia and of the highly civilized conditions which obtained at 4000 B. C., and for many ages previously. In what degree history, literature and the religion of these ancient peoples are affected I cannot for the present disclose. That we have obtained these results is due to the untiring efforts and enthusiasm of every member of the committee at home and of every member of the expedition in the field, heartily supported by the Turkish Government.

A PRAYER-MEETING IN DEADTOWN.

The regular weekly prayer-meeting in the First church of Deadtown was altogether a dry affair. "Stale pudding and dry beef," the young boys would say on the corner after the services, when they met to get a whiff of fresh air and iron the sanctimonious wrinkles out of their faces.

The church has a membership of four hundred and sixty-three. The usual attendance on Tuesday night was about sixty. If rainy, from sixty to twenty would turn out, "to support the Dominie," as they said. It was hard to tell just where the fault lay. Some said the minister was to blame, others declared it was the people.

One day they had a funeral. This was nothing new to Deadtown, but it was new to the First church folks. Their pastor was very properly laid away to rest. There were tears and flowers and comments, and other things peculiar to Deadtown society. Then came the question of a new clergyman. At last he came. Tall, over six feet; black eyes, brown hair, big ears and feet; angular, good.

The third Wednesday night Mr. Lightheart (that was the new minister's name) said: "I am informed by certain parties that your

town takes its name from the condition of spiritual affairs here. I believe they are right; but things must change. Elder Brown sitting there tells me there are seven bad things about these social meetings: Bad management, bad air, bad light, bad people, bad prayers, bad singing, bad results.

"We are going to have another funeral, to bury either these seven stinking corpses, the church, or me. I am not sure which it will be.

"Mr. Smith, if you please, open the window there by you.

"Mr. Sexton, kindly light every gas jet in the room.

"While we rise and sing four verses of 282, will those young men favor me by moving the last five rows of chairs to the closet yonder? Those now occupying them will find others here in front. Now let us all rise and sing."

Some people went home, some went up front, one woman developed a consumptive cough in three minutes from the fresh air. The wife of the president of the gas company took the front chair in the center aisle. They sang the first verse of the hymn three times to get the right tune, and then sang the rest with melody and joy.

Mr. Long was asked to pray briefly. He was directly at the preacher's side. He usually covered every want, sometimes from Adam down, sometimes from Christ down to the coming century. He had just got nicely started when his coat was pulled and a voice whispered, "say amen," and he said it.

Mr. Wrong came to speak, as was his custom, but before he could get the words out the preacher was ahead of him. "There are certain matters in our city well known to all citizens, that savor of anything but honesty and truth. Till these things are straightened out, I want that no one connected in any way with them shall either speak or pray in these meetings. Let us sing "A Charge to Keep I Have." They made the room ring.

"It is our intention," said the minister, "to have a point and purpose to these Wednesday night meetings, which if rightly managed, have in them a greater element of drawing power than the church Sunday preaching services. I expect to see the church too small to hold all those who desire to come to these gatherings, and I now announce that next week we will have a purpose meeting, the week after a praise service, then a promise meeting, then a zeal service, followed by a testimony meeting, an old folks' service, a children's gathering, a sowers' service, and then a reapers' meeting. After these are held I will announce further. Let us have a moment's silent prayer before the benediction."

As the members passed out each one was presented with a little card on which was neatly printed a description and subject of "The Purpose Meeting." Evidently this was the seed sowing the next week's harvest, by one who purposed saving Deadtown from any further spiritual disgrace. We will come with them next week and see what happens.—The Brotherhood Star.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Receipts in October, 1900.

Churches:	
Hornellsville, N. Y.....	\$ 11 25
Plainfield, N. J.....	33 16
Dodge Centre, Minn.....	10 00
First Brookfield, Leonardville, N. Y.....	11 08
Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I.....	26 24
Milton Wis.....	22 18
New York City.....	16 49
Boulder, Col.....	3 00
Second Brookfield, Brookfield, N. Y.....	4 50
Jackson Centre, Ohio.....	1 40
Farina, Ill.....	4 50
Shiloh, N. J.....	8 90
Sabbath schools:	
Ashaway, R. I.....	10 00
Plainfield, N. J., \$12.99; Boodschapper, \$5.55.....	18 54
Dodge Centre, Minn.....	11 00
Minnesota Semi-Annual Meeting.....	5 50
H. Kerr, Olmax, Texas.....	10 00
I. N. Loofbor, Welton, Iowa.....	5 00
Dr. S. C. Maxson, Utica, N. Y.....	5 00
Chas. Saunders, Westerly, R. I.....	1 15
S. H. Crandall, Glen, Wis.....	2 75
Total.....	\$221 64
E. & O. E.	

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Nov. 5, 1900.

J. D. SPICER, Treas.

Children's Page.

A PRETENDED THANKSGIVING.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

(From the Household.)

Aunt Emmeline got up one morning with a pain in her back. She had been busy all the week, helping the white people prepare for Thanksgiving.

"Pears like it wuzn't made fur nobody but de rich, nohow," she told herself, as she dragged on her old shoes, and set about getting breakfast for herself and little Ephraim, the boy asleep in the bed she had just vacated.

The complaint was not made aloud; not for the world would she have permitted that boy to hear her throw a suspicion upon that season which to him was one bright, beautiful dream.

For every night when she came home to the cabin, had she entertained him with accounts of the great dinners she had been preparing, and the boy had listened, and asked questions, until the wonder in his big round eyes would be quite extinguished in sleep.

For Ephraim was a cripple. A little negro with a twisted leg, and a mind as bright as the one silver dollar that had been his.

Aunt Emmeline called him her "lill' man," her "lill' housekeeper," when leaving the cabin mornings, for her work, and promised to tell him all about Thanksgiving when she got back, "if he tended right pert to things."

All day the eager little face would watch at the window for her return, although she never came until the darkness had fallen, and the streets were empty. Then, when they had eaten their supper, would come an hour of sweet content to both, when the mother would take her child in her arms and tell him of the bright, beautiful world, made brighter and more beautiful by the good, glad Thanksgiving.

And now it lacked but one day of Thanksgiving, and now Aunt Emmeline must be off early.

"Efe," she called, when the coffee began to steam, "jump up now, en eat yo' breakfus'. Mammy got to go mighty soon. Hit's mighty nigh Thanksgibin'."

"Am it?" said Ephraim, dragging on his ragged old shoe. "Where you gwine to be at to-day, mammy?"

"At de Mayor's, son. I got to dress dey-all's tuckey to-day."

"Will dey hab cranberries, too, lack lawyer Duffy, what you cooked de pies fur, yis-tiddy?"

"Dat dey will, honey, dat dey will. De Mayor ain't gwine to be outdone in nuffin', I tell you, let 'lone Thanksgibin'."

"Will dey have syllabub, lack Miss Tilsum, too?"

"Yes, sah—en plenty ob it!"

"En reasum cake?"

"En reasum cake, too."

"En sweet pickles, lack de preacher ob de gospel's wife?"

"Des de same, en more."

The big round eyes grew bigger.

"Mebby dey'll hab oyschers fried in cracker scrops, lack de resteran' man gwine hab?"

"Yes, sah, dey'll hab dem, too; only dey gwine stuff em inside de tuckey."

The boy was silent for a moment; then, with a long, deep sigh:

"Mammy," said he, "I wish't us could have a Thanksgibin', too."

"Yes, mebbly we kin, sometime. Jes' you be a good boy en tek keer de house en Efe while mammy go work, and mebbly Thanksgibin' gwine come 'long to we-all, too, some o' dese days."

She didn't expect it, however; hers had been a life of hardship; romance had faded from it long ago, and lived now only in the boy.

He set himself thinking when she had left him alone. He had heard a good deal about Thanksgiving; it evidently belonged to everybody alike, therefore everybody was duty bound to celebrate it.

As to the dinner? Well, that was a feature of the day, to be sure; but he felt quite equal to that, too. He was rather late beginning, with such a dinner as he meant to serve, but he would do his best. In a few minutes he was hard at work, dishes clattering, kettle singing, spoons playing. The little cabin had seldom seen so busy a day; the town itself held not so happy a boy as little black Ephraim preparing his Thanksgiving dinner. When Aunt Emmeline, weary and footsore, dragged herself home at dark, she was greeted with the sound of singing, Ephraim's voice ringing out, not in thanksgiving, perhaps, he had never thought of that, but just in joy, and the gracious content that comes with employment and with hope. Perhaps that might be a thanksgiving hymn after all, since "Joy is the grace we owe to God."

The cabin was ablaze with light, a rich, warm fire-glow that went out to meet her as she opened the creaky old door.

In the center of the room stood Ephraim, his back to the fire, his slight body leaning against his crutch, while he bent over something that might have been a royally spread banquet table, for all the show and shine of it.

In truth, it was a big box that had served as a sort of sideboard for dishes, tins, and water buckets, all these years.

A clean, gorgeously pictured newspaper served as tablecloth; the dishes, both as to material and contents, were rare, as well as original. The board fairly scintillated with splendor, as the flames in the big fireplace mounted higher and higher up the black-throated chimney.

Blinded by the light, Aunt Emmeline staggered forward, when the voice of Ephraim rang out in delighted, if frightened, protest.

"Look out, mammy!" he cried. "You'll smash somethin' 'nuther. Don't tetch dis here; dis here's de Thanksgibin' dinner fur we-all to-morrer. Look et dat! Ain't dat fine?"

Aunt Emmeline rubbed her eyes, and straightway entered into his pleasures.

"It sho am," said she. "Hit sho am a scrumptious 'casion. What's hit all fur, son?"

"Hit's dest a 'tend-like dinner, mammy," said Ephraim. "Dey ain't no sho nuff eat'n's, but it's a mighty fine 'tend-like, 'sho's you bawn."

"I sho spec' it am," said Aunt Emmeline, as she dropped for a moment into the chimney-corner to warm her feet at Ephraim's good blaze. "En we-all got to be satisfied wid hit, somehow, beca'se hit's all de thanksgibin' we gwine git. De white folke dey ain't pay me much dis time; deysay dey pore, too,

en ef dey kin git up dey own dinner hit's de moest dey kin do. But dey gimme some clothes, en things. Mammy's got you a good pair secen-hand breeches, en a shirt, en a coat what ain't got nar hole in it. De preacher ob de gospel's wife gimme dem. En I got a good flannel petticoat, what Miss Tilsum gimme for whippin' up her cakes, en dressin' ob de tuckey. en scourin' up de kitchen en po'ches. She's sort o' fractious sometimes, but she most allus git's ginerous 'fore she done wid you. En de Mayor, he gimme a dollar; he's de bes' one in dis town. Wid dat dollar mammy gwine buy her chile a longer crutch, en dey ain't no Thanksgibin' dinner gwine git a cent ob it; naw, sah."

Ephraim strolled over to the opposite side of the hearth, and stood contentedly looking down into the fire:

"We got plenty, anyhow," said he, after a long, thoughtful silence.

"Yes, we got some taters, en some meal fur a hoe-cake; en mammy gwine stay et home all de day, too."

"Hoe-cake?" laughed the boy. "I say hoe-cake en taters! We got tuckey, en pound cake, en pie, en jelly, en things. Look et dat table; you furgit dat table, mammy. You furgit de 'tend-like."

There was a knock at the door that brought Aunt Emmeline to her feet in a hurry, that again endangered the Thanksgiving board.

"Look out, mammy," Ephraim called out, sharply. "Don't tetch dis here; dis here am de syllabub fur to-morrow," and he made a frantic dash for an oyster can, beautifully burnished, on top of which he had set a cracked china bowl filled to the brim with a rich, yellowish liquid that might indeed have been the much-coveted Southern syllabub, had it not been a bowl of Aunt Emmeline's own best soft-soap.

But the woman was at the door, where a young white man stood waiting admittance, a well-dressed, good-looking young fellow, evidently used to the higher walks of life.

"Aunt Emmeline," said he, a hand on either door-facing, "mother sent me by to ask you to come over and serve dinner for her to-morrow. She says she would like you to get there early, by eight o'clock."

Aunt Emmeline thought of her aching feet, her empty pocket, the day she had meant to have at home with Efe. The young man's mother was Lawyer Duffy's wife, and her dinners were sumptuous affairs. It would be a long, hard day's work, with perhaps a pail of odds and ends—scraps from the feast—to show for it at night.

She hesitated:

"I's mighty nigh bruk down," said she at last. "En to-morrer hit's Thanksgibin'. I's done wucked all de week, mighty hard; en dey aint nobody paid me nar cent, 'ceptin' ob de Mayor. Aldo dey is mos' ob 'em gimme somethin' 'nother. Yo' ma aint gimme *nothin'* en I wucked two days fur her. I reckon I'm bliged to stay home to-morrer en rest."

But the young man was not listening; he had stepped into the room, and was looking with eyes that saw deeper than Aunt Emmeline had seen, at the make-believe feast of crippled Ephraim.

He was reporter for a daily paper in the city; a very new, a very earnest, and a very ambitious reporter. He saw a story, a funny,

a very, very funny Thanksgiving story in that paper-covered box, and its curious viands. He was soon to see something deeper than the fun in the Thanksgiving spread. He stepped further into the room, and stood beside Ephraim looking down upon the table.

"Hello, little boy," said he. "What have we got here? A Thanksgiving dinner, as sure as I'm alive."

Ephraim's eyes danced with delight. He was innocently ignorant of ridicule in any form whatever.

"Yes, sah," said he. "Hit's sholy a Thanksgibin' dinner. Aldo it am dest a 'tend-like."

"A—what?"

"A 'tend-like. I 'tend like dis here box am a table, en dis here paper am one ob de linen clofs mammy done up fur de white folks las' week, en dese here things am de eatin's en de drinkin's. I reckon hit's a mighty fine dinner, dest fur two niggers to eat up all by deyse'ves."

Aunt Emmeline tried to interfere, but the reporter said:

"Let him alone; it pleases him to talk."

She said no more, but closing the door went about preparing her own humble supper, leaving Ephraim and the visitor to themselves.

Scarcely realizing that he did so, the young man drew a chair to the improvised table, and began to ask questions of the most remarkable Thanksgiving menu on record. He was enjoying it, too, quite as much as little black Ephraim.

"What's this, Ephraim?" said the visitor, pointing to a little round upturned fig-box in the center of the table.

"Dat? Dat's a reasun cake, what de Mayor ob de town sent me fur to-morrer. Hit's a 'tend-like cake, but I 'spec' hits a reasun one."

"And this?"

"This," was a sort of oblong bit of coal slag that Ephraim had picked up near the railroad track the summer before. It was now reposing in a glass dish, in a bed of green cedar sprigs, with a yellow gravel stone here and there.

"Dis here's de tuckey," said Ephraim. "Don't you see de parsely, en de eggs 'round hit? Mister Lawyer Duffy sent me dat."

The reporter whistled; even Aunt Emmeline dropped her face over her bread tray to chuckle. She understood just what a surprise it must be to the starchy young reporter to hear of his grim, silent, aristocratic, close-fisted father sending a Thanksgiving turkey to a little crippled negro. But she saw no meaning in the suggestion that the turkey was a stone, as the young man saw. "He sho did," Ephraim was saying. "En dis here am de graby en stuffin's." A little fat, black finger pointed across the board to a bowl of sawdust, plentifully enriched with pebbles and old corks that he had found among some empty, cobwebbed bottles under the house.

"What makes you say Lawyer Duffy sent the turkey?" asked the reporter with peculiarly sensitive interest.

"Case onc't, fore my brudder Ben died, de folks all say he stole a turkey; en dey put him in jail fur hit. En Lawyer Duffy he say he didn't do it. Eu he say it till dey let Ben out o' de jail. Didn't he, mammy?"

The woman looked up from the hearth, where she was kneeling in the act of slapping the corn cake upon the hoe.

"Yes, lawyer Duffy cleared Ben," said she. "Ben worked fur him in his office long es he libed after dat."

"Dar!" said Ephraim, "ain't I tol' you so? He's a mighty good man, I tell you."

The reporter smiled a queer sort of smile, and Aunt Emmeline did not say that Ben's years of service were paying the great lawyer his fee for defending him, but the young man understood.

"Dis here now," Ephraim went on with his bill offare, "dis here box top o' solt am de mince pie what de preacher ob de gospel's wife done sent. Dis here plate o' shells hit's rice, en de dish o' splinter dat's macaroni, en dis here string o' spools, dey's de sassages. De groc'ry man, on the eas' corner ob de public square, sent dem, all ob dem. He's a fine man, I tell you. Onc't when I fotched some sassages to Miss Tilsum, when his boy was gone, he des tuk en gimme a whole one, a big fat one, all fur myse'f. Didn't he mammy?"

Aunt Emmeline nodded, and set the smoky coffee-pot back upon the hearth where it would not boil again.

"Dis here bowl o' syllabub now," said Ephraim, indicating the dish of soft-soap, Miss Tilsum sent me dat."

"Miss Tilsum? That cross, ugly, stingy old maid? Do you mean her? asked the thoroughly amused reporter.

"Naw, sah," said the boy. "I mean, dat ar pretty, good, ginrus lady what libes on de corner ob Chisnut Street. Dat's de one I means."

The reporter broke into a laugh. "But she wouldn't—I mean do you really think she would?" said he.

"Yes, sah, I mos' know she would. She gimme a piece of pie onc't, en onc't she gib mammy some buttermilk to mek up bread wid. Didn't she mammy?"

"Twice't," said Aunt Emmeline, softly.

The young man rose, a hand in either pocket.

"You haven't told me yet what those marbles scattered over the table mean," said he, not willing to lose one item of the strange feast.

"Dem? Dey's de good wills what des goes long wid present, aldo dey might be unges, ef dey wuzu't morbles."

The reporter studied the table carefully; the "tend-like" was pretty well complete. He would like to have a part in it somehow.

"Ephraim," said he, "you need—yes, I am sure you need, another cake."

"Yes, sah," said Ephraim, "but dey ain't nobody lef' to gib it to me."

"Well, fix one up somehow, out of flour, or dirt, or cornmeal. I don't care what, and you can say that 'the reporter gave you that one.'"

"Yes, sah: I'll make it out o' flour, en den hit'll be a white one," said the boy, already getting out another plate.

The reporter turned to Aunt Emmeline:

"Here's a dollar for you, Aunt Emmeline," said he, "and the next time mother forgets to pay you, you just come to me. You'll come to-morrow?"

"Yes, sah; I'll be dar by eight o'clock," said she, "ef de Lord spars me."

A moment later, the reporter was at the

grocer's, whence Ephraim's imaginary donation had been sent. As he went in he met a gentleman coming out. "Mayor," he cried, "I was just going to call on you. Will you come back a moment?"

The Mayor turned back into the grocery.

"Mayor and Mr. Johnson, both of you, I have turned missionary."

The Mayor and grocer smiled. "That means that you are out beggin!" said the former. "I believe all missionaries beg."

"For others, yes, sir. I am not precisely that sort of a missionary; but I attended a Thanksgiving dinner this evening to which you two gentlemen were both contributors. I have come in here to tell you about it.

And when the story ended the Mayor was blowing his nose with all his might.

"I reckon I am an old fool," said he. "A soft old fool; the very pickaninnies have found it out. As for you, sir, you get out of here, with your 'reasun cake,' before I fine you 'for contempt.'"

The reporter went out, but he went laughing. At the door he put his head in again to say:

"And don't forget to put in an orange, both of you. He said the 'unges' were the 'good wills.'"

The Mayor turned to the grocer:

"When you send the rice and macaroni and sausages, send down the cake for me. Select a good one, and be sure it has raisins in it."

"All right, Mayor," laughed the grocer. "I'll get them there by eight o'clock to-morrow." At the door the Mayor turned back:

"I say, don't forget the oranges."

"I won't; one apiece."

"If Thanksgiving and Christmas didn't come along once a year," he told himself as he walked toward his home, "I reckon we would all forget what it is to remember the poor. They kind o' pull us up with a halt and a prick at our selfish hearts, and set us thinking of others."

The reporter meanwhile was telling his story to the "pretty, good, ginrus Miss Tilsum," in her stiff little sitting-room on Chestnut Street.

"Send syllabub to a lazy nigger, shall I?" she snapped. "They're an ungrateful lot, I can tell you. Syllabub! Well, I reckon."

"This one isn't ungrateful," said the young man. "He said you gave him a pie once; and he declared you were the 'pretty, good, ginrus Miss Tilsum.'"

The thin lips of the old woman came together in a manner that might have meant either a snarl or a smile.

"Defended me, I reckon," said she, "when you called me 'cross and ugly?'"

The reporter gasped, and absently stammered, "Yes, ma'm." And the next thing he knew he was on the pavement outside, getting away as fast as he could.

The old woman closed the door upon him and stepped over to a mirror that hung over the mantel. Then she began to laugh; and she laughed and laughed until the pale, thin cheeks grew pink as youth itself. She laughed at the negro and she laughed at the "missionary," separately and together. Then she laughed at herself and her "good, pretty, ginrus" record. Then she rang for the cook.

"Can you make another bowl of that sylla-

bub early in the morning, Martha?" said she.

"Yessum; but dey's enough alraidy made fur half de town."

"Then make as much for the other half Martha," said the mistress. "Martha, there's some one in this town who believes I am a 'good, pretty, generous woman,' and please God he shall not discover his mistake at Thanksgiving, that's all."

The reporter-missionary was now at his hardest task. He had seen the minister's wife, that was easy enough.

"She understood and was crying like a baby before I got half through," said he. "God bless her; she knows what it is to be a 'begging missionary.'"

But he approached his father with some dread; he told his story poorly there; perhaps because the thin, stern face showed no response to the tale he was telling. When he had finished, the attorney looked up gravely, soberly, coldly. "Well," said he, "what do you want *me* to do about it?"

The young man bit his lip; there were tears in his eyes.

"Nothing," said he, "nothing! I am sorry I mentioned it. Good night, sir."

"Wait," said the old man, quietly. "Where are you going?"

"To tell mother not to expect me home tomorrow. I tell you this is a farce, a miserable farce, in which I will take no part. Thanksgiving to God when our own hearts are crusted with selfishness, like ice! It isn't Thanksgiving; it is nothing but selfish feasting; and I'll be no party to it. Never in my life did I have one serious thought of the true intent of Thanksgiving until this night; and hereafter I'll keep it in the true way, or not at all."

The lawyer looked at the fiery young fellow before him and something stirred in his heart. He did not wish that boy to grow hard and selfish. Nor did he like the thought of his feeling that Thanksgiving in his own home was a "farce," or a "feast" only. Yet he had come very near the truth. It hurt him and touched him.

"I don't know much about giving," said he, his hand in his pocket; but we all need a Thanksgiving, or a Christmas, now and then, to crack the ice of our selfish hearts. Now, if you will attend to the—what was *my* part?"

"A turkey, sir," laughed the young man, "with stuffing and gravy. I will see to it for you."

"Here's a dollar, then, for the turkey and—fixings."

"But I want five cents more, if you please, for the 'good will.' He said the oranges were 'the good will.'"

The lawyer smiled, and handed him the extra coin. And then the young reporter did that which made Thanksgiving in that house, and in that cold, stern man's heart, a Thanksgiving in deed and in truth. He stepped to his father's chair, and, stooping, quickly touched his lips, warm with the blood of youth and impulse, to the older man's brow. And, "Thank you, sir," said he, "and God bless our Thanksgiving. There will be no 'tend-like' about it in this house."

"No," said the father, "there will be no 'tend-like' about it in *this* house."

The next morning old Miss Tilsum, tasting the syllabub she was pouring into a bowl, said with satisfaction:

"No 'tend-like' about this syllabub, at all events."

The groceryman dropped an extra string of sausages into the basket he was sending out, and said, with a laugh:

"No 'tend-like' about them. Solid meat. And this cake,—it's as genuine and free from sham as the old Mayor himself."

The Mayor was humming a tune as he walked down the street,—a tune of his own far-away youth-time.

"Well!" said he, "it's a fine day, to-day. I feel *good*, and there's no 'tend-like' about it."

And in a cabin that evening, a little negro, with round, white eyes, was watching his mother carve a juicy turkey that adorned a carefully spread table. As the broad, white slices fell over the carving knife he broke out with jubilant impatience: "Gimme de drum-stick, mammy; gimme de drum-stick, quick. When I eats de meat off'n it, I's gwine git de tin pan, en 'tend-like I's de brass band, ser-nadin' de white folks what sent all dis here. Gimme *bofe* de drum-sticks, mammy, quick."

Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be working what is good, towards all, but especially towards the family of the faith."—Gal. 6: 10. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb. 13: 16.

NEW MARKET, N. J.—Our new pastor is now for the third time comfortably ensconced in the parsonage, after much delay and hindrance through the failure of the railroads to properly transport household goods. The church society seems to be in good healthy condition, capable of much effective work. One new family, that of Mr. Herman Millard, formerly of Delaware, has been added to our number, and others are looking this way. New Market is a fine place, and we are glad to welcome new comers. A very pleasant sociable, under the management of the Y. P. S. C. E., was held Sabbath evening, Nov. 10, at the home of Mr. A. H. Burdick. We have been blessed with beautiful weather this fall, and think we shall be able to celebrate Thanksgiving with very thankful hearts for this and other mercies shown us. s.

UNCLE EBEN'S ADVICE.

Uncle Eben, a character created by the *Washington Star*, relates a fable to his nephew.

"Is you still gwine to school, sonny?" asked Uncle Eben of a tall, yellow boy with spectacles.

"Yes, indeed."

"I s'pose you knows mo' now dan yo' uncle does."

"About seven or eight times as much."

The reply nettled the old man.

"Go on, sonny," said he. "Git all de learnin' you can, but you wants ter be kyahful 'bout one t'ing. You doesn't wanter git mo' knowledge dan you has intelligence ter manage it. You wants ter 'member 'bout de educated rag-a-tag."

"What's that?"

"Da's a monkey."

"You mean 'orang-utan.'"

"Da's what I says—a rag-a-tag. He had hahd times after he done got educated an' went back ter live wif de res' o' de rag-a-tags."

"I don' know that I ever heard about him."

"Co's you nebber. I was jes' gwineter tell yer. He lef' home an' went 'way up yon whah its cold to git educated. He had oatmeal mush foh breakfas', an' pie an' milk foh lunch, an' turtle soup an' roas' beef for dinner, an' when he got back home he warn' used ter rag-a-tag ways whatsoever."

"When he was learnin' one t'ing an' nuthuh, he came across a lesson 'bout nuts, an' de book say a nut is round, an' hahd on de outside and sweet in de kernal. He learnt it by haht, an' laid it up in his mind."

"By an' by he went back home. An' his fam'ly moved into a part o' de country whah all de trees was diff'unt f'um what dey was used to. An' when dey all climb a tree to git supper, he looked roun' an' he says, 'What we gwinter eat? case it were a Brazil nut tree, an' he never seen a Brazil nut befo'."

"De father rag-a-tag, he say, 'We gwinter eat some er dese nuts.'"

"Dem ain' nuts,' says de young man rag-a-tag. 'Nuts is round, an' hahd in de shell an' sweet in de kernal. You better look out whut you go eatin', I wouldn' touch em. Dese ain't round. Does triangular?'"

"An' de yuthuh folks dey says dat anybody dat kin use big words sech' as 'triangular,' mus' be mighty smaht. So dey wouldn' eat 'em. An' dey went wifout breakfas' an' dinner an' supper de nex' day an' de nex' day an' de nex, an' den dey was so hungry dey 'low dey was gwinter take chances an' eat 'em, triangular an' all."

"Dem Brazil nuts was fine, an' aftuh dat dey didn't pay no 'tention whatebber ter de young rag-a-tag, but made him carry water an' cut stove wood an' rock de baby."

ANIMALS IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

According to the estimates of the officers in charge there are between 60 and 70 buffalo in the park, 700 or 800 antelope, between 3,000 and 4,000 deer, a limited number of mountain sheep, and from 50,000 to 66,000 elk. Tourists see herds of elk almost daily, and the scouts reported that at least 5,000 perished during the severe winter a year ago. There are also many coyotes, wolves, and mountain lions, which prey upon the deer and elk and are being killed by the soldiers as rapidly as possible by the use of poison. When a dead elk is found the scouts poison the flesh, and the result is fatal to the carnivorous animals that eat it, but even with these precautions it is impossible to keep down the beasts of prey, and the bears are so numerous and so tame as to be one of the greatest sources of amusement to visitors.

It is customary for the cooks at all of the hotels in the park to dump their garbage at a convenient place at a certain hour every evening for the benefit of the bruin family, who come down regularly from the mountain and the forests and eat their supper in the presence of large and admiring audiences of tenderfeet. The bears are usually more timid than the people, and tourists are cautioned to keep as quiet as possible, lest the animals be frightened away. Men, women, and even children with kodaks can approach within eight or ten feet of a group of bears to get snap shots. This occurs every evening at every hotel in the park, and, strange to say, the bears have never been known to attack human beings, or horses or cows which are allowed to roam at large, and they will run from an ordinary dog. They are great prowlers, however, and those who have the patience to sit up and watch at night can see them snooping around the hotels after the lights are out. This makes it necessary to protect the storehouse windows with heavy bars, because the bears locate food supplies with unerring accuracy and work desperately to obtain them.—*Chicago Record*.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Photometry.

Photometry, or the measurement of the relative amount of light emitted by different sources, is at the present time in a state of confusion, and may mean half a dozen different things, according to the various ways in which the measurement is taken. For example, an ordinary incandescent lamp which may give sixteen candle-power in a direction perpendicular on its side, will not give more than ten candle-power from its bulb end, and absolutely none from its base.

As nearly all incandescent lamps are placed with the bulb end downwards, evidently the greatest part of the light shines through the tip end. Bulbs are now being made having no tips, which is believed to be a great improvement, avoiding all shadows and thus giving a clear, even light.

One of the most common photometers is Bunsen's, which consists of a sheet of paper with a grease-spot in the center. The lights to be compared are placed on opposite sides of the paper screen, and their distance so adjusted that the grease-spot appears neither brighter nor darker than the rest of the paper, when viewed from the side on which the illumination is most intense, and lighter than the rest of the paper when viewed from the other side. The intensity of the two lights is as the square of their distance from the paper, at which point each must be placed, in order that the grease-spot may appear neither brighter nor darker than the rest of the paper.

The photometric standard was that of a Carel lamp, burning 42 grams of refined Colza-oil per hour, with a flame 40 millimeters high. This unit was adopted by the Electrical Congress at Paris in 1884, and consisted in the amount of light emitted from a surface of one square centimeter of melted platinum, at its temperature of solidification. In 1889, one-twentieth of this unit was adopted as the practical unit, and called a candle-power. The standard usually employed to determine a candle-power is a spermacetic candle, burning at the rate of 120 grains of sperm an hour.

We are of the opinion that not only our gas burners, but our incandescent lamps, are estimated far too high in candle-power. We think that a reliable test of a more simple character should be provided, showing not only the quality of the light, but its relative candle-power, and furnished to each consumer, as a check upon the avarice of gas and electric light companies and such meters as they employ.

A TRAP TO CATCH MOTHS.

Has any housekeeper found the so-called moth exterminators efficacious? I never have. There are certain remedies that will kill the older pests, but the eggs remain to emerge from their hiding places with new vigor the next spring.

Why not set a trap for them, and give them the things they like best to eat? That is what I do, and this is my way:

I take strips of soft, old woollen dress waists, skirts, or anything old and soiled (for that is what they like best). Of these strips I make soft, very loose balls, and scatter them about my rooms in the spring months.

They much prefer this to my carpets and furniture, both to eat and lay their eggs in. Try it, if you doubt it, and look at the balls in a few weeks; they will tell their own story, and it is no loss in pocket to drop these in the fire—*Selected.*

LET us not repine or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him with restless days and weary nights, even when others sleep quietly.—*Izaak Walton.*

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 IX.—THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

For Sabbath-day, Dec. 1, 1900.

LESSON TEXT.—Matt. 19: 16-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!—Mark 10: 24.

INTRODUCTION.

There are two sections of John's Gospel, chap. 10: 22-42 and chap. 11, which refer to incidents taking place during the time of our Lord's Perea ministry. As these two incidents,—the visit to Jerusalem at the time of the Feast of Dedication, and the visit to Bethany to raise Lazarus from the dead—are not mentioned in Luke's Gospel, there is some question as to the precise places at which they may be inserted in Luke's narrative. It is probable, however, that the visit to Jerusalem at the Feast of Dedication should be, as we have seen, placed shortly before the first lesson of this quarter; and that the raising of Lazarus occurred between the time of our lesson of three weeks ago and the time of our present lesson. When Jesus had raised Lazarus from the dead, he retired to a secluded village called Ephraim, situated near the Jordan, probably in Judea. From this place he crossed again into Perea and resumed his slow journey toward Jerusalem.

As he journeyed a young man followed him to inquire the way of eternal life. As this young man was hindered by his riches, Jesus takes this opportunity of instructing his disciples in regard to the dangers arising from the possession of wealth.

TIME.—Probably February of the year 30.

PLACE.—Perea.

PERSONS.—Jesus and his disciples, and the rich young ruler.

OUTLINE:

1. The way of Eternal Life. v. 16-22.
2. The Hindrance of Riches. v. 23-26.

NOTES.

16. **Good Master, what good thing shall I do?** The better manuscripts omit the word "good" at the beginning. This adjective occurs in the parallel passages in Mark and Luke; but there our Lord's question in reply is, "Why callest thou me good?" The word translated "Master" is better rendered "teacher," as it is not at all probable that this man recognized Jesus as the Messiah or as his master. He evidently had the idea that he could himself do something that should merit eternal life as its reward. We should give him the credit of being a sincere inquirer. In spite of his pious life, he did not feel sure, as did many less thoughtful Jews, that he already possessed the eternal life.

17. **And he said unto him, why callest thou me good?** The true reading is rather as in the Revised Version, "Why askest thou me concerning that which is good?" There is none good but one, [that is God. Better "One there is who is good." The meaning is evidently that the question of the young man concerning the good thing to be done is an unnecessary question; for he might easily infer that since God is the One absolutely good, there is no other good thing to be done except to obey his will. The explanation of the reading of King James' Version of this verse, which is indeed the true reading of the parallel passage in both Mark and Luke, has been much disputed. Jesus rebukes the young man for calling him *good* without recognizing his divinity, and then direct the

attention of this inquirer to the fact that eternal life is not won by doing, but by being, and that right characters are developed in us by obedience to God.

18. **He saith unto him, Which?** The young man still has in mind his own question, "What good thing shall I do?" and thinks of some particular commandment. Our Saviour realizing the impossibility of teaching him by direct statement, accommodates himself to the young man's views, and prepares the way to show that the keeping of particular commandments does not avail but that personal allegiance to the Giver of the commandments is needed. **Thou shalt do no murder,** etc. Jesus mentions the commandments from the second table of the law, probably because the young man's deficiency in duty was noticeable in lack of love for his fellowmen.

19. **Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.** Compare Lev. 19: 18. This serves to summarize all the commandments in regard to duty to fellowmen, and stands here evidently as expressing in particular the thought of the Tenth Commandment. It lies at the foundation of the other commandments mentioned. Compare Rom. 13: 9. The young man's lack was here at the foundation rather than in outward form.

20. **All these things have I kept,** etc. The young man was evidently sincere in this reply. **What lack I yet?** In spite of the fact that he heeded the letter rather than the spirit, he had a sense of the insufficiency of his own deeds.

21. **If thou wilt be perfect.** That is, with the consciousness of no lack. **Go and sell that thou hast,** etc. It is to be noted that the exhortation to sell all and give to the poor is associated with the command to follow Jesus. Giving to the poor was considered particularly meritorious by the Jews; but the course of conduct recommended by Jesus would not in itself earn eternal life. Compare 1 Cor. 13: 3. Many have fallen into the error of supposing that the command to the young man applies to every Christian, and that all Christians should renounce their property; but this is evidently a particular command for a particular case. Jesus saw that this inquirer needed this especial discipline in order to overcome his selfishness.

22. **He went away sorrowful.** He did not see his way clear to renounce his wealth. He had, through the words of Jesus, perceived his own weakness, and so was in sorrow because of his appreciation of his lack of the means to eternal life.

23. **Verily, I say unto you.** A common expression for the introduction of important teachings. Jesus takes advantage of the present opportunity to instruct his disciples. **That a rich man shall hardly,** etc. Much better as in the Revised Version, "It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." The difficulty is because of the great temptation to cling to his wealth and to trust in that rather than in God, and to let it hinder him from doing that which is good.

24. **And again I say unto you.** An additional statement to the same effect with greater emphasis. **It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.** This is, of course, a figurative statement; but it is an error to suppose that there is a figure within a figure. By *eye of a needle* our Saviour means eye of a needle, rather than a small opening through a city gate through which a camel might crawl, if he had no hump. The meaning of our Lord's statement is that it is practically impossible for a rich man to be saved when the temptations arising from his wealth are considered.

25. **They were exceedingly amazed.** Many who have read this passage have not wondered at all that the disciples were thus astonished. They doubtless shared the modern impression that riches are the greatest earthly blessing. Our Lord wished to contradict most emphatically this mistaken notion. **Who then can be saved?** They thought that if a rich man could not be saved, with all his blessings and privileges, then no one could be.

26. **With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.** Salvation is an impossibility so far as the strength of man is concerned, whether he be rich or poor. He can do nothing to earn eternal life. But God can save, even in spite of greatest hindrances.

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MARRIAGES.

WILDER—GUSTIN.—At Leonardsville, N. Y., November 7, 1900, by the Rev. W. C. Daland, Mr. Franklin E. Wilder and Miss Celia Gustin, all of Leonardsville.

CRANDALL—EBNER.—At Alfred Station, N. Y., October 31, 1900, by Rev. F. E. Peterson, Mr. George H. Crandall and Miss Helen J. Ebner, both of Almond, N. Y.

HANKS—BARBER.—At Almond, N. Y., Nov. 8, 1900, by Rev. F. E. Peterson, Mr. Potter A. Hanks and Miss Helen M. Barber.

GREEN—ROGERS.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rogers, in Parina Ill., July 31, 1900, by Rev. L. D. Seager, Mr. George G. Green and Miss Lorena Rogers.

KENNEDY—SMITH.—At Salem, W. Va., March 20, 1900, by Rev. D. C. Lippincott, Dr. I. S. Kennedy, of Salem, W. Va., and Miss Sarah J. Smith, of Tyler Co., W. Va.

MCLAUGHLIN—DAVIS.—At the home of the bride's parents, in Salem, W. Va., Aug. 22, 1900, by Rev. D. C. Lippincott, Mr. J. C. McLaughlin, of Huntingdon Co., Pa., and Miss Altha Davis, of Salem, W. Va.

RANDOLPH—DAVIS.—At the home of the bride's parents, on Flint Run, W. Va., Oct. 13, 1900, by Rev. D. C. Lippincott, Mr. Alexander Randolph, of Salem, W. Va., and Miss Belle Davis, of Flint Run, W. Va.

NODINE—BROWN.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, in Scott, N. Y., November 10, 1900, by Rev. J. T. Davis, Mr. Justus Nodine, of Scott, and Miss Ethel M. Brown, of Spofford.

DEATHS.

DAVIS.—At his home, near New London, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1900, William Davis, seventh son of Benjamin and Lydia Burdick Davis, in the 90th year of his age.

He was born in Bridgewater, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1810. Dec. 14, 1837, he united in marriage with Susan Williams of Verona. Most of their lives have been spent in Oneida Co., N. Y. To them were born six sons, four of whom are now living. Bro. Davis was an industrious man, and faithful husband and father. He remembered well the founding of the city of Rome, N. Y., and the beginning of work on the Erie canal. He was converted at the age of ten years and united with the First Verona Seventh-day Baptist church, which fellowship he held at the time of his death. Though quiet in nature, he did much for the cause of God here. He leaves, to mourn his loss, his devoted wife and four sons, one of whom is D. H., of Shanghai, China. Funeral services were held at the First Verona church, Nov. 1, 1900, conducted by the pastor. Text, 2 Tim. 4:7, 8. "I have fought a good fight."

G. W. L.

WILLIAMS.—At his home, near New London, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1900, of pneumonia, Orrin P. Williams, in his 82d year.

He was born Sept. 4, 1819, near the place where he has since lived. October 16, 1845, he united in marriage with Miss Rhoda Joslyn. To them were born eight children—four sons and four daughters. His occupation alternated between agricultural and mercantile pursuits. He was greatly interested in the welfare of his country. He was thoroughly informed on the topics of the day, was social, obliging and industrious. He was converted and baptized at the age of 18, in a meeting held by Elders John L. Kenyon and Alexander Campbell. He leaves to mourn his loss the aged and feeble widow, two daughters and three sons. Services were held at the church November 2, 1900, conducted by the writer. Text, Job 33:14. "For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man regardeth it not."

G. W. L.

EBERSOLE.—At her home near Salemville, Pa., September 24, 1900, Mrs. Anna Wolfe Ebersole, in the 29th year of her age.

She was a daughter of John D. Wolfe, of Salemville. She gave her heart to Christ the 29th day of November, 1884, and was a faithful member of the Salemville church until her death. Her conversion was due to the labors of Rev. S. D. Davis, whom she dearly loved. She was baptized by Rev. D. C. Long, sixteen years ago. On May 1, 1897, she was married to Simon S. Ebersole, who now, in sorrow and loneliness, mourns the loss of a loving and faithful companion. She was married by her pastor, Rev. D. C. Lippincott, of Salem, W. Va.,

who came to Salemville to conduct her funeral service. He spoke, briefly, from 1 Samuel 20:18. "Tomorrow is new moon; and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

A. D. W.

MARLAY.—In Chicago, Ill., Nov. 5, 1900, William R. Marlay, aged 67 years.

Mr. Marlay was born in Urbana, Ohio, July 7, 1833. He was the son of the Rev. Michael Marlay, a prominent Methodist divine. In 1858 he was married to Augusta A. Green, who still survives him. She is a daughter of the late Winter Green, of Petersburg, N. Y., later of West Hallock, Ill.

E. B.

FURSE.—Thomas Furse was born in Devonshire, Eng., Aug. 4, 1818, and died in Albion, Wis., Nov. 11, 1900.

He spent the greater part of his life as coachman in his native country, or until failing eyesight rendered him unfit for that kind of service. He came to the United States about sixteen years ago, and has made his home since with his sister, Mrs. J. H. Pulminter, who tenderly cared for him in his declining years.

S. H. B.

BANNISTER.—George Bannister died at his home near Adams Centre, N. Y., October 28, 1900, aged 82 years, 5 months and 8 days.

He was, in early life, a resident of Verona, N. Y., and afterward of Watson. His wife, who passed to the life beyond some years ago, was Rebekah Clark. Mr. Bannister was a good citizen, a valued neighbor and friend, and a Christian. His church membership was with the Watson Seventh-day Baptist church. He was one of the number who enlisted and served his country faithfully in the army during the Civil War.

A. B. P.

Literary Notes.

A SECOND MANUAL OF COMPOSITION designed for use in Secondary Schools, by Edwin Herbert Lewis, Ph. D., Professor of English in the Lewis Institute, Chicago, Author of "A First Manual of Composition," "An Introduction to the Study of Literature," etc. New York, The Macmillan Company; London, Macmillan & Co., Limited, 1900. pp. xiv+579.

The title of this volume indicates its purpose and character in a general way. An extract from the preface will convey the author's purpose, as wrought into the book and stated in his own words.

"The book consists of two parts, the first treating composition in general, the second composition in its particular modes or species. Study of the kinds of composition is usually deferred until college; but for securing inventiveness and enthusiastic interest, nothing succeeds in secondary work like a sympathetic presentation of narration, description, and exposition. So far as his experience of life will permit, the high school student has every right to know these subjects alive, not as mere *corpora vilia* illustrating the sentence, the paragraph, and the choice of words. We do not tell a young child to write a series of periodic sentences, or to analyze a theme-subject into its paragraph topics, for he cannot; we tell him to write a story, or describe a playmate, or explain a game. It therefore passes comprehension why, in so many cases, the student is allowed to spend the four most critical years of his life with practically no rhetorical instruction except what concerns the standard of good usage, diction and structure. Such study accomplishes little more than training in orderliness. Constructive it may be, in the sense that the student learns to build sentences and paragraphs with regard to unity and coherence, but creative it is not in any sense. Excessive, exclusive study of standards and structure often adds to that crude intellectualization, that separation of symbol and thought, that worship of method apart from matter, that neglect of the sense-elements, the interests, the ideals of life, which is the greatest danger of education now and always."

Valuable Appendices are added. Appendix A treats certain important points concerning grammar, such as "Distinctions in Cases, Distinctions between Adjectives and Adverbs, etc., presenting valuable information, hints and safeguards to writers of English." Appendix B considers matters of punctuation, that most difficult department in writing English. We say difficult because arbitrary rules cannot be made, and the delicate artistic sense which is necessary to a right understanding of

what is meant requires a combination of good judgment, keen perception and cultivated taste. Of punctuation the author says, "In general it is a device for showing relations between thoughts, somewhat as prepositions and conjunctions do; and just as too many or too few words may be used, so too many or too few punctuation marks may be used." Appendix C discusses spelling, and opens with this sentence; "Make it a habit to find out what the actual vowel is which in pronunciation is indistinct. In correct pronunciation there are many neutral sounds, as in lettuce, evil. It is very easy to form wrong notions as to the written form of these indistinct vowels; a, e, i, o, u, are confounded in neutral syllables." This appendix includes a list of about 1,600 words often misspelled. In determining the spelling of these words the author says, "In most cases the combined authority of the Century and the Standard has been given greater weight than the combined authority of Webster and Worcester." The list is arranged alphabetically, and the study of it cannot fail to be of great value both to pupils and older writers. A copious index of Rhetorical Subjects, and one of Authors Quoted and Persons Mentioned, adds value to the volume.

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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.

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☞ 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*,
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☞ 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.

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201 Canisteo St.

☞ 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.

☞ 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.

☞ SABBATH LITERATURE and lectures on the Sabbath question may be secured in England by addressing the British Sabbath Society, Major T. W. Richardson, 31 Clarence Road, Wood Green, London, N.

☞ 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.

Mrs. ELLA G. HILL, *Cor. Sec.*

THE SOUTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION will be held with the Hammond (La.) Seventh-day Baptist church, beginning Thursday, November 29. Revs. O. U. Whitford, W. L. Burdick, E. H. Socwell, G. H. F. Randolph, A. P. Ashurst and W. H. Godsey are expected to be present. Rev. O. U. Whitford is expected to give the Thanksgiving sermon in the morning, and Rev. G. H. F. Randolph will preach the introductory sermon in the afternoon. G. M. COTTRELL, *Pastor.*

HAMMOND, Nov. 13, 1900.

THE next sessions of the Ministerial Conference and Quarterly Meeting of Southern Wisconsin will be held with the church at Albion, Dec. 7-9, 1900. The following program has been arranged. The opening session will convene on Sixth-day, December 7, at 10.30 A. M.:

PROGRAM.

1. "To what extent and in what manner ought Christians to antagonize evil?" D. K. Davis.
2. "Is there as much regard for the authority of Christ as formerly; and if not, what is the remedy?" G. J. Crandall.
3. "The song in the wilderness." L. A. Platts.
4. A conference of Christian workers, conducted by W. B. West.

S. H. BARCOCK, *Secretary.*

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.*

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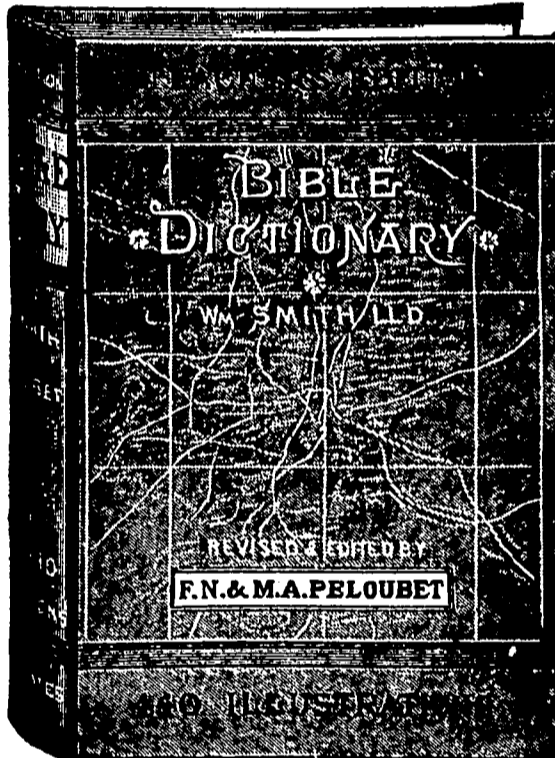
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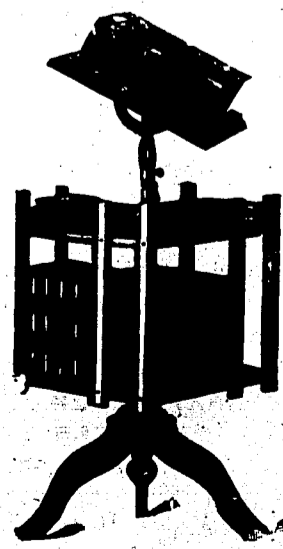
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