

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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Proclamation.



THE season is nigh when, according to the time-hallowed custom of our people, the President appoints a day as the especial occasion for praise and thanksgiving to God. This Thanksgiving finds the people still bowed with sorrow for the death of a great and good President. We mourn President McKinley because we so loved and honored him; and the manner of his death should awaken in the breasts of our people a keen anxiety for the country, and at the same time a resolute purpose not to be driven by any calamity from the path of strong, orderly, popular liberty, which, as a nation, we have thus far safely trod.

Yet, in spite of this great disaster, it is nevertheless true that no people on earth have such abundant cause for thanksgiving as we have. The past year, in particular, has been one of peace and plenty. We have prospered in things material, and have been able to work for our own uplifting in things intellectual and spiritual. Let us remember that, as much has been given us, much will be expected from us, and that true homage comes from the heart as well as from the lips, and shows itself in deeds. We can best prove our thankfulness to the Almighty by the way in which on this earth and at this time each of us does his duty to his fellowmen.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do hereby designate as a day of general thanksgiving Thursday, the 28th of this present November, and do recommend that throughout the land the people cease from their wonted occupations, and at their several homes and places of worship reverently thank the Giver of all good for the countless blessings of our national life.

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 second day of November, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and One, and of the Independence of the United States the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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

The Sabbath Recorder.

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RAISE THE SONG OF HARVEST HOME.

Come ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final Harvest-home:
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There forever purified,
In thy presence to abide;
Come with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

—Selected.

THE history of our national Thanksgiving, the spirit which prompted it at the beginning, and the results which ought to come from it, demand a higher appreciation of it. That its value is too little appreciated is seen by the fact that the masses of people make it a holiday, having little or no regard to the deeper meaning of it, or to those religious services which ought to be connected with it. We think this arises, in part, at least, from a tendency to exalt the material features of the occasion rather than the intellectual and spiritual. If people are thankful only, or mainly, for rich harvests and prosperous times, feasting and jollity will be the result. In this present year of our Lord, the people of the United States have abundant cause for thankfulness regarding material prosperity.

THE heavy shadows of national calamity, through the murder of the noble and lamented President McKinley, must darken this Thanksgiving time; but out of the national sorrow which came with his death and the indignation awakened by the manner in which he was slain, much good ought to come. It is also important that the nation be deeply and duly thankful for the manifest gain of interest in the field of education and intellectual development which marks these years. While intellectual development alone is not the highest end to be sought, such development is a most important factor in the uplifting and progress of the nation. Higher still than intellectual are the spiritual and religious interests toward which all hearts ought to turn at this time. No view of human experience is complete which does not thank God for bloom and blight, light and darkness, joy and sorrow. It is through the contrast which these bring that our best training for better things is accomplished.

THE Thanksgiving season, rightly apprehended, offers to pastors one of the most favorable opportunities of the year for teaching great and important lessons to their people. Few things are more helpful to

Christians than the cultivation of gratitude and thankfulness. In this way they are lifted above petty selfishness, and given better and broader views of life. In this way they are taught to consider their relations and duties to each other, and to gain those larger views of life which are an essential part of true Christian development. In no other way are they taught so fully their true relations to the Father above, to his protecting care, and his redeeming love. It is well at Thanksgiving time to take note of national questions, but pastors do not reach the highest point when the Thanksgiving sermon is mainly political. The highest duties of the citizen, the Christian citizen, are themes quite fit for such an occasion, but all such discussions fall too low when they do not end in that highest conception of human relations, that is, our citizenship in heaven. These, and many other similar thoughts, will commend themselves to pastors and to Christians in general, and by these words we seek to add some impulse to those higher and better conceptions of Thanksgiving time, which ought to grow with each succeeding year.

It is usual for those seeking to aid young men to make special appeals in view of the fact that they are young. This is all very well, but almost everything which is important for a young man to consider is important for all men to consider. For example, we say to young men, choose a course that is right, and follow it with all the powers of your being. Fling all your life into it. Pursue it unwaveringly to the end. Such advice is of supreme importance to a young man, and scarcely less important to a man of any age. The best things are not accomplished in any other way. Hence it is true that whether the work be one for all of life, or the work of a single day or year, it should be made intense, distinct, and definite. It was General Grant, as we remember, replying to one of his subordinates who reported that good results would come if certain measures were pushed, who answered, "Push things." That order ought to apply to every man's work, and to every work worth doing. Within the limit of your strength and possibility always push things.

THAT you may succeed in pushing things, spend little time in brooding over the past. Do not rehearse, even to yourself, the story of past failures and mistakes, beyond what is necessary to teach wisdom and give warning. Let the dead past bury its dead. By the same law it is not best to dream too much of the future. The present moment and the work now at hand are the important things to be considered. Note well their relation to the future, and push for a definite point in that future. If you are pushed by some great necessity, so much the better. Napoleon said, "The stomach rules the world." That is true. Hunger forces men to do. Indolence and indifference flee before starvation. Welcome necessity, and do not complain if it pushes you into constant unrest. Do not waste strength by worrying. Save strength for work.

DO NOT wait for great and extraordinary opportunities. Most occasions in life are common-place. Even great ones are so when you become familiar with them. You can never be prepared for a great occasion with-

out repeated experience in ordinary occasions. Great occasions will entangle you in ridiculous failures if you are not prepared for them. It is the training of an hundred ordinary occasions which give fitness for one extraordinary experience. He is not the lucky man to whom a great occasion comes, but he is the lucky man who, trusting nothing to chance, makes every opportunity a victory.

THE matter of education in the Southern States is being helped by the action of the Southern Educational Conference. At a late meeting of the Executive Board of that Conference, matters connected with education in the South were freely discussed and forward measures were instituted. It is now evident that popular education there must include the poor whites as well as the colored people. Industrial and intellectual training are imperative for both these classes. It has been recognized from the first that the negro can be helped most by preparing him to help himself; the same is true of the poor whites, in a still greater degree. Among the Southern men who are prominent in this work are: President C. W. Dobney, of the University of Tennessee; Dr. J. L. M. Curry, of Washington, D. C.; and Booker T. Washington. These men co-operate heartily with the friends of the movement in the North; a movement for which both the North and the South ought to be truly thankful.

THE NEW SABBATH REFORM PAPER.

Probably those readers who have studied the question were gratified by the announcement made last week concerning a new Sabbath Reform periodical. So far as we know, there is general agreement that a paper making Sabbath Reform a distinct issue, and conducted on broad lines of investigation and information, is the best method of pursuing our work. Sabbath Reform presented in the RECORDER is naturally looked upon as a denominational peculiarity, and as such it receives little or no attention. The years of experience since the *Sabbath Outlook* was discontinued have emphasized this fact until the Executive Board has formulated its unanimous conclusion, by determining to start a new paper. The present situation as to Sunday-observance, and the whole field of Sabbath Reform, demand, as never before, breadth of view, clearness of statement, and definiteness of purpose in all we do. Indifference as to the entire question of Sabbath-observance increases every year, so far as the mass of men is concerned. There is also a definite increase of liberal views among Christians which has resulted in a wide-spread, if not an universal, conclusion that there is no sacred time under the gospel; that Sabbath-keeping was a Jewish affair, and is not a Christian duty.

Meanwhile the evils connected with the holiday Sunday have grown amazingly, each year bringing new phases as to evil results. The Sunday laws, which were once strictly enforced, have fallen into disuse, and each effort to enforce them against any of the more popular forms of disregard for Sunday is followed by re-action, which drives their friends into inactivity, or arouses direct efforts for more liberal legislation. For example, it is less than a prophecy to say that the results of the election just held in the great city of New York are certain to bring about the legalizing of open saloons on Sun-

day, in the great metropolis. A similar state of things exists in all the large cities in the United States, and efforts to secure liberal legislation are prevented only by permitting existing laws to be broken.

For the foregoing, and many similar reasons, it is evidently wise and necessary that we open our work for this century by a return to the original *Sabbath Outlook* method. The new paper will be a sixteen-page magazine size; the name and subscription price will be determined at the next Board meeting in December. The price will be put as low as possible, and we hereby ask pastors, Ladies' Aid Societies and Christian Endeavor Societies to commence plans for the canvassing of each church and community in the interest of the new paper, early in January. The response which our churches make by way of subscriptions will have not a little to do with the success of the paper.

HOW TO BE STRONG.

A helpful and sympathetic letter came to hand during the late illness of the editor, when he was scarcely able to listen to its reading. Among other things the letter said, in effect, "When you are strong enough to write again, tell us young men the secret of becoming a strong, helpful, and victorious Christian; open to us the inner door to an overcoming faith." Our own attainments are poor preparation for answering such a request, nevertheless we should be glad to speak some word which will help in leading to the spiritual highland which our correspondent described.

The source of all spiritual strength is in God. There is no more wonderful or blessed fact in human experience than that we may come into communion with the divine One and may receive of the divine strength and fullness, through spiritual intercourse. It is as overwhelming as it is an exalting truth that we may have such treasure "in earthen vessels." God is the essence of all strength, and he who has intimate communion with God is correspondingly strong in spirit. To enter into such communion one must strive for the highest attainments in the way of purpose and purity of living for Christ.

The communion with God which brings us strength cannot be attained by men whose love for right is not strong and whose purposes of life are not unselfish. He who is absorbed with earthly things and whose heart is prone to gather straws, like Bunyan's man with the muck-rake, shuts the divine strength out of his life. It also goes without saying that the man of impure thoughts, unholy practices, and earth-born prejudices cannot rise to where the divine strength may become a part of his own spirit.

DISCOURAGEMENTS OF RELIGIOUS LEADERS.

Probably few people appreciate the number and intensity of those discouraging influences which come to each religious teacher. Pastors, superintendents of Sabbath-schools, and teachers of classes, as well as the greater religious teachers, come in for their share of discouragements. When the writer began his work of preaching, he thought it only necessary to point out a given line of duty, or a great truth, to insure corresponding action and acceptance on the part of many, if not of all. Such hopefulness in youth is the only reason why discouragements do not close the lips and tie the hands of every one who seeks to uplift men. It was painful

when we learned that many, if not the majority of, men, seeing a truth or knowing the path of duty, continue to act as though they neither see nor hear. The collapse of faith must come to every one who does not learn to appreciate the truth that the uplifting of the world is a slow process, and that to induce men to climb to the highland of noblest living is a labor full of disappointment.

Seen in the light of history, these truths are prominent in the lives of the world's great religious teachers. Moses led the children of Israel from Egypt, an unorganized and almost lawless mob, and ignorant through slavery. The difficulty of bringing them to a higher conception of living was immense, but Moses, helped of God, changed that mob of slaves into a well-organized nation before he died. He found them almost without laws, and left them with laws of a high type touching moral obligations, religious duties, sanitary measures, and the larger laws of a state church. That he did not oftener become discouraged and so cease his efforts, was due to the divine help by which he was sustained and guided.

In a similar way every earnest pastor and every one who labors to uplift men in whatever field he may be placed, finds abundant cause for temporary depression, disappointment, and discontent. To do all within one's power to make men upright and noble, and to find them falling before the first temptation and yielding to sin with the first opportunity, will make a weak man discouraged. Those who have in any way attempted to lead in reforms will appreciate all that is here said.

The purpose of these words is to awaken in the hearts of our readers a better conception of the struggles, burdens, and disappointments which assail every true religious teacher. We should be glad to awaken all people to a better understanding and a greater appreciation of the labors of those who are striving to uplift them, and of the disappointment and burdens which their own indifference or refusal to obey binds upon the hands of their best friends. It is a wonder that pastors and other religious teachers do not become discouraged oftener than they do.

A GREAT TREATY CONSUMMATED.

The negotiations between England and the United States—really between the United States and the world, represented by England—touching the Isthmian Canal were brought to a most satisfactory conclusion at noon on the 18th of November. On that day Lord Pauncefote, representing England, and Secretary of State Hays signed the new treaty. This treaty abrogates all former treaties touching the canal question, and grants the two important items which the United States has been seeking.

First, the United States guarantees the principle of neutrality in connection with the canal. This makes it the world's great highway, and places all nations upon an essential equality as to its use.

Second, the right to fortify the canal is secured to the United States alone. The treaty places no obligations upon the United States as to fortifying it, leaving us free to do as we will.

The British government has acted in the most friendly manner in the adoption of this treaty, and the result must be to strengthen the union between the two great English-

speaking nations, while, through them, the whole civilized world will be immeasurably benefitted. On the other hand, this treaty places upon the United States great and sacred obligations. The enterprise is far more than a national one, and the rights and powers granted to the United States make it the servant of the world and place it under obligations to hasten the completion of the canal. It will be more than a life-long honor to Lord Pauncefote and Secretary Hays that this treaty of world-wide interest has been consummated by them, and that their names are placed upon it.

It remains for the Senate to ratify this action, but there seems no ground for doubt as to the promptness with which this will be done. Preparatory negotiations are in progress between the United States, Costa Rica and Nicaragua, touching the details of the construction of the canal. It is also reported that the Canal Commission is about placing in the hands of the President its report, which is in favor of the Nicaragua route as more favorable in the matter of cost than the Panama route. Whatever temporary hindrances may yet appear, the signing of the present treaty must be considered as one of the great events in the twentieth century, a century which is likely to be filled with great events bearing on the future of the world's civilization and of our national life.

THE FUTURE OF NEW ENGLAND.

The Massachusetts Baptist Convention held a session at Worcester a few days since. The facts which were presented in the official reports and in the addresses, touching the present religious state of New England, were not encouraging, and the spirit of the Convention was far from being hopeful. The *Watchman* sets over against the unfavorable features of the situation other features which it says were not especially brought out at Worcester, which it thinks relieves the situation somewhat. Doubtless economic changes and changes in the population in New England are combining to break down the original New England Protestant element in no small degree. The *Watchman* appeals to the Baptists of Massachusetts to cease mourning and to make new efforts to strengthen the religious interests of the denomination which are weakened by the causes just mentioned, and also by a decline of interest in the hearts of the Baptists themselves. Among other things, the *Watchman* says:

Probably everything that was said at Worcester was true, and it was spoken not as discouragement but as an incentive. Now that the actual situation has been so fully presented, we have an appeal of tremendous force coming to every church and every individual in our churches to provide the means and the men by which this situation may be changed.

In addition to the depressing influences mentioned at the Convention, it is doubtless true that the decline of regard for Sunday and the extent to which no-Sabbathism has grown, among Baptists, is a definite factor in breaking down the spiritual life of the church and in furthering the unfavorable results of which the Convention complained.

RACE PREJUDICE.

No racial prejudice has been stronger in the United States than that against the negro. The trifling fact that President Roosevelt invited Booker Washington to dinner, for the sake of consulting him concerning national interests in the South, raised a temporary flash

of indignation in some quarters. This indicates that the long-established prejudice is not wholly gone. That the black and the white races, especially in the United States, will always remain essentially distinct is undoubtedly true. But, that even the distinction of color will prevent white men from recognizing the value of such men as Booker Washington in spite of his color, we cannot believe. There was nothing in the incident to indicate that either party sought or expected to make it a precedent, much less an occasion for teaching the social equality of the races. The breaking down of such lines of caste between representatives of various races has been steadily going forward with the increase of general intelligence. Speaking of this question, and the criticisms awakened by the action of the President, the New York Evening Post says:

The process will be slower in the case of the negro, because his color always identifies his race, and the still recent escape of that from slavery yet carries the old suggestion of inferiority; but the result will be the same. Here in the North many of our best citizens are ready not only to let the intelligent negro share in the government, to sit on the same platform with him, and to listen respectfully to his views, but to invite him to their homes, as they would an equally worthy Irishman, or Canadian, or Italian. People in the North do this now who would not have thought of doing it a generation ago. People in the South will do it a generation hence, who will not think of it now. The candid Northerner already treats as his social equal the man whom he regards as such. The candid Southerner will ultimately do the same thing. It is only a question of time."

THE ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. SCHEDULE B.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for maintenance, to be paid in equal monthly payments during the College year 1901-02, to which is added the collections taken at the Annual Meetings of the Education Society and of Conference in 1901. Referred to in article published in last issue, Nov. 18, 1901.

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Table of names and amounts for various locations including Clarence Beebe, Herbert C. Brown and family, Mrs. Lucius Burdick, Mr. and Mrs. Claud W. Camenga, John D. Camenga, C. L. Clarke, Mrs. Cora M. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. J. Arthur Crandall, D. Elbert Crumb, Mr. and Mrs. Ephriam G. Curtis, Leslie P. Curtis, L. Adelle Clarke, Howard A. Fitch, Mr. and Mrs. Philharmon Fitch, Mr. and Mrs. Devilla J. Frair, Mrs. Justine Frair, Emma J. Hill, Mrs. Herbert E. Maxson, Jessie M. Mayne, Jeanette Miller, Eslie L. Rogers, Jennet T. Rogers, Selma E. Rogers, Miss E. Sophia Saunders, Mrs. Sarah E. Saunders, Genevieve Stillman, Clark R. Stillman, Mrs. George Stillman, Mrs. Theodore J. Van Horn, Nathan S. Whitford, Joel J. Witter.

Dunn's Corners, R. I.

Table of names and amounts for Dunn's Corners, R. I., including Edwin Barnes, Jerry Barnes, M. S. Barnes, W. H. Barnes, M. E. Champlin, Cora Chapman, Court M. Chase, Mrs. C. M. Chase (Westerly, R. I.), Ida Chase, Mrs. Harry Kiddle, Rev. N. M. Mills, Mrs. N. M. Mills.

Independence, N. Y.

Table of names and amounts for Independence, N. Y., including Earl Bassett, Mrs. T. R. Bassett, Abby W. Berry, Lewis Berry, Flora G. Burdick, Rev. William L. Burdick, S. W. Clarke, E. A. Cottrell, M. A. Crandall, S. G. Crandall, Wilred Crandall, W. R. Crandall, Caroline Green, J. M. Green, D. E. Livermore, Louis Livermore, Selucia Livermore.

Leonardsville, N. Y.

Table of names and amounts for Leonardsville, N. Y., including Agnes Babcock, William J. Bass, Mrs. Cortland N. Burch, M. E. Burdick, Almeron M. Coon, Emma Coon, Martha Coon, Clifton Daland, John N. Daland, John N. Daland, Rev. William C. Daland, O. D. Jones, Eda C. Maxson, Thomas Norman, Alfred T. Stillman, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Stillman, William E. St. John, Mrs. R. E. H. Wheeler, Mrs. Fred H. White, George D. Williams, Mary E. Williams, Nellie Williams, Clara Witter, P. E. Witter, P. L. Witter, Agnes V. Wolfe.

Milton Junction, Wis.

Table of names and amounts for Milton Junction, Wis., including Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Coon, Rev. George J. Crandall, Asa S. Maxson, Dollie Maxson, Nettie West.

New Market, N. J.

Table of names and amounts for New Market, N. J., including Mrs. William Ackerman (North Plainfield, N. J.), A. H. Burdick, Jesse G. Burdick, A. E. Curtis, E. G. Davis, Mrs. W. J. Davis, Lewis C. Dunn, L. C. Dunn, Mrs. J. S. Emmons, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Larkin, C. T. Rogers, Arthur Titsworth, Emily B. Titsworth, Lewis T. Titsworth, Mildred Titsworth, Alexander W. Vars, Clarence Whitford, Mabel Whitford, Mrs. Minnie Whitford, Ray Whitford, J. A. Wilson (New Brunswick).

New York City.

Table of names and amounts for New York City, including Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Babcock, Edna J. Brown.

Table of names and amounts for Niantic, R. I., including Mrs. Ellen Buguey, Mr. and Mrs. C. Clarence Chipman, Mr. and Mrs. Will R. Clarke, Prin. Frank L. Greene, Sarah A. Langworthy, Anna F. Maltby, W. L. Potter, Dr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Prentice, Prin. and Mrs. Corliss F. Randolph, Prin. and Mrs. Esle F. Randolph, L. Adelle Rogers, Rev. and Mrs. George B. Shaw, Mary G. Stillman, Phoebe A. Stillman, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert G. Whipple.

Niantic, R. I.

Table of names and amounts for Niantic, R. I., including Thomas Broadfoot, Anna M. Newton, George S. Newton, Enoch W. Vars.

Plainfield, N. J.

Table of names and amounts for Plainfield, N. J., including Mrs. Jerry P. Allis, Mrs. Henrietta T. Clawson, Luella Clawson, Bessie Dunham, Mrs. Charles H. Dunham, Frank A. Dunham, Louis E. Eaton, Halsey B. Green, J. D. Greenleaf, Mary T. Green, Mildred Green, Frank J. Hubbard, Mrs. Frank J. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Hubbard, Ethan Lanphere, Mrs. Olive S. Lanphere, Rev. A. Herbert Lewis, Mattie Mateland, Flora C. Mosher, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Mosher, Charles F. Neagle, Lewis W. Niles, Asa F. Randolph, Jesse W. Randolph, Nathan H. Randolph, Mrs. Nathan H. Randolph, William D. Randolph, Clarence M. Rogers, Ethel Rogers, Eva M. Rogers, Helen Rogers, Lewis T. Rogers, Orra S. Rogers, Walter Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Rogers, William H. Satterlee, Ernestine C. Smith, Mrs. Charles H. Stillman, George E. Stillman, Dr. Martha R. Stillman, William M. Stillman, Evalois St. John, Mary St. John, Milton St. John, Nellie St. John, Thomas B. Titsworth, Mary D. Tomlinson, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Truel, Dr. Frank S. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Ira N. West, Mrs. Belle Wooden.

Rockville, R. I.

Table of names and amounts for Rockville, R. I., including Bessie A. Barber, L. C. Burdick, Lottie J. Burdick, Jennie Crandall, Isaac C. Crandall, Julia Kenyon, William W. Woodmansee.

Waterford, Conn.

Table of names and amounts for Waterford, Conn., including Mrs. B. A. Brooks, Delia Brooks, Lena R. Brooks, Leroy Brooks, Mabel V. Brooks, Phoebe Brooks, Mrs. W. H. Cobb, Zorella Cornue, Gus Deasgaty, Mrs. C. S. Grant, Jr., Minnie Gavitt, M. W. Gavitt, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gavitt, Wayland Gavitt, Henry Larson, Helen E. Lester, Lizzie U. Maxson, Mrs. J. C. Maxson, Mrs. Benjamin Neff, Fred Peterson, George Peters, Mrs. Mary E. Rogers, Rosalia D. Rogers, Mrs. Thomas S. Rogers, Mary Smith.

West Edmeston, N. Y.

Table of names and amounts for West Edmeston, N. Y., including Thomas T. Burdick, W. L. Crandall, Dr. Arnold C. Davis, Jr., Mrs. Albert B. Felton, H. B. Felton, E. B. Jones, Adolph M. Nichols, A. C. Potter, Laurentine Stephens, Mrs. Laurentine Stephens, Lamont Stillman, Mrs. H. H. Williams, M. C. White.

Westerly, R. I.

Table of names and amounts for Westerly, R. I., including Nathan Babcock, Mary A. Bennett, Mrs. C. H. Burdick, J. E. Burdick, A. H. Davis, Mary L. W. Ennis, Fred D. Gorton (Newton Highlands, Mass.), Jesse F. Hakes, Mrs. A. M. Hiscox, John Hiscox, Herbert T. Kenyon, Albert Langworthy, W. A. Langworthy, Howard Lewis, Mrs. A. M. Maxson, Warren J. Moore, Mabel A. Saunders, Charles H. Stanton, William C. Stanton, Mrs. C. E. Steadman, C. Latham Stillman, A. C. Whitford, Rev. and Mrs. Oscar U. Whitford, Mrs. Abby K. Witter, Charles H. Witter, S. M. Young.

Miscellaneous Places.

Table of names and amounts for Miscellaneous Places, including Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Burdick (Nile, N. Y.), Alexander Campbell (Seneca Falls, N. Y.), Rev. Madison Harry (Watson, N. Y.), Myrtle B. Hull (Scio, N. Y.), Charles A. Stillman (Hornellsville, N. Y.), Mary Lee Stillman (Hornellsville, N. Y.), Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Stillman (Nile, N. Y.), Mary A. Stillman (Webster, Mass.), Rev. Libeus M. Cottrell (DeRuyter, N. Y.), Mrs. Charles O. Crandall (Hopkinton, R. I.), George F. Maxson (Hopkinton, R. I.).

SUMMARY.

Summary table showing collections from various locations: Waterford, Connecticut (\$30.20), New Market, New Jersey (49.20), Plainfield (272.20), Adams Centre, New York (94.20), Alfred (460.20), Berlin (86.45), Brookfield (54.00), Independence (26.55), Leonardsville (81.00), New York City (80.20), West Edmeston (24.00), Ashaway, Rhode Island (121.20), Dunn's Corners (17.40), Niantic (5.80), Rockville (10.20), Westerly (125.60), Milton Junction, Wisconsin (52.40), Miscellaneous Places (36.60). Total collections: \$1,786.60.

A PRECOCIOUS THEOLOGIAN.

The quaint sayings of little folk furnish an abundant supply of amusing anecdotes. A Baltimore woman, an Episcopalian, relates the following story, which she declares is authentic:

"Mrs. J—, of Georgia, a relative of a prominent bishop of the Episcopal church, had a little daughter, who had just begun to attend school. Mrs. J— was herself a devout Episcopalian, and her little one had been carefully trained.

"One day the child returned from school almost in tears. She said a little Jewish girl in her class had treated her badly, and she began to speak slightly of her schoolmate's race, when her mother said reprovingly:

"My dear, you must not talk in that way. The Jews were God's chosen people. Our Lord himself was a Jew."

"After a moment's deep thought the child replied in a tone in which horror and regret were equally blended:

"Oh, mamma, I didn't know that. I'm so sorry; I always thought he was an Episcopalian."—Baltimore Sun.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family Pills are the best.

Missions.

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

OUR trip to the Cumberland church, near Manchester, N. C., was an uneventful but very pleasant one. The weather was delightful. They are having a fine autumn. There was too much rain during the summer, which affected the crops. The fields are now very dry and dusty and there is great need of rain. The days are sunny and bright, the mornings are cool, and there has been considerable frost. The crops raised in Cumberland county are chiefly cotton, corn, sweet potatoes and the cow bean for feed, all of which are a short crop this year, and also last year. The farmers feel this shortage very much; indeed, it affects financially the whole country. Not only is the cotton crop short, but the price is low, which adds to the hard times here. We saw evidences on the way of many improvements since we were here six years ago. There was as much change in Greensboro, N. C., where we had to wait half a day for the train to Manchester, as we have yet seen. The town has grown much and the Southern Railway has there now a fine brick depot. North of the main part of the town are two large cotton factories, which have been built since we were here before, which, with their white tenement houses, make quite a town of themselves. We arrived at Manchester Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 4 P. M. Dea. J. A. Howard met us, and we were soon at his hospitable home. He is a stirring man and had arranged for a meeting in the evening at his house, so we had the pleasure of preaching to a room full of attentive hearers. The next morning we went to the Cumberland Seventh-day Baptist meeting-house, six miles away and preached to a small congregation of Seventh-day Baptists who were glad to see and hear us. They expressed much joy at our coming, for they had seen no Seventh-day Baptist minister, excepting their pastor and his brother, since our visit there in 1895. We are holding meetings every evening, also some day-meetings, which are increasing in attendance and interest. Two young men expressed the desire to become Christians, and sought our prayers. Pray for this work and this isolated Seventh-day Baptist church and people.

THE Cumberland Seventh-day Baptist church, N. C., was organized in November, 1887, by Dr. A. E. Main, with six constituent members, who were all converts to the Sabbath. They were led to the Sabbath by the *Outlook*. Eld. Reuben Newton, a Baptist minister, was one of the constituent members, and was the first pastor of the church. In November, 1892, Dr. Main and Pastor L. E. Livermore visited the church and ordained at that time Bro. D. N. Newton to the gospel ministry, who has since been the pastor of the church. There are now sixteen members in the church, six have been dropped, having left the Sabbath, and there has been a loss of four by death and one by letter. There are now in the church and community twenty-nine who keep the Sabbath. There is still prejudice here against the Sabbath and Sabbath-keepers, but it is not as strong as it was once. Our people, for character and integrity, are respected by all, and many acknowledge that they have the Bible for their authority in keeping the Sabbath.

Our people have a good healthy climate, but the soil is too light and sandy for general farming. From heavy rains in the spring followed by drought the crops are short and our people are having rather hard times. Our people here should have our prayers and sympathy. Quite a number of our ministers have visited this church and community at different times; first Dr. Main, then S. D. Davis, J. L. Huffman, Geo. W. Hills, S. H. Babcock, L. E. Livermore with the second visit of Dr. Main, Joshua Clarke, and O. U. Whitford. Several were added to the church during the visit of Bro. Clarke. These small churches scattered in the South and Southwest should be cared for and nourished and efforts be made to enlarge and build them up in numbers and in spiritual life and power.

THE PHARAOH OF THE OPPRESSION.

Egypt is a tomb of the past. Its history is dug from the ground. The investigator goes at his work with spade in hand. Sand heaps are its libraries, and ruined piles of masonry its storehouses of knowledge. Burying places teem with records, and dead men tell tales. Coffins are classics, and mummies are messengers from a far away past. Faces veiled in grave clothes for ages peer into the light, and lips hushed in the silence of centuries speak to a modern world.

No other history is so peculiar. About the rulers and heroes of all other nations of the past the historian may speak without fear that they will rise up to confront him. But not so with ancient Egypt, dead and buried. Its king and mighty men have a way of coming forth from their tombs in the hills of the Nile to face their critics and accusers with black and beetling brow and the set teeth of grim defiance. They are to be spoken of with caution, and with wholesome regard for the menace of a body that refuses to obey the mandate of earth and vanish into dust.

"Thou art standing on thy feet above ground, mummy, Revisiting the glimpses of the moon, Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures, But with thy bones and limbs and features."

In another respect the history of Egypt is somewhat peculiar. It is a list of dynasties. The land of Egypt has been likened to a green ribbon drawn across a thousand miles of burning sands. Its history is a chain of which dynasties are the links. To write this history is to call the roll of these dynasties. How far back they begin, no one knows. Many historians put the first dynasty 3,600 years before Christ; Brugschbey adds another thousand years, and puts it well back in the fifth millennium. Professor Breasted looks with favor on this date. But it is in the mists and uncertainties of a day so far away that perhaps no investigator will ever walk the ground with firm tread.

THE FAMOUS PHARAOS.

But of these dynasties and Pharaohs the world cares little until we come down to that Pharaoh who dreamed and was troubled, and called Joseph from prison to interpret his strange vision. Then all the eyes that ever filled with tears over the story of the Hebrew boy look up, and millions of voices ask, "Who was he?" But it is little that the historians can tell us, outside of the Bible. That he was one of the Shepherd Kings, or Hyksos Kings, is the sum of the story.

While Israel stays in Egypt the interest of the world remains there. The men who become entangled in the Bible story, either in bad part or good, take on a kind of immortality. They are on the stage to the end of time. When the Pharaohs faced Moses, they faced the human race forever. Fortunately some of them were great in themselves, and we follow their history with the same interest that we follow the career of an Alexander. Thotmes, III., the famous Pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty, has been called the Egyptian Alexander the Great. He carried his conquests from the Nile to the Euphrates. Babylon and Assyria paid him tribute and a vast empire poured its gold and silver into his treasury. His own people called him, "The always fortunate," and "The beautifier of the land." He filled the land with temples, palaces and monuments. He was the Obelisk builder. Cleopatra's needle, at Heliopolis, was erected at his command; and the great temple at Karnack was written over with inscriptions which recorded the conquests and achievements of his fifty-four years' reign.

Thotmes made Egypt the center of the world; it was the high point of civilization. As Henry Ward Beecher has said, in his fine way:

"Egypt was then really glorious. Rome had not been thought of. Greece was a den of robbers. There was not a refined people in all Asia. . . . At that time there was but one radiant spot on the globe, and that was Egypt, . . . where were found the acme of the world in all philosophy, in all art, and in all religion."

SETI I.

For a time it was thought that this mighty man of the eighteenth dynasty was the Pharaoh of the Oppression, and there may be a return to that opinion. But at present the majority of scholars fix this Pharaoh in the nineteenth dynasty. The founder of this dynasty was Rameses I., who was not long for this world. After a brief two years of power he passed hence, and was succeeded by his son Seti I., another famous Pharaoh. Seti was a conqueror, a builder, a beautifier and a boaster. Named after the god of the Delta, Set, he was easily regarded as divine by his superstitious people, and was greeted with unstinted praise by the sycophants of the court and the priestly profession. They said to him: "Thou appearest like thy father the Sun-god. Men live in thy glance. Long live the king as long as lives the sun in heaven." Seti was also "the glass of fashion and mold of form." His monuments give him a sweet and beautiful face, and even now he has the reputation of being the handsomest dead man before the public. Dr. C. S. Robinson says, in the charming book, "The Pharaohs of the Bondage," "After a lapse of thirty-two centuries, the mummy retains the same expression that characterized the features of the living man; and most striking of all, when compared with the mummy of Rameses II., is found to be the astonishing likeness between father and son. The mouth, nose and chin, and all the features are the same, but in the father they are more delicate, more intelligent, and more spiritual. The sculptors of Thebes did not flatter the monarch when they gave him that sweet and smiling face which has always been the admiration of travelers."

But Seti's sweet face was not a mirror of his disposition, judged even by his own description. Speaking of a battle with "the miserable inhabitants of Khita," he says of himself: "Pharaoh is a jackal which rushes leaping through the country, a grim lion, a powerful bull with a pair of sharpened horns. His war cry was like that of the son of Nut. He returns home in triumph; he has annihilated the peoples; he has struck to the ground the land of Khita."

Seti was an oppressor, cruel to the core, a fit father of the Oppressor, Rameses the Great. Rameses was raised to the throne with his father when a mere child, and in introducing him I cannot do better than to use his own words. He says: "My father presented me publicly to the people; I was a boy on his lap, and he spoke thus, 'I will have him crowned as king, for I desire to behold his grandeur while I am still alive.' Then came forward the courtiers to place the double crown upon my head, and my father said, 'Place the regal circlet on his brow.'"

RAMESES II.

The grandeur spoken of in these words, taken from a long inscription found at Abydos, was not merely the fair, fond dream of an ambitious father. It became real. Rameses was one of the mightiest of the Pharaohs. His reign was even longer than Victoria's, sixty-seven years, and was great in conquests. He was the Sesostri of the Greek historians.

He pushed his wars far over into Asia and brought back long processions of prisoners and trains of spoil. In only one war does he seem to have failed of complete success, the war with the Hittites. It was a drawn battle, and terminated in a treaty of alliance, and in a marriage to a daughter of the Hittite king, a favorite method of winding up an engagement with the enemy in those days.

There is nothing modest in the praise which the Pharaohs bestow upon themselves, and Rameses paneled the monuments of Egypt with inscriptions of his heroic deeds. He says: "I became like the god Mentu; I hurled javelins with my right hand; I fought with my left hand; I was like Baal. I had come upon two thousand five hundred pairs of horses; but they were dashed in pieces; not one of them raised his hand to contend with me; their courage was sunken in their bosom; their limbs gave way. I made them plunge in the waters like crocodiles. They tumbled on their faces one after another. I dispatched them at my pleasure; so that no one looked behind him. Each fell and none raised himself up again."

A BUILDER.

But even greater is Rameses's reputation as a builder. Scholars like Maspero say that he was the greatest builder of all the Pharaohs, and that there is not a ruin in Egypt or Nubia which does not bear his name. We are told that he dug canals and filled the land with cossi, temples; spinxs, statues and other great creations, that of thirty-two obelisks he erected twenty-one, and of the eight temples whose remains are found in Thebes there is only one which he did not complete or build entirely. But later investigation somewhat discounts these statements. Professor Breasted says that Rameses was an old thief, that he put his name on temples

which his famous predecessors had built, and that he tore down their monuments and appropriated their material to erect creations of his own.

His work, however, must have been extensive and have required a vast amount of labor. His colossi, his obelisks, and his temples are not only memorials of his enterprise, his abounding egotism and excessive vanity, but they are awful reminders of the fate of countless multitudes of laborers who were crushed beneath the frightful task. His heart was as hard as the porphyry pillars in his temples, and his task-master drove men to the toil that killed with remorseless cruelty. Dr. Robinson hardly exaggerates when he says, "To him there was but one being in the universe for whom he needed to care a groat; only a single will was to be consulted, only a single man's comfort was to be sought; he himself was the sole center of all things."

HE WAS THE OPPRESSOR.

That the oppression of Israel did not begin with this monster of cruelty is probable. "The new king who knew not Joseph," may mean a new dynasty, and no doubt Rameses I. and Seti I. were tyrants who made the lives of the Hebrews bitter with bondage. But the man who played the Herod, who added the murder of infant sons to the crushing slavery of the fathers, is generally agreed to have been Rameses II. Sayce says that the discovery of his name in the resurrected store-house of Pithom has settled the matter. "Here at last was a proof that the Egyptologists were correct in making Rameses II. the Pharaoh of the Oppression. The disputes which have raged around the sites of Goshen, Zoan and Pithom are at last ended."

The majority of scholars still accept this conclusion, say Professors Breasted and Price; but the former remarks that if the name of some other Pharaoh was found in an inner chamber of Pithom, it would again confuse opinion.

HIS DEATH AND BURIAL.

Rameses left many sons and a mighty kingdom, but when he passed to the tomb, Egypt's greatness faded. "At the close of his reign," says Wilkinson, "we bid adieu to the most glorious era of Egypt's history." His life had reached almost from end to end of a century, a mighty pageantry of achievement, a glittering procession of events, a continued spectacle of vast pomp and pride. And the great Pharaoh went to his tomb in the hills with all the elect that had marked his return from victory. The papyri tell us that he was buried with his predecessors and ancestors in the royal sepulchre hewn out of the limestone rocks in a deep gorge near Thebes. His grave was a splendid palace. His coffin was overlaid with gold and silver. Ornaments of gold were hung about his neck, and his whole body was entirely covered with gold.

Two centuries later, while there was great disorder in the kingdom, thieves broke into the tomb and stole all this gold. Then the body was moved again and again, until at last it was laid in the great chamber under the Theban hills at Deir-el-Bahari, where it rested for three thousand years, while Rome rose and fell, and the ancient world passed away, and the modern world slowly took on the aspect of to-day. Then one fortunate day in

1881 came Herr Emil Brugsch, with an old Arab grave plunderer, who pointed to the heap of stone which concealed the opening to the chamber of dead royalties. And here the body of Rameses was found. He was in great company. Near him was his famous father, Seti, and the great Thotmes III., and more than a score and a half of other kings and queens.

They are now all at Ghizeh, and Rameses II. is the observed of all observers, a stalwart man, over six feet in height, square-shouldered, with broad chest, over which his long arms are folded. The jaw-bone is massive, and the brow low, and over the head is a thin growth of white hair.

"Great things he could unfold, if that without tongue Might tell us what those sightless orbs had seen."

But the deep hush of death is between us and the Pharaoh of the Oppression.—*The Advance.*

A DAUNTLESS SOLDIER.

In Richard Harding Davis's description of "The Rough Riders' Fight at Guasimas," in *Scribner's Magazine*, there is a story of a cowboy, good to read and remember:

One trooper, Rowland, of Deming, was shot through the lower ribs. He was ordered by Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt to fall back to the dressing station, but there Surgeon Church told him there was nothing to do for him then, and directed him to sit down until he could be taken to the hospital at Siboney.

Rowland sat still for a short time, and then remarked, restlessly, "I don't seem to be doing much good here," and picking up his carbine, returned to the front. There Roosevelt found him.

"I thought I ordered you to the rear," he said.

"Yes, sir, you did," Rowland said, "but there didn't seem to be much doing back there."

He was sent to Siboney with the rest of the wounded, and two days later he appeared in camp. He had marched from Siboney, a distance of six miles, up hill all the way, carrying his carbine, canteen, and cartridge belt.

"I thought you were in the hospital," Col. Wood said.

"I was," Rowland answered, sheepishly, "but I didn't seem to be doing any good there."

They gave him up as hopeless after that, and he continued his duties and went into the fight of the San Juan Hills with the hole still through his ribs.

ACTIVITY A BLESSING.

We may overcome depression by duty. It is a blessed thing to have something to do. Some disaster overtakes us or a great sorrow swoops down on our spirit, and it seems as though life can have nothing in store that is desirable. But life still has its wants, it still has its humble duties and we take them up, almost mechanically at first, but before long we find that they are medicinal. Thank God for something to do! The depression of an active spirit frequently arises from enforced idleness. It was after John the Baptist was shut up in prison that he sent his disciples to say to Jesus, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" Jesus did not reproach the prophet of the wilderness for asking such a question. His forerunner had not lost his faith, but his active spirit was depressed by confinement within the black wall of the mountain fortress of Machaerus.—*Advance.*

Woman's Work.

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

OVER AND OVER.

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

Over and over and over again
God's harvests fall in the hands of men.
And never weary our Father is
Of feeding these clamorous children of his;
Of ripening the grain, and painting the fruit,
And giving the oak its sturdier root;
Of wrapping the corn in its husk away;
Of hiding the seed for the wand of May.
Over and over and over he pours
Into our bins the bounteous stores.

Over and over and over again
God's care broods over the lives of men;
Unfailing, unwearied, tender and near,
So constant and close we forget 'tis here;
Forbidding mischance, and defending from ill,
And in its refusals enriching us still.
Over and over the heart is made glad,
So clear the sight of God's goodness it had,
So abiding the deep, still sense
Of his gracious sheltering providence.

Over and over and over again
God sends his love into hearts of men.
His Christ comes close, and his spirit stirs,
Till heart and hand are his ministers;
And the common task and the sordid care
Are highways where wondrous embassies fare.
Purpose confusion and struggle win,
For so, it may be, comes his kingdom in;
His truth flames out from questions and creeds;
The paths for his feet are all days, all deeds.

Over and over and over again
God sets his hope in the souls of men;
The joy in the joy, the gift in the gift,
The light that enters through sorrow's rift;
The swifter days and the starrier eves,
The strange, deep peace in the heart that grieves;
The thrill that says, "He is very near,"
The trust that owns, "He is now and here";
Over and over, in all our living,
His mercies come; we will keep Thanksgiving.

—Golden Rule.

THE year has rolled around, bringing us once more to the annual festival of Thanksgiving, and we look back on the year that is past for some sign of progress, some growth in spiritual life, for which we can be thankful. One day has been much like another, one week like the one just passed, filled with duties not altogether pleasant, planning and watching and care-taking and struggling and seeming to make no advance. One duty has followed another so fast that we have had no time to live our lives of high ideals and noble purposes as we had hoped.

The Street Commissioner has his force of men busy macademizing the street in front of our house. At least that is what he says he is doing, though it looks little like macadam now, with a surface so rough and uneven that one goes around rather than over it. First came a band of dark-skinned foreigners, who, with pick and shovel, tore up the road-bed and shoveled out the dirt. Then other men came and deposited many loads of loose stones. The stones did not fit together at all, were all angles, and their presence only seemed to make the whole matter worse. Then smaller stones were brought that filled in the clinks a little, and soil, then still smaller stones and more soil, and all the time the great steam-roller going back and forth, back and forth, till at last we are beginning to see the meaning of all this labor. Soon we shall have a smooth, hard street, over which it will be a pleasure to drive, and all this disagreeable time of construction will be a thing of the past.

Perhaps this is the way with our busy lives that are to us so unsatisfactory. The homely toilsome duties that seemed to amount to so little in the doing were the sharp, ugly stones that only touched each other at the corners, but that went to make a firm foundation. Then other duties filled in here and

there and over all the ceaseless round of everyday "little things," till at last we are made fit for the Master's use.

METHODIST WOMEN IN COUNCIL.

More than usual interest attended the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal churches, which convened in New York last week. Delegates from eighty-seven Conferences were in attendance at this, the twentieth annual session, and the detailed reports rendered were full of interest, and told of a great amount of work accomplished.

This is the people who pledged themselves to raise \$20,000,000 as a thank-offering during the first year of the new century; \$200,000 was the amount apportioned to the women as their share. They have already raised nearly \$136,000, and are confident of having it all by the first of January. Mention has previously been made on the Woman's Page of the RECORDER of the means used for obtaining this large sum. In addition to what they were already giving, they asked from every officer five cents a week, and from all other members two cents a week. The result would indicate that the plan used was wise.

Reports were made of work done in Industrial Schools, Training Schools for Deaconesses, Medical Missions, Orphanages, Homes, Settlement Work, Chinese Rescue Homes and in many other ways. They have three thousand and forty auxiliaries, an increase of one hundred and seven during the year, and the treasury receipts for the same time are over \$170,000.

Industrial Schools form one of their great sources of usefulness. In connection with these schools they have Kindergartens, Sunday-schools, Boy's Brigades, Kitchen Gardens, Missions for Women, Mission Bands, Mother's Jewels (an organization probably similar to our Junior Society), Temperance Meetings and instruction in clubs and classes.

The Boston Medical Mission was started by some young people in 1894 as a settlement work among the Italians, Russian Jews and Portuguese who had made their homes on the North side in Boston. It still continues in the form of settlement work, and its object is to help the people among whom it is located, mentally, morally and spiritually. A building is now in process of construction that will contain besides the necessary rooms for dispensary work, an apartment for daily gospel meetings. More than seven thousand patients were treated at this Mission last year, and many families have been materially helped and taught better ways of living.

The report of work in Utah urged that vigorous measures be taken to prevent the inroads of the Mormon church. Through good libraries, if such could be provided in connection with their schools already established, the young people could be taught the fallacies of the Mormon doctrine, and be better able to stand for the right. It was further urged that a petition be presented to the new Congress, asking for an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which shall prohibit the practice of polygamy and shall grant power to Congress and the President to enforce the same, and asking that the women of the convention do all in their power to assist the passage of the amendment.

They have three national training schools for Deaconesses, one in Washington, D. C., one in Kansas City, Mo., and one in San Francisco; also three local training schools in Brooklyn, Grand Rapids, Mich., and Des Moines, Iowa. Dr. Gallagher, who is in charge of the school in Washington, in speaking of the work, said, "It is too late in the world's history to send out untrained workers. We have passed beyond the place where any one with zeal can do Christian missionary work." He recalled a recent appeal for a parish deaconess. The minister who wrote stated that the woman must be "intellectual, educated, refined, and not afraid to go down to the poor nor unable to go up to the rich." For the development of these qualities, Dr. Gallagher said, "Years of training are needed. In this age of the world no work can be well done without trained brain and trained fingers. The deaconess and missionary must know how to organize boys' and girls' clubs, and do all the work required of the mission settlement." A great effort will be made to introduce industrial training in practical forms into all schools for deaconesses and teachers, as one of the speakers said, "One of the first essentials of all our missionary work is to furnish those whom we are seeking to uplift with the means to become self-supporting."

During the convention, two resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted. The first pledged renewed effort on the part of the organization in securing better enforcement of laws already in existence for the protection of the first day of the week, and discouragement of the social sentiment which is gradually making the day one of arduous pleasure, instead of the Sabbath of rest and worship enjoyed by our forefathers.

The second stated that because the society has for its object the amelioration of the condition of destitute women and children of all sections of the country, and because it believes that the liquor traffic is the greatest enemy to the home and to the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom, the society pledged itself to advance in every way in its power the cause of temperance and the abolition of the liquor traffic.

All the sessions were largely attended, and the deepest interest was manifested throughout the entire convention. Over \$300,000 were appropriated for the work of the coming year, part of which was to be used for a new home and training school for colored deaconesses in Cincinnati. No meetings were held on Sunday, but many of the women were asked to occupy the pulpits in and about New York. In some cases, they spoke at more than one place during the day.

From the Chinese Rescue Home, of San Francisco, the Settlement Work on the Atlantic coast, from the Indians of Alaska, and the Negroes of the South as well as from one Island population came word of the good work done by these Methodist sisters for their Master and ours.

A THANKSGIVING LETTER.

BY MARY CLARKE HUNTINGTON.

"Dear Drama, I finked I would rite you a letter
To tell how I love you—a bushel or more;
Mamma hopes that now your sore foot is all better;
And we'll come to Fanksgiving as we did before.

"Please make us some pies and some pudding and jelly.
A turkey wit stuffing and onions, and then
Please don't you forget that I like stuffing smelly
Of sage. From your 'fectionate Charlie. Amen."

And grandma, dear soul, as she pores o'er the letter,
With a smile on her lips and such mist in her eyes
That she wipes off her glasses to see through them better,
Plans out a whole shelfful of puddings and pies—

Of tarts and of cookies; of custards and jelly;
A goodly battalion of gingerbread men;
And last, but not least, a fat turkey "smelly"
Of sage for the youngster who wrote her "Amen."

—Good Housekeeping.

DROPS FROM A DOCTOR'S BOTTLE.

BY W. F. CHURCH, M. D.

DIRECT VISION.

He was old, rather shabbily dressed, but attractive withal, because of a marked personality. It was our first meeting, and he proceeded to form an estimate of my character, possibly for future reference. His selection of words was not always happy, but they conveyed at least a part of his meaning. Within three minutes he had sounded a keynote of his own conduct: "Always look a man in the eye when you are talking to him."

If one is sincere with honest motives, there is much in favor of this method, provided the look is not prolonged into a stare. People estimate character often by appearance and actions, and shifty movements of the eyes may give an impression of like disposition.

If entitled to the right of asking a favor, or the privilege of granting one, there is no need of the hesitating glance, or the faltering manner. Why not live up to a worthy independence? It will be easier to do this by getting rid of that over-supply of self-consciousness.

Acquiring the ability to look every man in the eye without fearing lest he discover any weak spot in our character, is a part of the preparation unto that time when "we shall see Him face to face."

A QUEER CASE.

A figure was crossing the street when it came within my line of vision. Curiosity was at once aroused, for never before had I seen the exact type according to outward appearance. The cap, the ruddy, prominent nose, the close-cropped gray hair, the collar and coat, would have made the diagnosis clear, had it not been for a short skirt and high-topped, somewhat coarse, shoes. Clothes are usually an index of sex, and sometimes of character, but here was a puzzle. On inquiry I learned that the stranger was a woman, a real estate agent by occupation, in a neighboring town. It is claimed that this abnormal product of the plains has a cultured voice, is fairly well educated, and by no means barren of ideas. What element in character is lacking? It is still a matter of conjecture with me.

WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

Yesterday, for the first time, I saw women casting ballots at a general election. In many instances they were brought in carriages to the polls by the party that expected to profit by their votes. This favor was not shown the men, who do not usually need that kind of encouragement.

It is fair to presume that one sex exercised as good judgment in voting as the other, especially when the candidates were known personally. It would be unjust and far from the truth to state that women are purifying politics by their ballots. If they were all good, honest and pure, the results would likely be different. As it is, the most unscrupulous class becomes a willing tool for politicians. Last year Mrs. B. was a fervent Democrat. After election she boasted of the money she had received for her influence. This year she worked for the Republican cause, but has not yet made public the price of her change in political belief.

About 50 per cent of the women in this county vote. The most enlightened do not as a whole seem particularly elated over their

privilege, or manifest much interest in political affairs. A close observer, teaching a large number of young women, states that they do not appear to show a greater interest in politics, nor better informed on the subject than their sisters in the East, who stay at home on election day. Many, probably, care more for the fact that they have equal rights than to actually take part in affairs.

The strong woman indigenous in other sections, who is wearing herself out and perhaps those she meets by hurling invectives at men, because of their tyranny and urging women to demand their rights, ought to come to the Rockies. In fact, I am not sure but it would be profitable for her acquaintances to make up a purse and send her where she can vote. It would be a quick solution of the problem in the worst cases. It would check her demands, and she might find woman elevated, in some instances beyond her expectations.

What new subject would she take up on which to practice elocution?

LOST TIME.

I was recently kept waiting more than an hour just because someone wanted to finish a disconnected tale. Though grateful for being relieved at last, I could not help wondering if the story was really finished, or left in a to-be-continued state. Perhaps I ought to have been thankful that only my time was taken, instead of being made a sacrifice as a listener. Who has not been talked into an uneasy mental condition and tried divers ways of escaping from the tormentor, without violating the common rules of politeness? Before the patience is worn out, if an idea come, it must be inserted into the monologue in an edgewise manner, while the voluble tyrant is renewing his air supply.

It is reasonable to suppose that the man who wrote that "silence is golden" conceived the idea when recovering from one of those irritating interviews. But do we who are dignified by the mantle of silence ever cast off our quiet robe and zealously persist in forcing a pet theory on some patient, suffering friend or acquaintance? Do not pulpit advisers often make us uncomfortable for the last ten or fifteen minutes of a sermon, not necessarily by any hot-shot thrown from their platform, but by the undue length of discourse. The prolonged strain may effect in several ways. The period of complete mental concentration is brief, while the rigid position usually adopted in church is tiresome. If the time extends beyond a reasonable limit, the result is physical and mental weariness. There may be annoyance and a sense of loss or irritation when the mind struggles to grasp and retain some striking thought, and the attention is divided. There may be greater annoyances and disappointment if at the close of an eloquent outburst, and it was felt the end was near, the speaker gathers himself together for renewed efforts. A minister's son was once asked how he liked his father's sermon. "It was very good," he replied, "but I noticed several splendid stopping places."

If a preacher leaves the impression that he could at once deliver another sermon on the same topic, without repetition, and has not exhausted himself in attempting to exhaust his subject, he increases the power and influ-

ences of his utterances. Reserve force counts in the pulpit as elsewhere.

Sermons or speeches are delivered for a purpose, and when that purpose is accomplished nothing further is necessary. Mark Twain's well-known story of his experience at a missionary meeting will bear frequent mention. After hearing a few sentences, Mr. Twain was convinced of the need and justice of the cause and felt ready to give all he had with him. As the speech grew longer and longer, he decided to give less and less, until at last when the collection was taken, to do justice to his outraged feelings, he took a dime from the plate.

It is strange that it should be deemed necessary, when an audience is convinced, or as sometimes happens, convicted, to sentence them and make them serve a term of punishment then and there.

Our faith may or may not equal that of our fathers, but in endurance at church services they were undoubtedly our superiors. Times have changed and we are imbued with the restless energy of the age. So, too, are the clergy changed in being much better educated as a body. They are thus more fully equipped to serve the essence of gospel lore and the elixir of spiritual advancement rather than diluted discourse. "Feed my sheep," rings out as clear and strong as ever. Is it not of highest importance what they are fed? Some of them crave well-prepared, concentrated gospel food.

If any friend in the pulpit should come to me for an opinion on this subject (which they never do not fully realizing my generous desire to help, and my large experience in long suffering), I should be inclined to say, when you have illumined the innermost parts of our nature, and then conveyed us to transcendent heights, let us float slowly back to mundane things supported by a parachute fabricated of chastening thoughts and hopeful words. Do not let your desire to carry us to other heights tempt you to bring us suddenly back from the stage that is helpful by a crashing blow or a deafening shout. Such undesired release is jarring. Time may drag wearily thereafter, and harmony fail to be re-instated during that hour.

NOT MRS. NATION, BUT—

"I'm not Mrs. Nation; I have no hatchet; I am not crazy." These words came from the lips of a Lewes woman, as she met her husband face to face in a hotel barroom, the other evening, says the *Lewes Pilot*.

They were directed to the bartender and the loungers, as the former handed the woman's husband a glass of whisky. She continued, "That man has not done a day's work this winter, and I am worn out trying to support him and the rest of the family. I want to know if something cannot be done to keep him from destroying his own life and starving his family."

The woman was thin and pale. Her lips quivered as she spoke. Her frail body could hardly stand the strain of the unfamiliar environment. As she finished, the little girl by her side burst into tears. The bartender took back the whisky. The abashed husband stood with bowed head. One by one the loungers left the room. Presently the bartender, gazing at the poor woman, solemnly vowed that the man should not drink at his bar again.

It was a pathetic scene; it was the last resort of a desperate woman; as she left the hotel with her husband and the little girl, there was a lesson too painful for any pen to picture.

Young People's Work.

LESTER C. RANDOLPH, Editor, Alfred, N. Y.

WHAT different ways there are of living, and how rare it is for one to strike exactly the golden mean. There are not more than half a dozen of us altogether, and I sometimes have doubts of the other five. What a tendency of human nature to run to extremes, and lose that fine balance which is the perfection of life. My dear friend Jack, a strong, whole-souled fellow, protested, and rightly, against the ascetic ideas of Christianity which some church-members present to the world—as if to be a Christian is to take leave of all spontaneous, hearty, jolly things. But I fear that Jack himself has not yet struck the balance (though I am sure he will in time), for he makes his conscience uneasy, specks his life and frosts his influence—that grand, magnetic influence he might have, for he is a royal good fellow—by going to dances. Isn't there not a middle ground between sour asceticism and a wanton playing with fire, which blackens the hands, if it does not burn?

This is not what I started to say (though I am not sorry for having said it). I was thinking of two men and their different plans of life. They never knew each other, and one of them is dead. Their ideals were almost at the two opposite swings of the pendulum. Perhaps in their heart of hearts both sought the same goal, but by what widely different routes. One of them was wonderfully gifted with that indomitable power for bringing things to pass. Like the massive center rush of a foot-ball team, he went striding down the field of life conquering everything that came in his path—everything but death and God, who stands within the shadow of his own immutable laws. This man might have been living yet, living in comfort, with quietly growing business and rounds of usefulness, his happy family about him, and needy ones smiling back to the beneficent influences coming forth from his life, *if, if*—humanity's sad *if*. But he was determined to be rich, rich quickly. Business and money piled in upon him. He borrowed of spirit, heart and nerve to meet the demands upon the flesh, recklessly, willing to pay any interest demanded. The mortgage was foreclosed with his plans half-way to completion. There was no man who could take his place and carry out, fill out, the pattern which he had outlined. Upon the one he loved most of all falls the heavy burden of care and worry. My heart is sad whenever I think of it. What was the use of it all?

Of the two I think the other man is the wiser. Perhaps the fires of ambition burned within him when he was young, but it is hard to think of him as ever having had any gait but that of the deliberate contemplativeness which characterizes him now. Slow? Well, if you have business with him, it is a study how to get away. He must have been studying it out for years to be able to put the stamp of such a finished delay in all his operations. A Nortonville farmer would call the work which engages this man's whole time simply chores. But the Nortonville farmer would not do it so well, and he would get nothing like the comfort out of it as he went along. Everything he raises is of the best, everything he does he does right. And how

he enjoys to the full his round cheeked apples, the foam of his creamery milk, the purple blush of his plums, the spotless sanitation of his home. Nothing spoils or goes to waste. Even his broad-brimmed straw hat stays with him year after year, growing a little browner, but renewed from season to season.

If we could only invent a process by which we could put men of such opposite types into a caldron, boil them down, skim off the worthless and embody in the newly-molded men all the good points of both. Young men, that is what we can do. We have the recipe given us by Paul: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, . . . if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Watch for the strong points of people, and endeavor to build whatever is good into your own growing character. Work hard, make the most of your life; but have faith in God, and do not, for ten thousand worlds like this, miss the "peace of God which passeth all understanding."

INTERMEDIATE BIRTHDAY.

The Intermediate Christian Endeavor Society of Plainfield celebrated its first birthday on Sunday, Nov. 10, 1901. The meeting was in charge of Milton St. John. Mrs. F. J. Hubbard, the Superintendent, conducted a class exercise consisting of questions on the Bible. How many books in the Old Testament? The New? Which is the Shepherd's Psalm? Where is the Golden Rule found? Give chapter and verse of certain passages. These and many questions of like nature showed the result of good training. The Society then held their regular meeting, after which Mrs. J. P. Mosher, Superintendent of the Primary Department of the Sabbath-school, addressed them. She spoke of the value of little things, little habits and little kindnesses in the formation of character.

Mrs. H. M. Maxson told the Society of the other Societies who are doing just the work that they were. There are over eight hundred Seventh-day Baptist boys and girls, who in Junior and Intermediate Societies, are working to advance the cause of Christ.

To those present it seemed that this Society had accomplished much in one year, and were convinced that every church would be blessed by such an helper. H. L. M.

LOWER LIGHTS.

For Christ and the Sabbath.
2 Cor. 4:6.

BEAMS FROM THE LIGHTS—CONTINUED.

The most of the letters from members of the "Lower Lights" contain reports of work, much work, and efficient work.

One brother reports great blessings in his work of saving souls, but is burdened for his children whom he thinks partially converted, but who have not come into the full enjoyment of their heritage, as is their privilege. He requests prayers for himself and them. Let us not forget this. He adds, speaking of work in a general way, "personal work is very much needed; either in conversation, praying or by letter."

Another brother writes: "We think that last sunrise prayer-meeting was to us isolated ones the brightest spot in the whole Conference. We have felt the inspiration that comes from such gatherings more strongly than ever before; perhaps because the Confer-

ence, as a whole, got very close to God. . . . We always have a supply of tracts on hand, covering most of the publications of the Tract Society. We give them out as opportunity affords. Frequently my father puts a few in his pocket and starts out, hunting for opportunities. He usually finds what he goes for. . . . We have held Friday evening prayer-meetings some of the time, and have made a few of the meetings especially devoted to the Sabbath question. . . . Personal work counts in the long run. . . . We wish all of the 'Lower Lights' to remember us in prayer."

A sister has organized a class for Bible-study since going home from the late Conference, and reports that they meet once in two weeks, in the evening, at private houses. First they study the previously-assigned lesson at home, and come prepared to tell what they can remember, after which one reads the chapter, asking questions as he reads. The meetings are opened and closed with prayer.

Another letter contains these thoughts: "Is it not a precious thought that we are one family, with thoughts and aspirations the same? made so by the atonement of our precious Saviour. . . . Our last sunrise prayer-meeting was one that will long be cherished in each of our hearts. I was glad that I could be there. . . . I have been a lone Sabbath-keeper for nearly fifty years, but I have never for a moment wished to leave the Sabbath and keep Sunday."

From another consecrated worker come these words: "It is the pure, unostentatious life that tells for Christ. People read our lives more than their Bibles. How essential, then, that the 'light that is in us be not darkness;' that we stand firm for the truth that we, as Sabbath-keepers, represent. . . . I have distributed some tracts. . . . As to methods, I find there is no way better than personal conversation with the unsaved. Manifest a love for, and a desire for, their salvation. Make them feel that you have them on your heart, and that you are very much in earnest. Invite them to church, and show your interest in them by courtesy and attention. Make them feel at home, and so eventually win them over to Christ. Boys and girls like to feel that they are really of some account, and as our hope for the future of our cause lies in our young people, let us draw in all our young, and educate them by precept and example to be loyal to truth."

Right here do not many make a mistake—neglecting the precept,—especially where our larger churches are situated, expecting the church and the Sabbath-school to do the teaching which ought to be carried on day by day in the home? Do we not put too much stress upon example, when the two are of equal importance? Let us remember the injunction in regard to judgment, mercy and faith. "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." Will example alone prepare the boys and girls to go out into an unbelieving and disobedient world, and keep the Sabbath, to say nothing of winning souls to Christ, and to this precious truth which we possess? Let us have judgment; let us be faithful.

There are too many who, having been filled with the ambition to succeed in a worldly way, have left the Sabbath, and, if encountered by our workers in after years, excuse themselves from obligation, saying: "I believe it is right. My mother was a good Christian, and she kept the Seventh-day." Should not they be instructed, as they are growing up, in such a way that they will become rooted and grounded in the truths which we hold? ANGELINE ABBEY.

Children's Page.

WHAT THE SQUIRREL SAID.

BY LOUISE McCLOY HORN.

Yes, Little Boy, I'm way up here,
Don't you wish you could climb so far?
Oh, but the nuts are so plump and sweet,
If you wish I'll drop some at your feet,
And you'll find out how good they are.

Ah, Little Boy, I'm sorry for you,
I am glad I'm a squirrel instead.
You cannot dart to the topmost bough,
And swing on the twigs, as I do now,
With cool leaves brushing my head.

You cannot run on the old rail-fence
Like a little wood-fairy bold;
Or climb to a soft and cozy nest,
Hidden safe in the oak-tree's breast
When the autumn nights are cold.

Just think of your teeth so short and dull,
Not dainty and sharp like mine,
And your coat wears out, or gets too small,
While I never need change mine at all,
And it is always soft and fine.

I go to school in the cool, dim woods,
Where the ferns and the mosses grow;
And the little flowers, small and sweet,
And the brook and birds each morn we greet—
Now don't you wish you could go?

—Child-Garden.

AN ADOPTED RAT.

A TRUE STORY.

There had been, three weeks before, two additions to our cat family, which already numbered five. They were two of the prettiest, tiniest, cutest little tiger kittens you ever saw. We found them up under the eaves of the barn one morning. Mother Tabby was proud and delighted. She purred louder than ever. She was greatly pleased when a few days later we brought them into the house.

After their eyes were opened I found one morning that the mice had been helping themselves to my pie crust. That evening I thought that I would catch or scare off the nuisances. So I put Billy, a kitten eight months old, down cellar. Dorothy I put in the barn. Mother Tabby and her kittens I left under the kitchen stove. The pantry door was left open, for Mother Tabby could be depended upon not to steal.

About 3 o'clock in the morning I was awakened suddenly by a great noise and squeaking! However, it soon became quiet, so I did not get up. But I knew the old cat must have caught at least a big mouse and perhaps a rat. And such a racket in the kitchen.

About six I went into the kitchen to start the fire for breakfast. When I looked behind the stove, what do you suppose I saw? There was Mother Tabby. There were her kitties, and—would you believe it?—curled up with them was a great live rat! The mother cat seemed to feel very proud and happy with this new addition to her family.

The old rat lay perfectly still with his eyes wide open. When I came near he did not try to run. Mother Tabby treated him like one of the family. She would rub her head against him and clean him up the same as she did her kittens. Then she would pick up a kitten and place it on the rat. Don't you think that was a strange child for old Tabby to adopt?

The children came trooping in to see the strange sight. They thought it very funny indeed. But we couldn't have a live rat in the kitchen while doing the work, and none of us wanted to kill the rat. So we invited Billy to come upstairs. He is always ready to accept such an invitation. He stalked around the kitchen a few minutes and then he smelt a rat.

You ought to have seen him jump and pounce upon the poor rat. Off he went with him in his mouth with his head and tail up. My pies have not been touched since.—*The Watchman.*

THE LEAVES' PARTY.

"What shall I do to make my children happy before the long winter comes?" said Mother Nature one day, as she looked all around on the busy workers she called her children.

"Perhaps I can help you, Mother," said the Wind. He happened to be passing by and heard Mother Nature speak, and as he always liked to help her he was ready with all sorts of suggestions now.

"Mother, I think they would all enjoy a party, a nice big one, and invite everybody."

"That will be the very thing. It will make them all happy, and show them how pleased I am with all they have done this long summer. They have been so busy, too," said Mother Nature.

"Well, what shall it be? I think a fancy-dress ball would be nice," said Mr. Wind, "and some of your children dance beautifully. They would enjoy it so much."

"Very well, we will have a ball. Now, will you go and invite them all? Tell them to put on their prettiest and brightest dresses and come out to the meadow, as that will be the best place for dancing."

Off Mr. Wind flew. First he called on Mrs. Chestnut, then on Mrs. Maple, Mr. Oak, Mrs. Sourwood (even she was glad to see him). He stopped at the Gums and the Pines, and last of all at the Sassafras house, and told them good Mother Nature was going to give them all a big party—a fancy-dress ball—and hoped they would all come.

"Oh, we will be delighted to come!"

"What shall we wear? We must be nicely dressed, and the dresses we have had all summer are not fresh enough for this grand ball. We will ask Mrs. Oak, as she is so wise and her advice is always good," Mrs. Maple said.

Mrs. Oak thought it would be best to let Monsieur Frost, the great artist and designer, furnish them with dresses, he had such excellent taste, everyone said, and, in fact, she had seen some of his work and it was perfect.

The question was, then, How could they get him? Why, Mr. North Wind would bring him to them.

So they sent for Mr. Wind, and he said he would be very happy to bring Monsieur Frost to see them.

So they came with a big, loud knock on the door. Everybody was in a flurry and a hurry to see the great artist.

Mrs. Maple asked him what he would choose for her children, and he said: "I think the children should have rich yellows and red; russet brown is worn a good deal by some, and I think I will add a little in their dresses."

"Very well, Monsieur, I will leave it to you, as you can make such lovely things."

"And now, Mrs. Oak, what would you like?"

"Thank you, anything that is pretty and would do for my young daughters, Monsieur."

"Let me see—greens, reds, and golden browns will do very well. Well, I will try to please you; as Mother Nature is a good friend of mine I would like everyone to look well at her ball."

Meanwhile Mr. West Wind was hunting up an orchestra. Two or three Crickets would readily join. The Katydid would bring their fiddles and come, the Hoot Owl would blow his horn, and the Woodpecker would beat

the drum with his long bill on the tree near by, the big and little Frogs said they would like to help before they went away, so they were all delighted at the thought of this party.

"But how shall we go?" asked everyone. The Mr. Winds said they would be pleased to take them.

At last the day came; everybody was ready very early. How beautiful Mrs. Maple and her children looked going here and there among all the guests, and stately Mrs. Oak with her interesting family. Mrs. Sassafras was lovely, and she had on mitts, the only lady in the room that had them.

The Astérs were there in purple of all shades, and a few of the Golden-rods came, but they had to leave early.

The four Mr. Winds were there and danced all the time. The Mr. Oaks were very gay, too. The music was good and each one tried to do his best.

The moon looked down on a beautiful sight that night and helped by shining brightly. How the little stars twinkled and laughed, too, I think, and wished they were down on the earth so they could dance. All the glow-worms and bugs were out with their lanterns.

At last it was time to go, everybody was so happy and sleepy.

"Oh, dear Mother Nature, we have had such a nice time. Thank you so much for thinking of us all."

"Good night, my dears. I am very glad you have enjoyed yourselves, and now go home and go to bed. Good night and good-bye," and Mother Nature kissed her hand to them all.

Mrs. Pine had never seen such a grand sight before. Monsieur J. Frost was certainly a great artist. She heard he was going to be the guest of Mother Nature all Winter. "I think I will stay and see what he is going to do," she said.

And she did, and was not disappointed, and we have all seen the pictures he paints, too.—*Amy Colyer, in Child-Garden.*

A PET SPARROW.

At the Philadelphia Jewish Orphan asylum there is a little girl who is the proud owner of a pet sparrow. This pet is not kept in a cage. It lives in the trees in the orphanage garden, but whenever the little girl appears it flies for its favorite perch on her shoulder.

One day last spring during a storm one of the big trees in the garden was broken, and the baby birds that had their home in the tree were thrown in every direction. The little girl, seeing the accident, ran out to the rescue. When she appeared in the gardens, one of the frightened babies, not knowing what it did, flew toward her and caught its claws in her curls. The little girl petted the bird until it became very good friends with her, and it has never forgotten its friendship.

Every day the little girl feeds her bird, and it will hop all over her hands, her head and neck. The neck is its favorite perch, probably because she has thick, curly hair. At night the sparrow is placed on a tree branch, but as soon as its little mistress appears in the morning down flies the bird and settles on her neck.—*The Watchman.*

OLD GENTLEMAN (musical)—Have you any plane-tree wood?

TIMBER MERCHANT—(whose hopes are raised in anticipation of a good order these hard times)—Yes, sir. Pray walk in, sir. As fine a stock as any in town, sir. Would you prefer it in the plank or in the—ah—log?

OLD GENTLEMAN—Oh, thanky, I'm not particular. I want a bit for a fiddle-bridge.

HISTORY OF THANKSGIVING-DAY.

The earliest record which we have of an American Thanksgiving-day is found in the New England annals of 1621. In the autumn of that year Governor Bradford, so saith the chronicler, sent out men to procure some game, in order that the New England colonists might properly enjoy a day of thanksgiving in remembrance of the fruits of their labors during the year that had passed. Another day of rejoicing was set apart and "solemnized" as "a day of thanksgiving unto the Lord," after an abundant harvest in 1622. It is stated that, on this occasion, Massasoit and his council of braves were invited to participate in the festivities, and that they did so, spending three days in feasting. Evidently the Indian friends of the colonists found Thanksgiving-day a day to be made the most of.

These thanksgiving days were not, however, of official character. The first official public Thanksgiving-day was not until the year 1631; and even this day was not at first intended to be a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving. It had been set apart as a day of fasting and prayer for relief. The colonists were in great distress; famine was imminent; a vessel laden with provisions, and long at sea, had not arrived. But just before the day of fasting came, the ship made port; and the day was then officially changed by the authorities from a day of sorrow to a day of thanksgiving. This was the first real Thanksgiving-day of the American people. Thanksgiving days were occasionally observed also in New Netherland after this date; but it was not until February, 1644, that another official Thanksgiving-day was proclaimed. That year Governor Kieft proclaimed "a day of general thanksgiving," the occasion being a victory of the colonists over the Indians. At the conclusion of peace, in 1645, another Thanksgiving-day was proclaimed. We are not told that the Indians were invited to this ceremony.

Occasional days of fasting, prayer and thanksgiving were kept by the various colonists, at different times; but no general Thanksgiving-day was set apart until 1775, when the Continental Congress adopted the practice of designating such days. The first was Thursday, July 20, 1775. The following Thanksgiving-days were also suggested by the Continental Congress, Friday, May 17, 1776; Dec. 11, 1776; Wednesday, April 22, 1778; Thursday, May 6, 1779; Wednesday, April 4, 1780; Thursday, May 2, 1781; Thursday, April 25, 1782. These days were suggested in the form of recommendations to the states, whose governors were asked to issue proclamations to their peoples for days in thanksgiving. Business, with one exception, was suspended on these occasions. Washington also issued a proclamation to the Colonial Army for a general Thanksgiving-day on Thursday, Dec. 18, 1777; and again on May 7, 1778.

The first national Thanksgiving-day was, by proclamation of President Washington, set for Thursday, Nov. 26, 1789. The second was set for Thursday, Feb. 19, 1795. The honor of the first suggestion seems to belong to Representative Elias Boudinot, who moved, in the House, that the President be requested to recommend "a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by the people of the United States." There was some opposition to the motion, the objections advanced being that such a thing might tend to imitation of the frivolities and pomps of kingdoms and other harmful doings; but the motion prevailed, and Thursday, Nov. 26, 1789, became the first national Thanksgiving-day of the American people.—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.

The real significance of Thanksgiving-day is that it is the American Festival of the Home. The other features of the day have gradually become less important, and the custom of re-assembling whole families about a common board has become its characteristic observance.

This festival is peculiarly needed in American life. Nowhere on the earth, with the possible exception of England, are families more rapidly dispersed than in our own country. The settlement of the Great West was effected from the New England and Middle States, and of the central South and Southwest from the fringe of commonwealths along the Southern Atlantic coast. We have had an immense region to subjugate. It is no unusual thing to find New England and Virginia families who have representatives living two or three thousand miles apart. While it is manifestly impracticable for such scattered households to reassemble except at the rarest intervals, perhaps once in a life-time, there is distinct value in having old associations recalled and the ties of kinship realized anew at the Thanksgiving time. If we cannot see those dear to us, it is worth something to be inspired to remember them because of the general tide of home feeling that sweeps over the land at the Thanksgiving season.

But all families are not scattered, though in a few years doubtless they will be. Every one of our readers knows a score of happy homes in which father and mother still survive, and the children have not yet gone forth to make their way in the world. We would have a word with these fathers and mothers. You can hardly do too much to make Thanksgiving and Christmas memorable in the lives of your children because of domestic affection and unrestrained and wholesome joy in each other. Days like these are often recalled. As these seasons recur the writer finds himself thinking of what he did on similar occasions ten, fifteen or twenty years ago. The day stands out in memory marked by a veritable red letter. The family party, what father and mother and the brothers and sisters did and said comes back as if it were yesterday. There is real wealth and joy in these happy memories. Whatever may come in the future, the happy past is secure, and though that circle is now broken, its influence remains a treasure and a joy.

We can make few graver mistakes than to imagine that any happiness is transient. Through the marvelous power of memory it lasts as long as we do. Every one of us can remember days that were the bright points of years. The days passed, but the outlook, the inspiration and the joy they gave was an eternal possession. That suggests the ideal observance of Thanksgiving-day. We can seek to make it memorable because it cannot but be remembered.

More of the evil in the world than we often think for can be traced back to the lack of home-feeling in childhood days. Where that does not exist the young man or woman loses the invaluable consciousness of the solidarity of the family. They come to feel that they stand only for themselves, that they need not consult the interest of others, and they miss that happy restraint of affection for those with whom God united them in the closest of ties.

In spite of all that is said about the misdoings of the children of devout parents, we be-

lieve that it will be found almost universally true that the children of happy Christian homes turn out well. They have a special guard in their hearts against the seductions of evil. They do not sin against the home, and the memory of their own happy households weaves an ideal of the homes they desire to build, which keeps them brave and pure and human.—*The Watchman*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On the 20th of November it was reported that the Commercial Pacific Cable Company had given out the contract for the first section of a telegraphic cable between San Francisco and Honolulu. While the action of Congress will be necessary to grant permission to continue the cable to the Philippine Island, it is thought that this will be given when Congress assembles. The first section is to be in working order within the next nine or ten months.

At the 133d Annual Dinner of the Chamber of Commerce in the city of New York, on the 19th of November, many notable speeches were made. First among these was that of Secretary John Hay, on United States Diplomacy. It was a speech worthy of the finished scholar and wise diplomat which Mr. Hay is. He occupied the place on the program which President McKinley would have occupied, but for his untimely death. It is not too much to say—and it may be said with modest boasting—that the United States is leading the nations in a great Diplomatic reform. Secrecy, deceit, and injustice too often have characterized the diplomatic relations of the nations of the Old World. It has remained for the United States to unfold a new and better page in the history of diplomacy, for the unfolding of which the best element of the civilized world finds gratitude and praise. Mr. Hay said, in opening, "The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is, The Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule! With this chart we can hardly go far astray." He also declared that this nation will neither crawl nor swagger, but will "Stand as a friend and equal, asking nothing and putting up with nothing but what is right and just, among our peers in the great democracy of the nations." There is great cause for rejoicing that our nation is thus prominent in introducing more of the Golden Rule into national diplomacy.

Vigorous opposition to the consolidation of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific Railroad Lines has been developed in Minnesota, Nebraska, and other places in the northwest. It is claimed that such consolidation of parallel lines is illegal, and that the interests of the states named and other localities in the northwest will be seriously injured by such consolidation.

A Reciprocity Convention, made up of leading men representing the various business interests of the country, held a session in Washington during the past week. The discussions and final action of the convention favored "Conditional Reciprocity", and such continuance of Protection as will prevent any injury to home manufactures. The question is a complex one, and final action by Congress is not likely to be taken during the coming session.

Considerable interest in and about the city of New York has developed during the week past in connection with the election of a new Episcopal Bishop for Long Island, but there have been no religious movements or meetings of general interest during the week.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1901.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 5.	Joseph Sold into Egypt.....	Gen. 37: 12-36
Oct. 12.	Joseph in Prison.....	Gen. 39: 20-23; 40: 1-15
Oct. 19.	Joseph Exalted.....	Gen. 41: 38-49
Oct. 26.	Joseph and His Brethren.....	Gen. 45: 1-15
Nov. 2.	Death of Joseph.....	Gen. 50: 15-26
Nov. 9.	Israel Oppressed in Egypt.....	Exod. 1: 1-14
Nov. 16.	The Childhood of Moses.....	Exod. 2: 1-10
Nov. 23.	World's Temperance Lesson.....	Isa. 5: 8-30
Nov. 30.	The Call of Moses.....	Exod. 3: 1-12
Dec. 7.	Moses and Pharaoh.....	Exod. 11: 1-10
Dec. 14.	The Passover.....	Exod. 12: 1-17
Dec. 21.	The Passage of the Red Sea.....	Exod. 14: 13-27
Dec. 28.	Review.....	

LESSON X.—MOSES AND PHARAOH.

For Sabbath-day, Dec. 7, 1901.

LESSON TEXT.—Exod. 11: 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The angel of his presence saved them.—Isa. 63: 9.

INTRODUCTION.

As Moses was still reluctant to undertake the great task that God had intrusted to him, he was directed to take his brother Aaron as spokesman. These two went to the king of Egypt and demanded that he let the children of Israel go from the land. The desired permission was refused, and Moses proceeded to inflict a series of grievous plagues upon Egypt to enforce his demands.

At first Pharaoh and his court made light of the miracles of Moses, and the magicians of Egypt imitated his wonders; but soon the afflictions became more serious. Again and again Pharaoh yielded and asked for mercy; but each time as relief came he repented of his yielding and refused permission for the children of Israel to depart.

The passage for our study this week marks the culmination of the conflict between Moses and Pharaoh. In the verses immediately preceding the lesson, they have mutually agreed that further discussion is useless. Verses 3-8 of this chapter perhaps belong immediately after 10: 29 as a conclusion of the interview with Pharaoh; verses 9, 10 are a concluding summary in regard to the plagues; verses 1-3 contain directions for the people which probably preceded this interview with Pharaoh. Those who hold to the documentary hypothesis think that the writer of the Book of Exodus has here grouped three paragraphs from three different sources.

TIME.—Probably a few weeks after our last lesson.

PLACE.—In Egypt. The royal residence was probably at Zoan or Tanis.

PERSONS.—Moses and Aaron. Pharaoh [This Pharaoh was very likely Menephtah, the son of Rameses II. of the 19th dynasty]; the children of Israel and the Egyptians.

OUTLINE:

1. The Lord promises one more plague. v. 1-3.
2. Moses warns Pharaoh of the Great Plague to come v. 4-8.
3. Pharaoh resists to the last. v. 9, 10.

NOTES.

1. **And the Lord said unto Moses.** We don't know how the word of the Lord came unto Moses, possibly by an audible voice, but more likely by an inward prophetic inspiration. **Yet will I bring one more plague upon Pharaoh.** The king and the people of Egypt have already been severely punished for their treatment of the Israelites; but they are not yet ready to yield and let God's people go. **Afterward he will let you go hence.** The one plague to follow was to be such that there could be no question about further resistance. Pharaoh and his people would not only be ready to grant permission for the Israelites to depart, but they would also be so eager for their departure that they would drive them out.

2. **Let every man borrow of his neighbor.** It is a great mistake to translate by the English word "borrow" the Hebrew word which is so often elsewhere rendered "ask." There was no promise or implied understanding that the Hebrews were to return again to the Egyptians what they thus asked for. This was a sort of a forced levy by which the Egyptians under the influence of fear were compelled to give to the Israelites some small return for their many generations of forced labor. This spoiling of the Egyptians accounts for the quantity of gold which the children of Israel had for the building of the tabernacle.

3. **And the Lord gave the people favour in the sight of the Egyptians.** This is to say that the Egyptians gave as they were asked. Compare ch 3: 21, 22 and ch. 12: 35, 36. Very likely most of this asking was after the smiting of the first born. **The man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt.** It may seem strange that a herdman of the wilderness should find easy access to the presence of the king of Egypt. There was doubtless something in the bearing of this man of God that inspired awe, and his wonderful miracles made him revered.

4. **And Moses said,** etc. He is evidently speaking to Pharaoh. Compare the reference to "thy servants" in v. 8. **About midnight.** Evidently not on the night following this address, unless this paragraph belongs after the next chapter, for there must be time for the preparation of the people—four days at least for the keeping up of the lamb.

5. **And all the first born of the land of Egypt shall die.** This is the last and greatest plague. There is to be no family exempt from the highest to the lowliest, and even the cattle are to share in this stroke. **Behind the mill.** By mill we are not to understand a building but rather a small hand-mill, at which a bond-woman of lowest rank in the household sat to grind grain for flour. In Oriental countries the first-born are esteemed far above other children, and have especial privileges.

7. **But against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue.** The greatness of this affliction upon Egypt is to be emphasized by the complete exemption of the children of Israel. The word translated "move" is literally "sharpen." The meaning is expressed by a figure. The Israelites are not to be injured so much as by the harmless bark of a dog. Compare Josh. 10: 21. **A difference between the Egyptians and Israel.** Compare in the case of several of the plagues ch. 8: 23; 9: 4, and other passages.

8. **And all these thy servants shall come down unto me,** etc. See ch. 12: 31, 33. The king himself might have been included in this prediction of humbling. **That follow thee.** Literally, which are at thy feet. **And he went out from Pharaoh in a great anger.** Literally, a heat of anger. It was not concealed anger, but open and manifest rage. Hitherto Moses had been calm and collected in his interviews with Pharaoh. This present outburst of fury signified that the long-suffering of God was past.

9. **Pharaoh shall not harken,** etc. This is not directly related to what precedes; but is a general reference to Moses' relations with Pharaoh. Compare ch. 7: 3, 4. The result of the stubbornness of the Egyptians was the special opportunity for the showing of God's power in signs and wonders.

10. **And the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart.** Literally, made strong the heart of Pharaoh. Many readers of the Bible have been troubled by the statement that God hardened the heart of Pharaoh. They infer that Pharaoh was a powerless instrument in the hands of God, and that God was therefore responsible for his sin. It is to be noted, however, that the writers of Exodus also mention that Pharaoh himself hardened his heart. Whatever happens through the providence of God is regarded as done by him. The sacred writers have no intention of ascribing evil to God, nor of saying that Pharaoh was not free to do just as he pleased. Compare Isa. 45: 7, where the words in their literal meaning seem to make God the author of evil. It is worthy of notice that three different words are translated "harden" in the early chapters of Exodus, one of which means *to make heavy*, and another, *to make strong*, as in this verse. Compare the margin of the Revised Version.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

A Tremendous Engine of War.

Another monster gun, and the most terrible of all guns thus far made, is now at the Sandy Hook Proving Grounds near New York. This gun does not vary much in construction from those of smaller proportions, but it is the most ponderous and powerful gun in the world, and designed to accomplish the greatest destruction.

This rifle, costing \$75,000, was ordered by Congress, and an appropriation made for that amount, to try the experiment of throwing heavier projectiles, and carrying higher explosives, with less danger in handling.

The gun has the enormous caliber of 18 inches, and the projectile, made of steel, weighs 2,000 pounds. Within the shell is stored 450 pounds of prepared gun cotton which is to be primed on the discharge of the gun, and exploded by impact whenever it strikes the target.

To discharge one such projectile having such explosive force, and drop it in any fort, or its enclosure, would certainly prove its destruction; or to hit a ship-of-war, or near one, would very likely end at once all further controversy by destroying the ship, thus sending its crew to the bottom of the ocean.

This wonderful piece of ordnance and mechanism was constructed by the Bethlehem Steel Works, of Pa., in the short space of ten months.

It seems now, and we believe it to be generally conceded by the Bureau of Ordnance, that the maximum of heavy guns and projectiles has been reached and in all conscience we hope it has; and we further hope that the Mexican Pan-American Congress, now in session, will find a solution for all national differences so that no further use will be had for all these terrible engines of death, and sorrow to others.

Notwithstanding all the efforts that are being put forth to stop the awful destruction of human life, and to provide against the horrors of war, still the death-and-destruction education is going forward more extensive than ever.

The British Government has discarded and abolished the use of the sword in all troops of mounted cavalry and substituted in its place a short rifle. Evidently the sword was not deadly enough; too slow in its killing qualities, and gave too good a chance for defense. A repeating rifle certainly would be more effective.

Military tactics are being introduced into our public schools, and fostered by the state. It is sad indeed to see a school-boy dressed in the uniform of a cadet of West Point, carrying a rifle of small dimensions, and made very light, to match his size and strength, who probably at the same time could not write ten consecutive words and spell and pronounce them correctly. Is such instruction fitting the boy to become a useful man in society? Is it not leading him to a soldier life in the United States army?

THE post-office at Buenos Ayres has furnished a striking illustration of the value of X-rays in detective work, says *The Electrical Review*. Jewelers have found that smuggling in registered letters from Europe was very safe, as the government officials could not legally open such letters on suspicion, and it was finally resolved to investigate the evil without violating the law. The X-rays promptly revealed watches, chains, rings, and other valuables in astonishing quantity. This evidence was sufficient for a court order to open the packages, and more than \$20,000 of property has been confiscated in a single week.

THE secret of success is to know how to deny yourself. If you once learn to get the whiphand of yourself, that is the best educator. Prove to me that you can control yourself, and I'll say you're an educated man, and without this all other education is next to nothing.—Miss Oliphant.

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.

LONDON, ENGLAND.—Good results have followed the "Christian Sabbath-keepers' Conference," which was held at Exeter Hall, London, last May. A gentleman who attended manifested considerable interest in the Sabbath question. He was evidently surprised at the reasons advanced in favor of Christians keeping the seventh day as the Sabbath. After asking several questions, he invited the Christian Sabbath-keepers' Union to send a deputation to a mission with which he was connected, that the subject might be fairly discussed and thoroughly thrashed out. On no less than five successive Mondays, recently, this mission has been engaged in discussing the question. At the first meeting Mr. S. M. Brown opened the subject with an address entitled, "Who changed the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week?" The following Monday Lady Blount gave an address on "Are the Ten Commandments binding?" Next week Major T. W. Richardson was the speaker, taking as his subject "The sign of Jesus." In each instance discussion followed the lecture, and so great was the interest manifested that it was decided to devote the whole of the following Monday to discussion, and then time proved too short to finish the debate. Thus the fifth Monday was given to the further consideration of the subject. One of the immediate results of this series of meetings is that the gentleman who invited the debate has been convinced of the Sabbath truth and has boldly come out on the question. It is quite expected that others also will follow.

T. W. R.

ALBION, WIS.—Our church and society still have a living existence, and maintain the usual appointments of the church with a fair degree of interest. The attendance at the preaching services on Sabbath morning is especially good. Some changes have taken place during the past year; prominent among them is the purchase of the Albion Academy by the Norwegian Lutherans, who have put the buildings in excellent repair, and have now a school in progress, with an attendance of about 75 students. A part of their curriculum is to teach their peculiar denominational tenets. Students, however, not of their particular faith, are not required to take it. What the ultimate effect will be upon our people remains to be seen, and will be determined largely by the members of the church and society themselves. It brings to our doors a new responsibility to meet which, in the right spirit, with a view to the glory of God and the conservation of his truth, will require faith, wisdom, patience and love. During the months of September and October, Prof. O. S. Grinnell, of Chicago, conducted two terms of a voice class and a Musical Institute, closing each term with a public rehearsal and concert. This has awakened a new interest in vocal music, and socials, entertainments, etc., have been more or less frequent. This evening—Nov. 13—the Albion Cornet Band, which, though less than two years old, has attained considerable proficiency in band music, is to give a public entertainment at the Town Hall. "Golden Wed-

dings," too, have claimed a share of attention, two of which occurred during the month of October, that of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Wescott on the 18th, and that of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Saunders on the 30th. Quite a number of relatives and friends assembled at each place to express their respect and interest, leaving in each instance some substantial token of remembrance. All the descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Wescott (27 in number) are living, and were at this anniversary. The dry, hot weather, during a part of the summer, shortened our crop returns to some extent, but now that the harvest has been gathered, the returns furnish a much better showing than at one time seemed possible. The beautiful, pleasant weather of the autumn months has rarely ever been equaled, and the Arctics will have to put in some vigorous blows if winter's usual record for severity is to be maintained. We hope for the continued prayers and fraternal sympathy of the brotherhood throughout our beloved Zion. S. H. B.

TO OUR CHURCHES.

At the recent General Conference the following apportionments were made to meet the expenses chargeable to the Conference:

EASTERN ASSOCIATION.		SOUTH-EASTERN ASSOCIATION.	
Piscataway.....	\$10 12	Salem.....	16 17
First Hopkinton...	24 53	Lost Creek.....	13 75
Shiloh.....	28 82	Middle Island.....	8 14
Berlin.....	11 77	Ritchie.....	8 69
Waterford.....	4 18	Greenbrier.....	7 15
Marlboro.....	8 69	Roanoke.....	3 19
Second Hopkinton...	8 91	Salemville.....	2 53
Rockville.....	13 64	Black Lick.....	3 96
First Westerly.....	4 62	SOUTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.	
Plainfield.....	22 22	Delaware.....	77
Pawcatuck.....	33 00	Fouke.....	1 54
Woodville.....	77	Eagle Lake.....	44
New York.....	4 07	Hammond.....	5 39
Greenmanville.....	1 76	Attalla.....	3 08
Second Westerly....	1 98	Providence.....	55
Cumberland.....	1 43	Corinth.....	66
CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.		Crowley's Ridge...	1 21
First Brookfield....	19 25	Winthrop.....	66
DeRuyter.....	11 11	Wynne.....	44
Scott.....	5 72	Texarkana.....	55
First Verona.....	7 70	NORTH-WESTERN ASSO-	
Adams.....	25 96	CIATION.	
Second Brookfield...	17 93	Milton.....	26 84
West Edmeston.....	6 71	Albion.....	18 37
Otselic.....	99	Jackson Centre.....	9 35
Lincklaen.....	2 64	Walworth.....	10 78
Second Verona.....	1 43		
Watson.....	1 87		
Norwich.....	33		
Preston.....	1 21		

The Treasurer would be very much pleased with a prompt remittance, as over five hundred dollars of the bills are already due.

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD.

ALFRED, N. Y.

"ALFRED STUDENT."

For a complete set of the "Alfred Student," in good condition, bound or unbound, will be paid

\$5.00.

SABBATH RECORDER,

Plainfield, N. J.

MARRIAGES.

MARIS—STILLMAN.—On the evening of November 12, 1901, at the home of the bride's brother-in-law, D. E. Hummel, by Pastor Geo. W. Hills, assisted by the Rev. Isaac Maris, father of the groom, Mr. Frederick B. Maris and Miss Myra L. Stillman, all of Nortonville, Kan.

ERICKSON—CARTWRIGHT.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. LaFayette Cartwright, in Hartsville, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1901, by the Rev. F. E. Peterson, Mr. Arthur O. Erickson and Miss Maud E. Cartwright.

WILSON—COALWELL.—In the village of Dodge Centre, Minn., Nov. 6, 1901, at the home of the bride's father, by the Rev. O. S. Mills, Amoretta D. Coalwell, of Dodge Centre, to William J. Wilson, of Hastings, Minn.

DEATHS.

NOT upon us or ours the solemn angels
Have evil wrought.
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
The good die not.
God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given.
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in His heaven. —Whittier.

BURDICK.—Catherine Monahan, widow of Stillman Burdick, was born in Ireland, in 1842, and died Oct. 26, 1901.

Two children survive, Dayton and Homer. She was a faithful wife and mother. F. E. P.

SMITH.—Susan Fenner Smith, daughter of Isaac and Amelia Potter Fenner, was born in Herkimer county, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1824, and died at Alfred, Sept. 25, 1901.

She was married Sept. 5, 1850, to Joseph W. Smith. To them five children were born, two of whom, Daniel A. and Edward F., with the father, survive. Sister Smith united with the First Alfred church when 14 years of age, later moving her membership to the Second Alfred church. She has lived a pure and sweet Christian life, being much beloved by all who knew her. Funeral services were held at the home conducted by her pastor, John 13: 34, 35. F. E. P.

HALL.—Catherine Hall, daughter of Welcome and Prudence Burdick, was born May 9, 1827, and died Oct. 9, 1901.

She was married Sept. 25, 1858, to Lorenzo D. Cartwright, who died in the Civil War, May 2, 1865. To them two children were born, Casmer Cartwright, and Nancy B. Proper. She married a second time, June 22, 1867, to Varnum G. Hall. When 15 years of age she united with the Second Alfred church, later joining the church at Andover. She was an invalid for the last two years of her life. Funeral services were held at the home in East Valley, conducted by the Rev. F. E. Peterson, who officiated in the absence of her pastor. She was highly respected by a large circle of relatives and friends. F. E. P.

STILLMAN.—Joseph Stillman, son of Silas and Rebecca Stillman, was born Sept. 3, 1817, and died Oct. 22, 1901.

He was married Nov. 22, 1838, to Huldah Potter. Two children survive, Fanny R. (Mrs. P. A. Shaw) and A. Her Stillman. Brother Stillman united with the First Alfred church when a young man, later joining the Second Alfred church. He was of a pleasant, sunny temperament, a good father and friend. Funeral services were conducted by his pastor. Gen. 35: 29. F. E. P.

BUNCE.—At Waterbury, Vermont, Nov. 14, 1901, Katie E. Bunce, aged 32 years.

She was born at Adams Centre, N. Y., where most of her life was spent. About eighteen years ago she was converted and joined the Adams church. She was a conscientious, sweet-spirited Christian, and very active in the church until her health failed. Interment at Adams Centre. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Matt. 5: 8. A. B. P.

ORMSBY.—Harriet E. Peters Ormsby, daughter of Geo. and Mary Doty Peters, was born Sept. 15, 1857, and died Nov. 7, 1901.

She was married Dec. 27, 1882, to Orson S. Ormsby. To them five children were born, the youngest son one week before his mother's death, and surviving her only three days. Mother and babe were laid in the same grave. Sister Ormsby was baptized by Darwin E. Maxson in 1886, uniting with the Hartsville church. Later she united with the Second Alfred church. She was a faithful Christian woman, very solicitous for her children, and always willing to serve in the cause of her Master. F. E. P.

LIVERMORE.—Emaline Smith Livermore, daughter of Ashabel and Martha Smith, was born Aug. 15, 1820, and died in Alfred, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1901.

She was married Aug. 30, 1853, to Manin Livermore, who passed on before six years ago. Three children were born to them, one who died in infancy, Joel Field,

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who was killed by the cars in 1883, and Martha (Mrs. G. C. Sherman). Sister Livermore united with the First Alfred church when a young girl, and later moved her membership to Independence. She was a woman of excellent Christian character, always cheerful and pleasant, and of a kindly spirit. Funeral service conducted by the Rev. F. E. Peterson. Gen. 23: 2. F. E. P.

COON.—Elisha B. Coon was born in Brookfield, N. Y., July 6, 1817, and died in Walworth, Wis., Oct. 29, 1901.

In early life he embraced religion and united with the First Alfred Seventh-day Baptist church. His chosen occupation was that of a teacher, which he pursued for forty-five years, paying his way through college, and subsequently teaching in different states in the union: he was very successful as an instructor of his day. In 1897 he had his name transferred from the records of the First Alfred church to those of the church at Walworth, in whose fellowship he died. His wife (Louise Wheeler), to whom he was married on Oct. 21, 1851, survives him. For the greater part of the last six years of his life he was an invalid, some of the time almost helpless, but was usually cheerful and contented, and spent much of his time reading and studying his Bible. In the absence of Pastor S. L. Maxson, the writer conducted the funeral services Oct. 31, speaking from Gen. 49: 17.

S. H. D.

Literary Notes.

TOMMY FOSTER'S ADVENTURES, by Fred A. Ober, author of "The Knockabout Club Books," etc. Pictures by Stanley M. Arthur. 12mo, cloth, ornamental. Illustrated. \$1. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

As this story runs, Tommy's father is a sufferer from asthma, and is ordered "Out West" to obtain, if possible, relief from his ailment. Tommy's mother goes along to take care of her husband, and Tommy—a pretty lively boy of fourteen—is one of the party, because there is no one with whom he can be left. They reach a little, straggling town in New Mexico, and right here Tommy's adventures begin. His first exploit is to shoot an Indian dog, mistaking it for a coyote. He is locked up in consequence, but an Indian boy of about his own age helps him out of this trouble and the two become fast friends. It is evident that the author has studied Indian life carefully, and he is to be congratulated upon the admirable manner in which he has imparted exact information regarding the little-known region he has chosen for the scene of his latest book. The pictures are admirable. Boys who have the good fortune to obtain a copy of "Tommy Foster's Adventures" may be sure

they have a thoroughly breezy story of out-door life that cannot fail to interest and instruct them.

From the same publishers we have:

FOLLY IN FAIRYLAND, by Carolyn Wells, author of "Story of Betty," "The Jingle Book," "The Merry-Go-Round," etc. Pictures by Wallace Morgan. 12mo, cloth, ornamental. Illustrated. \$1.

Under the guidance of wise parents, many stories of fairies may be used to instruct and interest children. All children live more or less in the land of dreams, dreams which are the prophecy of coming realities. The adventures of Folly (whose full name was Florinda) are graphically told. Unlike "Alice in Wonderland," she didn't meet queer, unusual creatures, but she visited dear old Aladdin, Cinderella, and the Queen of Hearts in their palaces, and piloted by Puss in Boots, traveled over the whole realm and became well acquainted with the heroes and heroines of Fairyland in their own homes. Then, of course, she called on the Three Bears in their woodland home, and also interviewed the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe. And you'd never guess, if you weren't told, that a beautiful princess who was called *Scary* for short, was really Scheherazade, and she told some of her own marvelous stories for Folly's benefit.

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop.

The Tetong Indian Reservation is the scene of Mr. Hamlin Garland's new novel of Western life, which he calls *The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop*. Mr. Garland's hero is a young army officer who has been detached from his regiment and sent to relieve a dishonest Indian agent. The resourceful Captain's guardianship of an Indian tribe beset by starvation and driven to desperation by cattlemen and politicians is full of dash and adventure. The daughter of a United States Senator, a land-grabber of the worst sort and the Captain's sworn enemy, is Mr. Garland's heroine. The story is a powerful and vivid picture of reservation life, glowing with color and fairly alive with action. The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop will appear serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia, the opening installment being scheduled for the issue of December 14. The story has been illustrated with spirited pictures by Messrs. Frederic Remington and Jay Hambridge.

THE WASTED LIFE.

The autumn hours are come—th hours that yield Rich harvest in each toiler's well-tilled field. Alas! alas! no seed I sowed in spring Now meet and right for autumn's harvesting.

—The Spectator.

GREAT EXECUTION.

They were in a smoke-room in Talgarth, and were discussing the joys and sorrows of active service in South Africa.

"Well, I've been with the army out there, and had a very interesting time," said a soldierly looking fellow.

"Ever get really close to the Boers?" somebody asked.

"Rather! I once took two of their officers."

"Unaided?"

"Certainly! And the very next day I took eight men, with their horses."

"All wounded, I expect!" sneered a listener. "You didn't get hurt, of course?"

"Just a slight scratch, that's all. And next day I took a lot of transport wagons, and followed that up by taking a Boer kraal and a big gun."

"Mister," said the disagreeable man of the audience, "I have seen some of the finest specimens of anything that you can call to mind, but I wish to state that you are, without exception, the biggest liar that ever trod this earth!"

The good natured raconteur looked angry for a moment, but then an amused smile stole over his face as he said:

"Oh, no; I'm not that! You see, I am a photographer!"—*London Answers*.

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract-Depository.

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

SABBATH-KEEPERS in Utica, N. Y., meet the third Sabbath in each month at 2 P. M., at the home of Dr. S. C. Maxson, 22 Grant St. Other Sabbaths, the Bible-class alternates with the various Sabbath-keepers in the city. All are cordially invited.

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

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of 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, 223 Jackson Park Terrace.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST SERVICES are held, regularly, in Rochester, N. Y., every Sabbath, at 3 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Irving Saunders, 516 Monroe Avenue, conducted by Rev. S. S. Powell, whose address is 11 Sycamore Street. All Sabbath-keepers, and others, visiting in the city, are cordially invited to these services.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in their new church, cor. West Genesee Street and Preston Avenue. Preaching at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school at 3.30. Prayer-meeting the preceding evening. An invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath, to come in and worship with us.

I. L. COTTRELL, Pastor,
29 Ransom St.

THE Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. The preaching service is at 11.30 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.

GEO. B. SHAW, Pastor,
1293 Union Avenue.

THE Semi-Annual Meeting of the Berlin, Coloma and Marquette churches will be held with the Berlin church, beginning Sixth-day evening, December 6. Preaching by Eld. Simeon Babcock, of Albion. Mr. L. Babcock, Dr. Gertrude Crumb, Hugh Cockeril and Grace Eaglesfield are invited to present essays at this meeting.

Mrs. E. G. HILL, Sec.

Nov. 6, 1901.

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

It was a little Fifth Ward boy who was walking on the street with his mother, when his attention was attracted by a dog who wagged a stump that showed he once possessed a tail.

"Isn't it too bad," said the mother, "that the doggie has lost his tail?"

"Yes," replied the little fellow sadly, and then brightening up, asked, "But, mamma, why don't they take him to the tailor's shop?"

JOHNNY—"They must have an awful big baby over at Meeker's house."

PA—"What makes you think so?"

JOHNNY—"Why, I heard ma say to-day that every one in the house was wrapped up in him."

On a summer's morning our little Lillie was walking with her aunt, and discovered a spider's web. She was delighted; she exclaimed: "Oh, see! here is a hammock for birds."

"MAMMA," said a little 5-year-old, as his mother was giving him his bath, "be sure and wipe me dry so I won't rust."

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