"NOT AS I WILL."

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope.
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill.
Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late:
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong.
And years and days so long, so long,
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill,
By changeless laws are ordered still.
The sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat,
Not as I will, the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
'Like whispered voice to calm and bless,
All unrest and all loneliness,
"Not as I will," because the one
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfill,
"Not as I will."

---Exchange.
How a saloon-keeper catches flies: 'I drew the counter with sugar and saturated it with whisky and beer, which is greedily pounced upon by the flies, who soon become drunk and roll over on their backs in a comical way, when they are easily swept to their doom.' You will do to see any resemblance between theummy's method of catching flies and catching men? Any difference in their doom?

The Christian's faith rests upon Christ as the "Rock of Ages." The Bible reveals Christ. That is its object, and the one thing for which the Word stands. The Old and the New Testaments are united in this revelation; the one a prophecy, the other the fulfillment. Nineteen hundred years have passed and no critic, high or low, no enemy learned or ignorant, has ever yet been able to find one flaw in Christ's character. Here is the only spotless character in all history.

And now it is our former friend and collaborator in the office of the Sabbath Recorder, O. W. Pearson, who is under arrest and awaiting trial for quietly working in his office on Sunday in Sunnyside, Ill. 'Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.' Because, when mad they do such rash and foolish things. Already there is evidence of a whole generation, along this whole line of religious persecution. Good and reasonable people are ashamed of the spirit and results of this movement to enforce religious observance, and malicious people are by no means happy as they seem to be. A day of retribution is coming.

Although this paper bears date of Aug. 22d, and Conference opens the 21st, the fact that press-day precedes the opening of the meetings, precludes even a notice of the first session. But it is the purpose of the publishers to give to our readers as full a report of the Conference proceedings in our next issue as time and space will permit. In fact, we hope to make the Recorder for Aug. 29th, the conference edition. It is hoped, in this effort, to bring the doings of Conference to our people who cannot attend, and thus, in some good degree, to make up to them the loss they feel in not being present. But to accomplish this the paper will necessarily be delayed a day or two in its issue. Please be patient, and read the more carefully when it comes to hand.

It is generally believed that the next Legislature in the State of New York will pass a local option bill, thus leaving the question of license or no license to the votes of the voting people. This movement is looked upon with favor by many advocates of temperance and prohibition. It works well in other States. One thing is certain, the liquor traffic can never be dominated by those who wish to destroy it. It will require a majority of the voters either on the principle of local option, or legislative enactments. If the majority of the legislators who are committed to the principles of prohibition, and secure prohibition laws in that way, the result would be no better than if the Legislature refer it to the people and it is decided by towns and counties. If the temperance people are not strong enough to vote prohibition under a local option law they are put down as it was in Prohibition,[i.e., they are put down as it was in the Prohibition Act,] while the prohibitionists will elect pro­hibition or antiprohibition, new Church, or Young People's Work, Mrs. E. T. Rogers, Waterville, Maine, Woman's Work.

J. P. MOSHER, Plainfield, N. J., Business Manager.


The Author's note: Through love to light! O wonderful way That leads from darkness to the perfect day! From darkness and from sorrow of the night To light that is shining over thy sight! Through love to light! Through light, O God, to thee. Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light.

'A. W. Gilble.'
among the Associations as hitlerito, but to such churches as are located in villages or cities where board could be obtained at reasonable rates, public and private, otherwise, this would add a little to the expense of attending the Conference, but would be far better than the present burdensome method.

Still another plan is to have the Conference entertained by Associations. In this case some church, convivial, and perhaps, should invite the Conference and all the Churches would share in the expense by assessment on the basis of membership.

Other suggestions might be made, but we simply throw out the above, hoping that there will be time at the ensuing Conference to give the matter more attention than it has hitherto received. The impression is almost universal that some improvement on our present method must be adopted.

NEW S AND COMMCRMENTS.

The International Series of Sabbath-school Lessons now so generally used was first introduced in 1875.

NINETEEN people in a trolley-car near Chester, Pa., were severely injured last week in a collision with an engine on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

ACCORDING to a decision of the Court of Chancery in England, Lady Henry Somerset has been denied the right to close a liquor bar on her own estate.

Chinese authorities have promised a speedy trial of the outlaw who was guilty of the massacre of missionaries at Kuo-Cheng. Several arrests have been made.

In the French Senate a bill has been introduced to prohibit workingmen and all employees of the State and of railway companies from engaging in is "strike."

The peach crop in Delaware this year is estimated at 1,500,000 baskets, and at 50 cents per basket will be worth $750,000. This is the largest crop in ten years.

It is reported that the Populists of Ohio have nominated the meteoric Coxey for Governor. Is the raid on Washington of two years ago the only evidence of fitness for this important position?

New York City is the third city in the world in population. If it should ever embrace all the cities which are separated from it by only the North and East Rivers it would become the largest city in the world.

Estimates now place the probable corn product of this country this year at 2,400,000,000 bushels. This will be greater, if realized, than any previous crop in our history. Cotton bids fair to produce 9,000,000 bales.

One of the famous co-laborers with Wm. Miller in promulgating the theory that the world was to be destroyed by a flood is Prof. Carl V. Himes, who died in South Dakota, July 28th, at the age of 91 years; and the world still stands.

Thirty-one years ago Gen. Sherman marched upon Atlanta, Georgia, and captured it. In a little while thousands of Northern people will be pouring into that fine city to witness the great Exposition of the South and other States and countries.

DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, now abroad, writes to the New York Independent with a vigorous pen concerning the enforcement of law and order in his city. Certainly a great reform has had place in the police force of New York within the last four years.

The massacre of ten Christians in China—eight women, one man and one child—may lead to serious trouble. Even the religious press is calling for national interference, and a lesson that China will not soon forget. The United States and the British Government are called upon to seek redress.

A new continent is said to have been discovered, lying in the Antarctic circle. It is said to be larger than all Europe. It was recently described before the International Geographical Congress in session in London by the only man who is known to have set foot upon it, a Norwegian by the name of Borchgrevink. Three expeditions are now planning to explore the new continent.

More Chinese outrages upon missionaries are reported. A dispatch from Hong Kong tells of an attack of a large mob of infuriated Chinese upon two new missions at Fatshan, near Canton. This is the second massacre of Christians by the Chinese recently, and the situation is becoming serious. Both of the above governments have been appealed to for immediate steps to protect their subjects.

The Cuban rebellion is admitted to be stronger to-day than when it was first inaugurated. The purpose of the Chief Spanish General, Martinez de Campos, to crush the rebellion speedily has not been realized, and indeed seems not likely to be. He has commanded 40,000 of Spain's best troops and has lost at least one-third of them. Those most familiar with Cuban affairs and competent to form opinions, believe that Cuba is destined soon to be free from Spanish rule.

JUDGE J. W. F. WALLACE, of the Court of Common Pleas in Pennsylvania recently declared as follows, concerning the curse of the liquor traffic in our land: "Liquor is the cause of four-fifths of the crime, the poverty, the wretchedness, and the sufferings of humanity. In all my experience upon the beach I never had a capital or a murder case in which liquor had not played its part. I do not mean that the murderer was always drunk, or even directly under the influence of liquor at the moment of his crime, but that at least indirectly its influence was always felt, and the slime of its trail, like that of the crawling snail, could always be traced."

The enterprising New York World has for some time been engaged in encouraging a project for solving the question of practical aerial navigation. Some who read the New York World have seen its reports on the experiments of Herkimer, N. Y., and have witnessed his balloon ascensions (or those of his wife, under his direction). A most encouraging and successful experiment with an airship was made a few days ago over New York City. The operator caused this vessel to float at will, with or against the wind. It is claimed that it can be maintained in the air as long as the operator desires, go at any time, and land at his pleasure.

If this is true we will doubtless soon hear more from it.

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CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."

Two weeks ago there came to the gospel tent at Louisville one night, a seedy looking fellow who asked the privilege of sleeping there. The brother in charge hesitated. He asked whether he could sleep soundly and safely with such a character in the same canvas, and he did not care to encourage tramps. But remembering "I was a stranger and ye took me in," and realizing some of the possibilities of being friendly and alone in a great city, he said "yes."

For several nights regularly the stranger was on hand to claim his privilege. He had been seeking work, he said, for weeks, and had found nothing. His clothing had become shabby and he was fast taking on the habit and appearance of a tramp. In the Sabbath morning meeting he stood up and gave his heart to God. The next Monday forenoon he found work.

I am not prepared to say that every man who trusts God will at once glide into worldly prosperity; but that when a man takes Christ as his Lord and Master, he will find it is always for better. God does not command us to serve him. He does not tell them before hand just how the future will be shaped, but when they let go other things and trust him, he certainly "will bring it to pass"—perhaps in ways of which they never dreamed.

Something of the effects of a bad business and bad associates upon character might be noted in a passing glance at the champion prize fighter, Corbett. When he first came into national notoriety, he was reported as a new kind of pugilist, viz., a gentleman. He drank milk, used good language, had a devoted wife and a happy home. Whether or not the drop to the level of a bully and an adulterer is entirely the work of the past two years, is not of the essence of this discussion. He must be, or was, once, or he could not get out of the divorce courts a blackened man. A gentleman cannot be a prize fighter nor a prize fighter a gentleman.

"Mince pies like mother used to make." There was something very attractive about that advertisement as it faced me night and morning on the elevated train. "Two pies made from one package of mince-meat,"—it certainly was no harm to try it.

Of course it was a fraud. Anyone might know it. In the first place the "virtuals and drink" apples that mother used are not in the market—too delicate to stand shipping. The haggiest white quarters went into one big wooden bowl. The pieces of tender beef into another, and the girl and boy each took a chopping knife, while mother rolled out the crust. Across the years the fragrance of those pleasant mornings comes floating. The luxurious white quarters went into the South windows. The black-birds were singing in the Lombardy poplars. Father, swinging his hat with that trick of manner which lodges in the memory, was leading Dan and Peggy fort to water. While the chopping knives flew up and down we sang our simple songs. Mother never sang this side of heaven, but that busy, helpful life was a grand, sweet
song. Yes, it took all this to produce "Mince pies like mother used to make."

They ship apples by the carload now, and butcher beeves in ten minutes. They turn out mince meat by the thousand. It is a fast and wonderful age; but in the rapid rush of progress, many of the delicate flavors of life are likely to be sacrificed. There are two ingredients which go into every product which holds a place at the heart's fire-side, and these are love and care. No invention can supplant them. It might be a great matter to the world, were the recipes for the old, time mince pies forgotten. It would be a loss inestimable if the loving care which made the old-time homes great, were crowded out in the rush of modern life.

To-night was the fourth night of the "Louisville Campaign" in the new tent with the quartet. The audiences have been steadily increasing from one hundred the first night until to-night two hundred people were in and about the tent. The prospect is bright. Now may God's people pray that his power melt the hearts of the multitude and make men glad to do his will.

DEATH AS A DOOR.

There is one benediction which is generally reserved for funeral occasions. It is the text of many a discourse over departed saints. But the good news, also, for meditation at other times. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea saith the Spirit, they may rest from their labors; for their strength, labor and life be increased to four-score years, yet is their strength, labor and sorrow."

They are blessed not only because they have run the race which was set before them, kept the faith and finished the course, but also because they rest from their labors. Life, after all, is long enough. We crowd into its three-score years and ten sufficient of sorrow and suffering, trial and disappointment, aches and pains. And yet in the midst of all this life be increased to four-score years, "yet is their strength, labor and sorrow." Beyond the period of our probation, wherein opportunity is given us to cultivate the fruits of the Spirit, the works of grace and mercy and power that are of a life to serve humanity and lay up treasure in heaven, life is not profitable. Those who die in the Lord, take their works with them. After the seed-sowing comes the harvest. "Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed, he shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him."

Those who die in the Lord do not go out empty-handed. If they have sown the seed of the gospel in their own hearts and in the hearts of others, they have their harvest. They take their sheaves with them. Good works and good deeds and good lives do not stop with the grave, but they go on multiplying themselves in glorious results. If you cast a stone into a placid sheet of water you disturb at first only a little circle of the surface; but the ripples increase in number and circumference until the whole surface of the lake is agitated. Just so a life devoted to the cause of God accumulates results for eternity. -The Independent.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Jane H. Clawson, widow of the late Rev. David Clawson, was born in New Jersey in 1805, was married January 25, 1826, and with him and won the esteem and love of many, and united with the Piscataway, N. J., Church in 1825.

In about 1836 her husband was called to the work of the ministry, and ordained at a quarterly meeting at Alfred Centre, N. Y. She proved to be a faithful helper to him as long as he lived, and continued her work for Christ and the salvation of souls during her long and useful life. Her mind remained clear and bright, never letting an opinion take root, and advising all to look to Jesus and improve the Christian religion. By her example and daily life she strove to impress all whom she associated with the necessity of a preparation for death, and yet her cheerful countenance, lively nature, and conversation would prove to all that religion, instead of making one gloomy and sad, should be made one cheerful and happy, and capable of enjoying all the innocent pleasures of life.

A young person who visited her a few years since sent a message to her which she received a few days before her death. She says, "Give her our fondest love, tell her our memories of her are sweet ones to be cherished always, that to us she is the ideal of a beautiful Christian life." Her memory was good; for years she made a habit of committing a verse or more of death before each day, and this spring, although her eyesight had failed so she could not read, her knowledge of the Scriptures was so great that when her daughter would commence to read to her she would join in and repeat chapter after chapter of the Word of God, and one could scarcely find a place where the New Testament or Psalms that was not so familiar to her that she would not repeat it with you. She had selected many pieces of poetry and committed them to memory while she enjoyed the failure of her sight her daughter has repeated several selections to her until she had them fixed in her memory. The following she considered particularly adapted to her case:

My hair is changed to silvery gray,
And dimmer now the light of day,
My step once firm now needs a stay,
And one day wear a binding crown.

But children have passed away,
And many friends who used to stay
Around my hearth, so bright and gay,
Yet life, abundant life, is gone.

Our Saviour Jesus Christ hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.

To-day my spirit without a care,
Farewell, farewell, till I again shall see
My friends and kindred earthly dear,
And Angels sing, "Amen!"
away from God is that "they took their daughters to be their wives, and gave their daughters to their sons, and served their gods." "Therefore the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and he sold them into the hands of their enemy." The laws of social influence, dissemination, and habit are such that the commandment will always incur divine displeasure and punishment.

The commandment to keep the Sabbath of the Lord holy, for reasons therein given, still stands unchanged, a central truth in the law of God. To disbelieve and disregard that commandment by substituting another and keeping it for reasons which God has not assigned, constitutes flagrant unbelief, and separates believers and unbelievers widely apart as worshipers. To disobey the divine injunction, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with velopes or wrappers, in which the cloth, and of some who do not have the disease, summon liope and courage to our aid and set forth..."

**Sources of Danger of Contracting Diseases**

- Dust from infected handkerchiefs. A general rule applicable to all persons, sick and well, is that handkerchiefs should be looked upon with suspicion. They should not be used after any secretion from the nose has been permitted to dry upon them. After being used, they should be put into a paper bag which may then have its top twisted shut, there to remain until put into boiling water.
- Dust from floors or articles upon which infected sputum or saliva has been ejected.
- Contact with the hands of persons who cough into their hands, or who handle infected handkerchiefs or clothes into which they have spit.
- Books, pencils, gum, drinking-cups, etc., used in coughing.
- Dust from rooms and clothing infected by persons having a communicable disease.
- Possibly typhoid fever may be spread by means of dust containing the germs of that disease; but in order that typhoid fever may occur, the germs must be swallowed or find their way to the lower part of the small intestine. This disease is usually spread by drinking-water which has been contaminated with sewage or with leakages from privies. Similar statements are true relative to cholera.

**Dangerous Communicable Diseases**

Consumption is now known to be a contagious disease communicated by the dust of dried sputa, also by milk and meat of tuberculous animals. The most important measure for the restriction of consumption is the isolation and disinfection of all sputa of tuberculous persons, and to that extent is it best that all persons who have a cough should carry small pieces of cloth (each just large enough to receive one sputum) and paralyzed paper envelopes or wrappers, in which the cloth, as soon as once used, may be put and securely inclosed, and, with its envelope, burned on the first opportunity.

Pneumonia is spread by a germ which is in the sputum of those who have the disease (and of some who do not have the disease, unless, possibly, after exposure to the inhalation of cold air). "Care should always be taken to destroy or disinfect all sputa of those who have pneumonia.

Influenza is now believed to be spread by a germ which finds its way from infected handkerchiefs, or infected dust, into the nose, throat, and air-passages of persons susceptible to this disease. The measures for its restriction are therefore obvious—disinfection and isolation.

Diphtheria is spread by the sputa, saliva, and what sputa or saliva comes from the throat and the mouth of the patient, and by the dust which results from the drying of such saliva, etc.

The germs of diphtheria sometimes remain in the throat weeks after complete recovery. For its restriction and prevention, isolation and disinfection are the important measures—disinfection of every infected person and thing, and their complete disinfection.

Typhoid fever. Typhoid fever is not only contracted directly from the sick person, but usually from the discharges of the bowels of the sick person. These should always be properly disinfected. Un-disinfected discharges, if dried and formed into dust, may spread the disease through the air. The chief source of danger, however, is believed to be drinking-water contaminated by sewage or leakages from privies, etc.

The germs of typhoid fever are killed by boiling. All suspected water should be boiled.

Scarlet fever. The germ of scarlet fever is not yet identified. But that there is a germ, seems to be proven by the well-known communicability of the disease from person to person.

Isolation and disinfection are the important measures by which this disease is checked.

Mumps is spread from person to person, directly and indirectly. Isolation and disinfection should be enforced.

Whooping-cough is a communicable disease. Its spread is by means of particles given off from the surface of the body. By vaccination and revaccination, small-pox may be and should be, almost wholly prevented. One vaccination or once having small-pox, does not protect for life. Revaccination should be had once every about five years, also whenever smallpox is prevalent, and certainly immediately after one has been exposed to the disease.

Cholera is spread in much the same way as is typhoid fever. The same precautions intended to prevent the spread of typhoid fever should be taken as soon as cholera appears. The first evacuations of a choleraic diarrhea are infectious, and should, as well as all that follow, be immediately carefully disinfected. Suspected drinking-water should be boiled—State Board of Health (Michigan).

The "missed" things in life are most provoking. To come home after a dreary day's performance of duty and find that we have just missed the one person whom we had longed for, how annoying it is! To summon hope and courage to our aid and set forth on an unpleasant enterprise and just miss by one moment the chance that would make our venture successful, how tiresome it is! And again, how soul-wearying to strive and strive, to satisfy the one to work with nothing in view but their happiness and well-being, and yet, by some indefensible irony of fate, to fail in giving either comfort or happiness—is not this the greatest "miss" of all in life? There are moments in everyone's experience when the one thing that would arise mainly from a mistake, are too overwhelming to be borne, when they drown all sympathy and make life worthless.

Journey is like the kingdom of God—it is not without us as a fact, it is within us a great yearning—Romola.
Missions.

THE TRIALS OF MISSIONARIES.

Three of our missionary letters this week close with an earnest appeal for the prayers of American Christians in behalf of the native converts and the missionaries. There is also very significant testimony to the peculiar fortitude on the part of the converts under specially trying circumstances, and incidentally to the very perplexing questions that the missionaries have had to meet in their work. The constancy of the Manchurian Christians, and the fidelity to their principles on the part of the "savage South Sea Islanders," are scarcely more noticeable than the wisdom and patient instruction of those who have trained them.

We commend these letters to persons, and their number seems to be just now unusually large, who are inclined to criticise missions and missionaries. That there should be more or less of such criticism is inevitable. Mission work is too prominently before the world not to receive the special attention of observers of every kind. Missionaries, too, are in a wider sense than ever before public characters. This not merely because they are in a measure public servants, but because they are even more so because of the sympathy and notice directed to them by all that the changes which have occurred in Japan, China, Turkey, India, and many parts of Africa, to say nothing of the Pacific Islands, have been very materially affected, if not entirely molded by their teaching and example. They are thus in a peculiar sense open to the attacks of those who for any reason whatever are dissatisfied with the nature of the development of those nations.

It is natural, too, that among the critics should be not only foes but friends. The one criticises because of their hostility, to all forms of what they call proselytism, especially if it interferes with their personal interests. The sea captain, had he succeeded in procuring supplies on Sunday, would have had nothing but praise for the missionary instruction that had been the means of procuring for him a better grade of provision. He became a critic when his personal advantage, not necessity, was delayed for a day.

On the other hand, so long as native churches provide the people with permanent education and type of thought, all goes well; but when their development takes a different direction, even those who have hitherto been ardent supporters become first skeptical, then perhaps hostile in their comments as to the nature of the instruction which has been given to these churches.

All this the missionaries understand and expect. They realize better than their critics possibly can the perplexities and limitations of their situation and the uncertainty as to results with which they have to deal. They realize that with the constant pressure upon them for immediate action, even in the most difficult cases, they are in danger of wrong decisions, and their absolute need of all the help they can obtain. They realize that without the truth, no class of workers in the world more ready to accept criticism, so long as it is constructive and not destructive, sympathetic and not hostile in its spirit. All they ask is that those who pass their comments shall first compare the facts and figures and, secondly, be able to look at the questions involved from their standpoint. This last is, perhaps, the most essential, and the lack of it is probably the cause of some of the hardest blows that have been given to the mission cause.

With the increasing publicity of missions there are many people who habitually form their own ideas as to how mission work should be done. Those who have been supporting following out different lines, they are apt to withdraw their confidence and support. It may be that they think the missionaries extravagant. It may be that the difficulty is theological, social, or even moral. Whatever it is, they are prompt to say that the missionary must be wrong and they right; and, unless the missionary changes his course, they withdraw their support.

What is the remedy? Abstention from all criticism? By no means. To criticism, even hostile and unfair, are due some of the best efforts of mission work. We believe that the clue is found in the universal plan that comes from every mission field: "Pray for us." The truth is that in the face of such terrible wisdom be out of sympathy with those for whom he prays, especially if they have a definite personal existence in his thought. Prayer for missions is too general; it should include individuals. It is also too much the fact that in most of the cases mentioned prayer that they may be led to do as we think they ought to. If we would pray for wisdom for ourselves as well as for them, it is probable that the result would be more harmony, less hostility. People sometimes wonder why it is that the boards so generally indulge the missionaries even when the churches are inclined to think them wrong. The explanation is in the fact that in the meetings of the boards no important action is ever taken without special prayer, in which the burden of the petition is that divine wisdom may attend and guide not merely corporate, but personal action, both at home and on the field. Let the same thing be true of the churches and Christians everywhere, and we believe that such an impulse would be given to the work of missions as the Church has never seen—The Independent.

FROM F. J. BAKKER.

Through the goodness of our Heavenly Father we have a religious Sunday every day, it seems the best according to circumstances and time. It is very difficult in a large town as this, with so many large and small ships and so much other work from very different cases to go after a finer rule. I must not make much about it, and did try it to go and use a certain rule, but I found out that it would not do. As one settled rule I always go (when I am fresh and well) every First-day morning or forenoon to the ships on the quays and several harbors, and in this way I can talk many a good word to the sea-faring men, and give them good advice and tracts, papers, and every kind of reading matter; and in this way I hope to bring to them a blessing, and show them the way to a very good and lasting Master; however, there are also many who will laugh and scoff. And so with emigrants: every week I look after them and mostly have the opportunity to talk with many of them, give them tracts in their language, and show them the way to a very good and lasting Master; however, I go to all parts of the town, and so bring many good tracts, papers or pamphlets to the people, talk with them, and some will treat me very kind, and listen to what I have to tell; also our usual work in temperance and other good things.

Since a month a young lady commenced to keep the Lord's Sabbath. She is about 26 years of age and mostly sick—very poor health. She wanted to be baptized if she would be able to be strong enough to do it. She looks to be a very earnest young woman, and we hope and pray that our Heavenly Father will make it so that her—and also our—wish may be fulfilled.

A young Jew, who two years ago did confess Jesus for his Messiah and Saviour, and through the influence from Sunday Keepers, found the Sabbath for a time, became acquainted with us, and so we hope he will be earnest and stick to the Sabbath again.

We would ask, dear brethren, that we are not working in vain. Praises be to our Heavenly Father. We are all well, the weather is beautiful, and creep vegetables, etc., are plentiful. We have our regular meetings on the Sabbath and on other days when necessary, and so we go on from one day to another until we, through the grace of God, may reach the mansion above.

JEWISH MISSIONS IN NEW YORK.

Our readers will have noticed that for a long time there has been a great deal to say by way of commendation of the methods of mission work among the Jews in this city. The reason has not been wholly that there is no good work done, but that we have not been able to approve of some of the missions under the pressure of the public and the public press.

Jewish missions have a special attraction to certain minds; to those who are devoted to the prophecies and are anxious to hurry their fulfillment, and who forget the instructions of our Lord, who directed his disciples to go to those who would hear. These missions are also, for some reason or other, very liable to attract those whose proselytizing methods are not purely evangelical, and who are so anxious to make sure that they are not certified that their converts shall be disinterested.

The Jewish missions carried on in this city are the following:

The American Hebrew Mission, 17 St. Mark's Place, under the charge of the City Missionary. This was the charge of Dr. Freshman, and until lately of Dr. Warzawink. Most of the "affidavits" from converts have gone back to Judaism have been obtained from men who were baptized in this mission. He has, however, been earnestly opposed by Dr. Bernard Angel, for whom we have nothing but good to say.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has a
mission at 68 Seventh Street, under the charge of the Rev. Moyer Lerman, who is an excellent man.

Under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church the mission called Hope of Israel is carried on by the Rev. A. C. Gaubelein and the Rev. J. E. Stroeter, at 91 Rivington Street and 209 Madison Street. We have full confidence in their work.

Mr. E. Landsman carries on a quiet mission among Jews without any preach- ing, under Lutheran auspices. He has no permanent headquarters, but his work is a good one. These four missions are conducted on methods that do not call for criticism.

Besides these there are three other missions to the Jews, of which the one which puts itself most prominently before the public is that of Herman Warszawiank, whose headquarters is the Church of Sea and Land, number 19 Market Street. His methods did not commend themselves to Dr. Schaufler, of the City Mission, and Mr. Warszawiank took up an independent mission, which has just secured a committee, with estimable gentlemen behind it, at the head of which is Dr. John Hall. He is attempting to raise $150,000 for his projected "Christ's Synagogue," as if there were any more room having a special church for Jews, and he has secured a large subscription for it in Scotland. He is an eloquent, taking speaker, and will travel the country to raise the money, and will very likely succeed. He succeeds in one way or another in drawing large numbers of Jews occasionally into his congregation. A few weeks ago at the close of the Saturday service, instead of waiting as usual to speak with those who wished to speak with him, he had spoken from the church window, to the church where his assistants had locked the iron gate; thus holding the congregation while a photographer, who was across the street, was ready to take a picture of the crowd about Mr. Warszawiank. But they made such a riot over it, and Mr. Warszawiank opened the gates closed nor the photographer to be at hand.

During the week he distributed cards in Hebrew jargon among the Jews telling them that he would call upon him who came to any of the missions the next Saturday he would give a free ticket admitting to a wonderful fifty-cent entertainment. Dr. John Hall, who was present, found a crowded house. When the entertainment came off the pictures of Warszawiank and his helpers and of our Lord were not received in an edifying way.

Dr. Herman Faust, a converted Jewish rabbi, has a mission at 128 Forsyth Street under the patronage, we believe, of a Scotch Presbyterian Church. He claims to be a doctor of philosophy of Berlin. There is also a Baptist mission to the Jews at the Mariner's Temple under the direction of the Rev. H. Lichenstein. —The Independent.

The oldest and wisest of us may be as little children in our communion with a prayer-loving heart. We may put our hand in that of another and feel how warmed we are by smooth, gentle acting, and look trustfully and hopefully for that availing guidance. But how can we learn that there is a firm and true foundation of endearing faith at every step of our way along our earthly pilgrimage, no matter how steep or rough the road? It would profit us, if we were best able to bear the burden of its oversight so long. Her health is suffering from the long continued strain which this extra work imposes, and is strengthened by her friends that she will break down and the mission thus lose her valuable services unless some one is speedily sent to relieve her.

In her report to the Missionary Board last year Miss Burdick says, "I am the soul of the school during the year. While for some reasons I have felt exceedingly reluctant to write about my work, it comes to me now that possibly I would better write with some frankness of what I have been thinking. I desire to say that the boys' school in the mission because we consider it one of the good ways to disseminate the gospel; because we trust that under God's blessing there will be found among the boys some who will become faithful, useful, helpful, teachers, and preachers, and because we hope there will, in time, be worthy young men to become the husbands of our girls, thus removing the necessity of marrying all of them outside our mission." She further adds: "It appears that the reservations formerly opposed to boys' schools have recently been establishing them, hoping to avoid the necessity of depending upon other missions for trained assistants."

With great care and painstaking the boys have been selected and gathered into the school, have been well instructed and disciplined, and are fast developing graces of mind and heart which, if they can be retained in the school, will make invaluable aids to the mission work. Can it be that we are to send away these bright and promising boys from among whom we have hitherto would come efficient native helpers in our future work? writes the Rev. D. H. Davis in an article recently published in the Sabbath Recorder. "We need the school, not only for educating, but as a Christianizing, missionary. If a religious training is important for Christian work at home, it is doubly important for those who have been born in the lap of heathenism. Are not these reasons sufficient why the school should be maintained?"

There is, however, another reason for maintaining the school. We are financially indebted to the Chinese for the money they contributed toward the school-buildings which were turned over to the medical department when the hospital was arranged for; buildings which cost over $2,000, only $600 of which was contributed by the Missionary Board, the remainder being given by Chinese and foreign residents in Shanghai.

It cannot be that any serious thought of discontinuing the school has been entertained by responsible parties to the front of the house, and not be allowed the burden of its care to rest so long upon Miss Burdick's shoulders. We are sure that the school has held and still holds its place in the affections and prayers of our people, but we have been like some busy housewives who become so intent upon the accomplishment of one piece of work that they allow another equally important to await attention till that is completed.

The visit of Dr. Swiney brought home to us with great force the needs of the Medical Department of the Mission, and excited us to exert all effort to supply them. Thought and effort became so concentrated on the work of furnishing the hospital, and the preparations needed for the outift and passage of Dr.

**Woman's Work.**

WOMAN'S WORK may have had this side of the grave as to the value of foreign missions, but the possibility of a missionary being sent along in consequence, from heaven to earth, that his brethren might repent—Woman's Work.

To reserve one's self only for great occasions—to wait for opportunities of doing good on a large scale—is not to copy our Pattern. Life is made up, as of moments, of so many opportunities, and from events and unexpected scenes. We must seize the moment and do our best. It is not a question of whether, but of when you shall do. Individuals cross your path to whom you might do a kind office or speak a kind word; if you do as your Master did, you will not despise the day of small things. An unexpected word of sympathy or counsel has penetrated many a heart and made a life-long impression there—Boardman.

"What events may or may not form turning points in our lives, we can never know till they are past and their work, for good or ill, is done. In the construction of this great temple of the world, find, if you can, a moulding, an arch, with a rivet in it: any putting of nails, or hiding of secrets, or painting over of patches. Every trace of work is finished, no matter where, no matter how you find it. All the blue masonry of night was done without trowel or hammer. Who ever detected any breaks in the leaflet half fashioned when the heavens were in the form of a chisel, or in the word that the sheaves hold together, or in the letter's mouth?"

"The BOY'S BOARDING-SCHOOL. I have been requested by the Secretary of our Association to present a few thoughts in the interest of the Boy's Boarding-School of our China Mission, and give some reasons why it should be sustained and some suitable person sent to take charge of it.

To those familiar with its history and that of the mission of which it is a part, it would seem that no plea for its continuance were needed. By many it is considered the most important branch of our work in China. It is an object lesson to the Chinese as well as a Christianizing agency, and illustrates the character of a Christian home.

National life and character are the aggregate of individual and family character, as well in China as in other lands; if we would make any advancement in Christianizing the Chinese, the foundation must be laid in the home. The elements of character essential for the establishment of Christian homes must be developed early to be most efficient. The necessary instruction and discipline must come "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, and how can the character of heathen children be more symmetrically developed than in a Christian home such as this school aims to be? Is it not plain that a mission would become more permanently successful were the character of its native assistants thus developed?

The school was established because it was deemed essential to the permanent prosperity of the mission, and its importance becomes more apparent as the work progresses. Were it not so, we are sure that our dear Miss Burdick would not have sustained the burden of its oversight so long. Her health is suffering from the long continued strain which this extra work imposes, and is strengthened by her friends that she will break down and the mission thus lose her valuable services unless some one is speedily sent to relieve her.
The Sabbath Recorder.

[Vol. II, No. 34.]

Palmbog that the school was allowed to await attention till that was completed. Now, however, we will turn our attention and bend our energies to accomplish this equally important work. To longer postpone it would, we believe, incur the divine displeasure. God forgive us that we have delayed it so long, and allowed our devoted sister to jeopardize her health by carrying this extra burden for so long a time.

Brother Davis, in the article above referred to, has set before us the urgent need that a man and his wife be at once sent to take charge of the funds sufficient to purchase land and erect suitable buildings for it. His burning words must have sent an electric thrill to every loyal leader's heart, and we can but believe that the hearts of those whom God designs for this work were touched by his spirit as with a live coal from the altar. We know not who or where they are, but God's eye is upon them, his spirit is searching their hearts to see if they are willing to make the needed sacrifice. Let fervent prayer be offered that they may heed his voice and come forward, and while we await their decision, which should be prompt, for the case is urgent, we will look to those whom God has blessed financially to come forward with generous contributions for the construction and equipment of buildings suitable for the school.

Then there should be a special effort made to meet the expense of outfit and passage of these missionaries. It must be obvious to all that the work should be undertaken at once, and it seems eminently fitting that it should be inaugurated by the Woman's Board, who, with the societies they represent, feel such deep solicitude for the health of Miss Burdick. We believe that were a call issued at once for contributions to a fund for this purpose it would start us on a genial work of response.

While all needed arrangements are being made, let earnest prayer be offered that divine wisdom may guide our leaders, and a spirit of self-sacrificing loyalty be given to every Christian, that all may work together harmoniously, and for the accomplishment of this work, and for all that is given us by him who has said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Mrs. C. M. Lewis.

The Under-World of New York—A Pathetic Incident.

By Mrs. Helen Campbell.

As far as Mercury is from Saturn is this underworld from yours, gentle reader. It opens to the sight only when night descends, and often within a stone's throw of the empty warehouses, and the spaces of dark and forsaken streets are its most pathetic phases to be seen.

Yonder is a little Italian eating-house no one would think of calling a restaurant. It is down in a cellar, and, as if to hide it more, the steps, old and broken, go down sidewise along side of the street. The room is lit by a smoky kerosene lamp. A little bar is in one corner, and narrow, wooden benches, black with use, run around the walls and are fastened to them. Here five cents will buy a plate of macaroni, a bit of toast, and a cup of coffee. It was in this druggy haven that a woman of about thirty drifted only the other day. She was a comely woman, with regular features and dark hair. A thin shawl was drawn over her shoulders; her dress was ragged and worn, her face dirty. She had no money, and when she faintly begged for food, a swarthy Italian paid five cents for the coffee and a crust of bread that were served to her.

She drank the coffee and thrust the crust into her pocket. She would have gone then, but she was trembling with weakness, and the man who paid for her food held her back. She sat silent and thoughtful on the narrow bench until long after nightfall. Then she drew the crust from her pocket and began to nibble it.

"Let me warm the bread for you," said the keeper's little boy. He put it on the stove, warmed it, and brought it back to the woman, who suddenly gasped and died.

All night long her lifeless body waited for removal in the dead wagon to the morgue. In her pocket was found the remnant of a crust and a copy of these verses, printed on red paper:

On the street, on the street,
The moon is bright and clear;
Aching heart and aching head;
Swallowed away from me.

On the street, on the street,
Midnight finds my weary feet;
Heard the words of love he spoke,
They are, but touched by his spirit as with a live coal from the altar. We know not who.

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THE TRIAL OF WAITING.

Every old soldier knows that the hardest thing in connection with a battle is the waiting under fire for orders to move. To push forward in the fight is exciting work, so exciting as to call out all the energies of a man, and to keep his mind full with thoughts of what he has to do for the moment. He has no time then to think of danger or to speculate upon chances. But when a man has to stand, or to lie, in line, with the bullets whistling about him, or with the sound of the battle in his ears, or with nothing to do in the nature of action or of effort, he begins to be thinking of danger and fearing the results of delay, and to be suffering from the strain upon his nerves, which is all the intenser because there is nothing for his muscles to do. And to wait in this way in physical warfare is, so to it with the soldier in life's battles of every sort. Waiting under fire is harder than moving forward in the thick of the fight.

Yet waiting is a large part of man's duty in life, when he would be actively doing something. Waiting for the hour of a school examination; waiting for an expected order at one's home, or waiting for the hour when one may make a call of pleasure or of important business; waiting for one's turn at an after-dinner speech, or for a part in an athletic contest; waiting for an expected train at a railway station, or waiting for the time when one may take a train homeward—all these are ordinary experiences in waiting. They tax the patience and the energies of the young and the old, and they are hard to bear.

As a business man, who has not travelled in the luxury of vacations, was induced to take a season of rest in the country. It did not suit his active mind, and when he was asked by a friend how it seemed to him, he answered: "I feel all the time as if I were waiting for the streetcar or a car to come along." Many another man can appreciate that state of mental strain.

To wait on a sick bed, or to wait by one, is a sore trial for the sufferer in body or in mind. And to wait at a distance for the slow passage of the hours or the days while disease is running its course is a trial to a loved one, while there is nothing to do but to wait, is one of the severest tests of endurance to which human nature is called. Waiting for bad news, or waiting in doubt as to the nature of the coming news, is in many a case a greater strain on the mental powers than meeting the news of the worst when it does come. Yet just because waiting is so hard, waiting is the one duty of the hour to be endured bravely and in hope when there is nothing to do but to wait. "If I could only do something, something that would interest the longing soul. But you cannot do anything, except to wait; therefore you must be patient and courageous in waiting.

Patience is endurance in waiting at the call of God, and such patience is enjoined and commended as a Christian virtue and as a Christian duty. "It shall win your souls," said our Lord to his disciples as he foretold their trial, when distress would be of the worst when it came. "Father says a moral evil will kill the soul just as a poison will kill the body. I want to tell you all this, and then ask him to tell me about the things that have a moral poison in them that kills the soul, so I may keep away from them as from a drink from the poisoned meat."—Sunday School Times.

MISSIONARY BOARD MEETING.

A special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society was held in the lecture-room of the Pawtucket Seventh-day Baptist Church, Westerly, R. I., August 13, 1895.

The meeting was called to order at 9.40 A. M., Mr. George B. Carpenter in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. William C. Whitford.

There were present 13 members and 3 alternates.

The minutes of the regular meeting, July 17, 1895, were read and approved.

The Corresponding Secretary presented his annual report, which was adopted as a part of the Fifty-third Annual Report of the Board of Managers.

It was voted that the report be printed in connection with the Minutes of the General Conference, and that 150 copies be printed separately for the use of the Corresponding Secretary.

It was voted that the Corresponding Secretary be authorized to have printed 500 copies of an abstract of the report for use at the Annual Session.

The Treasurer then presented his annual report.

It was voted that Mr. C. H. Stanton and Mr. I. B. Crandall audit the Treasurer's report.

It was voted that the Treasurer's report be referred to the auditors, and that if it be found correct, it be adopted as a part of the Fifty-third Annual Report of the Board of Managers, and that it be printed with the omission of itemized receipts.

Adjourned.

WILLIAM C. DALAND, Sec. Sec.
Young People's Work

THE HOLLAND MISSION.*

In order to get a good idea of the work of our brethren in Holland, it may be well to begin with a short review of their history.

Nearly all the members of the church were brought up as Sunday-keepers, but several were Baptists before they commenced to keep the Sabbath-holy. It is about twenty-five years ago that Bro. G. Velthuysen was chosen pastor over a small church of First-day Baptists at Haarlem. At first they met at his home, but the membership soon increased, and they could no longer meet there. They built a little church, the foundation stone of which was laid the 23rd of May, 1837, and the church was opened for worship on the 11th of September of the same year. The church soon increased in numbers, and the need for a larger house for worship was felt. The present church building was erected in 1860. It has a capacity of 325 seats, and is still in use today. The church is located at the corner of the Haarlemstraat and the Vondelstraat.

The Netherland Midnight Mission finds its origin in the Haarlem Church. Two young members, Bros. Van der Steur and Gerard Velthuysen, Jr., eager to do something for the Midnight Mission work, founded the “Haarlem Mission” in 1841. The mission was primarily concerned with the spiritual welfare of sailors. They distributed tracts, conducted meetings, and performed various other activities to promote the spread of the gospel among sailors. The mission was successful in its endeavors, and it expanded to other cities in the Netherlands.

The work of the Haarlem Church was not limited to the immediate community. They were active in the neighboring cities of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Utrecht, and their influence extended to the whole of the Netherlands. They were noted for their dedication to the spread of the gospel, and their work was recognized by the denomination.

We find today that the work of the Haarlem Church has continued to grow and expand. The church has been active in the spiritual welfare of sailors and soldiers, and has been involved in various social and religious activities. The church is still located at the corner of the Haarlemstraat and the Vondelstraat, and it continues to be a center of spiritual and social activity in the city of Haarlem.

The brethren in Holland are more active than ever in their work, and their influence is rapidly spreading to other parts of the world. It is our hope that the work of the church will continue to grow, and that it will continue to be a center of light and love in the midst of a world that often seems dark and cold.

*Written for, and requested for publication by, the Y. P. B. C. E. of Nile, N. Y.

LUBRICATION.

To lubricate is “To make smooth, or diminish friction.” Naturally our minds revert to the complicated and multiplied machinery in our country that needs lubrication. It is necessary from the delicate mechanism of a watch to that of the immense engine. But in the spiritual life there is machinery, so to speak, that is run indefinitely without proper, or only occasional lubrication, and that, too, within our personal reach, and for which we shall be held responsible.

There is the lubrication of speech and act that it is ours to control, that we can apply to the great engine of life which is full of apertures, large and small, wherein to drop the oil of kindness. You have a part of this machinery to care for. Lubricate the ¿dawn with a cheerful “good morning,” and a trustful prayer. It will cause the wheels of time to roll easier and with less friction until the “dowdy eve.” Lubricate the hour of rest with a sweet “good night” and giving of thanks. Lubricate the day with a cheerful “good morning,” and a trustful prayer. It will cause the wheels of time to roll easier and with less friction until the “dowdy eve.” Lubricate the hour of rest with a sweet “good night” and giving of thanks. The day is a gift to the dispenser, to be used to advantage. Let us be “Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch around him and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

There are some of whom it may be appropriately said, “He seemed to have a pool of honey round his heart whereby to lubricate his speech.” We may not all possess the same gifts, but we can lubricate the lives of our children with cheerful, timely words and tones, and it will inspire them with confidence to do what is right. Do not fail to lubricate these little wheels of life.

Lubricate the well-worn machinery of the toiling man’s soul. Lubricate the feelings of your servant’s and the disposition of the animals under your charge. Lubricate the prayer-meeting if it be with only “Just one well lubricated prayer.”

Lubricate the wheels of the gospel ministry by appreciative and appropriate manifestations. All this for His sake and He will lubricate the grave with his smile, and around it, in a halo of glory, shall be written, “I am your resurrection and life; that he believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

E. C. W. L.
OUR MIRROR.

ASHAWAY: Y. P. S. C. E. report excellent work done by their members. Their special work during the past year has been attendance and help at evangelical meetings at Clark's Falls, Niantic, Rockville, Hope Valley, Hopkinton, and Willett school, also assumed payment of the assistant pastor's salary. A good literature and tract table has recently been placed in the vestibule.

AUG. 12, 1895.

A PIECE OF PAPER WHITE.

BY LENA SANDFORD.

My baby bone looks so old,
With blue eyes shining bright.
Come down beside it, and lay its hands
A piece of paper white.

"Look, mamma, see," the baby cried,
"That's what it wants to see.
I'll put it on the table
Such a thing you can see."

He laid it down beside my work,
And with his fingers small,
He smoothed it gently, smoothed it more,
To him 'twas all in all.

His eyes were bright but little
Like petals in a smile,
It was Rose's secret measure
A baby to beguile.

He watched my face a moment
With eager questioning look,
And then in lying words so sweet
Again the baby spoke.

"See mamma, see how smooth and white,
Now don't you think it nice?
I caught the baby in my arms,
And kissed him in a tree.

"Yes, darling baby boy," I said,
"I said, Tie pretty as can be.
He watched me as the sun shone
To find his treasure ancient.

Stone in his round blue eye,
Then thinking of his play outside,
Away with the sunbeam.
But baby's pleasure on my mind
(From feelingahappy)
And crowding in my busy brain
There came to me this thought,
That I would like to hold it.

Was very like our own,
We were a long time there,
Who large and old have grown.

We put such vast importance
On everything we see,
We sacrifice all through our lives
Something for feeling strong.
We toll and slave for some rare thing
Until we find it there.

There are our children at their play,
We cast aside and leave it—
And hope the little child is now,
Something we deem more bright,
But in that sunbeam's light
Than the piece of paper white.

A TRUE STORY OF THE ROBINS.

A. E. PINNEY.

"My! Isn't it hot!" exclaimed Robert, as he and Mabel swung in the hammock under the tree. "I'm going to take a short nap right up in the air as these little robins in their nest. They must be nice and cool.

"How long shall I nap, dear?"

"This old nest is so hot, and the sun scorchers right down through the leaves, while there is so much goodness in that nest, I must be and cool down there in the grass where the children are. I wish our wings were grown so we could fly up there.

Just then both children and robins were startled by a loud clap of thunder. The nest was swung by the wind until the little birds were in danger of being blown out, and the children ran into the house. How the wind did blow! Both the children hurried their heads in mamma's arms, and Mabel told them that the storm was nearly over. Then they ran to the window and looked out to find if the storm was over, and the sun was trying to smile through the raindrops.

But alas for the little robins! Old mother robin appeared to be distressed as she flew from tree to tree, and when the little ones who had been blown from the nest. Very soon a feebie little voice answered her from down among the half grown grass of the old nest. The old robin, greatly excited, flew down beside it, and then ensued a scene both interesting and very heart warming.

The old bird would hop a few steps and then wait patiently for the little bird to follow, until at last they reached the street gutter, which was a pool of water. Back and forth over the gutter flew the old bird, urging the little one to try its wings, until the day bird took its first flight. But that was too wide for its feeble strength, and when only halfway across it dropped down into the water, uttering such piteous cries as it floated helplessly about the water. The old mother robin was too quick for him. As the bird flitted near the shore it hopped down into the edge of the water, and seizing one of its wings with her bill drew it safely ashore. Then took the bird flitted after the nest and perched in it.

By this time Robert stood by ready to help, and the mother bird seemed to know that he was her friend.

Then while the old robin tenderly completed the rescue of the little one, Robert gathered up the two other little birds, who were peeping loudly, and put them safely up in the tree, and Mabel said, "I am so glad you are a boy instead of a bird. Birds have no idea of dangerous living in a nest."—American Agriculturist.

OUR PET GOAT.

Billy was a very funny goat. He liked babies, and would always walk up to a passing baby-carriage to be patted, much to the fright of the nurse. Billy dearly loved to get into the house, when he was not allowed at all. Sometimes he would go beneath the kitchen door, and when it was opened by anyone he would push his way in and stand by the stove, as if really very much in the warmth.

But he was soon sent out, for he had a nice stall in the stable, and a very thing to warm by on cold nights.

One day in spring, when all the family were out except maid Nora, she heard footsteps upon the stairs. Wondering if the family would return without her knowing it, she ran up and looked about. What do you think she saw? Why, it was that mischievous Billy, walking in front of the long mirror in one of the sleeping rooms. He was bowing and nodding to the other Billy he saw in the glass.

Papa brought Billy home to his little boy Eddie as a surprise one bright, sunny day. With him came a fine harness and a gig in which to ride around the neighborhood.

Now, Billy did not always like to go away from home when Eddie did. It often took three boys to persuade him to get up the hill near the house. Eddie pulled with the reins from his head, and his two playfellows, red in the face, pushed at Billy's back.

When at last they succeeded in reaching the top of the hill, two of the boys held him fast, and the third untied the reins. All was ready for the boys to let go, and down the hill Billy would trot, over the stones and around the curve, stopping until he ran into his stall in the stable.

Sometimes he could be coaxed out by giving him lump of sugar, but if you wanted to get him again, you must put out for young ladies, the sheet of note-paper with the approved style for young ladies, the sheet of note-paper folded once in the middle to fit an envelope which comes with the paper. Little girls may use the little Brownie paper, or other note-paper with a dainty devise in the center which girls are so fond of. Girls should confine themselves to the clear, smooth white paper.

If you cannot write without lines to keep your words from a zigzag course, you can use the half sheet of a heavily ruled sheet, which will be a guide until practice enables you to control your hand. You may then keep your writing straight and even without an outside help.

Use black ink and a good pen, steel or gold, for your letters.
as you prefer. Keep your pen in perfect order.

At the top of your paper, a little to the right hand, write very plainly your post-office address. If your home has a special name, as "Sunset," "The Owlery," "The Wren's Nest," "Riverbank," that will be first mentioned, but must be followed by the names of your town, village, county, or State. It is important to give each of these in full. If you reside in a city, your street and number must be plainly written at the top of your letter. Should your letters be sent to a post-office box, instead of to your house, give the number of the box. Never omit these details. You can, not be sure that the most intimate friend will not need to know your address in looking up your address, and the proper thing is to be methodical and begin a letter with care.—Harper's Round Table.

WHAT THE CLOTHES DID.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

Mother called, and I called, and Father called, and Kate; "Johnny! Johnny! Get up! Johnny! John! get up! It's not a raddle, all our shouting, on the current of his dress.

Others, though, were lighter sleepers. Something else was the cause of this. First a rustle then a whisper, then a queer and muffled cry.

From the nook where Johnny's jacket chanced in tumble state to lie; "But, Master Johnny! Brother Clothes observe the sun.

Two full hours ago, believe me, was this glorious day begun?

Piped the cap from off the washstand; "Oh, the sky is blue and red! What a joy to look up at it from the top of Johnny's head.

Grown the shoes beneath the banner; "All the grass is green and so.

What a frolic with the clover were we once on Johnny's back.

Socks and shirt and tie and trousers in indignant chorus cried; "It's a shame to make us lie here while the world's so good.

"Friends," the socks cried, "let us punish this great, sleepy, lazy boy.

We, at least, when he does want us, will be found turned inside out! Instantly the shirt avouched, muttering with sarcastic cough.

"I've a button, Master Johnny, which I fear is coming off!

And the short衣 from the bureau added themselves to the plot.

"When Sir Johnny goes to tie us he will find an ugly cap.

Said the cap; "I'll run and hide me." The suspenders, old and thin,

Threatened breaking, and the necktie innocently lost its knot.

Thus they schemed and they plotted, till at length the[P. 541] whole concourse.

Woke up lazy Master Johnny at precisely half-past five.

And the school at nine! Young Johnny, half-shut eyes and sleepy face, fell to, not in a panic, at a most alarming pace. But the shirt sticks at his elbows as he tries to draw it on, and, in all his lifetime, never wore the socks so hard to don.

The suspenders break. A button impulsively takes its leave.

Johnny's left arm gets acquainted with the right arm jacket sleeve.

The shoes-strings knot and tangle, and unreasonably tangle.

And "Oh, Mother, where's my Reader?" and "Oh, John?"

There's a hurry and a worry and a grumble and a fret, and reads; "What shall I do?"

And "I do wonder," thought young Johnny, standing, without emotion.

In the midst of tittering schoolmates, with a very sheepish face,

"What's the reason all goes wrong when a chap has overslept?"

But he feared understood it, for the clothes their secret kept. —Christian Union.

READING ALOUD.

Among the accomplishments which girls may cultivate to advantage none surpasses that which brings the satisfaction of others. It is singular that more of us do not acquire this delightful art. I do not mean that we should become elocutionists, or study to be proficient in dramatic effects; I simply advise girls who wish to give pleasure to their families and friends to practice the art of reading aloud which distinguishes the voice, pronouncing each sentence its full meaning, and being careful not to stop the word at the end of a paragraph. It is so natural to let the voice fall too much and too far at the close of a word that those who wish to be heard make a point of learning how to use the rising inflection—not to the degree which implies interrogation, but, so to speak, leaning off with words on the level, so that the voice carries well across the room.

During vacation you will have opportunities to exercise this gift if you possess it.

Half a dozen girls may enjoy the same story if one reads aloud while the rest work. You may, and will, take the lead, for it is not likely that the one who tries to speak will be driven from her post by the alarm bell, and who is bidden by the doctor to rest her eyes, will be very much obliged to you if you will read to an hour at less than noon, and she and you may find convenient.—Harper's Round Table.

SHE WAS DYING TO KNOW.

A Maine correspondent sends a dialogue between a little girl and her mother. It is so interesting in itself that we reproduce it here. The rector had just read, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." The mother was in despair, and answered, "Mamma, mamma," said little Effy in a loud whisper, "how many—" "Shh!" said her mother.

"Mamma, mamma, just one question, only one." "Well, softly," answered the mother, seeing ship. Both that the more of us do not hear make the cap.

"How many prophets were there?" "I don't know." "Can you guess?" "No. Now keep quiet." "Were there three?" "Oh, yes. Shh!"

"Two?" continued Effy, her eyes dis-tending.

"The mother was in despair, and answered, "Yes."

"Then mamma, tell me this!—Hush!"

"Just this," and by this time the little girl's voice was quite audible. "How could twenty prophets all hang on two commandments?"—Youth's Companion.

HELP TO PATIENCE.

A woman, whose life has been long and checkered with many reverses, said lately: "Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's troubles than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my father. He was the village doctor. I came into his office when I was seven years old, one day, looking cross and ready to cry.

"What is the matter, Mary?"

"I'm tired. I've been making beds and washing dishes all day, and what good does it do? To Narrow the beds will have to be made and the dishes washed over again."

"Look, my child," he said, "do you see these little house-things? They are all insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one it a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they contain that gives them value. Your daily work, the dishes washed or the flowers picked, or count for little in themselves; but it is the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put into it, that makes your life. These make your life."—Youth's Companion.

PUSY.

Did you ever think why we call the cat "puss"?

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who have many idol gods, worshiped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more bright at night, and because her eyes change just as the moon; sometimes full and sometimes only the bright crescent at the half-moon, as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes, how she changes? So these people made the idol of the cat's head and name it Pash, the same name as they gave to the moon, for the word means "to be half"—The Sunbeam.

DON'T DRINK.

"A soft hand pressed my shoulder, and a sweet voice in pleasing tones said, "I don't want you to drink any run to-day. You have just made a profession of religion, and it will be better not to touch it." Harry had passed his 15th birthday in a Christian home where the moderate use of intoxicating liquors was countenanced by his father. This was the first time in his life, however, the father pronounced it to be a "meadow" was to be cut that day, and as a part of it was swampy it was thought to be necessary to prevent the men, who were the last working in the water should engender disease. The special help for this work were two well known professors of religion and prominent workers in the church to which Harry had just been admitted to membership. Both of them were known to be moderate drinkers, and the example might lead her brother to use it led her to give him a word of caution. It was a word fifty spoken and its influence continued to this day as a sweet benediction upon the life of Harry, although that voice has been hushed in the silence of the tomb for many years. It was a pivotal point in a young life, indicating the possibility of a quiet, loving work in the formation of character and use-

SAD DEATH OF A BRAVE LITTLE BOY.—Henry Bauer, eight years old, of No. 287 Front st., New York City was found dead in bed on Wednesday night by his father, who came home from work at 8 o'clock. The lad's death was pathetic. His mother died four months ago, and the father declined to send his children to another instruction. He has two sisters, both younger than himself, kept house as best they could. They were lonely without father, and little Henry was charged of the little girls, worried and pined over his hard lot. There was no escaping it, however, and every day he gave them their books and kept them in good order. He thought of his name to 8 o'clock there was no response.

"Henry's asleep, papa," said the youngest child.

The father lighted the gas and went to the bedside of the motionless boy. One look at the face showed the spirit that Harry's complaints had been well founded. Death is supposed to have been due to some brain trouble.

From the first moment of his pilgrimage to the last, the Christian has one point of safety, one rock of refuge, one place of shelter—and its name is "Constant Dependence."
Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1895.

THIRD WEEK.

Sept. 19. Review.

LESSON IX.—THE FALL OF JERICHO.


EXPLANATORY.

The subject of employment for those of our Sabbath-keeping people who need it, is one for which there is a matter of much thought with the writer.

After ample time for observation, and personal experience in seeking employment, some general conclusions were formulated, which it seems I will sustain. The several attempts which have been made to secure employment, and to find those needing "work" and those having "work to do," and acquiring each of the other's needs, the large number of private letters changing hands among those well-known in our denominations, asking their help in "getting work," these and many other facts are apparent to all observing minds. But beyond all, and of far greater weight than all the other facts combined, is the large number of our bright, young men and women who go out from our schools and our families prepared for the responsibilities of life and equipped for effective work in the affairs of men and nations who are so soon lost sight of as Sabbath-keepers among the Sabbath-keeping worldlings on the world's race-course for honor and fortune.

These all give indisputable evidence of the long-felt, the deep, wide-extended need of some plan for obtaining employment which would win the confidence of Sabbath-keepers.

It also would be a standing proof of the denomination's interest in the temporal as well as the mental and spiritual welfare of our people.

It is not claimed for any plan or organization which may be devised that it will be so successful as to retain among all those brought up in Sabbath-keeping families. Any such organization can serve only as a remedy for an effect, not a remedy for a cause.

The cause lies deeper, and is a difficult and delicate point to reach, requiring the combined efforts of persons and churches to apply the cure by a deeper, more careful moral and spiritual training of our children on the Sabbath question, not only by argument and Bible truth, but by the example which uncomplaining, willing, cheerful, personal sacrifices give to them and to the world of our deep convictions on this subject.

However, no one can deny that a practical organization, composed of representative men, carrying with them the respect and confidence of the entire denomination, planned for the purpose of supplying employment and employers, exchanging real estate and supplying special information from our schools and libraries, and similar lines of work as they would develop, would be a power in helping to a large extent to secure us as a denomination in our birthright.

Whatever form such organization may take, the work must be carried on with the strictest painstaking and economy. It must be a genuine, self-supporting, interest, free from it defraying the necessary expenses.

It is believed that the plan proposed to the General Conference by the Sabbath-keepers of New York City. and referred to the Western Association, and by that body recommended to the next General Conference for its consideration, includes all that is necessary in such an organization.

RECREATION AND RELIGION.

They belong together. The religious man or woman needs recreation as much as any body else, and the religious man or woman who is not engaged in a suitable occupation needs the religious motive and spirit as much as at any other time. It has been sometimes a slander and always a blunder to say that religion and recreation are incompatible. Recreation certainly needs the religious motive and spirit as much as at any other time.

Sometimes the temptation to which recreation opens the way out of the element of rest which is in it. Tired minds and bodies succumb easily. Sometimes they are due to the elements of novelty and excitement. Often it is hard to detect the point at which religion and recreation begin to diverge.

Sometimes the boundaries of recreation in the form in which they prefer it, to make all that decide the case or be defined at all. From the mind crowded with trifles and the church with your mind crowded with trifles, bring you to cackle. The meaning and spirit as much as at any other time, and by that body recommended for its consideration, in- cludes all that is necessary in such an organization.

The Hour Before You Go to Church.

I have in my eye at present the hour before Sabbath. How many of our dear people, I am anxious about it. The note struck there is likely to give tone to your spirits all the day. Some of us, in fact, when we rise in the morning, sit down to write a letter to a minister, and we are inclined to write this letter to the minister in order that he may give to the church that which the church needs. If you go to the church with your mind crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity-what can ministers do? I fear that I must make my poor effort. I have in my eye at present the hour before Sabbath. How many of our dear people, I am anxious about it. The note struck there is likely to give tone to your spirits all the day. Some of us, in fact, when we rise in the morning, sit down to write a letter to a minister, and we are inclined to write this letter to the minister in order that he may give to the church that which the church needs. If you go to the church with your mind crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity-what can ministers do? I fear that I must make my poor effort. I have in my eye at present the hour before Sabbath. How many of our dear people, I am anxious about it. The note struck there is likely to give tone to your spirits all the day. Some of us, in fact, when we rise in the morning, sit down to write a letter to a minister, and we are inclined to write this letter to the minister in order that he may give to the church that which the church needs. If you go to the church with your mind crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity-what can ministers do? I fear that I must make my poor effort. I have in my eye at present the hour before Sabbath. How many of our dear people, I am anxious about it. The note struck there is likely to give tone to your spirits all the day. Some of us, in fact, when we rise in the morning, sit down to write a letter to a minister, and we are inclined to write this letter to the minister in order that he may give to the church that which the church needs. If you go to the church with your mind crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity-what can ministers do? I fear that I must make my poor effort.
Popular Science.

A Mr. J. F. FERRER, a learned man of Barcelona, Spain, and a devotee to photography, has invented a "nickel-in-the-slot" machine, which he calls a "Photograph," that will deliver a picture, finely finished, in 56 seconds, so he says.

This being so, the machine will not only achieve success as a curiosity, but will certainly render service to science. It will only give you your picture, when you have put in the "slot" two ten-cent piece. This curious little engine, a monument of plate, the dark chamber, the various baths, and other photographic requirements, and does its work in an incredibly short space of time. It seems to us, that as this invention, acting, as it must, under a very slight force, comes very near giving us a lasting image of any object, without the aid or intervention of the human will.

There are but few grown people who have not sometime been introduced to a "dose" of "caster oil," and but very few who have not tasted sweetened with the valuable qualities of this tropical plant. It will grow here readily during the summer in gardens, and its remarkably deep-green pinated leaves make it very ornamental. From the seeds of this plant, called "castor oil lemon," this very beneficial oil is extracted, while the stalk and leaves serve many useful purposes. This plant has been grown in India for centuries, and many of its virtues known, but the first exportation of oil into Europe took place from Apulia, Italy, only a century ago. In the East, this oil is much used as an illuminant, and, by its slow combustion, a saving of nearly one-half is made by using it, as compared with other oils. It is an excellent lubricant, and is much used in dressing and preserving leather, in repelling rats, and other vermin, in hot climates. In some sections the plant is widely cultivated as food for silk worms, while the stalks are used for thatching their houses and other buildings. In Jepory, the public offices and streets are lighted with" and has been used by a company for that purpose. The oil-cake is either used as a manure or consumed as fuel, while the leaves are used as fodder for cattle. The castor oil used for medicinal purposes is made from imported seeds, chiefly from Boma­bay, and is chemically prepared in France, Belgium, England, and, to some extent, in this country. Taking it altogether, the castor oil plant is one of the most useful and valuable plants grown.

TRACT SOCIETY—EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sab­bath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist Church, in Plainfield, New Jersey, on Sunday, August 11, 1895, at 10 A. M., Vice-President D. E. Titusworth in the chair.


Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Committee on Program for the Annual Meeting presented the following report, which, on motion, was adopted.

1. Openings Exercises, 10 A. M.
3. Corresponding Secretary's Report, F. E. Peterson.
4. The condition of the Sabbath School Question and a Plan of Campaigns, L. J. Ordway.
5. Offering.
6. Announcement of Standing Committee.
7. Adjournment.

EVENING SESSION.

Eight-minute speeches upon the following points:

2. The Evangel and Sabbath Outlook, A. H. Lewis.
5. Co-operation of the People in Distributing Sabbath Reform Literature, T. L. Gardiner.
6. Spiritual uplift through the acceptance of the Sabbath, F. E. Peterson.
8. Shall we call Dr. Lewis to devote his whole time to the work of the Sabbath, W. L. Clarke.
9. General Discussion of Secretary's Report, Speeches limited to five minutes.
10. Acceptance of Report.
11. Adjournment.

EVENING SESSION.

2. Discussion of Report of the Committee on Resolu­tions.

The Supervisory Committee presented the following report, which, on motion, was adopted.

The Supervisory Committee respectfully report that since their appointment in February, 1895, they have endeavored to give careful attention to the affairs of the Society, as indicated in their report to the Board at the April meeting.

It is their aim to so systematize the methods of work and account for the work of the committee in every effort of the Committee to place the business of the office on a higher plane.

The report of the Business Manager, which the Committee has unified and approved, shows the present status of the plant and the transactions of the office.

On motion, the report of the Business Manager was adopted.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature presented the following report:

Your Committee on the Distribution of Literature beg leave to report that they adopted a carefully prepared plan for securing the cooperation of the people in procuring persons to whom literature might be given. This was laid before the churches through the Recorder and by circulars from the Corresponding Secretary. As a result, 454 names have been received since April 1st, and 67,638 pages of tracts and copies of the Evangel have been sent to the names thus secured. We trust that this plan will be urged, unless a better one can be devised, until much larger results of great moment that better and more enthusiastic cooperation be secured on the part of pastors and all people.

Your Committee was associated with the work of enlarging the circulation of the Recorder, a notice of which appears in the report of the Business Manager of the Publishing House, so that it need not be repeated here.


Report adopted.

Time was given to the final reading of the Corresponding Secretary's report, and the same was adopted as read.

Minutes read and approved.

Adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITUSWORTH, Sec'y.
S-D-B CONFERENCE
EXCURSION
To
Ocean Grove and
Asbury Park,
TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1895.

Train leaves Plainfield at 8 A.M. Returning, leaves Ocean Grove and Asbury Park,
(Union Station) at 5.30 P. M.

TICKETS—Adults, $1.25; Children, 90c.

DEATHS.

Sarah obituary notice is inserted fees of charges. Name and fees will be charged at the rate of ten cents per line for each week in inserted.

CLAYTON—June H. Clawson, widow of the late Rev. David Clawson, and mother of David E. Clawsont, departed this life July 20, 1896, in the 86th year of her age. A lady, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, not knowing her name, 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