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SABBATH-SCHOOL.

IF I MIGHT KNEEL.

Where Jesus' smile could courage give:
If I sometimes might feel
His hand in comfort on my head,
And hear Him say: "My little child,
I know it all; I still will heal
Each wound; be of good cheer;"
If I close to His side might stand,
And kiss the bruised feet,
And know He knew it first, and loves me still—
Perhaps, then in Gethsemane,
I might make song above my prayer,
And feel His face bending to see
My need, and clasp my faltering hand,
And guide to the white gate, and say, perhaps:
"Well done! This is thy Father's house,
Where many mansions be."

Perhaps, all spent with carrying weight
In life's sojourn,
Give humble faith unto His will,
And say, in prayer: "Thou knowest best,
Thy will be done,
So I Thy presence earn."

—British Weekly.

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Wisdom is well in caring for our bodies; but watching symptoms and worrying about exposure is not wisdom. Fussing about health is not caring for it. "Mind Cure" consists largely in ceasing to worry about symptoms. Dosing with supposed remedies is not caring for one's health. Wisdom in working, eating and sleeping constitutes a great sanitarium; try it.

We all long for friends, true, sympathetic, patient friends. Better be alone than to trust pretended friends who prove false. True friends know our faults as well as our virtues. He is the best friend who chides when he ought to. Sometimes we want praise when we need chiding in love, as a friend chides. The Bible among books, and Christ among men, are true friends, instructing, commending, or condemning as truth and true friendship demand.

We trust that the confession and suicide of Colonel Henry, of the French army, and the attendant circumstances, will bring a re-hearing of the Dreyfus case, and secure justice, where most grave injustice has been done. The world has doubted the purity of the French Military Court in the case from the first. The supremacy of military influence and military methods, in France, as in some other European nations, tends to great political and judicial corruption.

As to the Philippine problem, without anticipating what the Peace Commission investigations may reveal, we believe that the United States must hold the island of Luzon, at least. We have said before that none of the territory can go back to the evils of Spanish rule. If Spain is allowed to retain any of the islands it must be under such actual and operating guarantee as will secure treaties of prompt loss of territory. That much is duty to the natives, who, though unfit for self-government, are entitled to protection.

The civilized world has given welcome to Holland's young queen, who came to the throne Sept. 6, 1898. The military power of Holland, once great, has given way to a more permanent and valuable power, commercial and administrative. Holland rules a colonial population six or seven times as large as her own, with no scandals or revolts. Industrious, intelligent and peaceful, Holland has promise of a future which may compare well with her past. England and the United States both owe much to Holland for the genius of that which is best in their civilization. Long live Holland and her beloved queen.

The uplifting power of Divine love is boundless. We have seen coasting vessels at the wharves along the waters of the Bay of Fundy, at low tide, lying in the mud while their top-masts were scarcely higher than the wharf. But when the tide came in full and strengthening the tremendous tides which flow from the heart of the Atlantic, the vessels were lifted far above the river bed, until their decks were level with the floor of the wharf, and people could come and go at will and in safety. However low a human life may be, however much it may have settled into the mire of the river-bed of sin and self-indulgence, the lifting power of Divine Grace can float it free and put it on the Atlantic and clear all the four rivers into the Bay of Fundy, until every stream on all the coasts is bank-full, so God's boundless grace waits to lift us all to highest spiritual life.

That Russia, of all other nations, should propose steps toward universal peace, is as gratifying as it was unexpected. One is bewildered with delight at the possibilities which may come from this step on the part of the Czar. To turn the vast sums spent for armies and navies into channels of peaceful civilizations, and to be rid of the horrors of war among great nations, is surely a consummation devoutly to be wished. The Commission, now at work, adjusting the long-time war between the United States and Canada, the actual, if not the formal, alliance between the two great English speaking nations, add faith to hope that arbitration and peace are coming. May that auspicious day hasten. It is difficult to be patient with men and much-desired results lag in their progress, or are turned back by bigotry, oppression and indifference; but the well-poised soul will renew its courage and learn to sing, even in the darkness,

"Let us then be up and doing. With all our heart and strength. Still striving, still pursuing.

Nevertheless let us learn to "hustle while we wait."

It is often said that common people have little conception of art. Technically, that may be true; but the "charming mystery" by which some people always put other people at ease is one of the highest works of art. The housekeeper, that is, the home-maker, who presents to her guests, transient or more permanent, such simple forms of entertainment as "make the home sweet home," has accomplished the work of an artist. He who entertains others in such a way as to make those entertained feel that there presence and their words are the controlling interests of the moment is the true artist, and tends to the spiritual life. That parlor into which the light of day comes, softened until it is inviting, which is not cumbered with furniture and "things in general" that give one the impression that there is no place for people, is a work of art. This thought passes from material objects to all forms of social life. If you are conversing with one comparatively ignorant, you are a true artist if you so guide the conversation as to give all needed information without making your companion feel that you have even recurred to it. This is not only the work of an artist, but it is far more effective than that awkward bluntness which exalts the ignorance on the one side, and attempts to parade knowledge on the other. It may not be recognized that there are times when the even true artist in social matters is terri- bly tested. To be burdened by the man who has time to kill, when you are crowded with work, and whose burdensome presence threatens to give you a trial which will nearly spoil the spirit of the finest artist in social life. There is one place where this type of art cannot be applied. In the editorial sanctum, when printers are waiting for copy, and editorial duties have heaped themselves upon us in unusual profusion, the art of making yourself agreeable to the man who has dropped in with nothing in particular to say, and less to its doing than to be required of any mortal. The artist then should turn warrior. It is not soft words to entertain that he then needs to be master of. He needs rather the bravery which can tell the uninitiated bore that he wants nothing more of his absence. Perhaps the application of that truth which the reader is just now making indicates that this editorial note should come to an end.

AN OLD PATH IN THE WOODS.

The Editor began his vacation in Northern Wisconsin, with the first of September—and the "Summer Gripe." (?) It is a combination of Russian gripe, hay fever, influenza, rhet­ natism and lassitude. Sneezing is an out­ spoken symptom of prominence. Not until this morning (Sept. 15) did he feel strong enough to attempt a two-mile walk, for sake of woods path and scenic view, which holds memories of more than forty years. He knew it first as an "Indian trail," when to the south, the west and the north of it there were few traces of the white man's civilization within boundaries varying from twenty to five hundred miles. Well-kept fields now crowd it; but two hundred acres of original forest yet remain, and the old path is nearly intact along the northern border of this woodland. Lie down and roll under this barbed-wire fence, and modern nature is as much scratchiness as some men you know, whose chief business in life is to tell how not to do things and to find fault with everybody who does anything, even when they "boss the job." The best way to get over a wire fence is to have it high enough so you can roll under it. You roll into a delicious shade. It rests your rheumatic muscles to lie a while on the thick grass. Some little birds are talking in the leaves overhead, very gently. The wind blows gently, by times, and stops to listen. Then a breeze can hear the sweet, soft silence through all the woods. The golden September sunshine showers through the leaves and sprinkles you with comfort-bringing warmth. Autumn flowers, some purple and some golden. Nothing surpasses them for delicacy of form and of color. Spring flowers have a fresh, rollicking beauty, but autumn flowers have a ripened beauty, unknown until September. The corn­ leaves in a field near by have been bitten by the frost. They rustle with tactual complaint, like dead hopes and dying aspirations. These flowers were sheltered. They seem all the brighter in contrast with the corn-leaves. Blessed is the soul which is sheltered from all frosts and made beautiful by overshadowing divine love; that can lie at rest where God's grace gives life and comfort.

I came to see the old path in the woods. I have found God. The touch of his love and the wonder of his favor are tears-wracking praises. Its notes touch my heart as the organ prelude does at the opening of church service at home—an organist who plays with his soul as well as his fingers is among the choicest of preachers. By and by that bunch of purple flowers, and that spray of golden-rod, will be colorless, fallen with the leaves and covered by the snow. Snow? I have worked
at making rails along this swamp, when the mercury measured eighteen to twenty degrees below zero every night, and often rose little, if any, above zero in noon. Our lunch would be frozen beyond eating, and a fire was essential at every noontime. It can be cold here. What of it, God will keep those flowers alive, in spite of snow and zero, and next autumn, if you could travel, you could see the most beautiful woods you ever saw or heard of, beautiful to the north, my father and...
Dedication at Grand Marsh.

Word comes that the new building is nearly done. Edward Babcock and Herbert Van Horn have been working hard with hammer and saw since Conference. What meetings they have held have been well attended, and very good interest shown. The house is to be dedicated Sept. 24. Elder Hills, Dr. Platt, and Pastor Loofboro expect to be present.

It will be a notable occasion for that section of country. The grandest dedication which the new church can receive will be that of the Holy Spirit. May his presence be manifest in power within its walls, and may the erection of this building for worship mark a new era for the section of country in which it is planted. God bless the church of Grand Marsh.

Hills at Marquette.

The one month leave of absence so heartily granted to Pastor Hills by the Nortonville church is a blessing to Marquette. Pastor Loofboro has charge of the music, Edward Holston having gone back to Walworth to start a school. Brother Loofboro writes: "The spirit is moving on some mightily, and I hope it is just a beginning. Some for whom I was specially anxiously before coming here are going to pull through all right. Elder Hills preached last night on the covenant. It was very interesting and convincing."

Grasping the Opportunity.

One of the elements of power which have made our President of the Young People's Board a leader in the new era of evangelism is his readiness to seize an opportunity. This may be illustrated by his use of an incident one night last week. Bros. Saunders is spending a few days at Moody Institute, taking advantage of the masterly lectures of Dr. James Gray. By invitation of some of the students he accompanied them to a neighboring corner to hold a gospel meeting, and was called upon to speak. As usual he had left his manuscript at home, and poured the warm sermon unread into the crowd without stopping to tie on any pink ribbons. "Boys," he said, "whenever you do wrong, there is something within you that tells you of it." "No, there ain't," yelled a gamin, and immediately started to run. Saunders pointed at the racal, as he legged it down the street, and said, "There is an illustration of just what I was saying."

People at the Institute have found out that the new comer is a Sabbath-keeper, and the great universities, with their millions of endowments, their trained instructors, their up-to-date apparatus, their perfected methods, furnish opportunities in these lines, which we of our denominational group, and I am frank to say that I would have Seventh-day Baptist young people, so far as possible, use these advantages. They are capable of taking the lead in all professions. Let them have the best training which the country can afford.

But does not this crowd out our own college? By no means. It simply defines their specialty. Upon that specialty let them concentrate, for in their own line they are without a peer. This definition which has come down from some educator of the past generation has never been superseded: "The object of a college education is the evolution of faculty and the formation of noble inhabitants."

Write it across our educational sky, this definition. Our mission is to take the raw, untrained boys and girls, teach them to think, to do, to better themselves. It is the job of a woman standing on the commencement platform of one of our schools, their pilgrimage is to me a guarantee both of strength of mind, and of the heart which will take up life resolutely and endeavor to use all of its resources for the good of another man and the world more habitude. Character and power, these are our watch-words. It is here that the great universities break down. Sadly, sadly does the world need men and women of this stamp. Forge the character, inculcate the habits of mind in the pure, fresh atmosphere of our own schools, and then let the young people go to the strongest universities of the land for their technical training.

What Singers Should Eat.—Attention to diet should have a very important place in the hygiene of the voice. A diet that affords an abundance of fruits is beyond all question the best food for singers. With this can be combined grains and some varieties of nuts; however, the very oily nuts, those that are rich in fat, are not good for the voice or the throat, as the oil causes irritation. The diet should be simple and plain, excluding many dishes at one meal and also bad combinations. The juices of fruits, together with the acids which they contain, have a cleansing effect upon the mucous membrane of the pharynx, washing off any tenacious accumulations of mucus, leaving a smooth, thinly lubricated surface, which assists greatly in enriching the tones.—F. Magee Hospeter, M. D., in Good Health.

Horticulturists tell us that the calla will yield better results if permitted to rest during the summer months. B. C. Chrismons are not callas.
THE DUNHAM FAMILY.

Descendants of Rev. Edmund Dunham Through His Son
Benjamin, 1684-1742.

By O. B. Leonard.

ARTICLE VII.

The children of Rev. Edmund Dunham and Mary Dunham, born on the 12th of May, 1684, were the following, sons and daughters: Benjamin, Elizabeth, Edmund, Jonathan (Rev.), Ephraim, Mary and Hannah.

Benjamin Dunham, the eldest of the children, was born August 12, 1684, in the township of Piscataway, Middlesex County, New Jersey. He married Sarah Martin, born June 7, 1686, (daughter of the Rev. Dr. Brown, who, in 1683, presented the house and twelve acres of ground to the Presbytery Board of ministers and their families of the denomination.

Mr. John Rattoone and wife were active and influential members of the St. Peters Protestant Episcopal Church in the City of Perth Amboy, N. J. For several years he served as Warden, and served as Warden 1790-1810. He was Mayor of the City 1796-1808, and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas during the same period. His son, Rev. Elijah D., was pastor of Greek and Latin at Columbia College. The father and family lie buried in the graveyard surrounding the old historic church.

John Dunham, Jr. (the youngest son of John and Mercy) was born August 12, 1740, first married Mary Gilman (mother of his four children). His second wife was Mrs. Blake, who married by special license. Their children were: Elijah, James, Mercy and John, whose descendants are as follows:

Elijah Dunham (of John and Mercy) was born in 1714. He was married first to Joel and Isabella, and by second marriage to James and William Dunham.

John Dunham, born 1785, married Mary S. Smith, born 1805, and had Elizabeth S., married James McK. Meritt, whose four children were Emma A., Charles P. W., married Anna C. Lord, Mary D., married Addison A. Knox, Elizabeth McK., married Frederick C. Ayres. Their children were:

Elizabeth Dunham, born 1785, married Micaiah Dunn (son of David and Elizabeth) in 1784 and had five children:

James and William Dunn, born 1812, married first Elizabeth D., married second Elizabeth Rowland, born 1764, died 1849. His children by first wife were Joel and Isabella, and by second marriage to James and William Dunham.

Joel Dunham, born 1795, married Mary S. Smith, born 1805, and had Elizabeth S., married James McK. Meritt, whose four children were Emma A., Charles P. W., married Anna C. Lord, Mary D., married Addison A. Knox, Elizabeth McK., married Frederick C. Ayres. Their children were:


The other children of Elijah Dunham by his second marriage to Elizabeth Rowland were as above stated, James and William.

James Dunham, born 1802, married Abigail Denny, whose two children were Sarah and Joseph. The youngest daughter, born 1800, who married in 1830, who married Isaac S. Runyon (son of Ephraim and Ann Piatt Runyon) and had Clarence, William W., Louise S., Herbert R., married Virginia C. Dunn, and Charles C. Runyon.

William Dunham, born 1807, married Sarah K. Dunham (of John and Harriet). Their five children were Edward K., married Lydia Fisher and Matilda Nicholas; William Jr., married Catherine McKner, whose three children were Frederick K., Frank H., and Clifford R., Charles S., married Mary A. Van Syckel, Louise and Frederic Dunham.

James Dunham (of John and Mary) was born Aug. 25, 1808, and married Ursula Dunn (of Captain Hugh and wife Abigail Carman Dunn). Their children were Mary and Abigail. Mary married Captain Henry Minugh and Jeremiah letters, Abigail, born 1811, married Lewis Ayres, whose seven children were Mary, married George D. Phelps, Charlotte, married Rev. John C. Cruikshank, Ursula, married Rufus Story, Margaretta, married Rev. Jacob C. Dutcher, Elizabeth, married Andrew D. Mellick, James and Abigail Ayers, dying in childhood.

Mary (of Marcia) Dunham (of John and Mary) was born January 12, 1771, married Dec. 30, 1798, Reune Martin, born Jan. 9, 1768. Their two children were John Dunham, born Feb. 7, 1794, and Mary Martin. John D. Martin married Jan. 11, 1815. Sarah Runyon (of Richard and Phebe), and had four children, Mary, married Charles J. Martin, Richard R. married Mary B. Shely, Reune married Mary D. Barwick, Isaac L., married Abigail Cook and had John D. and Richard E., Mary Martin married Joseph Dunn (of Joel and Reuel) and had three sons, Ellis, married Sarah Coriel, Martin, married Margaret A. Ayres, Joel R., who died young.

John Dunham (of John and Mary) was born Nov. 5, 1779, married Harriet Knight, and had eight children, viz:

William S. Dunham, born 1803, married Margaret Jones, whose children were William J., Robert B., married Alice Mattram, had William, Matilda and Louise; Charles S., Edward C., married to Elizabeth Rowland Dunham, whose children are abroad, were married to James Jr., Charles S., Louise and Fredric. John S. Dunham and Harriet.)

Dorothy Dunham, born 1780, married Abraham Dunn.

Harriet (of John and Harriet) born 1810.

Sarah K. Dunham (of John and Harriet) born 1813, married William Dunham (son of Elijah and Elizabeth Rowland Dunham) whose children are abroad, were married to James Jr., Charles S., Louise and Fredric. John S. Dunham (of John and Harriet) born 1816.

Elizabeth D. (of John and Harriet) born 1819.

Janet Dunham (of John and Harriet) born 1821.

THE TRADE OF THE HOLY LAND.

According to Mr. Dickson, British Consul at Jerusalem, the total foreign trade through Jaffa last year amounted to over £616,000, of which the imports amounted to £309,589. The main exports were soap, oranges, sesame, water melons, and beans, while the chief import was cotton goods, coffee, sugar, timber, clothes, and fancy goods. The trade in Jaffa oranges has increased greatly, and since a direct line of steamers was established between Jaffa and Liverpool more than 80 per cent of the crop has gone to England. pine, also, from the various Jewish colonies yearly becoming a more important export. The United Kingdom has about 10 per cent of the import trade. Mr. Dickson mentions that, while many applications for concessions for public works are lying awaiting the decision of the authorities, ordinary works of utility are neglected. Gaza, on the coast about thirty-five miles from Jaffa, is becoming more important for trade. The product of the district is chiefly barley, and last year 32,000 tons of this were landed on British steamers in the Gaza roadstead and despatched to the United Kingdom.

There is no more subtle temptation than that to substitute the name of the Lord for that of the New Testament. "Business is business," whatever truth is meant, is a poor substitute for the Golden Rule.
Missions

By O. U. Warrrooo, For. Secretary, Wchester, R. 1.

If all the inspiration, enthusiasm, good intentions, and energy expended in personal and general, of our late Conference shall crystallize into earnest action and devoted service in church work, evangelism and Sabbath Reformation, the coming year, under the blessing of God, what grand results will be reported at the next Conference.

The power of the Holy Spirit, the soul-fire from above experienced at the sunrise prayer-meetings, and the great work before us at the Conference. That fire and warmth should go to every church represented in those soul-uplifting meetings, and result in a wonderful awakening in those churches, a great quickening of the membership, a precious revival of religion. Let us all pray for it.

There were about fifty ministers at our Conference. The great majority of them were pastors. There is great responsibility resting on these pastors. They must have felt it during the days of the Conference when they saw the urgent needs, the open doors of opportunity, and the great work before us as a people. God bless these and all of our pastors and gird them with power from on high for their work and responsibility. May they not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. May they rebuke sin in the high as well as in the low places. May they warn and counsel their flocks against all pleasures and practices which sap spiritual life and power in the individual Christian and in the church. May they receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit themselves and invoke such a baptism upon their congregations. May they lead their people into a greater denominational spirit and activity, to have a deeper sense of personal responsibility; to greater devotion and consecration, to a truer stewardship, and into greater spirituality. If these pastors shall be able during the year before them to do this in a large measure, what wonderful results shall we chronicle at the end of the year. As are the pastors, to a great extent, so are the people.

The Southern Field has always been a field of much interest. Ever since Rev. Geo. W. Hills sent upon that field until the present time, there has been an increasing interest in the Sabbath question. Rev. J. N. Belton, a convert to the Sabbath from the Baptists succeeded Mr. Hills, and did splendid work in Northern Alabama. After his lamentable death, Rev. A. P. Ashurst succeeded him as General Missionary upon the field, and is now engaged in earnest work for the salvation of men and the truth of the Sabbath. Quite a number have come to the Sabbath, and others are investigating the question. One church has been organized in Calumet Co., Northern Alabama, entirely of Sabbath converts chiefly from the Baptists, and another was soon to be organized. Mr. Ashurst is very hopeful for our interests in Alabama. We should not forget of God's grace to him and the field in prayers.

Because of the absolute need of reenforcement in view described, it was as true now as it has been the past year in evangelistic work as in the year before. Last year we had two evangelists employed for the whole year; this year but one. There has been during the year a fair force of helpers and singers. Some evangelists have been employed parts of the year. Some of our churches have come to the rescue and have sent out workers at their own expense. The church at W., which has been stretched to the limit in their work, the less number of workers, the Lord has greatly blessed our evangelistic work the past year. Many of our small churches have been greatly benefited thereby, and some of our large churches. In proportion to the work done the results were better and greater the past year than the year before. Through this work the past year there were about 200 conversions, 104 added to our churches, 34 of whom were churches that had no one knows how many have been reclaimed, revived and strengthened. But what of the coming year? The evangelistic force and work must be enlarged. Will the people and the churches enable the Evangelistic Committee of the Missionary Board to do it? We believe they will.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

Every age has its opponent or opponents of Christianity, with some new and more subtle form of attack, and the defenders of the faith are always ready with the "apologies" and "evidences of Christianity." It is an interesting fact that the argument which is used against Christianity in one generation is entirely out of date in the next. Voltaire and Paine and Bolinbroke were thought to be dangerous enemies of Christianity in their day, but the force of their arguments has been so completely broken by the onward march of truth that their attack on Christianity is as ineffective and anti-Christian as the sermons in these days of steel implements. Ingersol has lived long enough to see most of his elaborate arguments against Christianity fade out as the feeble star does when the sun rises. No argument against the religion of Christ is able to stand a single century, and every crop of infidels is compelled to forge a new one, which in its turn goes out before the growing light.

But while it is true that each age has its new form of attack, it is also true that each age must have a new method of defense. The books on evidence out of date before they can out date from century to century. Paley's great book which met the objections of the eighteenth and nineteenth century is not adequate for the twentieth century. Paley's arguments are almost as much out of date as the arguments of the crusades would be in modern warfare. They do not reach the nerve and sinew of the attack. The only permanent, never failing and never out dated answer to all doubt, scepticism and infidelity, is the triumphant progress and irresistible power of Christianity. It is useless to argue against the in-rushing tide of the ocean, or against the force of gravitation, or against the penetrating power of light. The manifest power destroys every ingenious argument and resolves it into a giant force. The Lord, in his infinite wisdom, has arranged the story of our church so as to convince the Inquisition of the power which turns our globe, he defied the rack with his un changed conviction, "It moves." The unanswerable evidence of Christianity is the fact that it is an ineradicable force upon the world. The love of self, the lust of the eye and the pride and desire of life out of us, and put in its place. As we go forth the air about us will be made so warm by the fire within, as to melt every barrier that might make all to radiate with divine beauty and glow with heavenly love.—The King's Messenger.
A LEARNED FRUIT-SELLER.

BY MARTHA MCCOOL WILLIAMS.

His fruit-stall is neither better nor worse than the average. It faces the street—the most populous street of Nashville, Tenn. In front there is an awning, at the back a sort of reservoir tent, a golden and dusty, and a trifle musty, littered with boxes and crates, with a commonplace counter running down one side.

The fruit-seller himself, by name Vincento Costello, has no outward suggestion of book-lover or literary man. Tall, very strong, with a face that would be oval if it were not so plump. He has deep-set black eyes, a rosy color, very white teeth, and shiny black hair, which seems to exude oil. He is not volatile, even in the matter of bargaining. His voice is soft; his smile, when he smiles, somewhat languid and lurking.

The smile comes, but does not broaden, when you ask him about his books. Always he has a big box of them underneath the counter. He reads, reads, what time the exigencies of business allow. Talking of what he reads is another matter. Direct efforts to draw him out always fail. The adroit have better luck. Two or three of them will stroll into earshot, and raise some knotty point of pronounation, or derivation, or politics, or history, and they argue of what he reads. Vincento Costello while growing more and more interested. At last he comes to the help of one side or the other, or oftener tells all hands flatly that they are in the wrong—and is able to prove it.

Vincento reads and speaks fluently three languages—Italian, French and English. He has also some smattering of German. He owns almost the finest private library in the city. Six thousand-odd volumes are in it, not commonplace volumes either. He has rare old chronicles, French and Italian, many editions of Shakespeare, some of them magnificently illustrated. One is an Italian quarto, luxuriously bound in stamped leather. "He would go in rags if he had not money for both books and clothes," says the thifty, dark-eyed wife, whose shrewd delight, aside from her husband and children, is to keep the big bookcases spotlessly clean.

There are a dozen Bibles in various texts; Greek and Latin classics in the original tongue; Boileau, Moliere, Rousseau, Voltaire, Guizot, Taine, Renan, Victor Hugo complete, and Inleibert St. Amand, are some part of the French volumes. In Italian there are Dante and Ariosto and Petrarck, with their successors, as remote as Gabriel d'Annunzio. Italian cyclopedias too, to supplement English ones, Italian histories, and lives of the Popes, and books of all sorts and marts—a true embarrassment of riches.

There is an amazing dearth of fiction. Outside a few Italian novels and the French masterpieces, there is only a set of Dickens. It is in forty-four volumes, with the original Dieckhuhn illustrations. It would fetch a big price. Tempting offers have been made for it. But Vincento Costello will not part with it for any man's money. He gave it to his one daughter for a birthday present when she was six years of age. That was the only present she had ever had. She was greatly rejoiced with it, and being asked who hopes one day to be a famous pianiste. Her piano sits beside the biggest bookcase in the comfortable living-room. She practices most of the time she is alone. Her mother goes often to the fruit-stall across the street and helps to serve customers when trade is brisk, to make out the wares properly when the day is beginning.

It would be a liberal education in English simply to read the English books of this library. The poets are there, from Chaucer to Swinburne and William Watson; the essayists the historians; the chrestomie by Jowett with Robert Browning; Shelley lies peacefully at the side of the Lake School. Matthew Arnold shoulders Christopher North. One whole great shelf is given up to dictionaries, encyclopedias, and books of reference. Another shelf is sacred to Hazlitt, Darwin, Mill, Lyell and Herbert Spencer.

Vincento Costello has read them all. He has read very many of them more than once. He reads in every spare minute. If he wakes at night and cannot at once go to sleep, he gets a light and a book, and loses himself in the volume. He reads understandingly. It delights him to trace an idea or a discovery through all its ramifications. The stories which are history move and stir him to a degree which makes those which are only fiction seem poor and pale. That is not the wonderful thing about him. The marvel is that he should have so fine a feeling for the best in literature, when he has no sort of education.

At twenty he could neither read nor write, and knew no language but Italian. He drifted to Nashville not so long after landing in the New World. Chance brought him to contact with a college professor—Dr. George S. Blackie—who became interested in him, taught him to read, and also the rudiments of English. From that he had not money to buy books, buying books, reading books, loving books—only the best books—adding one to another, until his house fairly overflows.

All the while he has kept to the fruit-stall, which has likewise kept him. His home is comfortable, though wholly lacking in display. Besides the daughter, who is to be a musician, there is a small son. The family is often in debt, as is the case with all small booksellers. But there is one thing that has never been wanting. One night the ex-banker, now in business for himself in Chicago, did not come up. This was work for the son, to go to the open door of service. Service, as well as prayer, is what makes life worth living, although we can only be prepared for service by prayer.

—The Sunday School Times.
Woman's Work.

By Mrs. R. T. Rogers, Waterville, Maine.

HAVE WE DONE WHAT WE COULD?

The rest of the millions wait.
That light, whose dawning maketh all things new.
Our devoted little workers are slow and cold.
Have we done what we could? Have? Have?
Have we done our best? We know some do.
We love to think of all they see and know.
But, what of this great multitude in peril.
Who sadly wait below?

Oh, let this feeling—daily move us.
To earn more, and deeds before unknown.
That soul redeemed, on many lands, we may see;
When Christ brings home his own.

The following are the suggestions made by the Woman's Board at a meeting held with our President, Mrs. L. A. Platts, on Sept. 5th.

Moved that the Secretaries of the several Associations urge upon the local societies the need of sending a teacher for the Boys' School, this year, that Mrs. Rogers write an article for the Recorder, to awaken the interest along this line, and that reports of all pledges be sent to Mrs. Rogers to be published in the Woman's Page of the Sabbath Recorder.

As we read over the clippings which appeared in our Page of Aug. 15, we feel powerless to add anything that will urge us on to more faithful and continued service, but it seems necessary to bring before our readers once more the one great need of the hour, a teacher for the Boys' School in China.

We trust we have made no mistake in withholding the report of our Woman's Board Meeting, that we might, by correspondence, gain a little more assurance that we are acting wisely. We believe our missionaries in China can say with others,

"Though the Master's work may make weary feet, It leaves the spirit glad."

But sisters, this will come a time, and it may come soon, when the "weary feet" can no longer make "the spirit glad," and who must bear the blame? Shall we tarry longer in the valley of waiting and indecision, or shall we "go forward" now? We have full confidence in our Missionary Board that they will not see us fail if we enter into this work with all our powers. We have ascertained as nearly as is possible what amount is needed. The voyage will cost $500 for one, which of course has been sent by a man and his wife. The entire expense for the first year may not be over $1,400 for two persons, but there are always some unexpected expenses, and it would be wise to have $1,500 in hand.

Seven hundred dollars are already pledged, more than half of this amount is now in the hands of our Treasurer. This question should be settled, whether the money, by the middle of November or earlier, can be assured. If the amount is pledged we have been encouraged to believe that the teacher will be supplied. A failure on our part will mean continued disappointment and discouragement to our workers on the field, and very soon—death to our mission in China. Can we afford this? Shall we call our workers home, and close our work here, or allow other denominations to reap where we have sown? Never before were there such opportunities for reaching the people. Let us no longer be ignorant or indifferent, but rise to our responsibilities with increased devotion and a deeper sense ofsterling purpose. Let us ever keep in mind the spiritual life and power. A little more self-denial, a few more prayers, a greater consecration of all we have and are to the Master's service, and the work will be easily accomplished.

"Make channels for the streams of love, Where they may broadly run; And give the grassy streams To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease To bear the labors on; The very founts of love for us Shall dry and cease.

For we must share if we would keep That blessing from above; Obedience to give, we cannot have; Such is the law of love."

LOYALTY AND SUPPORT OF OUR WORK.

BY MRS. GEO. E. BARBOCK.

The Seventh-day Baptist denomination is small in number, but solid in faith and principle as the rock on which it is founded. As a people, we have always been loyal to our faith. In proportion to our numbers, and compared with other denominations, we are the most self-sustaining, and, I do not hesitate to say, equally as intelligent. When we have a denominational enterprise to undertake and control, we call on those of our own faith. We do not send our agents to our sister denominations to ask them to help us, but within our own churches we try to raise the required amount. While we have no one who can be classed among the wealthy of the land, we have few, if any, who are distressingly poor.

We are God's people, and he has given us a mission-field to work in, which is our special work. The field of our labor has already extended through thirty-two states and one territory of our country, also into foreign lands, of which our China mission is the oldest. The call for workers increases, not only in what would be strictly termed "mission work," but rather Christian work of all kinds.

We, as Seventh-day Baptists, have divided our work among the Missionary, Tract, Educational, and denominational or church societies. Each of these holds its own important position, and each is an artery through which the life-blood must flow, or in other words, the spiritual life of our churches, which includes each individual member, depends upon the way or manner in which every individual sustains these societies. Hence the importance of each person considering himself and his resources, to see if they can bear their part of the work; and whatever he presents to us as his part of the work.

It is not for me to say which of these societies does the most important work. I do not think we have a right to decide. But I do know that denominations in general are judged by the work that they do, and also that they greatly influence the public by the literature they place before the world, and by the way they sustain their own work and workers.

Let us now pause and look at our own denominational paper, the Sabbath Recorder. How does it compare with other denominational papers? The articles written by our own people compare favorably with those of other denominations. However, our paper is limited in number, thus the Editor and Manager are compelled to select and copy from others. True, it is well and very helpful. Yes, often strengthening to compare our ideas and measure our thoughts with others, but not so when we are learning to do for ourselves. We let others fill the greater number of our columns. Then it ceases to be our paper, and we can no longer claim it, for they are not our productions. This is not the fault of the Editor, nor Manager, but we fail to find the talented and encourage their contributions, or urge their help.

How do we support and sustain our paper? Does every family print it as a friend who is a helper and adviser? Do we accept it as a means which God has given us to deliver his messages through the minds and writings of his chosen servants? "Chosen servants" does not mean simply the few who preach, and who have already contributed articles for our columns, but it includes every one who has the privilege to have his or her name recorded as a member of the church of Christ's faith. In our Sabbath Recorder we have a denominational enterprise in which any people should be proud to circulate, and there is no family among us that can afford to be deprived of reading its columns. It contains help for every class of people. Yes, for every individual who will read it with the love of Christ in his or her heart.

There are comforting words for the sorrowing, encouraging sentences for the discouraged, deep thoughts for the thoughtful, stories for the children, letters from different homes, copies of the call of interest, from the dear ones in foreign lands, and a good summary of the week's news. If any criticise or complain, they are the ones who should write better articles and show by their own productions how and where improvements can be made.

One of the greatest helps we can render to our Tract Society is to see that every family of our own denomination subscribes for, or is supplied with, the Sabbath Recorder; also introduce it, and recommend it to others.

It may be considered the flag of our denominational faith, and we should be proud of our emblem and eagerly watch for its appearance in every home circle. Let us give it a more prominent place than we have ever before.

One did our nation show its interest and loyalty to our country? What was the first emblem of sympathetic feeling after the destruction of the Maine? It was the almost universal display of the "American flag." From the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts "Old Glory" was seen floating over every home, even the little tottering baby must have its flag to show or wear. At the sight of this universal display, strong hearts were stirred and men were eager to act their part of honor and loyalty to their country. When financial help was called for, it was wonderfully met, and money was produced from every state, for wise men knew that if the different expenses could not be destroyed, the effort to conquer the oppressed would be a forced failure. It was, indeed, a helpful act, to see the nation so eagerly given to every call of our worthy President. To know that eager to liberate others from oppression and suffering, so many of our brave men left homes, and all that was dear to them, with the knowledge that it was more probable that they would die on the sea, or field of battle, or fall the victims of terrible disease, than that they would return in safety; yet, they considered the sacrifice none too great.

Our work is even more important, for it is the cause of that which God has commanded and inspired, and which he has given us to do. Our work is the cause of that which God has given us to do, and which he has given us to do, and which he has given us to do, and which he has given us to do. Our work is the cause of that which God has given us to do, and which he has given us to do, and which he has given us to do, and which he has given us to do.

We have other publications and work for
our “American Sabbath Tract Society,” and as the question of Sunday-schools grows more serious, our work will also increase, unless we are willing to give up the “jewels in our crowns.” If we expect to produce good work, we must provide means to do with. Who of you will help with the quarterly, annual, or annual or quarterly, and all that God has loaned to us, to the truth, with renewed energy and united strength, humbly praying that the power of Jesus and his love may accompany our efforts.

OUR TREATMENT OF THE INDIANS.

BY THE REV. DWIGHT WORTMAN, D.D.

We have not been so successful as we should in our treatment of savages. France did far better with the Indians than we, sending their zealous missionaries among them at the very start, who were discoverers as well. The names the early Jesuits gave to lakes and rivers all along our Canadian border and down the Mississippi still remain to perpetuate their explorations and their pious teachings; and in Canada the natives themselves yet remain in large numbers, under British rule, a standing protest against the way we drove them from their native soil. Though Spain in less than a hundred years depopulated the greater portion of her Indies of the natives, so the natives we now see are not the natives at all, but blacks, descendants of the Spaniards, with theirCatalogue.

Our treatment of the American Indians has been a wretched sort of success. We all know how they have been pushed westward and further westward, till the Pacific only prevents their going further. For a long time we treated them as our savages; better dead than alive, in the opinion of some; good for our Indian Agents to fatten on; good for our army to train them selves upon in yearly war.

Only recently has government made serious attempt at their instruction and equipment for citizenship. Thank God, government schools, and civil rights, and civil service, and Christian schools and churches, and training schools both West and East, are theirs; and indeed, we are compelling them to qualify themselves as citizens. This is for them a bright and auspicious day. And it gives us hope that whatever islands and tribes may fall to our lot now, we shall take personal and governmental interest in them; shall prepare them to take care of themselves; shall instruct them in morals and life; and fit them in good course of time for citizenship.

What if the Philippines be converted into a progressive Japan? It shall be our duty, unless the way opens to transfer them wisely to other nations, who can do better by them than ourselves, to retain control of them, save them from damage from others and from self-oppression, give them just laws, efficient instruction, and a Christian education and training; so the islands shall clasp their new unmaned hand.

This is becoming our responsibility now, to rule in righteousness and charity over a wider territory than ever before; to lift the standard of nationality; and not only let the oppressed go free, but to lift them into the higher and fuller tree.

If we would serve Christ acceptably we must serve him supremely.

CULTIVATING ONE’S SELF.

All that we ask is tolerance; fruitful plants demand cultivation, and the more highly organized and valuable they are, the more scientific and careful must be their culture. Toleration never raised a good crop of crops or of men. A farmer who should announce himself a wheat-grower, and then spend his time loafing, would raise no loaves or anything else but a laugh at his expense. He who professes himself a Christian is going to imply that he is making a specialty of soul-culture. What are your rules and tools, oh husbandman?

Society, companionships, contact, are the yellow and gray particles that make the soil in which our spiritual natures grow. If we carelessly fling our seed in the light sand of frivolous chums, or the sor swamps of cynical, worldly associates, is that giving the divine germ a fair chance? Some young people thoughtlessly cling to a sage-brush soil, and expect fate to evolve choice.

Honesty, which do you like better, the highly-spiced conversation of the hotel-lobby loungers and the wags lip of the heartless joker, or the meditations of some sweet, white-faced saint?

Was it a rare opportunity that was on the return trip from Nashville to hear General Howard describe the battle of Missionary Ridge? Who could have sat in his seat and giggled over the vapid jokes in a comic paper instead of crowding within ear-shot of the old war veteran?

There are all around us men and women who are as much experts in the spiritual problems that concern us as is General Howard on the campaign in Tennessee. Their rich experiences are at our beck, yet do we not sometimes take the froth of empty-pated chatterers instead?

Did you ever know anyone who went berrying to shun the bushes? Did you ever know one who professedly was trying to be good, yet had almost a horror of good people? How could we cultivate our souls in such a man’s soul must smile like sunflowers!

If we are cultivating ourselves to produce the best that is in us we need to select our intimates—those whose influence over us is most prevailing. As a farmer would pick his farm, be sure to get soil that is warm and kindly to the most spiritual aspirations and the finest impulses of our nature.—The Christian En- davor World.

The history of music, could we follow it in detail, would show a double truth, that civilization has grown with the development of music, and music has developed with the expansion of civilizations. The influence of those subtler influences which has been refining what it touched, and at the same time been itself refined. The history of music has been an evolution in this order: first, sound; then melody, at length, harmony, which is a parallel of the general evolution deep moving in the life of humanity. Much jarring noise must be, out of which arise occasional momentary melodies, and the end of all is a great harmony. It is man himself that is the great musician, hence all this variety in the music of the world—instruments, tones, half tones, flat tones, measures, bars, majors, minors, chords, times, arias, choruses, solos, symphonies. The truth is that man has music in his soul.
Young People's Work

CONFERENCE OBSERVATIONS.

A YOUNG man was the President of the Conference.

It was a young man who served the Conference as clerk.

The most eagerly welcomed person was the young man who acted as post-master for the Conference.

Two young men, fresh from the stirring life of the world of learning, gave a touching example of brotherly forbearance and manly acknowledgement of error.

Twelve young men sang the sweet songs of salvation with impressive and uplifting effect.

Several young people gave to the Young People's Hour the rich treasure of experience and thought gained by years of consecrated service in the small duties of the Christian life in their home societies.

Young men and young women with God-given voices, consecrated to his service, lifted the hearts of the people on the wings of song.

 Forty young people took up the exciting duties of hospitality, and each day gave shining examples of quiet, unobtrusive, conscientious performance of the humble duties, which, after all, made pleasant and possible the comfort and convenience of the guests.

Forty young people disavowed all claim to the pleasure trip planned for them by the guests in grateful acknowledgement of their untiring service in the dining hall, and unselfishly suggested that money raised for that end be devoted to the Boys' School in China.

One hundred young men, young women and little children joined voices and instruments of music in one grand chorus of praise to God.

Young men and young women, eager for new thoughts, new plans, tried methods, a deeper consecration, a more humble submission to the leading of the Spirit, hung upon the words of older workers, storing up "summer driftwood for the winter fire."

A hopeful sign for the future of our denomination—the eager interest of the young people who are so earnestly studying the great problems of denominational work, and who are so reverently sitting at the feet of the denominational leaders to learn the great lessons taught only from experience.

A beautiful, thoughtful service was done by a sweet-faced young woman, who each day cared for the arrangement of exquisite flowers about the speakers' stand. After their mission at the tent was ended, she each day laid the blossoms on the graves of our grand workers whose bodies lie in Milton's city of the dead.

"The Holy Spirit for service."

"No admittance except on business."

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it—w ith thy might."

These seemed the watchword of our young people.

"If a Sabbath can be kept, then the Sabbath can be kept."—A Young Man.

"Hereafter my voice shall be raised in song only to the praise of my Lord."—A Young Woman in the Choir.

"I am glad I came to Conference. It has done me good, I am proud that I am a Seventh-day Baptist."—A Sabbath Convert.

"I have always thought tithing was right, but I never seemed to get around to it. I am going to practice it."—A Young Business Woman.

"Let us not only talk of our desire for the Holy Spirit's guidance in our lives. That is good. But go home with the determination that under his leading we will get somewhere. That is better."—A Young Business Man.

"I need to realize God more. Religion must be a vital reality to me. Pray for me that I may have courage to take up my work with faith."—A Young Pastor.

"We will carry home the influence of this Conference and live broader, deeper, more earnest Christian lives and make the world better for looking in it."—A Multitude of Young Heaths.

A CONVENTION OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

The twelfth annual convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of New Jersey now promises to be one of the grandest organizations. It is to be held at Asbury Park, N. J., on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and as September and October are two of the most delightful months at the seashore, many thousand young people will take in this convention and thus improve the opportunity for a delightful sojourn to that popular shore resort.

Both local and state committees are doing all in their power to secure ample accommodations for all who may come, and have arranged a most thorough and profitable program of speakers. Among them the following gentlemen will have most prominent part:


It will be advisable as far as possible to make application for hotel accommodations at as early a date as possible, and those doing so should address, David Harvey, Jr., Asbury Park, N. J.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

I do not need to tell you that the Conference of 1896 is now a matter of history. Most of us who were there received a blessing which I wish you all could have. Not only a general blessing, but there and then determined upon some definite plan or thing which we would do during the coming year. With me it was that I would study my Bible as never before; adopt the secret morning study and prayer, I did feel at the close of the Conference year weak and scattered. (I was glad that Secretary Whitford had made a new word, "scattering," for so small a people.) After Conference I still felt a little scattered, and to the long list of needy fields on two or three continents, which we are now trying to cover and help, I felt that now Africa had been added to the list of concerns.

While we talked much of unity, we continued to scatter our fire, our forces, our plans, and not center on the mission of our people, the one mission, Evangelical Sabbath Reform. By this I mean a revival in every place we can, where men are out of Christ, and help them to become so suddenly converted that they will come to the Sabbath in scores. We have no time or means to speculate, but "preach as we go," and that to the people; when we get them, the preachers will follow.

For a few days I have been in the Moody Institute of Chicago, and am questioned almost every day about our Sabbath belief. The boys will talk, not the leaders; they look sharp at one, however.

I wish we might keep on exhibition, most of the time, a good Seventh-day Baptist specimen here in this school, both for our sake as well as for theirs. A student and a worker, either a singer, a cornetist, or a Bible worker; a young man, not a minister, to reach the students, most of whom are honest and consecrated. They are here for truth and help. When their attention is once centered on this truth in the Bible it takes a smart preacher to run some of them into a fog bank. One of the boys, in telling me what Supt. Torrey's position on this question was, said that Mr. Torrey said that we had the best of the Bible argument. He confessed that they were entirely disagreed on their positions, and that it would not do to argue on any other Bible question so plain in the Bible, as this, here in the Institute. What more do we want? One boy said what so many say, "Do you think it makes any difference which day you keep?" I said sharply at one, however, "If the manna did not fall on "the Sabbath" for forty years. If it made no difference I should keep the rainy days.

I do not believe in putting my hand in other people's pockets, but I do wish some man or woman who has the means would help send a consecrated young man here a share at least for next year, most of whom seem to run out with them almost every day, to hold meetings. I have been, and will tell you of it later—street mission, prayer, and poor-house meetings. The need is for a good singer, cornetist, or Bible talker and liver.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Alfred church, Alfred, N. Y., continued their prayer-meetings during the summer vacation, Sabbath-day, at A. F. M., in the mission room of the church. There was a good attendance, and the meetings were helpful. We very much missed the Alfred University students, who increase the meetings in numbers and helpfulness. We welcome their return, and also the new students. Great opportunities and privileges are ours. Pray for us that much good may be done.

L. A. R.

Remember that the truths which you find and learn for yourselves are worth far more than any which are simply told you by others. Indeed, it has been said by some deep thinker that no truth is a truth to one until he has made it a part of his daily spiritual food.
Children's Page.

BABY BOW.

BY JANE BUSHNELL DICKINSON.

The first time I ever saw Baby Bow was when I went to call at the house where he lives. As I rang the door-bell, a small black head appeared at the window opening on the piazza, and started instantly a quick, short bawled sound through the house. When my friend opened the door she said,

"I knew some one was here, for Bow told me, though he could not give me your name."

Then she told me that, as she was very deaf she never heard the bell, but this bright little dog understood so well that when it rang he always ran to this window, and if she were at home he barked to let her know. But if she were not he would look at the visitor in mournful silence as if to say, "I am sorry, I cannot let you in." He listened to all she said, looking from her to me, seeming to understand every word, and wagged his head some black tail with evident pleasure.

All the time I was there he seemed to want to entertain me, doing everything his mistress told him to do cheerfully. So different from a little boy I know, who will not even say, "Good afternoon!"

After awhile Mrs. Howe said,

"Bow, shall we sing for the lady?"

He wagged his tail short enough to make it look as if "Yes, yes!" was the way he knew they were going to sing.

It was most interesting to watch this small spaniel hunt for his rubber ball, which he could not find, so the lady said quietly, without pointing or otherwise helping him,

"You will find it under the sewing-machine."

Away he darted to that very spot, and brought it to her. Then she began singing that well-known song, "The Three Little Kittens," Bow watching her all the time with evident pleasure, though he liked. In rainy weather he would help out the very young one's.

When Tenenyo was a young man living at home, he so attracted the children of the family that they would sit on his knee or they would not sit on his knee or he was pretty, so we let him alone. After awhile Mrs. Howe said,

"Anna Warner.

"One of the very first things which I remember," writes his son and biographer, Hallam, "is that he helped the Master of Balliol (Dr. Fowett) to toss my brother and myself in a shawl."

Even when the children were very young he made them his companions. The mother, not being strong enough to walk far, was drawn in her garden carriage by her two boys, Hallam and Lionel, while the father himself pushed from behind. He would read to them while they were sitting together on a bank in a field, play football with them, teach them to shoot with bow and arrow, and go with them flower-hunting. On the return home, if the flower was unknown, he would say, "Bring me my Baxter's 'Flowering Plants,'" and look it up for them.

In rainy weather father and boys kept indoors and built cities with bricks, or played battledore and shuttlecock, at which game he was an expert. He once, as he told a friend, made two thousand hits in a single game. He read "Grimm's Fairy Stories" or repeated ballads, and made the boys learn simple poems about nature; but he never taught them his own poems, or allowed the boys to get them by heart.

One of the few possessions he had was the blowing of soap-bubbles, and the poet-father would become excited over the "gorgeous colors and landscapes, and the planets breaking off from their suns, and the single star becoming a double star," all of which he saw in the bubbles. In the evenings he would help the boys to act scenes from a familiar play, or superintend their charades, writing amusing prologues to help out the entertainment.

"Make the lives of children as beautiful and as happy as possible," was one of the poet's favorite sayings. Another was, "A truthful child made me always speak the truth," and his chief anxiety was that the children should be strictly truthful. He insisted that they should be courteous to the poor, and his son records that "the severest punishment he ever gave me, though that was, it must be confessed, slight, was the want of respect to one of our servants."

In the later years of the poet's life his grandchildren loved a romp with him, and enjoyed their rides when he would fight them with newspapers or play "pat-a-cake" with them. On one of his last walks, when he had passed his eighty-third year, he met the village school children and pointed his stick at them, barking like a dog to make them laugh. The poet was always young.—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

AN EAST INDIAN SPIDER AND WASP.

A big striped spider left his out-of-door home and came into our school house. At first he made a web on the wall between a picture and a door frame, but after a few days he moved over into the corner and made a bigger web, where he sat all the time, and he never saw him move except one day when I threw some paper up then he ran out and let it go very quickly. We thought he was pretty, so we let him alone. After awhile we saw what we thought were two pieces of pods which grow on a tree here; but one night we discovered that there were hundreds of little spiders in the web. We did not like this, so we took some pictures, the little table and the couch out of the way, and papa put some paper on the end of the broom handle and held it under the web, while mamma put a lighted match to it. In a twinkling the web was gone. What we thought were pods were the nests with the young spiders. This kind of spider makes a web so strong that it can be woven into cloth. Often they are spun across the road and get into our clothes, and are very hard to get off.

A mud wasp here builds its cell, lays its eggs and then brings worms like apple-tree worms to put into the cells for the young ones to eat as soon as they hatch. These worms are not dead, but are stupefied by the sting of the wasp, and remain in this state until they are fed for the young ones' food.—THE EXAMINER.

POLLY AND THE FOG.

One of Uncle Sam's most faithful servants in the state of Maine, but that draws no salary, lives at the Portland Head Light-house. It is a large grey parrot, brought from Africa some time ago, and presented to the keeper of the light. The bird soon noticed that, when a fog began to blow in from the ocean, somebody would cry out: "Fog coming! Blow the horn!"

One day the fog suddenly began to come in thick, and the men did not notice it. But Poll did, and croaked out: "Fog coming! Blow the horn!" Ever since then, whenever fog is perceptible, Poll always gives warning.
Platts has been preaching some stirring discourses upon subjects of vital importance to us as a Christian people. On Sabbath, September 3, the text was: "But to do good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb. 13: 16.

ADAMS CENTRE, N. Y.—Many of the young people are resuming their year's duties, among whom are W. S. Maxson, teaching at Chicago; H. W. Maxson, at Ashaway, R. I.; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Williams, at Torrance, N. Y.; Miss Anna Maltby at Saugerties, N. Y.; Miss Eva Austin, at Black River, N. Y., Miss Marion Greene, at Alfred, N. Y.; Miss Jane Green-Armstrong, and Miss Bertha Ingersoll. He is gaining, in the graded school here; Miss Viola Davis, Miss Arlie Williams, and J. O. Brundidge, in nearby districts; Norris Maltby, attending school at Alfred University; A. C. Prentice, a course in medicine, and H. W. Prentice, a course in dentistry, at Columbia University, New York City.

A month's vacation was given our pastor, Rev. A. B. Prentice, during which he attended the Conference, and on his return he gave an interesting address on one of the proclamations of the General Conference in June last. He gave an interesting address on the use of the General Conference at Milton Junction. Hull, of North Plattsburg, who visited us recently.

Pastors of some of the neighboring churches preached for us during the pastor's vacation, and on one Sabbath the following program was rendered:

Organ Volunteer. "Sanctus." Choir. Prayer. G. W. Davis. Singing, Choir. Remarks, Miss Clara Ramsdale, Miss Miss Clara Ramsdale, the member of the Seventh-day Baptist church, who is also the Superintendent of the Seventh-day Baptist church. A number of our young people have schools within easy distance of the village. Seventh-day Baptists, as teachers, stand well in this village. In fact, Seventh-day Baptists have a fair standing in New Auburn. The late pastor, the Rev. A. G. Crofoot, is most highly esteemed. The present pastor is not so well known yet, but he is cordially greeted upon the streets, and even admitted into the homes of the people.

New Auburn needs a doctor. We must go eight or nine miles for a physician. All this country is at the command of any thoroughgoing young Seventh-day Baptist physician, who has the spirit and grace to come and stay by it. As small lines of drugs can be purchased, or arrangements made to accommodate a reliable man. There are also good farms for sale near the Seventh-day Baptist church.

Who will come? J. T. DAVIS.

SEPT. 14, 1886.

ELDER HAMILTON HULL.

The closing hours of the recent session of the General Conference, Aug. 29, witnessed the going out of the life of one of our aged ministers. Elder Hamilton Hull was the last one of a family whose history was closely associated with the history of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination for more than half a century.

Hamilton Hull was born in Alfred, Allegany County, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1837. At the age of 12 years, he was baptized by Eld. Walter B. Gillette, and joined the Second Alfred church. In 1857, his father, Eld. Richard Hull, located his family at Lewiston, Fulton County, Ill. June 2, 1847, he was married to Miss Clara Ramsdale, of Gloversville, N. Y., who died March 7, 1857. The three children born to them, two, Mr. Richard E. Hull, of North Lima, Wis., and Mrs. Mary A. Maxwell, of Rock River, survive. Sept. 24, 1880, he was united in marriage with Miss M. L. White, of Rockford, Ill., who passed away June 5, 1882. He was a devoted member of the church, and no man was more beloved by the Brethren in the church of God. He was a tried and true friend to all, and his influence was for good among those with whom he came in contact. He was a tried and true friend to all, and his influence was for good among those with whom he came in contact. He was a tried and true friend to all, and his influence was for good among those with whom he came in contact.

I have known persons to sit in church and sing.

Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to thee; who, when the opportunity was given, were unwilling to part with a penny.
GRANDMOTHER'S FEW BITS.

F. W. F. PAYNE.

Such quaint old things as are in the Grandmother's box! A well-worn cap of yellowed lace, A dim, old picture in a case, A string of beads—"Tax the baby's sock,— Then she sits in the twilight rays And looks over and over again— "Her "bow of blue beads," She lifts the worn cap in her trembling hands, It frames the mother's face once more, Touching with memory's keenest gaze, Which in the dear old home it wore. Down from "the place prepared" for such as she, There seems to come, as day grows dim, The singing of mother's hymn.

This movement is far from being an avocation of leisure; but the efficiency, discipline and growth of the schools will depend very largely on the number of citizens who have leisure at their command, and with what degree of public spirit and intelligence they use that leisure. This is where the new social function of women, growing out of the intelligent and public-spirited use of their leisure, comes in.—The Independent.

A NEEDED SOCIETY.

It is a pleasure to commend to the attention of all sensible and discerning persons the society called Scapa, which has its headquarters in London. Scapa is the contracted form of its title, which in full is the Society for the Correction of the Abuse of Public Ad vertisements. This group of women hold that the road side between Utica and its summer home at Harts Hill. His testimony is that it was not difficult; that the owners of the fences and other property which the signs occupied had usually not been consulted by the sign- writers, and were glad to have their belongings freed from defacement. Dr. Blumer's method is to substitute for the signs removed a tin placard forbidding the posting of any more advertisements.

It is worth pointing out that the disfigurement of the rural districts by signs and offensive advertisements is not done by persons who live in the country, but by, or at the instance of, city people, tradesmen and others, who apparently consider that farmers are dull folk anyway, and either won't know that they have been imposed upon, or will be too short to show resentment, no excuse, or justification for landscape advertising. It simply represents commercial impedance. The men who promote it are under no restraint of taste or propriety. They will paint or affix any sort of a sign anywhere they dare. It is troublesome to undo their work. It takes time, and the reasonable indignation their outrages excite is wearing to the temper. This vandal industry is particularly active just now. The present paragraph found your correspondent painted in the shade back of the country church where he has worshiped off and on for nearly half a century, and this year the outside of the high board fence which surrounds the trolley-car company's baseball-ground hard by was ornamented with bright faces painted in violent colors, to the most direful prejudices of a lovely landscape.

Scapa is a good society. Luck good and many active members to it.—Harper's Weekly.

We cannot sink so low but that the "ever lasting arms are underneath."
testa have been made by photographing stars, under favorable conditions, at the moment when they were about to disappear behind the lunar disk—they show no change whatever. If the moon had an atmosphere the light refracted would have the same effect that it would have if there was an atmosphere there, we would expect results, by its density, proportionate to those experienced here. Here the density of the atmosphere does not affect us, but the moon's atmosphere, if it were developed or not, would not be obscured at all, whereas stars are occulted the instant they touch the moon's edge. I think we have no atmosphere conditions there. That it never rains on the moon, is shown by the fact that the brightness of the moon is equal at all times. As rain is caused by the cooling and condensing of vapor, it would be apparent in clouds, and in wind, which would cause them to move across the surface, and produce a characteristic. As this density of light of full moon is about 1:18,000th part of the sun's light, a cloud would readily show a diminution of light on a rainy day. I say no, with the moon's true light.

A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH.

Our Christian experience is well represented by the increasing light of the rising sun. Christian society is made up of those who have been converted in heart. This change has in it the elements of right doing. Those who have a new heart have new aims, new plant purpose. Being born of the spirit, they come into union with those whose names are written in heaven. "If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature." The Saviour controls him. "Old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." For past offences we seek the righteousness of our crucified Redeemer. But it is a common experience that love, as revealed in the gospel, transforms the heart and produces a life in harmony with the divine plan. Indeed, thousands upon thousands of thousands may be cleansed and made ornamental to society, and stars in the Redeemer's crown.

The prophets rejoiced in his glorious appearing and in the revelation of his presence. Deplorin in the morning power which makes the wilderness blossom as the rose. Wherever Christ is accepted and made our example, there is a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Righteousness does not depend upon the reign of kings, or upon physical changes, but rather depends upon our obedience to the will of God, and our fellowship with the divine spirit. We must not distrust the power of the gospel to save men, for it is the power of God unto salvation. To a mind filled with the spirit of illumination, "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament shoveth his handwork." Not a new sun, or a new moon, or a new earth in a physical sense, but a heart changed by the love of Jesus, by the manifest beauty of the divine order. A heart to love all men for Jesus' sake. It may be slow in its work, but like the silent forces, as the frost, it is undermining the citadels of error and bombarding the strongholds of iniquity. "Glory be to God in the earth peace, and good-will to men." For the world shall be saved by the preaching of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

L. M. C.

**Sabbath School.**

INDEPENDENT LESSONS, 1898.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSON II.—JEHOAHSHAP'S GOOD REIGN.

For Sabbath-day, Oct. 5, 1898.

LESSON TEXT.—2 Chron. 17: 1-10.

**GOLDEN TEXT.—**In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths—Prov. 3: 6.

**INTRODUCTION.**

Asa was succeeded by his son Jehoshaphat, who was even a better king than his father. He alone of the earlier kings is worthy to be ranked with Josiah and Hez­kiah. His conduct is marked both by ability and by piety. It is worthy of notice, as a possible explanation of the name assigned, that his mother was not one of the idolatrous princesses so often found in harems of the kings of Israel. So far as we know, Asa took only one wife, Azubah the daughter of Shilhi.

The writer of the Book of Kings says that Jeho­shaphat did not take away the high places; but the Chronicler, who knew more of his conduct, says he did. The question may possibly be reconciled by the assumption that he endeavored to destroy them, but was not able; or by the assumption that he took away the high places consecrated to Baal or Asherah or other heathen deities, and left those at which Jehovah was worshiped.

Jehoshaphat is greatly commended for making peace with Israel. In spite of the direct command of God to Rehoboam, by the hand of Shemariah, there had been almost constant warfare between Israel and Judah. It doubtless seemed to Jehoshaphat impossible to maintain the peace between the two nations by an alliance of the royal families; but he could have done no worse for his son Jehoram than to take for his wife Abshalih, the daughter of Athaliah and Jehoram. Even the best of kings make mistakes. Jehoshaphat is condemned also by the prophet for helping the wicked king of Israel.

For a clear understanding of this lesson, read all that is told of Jehoshaphat in both Kings and Chronicles.

**NOTES.**

1. Jehoshaphat. This name is a compound of the two words Jehovah, who may be interpret­ed "Whom Jehovah judgeth," (i. e., whose cause he sustains), or "Jehovah is judge." It may be true that the name is sometimes used as a proper name of persons, just as we almost always forget that a proper name has any particular significance; but oftentimes we believe that the name really indicates the character of either the parents or of the children who bore the names. No reader of the Old Testament can believe that names were given without significance; for over a hundred times the sacred writers take pains to insert explanations concerning the meaning of names. We may infer something in regard to the piety of the people when we note the number of times that God is referred to in the proper names of this lesson. And strengthened himself against Israel. He prepared for­tress in case of any possible attack from the Northern Kingdom. Jehoshaphat began to reign in the fourth year of Ahaz, who had made an alliance with Edom.

2. And set garrisons in the land of Judah. He not only occupied the fortified cities with his troops, but also established garrisons at other points. The city of Ephraim which Asa his father had taken. See 2 Chron. 15: 8. We must not think of the boundary between Judah and Israel or Ephraim as the same. In the course of their frequent wars some cities were often transferred from one domination to the other.

3. First ways of his father David. The Septuagint additions to the above render perhaps the correct reading, as nowhere else are David's first ways men­tioned. The meaning is evidently that Jehoshaphat did as his father David had done in several points. And sought not unto Baalim. Baalim in the plural of Baal. It is used to refer to the different forms under which the name Baal appears in the different languages.Turning to Baalim was one of the prominent ways of apostasy for the Hebrew kings.
A WAR EPISODE.

In the camp at Fulls Church, Va., are a number of veterans who fought with Sigel and with Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. Among the visitors there last week was an officer of a Western regiment who told his wife along with him. At Round Hill they hired a vehicle for the ascent of the mountains. It so happened that the driver of the vehicle was one of Moxy's men. As the officer and his wife were driven along the road, they were urged to many reminiscences of his experience in the valley during the Civil War, pointing out to her places about which he had some particular remembrance.

"Do you see that hill right over there, dear?" he said to his wife, pointing to the place. She nodded.

"Well, my dear, right at the foot of that hill is the very place where we cooked our supper that night I have been telling you about—"

"Yes," said the old prairie driver turning around, "and that is the very place where we was eat our supper."

"What," said the Union officer, "were you one of that party of Rebs that came down on us?"

"Yes, sir," I was one of them. We eat up there on the top of the hill and watched you cooking that supper, and when we thought you had it prepared for us, we came down to join you.

"Well, tell me, my friend," said the Union officer, "where on earth did you fellows come from?"

"I have it, my friend," said the old prairie driver, "you can't help but know what is the regular order of our own Friday-night service. With, of course, occasional interruptions, I try to give each week a short, explanatory, practical talk upon a given section of the Scripture, as indicated below:

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PASTOR MAIN

PLAINFIELD, N. J., September 15th, 1898.

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

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

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

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. on Sabbath days, and is most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. C. L. Randolph, 6126 Ingleside Ave. CHARLES B. COON, Church Clerk.

The Sabbath-keepers in Syracuse and others who may have lost the city over the last Sabbath, are most cordially invited to attend the Sabbath-school held every Sabbath afternoon, at 3 o'clock, at the residence of Dr. F. L. Irons, 117 Grace Street.

The Yearly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Southern Illinois and Kentucky, will hold its next session at 11.30 A. M., at the old Stone Forge church, Stone Fort, Ill., Oct. 21-23, 1898. All interested are cordially invited to come.

OLIVER LEWIS, Sec.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornesville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, close to the Chautauqua streets, at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school following preaching service. A general invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in this vicinity, to attend.

M. B. KELLY, Pastor.

The Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist church holds regular Sabbath service in the Old Church chapel, Boston, Sept. 1, London, East, C. G. is a few steps from the Broad St. Station. Services at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Pastor, the Rev. J. D. Sanford. The church is invited, and especially Sabbath-keepers and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

The next Semi-Annual Meeting of the churches of Missouri will meet with the church at New Jumonville. Sixth Sunday before the fifth Sabbath in October, at 2 o'clock P. M. The delegates from the Iowa Yearly Meeting to preach the introductory service. R. H. BAIN, Sec. COON.

The Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds regular services in the Boys' Room of the Y. M. C. A. building, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. The preaching service at 11.30 A. M. Pastors and visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.

Geo. B. Shaw, Pastor.

The next quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches will be held with the Rock River church, as follows:


2. Sabbath-school on the morning of the Sabbath, Oct. 8, at 10 o'clock, conducted by Wm. J. Lowndes, the Superintendent.


4. Communion services immediately following the sermon, under the charge of Rev. W. C. Whitford, assisted by Rev. P. H. Babcock.

5. Preaching at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of this Sabbath by Rev. Lewis A. Plantz.

6. Preaching in the evening after the Sabbath by Rev. L. F. Randolph.

7. Preaching First-day morning, at 10.30 o'clock, Oct. 9, by Rev. S. B. Babcock.

8. Exercises of the Young Men's Hour, First-day afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock.

A general attendance is requested.

L. H. ROGERS, Church Clerk.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness that can be by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the auditory tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation or congestion is restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; and in such cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous membrane.

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