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### PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

### OCTOBER 3, 1898

### HELPFUL DISCONTENT

COME Discontent, and stir my soul to higher, grander things!

Give me no rest amid the sloth that smooth contentment brings.

Arouse the warriors of my will and arm them, sword and gun,

And force them to the front until new victories are won.

For better to be crushed amid the fierce tempestuous fray. Than, like the helpless plant, to live and rot away.

For gods and mortals have decreed the valiant ones who die

In grand defeat are nobler far than they who dare not try.

With each to-day oh, Discontent, incite my turgescent thought

To better, grander themes than all the yesterdays have brought.

Yea, spur me to my task and rouse my latent strength until

My every foe is vanquished by the battle-cry, "I will."

- Selected.
Sabbath Recorder.

The Editor.

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

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office at Fishkill, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879.

SABBATH, OCTOBER 23, 1881.

Hast Thou, my Master, aught for me to do?
To honor Thee, to-day?
Hast Thou a word of love to some poor soul?
That I may say:
For see, the world that thou hast made so fair
Within its heart is sad:
To Thee, to-day? — Mrs. Prevost.

The Editor is at the desk again, with less Gripe than he had three weeks ago, and with the hope that all necessary grip on the work of the coming year will be granted him. The work at hand grows in volume and importance with each year. The character of the late Anniversaries promises well for the success of the coming year. Now that people are scattered to their different fields, and the inspiration and enthusiasm born of great gatherings and enlisting plans are passed, individual efforts must be redoubled. Pastors must not delay to preach the sermons for which they made speeches while the Anniversaries were in progress. Individuals must hasten to begin the new work toward which their hearts were moved in the sunrise prayer-meetings, and while listening to reports, sermons and discussions. The meetings at Milton Junction glowed with genuine vigor, and healthful enthusiasm. The problem for the year is to perpetuate all that was good, and carry it out in successful endeavor. The Recorder will not indulge in great promises; but if in the hands of a corps of department editors working with their utmost effectiveness, our readers will not lack for information relative to Missions, Woman's Work, Young People's Work or Popular Science. Our educators will tell the people, from time to time, of things useful and inspiring. Having been appointed as editor for the coming year, the writer is anxious to secure the largest success and the highest good for the Recorder in every way. Correspondence is invited, especially facts concerning things planned for or accomplished. The times demand doing more than theorizing. The Recorder rejoices in such correspondence as brings the best fruits from active and consecrated lives. Some theorizing is valuable. Some doctrinal discussions do good. But less of the spritual and more of life is a good motto for the coming year. To plan carefully and to adjust methods wisely form a valuable part of sanctified work for Christ. But it is better to perfect plans and strengthen methods by putting them into action, than to let opportunities go by while we dawdle trying to determine the exact point of direction along which a movement shall take place. Action brings adjustment. Inaction invites rusting. We do not counsel crude plans, nor injurious haste. But the Recorder will rejoice if Pastors and people, Boards and Committees, Presidents and Executive officers, crowd the year full of efforts. Thoughts, plans, aspirations are of little value until they result in deeds. Deeds are connected with life when they do not throb with thought, and glow with enthusiasm. Christ's kingdom is best advanced when his children appreciate the worth of such monosyllables as up, go, do.

The railroad industry in the United States has reached a stage of development, which, in excellency and extent, courts comparison, and compels admiration. The rates, both passenger and freight, average less than those of the leading countries in Europe, and the service is much superior in several respects.

If the average passenger rate in this country had been one cent a mile more than it was last year (which would be less than the average rate in France), the extra cost to the people and profit to the railways of the United States would have been $130,490,072. If American railway rates, passenger and freight, were about the average of European rates, the earnings of the railways of the country (and the payments of the people) would have been more than one billion dollars greater than they were in last year alone.

Improvements are needed. They will come. Meanwhile the American people may take pride in their great railway systems.

Speaking of railroads, the Recorder has noted, with pleasure, the excellent work done by the Conference Transportation Committee, in the late sessions. The gathering points for the delegates were so located that a majority of those from the East went by the Erie, and those from the West and Northwest by the Sante Fe and the Chicago and Northwestern roads. In the matter of accommodations, these roads did everything asked for, in a way that showed that their representatives appreciated their work as servants of the public safety and comfort. The special train on the Chicago and Northwestern, which carried the delegates over the route from Chicago to Milton Junction, with but a single stop, was especially appreciated on that hot afternoon. Special mention of either road—when all did so well—seems out of place.

We note with deep regret that the vote on the question of Prohibition in Canada, taken on the 29th of September, as reported on the morning of the 30th is adverse, and that the Canadian Parliament will be called into special session to consider the question of Prohibition.

Even if the sentence quoted from a New York Daily seems to be true at the first reports, we do not share in its conclusion. If the vote is seriously adverse, that fact may become the best educator for the future. The Province of Quebec is said to have voted heavily against prohibition. This is easy to understand if one has seen Eastern Canada, which is in so respects more French than English. Nova Scotia gave a majority in favor of the right.

I attended a concert this morning. There were three hundred performers; a full blackbird orchestra. There were three varieties.

The red-wings predominated. This gave a pleasing effect to the eye. It was fine stage. Brown boughs, green leaves, black coats, gray bodicies and red epauletts. All tones were there. Soprano, alto, tenor, baritone, with such a jingle and jangle as bird concerts delight in, and swallowed up discord. The choir was well-drilled. After a burst of music, in which the singers and players strove to outdo themselves, the leader would wave his baton, and the whole chorus rushed away in a score of graceful sweeps and curves, through the sea of shining lights, to a neighborhood corn-field for refreshments. Then you could hear the silence, except that two crows in a neighboring wood-land seemed to be criticising the performance to which I had listened with delight. If what they said was in the way of criticism, there was something peculiarly human about it. Evidently they did not understand black-bird music, or else they had forgotten that lovely black-birds' songs are not worth considering. I fancy that one crow said to the other, "Just hear those little red-winged upstarts; half of that crowd combined, cannot equal one good voice like yours," and the crow that was thus praised, said, "Of course not, caw, caw, ca-a-a-w, there is music for you." Poor crow! It was envy he voiced, not music.

Yesterday I watched a man digging potatoes. It was a simple task, but not an unmeaning one. Potatoes have many things in common with those good deeds of which the world sees little, but which bring abundant help and comfort. The vines of these potatoes were dead, dried. In some places the late weeds had hid them, and covered the outlines of the hill. The careless observer would have passed them by, but the careful farmer had recognized it. He had not been content till the little yellow fruit was gone, his fork uncovered nests of "ivory tubers," ripe and beautiful, ready to be severed at the kitchen altar, fit food for farmer or for king. One of the glad surprises of the next life will be the riches God has in waiting for his children; riches buried in the soil of self-sacrifice, and unsellable deeds, which the world does not appreciate, but which divine love watches over. Lives filled with loving service have many wayside graves, where half-remembered deeds are covered with seeming. Nothing good is ever lost. No honest effort is wholly fruitless. Blessed is he whose life is full of buried treasures, as my friend's garden rows were of toothsome potatoes.

Autumnal ripeness is full of helpful, spiritual lessons. It tells of many things well accomplished. Trees fruit-laden are like lives crowned with good deeds and high aspiration. They have well fulfilled the time of their attainment. When bounteous harvests are stored, or stand waiting to be gathered, he is dull, indeed, who does not see the counterpart of God's in-gathering love. The fierce summer is not the season of winter. Nothing exists on earth which is not here. It is the golden waiting-time when riches are gathered.

Great interest in Social reform has lately sprung up in Chicago. It has been a notable shame that many of the vilest social resorts in the city have been located near some of the large railroad stations. United action by way of public meetings and otherwise has been taken against the view of securing the abatement of these evils, through the police. Judging by the past, the city government of Chicago will not be very Periticean in enforcing law against social vices; nevertheless we rejoice in the earnest Chris- tian spirit which has led to the new crusade, and we bid it God speed.

The commission for adjusting matters of difference between Canada and the United States is making good progress. Minor matters may delay final report, but the move- ment for such a commission is shown to be in the interest of the two. The two countries are so closely related geographically, commercially and socially, that mutual arrangements promoting harmony, prosperity and good-will ought to prevail always.
The Sabbath Recorder

Oct. 3, 1898.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. Randolph, Chicago, Ill.

Why Men Do not Go to Church.

A Chicago minister has been sending out circular letters to representative business men of all classes, to find out why men go to church so little. The topic has been much discussed in ministers' meetings and other religious gatherings, but Pastor Fox hit upon the idea of appealing to original sources, the men themselves.

The replies, as published in the Rain's Horn, are inclusive and calculated to make a person think. The conclusion, as the Reverend J. W. M. Fox says, is that, if there is any Christian civilization, it would not be necessary for a man to "break the Sabbath in order to see a speck of green grass." Sunday, he says, is his only chance for recreation, exercise, a breath of fresh air and communion with nature. He frankly avows his intention of continuing to spend the day on his wheel.

A drummer in substance: "When athletes get together, they talk athletics, artists talk art, politicians talk politics, and they do it as if they meant business. He declares that he has a similar disposition on the part of Christians to talk religion. They will get enthusiastic over church-socials and pink teas, "but that seems to be about their limit," in his conclusion.

In these answers are suggested the two greatest enemies to the progress of the church of Christ to-day: the demands of business and social life crowding religion out, the apathy of Christians. And the remedy, likewise, is two-fold, the bringing in of a kinder civilization, and the bringing into personal life of a master motive which shall fill the whole horizon.

The Last Year Together.

There had been an accident on the street, and a woman was dead. These things happen every day—we read about them in the papers; but this was different. There is no other funeral so sad—from the earthly side—as when children are left motherless, if it is a home you know and love.

He had one child in his arms, and was looking at the others with a gaze of yearning tenderness. He has a tender, imperfection, but he is in the right road. They only knew that mamma was lost, and would come home to them no more. The center and heart and light of home was gone. Something he said has been ringing in my ears ever since. "This last year that we spent together was a happy one. We have had our full share of little estrangements and misunderstandings while we were learning to live together; but a few months ago we started out on a new dispensation of love and helpfulness. Somehow I got it into my head a little more how a woman felt three years, and was growing gentler, sweeter all the year. And the men's mind, too, though his soul is beset with care."

How about it? Suppose it had been the same last night with you? Suppose the dearest face in all the world had suddenly ceased to shine in your life. Has the last year been a good year? Has the last month been a loving one? Has the last week left a pleasant record? Can you name one of your sweet memories? There are so many others, too, whose lives you have crossed. Suppose death summons them to the judgment bar? Was your last word and deed one to help them and make them stronger for what was to come?

Ah, sometimes I grow and for a moment as I look back. The wasted opportunities, the lost days, the unkind tones that can never be recalled until time shall be no longer. The evil done—repented of long ago—but leaving its blancket in the life of the other, is blotted out. So much that I might have done; so disappointing the record.

Then I look at the future and thank God for it; the present with its boundless opportunities, the possibilities of coming days. To my soul, it seems to say, "It has been a good day." Next Sabbath, as the sun sinks beyond the prairie after the sweet communion season, let me say, "It has been a blessed week." And if that shall never come, in time, I will at least be kind and loving and helpful now."

"I'll live as in the presence of "the Lord, the God of Israel before whom I stand."

TRUST.

LIE down and sleep; Leave it with God to keep This sorrow is but part Of a life that is not.Awakening every minute Count things not of use Not of the past, but of God's grace New hope in the morning. God understands. —Kathrina Tress.

"VALUABLE EXPERIENCE."

The deacon was a self-made and successful man, and anxious to have his son early earning his own bread and making their own career. Withal he was of a sanguine temperament and always saw the disguised blessings amid the ruins of disaster. Tom was his Benjamin, but when he was nineteen the father gently pushed him over the edge of the nest into a furniture business in a neighboring village. Tom had been about three years, and was finally obliged to close out at a sacrifice, several hundred dollars behind. He had sold less than cost and trusted everybody who asked for credit. The deacon rubbed his hands and remarked that Tom had made a mistake and that he had acquired a great deal of valuable experience.

After a short time at home, in default of something more inviting, under pressure Tom started for Kansas and pre-empted a quarter section of government land. He was too late, however, and was given a half-interest in the claim. The second year the grasshoppers took every green thing; the third year there was a drought, and he only got about half a crop; the fourth year there was a late frost, which spolt the prospects of that season; and the fifth summer the Indians came in and, as he wrote home, "cleaned him out!" He was burning his fields and spending nothing but his life and the clothes he had on. He had now lived on the claim long enough to perfect his title, and came East in a slouch hat and a buffalo robe worn to the hide, that leave is needed, as a young man of twenty-seven could be.

With habitual optimism the deacon remarked to his daughter that Tom had not made much money out in Kansas, but he had got a good deal of valuable experience. In a furniture business, and there was an air of great comfort for a man unemloyed, and Tom volunteered. After a few months of service he was blown up in the "mine explosion" at Petersburg, and was found in the Carver Hospital at Washington with an open wound fifteen inches long across the breast, where a bullet had slid along the rib and gone out through the fleshly part of his right arm. He had to lie in the hospital for some months, and used up all his back pay and bounties in extras.

At last he was discharged and came home on "transportation," without any money. The deacon cheerfully observed to the girls that Tom had a pretty hard time in the army, and had not saved any money, but he had got a good deal of valuable experience, which would stand him in good stead hereafter. After the usual period the deacon hinted a little, and furnished a little capital for a manufacturing enterprise in New York city.

Tom was active, turned out excellent goods, did a thriving business, and there was an air of great prosperity about the place, as orders were always ahead. But forgetting the lessons of his failure in the furniture business, the prices were less than the cost of production, and after a time—and not a long time—an attachment and a red flag cut short the promising enterprise.

At this point the deacon weakened a little, there was a shade of disappointment on his countenance, a touch of pathos in his voice: "Tom made a mistake in selling his goods too low, but he had got a great deal of valuable experience, and no doubt next time would make a sure success." By this time "valuable experience" had become a byword with the sisters, and no one can use the expression in their presence without calling forth, if a stranger, a smile; if one acquainted with the associations of the formula, peals of merry laughter. The good deacon still believes the turn is close at hand when Tom will become a successful business man, but Tom up to date has no available assets—except "valuable experience."

The foregoing tale is no fancy sketch. We cannot blame Tom for the grasshoppers, the drought, the Indians, and the mine explosion; but the furniture business and the manufacturing enterprise showed that "Experience," like other teachers, is dependent for success on the sort of stuff his scholars are made of. Optimism also may be a deluder. We have always thought that the deacon's harping on "valuable experience" was a permanent "Tim, and getting made think that he was bound to come out right whatever happened.

The moral of this very case is that to find out why one fails, and avoid it's the best and only way of succeeding; without this, "experience" is no more valuable than a succession of "epileptic fits."—Christian Advocate.
LIFE'S BATTLES.

Alas! I'm growing old—my hair, once thick and brown, is now quite white and silky, and sparse about the crown.

A year, that once seemed endless, now passes like a dream.

Yet my boat still rides the billows, as it glides along the stream.

My heart, like the eagle's, is now much dimmed by age, and set alone enables me to read the printed page. Yet still it reeds with quickened glance upon each lovely scene.

As years roll by with silent pace and changes come to man. Life is full of gladness if we but make it so;

There's not a wave of sorrow but has an undertow. A stony heart and a simple faith give victory over the grave,

And God awaits all patiently, all powerful to save.

"The not a cove to live, nor is it hard to die,

If we but view the future with steadfast, fearless eye.

Looking ever on the bright side, where falls the sun's warm beam.

Our boats will ride the billows as they glide along the stream.

- Exchange.

OBEEDIENCE.
BY E. A. HUNTER.

There was once a dear old lady who rejoiced in five excellent sons, every one of whom was a fine type of Christian manliness.

When she was asked what was the secret of her success, in training them, she answered reflectively, "Well, I never nagged 'em, or threatened, and I never asked 'em to do anything they wouldn't be likely to want to do, for another."

"But," objected the shocked listener, "you can't let a child do as he pleases, that is ruination to him!"

The old lady smiled. "My boys generally wasn't always the last to do as I pleased," she said, "and they did not feel like doing as I thought best. I led 'em up to it gradually, and not one of my boys ever disobeyed me in his life. Some folks," she continued, "give too many orders to their children, and it makes 'em set against minding. There are some kinds of badness that you don't have to train out of a child, any-how; give him time and he'll forget it, grow out of it, as he does out of a last year's suit of clothes."

The grand old philosopher had struck upon two vital truths which many a high-strung American mother would do well to lay hold upon. Did you ever pause to reflect why it is that so much childish disobedience is unwilling? Isn't it because the child has not yet come to your point of view, or not perceive that it is for his best good to act according to your wishes. You often charge him with unreason, but from his standpoint it is you who are unreasonable. He does not realize that if he persists in going swimming three times a day he will contract malaria, and he is apt to believe—and with reason—that "no fellow's mother" can understand the delicious happiness of tossing off one's clothes and slipping into the clear, green waters of the still, shady place in the river which is called in boyish vernacular the "swimming pool," there to frolic by the hour with the other frequenters of the haunt.

There is a good deal to be said upon this side of the question, and if you are perfectly unbiased you would perceive it. There is not one right course to pursue under these circumstances. You may be able to compel obedience, and so save your boy from sickness, but you are missing a great opportunity if you fail to teach your son the true value of life and the right to live.

Soldiers still.

He has come to be a familiar figure in all our cities and towns—the soldier discharged from temporary duty in military service. We see him walking the streets unshaven and dirty, accompanied by an admiring friend or kinsman. We have met him on the trains bound for his rural home, wan and weary and, perhaps, toasting with the fever as he lay on the bed, improvised from the car seats. Again we have seen him sitting solitary on a beach in the park, in apparently good health but still of countenance, as if he hardly knew what his life was worth in life.

We civilians almost always look wise at these soldier boys when they cross our path. To be sure, they are not quite as impressive as when, with fresh uniforms and elastic step and shoulder to shoulder, they marched past us in streets congested with curious spectators. But they have grown less conspicuous as they go toward camp and battlefield. But to-day they hold our reverent gaze the longer as we say to ourselves: "These are the men who won our victories, who in these few short months have carried the flag where it never went before and have opened a new and wonderful chapter in the history of the human race."

For the London Spectator is right when it says, in a sentence that may become an epitaph: "The middle ages fled when the 20th century was born."

Yet how boyish and even ordinary many of these returning heroes look. With not a few of them we were acquainted long before the President ever thought of calling for volunteers. We had gone to school with them or met them in the streets, and it was as a passing knowledge of them as doing this or that thing in the world. We have often thought that they would be summoned to the sternest tasks, nor did we, perhaps, anticipate that when summoned they would quit themselves like such manful fashion. Yet now they are back again among us, some with wounds and some with fevers, but almost without exception all with records that have proved again to the world what the Anglo-Saxon stock is capable of doing when it is called in extremis to play the patriot and the man. And so these soldier lads, in their teens and their early twenties, even though now their uniform is shabby and their hats shapeless, seem, after all, finer and purer. They have seen him, they would be summoned to the sternest task, and a passing knowledge of them as doing this or that thing in the world. We shall not think of them hereafter simply as Smith, the clerk in the grocery, or Jones, the carpenter, but as part of the company that charged up the hill at El Caney or lay for hours under the broiling sun, waiting for the order to advance, or that, perhaps, did not even smell the smoke of battle but eagerly awaited it from afar, bearing meanwhile with soldierly courage all the rigors, limitations and discomforts of suddenly established camps.

Thus it is that we who went not to the fray are moved to reflection and to admiration as we see the citizen soldiers of the land gradually merging into the rank and file of the body politic. But what of them? How are they bearing the transition? What will they take away from the battlefield? And will they return with a halo about them soon vanish? We shall not think of them hereafter simply as Smith, the clerk in the grocery, or Jones, the carpenter, but as part of the company that charged up the hill at El Caney or lay for hours under the broiling sun, waiting for the order to advance, or that, perhaps, did not even smell the smoke of battle but eagerly awaited it from afar, bearing meanwhile with soldierly courage all the rigors, limitations and discomforts of suddenly established camps.

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Thus it is that we who went not to the fray are moved to reflection and to admiration as we see the citizen soldiers of the land gradually merging into the rank and file of the body politic. But what of them? How are they bearing the transition? What will they take away from the battlefield? And will they return with a halo about them soon vanish? We shall not think of them hereafter simply as Smith, the clerk in the grocery, or Jones, the carpenter, but as part of the company that charged up the hill at El Caney or lay for hours under the broiling sun, waiting for the order to advance, or that, perhaps, did not even smell the smoke of battle but eagerly awaited it from afar, bearing meanwhile with soldierly courage all the rigors, limitations and discomforts of suddenly established camps.
realization of the closeness of death and life. As they have yearned for a sight of dear, distant faces, they put a higher value upon love and friendship and home. As they have felt the isolation and perils of a soldier’s lot they have felt, perhaps for the first time in their lives, the need of an almost and long desired and have surrendered their wills to him forever.

Mustered out! It may not be so easy after all, even when health returns, to become re-adjusted to the calmer scenes and more prosaic occupations that go with the reign of peace. Let the returning soldiers remember, however, that they have had and will have no real discharge from the service of their country. Whatever self-control they have gained through military discipline, through obedience to superiors, whatever courage they have acquired as they became accustomed to the sound of shot and shell, the strengthened sense of God’s presence in the world and of his far-reaching purposes—all these can be put to splendid use in every shop and community in the land. No man is ever mustered out of the daily service of his country, his fellowmen.

SACRIFICE.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

Is sacrifice so hard a thing? We give a useless seed; To that kind care, and to see we reap A harvest for our need.

We give a scanty draught to one Who faints beside the way; There flows a fountain for our thirst Some weary, woe-some day.

We give a little flower of love To light a darkened room; And to dwellings of delight With beauty and with bloom.

Ah, sacrifice but the door To dwellings of delight; And self-denial the noble key That locks our joy from sight.

ECONOMY AND CIVILIZATION.

By Margaret Miller.

This thought is new to me. “Economy the touchstone of civilization.” If new, is it not a visitation of his service of his country, his fellowmen? Does it not throw a calculus light upon the science of living?

It is from the pages of that Frenchman’s Journals, lately published, “America and the Americans,” teeming with imperfections, composed of such a weak and unphilosophical many times to the point of silliness; yet this struck home with the thud of a strong, complete idea.

Economy, the despoiler! a necessity generally, but felt with the sharp edge of necessity, and concealed and equivocated about till Diogenes could laugh or weep. And here, in a flash, it is shown up in its true light; the Angel of Progress, a solver of humanity’s hard problems, the surest of, yes, and often the easiest material aid to material happiness. Economy not self-denial; economy is not even self-denial; it is simply making the most of what you have.

When I was a girl, an old lady in whose house I was visiting told me to put aside a plain, old, broken brass matchbox, as she would send it to be mended. I could not resist this “What could you do with that in this beautiful house?”

“I will give it to Miss Reilly (who washed), and she will think it pretty.”

Now I would have been too stingy to spend money in saving a mere trifling ornament for another person, but I took the lesson to heart, and have done so ever since.

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GOLDEN WEDDING.

For a couple to live together fifty years, and the angel of death never enter the family, is rather a remarkable circumstance; but such has been the case in the lives of William W. Gardiner and his wife, Almira Cran dall Gardiner. This couple celebrated their Golden Wedding at their home near Nile, N. Y., on Sept. 3, 1898, on the same farm where Mrs. Gardiner was born. Here she was married and her two daughters were married. The four children and nine grandchildren were present; also the brothers and sisters of the bride, those of the groom, with some of their friends. The ceremony, having preceded him to the better land; nephews and nieces swelled the number to forty-two.

The day was all that could be desired, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. The bride wore part of the wedding dress which she had worn fifty years before. Prof. C. E. Crandall, of Chicago University, in behalf of the friends, presented the bride and groom with a number of fine presents, among which were about $500 in gold. The groom and the bride each responded, expressing their thankfulness for those presents which increased their lives, and to the friends for their presence and tokens of love, after which the guests repaired to the dining room, and enjoyed a bountiful repast served by the children and grandchildren.

Before breaking up for the day, the company sang, “God be with you till we meet again.” The company present will long remember this event, and be glad that they were there.

ONE OF THEM.

HOW TO DRINK WATER.

There are few people who thoroughly realize the value of water as a beverage, or who know how to obtain the greatest advantage from it. The effects produced by the drinking of water vary with the manner in which it is drunk. If, for instance, a pint of cold water is swallowed as a large draught, or if it be taken in two portions with a short interval between, certain definite results follow—effects which are different from those produced by one draught.

Why, it is because the body can be better used, use it right, and, if need be, let the soup bones go. I am speaking only of the food which is worth more than the time which it would take to save it. Waste it not often because of a close shop and community in already to hand but tossed away;

This national misfortune, wastefulness, is rather a something to self-denial, or civilization.”

And, nevertheless, far more dignity is won by economy than is lost. Is not the dignity of water vary with the manner in which it is sipping.

Sipping is a powerful stimulant to the circulation, a thing which ordinary drinking is not. During the act of sipping the action of the mouth which slows the pulse beats more quickly, and the circulation is in various parts of the body is increased. In addition to this, we find that the pressure under which the bile is secreted is raised by the sipping of fluid. And here is a point which might well be noted. A glass of cold water, slowly sipped, will produce greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draft. In this connection it may not be out of place to say that cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it, and who may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping.”

People’s Health Journal.

All the men and women who have made their medicine in this way believe that the best results have kept the eye clear and single toward one noble purpose. -Theodore L. Gayer.

TOPOC Thou mine eyes, that I may see What Thou wouldst have me do and be.

-Helen E. Brown.
The Christian world and the gospel ministry have met with a great loss in the death of Dr. John Hall. He was not the greatest preacher in New York, yet his sermons were great in their wonderful simplicity and spiritual power. In our seminary days in the city we went occasionally to hear him, and we were always greatly helped, encouraged and strengthened by his sermons. He was eminently a pastor, a great pastor. In that was his great power and influence, and, also, in his personal life and character. He knew the families and the individuals of his congregation, was very cordial and sympathetic, entered into their joys and sorrows and personal experiences, a good counselor and a kind helper. He magnified the pastoral office and work. He was a model pastor and teacher. In these days of religious orations and stunning sermons, pastoral work is either neglected or deemed unimportant. It is difficult to see how a pastor can feed his flock, give them meat in due season, get the heart of his people, lead them, help them and lift them up, who does little or no pastoral work. Many turn to Christ and higher spiritual life by loving personal and pastoral work, than by powerful sermons.

Many sermons, perhaps it should be said most sermons, are too long. An excellent sermon, well delivered, but long, will seem short to the interested hearer. A poor sermon, though short, will seem long. Can a sermon be too short? It is almost jeopardizing to one's character to ask such a question in this rushing age. But seriously, we will declare, with all the danger fraught, that a sermon can be too short. It can be too short, for it can be, and often is, only a skeleton with little or no flesh on it. It can be so short as to be very incomplete, or hardly touch the subject in hand. But this is not all the trouble. A stick of first-class candy can be too short. It is too short when it stops, snapped off like a pipe-stem. How dissatisfying, how provoking! Well, it is better thus than to be wearied and bored by a long, prosy sermon. What will become of the poor ministers? The people are so hard to suit, sermons too long, and sermons too short. They will have to suit themselves. How soon will it be when a twenty-minute sermon, never so good, will be too long? There is something radically wrong in the church, or in the preacher. Which? Is it best to leave it with the reader to diagnose the case; we will not attempt it.

There will be changes in pastors and pastorates. The church longs out for a short, and not a short with a church. No pastor should hang on to a church when he knows that a change would be better for himself and the church. No one should sever his pastorship too soon, when it is evident that it would be a detriment to the church, and to himself. But whenever the change is made, how tenderly, kindly and wisely it should be made, both by the pastor and the church. Here is no place for prejudice, unkindness or harshness. In all, there should be good common sense, fair treatment, frankness and the best of good feeling. The most unkind, inhuman and un-Christian way for a church to get rid of its pastor is to starve him out, to refuse to meet the obligations made for his support. It is a shame when a denomination should have something more than advisory power, have real disciplinary power, it is when one of its churches gets rid of its pastor in that way. The pastoral relation is so sacred and tender it should never be rudely or severely severed. The pastor who is called to the church and the church should never suffer loss by it, but the cause of Christ, the good of both the church and the pastor, should be enhanced by it. It all should be done in such a manner and method that the glory of God shall be promoted and his king's an advanced.

There are no such terms in the Scripture as Foreign Mission and Home Mission. The only term in the language is "the gospel to all the world." The gospel of Jesus Christ is to be preached near by and far off. We do not see how one who reads the Bible well, especially the New Testament, does not believe in, or favor foreign missions, so-called. The gospel message is as broad, and should be as widely given, as is the redeeming love and work of Jesus Christ. He did not die to save the white man only, but the black man; not the free man only, but bondman; not the rich man only, but the poor man; not the rich man only, but in the home land only, but those in the far off lands. Those Christians who possess this broad love of the Christ and his gospel, believe in, and help support, foreign missions, are better supporters, both by means and service, of home missions, and of the home church. The reflex influence of foreign missions is wonderful upon the individual Christian, the church, the denomination, in life, and service. If one will read and investigate, to see what foreign missions and missionaries have done for the world, he will be astonished to see what they have done for commerce, for education, and the contribution beyond measure they have made to it. He will be surprised to see what have contributed to theology, to the development and to the education. Above these, so important, they have carried the marvelous light and salvation of the gospel to souls benighted and lost in idolatry, and millions are saved and enjoy the realities and promises of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Heathen nations have become, and are becoming, Christian nations, and are possessing the measureless blessings of a Christian civilization. What a wonderful work! Who would not have a part in it?

**ALMS AND RIGHTeousness.**

There is a scripture which says that “Mon ey answereth all things.” This is a very deceptive statement, “all” is the most general of adjectives. The statement is rhetorically true; for money will buy food, clothes, houses, service, comforts, pleasures, music, education, armies and navies. But it will not always buy health or life, or doctors would be always successful; nor will it buy intellect, contentment, or escape from punishment and remorse.

It is our duty to make money answer as many noble purposes; and those duties come under two great heads, first to self and family, and second to God and the world. We cannot separate self from family; and we can only serve God with money by serving the world.

The family, and not the individual, is the social unit. One who refuses family life and family obligations is a hermit, probably utterly selfish, excluded from social life, not to be considered. The same is in part, true of one who contributes to theology, or to a local fund to help the church, or in his own family, and prefer to be mere beggars. They only are to be considered a real part of humanity who take their share in family life, as parents, children, brothers, sisters, feeling that the family life is their life and their responsibility.

Money should be used for the family to supply its members with comfortable living, education and moderate luxuries. No iron rule can be laid down to distinguish moderate from immoderate luxuries; the common mistake is the very opposite. Certain expenditures that go simply for show, for waste, to make a display beyond one's neighbors, we recognize as immoderate and wrong. That is an evil state of society in which only the very rich are produced, and comforts and moderate luxuries cannot be supplied. Where people have to toil all day for nothing more than a rude shelter and a handful of rice, there is no incitement to rise, and the people will be degraded as well as pauperized. Let money be used as God would use it, give it to all the family, give it to all to be used for all, to be enjoyed by all, full, rich and happy family life, with the best education for children that can be secured with money.

But to care for family only is half selfish. The only way to please God is to help the...
world.- God cannot be served by gold and gems heaped on images or churches that do no good to human beings. In Bible times almost the only way one could serve his fellow man was by alms; and so Christ told people to spend their money in alms, and they showed the way by their own example. And Paul actually identifies alms with righteousness, when he quotes the passage, "He hath scattered abroad, he hath given to the poor, his righteousness endureth forever."

The directest way to serve one's God and fellowmen is by providing the influences, which are those of the church, that make men moral and religious, and, therefore, happy. There is no better way than by supporting mission work at home or abroad and caring for one's own church. Then follow equally direct, but less fundamental, methods of doing good, by establishing colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries and public institutions. Such gifts may best be made during life; but may be made by bequest when the giver can hold them no longer. The grace of the gift will not be entirely lost.

By such uses as these money achieves righteousness. The unrighteous Mammon becomes righteous. The giver of alms gets treasure in heaven. So, after all, money answers all things, temporal and eternal. For God will reward by the way we spend our money. He who will say on the last day to the righteous, "I was hungry and ye gave me to eat; I was naked and ye clothed me," will judge us according to the way that we spend our money for food and clothes for the needy. —The Independent.

THE SAVIOUR'S POWER.
He emptied himself of his glory when he came to earth, lest men should be dazzled and blinded. But even so the light in him could not be hidden. The child Jesus astonished the doctors of the law. From the man Jesus went forth he healed the sick, that restored sight, that subdued raging demons, that brought the dead to life. He uttered words that in their simplicity were on the level of the common pipe. But other words have ever been uttered on earth that had such power in them? Words that now in many lands sway the hearts of men, words that in the good time coming will sway the hearts of men everywhere. What power of spiritual life there was in the death of Jesus, which was transfigured on the mount, that tenderness of it when he sat at the Last Super with his disciples, that enduring strength of it that brought him through the sufferings of crucifixion and death, is by providing the influences, which are those of the church, that make men moral and religious, and, therefore, happy. There is no better way than by supporting mission work at home or abroad and caring for one's own church. Then follow equally direct, but less fundamental, methods of doing good, by establishing colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries and public institutions. Such gifts may best be made during life; but may be made by bequest when the giver can hold them no longer. The grace of the gift will not be entirely lost.

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THE WATER-SUPPLY OF THE HEALTHFUL HOUSE.

The point which escapes general observation is the fact that substances on the surface of the ground decay through the agency of infinitesimally small microbes; and both the microbes and the finely comminuted particles of animal and vegetable life introduced into fruitfulness, as the spring sun warms the earth into the potency of the harvest, faith in him lifts their lives out of the clutches of the material and translates them into the kingdom of the Lord. Is the same empire. This faith makes them, even while living on earth, citizens of heaven; if it raises, even the veil that hides the unseen world and gives promise to the believer of what shall be when he shall be absent from the body and present with the Lord.

This is the divine kingdom, and it shall fill the earth. Jesus shall be satisfied for all his sacrifice. Even thus far in the world's history, the Redeemer's kingdom has grown. It has started on its conquering career, nor has it had any rest. The Prise of Peace will subdue the whole world, and bring a ransomed multitude innumerable, glorious, into his heavenly dominions. —Rev. Oliver A. Kingsbury.

ENGLAND'S MOST PRECIOUS RELIC.

The most precious relic in all England is an old Gothic chair which stands in the Chapel of St. Edward, in Westminster Abbey. It is made of black oak in the Gothic style, and the back is covered with carved Inscriptions, including the initials of many famous men. The feet are four lions. The seat is a large stone, about thirty inches long by eighteen inches thick, and all the sovereigns of England for the last eight hundred years have sat on it, it has been crowned. The chair is known as the Coronation Chair, and the stone is claimed to be the same which Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abraham, used as a pillow when he lay down to sleep on the starril plains of Judah. The kings of England upon this stone from the time that they ruled a nation —David, Saul, Solomon, and the rest.

The story goes that five hundred and eighty years before Christ, at the time of the Babylonian captivity, Circa, daughter of Zedekiah, the last king of Judea, arrived in Ireland, and was married to Tain or Remeron, a prince of the tribe of Dan. The name of the stone is said to be the Celtic name of the tribe of Dan. The traditions relate that this princess went originally to Egypt in charge of the prophet Jeremiah, her guardian, and the palace Taphres, in which she resided there, was discovered in 1866 by Dr. Petrie, the archeologist.

They went hence to Ireland, and from Circa and Remeron Queen Victoria traces her descent, through James I., who placed the lion of the tribe of Judah upon the British standard. Jeremiah is said to have concealed this sacred stone at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem and the captivity of the Jews, and to have brought it, "the stone of the testimony," Bethel, the only witness of the compact between Jehovah and Israel, to Ireland, where it was known as the Taibhal (stone wonderful). It was carried to Scotland by Fergus I., and thence to London in the year 1200, and has been used at the coronation of every king and queen of England from Edward I. down to the time of Victoria. —Chicago Record.

The rest that is to come will be sweeter for the stride that now is.
Woman's Work.

By MRS. R. T. ROUSSE, Hammond, Ind.

The address of the Editor of Woman's Page will be Hammond, Ind., until further notice.

At one of our noon-day meetings for the women during Conference, it was stated that the sisters all over our denomination be asked to set apart a few moments for prayer at 9 A.M. each day, that we might, as one voice, unite our Heavenly Father in our work in China. More prayer is what our workers ask of us; more confidence in our Father's willingness to hear and answer our petitions, is what we need.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

By DR. P. J. WAITE.

Our Spanish-American war is one of the most remarkable examples of what great things can be accomplished by united effort, and as it is now prominently before the world, it seems unwise not to study this interesting lesson and apply it to our own work in the Woman's Board. The marvelous things done in our country during the past three months could not have been accomplished by the Treasury of the United States and his Cabinet alone, nor by Congress, nor by the brave officers who command our fleets and armies, nor by all of these combined, had they not been helped by the tens of thousands of brave men and women who have sacrificed their time and means for this individual effort; and the aggregation of all this effort in the army, the navy, and in civil life combined has produced results the equal of which have never before been witnessed.

Taking as a text one little circumstance, a sample only of thousands that transpired in the month of July, in the mountains and at the seashore, we will try to show that a united front of individual effort is what this Woman's Board and every similar organization needs, to accomplish results such as, in our most hopeful hours, we have scarcely dared to dream.

The response to this invitation, so hearty and cheerful, so forceful of all the attractions which could have turned one in other directions, suggested in our mind the almost limitless amount of work which combined individual effort in any direction might accomplish, and indirectly led to the preparation of this paper.

War, however terrible in its consequences, whether immediate or remote, is limited in duration; and the evils which we seek to mitigate, whether in Red Cross or other relief work, are those which affect primarily only the health and lives of men, destruction of property being but a trifling sacrifice; and the spirit of unselfishness which goes to make life beautiful,

to the equal of which have never before been witnessed.

The Woman's Board which to-day we represent is engaged in a work beside which the Spanish-American war is of minor importance, for it deals not with flesh and blood or with mere property interests, but with the immortal destinies of immortal souls, and we pause a minute to ask ourselves what would be the results of this work if every woman in the denomination, with the spirit of individual responsibility as do the women of our land in work for the soldiers.

It is not enough that the President of the Woman's Board and her cabinet, with a corps of auxiliary secretaries scattered through the denomination, so that they may be near in body and in their hands; it is not enough that pastors' wives lend their aid and their influence; it is not enough that once a year in June we hold a brief "Woman's Hour" at each Association Meeting, to awaken the minds of our women in the East and West, and to make sentiment for the good of our cause.

But is it more than is actually performed; not that the promises upon their faces are extravagant, on the contrary they sometimes are very modest. Failure lies in the fact that the women of the denomination do not take the work of the Woman's Board back to their homes, and make it their own, or to do it in any way that would command the respect of the sick in hospital, or to the boys in camp. Red Cross work became the fashion. Relief committees of enormous proportions sprung into being and grew like Jonah's gourd, and all over the world those who favored such enterprises turned the government storehouses until there was hardly room to receive them. So it came out that the Red Cross work found its way into our vacation settlement, and an invitation to sew for soldiers was all that was needed, because of a littleague asking "all ladies who would esteem it a privilege to sew for the Red Cross hospital to meet" for that purpose.

To the words, "Why cannot we all do this" which are addressed by the President of the Woman's Board Meeting in August when Conference is in session. At such times all hearts are stirred with fraternal feeling and warmed by religious fervor, and experience shows that we promise more than is actually performed; not that the promises upon their faces are extravagant, on the contrary they sometimes are very modest. Failure lies in the fact that the women of the denomination do not take the work of the Woman's Board back to their homes, and make it their own, or to do it in any way that would command the respect of the sick in hospital, or to the boys in camp. Red Cross work became the fashion. Relief committees of enormous proportions sprung into being and grew like Jonah's gourd, and all over the world those who favored such enterprises turned the government storehouses until there was hardly room to receive them. So it came out that the Red Cross work found its way into our vacation settlement, and an invitation to sew for soldiers was all that was needed, because of a littleague asking "all ladies who would esteem it a privilege to sew for the Red Cross hospital to meet" for that purpose.

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The Nearness of God.

Three deplorable mistakes are oftentimes made by a large class of persons even in our Christian communities, any one of which would vitiate the true idea of God as revealed openly to us. One of these is the belief that our Maker is absolutely, mechanically, remote from us—a distant monarch seated lonesomely away from any human voice or footstep. Rather we need to realize that God is near, very near: he can and he will ever listen to the faintest whisper of the contrite soul. Surely we all need to realize the truth of the Apostle's declaration that "Now, in Christ Jesus ye which sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ, for he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." Another mistake is made when we imagine that the reasons of God's benevolent feeling toward men are periodic. Many an already convicted sinner unconsciously allows himself to be hindered in his surrender of his heart to Christ by the surmise that the access must be easier in times of revival. The influences of divine grace are forced to find a most unwarranted and unscriptural symbol in that ancient intermittent spring at the pool of Bethesda, under whose porches sat the lame and the halt. There move and stir the waters of the water. Thus many linger to prayer with a sort of discouragement, thinking the occasion may be inopportune, while many others try to make an easy explanation of their petition's failing of an answer when all the while it is for the hindrance is the own want of faith. Our Maker has no caprice, no moods of benevolence, no vacillations of good will. No one thing in the Bible is clearer than the representations of God's unalterable readiness of purpose in his love and care of his creatures: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty; he shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler." But the most inveterate mistake of all is found in the notion which many cherish as to the eminent likelihood of self-deception in all attempts at amity with God. If they try to be at peace with him how shall they know they have been accepted? A very wide experience finds its prepositional type in the hesitancy and final dawning of the four lepers in Elisha's time, who sat at the gates of Samaria in the midnight of the famine. They said to themselves, "If we sit down, we shall die; if we go in and fall into the hands of the Syrians, or if they kill us, we shall but die." We have even put this false sentiment into a hymn, to be sung by an inquirer: "Perhaps he will admit my plea; perhaps he will hear my humble prayer; but if I perish I will go, and perish only there!" The result of any one of these mistakes is hurtful. The idea of God becomes exceedingly repellent. He seems remote, relentless, implacable and exacting. Our notions grow vague. We cannot wholly turn away from the thought of him; but surely there is no comfort in it. If there be any of the old ad positional truths that are still in the world, this, "Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace; and thereby good shall come unto thee." Yet here is just where so many who would fare at peace fail. They know God to be their Father; they know that he pitied his suffering children even as earthly parents love and pity their erring ones; yet they will not—at least they do not—acquaint themselves with God.

One of the ancient Psalms compactly declares the truth, "Thou art near, O Lord." Instead of being distant or capricious, Emmanuel seems to stand closer to those backward and guilty brethren of his before his throne, when he was ruler of Egypt, "Come near to me, I pray you; for I am your brother." In the person of our Redeemer the noblest and most excellent truths are embedded in ineffable tenderness and good-will. "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit. Let me take hold of thy constant truths and hold on to them with a tenacity that will not let go."—Christian Work.

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to. Geo. Macdonald.
Young People's Work

A SONG OF DELIVERANCE

THE HERO OF THE FALLING BUILDING

BY GRACE LIVINGTON HILL

On Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia, on the present site of the Continental Hotel, there was erected more than half a century ago, a building to contain a rare collection of Chinese curiosities.

The collection belonged to Mr. Nathan Dunn, a merchant of Philadelphia and Hong Kong; and, as China was a sealed kingdom at that time, the display of these treasures was an open credit to the public.

The building was large, with walls sixty feet in height. Over the museum was an immense auditorium, very long and narrow, its ceiling thirty-five feet in height. This room was often used for public gatherings, fairs, festivals, drug-meetings, and entertainments of one kind and another.

One evening there was gathered in this room an audience of about three thousand, the foremost people of the city. They had assembled in the center of the long room on the ground floor. Ma. ke haste. Far­...

The audience were suddenly startled by the sound of the leader's voice from behind and above them. Singing in a quiet sustained voice, "Friends, you will next be addressed from this gallery." This young man was not an orator. His clear voice, earnest interest, and businesslike way had made him the leader of this meeting.

But all that he was prepared to say on the subject he had said at the beginning of the evening, that was no time for an impromptu address. The occasion was too momentous. Moreover, down in that crowd of threatened people, a street door opened; there was one face, a fresh, faint-colored girl's, under a nodding white plume. He kept it in view every instant. It served him to the task before him.

He longed to fly to her side and take her away from this horrible door that seemed to be so swift in its flight. So he watched them, even as he wished it, her clear eyes sought his face confidently, as if she were sure that he would do all that was right and true and brave at all times.

The great audience in some surprise began to move forward, and the flooring rose with them six inches.

No one knew that the young man in the gallery could sing. He had never been heard in public before; yet, in the face of that peril, he sung. The first words that came to him were those of a sentimental song that he had condemned at home when he heard his sister singing them, as being too flat for any sensible girl to use. He had naturally a good voice and a true ear; and he sung now without a quaver, unaccompanied, and with so much soul in his music that the song lost its vapidness and the audience were moved to tears. The reason for it was that the singer was singing in the face of death, his heart going out in prayer for the safety of one he loved, and his eyes on a little white feather.

The sweet eyes met his, and the white feather nodded gently.

All through the song he remembered the great brazen dragons in the museum below. He had been looking at them only a few days before. Would there come an awful crash in a second or two? Would they all fall together into a heap of weird china and old iron? He could see the little white feather now in imagination lying low beside those dragons, and its owner buried out of sight. The horror of those minutes while he stood singing was like a lifetime of misery. Meantime, the man that was to have been the next speaker had controlled his frenzy somewhat, and contrived to give orders for the large entrance-way at the front end of the hall, usually kept closed, to be opened, that the exit of the people might be hastened.

When the song was finished, all in the same self-controlled, even voice, the leader told the people that the evening's exercises were concluded, and the people went quietly home, never dreaming of their danger, talking of the evening's entertainment, some even criticising the very song that had saved their lives, not knowing that one man by his great courage had averted a fearful calamity.

The secret was well kept. The room was made safe before it was put into use again, and until a short time ago not one outside of the immediate family, save the speaker and the minder of the building, knew of the imminence of the awful catastrophe.

The man that did this brave deed lived for many years after singing, with the sweet-faced girl that wore the white plume as his wife; but in all that time he never could bear to allude to that night, even in his own family. Only a little while ago a man that was a boy in that audience found out about it, and so I am able to tell the tale to you.

TRIALS AND HOW TO BEAR THEM.

It has been finely said that God blessesisons by joys and also by their and sufferings. There is a ministry of sorrow; there are "uses" of adversity which are sweet to those who have learned how to profit by them. We are familiar with the story of the singer who was told that her voice would perish in ten years. In the full quality until she had met with a great sorrow. This is true in far deeper experiences of life. Many of God's own instruments have been perfected only by suffering. We are told that a new violin, from the hand of even the finest maker, is never perfect. Only after years of use, when it has vibreted to countless notes passing through the gamut of human passion which may be expressed by music, does it reach its full power and sweetness. And so many a divine agent of mercy, of comfort, of helpfulness has passed through the ministry only through the gateway of grief. Only those who expect to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, whose idea of love is a harmful and debilitating indulgence, can fail to see the hand of God in their trials and learn the blessings of discipline through adversity.

To fail to see God in our trials is to be blind to one of the plainest lessons written all over the pages of the Bible, and nowhere plainer than in the story of God's dealings with the chosen people. We may note one or two of these lessons.

1. Trials are often signs of warning that we have wandered from God. They came again and again to the children of Israel when they "did evil in the sight of the Lord." God's will is written in laws of health and laws of character. Often the "hard luck" or the misfortune which we bewail is the fruit of mispent or neglected youth, of laws of our being heedlessly disregarded, of idleness and carelessness. All of these things are various and intricate, and the laws are the laws of man's highest welfare, and neglect of them not only dishonors him, but brings its inevitable hardship.

2. Trials often come to remind us of our kinship to our fellowmen and our responsibility for them. They are a demonstration of the oneness of humanity which we cannot ignore if we would. We may say, "Why is this affliction sent upon us? We have kept pure and striven to obey God." For answer we are pointed to our erring brother. Our nostrils are not only acutely stimulated by the yellow fever because of the filthy conditions of lands and harbors beyond our boundaries. Do we ask why we are made to suffer for the sins of others, the reply is that humanity is
one, and we cannot be blessed in a selfish isolation while our fellowmen are far from God. Our welfare is bound up with the welfare of the race. It is a vital concern of ours whether our neighbors remain ignorant, sinful, degraded. If we would rise we must help all around us. It is made of one blood all who dwell upon the face of the earth. Trials of many kinds: strokes, mobs, lawlessness, disease, remind us that we are our brothers' keepers.

3. Trials are a discipline. The most efficient soldier is the one who has endured hardness, whose sinew has been toughened by overcoming obstacles. A regiment of battle-scarred veterans is worth ten of raw recruits. We grow by conflict with adversity, a fact of which we have many familiar illustrations: the oak rooting itself deeper and toughening its fibre by conflict with the storm; the sailor creating brawn and endurance by buffeting with the waves; Daniel Webster counting it one of the greatest pieces of good fortune that he had an exceedingly able and vigorous opponent during his days of early practice at the bar. "Count it all joy when you meet with many kinds of trials; for the trying of your faith worketh patience." "Hath overcometh shall inherit all things." Blessing is that one who has been made to meet obstacles which he may successfully overcome.

Meet your trials, therefore, not rebelliously but teachably. Seek to find in them the lesson that God has for you. It may be that they are the kindest guides leading you home to the path which you have been straying. It may be that you have been leading a self-centered life, and striving to secure the blessing of God by a purely selfish righteousness, and that you need to be called out of yourself to work for your own salvation. It may be that they furnish just the spiritual exercise which you need to strengthen your character. Let your trials prove a source of strength, not of weakness. Let them draw you nearer to God; not draw you from him. — The Advance.

"All Scripture," it is declared, "is given by inspiration of God." No choice is left us between "all" or none. If all Scripture is given by inspiration, the references to Paul's cloak requires the same inspiration as those passages which declare the way of salvation. The question is not whether many things in Scripture might have been known without inspiration, so there are unquestionably other things that could not at all have been otherwise known. As long as it stands recorded "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," so long the honor of revelation is as much concerned in the inspiration of an incidental allusion as in that of the most fundamental truth.

"This holy book, on every line Marked with the seal of high divinity, On every page, one and the same love Divine, and with the eternal heralds The masters of God Almighty stamped From first to last."

Let, then, this Bible be the rule of our life, the supreme arbiter as to what is right or wrong. Let our faith be that which was "once delivered to the saints." Let us only hold it fast as our own, but "content earnestly for it." Given by inspiration, the principles and directions of holy writ should be laid as a golden rule along every human tenet and between every two of them with the rule there should be complete correspondence. — Christian Advocate.

WEALTH OF THE UPRIGHT.

The upright man is the favorite of heaven. He is said to be the delight of the Almighty, and Solomon declares that "the upright shall have good things in possession." Some men have worldly wealth; and this is not to be despised, but there is one class of wealth of which we have too little. It is to be esteemed above all earthly blessings. The upright man may not have this kind of wealth, but he shall have something far better.

He shall have treasures from God's Word. By the least of the lessons of the Lord he said, "Do not my words do good to him that walketh uprightly?" To ask this question is to answer it. The word of the Lord is good, but it does not do good unto all alike. Some men find no comfort, no light, no strength from the Word of God. It produces no conviction, no conversion, no reformation, no good fruits in their lives. It is like good seed sown by the wayside, gathered up by the fowls of the air. These men are no happier, but rather more miserable, than they were before. They have heard the sermons they have heard and the religious instructions imparted to them in childhood and youth. The Word of the Lord is to them a savor of death unto death. But the upright find profit in the Scriptures. To them they are the honey-comb, more to be desired than gold; yea, much finer gold. The upright man walks in a safe path. In the Book of Proverbs it is written, "He that walketh uprightly shall be in safety; he shall be near the hand of the Lord." He shall have treasures from the Word of the Lord, and he may have mountains to climb and find no rest. The upright man has comfort in his children. His unfettered soul enjoys. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Our welfare is bound up with the welfare of the race. History bears witness to the fact that the children of the upright are the kindest guides that the upright have. They are the kindest guides to the upright. They furnish just the spiritual exercise which you need to strengthen your character. Let your trials prove a source of strength, not of weakness. Let them draw you nearer to God; not draw you from him. — The Advance.
**Children's Page.**

**THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.**

The boy who laughs.  
I know a funny little boy—          
His name is Ted.  
Altho' his clothes are torn,  
Has a big heart on his bone,  
And wanted for a gown—  
But why does he cry? Why suppose—  
He struck his funny bone?  
There's sunshine in each word he speaks,  
His laugh is something grand;  
His clothing covers his knees  
Like waves on snowy sand.  
He laughs the moment he awakes,  
And the day is done:  
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—  
His bosom is bare.  
No matter how the day may go,  
You cannot make him cry:  
He's worth a dozen boys I know,  
Who post and moan and sigh.  
—Wide Awake.

**CARLO AT SCHOOL.**

BY M. F. SAPPHIRE.

Ted was to go to school, and Carlo was to stay at home.  
As they sat upon the steps, Ted's arm around Carlo's neck, and Carlo's head upon Ted's bosom, it was hard to tell which was most unhappy, for Carlo evidently understood matters as well as Ted.  
They had never been separated before.  
Ted begged hard for Carlo to go to school too, and at last Carlo said,  
“T'll pay for him myself, mamma,” he said,  
“out of my bank.”  
“But Carlo can't learn,” replied mamma, smiling.  
“Why, mamma, he knows a great deal already, and he understands everything you say,” said Ted, eagerly.  
Carlo thumped his tail loudly upon the floor, to show he did understand.  
“He can't go, my little boy,” answered mamma.  
“T would only be in the way.”  
And so the little friends parted.—Ted to go to school, and Carlo to lie upon the door-mat, one ear up, listening for the return of his little master.

**STEVE'S PRESENT.**

BY ELIZABETH P. ASLIE.

Get up Steve, get up! the rising bell has rung.  
The little boy rolled over, and wound himself up in the bed-clothes like a cocoon, but did not get up.  
Next time it was Mammy Jane that called:  
“Yo' bees' git up outen dat bed, Mars Steve;  
I gwine call yo' ma’.

This threat did not even make our lazy little boy wink. But now it was mother's voice:  
“Get up, little boy, some one has brought you a present.”

“A present!” cried Steve, rolling out on the floor with a thud.  
“What is it?”

“I can't tell you till you are dressed,” said mother; "but it is big, and blue, and bright, and has twelve pieces.”

“What in the world!” muttered the little boy, who was now covering buttons with buttonholes at lightning speed.

“Now, mother, where's my present?” he asked.

She smiled as she looked at him, for one stocking was on wrong-side out, his hair had no part to be seen, and he had left off his necktie.

“The last time I looked out of the front window,” she said, “it was out in the yard.”

Steve flew out to the front porch, and looked around. It was very sweet and dewy and fine out there. Cat-birds and wrens and song-sparrows were singing in concert, and bees and butterflies were busy getting honey for breakfast. Bees and butterflies did notice any one that passed.

“Maybe it is in the back yard,” suggested mother.

But Steve did not hail like the smile with which she said it. A little more slowly he went out to the back porch. Mammy Jane and Mary Jane were washing in the washtub, and table-cloths to dry in the breezy sunshine. Steve thought they must have worked all night to get them out as early as this seemed to him. In the lot below, Blossom was chewing her end, with the little spotted call frisking beside her. Hard by the farm house were chickens and scratching for their chops. Violet-colored pigeons were walking about on pink toes, and away beyond rose the blue Alleghany Mountains. But there was no present that Steve could see.

“Mother, I believe you are just fooling me, he said, reproachfully.

“Well, you must forgive me,” she said, “if I am fooling you just a little. Let it be true about the present, and I don't say it just to make you get up. I really wanted you to think about it. I thought you would guess my riddle when I said it was blue, and bright, and had twelve pieces.”

As mother said this, she looked at the sky, at the sun, and at the clock, and then, of course, Steve guessed right.

“T'll pay for him myself, mamma,” he said, “out of my bank.”  
“But Carlo can't learn,” replied mamma, smiling.  
“Why, mamma, he knows a great deal already, and he understands everything you say,” said Ted, eagerly.  
Carlo thumped his tail loudly upon the floor, to show he did understand.  
“He can't go, my little boy,” answered mamma.  
“T would only be in the way.”  
And so the little friends parted.—Ted to go to school, and Carlo to lie upon the door-mat, one ear up, listening for the return of his little master.

**HELPING TO MAKE HOME LIFE HAPPY.**

BY REV. M. A. WRIGHT.

It is in the power of all young people, and even children, to help make the home bright and happy. It is not costly furniture or adornments purchased with money that make home the dearest spot in the world. It is the gentle, kind, and many little deeds that all can do, which creates a true home. It is the duty of each member of the family to engage in the work of making a happy home. No one, however small, can be excused from the pleasant task. If smiles and gentle words, sustained by a loving soul, can carry sunshine into the home, then it may ever be a happy place.

Children, then, help in the true work. Your parents may be earnestly engaged in procuring the “daily bread.” They need the inspiration of your loving deeds to help them in their struggles to provide the home for you. Do the little you can to assist them, and home will certainly be a happy one.

Your father and mother are growing old, and some day they will rest in the silent cemetery. They have toiled long for you, and you ought to help brighten their lives as old age seizes them. You can do this by making home bright and sweet with obedience and love.—Christian Work.

**GRANDPA'S INVITATION.**

BY DOLLY H. TOLLEY.

Grandpa invited Dorothy to go with him to feed the chickens in the morning after her return to the house, she inquired, shyly:  
“Grandpa, do all hens eat with their noses?” —Judge.
Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us do good to all men, especially to them who are of the household of faith."—Gal. 6:10. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb. 13:15.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Mr. W. D. Murray, President of the C. A. of the International Committee for work among soldiers and sailors, gave a very interesting address in our church last Sabbath morning.

At the same service, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Booth, Inditrial missionaries from Nusseland, East Central Africa, were received into church membership; and the occasion was one of special interest.

That evening a meeting was held at which Mr. Booth gave an address on his industrial mission program; and on Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Booth spoke to the women of the church upon work among African women.

This week Mr. Booth commences a short term of Sabbath Reform labor in Philadelphia, under the auspices of a committee of the C. A., and is growing interest in these people and this for which they stand.

The members of our congregation are, for the most part, back from their vacations; and we ought to enter upon the labors of the new Conference year with new devotion, zeal, and efficiency.

PASTOR MAIN.

JOSEPH ALLEN.

One of the old denominational landmarks has lately been removed by the death of Joseph Allen, N. Y. He was the last living of five children, three sons and two daughters, born to Robert and Catherine Allen, and was born in Brookfield, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1803. In 1821 his father moved to Allegany County, N. Y., about five miles south of Friendship, which was then an unimproved region of country. Here he opened up a large farm, upon which Joseph remained after his father's death, and was enabled him to live in the infirmities of a very advanced age, having entered a few days on his 96th year.

On Nov. 29, 1827, he was married to Phebe Maxon, of Little Genesee, N. Y., long since deceased. His second marriage occurred in 1853, to Mrs. Rachael Hurd, of Friendship, N. Y., who survives him. The first union was blessed by six children, four sons and two daughters, all but one of whom are living: Prof. J. M. Allen, of Louisville, Ky.; A. F. Allen, Bradford, Pa.; M. M. Allen, of Friendship, N. Y.; Mrs. A. W. Hamilton, of Wirt Centre, N. Y.; and Mrs. E. A. Whitford, wife of Rev. O. U. Whitford, of Westerly, R. I., Corresponding Secretary of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society.

The deceased was a man of strong vitality, having done considerable work even in his 90th year. He possessed considerate ability, having held different positions of responsibility and trust.

Religiously, he was of deep conviction and strong character. Having made a public profession of religion in 1854, he was baptized by Eld. John Caines, and received into the fellowship of the Friendship Seventh-day Baptist church, of which he was an honored member till the time of his death. He was deeply interested in all our denominational work, and especially in Sabbath Reform.

As his pastor was away at the time of his death, his funerals were conducted by Rev. Nelson Reynolds, of the Baptist church of Friendship, and his body laid at rest in the beautiful Mount Hope Cemetery near that village. Truly "he came to his grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in his season."

THE FLAG-RAISING IN HONOLULU.

By Sarah L. Garland.

It was one of the strangest and most solemn experiences I have ever known. The present Executive Building was formerly Iolani Palace. Great verandous or porches are on every side, with long, wide flights of steps leading up to them. It was in front of this Executive Building that the ceremony took place. Balconies to the very top of the building were packed with people; the great stand erected in front of the steps for the principals in the drama, and beautifully decorated with the American and Hawaiian colors, was filled to the utmost, as well as reserved seats on either side. The wide drive roped off and guarded by members of the National Guard gave effect of the frame to a great picture; and beyond the rope, in the upper semicircle which included the building, were stationed the different companies of the National Guard, the marines and men-o'-war's men from the Philadelphia and Mohican and the large body of Hawaiian police. Near one end of this great semicircle, just behind the little company of gray Grand Army men which formed its front rank at that point, we found a corner into which we could insinuate ourselves.

Such a throng as we looked out upon! Six or seven thousand, at least, of all sorts and conditions of men! Many hundreds were standing on the tables and settees provided for the great banquets (banquets) for the troops bound for Manilla. If there had been any hilarity it would have been simply a drug produced by the monster salivation. We had given more than a passing thought to the striking effects of beautiful gowns, varied uniforms, tropical coloring and all else, as parts of the picture. But as the minutes passed, a great hush fell over that vast multitude. The diplo-mats, the presidents of his staff and cabinet, Minister Sewall, the consul and high naval officials had all filed out in solemn procession upon the grand-stand. Prayer was offered; then the formal transfer of sovereignty was made, the president and American minister standing face to face. Even soldier stood at present arms. In a moment the salute of twenty-one guns, for the Hawaiian flag, boom ed forth, each report followed, as if by an echo, by the salute from the flag-ship in the harbor.

The Hawaiian national hymn (Hawaiian Paniolo) never sounded finer or more martial than it did that day as it bade good-by to the old flag. All faces were turned upward to that flag as it floated from the central tower of the building and the Hawaiian members of the band, sixteen men, had been excused and had retired. They could not take part in the great public farewell to the flag. The music ceased and for one instant the flag still floated, then, as it was slowly lowered, was caught by the one mute. A great wave of intense feeling seemed to flow over the multitude; for the moment in which we were in a country without a flag the oppressive silence, the sadness for many, the expectancy were almost more than could be borne; the tension was tremendous. There followed a sullen and suppressed outburst.

A clear, resounding call from the bugler of the Philadelphia, a sudden stir through all the throng, as though a new breeze were bringing life and hope, and then, with the flag still in place, and the hallowed Banner, up rose majestically our own dear flag, sure and steady and reaching the truck with the last grand chord.

And then how the trade wind shook out its great folds and sent it streaming and rippling out over the beds like a sea so beautiful? And three mighty cheers burst forth and men turned and grasped each other's hands, and hats and handkerchiefs were waved.

Then those who could hear listened to Minister Sewall's speech. The oath was administered to the President and his cabinet and the troops marched away, the marines forming on King Street in two ranks, through which the National Guard marched to the barracks, those who went to service the government. We stopped for a moment to look in upon the great hollow square of soldiers, most of whom took the oath.

As we watched the ceremony I sought out my friend and then, from a group of Hawaiian young women who stood behind us.

They evidently were of the best class and felt intensely all this change, but as the stars and stripes went up there came from one of them the repressed exclamation, "O, you brave thing!" A minister one said, "See the old flag lie there! Poor old soul, what is to become of it now?"

The G. A. R. men were all on fire with patriotic enthusiasm. One turned to his comrades, with his face kindling, and cried in fervent tones, "There she is! That flag, sir, is the most beautiful one afoot in the universe today!" A chorus of "Yes, sir!" from the comrades. "Tell you, sir, that wherever that flag floats there is prosperity and happiness and again the peace of God!" Then one deaf old man turned to us to say, in a quavering and confidential tone: "I've just been telling the boys that where that flag goes she goes to stay." And so on and on.

The whole ceremony was as simple, dignified and impressive as one could wish it to be. There was surely a sentiment of genuine sympathy for those to whom this transfer of sovereignty is a sad thing. We are all sorry for the Princess Kaiulani, who has borne herself in a most womanly manner all through this trying experience. She is suffering for the wrong-doing of others, and there is really much that is fine about her. To many Hawaiians there is only sadness and darkness in this change, for they bear a general degradation of their race, and that they are just upon and pushed to the wall. They fear that their position will be like that of the Negroes in the South, and to a people of so much spirit and pride of race there is a deep bitterness in the thought. With other Hawaiians—those who have a brave and a sharp-witted government or who realize the spirit that underlies the transfer—it is a glad thing. We feel that now the Government that has acquired a soundness and stability which it could not have assumed under previous conditions. The vexing questions which before ate away and were stove in never come up again.—The Congregationalist.
Tunnels Through the Alps.

There are now no less than three tunnels through the Alps, the Mont Cenis, the St. Gotthard, the Arlberg; and now another, the Simplon, is in course of construction.

The first made was the Mont Cenis; this tunnel is 7½ miles in length; it was commenced in 1857 and opened for traffic in 1869. By the time it was finished the distance as much as possible, they ascended the mountain by gradients until they reached the height of 4,247 feet above the level of the sea, before commencing to tunnel.

As tunneling was then in its infancy, very slow progress was made for the first four years, not more than nine inches per day being gained, as all the drilling was done by hand-hammers.

In 1861, it was found that while steam would condense so as to become impracticable, yet, if common atmospheric air could be compressed, and transported under pressure any distance, and used as power. This was introduced, and with improved rock-drills, the work went forward five times faster, on both sides. Ten years after, in 1871, it was finished, and opened for traffic. All but about 300 yards was lined with either brick or stone. This tunnel is but little used at the present time, owing to the want of harmony between France and Italy in relation to tariff rates.

In 1872, the St. Gotthard tunnel was commenced. This tunnel was to be 9½ miles in length, over two miles longer than the Mont Cenis. This entered the Alps at an elevation of 3,759 feet.

Here mechanical drills were used from the commencement: some six or eight of them were mounted on a carriage and pushed on the point of attack. The air was sent to them under a pressure of seven atmospheres, or 244 pounds on the square inch, causing the drills to make about 150 blows a minute. This made pretty lively work, and in such rock as guess they pushed forward at the rate of about 13 feet per day, and in 9 years—1881—the locomotives were passing through.

Using compressed air as a power serves several purposed, not only as a force for the drills, but the exhaust keeps the air pure for the workmen, and acts as a ventilator to scatter the foul air, also the smoke after a blast by dynamite, and cooling the air that has been suddenly heated by the blast. The St. Gotthard, when made, was considered the greatest piece of engineering in the world.

This road is well patronized, and has suddenly been of engineering in the world.

The Arlberg tunnel was commenced in 1840, and was completed in a little more than three years. It is 6.5 miles in length. In making this tunnel, such had been the improvement in mining, that 900 tons of excavated material had to be removed daily from one of the holes; to keep pace with the miners; and 350 tons of masonry material had to be taken in on return. The lining of this tunnel is 3 feet thick at the arch, and 4 feet at the sides.

The cost of this tunnel, per lineal yard, varied according to the thickness of the masonry lining, and the distance from the mouth; but it amounted to nearly $1,000 per yard.

The Simplon tunnel, when completed, will be the longest in the world; it commences at Iselae in Italy, and ends at Brieg in the Rhone valley, a distance of 12½ miles. Its elevation above sea level is 3,512 feet, and its gradients are one foot in 140.

The drills used in this tunnel are of the diamond rotary style, and are driven by hydraulic power, under a pressure of 1,000 pounds on the square inch. The contract calls for the completion of this tunnel in five and a half years, which involves an immense amount of labor for a very few men, as but a small number can occupy the limited space at the same time.

Within the past three decades, such has been the improvements in driving tunnels, that more than one-half the labor has been dispensed with, and more than two-thirds of the time saved.

As a tunnel across the Isthmus of Darwin, on the occasion of the arch, not be four times longer as this, but only larger, yet the advantages for working and removing debris by water would compensate largely.

We think if a tunnel of sufficient dimensions for steamships was undertaken to be made by an association of men, it would, within the next two decades, admit of a ship, the size of the Oregon, passing from ocean to ocean, in less than four hours, the distance being only 48 miles.

There will soon have been completed 35½ miles of tunnels through the Alps. Only a little other of the length of the Simplon to be added, and we have in length a tunnel from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which is of far more importance than any connection can be between Italy and France, Switzerland, and Germany.

CONFIDENCE

In thee I trust, on thee I rest. No earthly helper, no brother dear, Redeemed I am, and thou art my Saviour dear. Redeemer blest, O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest, On thee I call, the knowledge of thy love, my shield "Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness."—Frances Havergal.

REWARDS OF PLEASANTNESS

It is worth while to pause occasionally to sum up what we are gaining or losing by pleasantness or by impatience. Even when we show righteous disapproval, how much of its usefulness is lost if we are unpleasant about it. Among our friends who of the acid ones has much influence? Even those who wish to be the most helpful seem powerless if they show that they are always alive to their neighbors' faults. On the other hand, how many respectable persons are hindered from the good qualities of others without feeling called upon to rectify their faults. She is repaid for her secret efforts to maintain a pleasant disposition by winning a reputation for cleverness, and earning the ability to bring out the best that is in her friends.

—The Congregationalist.

Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1888.

FOURTH QUARTER.

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LESSON III.—THE TEMPLE REPAIRED

For Sabbath-day, Oct. 15, 1888.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And the men did the work faithfully."—1 Chron. 24:12. INTRODUCTION.

Jehoshaphat was succeeded by his eldest son, Jeho­ram, who had for wife Athaliah. This king reigned eight years and did very wickedly. He was followed by his youngest son, Ahaziah, who did no better than his father. While these two reigned in Judah, the two sons of Ahab were kings of Israel, Jehoram and Jezebel. It has been said of these four kings, Ahaziah and Jehoram, sons of Jezebel, Jehoram, son-in-law of Jehosh, Ahaziah, grandson of Jezebel. It proved fatal to any who ventured to such wretched monarchs. This duplication of names is a little confusing, particularly also as Jehoram is some­what abbreviated from Joram, and Athaliah of Judah is called Jehoahaz.

The reign of Jehoram, of Judah, was very disastrous as regards relations with foreign nations. The reign of Ahaziah was short, and scarcely anything is told except of his wickedness, and of his tragic death, when he was killed by a falling column of the temple of Baal. He was succeeded by his mother, Athaliah, who usurped the sovereign authority and slew all, as she supposed, who might lay claim to the throne. After six years she was overthrown in a wild rebellion under the leadership of Jehoiada, the priest; and Jonah, the son of Ahaziah, was made king when only seven years old. He had a very short, very bad and ended badly, both as regards his moral conduct and outward prosperity.

NOTES.

4. And it came to pass after this. Better "afterwards," for there is no definite reference to the events of the preceding verses. We can only guess at the exact time. It is evident, however, from the parallel passage in Kings that this was not a plan of Jehoahaz's, but really Athaliah's own plan. It seems probable therefore that the king was seven years old when he reigned as the house of the Lord. The temple built by Solomon more than a hundred years before.

5. And he gathered together the priests and the Lev­ites. The writer of Kings speaks only of the priests in this connection. The Chronicler evidently desires that the Levites should share the blame for this injustice. Note that they are mentioned verse and in verse 6. And gather of all Israel. "All Israel" means here no more than "the people." A free will offering is evidently referred to. Howbeit the Levites hastened it not, they were very dilatory about the work. The writer of Kings leaves us with the impression that the priests collected the money and kept the support of the temporary place of worship would now appropriately be paid for the temple.

7. This verse explains the need for restoration of the temple. The funds of the followers of Athaliah, for her children had all been killed. She had herself a hand in killing her grandchildren. That wicked Athaliah slew her only daughter of Jezebel, Had broken up the house of God. Not exactly demolished it, but they had marred it, and carried away everything that they could of real use.

8. And at the king's commandment they made a chest, etc. The king institutes a new method of raising money, and takes the custody of the funds out of the hands of the priests and the Levites. Without at the gate, That
is. outside the gate. The writer of Kings says, on the right side of the altar, 'Surprisingly, these slight discrepancies in the accounts cannot be reconciled.


10. And all the princes and all the people rejoiced. They were glad of this opportunity to give to the service of God. They may have been negligent before about the tax to the priests through distraint of them. Until they had made an end. This probably means until they reached the requisite amount. Literally "to completion." They gave more than simply the tax.

11. The money was removed from time to time and carefully counted, representatives both of the king and of the priests were present.

12. The work was prosperously carried to completion. And they set the house of God according to its [former]

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST." Rev. Charles Spurgeon, in his "Counsel for Christian Workers," gives this incident of Mr. Whitefield's method of doing work for the Master.

"You perhaps may have heard the story of Mr. Whitefield, who made it his wont wherever he stayed to talk to the members of the household about the soul—with each carefully.

But stopping at a certain house with a Colonel, who was all that could be wished except a Christian, he was so pleased with the hospitality he received, and so charmed with the general character of the good Colonel and his wife and daughters, that he did not like to speak to them about decision, as he would have done if he had been less amiable to the acter.

He had stopped with them for a week, and during the last night, the Spirit of God visited him so that he could not sleep. "These people, he said, "are very kind to me, and I have not been faithful to them; I must do it before I go; I must tell them that whatever good thing they have, if they do not believe in Jesus they are lost." He arose and prayed. After praying he still felt contentment in his spirit. His old nature said, "I cannot do it," but the Holy Spirit seemed to say, "Leave them without warning." At last he thought of a device, and prayed God to accept it: he wrote upon a diamond-shaped pane of glass in the window with his ring these words: "One thing thou lackest." He could not speak to them for the week and went his way with many a prayer for their conversion.

He had no sooner gone than the good woman of the house, who was a great admirer of him, said, "I will go up to his room; I like to look into the face of the man who has been." She went up and noticed on the window pane those words, "One thing thou lackest." It struck her with conviction in a moment. "Ah!" she said, "I thought he did not care much about us, for I knew he always talked with those whom he stopped and when I found that he did not do so with us, I thought we had vexed him; but I see it was he was too tender in mind to speak of the good Colonel's daughter up. "Look there, girls!" she said, "see what Mr. Whitefield has written on the window: 'One thing thou lackest.' Call up your father."

And the father came up and read that too: "One thing thou lackest!" and around the bed whereon the man of God had sat they all knelt down and sought that God would give them the one thing they lacked, and ere they left the chamber they had done that one thing, and the whole household rejoiced in Jesus. It is not long since I met with a friend, one of whose church members preserved this very glass in his family as an heirloom.—The Evangelist.

MARRIAGES.

GRIFFITH—AYERS.—In Rockville, N. H., Sept. 25, 1899, by Rev. A. McLean, Mr. Samuel S. Green, of Charlestown, R. I., and Miss Alice E. Austen, of Hopkinton, R. I.

NOYES—WHITING.—In Scott, N. Y., at the home of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Noyes, by the Rev. B. F. Rogers, Sept. 27, 1899, Mr. Alva J. Norton, of Spartafld, N. Y., and Miss Mary E. Whitbing, of Scott.

DEATHS.

Grievous notice: Successful medicine is inserted free of charge. Notice expedited if your list is at the rate of one cent per line for each line in excess of twenty.

ALLEN.—At his home in Friendship, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1898, Joseph Allen, in the fiftieth year of his age.

Fuller notice elsewhere in this issue.

BARRETT.—In Scott, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1898, of cholera infantum, Mildred Beatrice, daughter of Elyot and Minnie Barber, aged 1 year, 1 month and 16 days.

THE RED CROSS NURSE.

The properly-equipped trained nurse, whether at the seat of war wearing the badge of the Red Cross, or waiting upon the afflicted at home, carries a chronograph watch; not the large, split second time-piece associated with the sports of the turf and field, but a handsome little single chronograph, cased like other gold watches designed for women's use. There are many schools of this same pattern now ready to enable trained nurses to take accurately the pulse of their patients. The moment the pulse has been taken, the large sweep second hand can be instantly stopped by a slight pressure upon the stem of the watch; if there is a fluctuation in the pulse, it can be thrown quickly back to the starting point, and the pulse taken over again, without in any way interfering with the other mechanism of the watch. So much depends upon accurate knowledge of the pulse that these chronographs are an invaluable auxiliary in the work of the sick-room. While these watches are an entirely recent idea, many physicians and surgeons carry regular chronographs for the same purpose.—The Evangelist.

There is small chance of truth at the goal where there is no field and humblity at the starting-post.—S. T. Coleridge.

"Africa for the African." First, to Victoria, Queen of Great Britains. Then to the Colonies of South and America. Third, to the Negros of America.