A NEW THOUGHT.

BY ROBERT L. BANG.

HEARD ye this morning that birdie sing,
Up in the clouds on tireless wing?
How he warbled and trilled!
How his little heart thrilled!

To the gate of heaven my soul he bore,
Did he pause for me to say "encore?"

Did he sing to win from his mates applause?
He couldn't help singing; he sang because
His soul was aflame,
And his music came

As the brook goes dancing adown the hill,
Applause? No, never; he couldn't keep still.

O birdie! A lesson I've learned to-day,
Half-discouraged, unthanked, I oftentimes say,
Will no one praise me?
Are there none who can see

How hard I have toiled to do them good?
Won't they thank me at all? I wish they would.

You've sung me a thought, oh singer! that's new;
Myself I'll forget, but I'll think oft of you,
As you warbled and trilled,
And my soul thrilled.

May duty be joy, no longer a task;
Cometh praise or blame, may I nevermore ask.

—Advance.
Sabbath Recorder.

A. H. LEWIS, D. D.,

J. P. MOSHER,

Editor.  Business Manager.

It is cause for great regret that so many newspapers advertise liquors freely and openly, or with but thin disguise. Newspapers, like pulpits, have a high mission as educators, and as defenders of the home and the young. No paper that will advertise liquors in any way is fit for a "Family Paper."

Good progress is being made in adjusting Porto Rico and Cuba, under the military occupation of these islands by the United States. Favorable reports come from the Philippines. Wise counsels prevail among the insurgents, and General Otis reports that no more troops will be needed to maintain peace and good order. As precautionary measures, five more regiments will be sent, and the two magnificent battleships, Oregon and Iowa, are already on their way to Eastern waters. For such progress, in our newly acquired possessions, all should unite in thankfulness.

BROTHER VELTHUIZEN, writing from Haarlem, Holland, to the Treasurer of the Tract Society, says: "We rejoice in the good tidings concerning the General Conference. We prayed God for a rich blessing, and are now thankful for this cheering news. May God confirm, by his spirit, all the efforts of the workers for the cause of true religion in Holland, as it has been, and as it is, in America."

The cowardly murder of the Empress of Austria, by an anarchist, in the streets of Geneva, Switzerland, adds another to the list of rulers, direct or indirect, who have fallen, at the hand of envy, ripped into crime. An anarchist is the modern form of the hatred of Cain, which stained the young earth with Abel's blood. It is the child of envy and covetousness. We are too familiar with its foul work. President Lincoln, President Garfield and Mayor Harrison of Chicago, fell victims to it, as did Cesar, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, President Carnot of France, Senior Canovas, of Spain, and now the Empress of Austria.

Civil law cannot prevent it. Police protection cannot save men from it. Religion alone can cause it to disappear from human history.

A NATIONAL University has just been opened at Peking, China, through an imperial decree. This includes the establishing of other schools in the provincial capitals of the Empire, and of a correspondence to these, to be known as "Third Class," in the department and district cities. Under this system there will be something like co-ordination of education in China; for graduates of the schools of the Third Class may pass to the intermediate colleges in the provincial capitals and thence to the university. The curriculum which is now followed in the Japanese University is likely to be adopted in China. This is one of the most significant evidences of the awakening of the Chinese Empire. It shows how much Western Christianity and commerce have carried to China, beyond systems of religious faith, or methods in business.

As a LANDSMAN we have often interested in the "taking of observations" at sea. To one accustomed to watch for landmarks, or familiar with charts, the sea seems doubly pathless. Charts are valueless without clear sky and frequent observations. The paths of the sea are determined by the lights which garnish, and glorify the sky. Life has many courses which must take frequent directions from the written chart, and equally frequent observations through faith. Sometimes the spiritual sky will be overcast and storm-swept. Then faith must look aloft, hold the helm steady, and sail on. At most, we cannot sail where God's love does not await us. No storm can sweep us on the shore, a wreck, where the angel-life saving crew will not bear us safely home.

An incident which it is a pleasure to record occurred on the day after the late Conference at Milton Junction. Three coaches had been provided for the delegates, and others, who went on the excursion to the "Dells." These were attached to the train at Milton Junction. A news agent had just entered the first of these coaches with cigars, when a fruit-seller, who had been through the coaches said to him: "These three cars are from Milton Junction, where they have been having a Seventh-day Baptist Conference, and it is no use to come in here with them," pointing to the cigars. The agent knew too much of the situation to spend any time offering cigars to Seventh-day Baptists, so he turned back to find other customers for his poison. The incident honors the Seventh-day Baptists of Wisconsin, and their friends. So may it ever be.

Not long ago the READER raised the question whether the United States would be compelled to secure justice from the Turkish government in compensation to American citizens in connection with the Armenian massacres, by more than simple demand. Since then the haughty Turk has courteously, but positively, refused to grant the indemnity asked. It is now reported that both the United States and the other Powers concerned have replied to the Porte that no such position as that taken in the reply can be accepted. In the case of the injuries to American citizens there is ample evidence that the Turkish soldiers and police not only made no attempt to stop the mob, but that they directly encouraged these outrages. The claim of the United States against Turkey, therefore, still stands. The demand made by us is just, and so long as Russia and other Powers are held in, the strong hand of coercive diplomacy is in the interest of Christian civilization. The sublime Porte should feel the grip of such diplomacy.

The readers of the READER have been familiar with the name and work of the Pacific Garden Mission, of Chicago, for many years. In speaking of the origin of the mission, Mrs. Clark said, lately, that while making a piece of fancy work for the day for the decoration of her home, a voice seemed to say: "What are you doing to decorate your heavenly home?" Like Paul, she was obedient to her vision, and at once began to visit the poor and neglected and in time she organized a mission school. When she married Colonel George R. Clark he was "a worldly Christian," but he soon caught her spirit and together they opened the mission. The missionaries were converted the first night. A meeting has been held every night for twenty-one years, and there have been conversions every night. How much the word "conversion" may mean in this connection we may not say, but that the mission has been the source of great good to the spiritually and socially degraded of Chicago, is beyond question. Colonel Clark died several years ago, but the mission goes on under the direction of Mrs. Clark and Mr. Harry Monroe.

A NOTABLE event in the history of 1889, was the missionary work of the "World's Congress of History," at Hague, Holland, on September first. The aims and spirit of this fraternity of workers are certainly very delightful and truly commendable. "It attempts to unveil and open archives, to collect and publish original documents, to get at the facts, to see what history as the world's property, to make it real." The gathering was truly cosmopolitan. Hollanders, Germans, Russians, Britons, Japanese, Turks, Romanians, Frenchmen and Americans were there. Men and women unite in membership and work. America was represented by the American Historical Society, the Holland Society and the Southern Historical Society. Judge Tuxun, William E. Griffis, General Viele, William Wirt Henry, Professor Haskins and Professor White were members present from the United States. Mr. Gustavus Whiteley, of Baltimore, spoke in behalf of President McKinley and the American delegation. The congress will meet again in Paris, in 1900.
Such wise and Christian treatment is to be commended. May it greatly increase wherever the flag goes, herald of liberty and righteousness.

The Recorder has withheld criticism upon the management of the War Department, but views with cautious and expectant mind any use of commissary and medical supplies—care for the sick, selection of camps, etc. We have felt that some grave errors have been made. "Somebody has blundered." But between the statements of "Yellow Journals" for the sake of sensation, the flings of politicians unfriendly to the Administration, and the criticism of men who knew just enough to criticise unspeakably, there has been so much dust-raising that we have deemed it wise to wait. Now that a competent commission has been appointed by President McKinley, we hope that the work of investigation will go forward with thoroughness, candor, and impartiality. The commissioners will be selected with care and wisdom. Major-General Greenville M. Dodge has been appointed president, Mr. Richard Weightman, secretary, and Major Stephen C. Miles, recorder of the commission. The other members are: Major-General Alexander McC. McCook, Brigadier-General John M. Wilson, Charles Denby, former minister to France, Generals Grant and Ludlow, Urban A. Woodbury, formerly governor of Vermont, Evan P. Howell, of the Atlanta Constitution who served in the Confederate army, and Colonel James A. Sexton, the newly elected commander of the K. K. R. The members of the commission are representative men North and South. Republicans and Democrats will work together at the important task assigned them. The men appointed enjoy the confidence of the administration and they stand well in the respective communities. The President has laid before the commissioners the principles by which they are to be guided in their investigation. His instructions have been admirably framed.

One paragraph from his address to the commissioners will give a clear idea of the President's mind. "I must say, you too strongly my wish that your investigation shall be so thorough and complete that your report, when made, will fix the responsibility for any failure or fault by reason of neglect, incompetency, or maladministration upon the official heads responsible therefor—if it be found that the evils complained of have existed."

When that commission reports we shall be more ready to speak in praise or blame than now.

DR. JOHN HALL.

On September 17, 1898, at the home of his sister in Banogor, Ireland, Dr. John Hall, former professor of sacred literature at the college of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church of New York City for thirty-one years. He was, in some respects, the most distinguished and able preacher of his denomination, and of his times. Expository preaching was Dr. Hall's field; not that method of teaching with the type which does the work of the study in the pulpit, and confuses the hearer by superabundance of details and subdivisions, but that which draws the richest spiritual truths and practical lessons from the Bible by careful study and brings them fresh and radiant with the spiritual glow and power of a great and consecrated life. There was little of the abstract or philosophical in his ser-
mons. He had an intuitive knowledge of what men need. He knew how to warn, arouse, instruct and comfort men. In him a great man, tender with sympathy, and powerful through earnestness spoke to his fellows heart to heart. He made men feel the truth which entered into himself, giving purity and power.

Theologically, Dr. Hall was conservative, Calvinistic, sincere. He was orthodox by the standards of two hundred years ago. In this respect he was among the most conservative of his own denomination. For this he was sharply criticized by some of his associates and by more advanced thinkers of other denominations. But no one who knew the man ceased to admire and love him because they could not agree with his theological opinions. The man was far more than the theologian. Doctrinal differences melted like morning frosts under the warmth of the genuine spiritual power, and his sweet Christian life.

Dr. Hall was born in Ireland in 1825, of Scotch ancestry. He was Scotch with an Irish flavor. Years of active life in America completed a fine combination. He began his work as a preacher in Belfast, in 1819. Coming in 1867 as a delegate from the General Assembly of Ireland, he became known in the United States, and his settlement in New York. In him Presbyterianism loses one who represented and embodied the best spiritual life and power of that denomination; a deep, rich, ripe life. Dr. Hall's body was brought to America, and impressive funeral services were conducted at the Fifth Avenue Church in New York, on Tuesday, October 5.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

BY L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

MACEDONIA is HERE.

The world has room for preachers who know the Higher Criticism—and have all on the altar.

Your success in life will not depend so much on your own strength as on getting in line with the great elemental forces.

A PROPHET is a seer, and a seer is one who sees—not simply the hidden facts of the future, but the inner meaning of past and present.

The Universities at one end of the line, and the factories at the other, are promoting the study of socialism.

ENEMIES are not made friends by being tied together.

The thing that has made the Anglo-Saxon great is loyalty.

The Spanish government did not think enough of Columbus to make a record, of his death.

CORN tassel and cotton bloom make a good bouquet.

PROF. ELIOT summarizes what the United States has done for civilization as follows: (1) Peace-keeping; (2) Religious tolerance; (3) Development of manhood; (4) Welcoming the new-comers; (5) Diffusion of well-being.

I have often wondered why Elijah in his utter dejection gave God, as the reason for wanting to die, "For I am not any better than my fathers." Well, probably Elijah was a good deal elated by his success upon Mount Carmel, and he may have thought just then that he had given God the privilege of killing him. As some of the rest of us know, it was a bitter awakening to find out that he was heir to the common weakness and helplessness of man.

The time has gone by in cities like New York and Chicago for revivals on the plan of the great awakening under Moody and Sankey. The cities are too large to be brought into the same frame of mind. The next revival will come through a concerted effort simultaneously in all parts of the metropolis. When each church builds its own little fire, and the tongues of flame overlap each other, the cities will be again shaken by the power of God.

Have you noticed the great change that has come over the public in their treatment of the Salvation Army? Time was when the Army was looked down upon by the people. Now, the meetings are held off the street, their meetings disturbed and broken up. Stop on any street corner now, and note the respectful attention which is paid to the exercises conducted by the men and women of the sacred banner. Do you ever think what this means? Yes, it means that the Salvation Army by its patience, devotion and self-denial has won the respect of fair-minded people. This is true, but it is not all of it. The chief reason why the Salvation Army meetings are held in peace is because the law protects them. The Army has fought this matter out in the courts in almost every state in the Union. Instead of being brow-beaten by the devil and his sympathizers, they have claimed as their right the privilege of preaching the gospel undisturbed. It is a prison offense to-day to disturb a religious meeting. Thank the Lord for a little consecrated back-bone!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with the saloon, the brothel and the gambling-den; unable to stem the tide of worldliness with the simple story of the old gospel. But, when shall we be stronger? Will it be next month or next year? Will it be when we are disarmèd, enervated and robbed of power? Will it be when the world has entered our homes and taken our boys and girls for its service? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Sir, we are not weak if we use the elements of power which Almighty God has placed within our reach.

The power of consecrated song was shown a few years ago, when Evangelistic Quartet No. 2 (the imitation which was an improvement on the original) were passing through Madison on their way home. They attended a large gospel meeting in a rough part of the city, where the audience became noisy and disorderly. As the Old Testament soothsaids, they were almost ready to despair, the quartet stepped forward and volunteered to sing. They gave forth one of the grand gospel songs which had melted tears to the audience. Before the last note of the song the crowd grew quiet. When they finished, the house was still as death, and another song was begged for, and then another. The influence of that timely deed will never be known until the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

He dropped into my study one Sunday afternoon. I had often visited him. I was surprised—and very glad—to have him visit me. It was during the stereotypery's strike, and no paper was issued that day. He felt lonely and uneasy about the "blanket sheet," (The opponents of Sunday newspapers are welcome to this ammunition if it is of any service.)

No matter how many men would probably call a worldling; that is, barely goes to church. Conversation progressed from topic to topic, until it easily stopped at religion. "Why is it, Mr. ____," I asked, "that so many men who seem to be honorable men, and doubtless have a belief in God, keep aloof from the churches and make no profession of religion?" I can hardly answer," he said, "it seems as though it was partly neglect. We talk these things over among ourselves; there is a good deal of religious sentiment among this class of men; God help us, and the future life, and the Bible; we like to see Christianity progress; I hardly know why we do not take a positive stand before the world."

Is there any hint here for Christian workers? Are not our communities full of men and women who might be brought into the public service of Christ by the united prayers of the church, coupled with living evidences of a genuine human interest. The fields are ready for the harvest; pray the Lord of the harvest that he may prepare you to be a reaper.

The thing a decaying church needs is not to listen to more preaching, but to be stirred by the trumpet blast of a great mission. Many a boy who had been pottering about home, frittering his life away, went to the war and came back a hero. The elements of toil and self-sacrifice were in him; all that was needed was a cause to enlist them.

ELIJAH.

BY MARY MURPHY CHURCH.

Read before the Chicago Seventh-day Baptist Sabbath-school, Sept. 24, and requested for publication by the school in the Sabbath Recorder.

The Bible contains no biographies. Glimpses of his great men are given at certain crises in their career, while over the rest the curtain is kept closely drawn. He who would write a biography of Elijah, according to modern literary conceptions, must draw in his imagination for two-thirds of the material. Far wiser it would be to lay aside the pen and await a heavenly interview.

All that the world knows about Elijah it has learned from the brief records in 1 Kings chapters 17, 18, 19 and 21; 2 Kings, chapters 1 and 2 and 2 Chron. 21: 12-15, and from fifteen New Testament references, including parallel passages. The prophet Malachi refers to him briefly in his last chapter.

Elijah, the name most commonly applied to him, was a native of Gilead (from his supposed birthplace), five different times, while the merited sobriquet of Elijah, that is, upon three. Five times he is addressed in the significant phrase, "thou man of God"; twice by the widow and once by each of the three terrified
In the words of "The Sabbath Recorder", the text discusses Elijah's mission and influence. It highlights Elijah's role as a prophet who occupied a peculiar and important position. He was sent to King Ahab of Judah, predicting the coming down of himself and his house. The message contained words, and it was also the example recorded of the prophet's writing. It is also the only occurrence in the southern kingdom or its rulers. Looking over the words of Elijah, as recorded in Kings, we find the total number to be 1,067. They were all spoken in conversation, either with the Lord, with individuals or with the multitude. His two prayers are worthy to be studied and used as models. When the critical moment came, in the context on Mt. Carmel, Elijah condensed his petition into six-three words, and stopped when he was through, "Lord God of Israel, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at Thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God, and that Thou hast turned their heart back again.

The words he spoke, few though they be, reveal much concerning the character of Elijah. The sharpness of his irony against the prophets of Baal is familiar to all, and is in striking antithesis to the pathetic tender-ness as he calls to the waiting people, "Come near unto me." His keen realization of accountability to God is evinced by the twice repeated expression, as the Lord liveth before whom I stand. Truly he stood before the Lord as few had done since the time of Moses. At Carmel he stood undaunted as a witness to the power and vengeance of a holy and jealous God. At Horeb he bowed in meekness at the revelation of infinite love, and again we behold him in Transfiguration standing with Moses and the Lamb in glory. Nor are we surprised to find him in such company. Throughout their earthly career, these two great heroes of Israel, Moses and Elijah, had been guided and sustained by the same loving hand. God had rebuked their weaknesses in the same gentle faithfulness, and had finally taken them to himself, the one on angel's pinions and the other on chariots of fire. Thus Elijah began his mission in the Old Testament and ended it in the New. Rather shall it continue forever, for as long as men study the story of Elijah earnestly, so long will they find Cheriths and Carmels and Horebs and juniper trees in its pages.

God grant that we may all learn by heart these lessons of faith, of obedience, and of righteousness.

A well-known judge, noted for his tendency to explain things to his juries, expressed in a case that his own ideas with regard to the case was that he was surprised the jurors thought of leaving the box. They did leave it, however, and were not jurors. Instead the judge was told one of the twelve was standing out against the eleven. He summoned the man, and rebuked him, saying, "Your honor," said the juror, "may I say a word?" "Yes sir," said the indignant judge, "what are you to say?" "Well, what I wanted to say is, I'm the only fellow that's on your side."
Missions.
By O. U. Warren, Cor. Secretary, Westerly, R. I.

A FEW of the ministers spent a month in evangelistic work right after Conference. Pastor Geo. W. Hills, of Somerville, Kansas, having a leave of absence for one month, put it chiefly at Marquette, Wis., with Missionary Pastor Eli Looftboro. The meetings have been deeply interesting, the Holy Spirit was present with power. We expect to hear soon of blessed results from this effort at Marquette.

Bro. J. H. Hurley stopped at Calamus, Iowa, on his way home from Conference. At this place Raymond Tolbert and Charles Young, students of Milton College, held a series of meetings during their summer vacation, under the direction of the Missionary Committee of the Milton College. Their efforts were blessed by the presence of the Holy Spirit, and the conversion of souls. By request, Bro. Hurley spent a few weeks there, visiting from house to house, and in holding meetings in a tent. He writes: "In closing the work at Calamus, I made a canvas of the town, and bethought myself on the Sabbath-question, trying their minds with the understanding that I could read them in public if I desired. I found such a universal desire for a series of lectures on the Sabbath-question that I made a public announcement that Pastor, and General Missionary, E. H. Sowell, of Welton, Iowa, would come over and give six or more such lectures. The M. E. pastor at Calamus, and some of his people, are very bitter against our work there. Under the blessing of God, I feel sure several will accept the Sabbath truth.

"It is said by some that our people are not ripe for Sabbath Reform work, and that is the reason the "new movement," so-called, has not been successful as yet. How are our people to be ripened for such work? (1) By the pastors preaching to the people more on the Sabbath-question; not the Bible argument for the Sabbath-alone, but on the ripeness of the times, and the ripeness of our people for Sabbath Reform work, and our responsibility in entering those doors. Again our people need line upon line and precept upon precept, on better Sabbath-observance. (2) By Sabbath Reform work by some good leader among students of Milton College, or a pastor at a place, would go among our churches, give Sabbath lectures, hold Sabbath Reform Conferences, it would have wonderful power in making and strengthening Sabbath Reform sentiment among the people, and in ripening them for Sabbath Reform work. (3) By Sabbath Reform work outside of ourselves. When people see that work is being done, and good results therefrom, they will help on the work. When they see that we are "getting somewhere," as it is said at Calamus, the other people will help us get there, whether it be in Sabbath Reform, missionary or evangelistic work. Let us try one or all of these methods.

It is very gratifying and encouraging to our cause to see so many of our young men who have the gospel ministry in view, possessing evangelistic spirit and qualities in so good a measure. But the more men we have the better it will be, the more men the better. They must depend too much on that spirit and those qualities, or the love of evangelistic work, in deciding whether the gospel ministry is their life-work, or in their preparation for such a work. It means much now, and will mean very much more in their day, to be a minister of the gospel. It means the call of God, the recognition on the part of the people of suitable gifts and qualifications, the possession of social qualities, speaking ability, power of adaptation, tact, good common sense, thorough training, deep and broad culture, and the continuous spirit and purpose of being a student, in the broad sense of the word. It means great devotion and consecration, spiritual life and power. These young men should have a broad conception of the work of the gospel ministry, a due sense of the broad and thorough preparation they need for the work in their day and age, and give themselves the best training and preparation they can command. It is better to take long time for such training and preparation, than to enter the ministry early without it. When once in the busy duties and work of the ministry, they will not find the time for it. They must not allow the love of being on the needy fields and in the work, to draw from their studies, or shorten their preparation for their life-work. All the young men. May they have high and strong conceptions of the work of the gospel ministry; may they give themselves the best training and preparation for their work that time, means and the best schools can give, and make of themselves such workmen that the Great Head of the church and the Captain of their salvation will wonderfully own and bless them.

"It is conceded that one of the greatest needs, and perhaps the chief one, to do the work for which we exist and stand as a people is spirituality and spiritual power. Can we have all this? Certainly, if we seek it with all our heart. We can have all the religion and spiritual life we desire and will cultivate. This is chiefly the work of the individual Christian, but largely so of the pastor and the church. In the first place, to have it, we must put away everything that saps spirituality and spiritual power. Secondly, we must seek it, and use every means to possess it. We must read the Word of God, and ponder upon its truths and promises. We must engage more in closet prayer. The family altar must be built up and maintained. The appointments of the house of God must be faithfully attended to, and the means of grace diligently used. There must be holy meditation and a prayerful spirit. Personal activity in church work and personal effort to save sinners, will give us wonder- ful growth in grace and spiritual life. If Christian people will be as faithful and diligent in seeking the riches of grace, and in obtaining spiritual power, as they are in possessing earthly riches and power, what spiritual power and spiritual power the individual Christian, the church, the denomination, the world, and the cause of Christ will extend and be built up in the world.

GIVING TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.
WHY SHOULD I GIVE?
1. Because the Lord has commanded it. "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase."
2. Because it is but a proper expression of love and gratitude to our Lord for all the blessings and benefits I have received from him. Jesus said: "Freely ye have received, freely give."
3. Because the needs of a perishing world demand it. The command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," was addressed, through the apostles, to all Christians.
4. Because it is very dangerous not to give. What the Hebrews withheld from God's tithes and offering, he said to them: "Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation." Jesus said: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon"; and "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." Of the rich fool who lost his soul by the selfish use of his gains, he said: "So is every one that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God.
5. Because great spiritual and temporal blessings are promised to those who give with the right motive. "The liberal soul shall be made fat." "Jesus said: "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over"; and, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

HOW MUCH SHOULD I GIVE?
It is plain that my giving should be proportionate to my possessions or my income. The Jews were required to give for the support of the temple worship alone one-tenth of all their increase: and perhaps this was special tithes and free-will offerings. The law of tithes was not formally re-enacted by Christ, although he approved of giving tithes (Matt. 23: 23); but the principle of proportionate giving remains. Paul says, I should give as the Lord prospered me, deciding what proportion to give, I should remember that a Christian, with his superior blessings and privileges, ought certainly to do better than a Jew. If I am poor, I should not give less than one-tenth. If I am rich and have a large income, I should give much more than that.

HOW SHOULD I GIVE?
1. I should give cheerfully, "not grudgingly or of necessity; for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."
2. I should give with pure motives, "as unto the Lord"; without ostentation; not to be seen of men, and yet not always secretly lest the force of my example be lost.
3. I should give prayerfully, asking the blessing of God upon my offerings.
4. I should give systematically. This is implied in the rule requiring me to consecrate a fixed portion of my income to the Lord. I should not leave my giving to be governed by impulsive or convenience.
5. I should give intelligently. Having set aside a fixed portion of my income for the temple, I should inform myself with regard to the relative claims of the different objects which will come before me. My own church and the different missionary societies and educational enterprises of my denomination should have the most of my gifts. I should have all the time informed with regard to their work and needs, that I may know how to divide my offerings among them.

Giving thus cheerfully, modestly, prayerfully, systematically, and intelligently to the cause of Christ, I may confidently look for his blessing upon my gifts, upon my business and upon my soul.—The Baptist Home Mission Monthly.
ever desirable it may seem to their more fortunate brethren, is not the true method for their improvement. It tends rather to a deeper depression, and to intensify their mutual animosities. The eight millions of colored Americans are not here of their own accord and will. All believing people laugh at the doctrine of Patriotism as well as Christianity demands that we lend them a helping hand and that we substitute a Christian spirit for race animosities.

I by no means under-estimate the importance of missions in Africa and China, when I say there is not on this broad earth a more important (I will not say inviting) mission field than is found in the Black Belt of the South. The Industrial Missionary Association of Alabama, while it recognizes the great good that is being done by kindred organizations, seeks to supplement them by methods of its own.

1. We seek to establish relations of kindness between ourselves and the plantation Negro, not by doing him an act of charity which would be very few (he is not charity), but by helping him to help himself, and above all to furnish him with inducements and facilities to secure a permanent home—at first as a renter and, as soon as practicable, as a proprietor.

2. We seek to supplement the very meager facilities for education, not by superseding, but by improving and enlarging the common school system of the state.

3. We do what we can to encourage industry, economy and thrift, to encourage habits of reading and of thought, and to increase rather than diminish the felt wants of the people. When people begin to want paint on their houses and carpets on their floors, we have gained a point in civilization.

4. We are endeavoring, mainly through their own church organizations, to cultivate higher and better conceptions of the simplicity, purity and holiness of religion. The better class of their ministers are at one with us in this respect. Not a little has been accomplished in this work and the outlook is hopeful.

I have given up my connection with this mission because of age and increasing infirmities, but I desire to call the attention of Seventh-day Baptists to the open door for industrial missions in our own land as well as in Africa. Why could not such a mission be established in connection with, or in the vicinity of, some of our churches in Mississippi, Louisiana or Arkansas? Surely there is no reason why we should feel less interest in the American than the African Negro. Gently and wisely, with discernment and discrimination, there is great responsibility. Such a mission, if wisely conducted, would commend itself to the better and more intelligent white people. They might not give it their personal aid, but they would, as they have done in Alabama, give it their heart and enthusiasm. I do not believe that the only solution of the race problem is to encourage and aid the Negro in the acquirement of Christianity, education and property. Besides, here are millions of people who are most teachable and receptive, but are wholly ignorant of the doctrine of the Sabbath. In my work in the South I have greatly desired to preach the truth on this question, but I have been restrained by many considerations, but mainly this, that they needed to know first what are the first principles of Christianity. The Seventh-day Adventists are doing a similar work in Northern Alabama, but aside from this I do not know of any opportunity for the colored people of the South to receive instruction on this great Bible truth—the unchanged and unchanging God, that is to be glad to correspond with any who may be interested in this matter. H. H. Higginson, Oct. 10, 1898.

A NIGHT ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

In the mean time the Kirghiz began by degrees to complain of headache, and two of them were so ill from it that they begged to be allowed to return to their tents and to lie down. They were readily granted as they plainly were unfit for further hardships. Of other symptoms, that came on more and more in the evening and night may be mentioned a continuous ringing in the ears, partial deafness, a rapid pulse and a low, coldly temperate than under normal conditions, absolute sleeplessness, apparently mostly as a consequence of headache, which toward morning became unbearable, together now and then with slight attacks of delirium. The moon shone uninterrupted the whole night. The sheepskin garments felt fearfully heavy and oppressive, the lying position impeded the breath, and one plainly noted the quick, noisy beating of the heart.

While bread and water served they were not taken; and as night overtook us with its darkness there was observable among the Kirghiz a spirit of dejection, as they were as little accustomed as I to spend the night more than 20,000 feet above the level of the sea. Every one Edif Towers on top of one another.

A more tremendous camping-place I had, however, never occupied—upon the snow-covered steep of one of the highest mountains of the earth, upon the sharp edge of a precipice, and lakes were just tumbled into the veil of night, and on whose sides here and there were the most fantastic glaciers. We only needed to take some few steps to the south to fall into an abyss 400 meters (1,308 feet) deep, upon blue glistening ice as bright as steel.

I went out into the night in order to observe how the full moon arose in the dark blue heavens and obscured the stars that just before had been sparkling brightly. We were not far from the infinite space of the universe, and the queen of night accordingly appeared here in a splendor so dazzling that one could only look at her with effort. One seemed to see a brightly polished silver shield in the sunlight, or a gigantic electric light. Gently bending with dignity and grace, she ascended easily over the rocky walls which were set about the glacier passages, and which, dark and imposing, indicated their perpendicular sides. In the depth of the abyss lay the glacier in shadow. At times was heard a dull report, as a few cracks, with sharp sound, or the crash of rocks and pieces from the mountain's mailed coat of ice. Our camping-place the moon poured out its silver in the richest measure, and produced entrancing effects. The yak stood dark against the white snow, with sharply defined outlines and lowered heads, as silent as the stones to which they were tied; only occasionally their teeth ground against the cartilage of their upper jaws, or they raised up their feet when they changed their position. The tent looked like the body of a sitting giant.—Harper's Magazine.


That sermon is most helpful which gives us the deepest sense of the Fatherhood of God, and draws us toward him with feelings of true worship and adoration. It may be a way side sermon, calling our attention to the grass and flowers of the field. Jesus preached many such. Or it may be preached from the “temple” of the soul’s bosom path, but if it strikes the heart profoundly and envelops it with the heavenly atmosphere of divine love, that boundless love which cares for even the sparrows, it has accomplished its mission, and the aroma of its teaching remains an up lifting influence on the soul.

And the path we tread is crowned with blessing, and fragrant with blossoms of love divine; unseen by earthly eyes, unmarked by mortal’s foot, and yet bearing record of the fact that Christ’s Saviour has been there, and that the Path of Life is trodden in the path of Duty.

As it comes, as the years go by, growing, ripening, our knowledge of the way of Life is more and more to be trusted to. We must be careful to put our faith in the path and not in the pathway. We must trust in the Cross of Christ and not in the cross of our own plans and purposes.

If there be any weakness in our faith, it will be a weakness of trust in God’s will. We must trust in God’s will and trust in the way of Life, and not in our own plans and purposes. We must trust in the path and not in the path of Duty.

Many of us stand still waiting for an opportunity to come to us, when we ought to make the opportunity.

An important field of work is the instruction of the children and youth in religious things. The mind is very receptive while young, and things learned at that time will be retained through life. The eyes of the little ones are quick to see the gentle, loving Christ-like spirit, and ever ready heart and hand to help the weak and burdened. Such service will go a great way toward preparing the young hearts for the great opportunities of Christian life.

Childhood is full of hope and courage, and Christianity presented with its joyous side is readily accepted by the children. If to them the way seems rough and steep they need a helping hand or an encouraging word. Childhood is the time for our active growth and development; and wise, careful training and religious teaching will lead them into the fold of Christ. A grave responsibility rests on us as Christians, to lead and direct the children while they are still within the receptive period to the influence of the Gospel. Bishop McDade says, “There are ten thousand men in this country that have not had an invitation to come to God in all their lives.” When the Christian people awake to their responsibility it will be too late for Christ’s kingdom on earth, and for the glory of God, then will the unconquered be brought to Christ.

There can be no excuse rendered to the Father above, for the neglect of our fellow men. “We will not walk this way again,” so if we would help to lift and carry on Christ’s work, we must do it as we journey along. We may not go back and do the little loving deeds and kindnesses, however much we may regret the work we leave undone. It is our duty to pass on the work to others. We must do it for others and for the glory of God. We must not be content with a small service, but give ourselves to the service of others.

Many of us too easily become discouraged because we do not see the results of our work; but it is our duty to persevere, and, as we have not the time to cease, we should not know them. We are not to go on in faith believing, and in “due season we shall reap if we faint not.”

At the beginning of life we are each given a cup of service; it is a very plain and unattractive looking cup, and before it has been filled, it is no use to charring of any kind upon it save the word “service.” But as some act of love is done by us, something goes down on that cup; should the deed be neglected, a rough pebble is set in its side or an ugly mark is made on its margin. If, instead, the act is lovingly performed, some precious jewel is set in it, and the opportunity offered and the more willingly the service is performed, the more brilliant the jewel, or tender inscription which is cunningly wrought upon it.

At the end of the years the cup is covered with a record of loving deeds or lost opportunities.

But there is a mystery about this cup, for all of these embellishments are invisible to its owner. The world sometimes sees them, but the owner of the cup never, till one day when the cup is opened and compared and rewards are given; then each sees his cup, either a dull leaden hue thing to which clings only sand and pebbles, or one of dazzling brightness whose color has been turned to that of gold, for the heart grows rich in giving. All its wealth is living grace.”
and whose jewels sparkle like those of the City Celestial. It is, in full and glad surrender, We give ourselves to Thee; Thine, and none but Thine; And evermore to be! Of God, and yet, we see, We will be thine alone, And we are, and ever have been, And will be, thy pleasure ground."

**THROUGH ADIRONDACK WATER-WAYS.**

The Mountains Themselves—Delightful Vacation Experiences—Trip Through the Chain of Lakes.

As waves driven by a strong cross-wind pile themselves up, rolling one upon another, lashed into higher ridges here and there by heavy showers of rain, the water is restless and churning in almost togetherness, then separating into wider and wider hollows and spreading out into a gently undulating sea, so are the Adirondacks. There is no great range, no towering summit crowned with silvery snow, no yawning craters or rock-walled canyons, indicative of violent upheavals, but one vast plateau, with an average elevation of 2,000 feet, from which rise peaks and domes and round and irregular hills clothed in dense forests of beech, maple, and birch. The intervening valleys are linked together by a matchless chain of sapphire lakes and rivers. In the long ago the lakes and forests were so rich with fish and game that the region might have been aptly termed a "happy hunting ground," but as sportsmen and summer visitors crowded in, and so widely have its natural attractiveness, its invigorating air, and its health bestowing qualities become known that it is now and bids fair to remain to all time. The trip from the Upper Saranac to the Tupper, Raquette, Forked, and Blue Mountain lakes, a boat trip of three and a half days, takes four days. From Panther Point there are two routes to the Raquette River, one southward to the Indian Carry, through Stony Creek Ponds and crooked Stony Creek outlet; the other north to the Wawbeek and then the Sargent Carry, is three and a half miles long, but in going this way one saves twelve miles of travel and four hours of time. The Indian Carry is preferable, but as our return was to be by this route, we avoided any retracing of our course by starting by way of the Sargent Carry, so named from an old pioneer camper of this region.

The outfit needed is a boat and a guide, and as little hand baggage as possible. The Adirondack boats resemble an Indian canoe. They are sixteen feet long, narrow and made of birch bark. They are propelled by oars or by the paddles or ribs, and weigh seventy pounds. They differ from the St. Lawrence boats in being lighter, narrower and sitting lower in the water. They are made light so that the guides can carry them, which they do very easily by balancing them on a neckyoke fitted into the boat near the oar locks. At most of the long carries, as at both Indian and Sargent Carries, there are boat-wagons, to transport the boats for a fee ranging from fifty cents to $2. These wagons are fitted up with rock beds, bunks and curtains, and extend arms on either side on which the boats rest, while padded braces between the arms hold them securely in place.

A ride of three miles from the Wawbeek, mainly through woods, brings one to Trombley's—a fine angular rock, with the height over 1,000 feet, a mile by two miles. Numerous dead trunks and blackened remnants of trees, rising like ghosts out of the marsh on either side, give unmistakable evidence of the damage caused by forcing back the water through damming up the river sixteen years ago, at Tupper Lake. Before the trees were killed large cedars hung over the banks, and the river was densely over-arched with satylic pines and balsams. Five miles below Trombley's the stream, bending sharply, flows back on its course for nearly a mile, making a long sweep around a narrow neck of land called the "big ox bow." Across this neck a canal has been cut which saves nearly two miles of rowing. The river is so winding—"awful winding," as the guide said—that you pass from one enclosure to find yourself in another. The woods, long and narrow, are so thick that the eyes are gained for many rods ahead. The surface is unruffled by a ripple, and the silence, like that of midnight, is broken only by the dip of the oars and the sweet notes of the hermit thrush. Passing through another "cut off" into Simon's Pond, the outlet of the Tupper, which, feeding off the southeastern margin of this pond, our first stop is made at the Waukeha House, near the foot of Big Tupper Lake.

The Tupper Lakes, like many places in the Adirondacks, take their name from one who was identified with their early history. The shores of these lakes are elevated and thickly wooded. The numerous islands shut out any extensive view, and, without any stretch of the imagination, one could easily think himself among the Thousand Islands. At the mouth of the Big Tupper ends the wilderness, and the outlet of Little Tupper, dashes over an almost precipitous ledge, and is broken in the fall of thirty feet into beautiful cascades. Climbing up a short carry our course is three miles up the Long River, which is broken here and there by water lilies and maroon clusters of fireweed, to a half mile carry. Another mile by boat brings us to a two mile carry, through a thick shaded road which leads to Round Pond. On this carry, where Hamilton and St. Lawrence counties join, stands an enormous tree, fifteen feet and eight inches in circumference, indicating that the trees of this region at one time compared favorably with the big trees of the Pacific slope. Two miles across Round Pond, then a mile and a half through what is known as theinging of the Indian Carry, we enter the Round Pond Lake. This Lake is dotted with islands, and the shores retain their primitive beauty, having been very little despoiled by camps. The late eminent Sir Louis Strange, a great lover of nature, described Round Pond as his heaven on earth, making trips to Arnper, Tupper Lake. Before the trees were killed other Dashaway deniled Brother Cashaway, and so on.

**RELIGIOUS CATERWULING.**

We know of nothing more indicative of spiritual poverty and a lack of the essentials of Christian unity and brotherliness, to say nothing of common intelligence, than the constant quibbling and squabbling going on in certain religious journals of the South over petty doctrinal matters, or the alleged heresies of opposing parties. It may be that the Southern readers of these journals find edification, if not positive delight, in the interminable theological "scrapping" and caterwauling which takes up so large a portion of their space, in having Brother Dushaw demolish Brother Slusher, the former being used up in turn by Brother Cashaway, and so on ad infinitum, the questions in dispute being over some "Whichness of the Whereness," some matter which has no more relation to true Christian life than the practical Christian living the wheelings of Saturn. The Whittet case is a painful example of this kind of foolish, profitless and unchristian controversy. The whole outcry over Dr. Whittet and his alleged meditations has been worthy of a pack of Spanish inquisitors set on the heels of a poor victim. It has been shameful, humiliating and disgusting. We do not hesitate to affirm our belief that the silly and vicious persecution of this man has done more harm to the churches in this region where the controversy has been raging than all the persecutions of the Inquisition in the pulpit and the press can ever hope to undo should they devote the rest of their little lives to repentance and good works.—Christian Work.
CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR ON BOARD ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP.

Talk about the iron-clad pledge! What do you think of these armor-clad rules that follow? These are the regulations of the Floating Society of Christian Endeavor on board the battleship Olympic, Admiral Dewey's flagship. Some of the members were growing careless, and the adoption of these rules was a sort of re-organization arrangement got up on themselves. They fire pretty straight, don't they?

I. Every member shall diligently attend the meetings the Society will hold on board.

II. No member shall use tobacco under any circumstances.

III. Every member shall abstain from all intoxicating drinks.

IV. No member shall borrow money on interest, or lend out money on interest.

V. Every member shall abstain from such company, on board or on shore, as will hurt the progress of his Christian life.

VI. Every member shall always wear his pin when in uniform.

VII. Any member violating the regulations of the Society shall be warned three times; if he does not comply with the requirements, his name shall be dropped from the membership roll.

VIII. Everyone becoming a member of this Floating Society of Christian Endeavor shall read these regulations, and, after good consideration, shall sign his name earnestly and faithfully.

-- The Sabbath Recorder.
Children's Page.

SLUMBER STREET.

WE ARE TWO SISTERS.

Oh, miles and miles of beds in a row,
Aacre of coverlets white as snow,
Plumes and flowers, and ruffles and scallops,
Blankets and quilts by the hundred score—
All these are brought in the night same.
The children who go to Slumber Street.

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, soft and slow;
Bridget has gone with the slumber, too.
Ditties and hymn-tunes, and ballads rare;
Melodies grating and mincing air.
Lullabies tender and soft and sweet—
This is the music of Slumber Street.

Visors drenched, happy and engrossed,
Of wonderful toys and merry play;
Fossil prints, tracks, and fossils of veridient fields and skies that are bright—
These are the dreams the children meet
Who travel each night to Slumber Street.
Oh, scores upon scores of weary heads
Peacefully resting in miles of bed!
Each pair of eyelids is closed up tight,
And each pair of eyes is shut from sight.
Roasting bodies and tired little fee.
This is the business of Slumber Street.

HOME FAIRES.

"Instead of telling fairy stories, let us be fairies ourselves," said Aunt Delia, when the children begged her for a fairy tale.

"Have eggs, Auntie?"

"What are fairies?" asked the lady.

"Why, little, we folk that go about doing wonderful things. Sometimes they make butter after the dairymaid has gone to bed. Sometimes they put a gold piece under the plate of the poor man who can't pay his rent, and when he sits down at the breakfast table he finds it."

"Well," said Aunt Delia, "here are Tom, Ned, Mary and Sue. Let us organize a fairy band. Bridget has gone to the dentist with a bad tooth. The baby is cross; there are blackberries to pick; tea; mamma has a headache; the sitting-room is in disorder, and papa will be at home by-and-by, all tired out with the work and the heat. A fairy band is badly needed, I think."

"I will be Mustard Seed," said Tom, mindful of his last Shakespeare reading. "I'll take baby to the croquet ground, and roll the balls for her; that always amuses her."

"I will be Apple Blossom," said Sue, naming herself for her favorite flower. "I will set the tea-table quite that mamma will not hear me. When she finds it all ready, it will seem like fairies' work to her."

"I'll be Blackberry," said Ned. "Here goes for the berry-patch."

"I'll be Aschenputtel, and do the dusting," said Mary, beginning with great zeal to put the sitting-room in order.

The next moment, the click of the balls and the music of baby's ringing laugh came from the lawn. Mary, duster in hand, looked out of the window, and smiled to see them so happy.

"It is a great deal better to help," she said, polishing a table with all her might, "than to sit down and make Auntie amuse us."

Sue sang softly to herself, as she put the cups and plates in order:

"Lullaby, the time is now at hand,
Find some helpful thing to do,
Oh! Work, work, work, work,
Why good fairies are so gay.

"Blackberry," in the berry-patch, whistled as he picked the plump, shining fruit. The largest, rippest berries he put into a separate dish for mamma. She was to see them, he thought. "Perhaps they will cure her headache. She always tells us that kindness is a cure-all." After a short and rather restless sleep, mamma awoke, feeling a little discouraged.

"I believe I must go somewhere for a change," she thought. "Housekeeping is very wearing, especially when baby is cross, and poor Bridget is always having a toothache in these days."

But the first thing she heard, when she went downstairs, were baby's shouts of delight.

Then the clean, orderly sitting-room, with a bowl of sweet-peas on the polished table, made her glow all over with pleasure. Next she caught sight of the tea-table, all ready for tea; that always makes her happy.

As she went into the kitchen, she met Ned. His face was bright with the real good-fairy smile, as he offered her the delicious fruit. Aschenputtel ran to get some cream for mamma's berries. "Fairies can do without cream," she said. "They are supposed to sip honey from the flowers all day long."

"Why, what is the matter with everybody?" said papa, coming in. "Is there good news? Has the family inherited a fortune?"

"We have had a visit from the fairies," said mamma, as they sat down at the table.

Mary F. Butts, in Herald and Presbytery.

TWO FRIENDS.

Two such funny dogs, Gyp and Philippe! One white and curly, with a long bong hiding his loving eyes, and a tail that is never still—

That is Gyp. A black dog, thin, with long ears and a chocked tail—that is Philippe, as he is called for short.

Gyp has been a member of the family for several years, but Philippe has come into the family this summer. At first Gyp rather disliked sharing with Philippe, the love and attention which had been all his, but he has got over that feeling, and is now never away from Philippe.

It is fun to see these dogs play. Philippe will make a jump, take Gyp's ear, his tail, or any part of his curly coat in his mouth, pull him about, roll him over, attempt to shake him, Gyp all the time muttering little growls. The moment Gyp barks, Philippe makes a sound showing that he is hurt. Philippe stops. The funniest thing you can imagine is Philippe pulling Gyp along by the ear, as if he were guilty of something wrong and was being taken to be punished.

Gyp is most beautiful after he is washed; his coat lies in soft, woolly rings all over his body; it is difficult to tell, when he is lying down, which is his head and which is his tail.

One day recently, Bridget, who loves Gyp dearly, washed him and tied a yellow ribbon on his neck. Gyp was very proud of his decoration, and responded with a joyous display of enjoyment to the remarks on his beauty.

"Alas! in ten minutes he reappeared, wet, bedraggled, with bits of twigs, leaves, and mud disfiguring him. He crept close to the floor, and tried to avoid being seen. Presently Philippe appeared, caught sight of the yellow ribbon, gave a jump, caught it in his mouth, and dragged Gyp into sight, such an unhappy-looking little dog!"

I am sorry to say that this tendency to get dirty as soon as he is washed is one of Gyp's faults, though the sight of Bridget will send him under the bed without any other spot he thinks will hide him, he hates being washed so much. In spite of his dislike of soap and water, he will not keep clean.

Let me tell you a secret. I have known some little people who use Gyp in this, but they cried and made a noise when washed. Gyp just looks miserable.—The Outlook.

TEDDY AND THE COWS.

"Come, Teddy," said Mrs. West. "It's time for the cows to come home."

But Teddy was reading a story about a shipwreck, and did not want to be disturbed just then.

"O, mother, wait a little while," he said.

But soon a man's face appeared at the window. "Edward, the cows said Mr. West, and when he spoke like that, Teddy lost no time in obeying.

Sulkily he laid down his book and walked through the kitchen, where his mother and sister were cooking the supper.

"I hate cows!" Teddy grumbled, as he walked slowly across the pine floor. They're a bother, and I wish we didn't have any. I wish nobody had any. Cows are no good anyway. I hate cows!"

An hour later the cows were safe in the barn, and Teddy was in a better humor. He was hungry, too, after the walk to the meadow and back.

A fine round of meat was smoking on the table, but there was none on Teddy's plate.

"This is beef," said Mr. West. "I did not give you any, because you hate cows."

Teddy opened his mouth, and then closed it again without a word.

"I will not give you any butter, Teddy," said Mrs. West. "Because we get our butter from the cows, and you hate them so.

Hester poured out the milk for the others, but to Teddy she gave a glass of water.

"Cows are such a bother," she said, soberly.

"I know you don't want any milk."

Teddy looked wistfully at the plate of cheese, but it was passed to every one but him. And, worst of all, when the custards came in, sweet and brown, in their little cups, Teddy was passed by.

"Of course you wouldn't eat custards, for they are made mostly of milk; and cows are no good," said Aunt Hetty.

Teddy looked as if he would cry.

"I—I haven't had anything to eat," he blurted. "Just bread without any butter, or potatoes and water. I wish I hadn't said those things about the cows."

Everybody smiled then, and no one objected when Hester stily passed to him a cup of custard.—The Youth's Companion.

It was a sweet thought of the three-year-old when, away from home, he was asked by his mother what message he wanted to send to his aunt at home: "I want to write some flowers to Mollie. I want to write some flowers to everybody."

Why is a horse the most curious feeder in the world? Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.—Our Dumb Animals.

FOND FATHER—Yes, Freddie, sweating is always dangerous to health. But if you need it, such as exercise at the gym, what makes the silver ice pitcher sweat?—Freddie.

LITTLE NELL—Johnny, what is a philosopher? Brother Johnny (a little older)—A fellow that rides a philosophede, of course.

It was the first time Nan had seen any one husking corn. "Do you have to undress every single ear?" she asked soberly.
Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us as working men, do the good we can, and be not envious of those who are attending Alfred University, but we are pleased that they are determined to secure a Christian education.

Others are kept from our church services because of sickness. We greatly miss our Sabbath services Dea. Daniel Babcock, who for several weeks has been seriously ill.

Dr. W. H. Loughhead, formerly of Newfield, N. Y., has settled at Nile, in order that his family may have the benefits derived from living in a Sabbath-keeping society. The doctor has always been a zealous Sabbath-keeper, but wishes his children to grow up among Seventh-Day Baptists. Would that all Sabbath-keepers manifested a similar interest in the spiritual welfare of their children.

We trust that this addition to our society will prove a mutual blessing to us all.

After the Conference it was our privilege to spend one Sabbath with the Coloma church, in Wisconsin, and another Sabbath with the Jackson Centre church, in Ohio. We are thankful to God for these opportunities of meeting the people, and for the privilege of forming new friendships, with the expectation of renewing them in the "sweet by and by."

During our absence the pulpit was acceptably supplied by neighboring ministers, and by Rev. A. G. Crootof, of Jackson Center, Ohio.

In the recent death of "Uncle" Joseph Allen, the church loses its oldest member. The writer called to see him just before starting for Conference, and found him unusually well. As usual, he asked concerning the work of the denomination, and we parted with the expressed desire to talk over the work of the Conference upon my return; but he passed to the better country before I reached home.

We greatly desire that this coming Conference year be one of marked spirituality and activity on the part of our church.

W. D. BURDEK.

September 29, 1894.

DODGE CENTER, MINN.—In common with other localities we have had, up to date, Oct. 3, quite dry and dusty weather, with some of Iowa's and Dakota's wind, blowing over us. Church and other matters have been about as usual since the last report from this society. The pastor and wife attended Conference; there were also three other delegates, but these were not enough to bring back a full measure of enthusiasm to a people slow to enthusiasm in such matters.

The pastor had begun to plan for an early series of revival meetings with the help of Bro. Saunders or Bro. Randolph, if their services could be secured, but now that the pastor's labors will probably close with this church Dec. 31 these meetings will necessarily be ended by his successor, and no doubt a good harvest of souls will result. Sower and reaper will rejoice together. The future of the pastor is not yet outlined, but God in his wisdom will direct him to some field of labor. There are many precious promises in this fold and it was the pastor's heart's wish and burden of soul that he might be instrumental in leading them to the Saviour, notwithstanding the usual destructive criticism and worldly-mindedness by some individual work. Someone, however, will have this great privilege and blessing.

Our Semi-Annual Meeting, to convene with the New Auburn church, the 21st, is looked forward to with anticipations of spiritual joy and profit.

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis.—By vote of the Milton Junction church and society, the following report was ordered sent to the Recorder for publication:

Resolved, That we, the members of the Milton Junction church and society, in special meeting assembled, September 18, 1894, with the express approval of the general society, do hereby formally request and order the publication in the Recorder of the following report of the recent sessions of the General Conference, and we pledge ourselves to as generously reciprocate the favor when like opportunity offers.

Geo. W. BURDEK, Pastor.

FOUKES, ARKANSAS.—Rev. J. F. Shaw has been ill with fever and rheumatism for several weeks. He has improved somewhat, but is not yet able to resume his ministerial work among the people. The Recorder hopes that speedy recovery will come to him.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night, I can hear the sound Of wheels that go always and always round; They have wound up since the world began, And good and evil were given man.

Go where you will, you can find no spot Where wheels are still, or where the loom is not, As Time, the weaver, with patient hands, Unwinds the tangle of life's snarled strands.

Surely, steadily goes the loom In the light of day and the midnight's gloom; Busily, steadily, with the will, To the end, as the wheel goes round.

When will this wonderful web be done, That was thousands of years ago begun? When shall the wheels of the loom stand still, With no more weaving of good and ill?

When, oh, when, will it end, Nought to or; The wheels turn on, and the shuttle flies, So shall they move for a year, a day, Or a thousand years, and more.

"We are spinners of web for this world," they say; "We bury the weaver a thread each day.

But when the wheel has turned, And when the thread is past, We are spinners of a thread of love, And a thread of sin, gone past him, so that when he overtook the wheels, they were all shining, and there was no notion, whichever was toward the front at this time.

For a long time the steers grazed the plains in the neighborhood of Hot Springs, while the other horses were taking the herd in a diamond shape, with two immense steers heading the drive. They were running hard, but their only safety was in keeping the up the run. Those behind were coming, and they were in the majority, and the leaders were compelled to run. There was danger for the forward members of the stampede.

In the invited articles contained in the regulation "outfit" there is always some kind of stimulants, and but for the stimulants contained in Mr. Wilson's "outfit" it is possible that the stampede would have been halted without disaster. He had a Mexican along, one of the best cowboys in the South-west. This man had always reminded those who saw him ride of the fabled Centaur. He rode far ahead and went over, so that he and his horse appeared to be one animal. No horse, however rugged, "wild and woolly," had ever been able to unseat him. The Aztecs had to the little brandy run too often, and had filled and emptied his tin cup with surreptitious inoculants, so that his usual excellent judgment went awry. When he succeeded in getting mounted, after having fumbled with his bridle a good deal, he was in the rear, and a bad stampede had gone past him, so that when he overtook the rear end he passed to the front on the other side and rode on the wrong flank. When he reached the head of the herd he was just in time to defeat the manoeuvre then under execution of bending the moving mass from a straight line to a semi-circle. Revolver in hand, disregarding the other men, he began shooting in the faces of the wild steers, and the effect of this was to straighten the run and bring the advance straight toward a precipice. As the precipice was a wash in the prairie, forming a deep ravine thirty yards wide, and in a shorter time than it takes to tell of this contretemps, the head of the column was pouring over a horrible cascade of beef, plunging madly to destruction while fleeing from an inexpressibly dangerous place.

"When Mr. Wilson and his lieutenants saw that it was impossible to save their cattle, they saved themselves by dexterously turning at right angles at full speed and riding out of reach of the stampede.<br>They then turned the flank, and held a council of war. A few seconds decided them, and all hands began firing into the herd; the object being to build a breastwork
of carcasses and save the rear end from destruction that in the fighting the gully was nearly full of cattle by this time. They were shooing and bellowing, crashing and tearing, and still heaping up, and when the firing began the wounded ones tumbled over on the others, and in a short time the gully like a valley was bridged by carcasses. The herd surged up like billows like an ocean, and bent now because it could not do otherwise. The semi-circle was formed, and Wilson and his men crossed the gully below and rode around the opposite side and regained the line of retreat. In a short time they had the cattle halted, forming an incomplete letter O, and there they stood, bellowing, shivering. All hands remained on watch all night, and in the morning, when a court was made, it was ascertained that 2,700 head were missing. There were afterward 2,700 pairs of horns taken from that gully. It was called Stampede Gully for many years afterward, and perhaps will always with some people be remembered by that name." Whisky did it! —The Waco Independent.

THE CALL TO LAY DOWN ARMS.

The call for peace is coming from strange quarters, first from Russia, and now again from Rome, once the fighting capital of the world, and the home of the conquering Caesars.

"We are all on a false track," says M. Felloux, the President of the Italian Council. "The man who will succeed in inducing the nations to decrease their armaments will have deserved well of humanity. His glory will be lasting and much more solid than that of great conquerors."

This call for peace, coming from such a source, must be attributed not so much to moral sentiment, as to a conviction that the present military policy of the Old World is defeating itself. It is making a burden too great to be borne. Since 1860 the armies of Europe have more than tripled in numbers when on a war footing; and on a peace footing they now number about 3,500,000 men.

The forces of the leading governments are as follows:

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In Asia there are about 500,000 men under arms, and the standing armies of the civilized world aggregate fully 4,600,000 men. Even in time of peace the European armies use 500,000 horses, and the rest of the world 200,000 more. Within the last ten years the value of horses has been increased from less than $200,000,000 to nearly $500,000,000. The value of the French fleet is one-half that of Great Britain, and of Germany one-fourth, as is also that of Russia. And this growth is now going on with an accelerated increase, having received a strong impulse during the past few months.

To present the figures in a different form, Germany, in times of peace, keeps twenty-eight soldiers for every ten square miles. France, twenty; Russia, twenty-three; Austria, fourteen; and Great Britain, thirteen.

The expense of these armies runs into billions of dollars each year. This cost is made good in the form of taxes paid by the population, and in the amount spent by various governments for education. The figures given below represent the annual per capita expenditure for each government.

These figures, as have been remarked by another, are rather strong proof of the barbarism of our present civilization, the United States alone presenting a credible appearance.

But what is more important with reference to the United States, the country that has proved to the world that even for war purposes money is much better spent on public schools than on standing armies. The men trained in American Schools are not surpassed on the battlefield by the men trained in European armies.

The President of the Italian Council is right, therefore, when he says: "We are all on a false track." The man who makes two soldiers grow where one grew before is not the man for the hour. The coming great man of Europe will reverse the traditions of the past and bring about a "peace-keeping" which does not mean a company of soldiers to every ten square miles. Whatever the Czar may have meant by his peace proposition, it is plain that he struck a chord which is vibrating. Good sense, moral sentiment, reason and common human feeling, at last demand a reply to the call to lay down arms.—Adv. Independent.

THE LARGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD.

BY ELIZABETH PATERSON.

The first plants of the genus rafflesia were discovered in 1818 on the Philippine island of Hebbar, by the English botanist, Joseph Arnold. According to Arnold, the flower was about nine feet in circumference, and grew as a parasite upon the pith of kapok vines. In 1829, Robert Brown described the wonderful plant, and called it Rafflesia Arnoldii, in honor of the discoverer and of the Governor of Sumatra.

In 1882 a rival was discovered by Schadenberg on the island of Mindanao. He could scarcely believe his eyes when, in traveling through the bush, he saw row after row of gigantic brownish buds, which looked like enormous cabbages. On searching a little he found unfolded blossoms, some of which were as large as a carriage-wheel, and nearly three feet across. These enormous flowers sprang directly from protostrates of Clemens, a species allied to the grape-vine. The flower was known to Schadenberg's native followers, who called it Boo. The weight of the flower was found to be equal to that of two rides and a half of carriages (about twenty-four pounds).

It was impossible to transport the flowers in their natural state, as the thick, fleshy leaves, even when undisturbed, decay in a few days. The flowers were therefore photographed, and some were quickly dried before the fire, and photographs and dried specimens were sent to the Botanical Garden in Breslau, where Goepertz recognized in them a new species of rafflesia, which he named Rafflesia Schadenbergiana.

In growth, knob-like flowers first appear on the parent plant, often close together, and from each spring a bud; while from the bark of the vine is developed a cup as large as the palm of the hand, from which spring the numerous brownish, dry, breathing leaves which closely cover the flower and slowly develop. As the bud expands, these leaves are pushed aside, and the true bud appears in the form of a large hemisphere. Then, if the development proceeds normally, the five petals are formed, and open for a few hours, and then curl up, reducing the flower to half its former diameter. Very often, however, from some unknown cause, this regular development does not take place, but a gas is produced in the interior of the bud so rapidly that it explodes, throwing off the unexpanded leaves in the form of a cup.

The life of the flower is very short; in one or two days after unfolding, the great mass collapses and rapidly decomposes. In the decayed mass the larvae of insects are hatched and grow. Nothing is known of the ripening of the fruit, or the way in which they are conveyed to the grape-stems, into which they sink their roots. On the same island Dr. Schadenberg found many other interesting plants, among them an arid with leaves nearly thirty feet in circumference.—Forward.

MISREPRESENTATIONS ABOUT MINISTERS.

In the Advance, Sept. 22, a correspondent writes some excellent things about certain common misrepresentations of our ministerialists. Among other things that correspondent says:

"Of course there are failures among the ministers; and there is a weak and unworthy man, but never so few in proportion as at the present time. There are also some good men, tried and true; who seem to have but little adaptation for their work; some of very small ability and others who for reasons outside of themselves do not seem to succeed. There are many others who do not seem to succeed, but who do succeed; and, when the forces are hatched, they receive a noble tribute and harvest which the world did not realize. With all the seeming want of success, the proportion of such in the ministry is higher than in any other profession. More than one-half the farmers are a success. One-half of the forces of the leading governments are a seeming failure. The best authorities say that two-thirds of the merchants fail. At least one-third of those who enter the ministry have either to have mistaken their calling and the medical profession not more than one-half of them do more than to "keep soul and body together." From the social point of view there are less failures among the ministers than among other occupations in life.

Again, in the line of reputation, culture and ability, the ministry lead. Of every one hundred lawyers or doctors, not more than one in ten is known outside of his own town, and for variety and breadth of culture there is no comparison. Let anyone try to secure a course of week-day lectures upon literary, historical or scientific subjects for his young people, and let him go to the lawyers and doctors, which he might do, and he will find that not one in ten of them are prepared or have read in a line to prepare them for a secular lecture outside of their profession. We can take lawyers or doctors, and only one had any preparation for such a service. One member of the United States Senate said he had nothing outside of politics but a "cattle show" and a state fair, and that he knew nothing of the "culture of grapes."

On the other hand few-Sifts of our ministers can be depended upon for such occasions. Many of the few members of the legal profession with culture to rise to a variety of occasions; but the proportion of ministers who do so, it is true, is the smaller; but, from what we see, are as numerous, as large and as brilliant as in the court house or Senate. There are small men in the pulpit and in the state house, and there are there to be known and held in such high esteem because God uses such; but there are more small men in other professions.
Popular Science.

BY R. H. BAKER.

Tin.-From the distribution of various metals throughout the world, they are, to quite an extent, in quantity, and quality, equal to supplying the natural wants of the people. The abundance of the metal, and the labor required to meet the demand for its use, determines its value. For instance, a ton of iron can be mined, and manufactured into railroad bars, or various other articles, at a less price than the mining of a single ounce of tin. In consequence of the abundance of iron, and its wide distribution; while Iridium is only found in two places; one in the Ural Mountains, the other in California, and then in very minute particles, in connection with platinum, and in the hardest of rocks. Iridium is the heaviest of all known metals.

The gold fields of the world cover more than a million and a half of square miles, while the tin fields cover only a little over twelve thousand. There are only seven districts in Europe to be found in ore, paying quantities. The Cornish mine in England yields annually about 8,000 tons of the 8,300 tons in all Europe.

Asia has two tin fields, one at Huan in China, which yields about 250 tons; the other is what is called "Strait Settlements," yielding about 5,800 tons annually. This is the richest tin mine in the world.

There has never as yet been any tin found in Africa, still without doubt it will be discovered when the mountains of the Moon come to be explored.

Very little tin is found in North America. There is some found in South Dakota, and in California, but not in paying quantities.

South America has but two mines, one in Bolivia, and the other in Peru. They jointly yield less than 4,000 tons a year; and lastly comes Australia, which furnishes about 6,000 tons per year. Thus we find the output in all the world amounts to only about 76,550 tons of tin pyrites or sulphurites, which only yield about 40,000 tons of pure metal.

Pure tin metal is nearly as white as silver, is highly malleable, will take a high polish, and melts at 442° F. It is very doubtful if tin has ever been found in its pure state.

Tin forms a part of several important alloys, especially bronze. It is used for coating iron plates, from which a great variety of culinary vessels are made, and a small proportion mixed with lead, for covering terneplates for roofing, and from which fruit and fish cans are made.

Hereof nearly all the tin and terneplates have been imported from England, but within a few years enough is manufactured in this country to supply home consumption.

Ballooning.
The highest elevation ever reached in a balloon by human beings, was 37,000 feet or 7 miles. This was accomplished by Mr. James Glashier, accompanied by the Rev. Coxwell. In a balloon, with a Wolfrington, England, on Sept. 5, 1862. The temperature of the air at this great height was 2 degrees above zero, while at the earth it was 59 degrees. After ascending 20,000 feet, they seemed to lose momentum for a moment, their sails began to fail, their difficulties continued to increase, so that on reaching 37,000 feet, and wishing to descend, it was with difficulty they managed to open the valve in the balloon, which was only done by Mr. Glashier by seizing the cord with both hands, as the appeal was made to keep the head or three times, until the valve was sufficiently opened.

The next highest ascent ever made, was by Prof. Berson, of Berlin, and a Mr. Spencer, from the Crystal Palace, in London, on the 15th of August, 1862, they reached an altitude of 27,500 feet, or over 5½ miles. They tell us that when the balloon was set free, it went up at the rate of 1,000 feet a minute for 10 minutes, before reaching any endeavor of the reaching 25,000 feet, they experienced a decided dizziness, and difficulty in breathing, which was only relieved by inhaling oxygen.

On ascending they soon entered a stratum of atmosphere not so rare, when oxygen was not in feet in diameter. It was a fine feet; the same feeling of giddiness and difficulty of breathing returned, when they thought it advisable to descend lest they might be rendered helpless by being asphyxiated.

The thermometer at the height stood at 13° below zero. The cold was severe. The air was quite clear, and the view was far reaching. They were plainly seen, and distinctly.

The first balloon made was in 1783. Another was made 13 feet in diameter, in the same year, and on the 27th of August it ascended to about 3,000 feet. The largest balloon ever made was 130 feet high, and over 100 feet in diameter. It was a fire balloon, i.e., kept in the air by heating the air within. This monster balloon ascended from Lyons, France, on the 19th of January, 1784. It carried seven persons, and reached the height of about 5,000 feet.

The first human being that ever went up in a balloon, was M. Francois Pilatre de Rozier, a young man, who two years afterward was killed while attempting to cross the English channel in a balloon. Since which time hundreds have been able to navigate the air, but with varied success.

Some years since I saw a gentleman and lady sailing in a balloon, eastward, over the Berlin valley. I judged it to be about one mile high. They were plainly seen, and appeared to be enjoying a pleasant afternoon sail.

Navigating the air by the human family is too expensive, and dangerous. The rights of the inhabitant of the air was given had better not be invaded.

FALI.

(Written by a lady totally killed.)

To live in shade, yet trust the sun, To have our eyes filled, and others filled, To suffer pain and still believe That just enough one will receive; To feel no envy when the best Of precious gifts are given the rest, The best for each eternally.

To bear with wrong and wait for right, Believing that the darkest night Means the light of rays of hope; To see some good in rankest weeds, To catch the last, those left behind, Those left before, gone before; To be at peace, not agitated, And thus the highest faith induce- Is true content. —Emma K. Brown.
The faces and personas of these shining attendants were covered by the humility and reverence in the presence of the Holy One.  

3. And one cried to another: It is not clear whether the seraphim were crying to one another, or whether one put the words in the mouth of another.  

4. Then said I, Lord, how long? It was indeed a terrible thing to cry to the Lord, to ask Him, 'How long?'  

5. The grief of the people will continue to be rebellious and disobedient until they come to destruction already prepared.  

6. And the Lord have removed men far away, referring to the exodus which was to be great.  

7. But as there is hope that a tree will spring up again from a stump some day, so the "righteous remnant" shall certainly survive in spite of the almost universal apostasy, and the almost complete destruction of the Jewish people.  

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Special Notices.  
North-Western Tract Depository. A full supply of the publications of the American Sabbath-kept Society can be found in the office of Wm. West & Son, at Milton Junction, Wis.  

Tob Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N. Y., will meet the last Sabbath in each month for public worship, at 2 P. M., at the residence of Dr. J. S. Comstock, 23 Great St. Sabbath-keepers in the city and adjoining villages, and others are most cordially invited to attend.  

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o’clock P. M. Sabbath is sacred. Pastor’s address, Rev. L. C. Randolph 6126 Ingleside Ave.  
Charles D. Cook. Church Clerk.  

Sabbath-keepers in Syracuse and others may wish to hear the sermons delivered, which arecorded in the "Westminster" and other Sabbath-keeping papers.  

The First Semi-Annual Meeting of the churches of relaxation will meet at the New Auburn Hotel, Sixth day before the fourth Sabbath in October, (21st) at 3 o’clock P. M. The delegate from the Iowa Yearly Meeting to preach the interdenominational sermon.  
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The Second Sabbath Church of New York City holds services in the Boys’ Room of the Y. M. C. A. Building, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. The preaching service is at 11.30 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.  
Geo. B. Shaw, Pastor.  
401 West 155th Street.  

The Seventh-day Baptist South-Western Association named its Eighth Semi-Annual Meeting at Utica, Ar., commencing at 10 o’clock, A. M., Nov. 24, 1898.  

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BOGATS—Heads—In Dunellen, N. J., Sept. 2, 1898, by Rev. F. Fletcher, Mr. Charles T. Bogats and Miss Adele Bogats, of New Jersey.  

Davie—Boone—In Hammond, La., Sept. 29, 1898, by Rev. G. M. Cottrell, Mr. E. S. Davis and Mrs. M. Booth, of New Orleans, La.  

KINNEY—BURNS—In Friendship, N. Y., Sept. 29, 1898, at the home of the bride’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Kinney, by Rev. Charles Kinney, and Miss Wither Dundick, of both Friendship, N. Y.  

DEATHS.  

description unnecessary are inserted free of charge. Notices exceeding two lines are charged at the rate of ten cents per word.  

Davie—In Jackson Centre, Ohio, Sept. 24, 1898, Jennie Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Davie, and wife of Charles Davis, aged 26 years, 10 months and 25 days.  

She accepted the Lord Jesus as her Saviour when about 15 years of age, and joined the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Jackson Centre, under the labor of Eld. C. M. Lewis. Ever since her marriage she has tenderly cared for her invalid mother-in-law. She was sick less than a week, being thus suddenly called to leave her loved husband and four children. The day before she died, when she knew she must go, she asked her friends and her pastor to pray with her. She joined in singing Hymn 1, 10, 11, in the home of her death. Her funeral was largely attended by friends and neighbors. Sermon by her pastor, Rev. 14: 13, “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”  

Davie—Mrs. Arabella Davis died Sept. 23, 1898, of a complication of disease, at Milton Junction, Wis.  

The funeral services were held the following First-day in the Seventh-day Baptist church of that place, and were conducted by Bros. W. C. Whitford, assisted by Rev. Geo. W. Hardick. The burial occurred in the village cemetery. The deceased was born April 12, 1848, in the English parents by name of the deceased. Her death was sudden and unexpected, and does not appear to give the clue of the truth. It is the natural penalty of his own obstinacy.  

10. Make the heart of this people fat. This verse is parallel to that in Deut. 31: 23, 24. The superlatives of the heart are that of the heart enveloped in fat and thus made dull to the words of the prophet. The heart is thought of as the seat of the reasoning faculties. Let them see, etc. This is in grammatical form the statement of a purpose, but logically, a result preceding the admonition and the message of the messenger of the Lord. Convert is made plain by the reading of the R. V. “turn away.”  

11. Then said I, Lord, how long? It was indeed a terrible thing to cry to the Lord, to ask Him, ‘How long?’  

12. And the Lord have removed men far away, referring to the exodus which was to be great.  

13. And multiplied by the desert in the midst of the land.  

14. The R. V. reads “the earth is to be a great desert,” but as there is hope that a tree will spring up again from a stump some day, so the “righteous remnant” shall certainly survive in spite of the almost universal apostasy, and the almost complete destruction of the Jewish people.  

This is of the Hebrews of the 2nd and 3rd Kings, and of the Egyptians of the 12th and 11th Dynasties, and of the Samaritans of the 3rd and 4th Centuries B. C.  

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