CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS.
Paragraphs ........................................... 690, 691
Jacob's Ladder ........................................ 692
Correction .............................................. 692
Letters to Young Preachers and their Hearers—No. 2. 692, 693

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.
Rev. Dr. John Hall, LL. D.—Poetry ................... 693

MISSIONS.
Inspirat.ion ............................................ 693
"Bury Him Among the Kings" .......................... 697

WOMAN'S WORK.
"My Boy—Poetry" ................................... 698

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK:
CHILDREN'S PAGE.
"A Tenement-House Sufferer" .......................... 700, 701

POPULAR SCIENCE.
"Some of the Highest Mountains in the World," A New Engine. 702, 703
The Brotherhood ....................................... 702

SABBATH-SCHOOL.
Lesson for Sabbath-day, Nov. 12, 1898—The Assyrian Invasion. 702
Marriages .................................................. 703
Drawings ................................................... 703
Book Notices ............................................. 703
Correcting Others' Mistakes ........................... 703

RABBI BEN EZRA.
Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned.
Youth shows but half: trust God; see all nor be afraid!"
And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new;
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to induct.
Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold;
And I shall weigh the same;
Give life its praise or blame;
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.
All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure;
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter and clay endure.
Look not thou down but up!
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with earth's wheel?
What strain
Let age
Perfect the cup
The new wine's foaming flow
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with earth's wheel?
So, take and use thy work;
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain of the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned:
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!  
—Robert Browning.
Sabbath Recorder.

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

[Vol. IV. No. 44.]

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

"PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY"—easy words to say—difficult words to comprehend; but they express one of the great needs of individual Christians. Men have little power until they understand these two words and embody them in place and actions. Success in Christian work never comes until men act under the behest of these words. Perhaps this will help you. Fill the blanks which follow, by writing your own name in each space.

ought to more devoted and earnest in serving Christ and Christ's church, of which he is a member. As a Seventh-day Baptist, ought to be better informed on the Sabbath question, and more active in spreading Sabbath truth. ought to do these things, because somebody ought to do them, and he is somebody who has promised, by his baptismal vows, and his church covenant, to do all in his power to advance the Kingdom of Christ, and the truth which God has committed to him at all points, the Sabbath especially, as a neglected truth. Let each church member fill these blanks and pray for guidance.

Official position always brings added responsibility. It may help those who hold official positions in the church to grasp the meaning of personal responsibility if they fill the blanks below by their individual signatures, and send the Sabbath-school superintendents and teachers included. For example, a deacon—by virtue of his office, as well as his baptismal vows and church covenant, ought to be constantly active and deeply earnest in putting every form of church and denominational work. He must not be content with setting a good example to men, leading an upright life, etc. He is an officer in the army of the Great Captain, and as an officer, he ought to be alert about bringing and the will of the Captain, and in securing the highest efficiency on the part of those under him. Sabbath-school Superintendent ought to consecrate his life in new devotion to the work of teaching from the Bible, and of inspiring those under him to pure and noble living. His work is doubly important because it deals with young life, ready to be fashioned and inspired in countless ways. Let each superintendent fill the blank and pray for guidance.

The teacher of a class of children comes into each close relation with young life that the personal quality involved cannot be measured, either as to immediate or final results. Teachers are determiners of destiny. Something like the following may help all Sabbath-school teachers who read the Recorder, to go on with something in each lesson taught, which will help each child, he or her (his or her class). A teacher must not be content to teach only cold facts. Only such facts should be made prominent as will carry practical truth to the hearts of the class, and not afford the pupil a chance to labor for his name, and then what is suggested above all else which ought to be said: Having done this, the idea of personal responsibility, i.e., the responsibility of the one whose name is written in the blank, will stand out more clearly than it does ordinarily; perhaps more clearly than it has ever done before. We intended to write about pastors and their responsibility, when we began, but the theme is too great. Will not some of our pastors write on this point?

Nothing can take the place of the individual, in religious work, or elsewhere. We are apt to overlook this fundamental fact, when we think of men in combination, as the church, society, or the nation. A moment's thought will show how foolish and futile it is to expect success on any basis but that of individual effort. In the church, for example, how soon the value of the individual is seen, when the pastor is absent, or wanting altogether. How quickly the Sabbath-school notes the loss of the superintendent, etc. It seems, however, comparatively, the choir is without the leader, or in the absence of the organist. How quickly the superintendent is in trouble when a teacher is lacking for a class. Equally this is true when viewed from the pulpit or from the president's platform, or from the chair of the teacher. If the class has eight members, and two are absent, the teacher and the class note the "gap," and if one of the two is the leader in the class, that is the one who is most ready to ask and to answer questions, the class feels the loss, as a ship does with disabled helm. If an hundred people ought to be in the prayer-meeting, or two hundred in the morning service, and ten units are wanting, the pastor feels the chill of vacant places, and the people feel it, and wonder where the absent ones are. One of the saddest features of military life is the roll-call, after a battle, when the silence sobs as the orderly repeats the names to which no voice answers.

The surpassing value of the specific individual is seen when a messenger comes, post haste, for the trusted physician. There are plenty of other people, other physicians, but that one individual is wanted. Love and faith united to plead for that one. When official acts are to be performed, or official names are to be written, the value of the individual is seen still more clearly. We must have a personal friend who is a bank officer. He writes his name on a bit of paper and it is recognized as worth $10.00 at any bank counter in the United States. If my name, or any other, were written thereon, the paper is not worth ten farthings. Life is always requiring for its inception was one of score of people on the street-car the other day. We were ready to go, almost impatient. The electric force was rushing over the wires, the trolley was in its place, but nothing moved, because the man was waiting for one man. Even the motorman was in his place, waiting. That one man, at a given moment, by his watch, pulled the bell-cord. The motorman's hand answered, the unseen force caught the car, and we sped down the track. No other person, of all the crowd, dared to pull that bell-cord. Even the silent forces of the universe awaited the signal of that one, common man. Whatever else you do or fail to do, remember that your life has a definite, individual value in God's world of forces, thoughts and deeds.

The Scientific Editor has just brought in his copy concerning the new engine, through which the almost limitless power of compressed air finds expression. The Recorder longs to see a corresponding conception and development of spiritual power among its readers. In this new Age of Steel, the power of the air is increased many times by the fuel put into it. Beautiful analogy this, to the introduction of Divine Power, when a soul welcomes truth, and the spirit of truth, within itself. We pray that Seventh-day Baptists may soon learn as they have not yet learned the blessedness of coming into possession of such power. One pastor has reported himself in our "Reading Room" as preaching "Righteous Christian Life." That is well; very well. If his words, his words, and attain this life, power will come for every duty, and every burden. We trust that other pastors are preaching with the same purpose in view, and that all the people are seeking power from God; power through the teaching of Truth, and the guidance of the Spirit. Our work is great. Corresponding power is needed to do it; not power for some one else, dear reader, but for you.

The Tenth Anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. A. B. Prentice, at Adams Centre, N. Y., an account of which appeared in our issue of last week, emphasizes the fact that few men are granted the privilege of impressing themselves upon a community through the lifetime of a generation of men. Such opportunities give permanence and power to the influence of a pastor in a degree too great to be measured easily. Eternity alone can show what the power of character and destiny of individuals and communities. The Recorder congratulates Bro. Prentice and his people on this anniversary occasion, and on all it means to them. We trust that many years may be added yet to the successful ones already passed.

Brother Joseph Brown, of the African Industrial Mission, whom many of our readers met at the late Conference, has prepared an excellent tract entitled, "Why I Abandoned Sunday." It presents his personal experience in a strong light. He is doing Sabbath Reform work in Philadelphia, in connection with which he is discovering members of this tract. Being widely known in that city, from his connection with the African Industrial Mission work, his tract finds ready acceptance among those who have thus known him. He tells his people that his tract is entirely, or in part in our next Sabbath Reform Number.

If you seek to know whether you are growing in grace, and in spiritual life, notice what your relation to the Bible is. Do you love it more, particularly those parts of it which tell how individuals act and react? Do you have more hours of deep thoughtfulness and of joy as you study the love of God to you? Do you enjoy work for Christ and the church? Do you find fault with other people less than...
you used to do; especially those who are earnest in Christian work. Do not ask if you are growing rapidly, nor try to measure yourself to greatness, compared with other people. If you have stronger faith, calmer trust, sweeter rest and greater anxiety to know God's will concerning yourself, you are growing in grace.

We publish in another column an extract from the address of Dr. Radcliff at the funeral of John Hall, which is addressed especially to all who are preachers. Our own life has been enriched not infrequently by the messages of this man who is so aptly described in the closing sentence of the extract: "He was the uncommon greatness of common sense." Will the Young Preachers, to whom the Recorder is sending letters, study the characteristics of this man, who was so worthy to be buried "among the kings"?

The Daily Pioneer, of Bridgeton, N. J., for October 24, contains an outline history of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Sidlook. The preliminary history dates from 1863, and the organization of the church from 1737. Present membership of the church "about 400".

Egypt, with its drifting sands and preservative climate, is a veritable treasure-house of valuable antiquities. The years, and sometimess the centuries, in their turn, bring forth new proofs of the ancient, very ancient, civilization of the land of the Nile, and of the correctness of the notices of that land in the Old Testament. Since the discovery of the canef orm tablets, ten years ago, which showed that the century preceding the Exodus was one of great literary activity, new discoveries have followed in quick succession. Last spring came the unearthing of the tomb of Menes, a king who reigned at so early a date that until now he seemed more fabulous than real. The works of art in his tomb, and in other tombs of the "First Dynasty," show that there were then intimate relations with Babylonia. A few years since, the writer of the history of Egyptian civilization, in connection with the Egyptian Book of the Dead, and the works of Maspero and others, reaching conclusions which tended toward placing the beginning of the world's civilization in Egypt. But these latest discoveries by Professor Maspero and his school have shown that this is like blaming the sunshine because some flowers are witted by it.

People do not often read sermons which are printed in a newspaper. More people will read a story. When a sermon is wrapped up in a story, it will find a wider reading than in any other form. A sermon, set in a story like apples of gold in pictures of silver, will be found somewhere in the Recorder. For your sake we hope you will not be able to read it through without stopping to wipe the mist from your eyes. Perhaps you will never see Nannie or Hagar until you get to heaven; but you cannot but be thankful that your home is better than theirs were.

Our correspondent, G. H. G., raises a question concerning which we see little cause for discussion, and none whatever for discrediting the "Inspiration" of the Bible. As to the passage in 2 Tim. 4:16, we think that modern critics, with many more ancient ones, agree that it should read, "All Scripture given by inspiration"—inbreathing of God, etc. As to the passage quoted by our correspondent, which has impressed us as a chaste human conception of men, who, not having known Christ and the "Sermon on the Mount," could not know God as fully as we may. To them God gave all the light they were prepared to receive. And their incomplete views serve to emphasize the greater truth that in all ages and times God has revealed himself to men, has inbreaathed so much of truth as they could receive. Perhaps Paul did not need special "inspiration"—as many define the term—to ask for the bringing of his cloak, but that simple touch shows the reality of his letter and its authenticity in the strongest light.

We think the largest of the "New Thought," which includes divine guidance as well as the immediate unfolding of truths otherwise unknown, makes the Bible God's Word, even though the passage in Second Timothy be read with the word interpretation not. The same construction is not so far men in ancient days failed to reach the higher conceptions of truth which are open to us, even when God inbreathed all of himself they were able to receive; but how we, with our light, can attain to the obedience and righteousness which God seeks in us.

Thirty feet from our library window stands a maple tree, crowned and enclosed in the beauty of ripeness, which is glory. Gold and purple are the predominant tints. Across the street are two other trees, similarly arrayed. Human art produces nothing comparable to this, the work of nature, that is, God. These trees have been beautiful "living pictures" since the spring, and will remain so until frost drives the last leaves to the earth. They are fit emblems of souls, grown ripe for heaven, and rich in spiritual beauty, through service, trial, storm. Across another street, near by, are some half-dozen trees, whose weaker trunks gave way before a fierce storm of wind in August, while these lost not a single branch. You have seen such lives: storm-tossed and twisted, but unbroken. When the years heap their numbers on such, spiritual beauty adorns them, as those maples are adorned this 25th day of October. The gold of faith and the purple of loving service unite to fit them for heaven.

Their spiritual beauty brings joy and courage to younger workmen, whom they have taught and trained. Many of the veterans are here, and it is a fitting honor and worthily bestowed. It is a fitting honor and worthily bestowed. The disordered state of affairs of the African镜bisa, with its enormous debt, but they have been compelled to abide by the refusal of the American Commissioners to do so.—The local government in Porto Rico has taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. The United States will no longer have to shoulder the financial burden of Cuba's debt, which has been extended to Jan. 1, 1899, by President McKinley.—The signs of war between France and England ebb and flow like unseasy tides.—Chicago and Philadelphia have had great "Peace Jubilees."—State politics and the effect of the coming state Elec-
JACOB'S LADDER.

We have read many attempts to “make an exegesis” of the story of Jacob's dream-ladder which seem to us wholly inadequate. Men seek for theology in that picture, when its greatest value is to uplift and glorify our wearied lives. To most of us, life brings many troubled hours, weary days and sleepless nights. Jacob, fleeing, homeless, weary, was glad for even a stone to lift his aching head out of the sand. He lay awake, fretted by the care and anxiety which tore his drooping eyelids apart for the twelveth time that night, until, we may be sure, his heart turned to some sweet promise of God. Then rest and sleep and the angel visitors came. Comfort, joy, peace came with them. He forgot the stone pillow. His care-stricken soul calmed under the whispered words of the angels. His travel-worn, unsandalled feet ceased from becoming wearisome. When great lessons should have been learned, he was almost too busy with his life to learn them. When he seemed to mock his sorrow: not this. God's Helper comes to them in every shifting current of sorrow and pain. Thus God perfects his servants for their work. Thus he consecrates them on the altar of service. In a sense, their lives thus become victorious. When great lessons have been engraved on their own hearts with the styles of suffering, and they preach these lessons to others, then is their work most effective. When they walk through shadows and struggles, like those which overhung Gethsemane, and cry out in agony like that which broke the rocky heart of Calvary, then are they prepared to teach other men how to seek help in darkness. When the Helper comes to them in such experiences, and lifts them up, and the Easter morning of resurrection dawns upon their darkness, then, as never before, can they teach others the meaning of the words, “Lo, I am with you always.”

All this will appear more plainly, when it is remembered that “We are ambassadors for Christ.” We go in his name, to do his work. We are not principals, but agents. And since the church is his bride, we serve him when we serve the church. We honor him when we do his work well. Paul had learned this lesson when he said, “For it is not ourselves that we preach, but the Messiah, Jesus, our Lord; and as servants, and as agents that we are servants for Jesus' sake.” And again, “Being free from them all, I have made myself servant to every man; that I might gain many.” 2 Cor. 4: 5; and 1 Cor. 9: 19.

Peter exhorts the leaders in the church in the following words: “Feed ye the flock of God which is committed to you; having care for it spiritually; not from compulsion, but voluntarily; not for base gain, but with all your heart; not as lords of the flock, but so as to be a good example for them; that when the chief Shepherd shall be revealed, ye may receive from him a crown of glory that fadeth not.” 1 Peter 5: 2–5. In addition to these words from Peter's letter, you will find great profit in carefully studying Paul's letters to Timothy and Titus. These are especially rich in instruction relative to the work and the duty of the ministry.

Thus it appears that the minister is to be a messenger, a helper, and a guide, unto his people. He should not enter the work that he may be exalted, or honored, in any earthly sense. He should be wisdom, poetry, counsel, advice, and among men, for his own sake. One question ought to be ever present in his heart, viz.: How can I aid, and serve and lead men in the way of salvation? Perhaps the greatest struggle that comes to the average minister is in gaining that complete self-forgetfulness, which enables him to live thus for others.

AN EXALTED SERVICE.

Permit me to warn you against the idea that such a life of service is inconsistent with the dignity and magnitude of your chosen work. It is rather the true way in which to do your work. It is honorable. The life of our Lord was doubly exalted, because he gave himself unreservedly to the work of helping the needy and saving the lost. If we think of him as a man only, the life he inspired and the work he was concerned in is helpful. This is especially true when we compare him with the great men of earth, who were contemporaneous with him, but who lived for earthly greatness and in selfishness. In this comparison Christ appears the King of kings, and the Lord of lords.

There is no way in which you will be so sure to win the confidence, and esteem, and real love of men as by serving them. Men who are seeking and esteem for honor's sake never gain them; while those who go earnestly about the work of comforting the sorrowful, assisting the weak, sustaining the burdened, counseling the perplexed, doing for the good the pathway of peace, so soon draw all hearts to themselves. In times when trial comes, or enemies rise against such ministers, the people whom they have thus served will aid, and defend, and support them with undeviating love.

Such real service is the farthest removed from all things undignified. The life of Christ, serviceful beyond all others, is dignified beyond all others. The ministers of Christ need not look as to their dignity, while they serve the Christ of the world for which he died. They will find that usefulness, eminence, honor, like wisdom, are “ofttimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.” Self-renunciation—not self-debasement—is the keynote, and he who knows this, and acts accordingly, is already in a lofty place.

THE END TO BE SOUGHT IN PREACHING.

We shall reach a still fuller idea of the nature of the ministerial office by considering the end which is sought through preaching. Here, again, the New Testament is our guide and authority. Paul traces the origin of the Christian ministry to the commission given by Christ, and describes it as follows, Eph. 4: 11–16, Coursaye & Howson:

“And he gave some to be apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all attain to the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, and to the perfect stature of the full-grown man, to the measure of the stature of the full-grown man, which is Christ. That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning sophistry, and by unrighteous means. But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into Christ, who is the head, even Christ. In describing his own work, Paul speaks as follows, Col. 1: 28, 29: “Him, therefore, I proclaim, warning every man, and teaching every man, in all wisdom; that I may bring every man into his presence, full grown in Christ. And to this end I labor in earnest.
conflict, according to his working which works in me with mighty power.”

Thus it appears, that the great end to be sought in preaching, is the salvation of men from sin, and the development of their lives in purity, righteousness, and likeness to Christ.

In keeping with this truth, we find that the representative sermons of the apostles, as they are reported in the book of Acts, center around the question of salvation. Peter, earnest and impetuous, plain and unsearching, proclaims repentance, faith and obedience, to the crowds at Pentecost. Paul to the Jews at Antioch, or to the Gentiles on Mars Hill, proclaimed the same great truths; Christ the Son of God, the Light of the world, the Way, the Truth and the Life. This appears in all their sermons. Equally prominent are their warnings concerning repentance. “Break off your sins by righteousness. Cease to do evil, and learn to do well. Put away your base desires. Crucify your lusts. Purify spirit and body. Make your souls temples fit for the Holy Spirit. Be unselfish. Be forgiving. Be like Christ.” Thus did those speak who were commissioned by Christ himself. Thus fearlessly did they teach; and we, who come after them, working under the same commission, are to find our highest service in preaching men to be reconciled to God. Thus we are to become, in a sense, helpers and saviors of winning men. Our work is, indeed, a service to the end that men may be saved.

In all this God is honored.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

“I LIKE Christianity,” said a Christian Enthusiast, “because it has the note of victory in it.”

The best way to convict man of sin is to preach a holy God. Isaiah cried out, “I am a man of unclean lips,” when he had a clear vision of the divine purity.

The professor pointed to a dainty little picture hanging on the tinted wall of the school-room, and said, “That is one of our educational pictures cut out from an advertising catalogue, and the frame cost thirty cents. That thirty cents might have been spent for ice-cream; but the girls and boys have here something which will permanently enrich their lives.”

Happy is the father who can be both companion and king to his sons.

The gusts of rain were sweeping the diurnal streets. Through the filmy lace curtains of an elegant home looked a face, and it bore an expression of contentment. A son of poverty trudged the street, breasting the storm. His step was elastic and his face shone; for he was earning his daily bread. His lungs fed upon the stiff north wind, and his heart exulted in difficulties overcome.

This six young men who were known in 1892 as the Morgan Park Student Evangelists, being scattered all the way from Furina to New York City, keep up communication by means of a circle letter. It was proposed recently that we all preach simultaneously a series of sermons on a given topic. Cards were sent out, accordingly, suggesting that this topic be, “The Higher Christian Life.” Responses are in from all but one, saying, in effect, that the pastors were already preaching along this line—which is better still; for the wisest planner of sermons is the Holy Spirit.

Jesus and Athaliah cruelly slew those who stood in the way of their ambition, and then reap ing what they had sown by dying the same death themselves. But the manner of their death is a matter of minor importance. The real punishment lay back of that.

The form which retributive justice took symbolized the hell that raged within their hearts. Some of God’s sweetest saints were daubed with pitch and burned like candles in the garden of Nero. But the martyrs died (as they had lived) with songs of praise and victory on their lips; while Jesus and Athaliah died (as they had lived) with their teeth gnashed in hatred. Against the background of their bloody death we see the outlines of savagery, selfish life which thus was so fittingly ended.

We think when we read the story of Jesus, “If I had only been there, I, too, would have been one of his followers; I, too, would have stood by him with the precious ointment, and done him what little service was in my power.” But the face of Christ looks into ours in every ragged, homeless boy upon the street, for “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

In the Presence of Death.

Mark Twain describes a play lasting for several hours where the actors were young in the first scene and grew gray before the eyes of the audience. Amid all the changing vicissitudes of life—at feasts and banquet-halls—a strange, pale figure always moved; and whenever the character stepped up to man or woman, and touched them on the shoulder, a strange hush fell on the festivities. In the presence of death not one of all their merriment and gayety seemed to be worth while.

In the face of eternal issues, the toys and baubles of material existence fade out of significance. All too much the life we live casts a false glamour over things which are really least desirable.

Farewell and bell our lives we pay. Hubbles we buy with the whole soul’s tasking; ‘Tis heaven alone that is given away. “It’s heaven alone that is given away,” said the Teacher of Truth.

A Vital Faith.

A young man who is passing through that undefined period, where he thinks the world must be an agnostic, but is not, said to me that the thing which troubled him most was the actions of Christians. “If religion,” he said, “is to be anything, only things like church and singing hymns, and refraining from this and refraining from that, from the other, I don’t want any of it.”

Men need a faith which will take possession of them from head to foot; a religion for and worth living for; a religion which shall be a component part of the man’s whole life, touching all its issues with power. Anything else will never win the respect of the world, and will soon be cast on the shore by the ebbing currents of this intense age.

The Silence of the Bible.

F. E. Peterson, in a recent sermon, spoke of three memorable scenes in the trial of Jesus when he was silent. The high-priest asked him to answer those who witnessed against him, “but Jesus held his peace.” Herod “hoped to see some miracle done by him,” and questioned him again and again, “but he answered nothing.” Pilate said unto Jesus, “Whence art thou?” but Jesus gave him no answer. The three men were not answered, because their hearts were closed to the reception of his word; so that religion prejudices; another by a cynical philosophy; the other by a cynical philosophy. These three ears and eyes operate to make the Bible a closed book to men.

At the feet of Jesus.

It was a woman who in the sad days preceding the passion, understood Christ best. Again and again he explained to the twelve disciples that “the Son of Man must suffer many things, be crucified, and rise again the third day”; and in the presence of such impending events these twelve men were still bickering over the question as to which would be the greatest. It was a woman’s heart that went with him into the Valley of the Shadow, and a woman that anointed his feet with the costly ointment against the day of his burial. The secret of Mary’s life is the same in the three main scenes where she appears. At the time of Jesus’ baptism in the hour of his dedication in the act of service, we find her at the feet of Jesus. “A sister named Mary who also sat at Jesus’ feet, listening to what he said, and which anointed his feet with a costly ointment, fittingly anointed his feet with the costly ointment against the day of his burial.”

REV. DR. JOHN HALL, LL.D.

(Do drs at Bangor, Ireland, September 17, 1892.)

BY WILLIAM G. MARSHABERTS.

Deed, did you say? Over such death hath no power! He only goes a while to need our aid. To gather strength for that ephorcal hour When on him break the visions of the ideal. Calm and serene, as to his couch he goes, And angels guard with guarding sleep.

The Prophets? Whence are they? The Fathers—where? Who fearlessly withstand the might of kings? With their cry thus saith the Lord to dare The conflict sharp which trust with error brings, The spy that foaxes nor the lie upon their heads. Moved not, nor wrath of devils or of men. The singers, too, those lofty songs of praise With rhythmic glory fill the temple hall. With strains that filled the angels with amaze, As of their Lord’s redemption stainless joy. Now hushed in silence sleep they meet the end. They are not—have to be gone with God.

Where are the martyrs, saints, confessors—those Whose bravest impromptu, the rack and stake? Whose only fear was God to define. Who count not their lives for his truth’s sake? Those champions of the truth fulfilled a will, And now his glory all their new life fill.

How like a swelling stream from year to year The tide to its prophesied goal pours on! And now comes one, a teacher, guide, and seer. Unstilled that he may be no more upon In silence deep and sorrow most profound We bow our heads, low bending to the ground. So well! ‘There is one last cheer to hear! For us another tie to draw the soul Up to those heights superman. The tide of life forever more shall roll.

The battle’s fought, the victory won, he waits To give us as we love at the feet of God. The Teacher of Truth—Defender of Faith! His soul set on for all the thoughts of his frontier, And sought to grasp from out his mighty wrath The mystic truths it would to men make clear. That he might waken to a sight of his God. And live the soul he sought to lead above. Time is costly, precious; too costly to say With many a kindly word and sunny smile, Is hidden now by shadows taken away, And taken from us for a while. But God gave—the precious gift we gladly own! God takes—we can but say. “His will be done!”

Christian Work.

New York, Sept., 22, 1892.
**Missions.**

By O. U. Whitford, Cor. Secretary, Westley, R. I.

The following preamble and resolution were adopted at the Regular Meeting of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, held in Westley, R. I., Oct. 19, 1898.

Whereas, It was suggested that in the interest of our China Mission with a teacher for the Boys Boarding-school; therefore,

Resolved, That we send a teacher to the Boys Boarding-school this fall or early winter, if one can be obtained, or as soon as one can be obtained.

William L. Clarke, O. U. Whitford and G. J. Cranball were appointed a committee to put this resolution into effect. This has been a growing sentiment, for the past three years, among our people, and earnest appeals from the workers on the China field, that a teacher be sent to the Boys Boarding-school.

The Board voted also an appropriation of $2,500 for evangelistic work for the year 1899. The following evangelists are now at work on various fields: Rev. J. G. Burdick is holding meetings at Preston, in the Central Association; Rev. D. W. Leath is laboring with General Missionary L. F. Skaggs, in Mississippi and Indiana Territory; Rev. E. B. Saunders, with Bro. J. H. Hurley, will commence an evangelistic campaign in the Southwest, beginning at Foutke, Ark., the first week in November. The Evangelistic Committee has already asked for at least, and if possible three, permanent evangelists at work the coming year. To do it, the funds must come in for it. It is believed that our people will remember this important work in their prayers, and with generous contributions.

The following items of interest are taken from the report of the Evangelistic Committee to the Missionary Board, for the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1898: Rev. J. W. Leath reported three months of labor in Arkansas and Missouri; sermons and addresses, 71; prayer-meetings, 14; visits, 128; pages of tracts distributed, 660; conversions, 3; church organizations, 2; added to the church, 12; one preacher installed; average congregations, 4 to 200. Evangelist E. B. Saunders reported labor in Southern Wisconsin, study and preparation at home and in Chicago, for the fall campaign; sermons and addresses, 15; prayer-meetings, 20; average congregation, 109; pages of tracts distributed, 25. Mr. Edwin A. Babcock, of Milton, Wis., assisted for a short time by Herbert C. Van Horn, labored one month of the quarter at Columbia and Ashaway, R. I. He reported 6 sermons; average congregation, 30; prayer-meetings, 4; visits many; baptized, 2. Rev. J. H. Hurley, of North Loop, Neb., gave three weeks of labor in September at Calumus and Gurnin, Iowa. He reported a deep interest in the Sabbath question at Calumus, and that he had made arrangements for the Rev. E. H. Sowell to give there six lectures on the Sabbath. Rev. G. W. Hills, of Nortonville, Kansas, labored one month in labor in Central Wisconsin, assisted one week by Edwin M. Holston, of Walworth, Wis., the committee paying their traveling expenses. Bro. Hills reported sermons 27, and 20 additions to the church. Geo. B. Shaw, through the courtesy of the New York City church, labored five weeks among the scattered Sabbath-keepers at Trenton, New Richmond, Albert, Len, Aiden, Wells and Wa­sec, Minn. The Committee paid his traveling expenses. He reported 5 sermons; 4 Bible-schoo taught, and 75 visits. Rev. L. B. Swinney reported 6 trips, during the quarter, with his horse and buggy, to Sherman Park, Ayracuse, N. Y., without cost to the Committee. The missionaries labored with the Bible-school work, and sustained, and making progress. Expenditures during the quarter, $366.28; receipts, $31.32.

**MR. JOSEPH BOOTH AND AFRICAN INDUSTRIAL MISSIONS.**

Whereas, Mr. Joseph Booth, a missionary who was connected with the Industrial Mission in Nyassaland, Central Eastern Africa, came to this country to induce the Baptists to take up the Industrial Mission work in Africa, and through his efforts they did organize "The African Baptist Industrial Mission," with headquarters at Philadelphia, Pa., with Mr. Joseph Booth as their Field Secretary, and Mr. Booth having afterwards accepted the Sabbath, came to us and presented the scheme and methods of Industrial Missions in Africa to some of our people in Plainfield, N. J., Westley and Ashaway, R. I., and also at our late General Conference held at Milton Junction, Wis., and, whereas, the Conference having passed the following preamble and resolution:

Resolved, that a Conference Committee of seven be appointed to investigate Mr. Booth's credentials, and the plan contemplated; the committee to report at some future session of this Conference.

Passed by the Missionary Board at its regular meeting held Oct. 19, 1898.

Signed in behalf of the Board, O. U. Whitford, Cor. Sec.

**THE RAREST HUMAN QUALITY.**

Much has been written to show how love is the greatest thing in the world, but there is another quality much more rare than love—we mean sympathy. It is not difficult for human beings to love, for we all love the lovable when we see it. "We must love the highest when we see it." Then, too, love comes as a natural impulse. It is secret and hidden, and almost nobody gets through life without having loved someone, on a higher or lower level. But sympathy is a very different thing. One has to be almost angelic to sympathize. It is possible for selfish persons to love, but it is not possible for them to feel genuine sympathy. It is an absolutely unselfish quality. Most persons think they are sympathizing when they are not at all. They see some one in trouble, and they say with a rather heavy tone, "I am very sorry for you, you have my hearty sympathy," and they go to their house "justified," but down deep in their hearts they were rejoicing all the time that they were not like that "poor fellow," and they were excusing in their hearts his unhappy fortune. That is not sympathy. Another class of persons say nothing to the one in trouble, because they do not know what to say. They act awkward and restrained when they are with him, but try hard all the time to be natural and easy, and to talk of everything else but his trouble, so as not to hurt his feeling or stir his dreads. Still other persons avoid those who are in trouble, and say in hushed voices to their neighbors, "Poor So and So is having a hard time, but I’m not sympathy." The result is that a person in deep trouble in this world feels pretty much alone, and when he finds real sympathy he is as surprised as a desert traveler is when he finds a blossoming flower, and he is sure it must have had a divine origin.

Some of the most beautiful passages of the Gospel tell of Christ's sympathy. Like the
transfiguration, they show us at once the divine nature which was in him, and no human title more truly glorifies him than that of the "Great Sympathizer." He shared the troubles and sadnesses of others, and this is the essential element of sympathy. The word means "feeling or suffering with." The easy, well-meaning, unselfish, childlike, or a cold cruel throw as alms. One genuine pulse of fellow feeling, a true sharing of the burden of the heart, are worth more than a million words of sentiment. But alas, that other is so hard to realize, so rare, is so divine. It is the one rose flower which scarcely know except as a pressed specimen between the leaves of a book. Those who give it are most like Christ of all human beings.—The American Friend.

LEFT UNDONE.

It isn’t the thing you do, dear: It isn’t the thing you’ve left undone. Which gives you a bit of heartache At the setting of the sun. The tender word forgotten, The letter you did not write, The friend you should have sent, dear, Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted Out of brother’s heart. The bit of heart-some counsel You might have spoken to say. The loving touch of the hand, dear, Knowledge gained too late. That you had no time or thought for, With troubles enough of your own.

For his sake you didn’t sigh And sorrow is too great To suffer our-low compassion From these. For his sake. And it’s not the thing you do, dear, It’s the heart’s appeal Which gives you a bit of heartache At the setting of the sun.

—Selected.

INSPIRATION.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

In the Beginning is a short piece, is an article taken from Christian Work: I quote in part. "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 of God, the reference 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 others that could have been known as known 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." I wish to say that I am a firm believer in the Bible, but cannot endorse the statements above quoted, neither do I think the facts will bear them out. Now in all candor, a few queries:

If all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, it not very naturally represent him as possessing always the same attributes of character. Now is it a fact that on the contrary, it represents him as possessing attributes diametrically opposed to each other? Let us see. Compare these passages of Scripture:

"Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary, " Isaiah 11: 29. "I am weary with repenting." Jeremiah 25: 23. "And I change not." Mal. 3: 6. "With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." James 1: 17. "And God repented of the evil that he said he would do unto them, and he did it not." Isaiah 8: 10. There are no less than fourteen places in the Bible where God is spoken of as repenting. "There is no respect of persons with God," Rom. 2: 11. "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated," Rom. 9: 13. Why are such childish and morally degrading representations of God given? How do they harmonize with the idea of the Divine Being? For instance, we have an account of God giving Moses minute directions for making perfunctory to be used in the tabernacle, and if any other person made the same he should be put to death. Again we read that Jehovah ordered Moses to say to the king of Egypt, "Let us go, we beeseeth thee, three days' journey into the wilderness, that we may sacrifice unto the Lord, our God," when the real object was to escape out of the land, not to come back. What is this but deception on the part of God? Again God commanded Joshua to massacre all the men, women and innocent children of certain cities, the only reason being, so that Joshua and his followers might possess these cities and their rich land. Look at the horrible crimes committed by John, all done under the command of God, and with his approval. First, John shoots King Joram, and then orders the killing of Ahaziah, then by deception he obtains the heads of seven kings of children, which are packed in baskets and sent to him at Jezreel. He follows this by slaying all the rest of Abiah's relatives and friends. John was a consummate hypocrite and murderer, and yet the Bible tells us, according to all that was in God's heart, all that was right in God's eyes, etc.

Many more examples could be given of the incalculable wrong-doing, but these will suffice. Now no rational person can believe that a just, holy God can be guilty of such inhuman acts, therefore, the inevitable conclusion must be that there is some mistake in the translation, or the person who wrote the account attributed acts to the Divine Being that he had no hand in. It probably originated in these low conceptions of the character of God, and from the ignorance and superstition of the age. Many of the best scholars have decided that there is an error in the translation of the passage that declares John to be given by inspiration of God," etc., that a better translation and more in accordance with the original Greek would be, "Every writing divinely inspired (or which is divinely inspired) is also profitable for instruction, reproof," etc., and that the rendering of the passage that seems generally to have been given it. Most of the ancient versions, and most of the Christian fathers, thus interpreted it.

If this interpretation is accepted, it places the Scriptures in a very different light, and removes a large part of the difficulty. With this interpretation, I can heartily endorse the sentiments expressed in the latter part of the article referred to.

G. B. E.

"BUSY HIM AMONG THE KINGS."

Extract from the address of Dr. Kadolffe at the funeral of the Rev. John Hilt, D. B.

"And they buried him in the city of David among the kings. And all they that were good unto him had done good unto him both toward God and toward his house." It is our Jehovah to whom we give royal burial. A royal man standing head and shoulders above his fel lows, a royal priest whose anointing was to intercession and wisdom and good doing, a royal love that was lavish toward God and toward his house, a royal aim of sincere direction and noblest impulse, a royal love unwearyed, unstinted, unsatisfied; his resting place is in the city of our love, and his name is written among the kings. No nation or tribe can claim him as peculiarly its own.

This pulpit was his throne and this great congregation was peculiarly bound to him by the cords of love. But this church, though exceptionally numerous and demagnetizing, but a part of this man's work. That voice so persuasive echoed far beyond these walls. That form so commanding was easily seen across the continent. This multitude is but representative of another uncounted throng—lovely scenes, quickened minds, and invigorated lives, institutions and communities, which never claimed his presence nor saw his face, yet who turn with tenderness to this hour and gratefully yield the loving tribute of their debt and honor. "The works that I do they bear witness of me." He was apostolic in his journeys as in his message. His comprehensive sympathy made his majestic presence and ringing voice familiar and powerful on pulpits and platform, in hamlet and city, in all over this and every country.

The man who wanted him was the man he wanted. The need that commanded commanded him. He caught from his Master the new coronation and illustrated the royal life. His life abounded with the divine intimation, "I am among you as one that serveth." Self-forgetful in his humility, majestic in his simplicity, abundant of resource, a son of man in high purpose and living response; education, beneficence, patriotism and duty, the local charity asked, or asked in vain, for his sympathy and voice. Whenever he appeared, the throng followed, and for the same reason they thronged upon his Master. "My sheep hear my voice." They recognized reality. He did soul always recognizes his lord and master. Here was a real man. His tones struck true and strong. He did not hope, he believed. His familiar gesture of the closed and forceful hand was but the figure of his strength. He was the voice of the Word. His faith was part of his being. He did no self-pity for the truth. His message mastered the man. And then the man gave power to the message—the old story of the man behind the gun. Conviction is always power. You ask the explanation of his wide influence. I answer in that one word—reality. Reality is royalty. He roused innumerable hearts. They knew his voice. He answered their needs. He lived his faith. They followed him, and his name became a household word.

The work of his heart was not a mere effervescence, nor his impress a handwriting on sand. He gave himself to drudgery and persistency in all kinds of uncomengal and demanding service. He responded to the utmost diversities of duties and interests, the special gift of one or a few faculties commanding or dazzling, but the balance of all which gave response and success in the wonderful variety of his activities. He was as wise in his failures as he was wise in his success. His was the uncommon greatness of common sense. . . .—The Evangelist.

The more you do God's work within yourselves the more he will give you the opportunity of doing external work for him.—Mark.
Woman’s Work.
By Mrs. R. T. Rogers, Hammond, La.

MY BOY.
Don’t send my boy where your girl can’t go. And don’t let him beg for boys, you know, because they all have their wild oats to sow.
There is nothing wrong for my boy to love. Than your girl. Then please don’t tell him so.
Don’t send my boy where your girl can’t go. For a boy or girl or any one you know. And my baby boy’s hands are as clean and white. And his heart is pure, as your girl’s tonight.

CHINA.
A FEW RESULTS.
By Mrs. M. S. Morrow.
One winter evening during the Chinese holidays, I found myself, after a long, jolting ride, in “Great Prince Village.” The people who gathered to meet me were not scions of royalty, as might be inferred, but all belonged to the rank of the common people. Among others eager to greet me were three of our schoolgirls, who had preceded me by a few days to their home. As they brought their books to read a little, and talked and laughed with me over the events of the last few days, the neighbors stared in amazement at their evident affection for the foreign teacher. “Look at those girls,” said an older sister, hushing her crying baby; “see how happy they are. I wish my father and mother had received this doctrine before I was married. Then I could have gone to school, and should have known something. It has made new girls of my sisters.” A little later the mother, when we found opportunity for a quiet talk together, told me much the same story. She said: “My girls know how to be better Christians than I am. They have learned more than just how to read up there in your school. They are helpful about the house, but they like to have things neat, and don’t want to do the old ways. They always stop and pray every night and morning. And the other day when I gave Wen Yu some powder, she told me, ‘We do not use that now.’ Nor do they eat the soup this winter. They say that you teach them it is just the same as drinking wine.” I smilingly explained the school position on the temperance question.

Then thoughts came to me of the daughter’s broader view of her clearer vision as to daily duties. To her the[table column]n row of white smooth, by oil, the face was powdered and rouged, and every movement was hampered by small, bright face, the neatly braided hair, the tidy, blue garments, and last, but not least, the natural feet, with the outer girl of two years ago. Then there were a profusion of ornaments and flowers in the hand, made smooth by oil, the face was powdered and rouged, and every movement was hampered by small, crippled feet. With the breaking of the external bonds also came that change known to those who work among girls and women in heaven’s lands, and only to be described as the soul looking out of the windows of the body.

Do the societies who have shares in schools in China realize the great work in which they engage when they vote twenty-five or thirty dollars of their contributions to support Chinese schools? An English writer has wittily described the process of making a good all-round child. The first direction is to begin with the grandmother. Now you, through us, are manufacturing the better ancestors for a new China. The next generation of these bound feet. You might ask, What is in her bundle? In her handkerchief is a Testament, a few catechisms, and some cards for the children. Her heart is full of love and a desire to help. She will illustrate her instruction by bringing the truth home to the indifferent, and often tells “what Christ has done for me.” Her visits mean much to many women who are shut off from Christian intercourse by the prejudices of their own or brothers. Very many find their way to the Glad Tidings Hall through her invitation. You can find your sermons in books, your spiritual quickening in many ways, but should you withhold the thirty-six-dollar that supports one of these workers, many of your Chinese sisters would miss their awakening.

Does your heart go out to little ones? Do you ever feel thankful for all that made your childhood safe and happy here in dear America? Then pass it on to the little brown-skinned, almond-eyed being, whose child days are so full of care. Fifty, or better, sixty, dollars pays the rent of a room, salary of teacher, and other incidentals. The children of the East and hedges are growing up, the American practical America says, “What results do you obtain from this work among the Chinese street Arabs? I am often reminded of the sweet promise, “A little child shall lead them.” It is an uncommonly fitting motto, when preparing for the Chinese New Year, to desist from the purchase of the new paper gods because of a childish admonition, “Teacher, says they can’t help us, and that it is a sin to buy them.” “Happy Son told his younger brother that he ought not to revile the other day,” said a mother to me. Could you have given a better answer as to the cause of Peter’s shilling, when he left the boat and started out to meet his Master, than did one of our day-school children, after looking long and carefully at the picture? “He forgot to look at Jesus.” One summer afternoon I carried over to the school a large bouquet of the monthly red roses which grow so abundantly in the front of the house. As I went through the door I found they were just closing school. I stood outside and listened as various petitions rose from the children who were sitting with bowed heads on the k'ang.

“Lord, help me not to quarrel, and to be silent.” fell from little H’ling’s lips, “Our Heavenly Father, help me to gather the fuel quick to-night, so I can come to school to-morrow.” Do you count it as a little thing, that, through your schools, God became a present help to these little ones? Are not the children who, before picking up their chop sticks at meals, stop, and say the grace taught them in the day school, bearing witness to their Father’s love and care?

When the last great harvest is gathered, and you find some golden sheaves from China in your bundle, you may ask how these were gathered. First of all, the little gift, of the offering sent so long ago. The “least of all seeds,” says the parable, “but when it is grown, the greatest of the growing herbs.”

* You moral coward—the man who is afraid of life, afraid of its depths or its heights, its valleys of humiliation and its peaks of vision, its significant experiences of whatever kind—too incapable of development. All these are the ripening experiences of the soul. We must expect them, as the apple expects its July blaze and the midnight frost. It is childish to shrink from the intensities of life. Why do we live, if not to meet life’s requirements and bear its fruits? —James Buckham.
SHILOH, N. J.—The mother wanted to go to Jersey again, among the church people and life-long friends of old. Always, when early summer was over and the doors and windows were closing us in for the approaching winter, the longing to go to Shiloh would be renewed; this autumn was no exception, and so it had been forake.

The trunks were packed, the furniture prepared, and her cot was placed in the long-covered carriage, and the whole household who possibly could go accompanied us to the steamer, and thus we said the good-bye's and left the dear ones in Smyrna.

The invalid's cot was taken to the cabin, and here we were delighted to find many other friends ready to take the same journey to the city.

A thunder-storm about sunset cleared the sultry atmosphere, and the cool night air made the ride on the steamer a luxury. Who knows the beauty of the Delaware Bay on a moonlight night, with its wide expanse of water, distant shores, and the many sailing vessels? By the evening of the third, we reached Philadelphia sometime in the night; in the early morning the captain's kind heart led him to say that, as he had some freight for Market Street, he would take his steamer down near the station for our accommodation, and so deliver it; and thus it happened, calling his own men, the captain himself saw the invalid's couch carried and placed safely on the ferry-boat.

In Camden the station-master was ready and prepared, a baggage-car being cleaned and swept for us; and, a cousin accompanying us and John coming to meet and help with grandmas, we four made a happy party on our way down to Bridgeport. Here relatives and friends came to meet us and very soon we found ourselves safely in Shiloh.

In order that the aged one might rest after the journey, the many friends kindly abstained from calling for a couple of days, and then the happy greetings commenced and they still continue. Many years have passed, and we remember the mother, and come to renew their friendship, besides the warm-hearted brethren and sisters of the Shiloh church, who, as of old, are devoted companions and friends, make frequent visits to cheer and comfort.

ELLA F. SWINNEY.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.—On the urgent invitation of the people where the first four years of active work were spent, we are on our way to attend the Yearly Meeting of the Southern Illinois churches at Stone Fort. When this field was left for pastoral work it was with the understanding that two months of the year, more or less, should be spent in missionary work on needy fields. The Southern Illinois field was the one especially thought of in this arrangement. The West Hallock church, though freely consenting to this plan, last Sabbath once more expressed their willingness to work for and engage for a few weeks in special work on this missionary ground. The "Union church," which I have supplied for some months past, also consented to the pastor's absence for a few weeks.

The work at West Hallock and Union never seemed more attractive and important, and it is only in response to what seems a clear call of duty that we could decide to leave it, even for a short time. A class for a thorough and systematic study of the Bible has been carefully organized, with growing interest, and sanguine hopes are indulged for the results of this. A slow but steady growth of enthusiasm in Christian Endeavor work promises a better year than last. The Society has been formally organized; the Sabbath appointments are well sustained, and we are hopeful that the spiritual thermometer of the church—the Sabbath evening prayer-meeting—may yet indicate a higher degree of spiritual life. Our Bible-class is now studying the great question, in which a growing interest is shown.

West Hallock is not noted for the frequency of its social fêtes. Just now, however, all are looking forward to the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Vars, invitations to which have been issued.

Conference blessings are still remembered, and it is our fixed purpose, trusting the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, to join the ranks in the forward movement along all lines of denominational work. Lastly we have the deepest assurance of the Lord's richest blessing on the little church we have left for a season, and feeling the weight of responsibility in the special work to follow the Yearly Meeting at Stone Fort, we earnestly ask your prayers.

T. J. VANHORN.

"ZAMBIES INDUSTRIAL MISSION."

Those interested in Bro. Booth, and the account of his almost miraculous labors in Eastern Central Africa, will be interested to learn more of the work there. I wrote to the Secretary of the Zambesi Industrial Mission, Mr. Robert Caldwell, F. E. G. S., No. 1, Graham Street, London, E. C., England, and some weeks after received in return a half-dozen circulars, or reports of the Mission. The earliest is dated June 3, 1893, and the last September 3, 1893; I quote from the report of June 3, 1893:

"'God hath done great things; whereof we are glad!' When we issued our first paper, giving an account of the marvelous measure of blessing vouchsafed in connection with the founding of the Zambesi Industrial Mission, we introduced it with the Scriptural exclamation: 'What hath God wrought!' We felt that the Mission owed alike its origin and its success to God alone. But as month by month, letter after letter came from Africa, bringing tidings of still greater enlargement of the scope of the Mission, which we were wholly unprepared for when we set our hands to the work, we confess to a feeling of anxious concern as to 'whereunto this thing would and how to establish it; and the supplies were sent into the Home Office, enabling us to keep pace with the rapidly increasing needs of the work, and causing us with gladness hearts anew to thank God and take courage, going forward with an unceasing and unceasing effort to establish and consolidate that which he has given. In sending forth, therefore, our second paper, we felt that the cry of the Psalmist very fittingly expressed our desires, when he prayed, 'Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought.' This prayer, too, has been answered beyond our highest expectations. Strength has been added to strength, blessing has followed upon blessing, so that the 1,000 acres of land that we at first considered sufficient for the extension of our work on behalf of Africa have been multiplied an hundred-fold. To-day the Mission possesses more than 100,000 acres of rich land, honestly bought; and it surely becomes us, in issuing our third paper, humbly to record that, notwithstanding the weakness and the unworthiness of the instrumentalities used, 'God hath done great things, whereof we are glad.'"

Mr. Caldwell, the Secretary, says: "We have also with us Mr. J. E. Booth, the only missionary on the Zambesi Mission, and I have no doubt that many of you have read the pamphlets sent, showing the great work that God has enabled Mr. Booth, Sr., to do in Africa. God has honored him in a way that is almost incredible, enabling one man, severely handicapped, to do a mighty work, the issue of which shall declare?"

"His little daughter, a child of ten years, has, in all his work, proved a great help to him, and protection, and this we feel to be an addition to his work. Her father was perfectly safe from the lions when she was by his side! We were hoping that the son would also go out at this time. It has been decided, however, in accordance with what seems the will of God, and his own desire, that the son will wait till he has completed his course of training."

"At Katanga we have a station which has a history. An old chief, by name Masea, who was one of the four who stood loyally by Dr. Livingstone for twenty-five years, has been brought in some measure to account for the people of Livingstone's God. When Mr. Booth came there, Masea prevailed on him to accept a plot of land on which to build a Mission Station. He would take nothing for that land; he said the land was God's land, and he gave it to the Mission for God's work." In circular, May, 1894. "In material and financial help the Lord has also provided in measure surpassing anything we dared to hope for. Mr. F. W. Crosby, of Manchester, has kindly supplied, for the use of the mission, a steamboat and all necessary repairs for river traffic, at a cost of about £5,000; (225,000) and Mr. John Corey has furnished the means to build and send out two large steel barges, suitable both for passenger and goods traffic. These will be very helpful adjuncts to the work." It seems that Bro. Booth's son went to Africa early in 1894, or before, and after a little time suddenly died. Mrs. Wilson and Miss Mayner both write concerning his death; we quote from the latter.

"Dear Eddie Booth has been called home to be with Jesus. All that remained to us of him, we were this morning laid in its last resting place. He was but seventeen, though far beyond that age in his character and appearance. Our house was surrounded with flowers, and he had to go to Chirimo, hoping to meet it there, and pass the goods through the customs. Naturally an unhealthy place, it was much more so now during the rainy season. The barge was lost, he was sick, and his fever attacked him for the second time badly. However in a fortnight's time news came that the barge had come. He rose from his bed, saw all his work done, then, though really ill, he started for home—a weary tramp of five days. One of our most faithful evangelists..." (Continued on page 702.)
Young People’s Work

By Edwin Shaw, Milton, Wis.

"It is not all of life to live." Life is something more than mere breathing air, and eating food, and drinking water, and being sheltered by clothing and homes from heat and cold, from ravenous beasts and human foes.

Life means breathing good, pure air; it means eating and drinking that which is wholesome and nutritious; it means wearing clothes which not only protect and shelter, but also beautifully adorn; it means living in homes where repose and comfort and labor and happiness abound.

Life means, therefore, peace among the nations of the earth, or it means such a victory as has just been won by our country. Life means the power to take all one’s surroundings, physical, moral, intellectual and spiritual, to cast them into the seething cauldron of daily experience, and to extract therefrom health and happiness for one’s self and for others. This is life, and whatever will best prepare one for it is to be sought after with persistent earnestness.

There are two kinds of education—general education and special education. In general education a liberal education is a liberal education, and a specific education is a technical education. To give a liberal education is the purpose of our public, graded and high schools, our academies and our colleges. The technical education is acquired in the shop, in the office, in the halls of the school, the normal school, and institutions of that kind. Now all liberal education is in some degree also specific, while all specific education is likewise in a measure liberal. We cannot say of any study that it is wholly liberal, or wholly specific.

It is not my purpose here to discuss the means by which a liberal education is best secured, whether by the study of mathematics, or the ancient languages, or modern literature, or the natural sciences, or history, or speculative philosophy. My own view is that it does not matter so much what is studied as how it is studied, and under whose instruction. Nor is it my purpose to notice the many criticisms which fall upon schools which are supposed to give a liberal education. For it is possible for a person to spend ten years time on what are known as liberal studies under teachers who are mere parrots, and at the end be narrow-minded walking encyclopedias, possessed of many facts and figures, but wholly without culture.

What do I mean, then, by a liberal education? If you are interested, read this column in the next issue of the Recorder.

THE GIFT OF GRACIOUSNESS.

By Clara L. Rogers, Farina, Ill.

The gift of graciousness is a quality we should all strive to obtain, and one which must be cultivated to create.

We often hear this expression, "Oh, she is so nice to everyone—it seems natural for her to be so." The same persons who admire this gracious manner in others say, "I am constitutionally indifferent, and it would be hard for me to be kind and shut in most people, when, really, there are only a few whom I care about." But they, at the same time complain that they are not universally liked, or that they are left out of some pleasure in which their more gracious friends are included.

In order to have this pleasant and gracious manner, we must be unselfish and good-natured, and the one quality that cannot be put on and off at will. We cannot put on unselfishness and good-nature like a garment. It will be ill-fitting, and will plainly show that it is not our own, but a borrowed garment.

Therefore, if we want to wear that garb in company, we must begin to wear it now, and keep it on all the time; for it wears well, and the colors are fast, and will not wash out. We cannot be cross and selfish at home and kind and good-natured in company; neither can we keep our good-nature for an out-side garment, a wrap to be put on for special occasions; it will surely fall off at unexpected moments.

We must, therefore, be kind and gracious, considering the feelings of others, and always having a pleasant word for everybody; be frank and true, giving praise where it is merited, having charity for the short-comings of others.

Some of us make not only ourselves but others unhappy, by listening for some one to say an unkind word. In a little while we doubt even the kind word, if the manner of expressing it does not seem as hearty as it should, and in a short time we are busy looking for the word that was never meant, for the tone that was never thought of, and for the neglect that was never intended. When we allow ourselves to feel this way, we are a sorrow, not only to ourselves, but to everyone around us. If we busy ourselves making other people unhappy, relieve somebody else of the burdens of life, in short, be so busy that we shall not have time to analyze all the talk that is going on around us, we shall make ourselves a help rather than a hindrance.

For if we were kind and gracious to those around us, we must look for the good and not the evil; be interested in the things our friends are interested in; never speak an unkind word, but always have a pleasant word for everyone.

Improve each little opportunity for doing good, and we shall not only help those around us, but we shall be much happier ourselves, and we shall acquire this enviable quality that makes some of our friends so much admired and loved.

The only things that can prevent its acquisition are a selfish disposition and a loveless heart. It will not dwell where love and humanity do not abide, and, like true politeness, is founded on unselfishness.

OUR MIRROR.

Let me repeat the request made three weeks ago, that items of interest regarding your local Society be sent to the editor.

Let me also repeat the invitation regarding questions having special reference to the work of young people in any department of life.

BEGINNING this week with the Eastern Association, I shall publish a list of Societies, with names of officers and very brief statistics. If there are any mistakes, I shall deem it a great favor to be corrected. You will find the names of the officers of the Permanent Committee with the Association.
Children’s Page.

If I were you.

If I were you, and went to school, I'd have to go to bed early, And it should be my teacher's joy That she had no better boy, And 'twould be true. I'll say yes.

If I were you, I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell; For false words are like rotten plums, A coward heart, and telling lies.

And if I were you, too.

One night I was left alone with him, and he was delicious, calling out and frightening all the natives away; I was dreadfully frightened and did not go to bed until morning he was much better, for the fever had left him, but he was very weak. When father was well again he had to go and see a native chief across the river about some land, so, of course, we were alone there we slept in our tent, and in the night a leopard came, and as my leg had slipped down between the bed and the canvas of the tent, father heard it sniffing at me, and he lifted me away; but instead of going into the tent, as it might have done, a baby cried just then in one of the native huts not far away and the leopard went in the direction of the sound. After father’s business with the chief was over, we started home in the afternoon, and so making it necessary to sleep on the mountain side. Before we went to sleep father told two men to keep a fire burning, because there were wild beasts about, but when father woke up in the night the fire was out and father said they could hear the leopards not far off; but instead of getting up and having a fire made, and so showing the leopards we were there, hasty still and trusted in God to deliver us, and he did, for father and I were within a few feet of the leopards. The chief father had been to see was named Masayek, a Makololo chief, who had followed Dr. Livingston across Africa.

Another time father had to go part of the way down the river with two canoes to meet the Burke which was very heavily laden and had been five or six months on the journey, and help to bring up some of the bales of calico. As we were going down—For I went too—we had to sleep two nights in our canoes by the bank; both nights crocodiles came and scratched the sides of the canoe with their claws, and tried to get in to us, but father jumped up and picking up one of the poles the canoe was worked with, struck at the crocodiles and splashed the water about; after this we slept on the bank. The third night father said he would go back, and he saw a good sized snake under a bush, but as it was getting dark he did not have it killed because it would have been very dangerous work. In the night when I was asleep father heard it moving about, but it did not come near us. The next day we met the barge and had both canoes filled with bales of calico. Father and I went in one of them. As we turned a bend in the river we ran on a sand-bank, and being heavily laden our canoe stuck fast. There were two men on the bank, and just as we struck they shot a large hippopotamus, which, when it saw us, came out of the water and rushed at us. It had been shot in its nose and was furious. When I saw it I began to cry and cling to father; he remembered the verse, ‘We follow not the wav, nor are we afraid, for God is with us.’ He stood and waited. As the hippopotamus rushed at us it came quite close and then stopped and looked father in the face; he watched it and was struck with the beauty of its eyes. After looking at us for sometime and then at the water, seeming very undecided what to do, it plunged into the water and left us unharmed. A day or two after this, while we were traveling in the same canoe we landed on an island for the night, and when it was night and we were all asleep, father heard the roaring of lions at a distance, and they came nearer and nearer until they were quite close to the river, and not far from us. I awoke and heard poet, and father says I said, for I was frightened and do not remember, ‘Oh! Da, the lions, they will eat me first, won’t they? they won’t kill you and leave me in Africa, will they?’ Father replied and said, ‘God has promised to deliver those who love him. ‘The next day he was very frightened himself and his heart was beating very fast. Father then told me these promises, ‘There shall no evil befall thee,’ and ‘The angel of the Lord campeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.’ Then I took father’s hand and held it tight and went to sleep. I ought to have told you that father never carried any firearms, but depended upon God. A number of other missionaries came out, and among them my brother. He went down with the fever, but before we came away he seemed almost better. Father and I arrived in England about the 14th of December, 1893, and father left me there to get an education. My brother died on the 22d of February, 1894; he was a big, strong boy of seventeen, but in doing some mission work which no one else would do he lost his life. I have not said anything of the African people: they are a noble race, wellREGARDED, and very kind, generous and friendly, much superior to the American negro in character and disposition, but without their advantages. They are not savage and cruel, as many suppose, but generally very hospitable; of course I am only speaking of those living in the parts we have traveled in. They believe in white men because of the good influence of Dr. Livingston.

Emily Booth.

A Cat that Can Read.

"I have a cat," said a lady, "that knows when a letter comes to her." "A letter!" exclaimed the bearer in surprise. "Yes, a letter; and, if you don’t believe it, I will prove it to you. Just wait a minute until I direct one." My friend left the room, and in a few minutes returned with a sealed envelope, addressed to "Miss Puss, No. — Marlboro Street, City." "Now," said she, "if you will kindly post that for me to-night, and be here when the postman comes around on his first delivery to-morrow morning, you will see that I am telling you facts." I mailed the letter as she asked, and was at my friend’s home promptly the next morning.

Soon the bell rang; and shortly afterward the servant entered with a bundle of letters, among which was that for Miss Puss.

Placing them near the cat on the floor, my friend said, "Now, Miss Puss, pick out your letter." Sure enough, Pussie at once showed an interest, and in a moment had pushed aside with her paw the envelope addressed to her. I was almost too surprised to speak, when my friend said with a laugh, "Wait a moment. She’ll open it, and eat up all that is in the envelope. Just watch her do it." Scarcely had she said this when Miss Pussie had torn the envelope open, and was enjoying her letter; and when the letter was read and the envelope was filled with fragrant catnip. —Selected.
“I can’t cry, Haggar. I wish I was dead and in my grave! I do—I’m that sick of be¬
in’ his football!”

Even with the low, passionate voice the tears rushed like a spring freshet. I’m goin’
away, Haggar; I can’t stand it no longer. He
stripped me of every bit of self-respect, and
he’d have killed me now, if I hadn’t got
out of the room. He come in drunk; I seen
the whisky in his eyes when he shut the door
and looked at me. Then he struck me and
choked me, and tried to get his knife out.
And I was so desperate to give him a show
that threw him against the bed; and Haggar
—Haggar, if he thinks I’m here he’ll kill me!”

Haggar hugged the bruised face in her
bosom.

“It’s the drink, Nannie; but he’s got no
business to be drunk, and then blame the
whisky. It don’t walk down men’s throats;
it takes a hand to get it down, and then men
blames the drinkin’.

The soles ceased, the heavy head lifted.

“I don’t see how you stood it, Haggar, all
these years; I’d ’killed myself,” whispered
Nannie.

“I didn’t darst to, Nannie. I was afraid to.
I thought what if God ’ud say: ’Well, did I
tell you I wanted you here?’ and not let me
come in if I went without him sendin’; and I
didn’t dare. I didn’t like to intrude. Poor
folks don’t know when people wants them
walkin’ in,” said Haggar, softly.

“It’s blows and bleedin’ for me; and that
dyin’ back for you, Haggar. That’s what
whisky do, don’t give him. ’I don’t know where I’m goin’; out of this
house and into the first door I find open,”
said the poor creature, steadying herself on
her feet, and laughing recklessly as her fingers
wiped the drops off her cheek.

“Nannie, don’t! Remember that
dead baby of yours. You can’t leave that
forever for the Lord to carry around; you’ve
’got to get into heaven, you have, to ease him
of carryin’ that little baby.”

The hard laugh broke into sobs, the woman
dropped on her knees, staggering, in turn, Ha¬
ggar’s head to her bosom.

“I will, Haggar, darlin’—I will. I won’t for¬
t-get—I’ll be good, even if I have to just lie
down in the gutter and freeze. I didn’t mean
it.”

“Yes, I know; but don’t forget, Nannie.
It’s different with you than me. You’re ex¬pected up there; I ain’t.”

At the first streaks of dawn Nannie crept
downstairs, faltered, with a shuddering sigh,
at the steps. She slithered through the gray, then
flled out into the fog, a wild, wan thing. It
hung thick, a crawling, wet fog that slunk
down throats like a thief, molding about
tenements like a winding-sheet. Down the
swarves, fires along bank that log, I flung
flames on the water, red gutters
along the waves. Now and then voices floated
in-abore, bodiless voices, filled with fog, and
rattle of oar-locks and that, ceaseless swish
and lap of waters.

She crept down the river-edge. A steam¬
er plowed haurly up-stream, its red and
green lantern dully gleaming like tired eyes
out of the fog. The waves lapped higher,
lounder, breaking against her feet.

“It’d only be to wade out a bit deeper,” she
thought.

Far off, faint and far off, she heard the church chimes. Solemn and slow the bells
played, angelically sweet, a wordless ecstasy.
It fell about her like love’s garment; from
to head to foot, against her lips, and between
her and the lapping river. With her face
toward the sound, she turned and went up
the bank, stood a second under the shadow
of the suspension bridge, and, a little later,
running, walking, strangely thrilled to the
thought leading her, rang the bell of a big
brick house.

The door opened; shut her in from the
chill. “I’m homeless, friendless,” she faltered
to the asking eyes. But I ain’t bad, I’m mar¬ried—here’s my ring, ma’am; it’s gold; but I
rather be dead than beat any more.

The swollen face told more of the story than
the lips could tell.

“I ain’t bad,” she repeated, as she leaned
over the flames in the open grate, scooping
in the warmth in handfuls, and drinking it like
primrose wine. “Haggar still ain’t bad.”

The woman was used to sad stories; not
even the life-tide was warm in the stone-cold
souls of half the lives about her till they
met Christ and warmed in the look of his eyes.
She just stirred the coals, following the swarms
of sudden flight up chinning the chimney, and
waited.

“Haggar knows; she’s a saint. Whiter’n
snow and lilies, inside—an dyin’. It’s whisky;
her father threw her downstairs, and her
spin’e-bone is rotlin’.” She’ll tell you. I
stood it till I tasser stand it no longer. Beatin’
and kickin’, kickin’ and beaten, and murder,
pretty near. I told Haggar I was goin’; and
I did, last night. I went to the river; I had
to go to the river to look at it. It sings so,
and beckons, and says: ’Comeon! come on!;
the street can’t want me any more.’

I wanted to. But maybe my baby would
be feared of a drowned woman; and I
promised Haggar, and I come here.”

“Yes,” said the woman, softly; “you came
here.”

Nannie sighed—a sigh of rest. “I come
home; I thought you’d be glad. I used to
listen under the windows when you sung of
nights; there was one about, ’You’ve carried
your burden, oh, bring it to Jesus,’ and I
brung it.”

Softly the other took up the words, singing
them under breath:

“You’ve carried your burden,
You’ve carried it long;
Oh, bring it to Jesus;
He’s mighty and strong.”

“Yes, ma’am; that’s it. You don’t know
how long; Haggar’ll tell you. Then the baby
came. It had sorrowful eyes; and when it
was aurnin’, them blue eyes fixed right on my
eyes like it knew, and it was always lyin’ in
my bosom, so sweet and comfortin’ and pre¬
ious. Then it died. Oh, I was glad it died,
for the floods had come, and I didn’t have
milk enough for it to live on, and I felt some¬
ting in them like eyes from the hungry look that got in them. They died lookin’ at me so—”

The woman was softly sobbing, her warm,
strong arms about Nannie; but as if she were
at heaven’s confessional, the full heart poured
out in sweet, honest sentences, seeking
easement in the telling.

“He had beat me that night, and when he
Hagar, from her bed at the window-ledge, watched the dark, swollen waters, the boats pulling over them. Listened, and sang, and wondered of Nannie. Nannie's husband had come in the next morning after Nannie had run away.

"Do you know where my girl's gone?" he asked her.

The bleared eyes held a haggard shaine. Hagar looked at him, then off to the daggers of sunshine piercing the room. The thin, reedy thread of song went on.

"If I knew," said she, finally, "I'd never tell."

He scowled fiercely at her and, stepping closer, swore at her.

"You pigmy; if you's a man, I'd choke it out of ye!"

"If you was a man, you wouldn't threat a woman with a dead back!" she answered, her eyes brimming with a fine emotion.

"A dead back, maybe, but a mighty live tongue," he muttered. "Honest to God, Hagar, if you tell me where she's gone, I won't hurt her."

"I'd be afraid to call God's attention so much, if I was you. Ain't you afraid he might strike you dead? and you ain't fit to die sudden," said Hagar.

"Where's my wife, Hagar?"

"Love, honor, and cherish," said Hagar solemnly. "That's what a man promises a woman to, at the preacher's. 'N when his babies come and she's-drug-out 't' 'em and workin' and goin' half-dead, why then he beats her and tries to kill her."

Did I do that again, Hagar?" he faltered.

"Last night," she answered.

"Then she's run off from me, Hagar," said the man, harsely. "What shall I do?"

"Well, I'm just a woman," said Hagar; "and I don't know how it feels to be aint, them I'd kissed and told I'd loved, and sent my boy out there to get the second wife, but if I was a man, sick a man as you, I'd get religion."

He stared at her.

"And then if I could find her, I'd coax her to come once more and try it," she continued. But I don't know's I'd come, if I was Nannie. You ain't to be trusted."

"You're—you're awful hard on a fellow, Hagar."

But she had turned away, the sweet, thin, thready song took up its strain as if there had been no break in it. Her face lay where the edge of sunshine crossed her hair in fingers branching over lips, like a riposte, he went out.

There looked in a face, one day, over Hagar's window sill; as Hagar's startled gaze met the smiling eyes, another face rose out of the flood, with familiar love in the eyes.

"Why, Nannie!" she cried, holding out welcoming arms.

"It's me, Hagar," cried Nannie, climbing in. "It's me. And I've found you!"

Sure enough, such things! And such comfort in the voice and touch of the strange woman Nannie brought!

"But if he come in, I'd die of fear," said Nannie, when her husband had come direct to her that next day. "I'm all a-tremble; but if I didn't come Miss Anna couldn't find you."

"He never come but then; and I said I'd not tell him if I knew where you was; and told him he'd got religion and then start out to hunt you up."

"Get religion! Oh, Hagar!" sobbed Nannie.

"If he does," said Hagar, "then maybe you could try him again; like you was married over again."

The flood receded slowly; left disease and death in its wake. Hagar failed, as if the soul were drifting out with the falling waters.

It had rained all day; wires overheard were strung with the temptation dropt that slipped along them like beads, falling and reforming in rhythmic regularity. Eaves ran full, spilled over their rims, gushed at tin spouts, and streets scudded with up-leaping whitecaps.

When the first faint glimmers of horns and tambourines came up from the rainy night, Hagar's restless hands grew still. Wind blown and sweet, now loud, now faint, the song swelled. Closser, louder, it paced directly under Hagar's window. She pulled up to the sill, slipped the umbrella flapped and awayed as the circle closed in about the big drum. A strong voice lifted in prayer, a rapid plea to them to come to God and get the blessing of a clean heart. "Oh, you poor fellow," said the brave young voice—"you poor fellow, just giving in to the devil, why don't you stop? Stop right this minute and let Jesus be your friend. Why, he loves you. He'll save you from drink and swearin', and beatin' your wife and lynin'. He'll carry your burden, and you so's you've got now, and you can do this every day's work six days a week. Come and give Jesus a trial!"

From the amens rose afarh ast that sweet wild fervor of song:

"You've carried your burden, You've carried it long, Oh, bring it to Jesus, He's mighty and strong."

Out of the little crowd a man flung in and knelt by the drum. Instantly the song sobbed gladder, louder in the rain, as a young fellow knelt beside the weeping man with a swift prayer and promise, and the scene itself seemed to melt down to the knees.

One clear, woman-voice lifted petition, bearing the poor sinner up to the throne, and leaving him there. When they stood, a silent expectant circle, the man that spoke: "The yellow gas-light flickered on his face. "Why," whispered Hagar to the rain, "it's Nannie."

Her head fell back on her pillow; she did not hear the low cry as a woman pushed her way to them. And the sound about him, in his neck and clung to him, for the Julien chorus swollen loud again and hid all other sound.

But her door burst open. "He's got religion, Hagar—he's got religion!" cried Nannie.

But the great white gates had shut Hagar in. —The Independent.
Popular Science.

Some of the Highest Mountains in the World.

The highest mountain on the globe is Gaorn-insaker, located in the Himalaya range, between Hindoostan and the Chinese Empire, near Nepal. It is now known as Mount Everest, being named after Sir George Everest, an English engineer, who was superintendent of the trigonometrical survey of India, in 1823, and made surveyor-general in 1830. The name was changed in his honor. It is 29,092 feet above sea-level, being above five and one-half miles; no higher mountain is known. The next in height is Dapsang. This mountain is found also in the Himalaya range, north of Kashmir, in India, and is 28,230 feet high, only seven hundred and nine feet lower than Everest. There are in this wonderful range of upheaval, called mountains, no less than fifteen having peaks that are over 25,000 feet high. There must have been generated at some time a tremendous force under earth, to have elevated such an enormous mass of rocks (over five miles high), and continue to hold them in place.

The next highest in the world is Mount Aconcagua, in Chile, South America. It is the highest peak in the American range at 22,910 feet. Then comes Chimborazo in Ecuador, at a height of 24,098 feet. Humboldt undertook to ascend this mountain in 1802. He came very near making a success; but Whytump, in 1809, accomplished the feat.

The highest mountain in North America has been supposed to be Mt. Elias, in Alaska, which is said now to be about 18,100 feet, according to latest measurements, but its actual height is yet unsolved. It has been quoted as high as 19,000 feet.

Mr. G. H. Eldridge, of the Geological Survey, who has lately returned from Cook's Inlet, says he has found a peak to the right of the Sushitna River that is higher than Mt. Elias. By triangulation and scientific calculations, he estimates its height to be at least about 20,000 feet.

The next highest on the world's list is Orezaba, about ten miles north of Orezaba, the capital of the state of Vera Cruz, in Mexico. This mountain is 18,014 feet.

The highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere is Pico de Bocaina. It is situated forty-five miles southeast of the city of Mexico, and is 17,782 feet in height. It is a very moderate volcano, and has a crater all of a mile in diameter.

The next is Mount Whitney, in the Sierra Nevada range, in California. It is 14,898 feet high. In the Rocky Mountains, the highest peaks are the Holy Cross, Pike's, Long's and Terry's, which claim an altitude of from 14,000 to 14,400 feet.

A New Engine.

A new heat motor has been invented and brought into notice, by Rudolph Diesel, that is receiving considerable attention by engineers, both in Europe and this country. The engine is made so as to use oil or powdered coal as fuel, yet its construction is entirely different from gas or petroleum engines, and on different principles. In this motor there is no explosion; the power is obtained by the expansion of common atmospheric air. The fuel makes machinery, which is intended to be a quickener of the spiritual life rather than to be used as a text-book of methods by which to get blessings.

The fuel is at one ignited by heat produced by the compression, and as no explosion can take place, it burns steadily and increases the atmospheric expansion, which drives the piston.

At the end of the stroke the gases enter the second cylinder, when they further expand, after which they are discharged into the air. This engine, therefore, double expanded, in yet appears to be very simple, in deed, has no moving parts, and, by the high compression, no firing device is necessary. The ignition of the oil or other fuel becomes positive, a quick explosion is avoided, and a steady, powerful expansion of the highly compressed air is secured.

By this method, we see no reason why the greatest attainable power, from compressed air may not be automatically obtained, at the very minimum of cost. It is set forth that the power indicator card shows a cut-off action as sharp as though the piston was driven by steam.

I have now in operation a gas engine driving machinery, that works on the explosive principle, requiring very little attention. It does it with a nearly steady load at a far less cost than steam, but could I use condensed air and petroleum as fuel to produce expansion, I am sure the engine would do the same work at a fraction of a cent per hour for each horse-power.

There is but very little friction or loss of power in moving forward condensed air to almost any distance, and then using it for operating machinery, but the power for condensing the air is to be generated in the engine. But in this engine the power is produced by the expansion of the condensed air alone.

I have for some time been of the opinion that the expansion of condensed air would come to the front, as the cheapest, most easily controlled and applicable power yet known to science.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

Dear Brother Cotter:

I hand you herewith the list of suggested topics for the prayer-meetings of November.

I have been for some time using studies from the Acts, and expect to continue them with occasional changes for some time to come. It shall take Bro. Main's topic for our next meeting, and follow it with a sermon on the question of Sabbath-keeping. I am hoping the work of the coming year will be of great blessing to all the brethren and their churches.

I have had much help from the Spirit in my work since Conference.

Yours in the Master's work.

E. A. WITTEN.

Stabb School,

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1898.

FOURTH QUARTER.

October.

Oct. 8. How to be Saved. (Rom. 1: 18-32.)
Oct. 12. God's Called to Save, Part 1. (Gen. 11: 30-32; Deut. 31: 2-6.)
Oct. 13. God's Called to Save, Part 2. (Gen. 31: 5-16; Acts 4: 10-22.)
Oct. 21. The Assyrian Invasion. (2 Kings 19: 8-14.)
Oct. 24. Temperance Lesson. (Ps. 2: 12-14.)
Oct. 27. The Geography of Judah, Part 1. (Ps. 74: 1-14.)
Oct. 28. The Geography of Judah, Part 2. (Ps. 74: 2-11.)
Oct. 29. The Geography of Judah, Part 3. (Ps. 74: 11-20.)

November.

Nov. 4. Reformation under Luther, Part 2. (Acts 13: 9-13.)
Nov. 5. Wounding to Heal. (Acts 3: 14-26.)
Nov. 7. Coram Added to Faith. (Acts 4: 7-13.)

Introduction.

Our subject for this week is the Assyrian Invasion. This was not, however, the first invasion of the Assyrians with their dreaded hosts. Three or four times already they had harassed the people of Judah and placed others in distress. The Northern Kingdom had already been destroyed by Sargon and Hezekiah had been in such fear of Sennacherib that he sent to him a letter of submission and an enormous quantity of gold and silver to purchase security. The Assyrians were no more courteous to the messengers of King Hezekiah than they had been to the people, and the people, however, true to Hezekiah; and the king himself was loyal to Jehovah and carried his trouble to Jehovah, the God of his fathers. He was cut off from the house of God and laid the iniquity of the Assyrian king before Jehovah and prayed for deliverance.

The beginning of our lesson tells of the answer to this prayer.

NOTES.

20. That which thou hast ordered to me. The R. V. has "whereas" instead of "that which," and adds "there" at the end of the verse, thus making a clearer rendering.

21. The virgin the daughter of Zion. Much better as R. V., "the virgin daughter of Zion." The people of Jerusalem are regarded figuratively as the offspring of the Holy City, and spoken of collectively. The attentation of the prophet is in poetry—the usual literary form for prophecy. Daughter of Jerusalem is parallel to "virgin daughter of Zion." "Hush sheaks her head at thee." This was a token of scorn.

22. The Holy One of Israel. The sin of Assyria was not found in laying violent hands, but especially in attacking the chosen people of God, in despoiling and reviling Jehovah in himself in offering violin to those whom "the Holy One of Israel" is a title of God which occurs very frequently in Isaiah.

24. It is like my book in thy nose. The figure is of a book or ring; put in the nose of a wild beast in order that it may be subdued or restrained. By the way by which thou comest. Jonah had boasted that he would go on to subdue Egypt. Jehovah will cause him to return before he has even conquered Judah.

25. And this shall be a sign unto thee. This sign was evidently not so much for the present moment, as for the future; not to create confidence in God; but to strengthen the faith which the king already had. It would be a token, not only of present deliverance, but of continued peace and prosperity. It was impossible to sow in the year of the invasion, so they could eat what they sowed in the second year. And the year following they would eat what was sowed from the partial crop of the year before. But after that they would sow and reap without molestation.

26. And the remnant. Isaiah speaks very often of the "righteous remnant." In spite of the overthrow and calamities of Israel these people preserved some hope. The Jews shall continue to be the chosen people and carry out the plans of God. Take root downward and bear fruit upward. As the strap hangs there is no reason why the Jews should not be furnished with food for the people that remained.

30. The soul of the Lord of hosts shall do this. There is no uncertainty about this. Nothing shall be done by impost. The king of Assyria who was destined to destroy the kingdom shall not even lay siege to it. We have no record that the Assyrian army ever came nearer than Lakhish.

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BOOK NOTICE.

JUD'S JOSIELS—By Arthur J. Burdick. The Peter Paul
Book Company, 22 Grant St., New York. Illustrated.
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This is a book of poems, by a native of Little Genesee, N. Y., whose name is familiar to many of our readers. The poems cover a wide range, grouped under such themes as "Serious and Sentimental," "Songs of Nature and the Seasons," "Narratives and Reminiscences," "Children's Poems," etc. The title which Mr. Burdick has chosen for his volume is modest, but hardly comprehensive enough. There is more, though, than figure to the sentiment that he has expressed: he treats of simple subjects, but he treats them in a pleasing manner. There is a local coloring to those poems which are written about scenes familiar to the reader. We will recognize "Uncle Matt;" "A real man" is an excellent picture of one whose broken strength and blighted life made him a familiar figure in the days of the author's boyhood.

Here is the opening stanza:

"Old and feeble, and bent and gray,

Studious through life by graft and gain,

Pathetically lingering along his way;

The little homestead close at hand,

The trackless hills, and fields unknown,

The children's stories, all are mine.

"Uncle Matt;"

In his youth he loved his sister best,

Her name was "Ma," and when she lived,

No one knew him better.

He had no other interest.

This is a good, strong book, simple and true. We hope our readers will get a copy of it; it will not be silent, too. Interrupting a woman's thoughts is a pleas­ant thing, but interrupting her conversation is quite another matter.

CORRECTING OTHERS' MISTAKES.

Don't pitch information at people as if you would beat them on a cat, and expect them to moisten the earth at your feet with tears of gratitude. The Christian Advo­cate tells how an officious traveler tried this, and how he fared:

The man in the rear seat felt that the crisis was about to come, and that he might be thrown from his seat by the violent jolt that the car would experience at the first satisfactorily hard bump. Then he grumbled, "O, I guess not," he said. "It's corpse all right. There it is in black and white—c-o-r-p-e, you know.

The reader looked up. "0, I guess not," he said. "It's corpse all right. There it is in black and white—c-o-r-p-e, you know. I guess you don't know all you're talking about."

"The 'p' and 's' are silent," the other rejoined. "Really, its nothing to me, but then if it's 'c-o-r-p-e' I guess it's not a corpse at all."

"Silent, are they? Well, then, by gracious, you want to be silent, too. Interrupt a man with your dude notions of spelling and pronouncin'. I know you and your kind. I'll bet you write your names with an initial in front of it, and that you encourage your wife to spell hers M-a-y-m-e, or M-a-e, and that you say syther and law. These are war times, when solid American can have no use for the only ones that goes. Let's see, Charlie, where was I?"

Returning to his paper, "O yes. The Fifth Army Corpse will be given the duty of..."

And then the rearward man went into another car.

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

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

Tax Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N. Y., must meet the last Sabbath in each month for public worship, at 2 P. M., at the residence of Dr. S. C. Masson, 22 Grant St. Sabbath-keepers in the city and adjacent villages, and others are most cordially invited to attend.

Tax Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially invited to attend. Pastor's address, Rev. L. C. Randolph 6125 Ingleside Ave.

Charles B., Rev. Church Clerk.

The Sabbath-keepers in Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath-school held every Sabbath after­noon at the residence of Dr. F. L. Irons, 117 Grace St.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corner of Main and 2nd Street, and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

The Seventh-day Baptist 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. Y. S. at Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.

Geo. B. Shaw, Pastor.

60-62 E. 50th Street.

There will be a Quarterly Meeting at East Port­ville, commencing on the eve of November 11, 1898. We expect that Rev. Geo. Kenyon, of Heron, Pa., Rev. W. D. Smith, of Phyllis, Rev. O. C. Van Slyke, the pastor of the Shingle House and Portville churches will be present. We are preparing a dinner to be eaten in the Holiday Spirits and an abundant blessing. Let all the people come.

G. M. Marshon, Pastor.

The Seventh-day Baptist South-Western Asso­ciation will hold its Eleventh Annual Session at Utica, Ark., commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., Nov. 24, 1898.

Business will be conducted according to the Associa­tions meetings of Ohio.

G. M. Cottrell is appointed to preach the opening ses­sion, L. S. Skaggs, alternate. An hour each will be assigned to the Missionary, Tract and Educational Soci­eties; also to the Woman's and Young People's Societies, if they are represented. Executive Committee.

S. I. Lee, President.

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