IN DISGUISE.

MET him to-day in the wintry street,
The Christ on the cross who died,
All hungered and cold in the wind and sleet,
With bleeding forehead and hands and feet,
And I blindly throw him aside.

Had he only come with the crown of thorns,
Or the nail prints ruby red;
Had the palms that pleaded for alms but worn
Their wounds, I had not put by in my scorn
His piteous plea for bread.

But idly now and all in vain
I grieve for the grace gone by,
And muse, Might he only come again,
I'd pity his plea and ease his pain
And hearken unto his cry.

Nay, nay, for the blind distinguisheth
The King with his robe and crown;
But only the humble eye of faith
Beholdeth Jesus of Nazareth
In the beggar's tattered gown.

I saw him not in the mendicant,
And I heeded not his cry;
Now Christ in his infinite mercy grant
That the prayer I say in my day of want
Be not in scorn put by.

—British Weekly.

$2.00 A YEAR
The Sabbath Recorder.

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

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The story of God's pity and love is almost an empty one to many, while life is favorable and circumstantial make them happy. Either they do not understand it, or they do not care to understand it. But when disaster comes, and misfortune stands at the door, and when they fall bruised under some great burden, they instinctively reach out for that love and pity which has hitherto been to them but an empty name. In such hours of great trial, they do not appreciate how ungrateful and unjust they have been in the hour of prosperity. If God were like men he would rejoice, sometimes at least, in seeing such ones suffer for a while, that they might be taught the enormity of their indifference to his love, when they did not feel the need of his help. But the infinite love, so fully revealed in Christ, never reproaches those who have been indifferent to it. Finding a soul bruised, infinite love binds up the wounds unto healing. Finding it lonely, love sits to watch until loneliness is lost in blessed companionship. Finding a soul burdened, love takes the burden, or lifts the burdened one, burden and all, and carries both over the rough places. Infinite love makes deserts to promise of honor or hope of happiness. While this characteristic is represented in all rough places. Infinite love makes deserts to promise of honor or hope of happiness. When you pray for rain, hasten to get the blessing. Better pray for care upon him who careth for us.

JAPAN has entered the great family of nations on equal terms, so far as diplomacy is concerned. It has been notable that Japan has absorbed Western ideas with great rapidity. But one movement lately made with regard to religion is of great interest. A growing religion. The Japanese government has adopted a new law, regulating all faiths and beliefs in the kingdom. Whether pagan or Christian, all religious organizations and faiths are under the absolute control of a single religious organization. No place of worship can be built, no public meeting held, without his permission. The plans of the edifice, the name of the religion, the method by which it is governed and maintained, and the qualifications of the preachers, together with their election to office, must all pass under the supervision and permission of this local governor. If the preacher is to be changed, or the belief, or if the building is to be moved from one place to another, the consent of the governor must be secured. In a word, this new Japanese law is a direct infringement upon religious liberty. It is the state-church idea in the extreme. The results of the new law will be watched for with interest.

The reception given to Admiral Dewey, at New York, Washington and elsewhere, illustrate the true homage of American men and women to that true nobility and greatness which men like the Admiral exhibit, without the accompaniment of a promise of reward. No promise of greatness. Dewey went without hesitation, when ordered to the Asiatic Station, which was repellant rather than attractive to an active and ambitious man. Once there, doing hum-drum, routine work, opportunity came to him. Under pressure of a great necessity, he sailed for Manila, where defeat would have been dishonor and ruin. The world knows the rest. Victory, the fruit of fidelity, bravery and promptness, has crowned him with the greatest expression of homage and love which the entire nation could ever show. It is not the homage of a nation bowing before a conqueror, or whose wrath they would fear, but the love and esteem of thankful and appreciative men and women. All this is the more pleasing because Dewey, the hero, is manifest of men.

Some people pray and then sit down to wait for God to send an answer, ready-made, before they do anything. That is not the best way. Pray, then, without waiting; go to work that you may be ready to meet the answer. When you pray for rain hasten to get your rain-water barrel out, even though no cloud is in sight. God controls the clouds. You control the barrel. Answers to prayer seldom come to idle men.

A MARKED copy of the Columbus, Ga., Enquirer-Sun, brings the news of the death of Mr. Rhoderick Ashurst, son of Rev. A. P. Ashurst at Columbus, on the 27th of September, 1899. We shall hope for a fuller notice from the pen of Bro. Ashurst.

DO NOT borrow trouble. The interest on such transactions is excessive "unruly." No soul can afford to pay such a rate while the invitation remains which bids us cast all our care upon him who careth for us.

DO NOT forget that the Recorder is now offered to new subscribers until the close of the year 1900 for $2.00 cash. About three cents per week!

THE Milwaukee Sentinel, Sept. 17, 1899, contains a full notice of Milton College and its work under the prominent heading, "A Pioneer Wisconsin Educator." The Rev. William Clarke Whitford, who has been President of Milton College for forty-one years, a longer term than any other man in a similar position in the United States—author of the State Teacher's Certificate System, and former State Superintendent of Public Instruction." Our readers will join in the hope that this "Pioneer Educator's" work may continue yet these many years.

This morning a man who heard one preach yesterday, said to him, with tears in his eye: "What you told us about God's love did comfort me so, I felt that I must tell you." That was not praise, but comfort. Reader, when your pastor, or any one of God's servants, helps you, give them some hint of it. It will help them to do better work for the Master. Pastors and preachers have enough to discourage them, and your appreciative words will lighten their burdens.

Being asked to tell some qualities of rain, a school boy answered, "Lots of it!" Such a definition is well fitted to tell the quality of God's love for men. God delights to bless and help and comfort his children. "His mercy endureth forever." As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. Love, compassionate love, and "Lots of it." That is God.

The Editor of the Recorder starts on a Western trip to-day. He intends to visit certain churches in Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, which, lying away from the main lines of travel, are less easily reached. He expects to be at Marquette, Wis., Oct. 13, and thereafter as the missionary pastor on that field may arrange.

"SANCTIFICATION."

Reading the article on "Entire sanctification," etc., found on page 645, impresses us as we have been impressed often, that much actual or apparent difference comes from difference in definitions, or from the different standards of judgment which prevail in thinking or thinking on a given theme. The writer of that article starts with the idea that up to a certain time the person seeking "sanctification" is not regenerated. There comes a time when the Holy Spirit shows to such an one the impurity of his unsanctified heart, and he "cries out in bitterness of spirit at the revelation." To such an one who adds repentance and faith to his bitterness, forgiveness and regeneration come at the moment the latter is manifested. The experience the Recorder is accustomed to call conversion and regeneration. We never dream that sin can be outgrown, or that God's love grows into the acceptance of a repenting soul. The type of such experience will be determined largely by temperament, previous life, and the like. Tell that, the Recorder is in full accord with the thought of its correspondent from whose private letter we venture to quote a sentence or two. He says: "I notice a great deal in the Recorder as growth into sanctification and against the joys of the shooting of those who are happy in it, and I don't believe it. The spirit demonstrates his indwelling by shouts, joy, great peace, etc., according to his will; and it is un-
just to say that any one form of manifestation is more genuine than another."

The Recorder writes "Amen" to the above, and when we talk of "growth in holiness" we seek to say what Christ's parable teaches when he said, "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full grain in the ear." In other words, our idea of growth in grace, holiness, sanctification is that it begins when regeneration—i.e., "sanctification" as used by our correspondent—has taken place. Continuing in faith, security, abiding grace, and guided by the indwelling spirit, the soul grows in grace, the knowledge of truth, the power to know more of God's will and to do more of his work. To avoid imperfect and entangling definitions, we have come to prefer the term growing into or attaining higher and yet "higher life."

We have been much impressed lately, in listening to the experiences of those who claim to have attained great holiness in a single experience, that the experience they call sanctification is their first conversion; that, up to this point, they had been self-deceived, or had possessed only the form of godliness without its reality. Hence the experience which reveals their unsanctified hearts and induces repentance is the beginning of actual life in Christ. That it should be surpassingly joyful is no wonder. So we are more than ever that much, for all of the apparent difference between what may seem to some as two classes of Christian experience comes from different definitions of the same or similar experiences. But the Rec. concern only desires to say when it talks of "higher life" or "growth in holiness," or uses any of the expressions which seek to describe that state of life wherein peace, rest, light, joy and power through Christ and in Christ are attained in ever-increasing measure, it begins the point of growth with a devout, regenerate soul, whose love and obedience seek highest attainment through the guidance and power of the indwelling spirit of God. Mr. Wilson's experience, as found in the extract sent by our correspondent, seems to us to be conversion and regeneration. From this point he should advance to grow in grace and in the knowledge of truth and duty.

BERLIN, N. Y.

Far above tide-water, though occupying a deep valley, Berlin, N. Y., has attractions as a summer home which may justly increase its fame in the years to come. The Seventh-day Baptist church of Berlin was organized in 1780, and up to this time it has held the leading place in social, business, and religious affairs. The present membership of the church is 85. The Seventh-day Baptists extended six or eight miles northward to Petersburg, and an equal or greater distance southward to Stephentown. Some members of the Berlin church still reside at the latter place, but no regular services are held. The present congregation has been the one great cause of these changes. The parishes of the West beckoned to young farmers who deemed their advantages superior to those offered by the narrow valleys and the towering hills of Eastern New York. But new counties have arisen where the children of the East found homes, and the cause of Christ has been enlarged rather than weakened, by such out-going. Under the faithful labors of Rev. Geo. Seeley the church is now in a good spiritual state. As sometimes happens, the young people and children are comparatively few. The Christian Endeavor meeting on Sabbath afternoon, Sept. 30, was the oldest one, considering the ages of those present, we have ever witnessed. It was a meeting of much prayer and of deep spiritual tone. It is well when the older members of any church are strong supporters of the C. E. Society.

The editor of the Recorder spoke at Berlin on the church anniversary and opened the meeting on the 1st of October. On that date there was an unusually large audience. The evening service of the Baptist church in the village was adjourned and the pastor, with many of his people, attended and listened to a discussion of "Dangers which threaten Christianity in the United States through loss of regard for sacred time." Text, "And the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell, and great was the fall of it." Matt. 7:27. The pastor's interest in Sabbath Reform by a good voluntary collection. With an honored record for more than a century, we trust that Berlin will see an enlarged and yet more useful future. The people are already talking of the coming session of the Synod, to be held there next June. Orchards are bending under autumn fruits, and business is good.

CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL.

The International Congregational Council held in Boston Sept. 29, and eight days after, was a notable gathering. It was presided over by President James B. Angell, D. D., of Michigan University. Extensive and elaborate preparations were made for the large number of guests from all parts of the world. At the opening session the governor of the state and the mayor of the city gave a welcome. The program was too formidable to be described here. Education, missions, evangelism, criticism, socialism, reform and philanthropy were pressed upon the attention of the large number of guests from all parts of the world. The meeting was an epic, a mordant satire of sacerdotal claims, catholic love for Christ and his work, and an unusually passingly joyous is no wonder. Under his influence, the term "higher life" was coined to signify a state of life wherein peace, rest, light, joy and power through Christ and in Christ are attained in ever-increasing measure, it begins the point of growth with a devout, regenerate soul, whose love and obedience seek highest attainment through the guidance and power of the indwelling spirit of God. Mr. Wilson's experience, as found in the extract sent by our correspondent, seems to us to be conversion and regeneration. From this point he should advance to grow in grace and in the knowledge of truth and duty.

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outset, and, not being guided by any instrument, would start off each upon a different tune, throwing the whole body of singers into confusion. No wonder the office of presbyter was considered, a trying one, requiring a man of strong personality and good lungs.

Here is an extract from the metrical rendering of the 137th Psalm in the "Bay Psalm-Book." It sticks closer to the original Hebrew than to the English idiom, and seems to prove the translators or adaptors were better acquainted with Hebrew than with English grammar:

Our bars wee did hang it amind upon the willow tree; Because there they that as wey layd in captivity: Bois, that we both song, & thus itis a nigh add that I said.

Sing as among a Sions song unto us then they said: The lords song sing can we being in strangers land.

Thus he Loose her skill say right hand, if I Jerusalem forget.

Very few hymnas were sung in the old colonial churches, although some of the later editions of the "Bay Psalm-Book" add a dozen or so to the psalms. Here is a stanza from one of them in which Jael's destruction is gift; in its sweet haste no greed,

Requir'd of us a song, Because love is weak Which conntes the answers and the church music of to

the Nation and the ored heads on both sides desire to avoid war. All comparatively short, as the Boers could not to strike, and it is evident that the cooler

been several warships have been ordered to pro­

said that the insurgents, in the north of

ment, 

of thatpowerful tide. can keep

hearts of precentor

Mazet Investigation as to corrupt'

As as a praiseworthy effort No lnan,

As

"What will you spend eternity?" This was

Ledge Lighthouse is known

it

as a vain

and the head of

the original Yacht Race between the Columbia and the Shamrock.

LOVE'S FULFILLING. Oh, love is weak Which conntes the answers and the gains, Weighs all the losses and the pain, And engag'd in each fond word drawn A joy to seek!

When love is strong It never tarryt to take heed Or know if its return exceed Its gift; but as love has no greed, No strife belong.

It hurriedly asks If it be love, I am so glad So barren seems, when it can make Such blank and working words, so made, Of bitter tasks.

Its ecstasy Could find no words to be so benificent; It seen through tears how Christ loved us, And sence is dying, "I love thee," No blasphemy.

No much we miss If love is weak, so much we gain If love is strong; God thinks no pain Too sham and sob, and loving aid, To teach us this. -Selected.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS

By L. C. RANCOLLIE, Chicago, Ill.

The Imperial Quartet sung on Convocation Sunday. The music was very fine and enjoyable. But somehow the thought kept coming in, I would rather hear the Milton Quartet sing, "Keep rank, make Jesus King," or "Where will you spend eternity?"

This was finished, artistic; but there was something lacking. It was not a loving, yearning message, pleading with men to be reconciled to God. It was something to entertain or please. As a performance it was eminently satisfying; but it was not preaching — the Gospel-and that is what church singing ought always to be.

Now, of course, the Western Contributing Editor is a crank on this subject, and the reader will make proper allowance for his peculiar views. They say that every one has his mania, of course, hobbies have to be taken out and exercised occasion­ally.

We have less and less use for the sermon or the sacred song which is presented from the artistic standpoint without the theobing, sinning, and doing in men. God Don't tribe. Be in bloodearnest. It was not so very long ago that a grand gospel sermon, which touched the soul, and with its spiritual aspiration and honest con­viction, a soloist rose and sang. It might have been regarded as a praiseworthy effort to entertain and please.

Is the message of God only a performance to be delivered through words, money, con­gratulations following? The preaching and the singing that reaches the world's con­science and the church's heart, that is attended "by signs following." In the conversion of men, comes out of the heart of faith, touched by the Holy Spirit's power.

ON MINOT'S LEDGE.

Gustav Krohe spent a winter night in the lighthouse on Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, and vivid impression of the isolated situation of the famous beacon off Cohasset, Mass. This impression he endeavors to convey to readers of St. Nicholas:

Crash! I was sitting one February night in the watchroom of Minot's Ledge Lighthouse. The waves were the keeper. We were reading. Suddenly there came a shock as if the heavy iron doors at the head of the staircase in the tower had swung to. The tower shook from base to dome. The wind roared round the lantern. Blowing through it was the dismal tolling of the fog bell.

When the crash came I gave a start. I thought it was nothing less than some vessel, lost in the fog, crashing on the ledge. But the keeper went on reading quietly. "What was that?" I finally asked.

"Oh," he said, "she's just taking on a sea."

He had told me before how in great storms the waves dash against the tower, but this was my first actual experience of Minot's Ledge "taking on a sea."

To understand just what that means you must know that Minot's Ledge Lighthouse is built on a rock that is under water, and that, excepting at extreme low tide, the gray granite tower is entirely surrounded by water. It is the American "Eddystone;" but, if anything, it is more exposed than that famous light off the English coast. Outlying ledges somewhat protect the Eddystone from heavy seas, and the rock on which it stands is above water in all tides, so that it offers a better foundation than Minot's. This latter has no protection against the full sweep of a northeaster except a ledge known as the outer Minot, and this is entirely submerged at high tide.

The crash which made me start was repeated again and again during the night, as wave after wave swept in and broke against the tower. In heavy seas when it came from the shore, some miles distant, Minot's Ledge Lighthouse seems to be buried by the sea. The waves strike the tower about twenty feet above the base, and send tons of spray as high as twenty-five feet above the dome. The mass of water then comes crashing down upon the lantern, and streaming over it, falls like a cataract on the leeward parapet and into the ocean. The lifeboat which hangs from this parapet, eighty feet above the sea, would be dashed to pieces if it were on the weather side. Even where it hangs now, partly protected by the tower, it would probably be broken by the cataract if the plugs were not drawn from its bottom to allow the water to run out freely.

PULPIT MANNERISMS.

No man, however fluent his speech, however fertile his mind, however broad his culture and deep his spiritual life, can keep fresh and attractive in his pulpit utterances without constant care against hackneyed phrases and against slavish adherence to a certain order or arrangement of thought. The most catchy phrase, the most apt expression, and the most forceful formula of truth reduced to a mere mannerism falls upon the ear as a vain and empty thing. Why should any man indulge a pulpit tone
of spirit at the revelation. In such a case, the question is pertinent, how long a time will it take him to reach the full salvation of the gospel is possessed? As life is so uncertain even to the youngest disciple of Christ, and as many of those who profess the enjoyment of justification by faith are far advanced in life, it is of the utmost importance that the requisite time not be prolonged. Any indefiniteness on this matter of time is painful, and might lead to great disaster. Besides, what kind of work does this theory of growth direct us to do in order to the perfection of our religious experience, and whose testimony to this part of our salvation upon works? And can a theory be right or safe that offers salvation to us upon the condition of works? We are sure that it is not. It is not the right kind of direction to give to an anxious inquirer, nor is it sound theology. Thus far we ask, Where is the warrant or scripture that the work of entire sanctification can be done in this gradual way? All depends upon Bible teaching in this very important matter. W e confess that we have never heard a minister tell of the beginning of the Book to its end. And is it not a surprising thing that men, otherwise intelligent, should be willing to risk a thing so essential to the salvation of the soul and its fitness for heaven, upon a theory that has no Scripture upon which to rest its great weight? Especially so when it is so clearly and fully taught in the Bible that faith is the only means by which salvation is to be produced. Salvation is pardon, and holiness, and fitness for heaven. "By grace are ye saved through faith." And God, who is the author of all grace, bestows upon us the witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us, and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith." Acts 15: 8, 9.

We could multiply texts to a great extent, which place faith as the one divinely-appointed and means by which sanctification— not partial, but full salvation—is to be sought and found. In the days of our founder there were many unexceptionable witnesses of God's power to save to the uttermost. Wesley says, in London alone I found during the ten years of our society, who were exceedingly clear in their experience, and whose testimony I could see no reason to doubt. And even one of these (after the most careful inquiry, I have not found an exception,) has declared that his deliverance from sin was instantaneous.

This deliverance, in every instance, was by faith in Christ. Ought not this theory of growth, by which inquirers are to seek full salvation, to be discarded by both pulpit and pew at once and forever? We believe it is most mischievous, and an enemy to the cause of all good. Of course, we think that growth in religion, all the way through, from the beginning to the end, is its normal condition, and can never be dispensed with, but that is a very different thing from the teaching that we are to grow out of a state of justification and into a state of entire sanctification. We should always grow in grace, before and after we are fully sanctified. [Rev. Richard Wilson, in Toronto Christian Guardian.]

It is notiggardly charity to give a crust—provided it be a crust of a new loaf, something that you would really enjoy yourself—James Buchanan.

WORSE THAN WASTED WORRY.

It is not always a bad thing to be near the road alone.—John Wesley.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION—HOW OBTAINED.

[One of our correspondents who feels that his experience, and that of others, in the attaining of Sanctification—Ought not this theory of growth, by which inquirers are to seek full salvation, to be discarded by both pulpit and pew at once and forever? We believe it is most mischievous, and an enemy to the cause of all good. Of course, we think that growth in religion, all the way through, from the beginning to the end, is its normal condition, and can never be dispensed with, but that is a very different thing from the teaching that we are to grow out of a state of justification and into a state of entire sanctification. We should always grow in grace, before and after we are fully sanctified. [Rev. Richard Wilson, in Toronto Christian Guardian.]

It is notiggardly charity to give a crust—provided it be a crust of a new loaf, something that you would really enjoy yourself—James Buchanan.
**MISSIONS.**

By O. U. WATforD, Cor. Secretary, Westerly, R. I.

Gon's people are those who have repented of their sins, have accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and have been renewed in heart by the Holy Spirit. Such are truly converted in life and conduct. They have an inner life from God, and in union with God, have an outer life which expresses that inner life. There is working out in them in character and deeds that which God is working within them. Love within, obedience without. Fellowship within, walking in God's statutes and laws. Such are God's people, and they live in God's grace, and grow in God's love, and in the grace and love of God, they live a well-rounded Christian life.

The next regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society occurs on Wednesday, Oct. 18, 1889. This meeting is a very important one. At this meeting the appropriations will be made for the year 1900. All reports, all applications from churches, persons, and fields, are submitted by the Corresponding Secretary on or before Oct. 12. Send in your communications in time. The Board requests that either the pastors or the treasurers of the churches report to the Corresponding Secretary in time for this Board Meeting, the amount pledged by the people in the churches for the support of our missions for the ensuing year, whether under the weekly envelope system or on the monthly pledge cards, which were lately distributed among the churches. The Board wishes to know as nearly as possible the amount of money it can depend upon to base the appropriations for the ensuing year.

The following clipping from the Watchman upon an important subject we hope will be carefully read by all the readers of the Recorder. There will be no doubt considerable difference of opinion in regard to the thought and position taken by the writer, and it may elicit some discussion, but it will be worth while for both pastors and people to carefully read it and think about it.

**ATTITUDE OF CHURCHES TOWARD MINISTERS AT FIFTY.**

By Prof. J. M. EGLISH, D. D.

The two editorials, in recent numbers of the Watchman, on "Pastorless Churches" and "The Dearth of Ministers," are very timely. It is to be hoped that they have received a wide and careful reading by members of churches. For, beyond doubt, they call attention to a state of things as vitally affecting the churches, and through them the kingdom of God, as any other that can be named. Indeed, it is not extravagant to say that the present attitude of the churches toward ministers who have reached fifty is, in some respects, the most alarming practical matter that now confronts organized Christianity. This article is concerned with the loss that the kingdom of Christ suffers in view of the unwillfulness of churches to seek for pastors among ministers who are more than forty-five or fifty years of age.

The situation is this: Here are a large number of men who have given themselves to the most exacting, the most responsible, and the most useful of earthly callings. They have reached the period of life when they should be rendering their most valuable pastoral service, since they possess, in larger degree than younger men, that which is centered in the most effective Christian ministry.

What are those qualities? Chief among them are rich personal experience of spiritual things, well-rounded Christian character, sound judgment, trained intellectual power, spiritual insight, pastored methods, acquired skill in dealing with the subtle problem of the starting and the developing of the spiritual life. These men the churches, especially the larger churches, pass by, and call for ministers who are under forty-five.

The result is that in the very time of life when ministers are in their prime for pastoral service, from forty-five or fifty to seventy, or, at least, sixty-five, they are either set aside or are compelled to take the pastorate of the smaller churches—and even these prefer younger men to be found among the pulpits that most severely tax their best powers, and offer them the largest sphere of pastoral influence. The sad thing about it is not the loss of position as such, for did not the Master say, "He that is greatest among you shall be the servant of all"? But the inestimable loss that the kingdom of Christ suffers from the waste, or partial waste, of the twenty best years of ministerial life. Certainly this is not as our Lord would have it.

He must deeply grieve over the harm thus done to the church, harm that is hard to be remedied, and speedily too. The churches—particularly the larger churches—should take this vital matter seriously to heart, and looking at it from the point of view of the Master, should give to his servants the best possible opportunity of bringing in his universal reign.

The discount that the churches put upon a minister's usefulness when he has reached fifty has no parallel in the other leading callings. And by as much as the ministry is superior in value to them, by so much is the damage the greater, and the more to be deplored. In what term to term the most acceptable occupations the decided rule is that until a man is forty-five or fifty, or even more, he does not reach the most responsible place. The merchant, the lawyer, the judge, the physician, the politician, the legislator, the statesman, must have rounded out a full half-century of years before he receives marked recognition and reaches the largest usefulness. These men render far their best service from fifty to seventy-five.

Why should it not be so in the Christian pastorate, since in general the qualities requisite to the highest in that line are the same as those required in the foregoing spheres? It is so, as the services of some of our pastors prove. Drs. Gordon, Lorimer, MacArthur, Judson, Hudson,—to name no more,—it is eternally safe to do their best work since they were fifty. For instance, Dr. Lorimer; it is well understood in this region that he is preaching better than ever before, and that his second ministry in Tremont Temple is much stronger and more efficient in every way than it was. The earlier he was converted with the latter ministries of these pastors, as they doubtless would be, if their fullness of pastoral usefulness has cost the mature wisdom that only the years can supply. To be sure, these brethren are men of exceptional gifts, and the churches might say, "If all ministers were of such high order, think of the dead line of fifty. There would be no such line. Such men out of their shining gifts have us at their disposal. We have no option but to secure their services if we can."

All of which is very true. As human nature is constituted, however, it is idle to expect the possibility of such as it is in these men. There are not enough such to go around. Most of the churches, even the largest, must be satisfied to be served by pastors who have not reached the eminence, and do not possess the extraordinary pulpit and pastoral ability of these out-standing brethren. Yet is it not true that we have in our Baptist ministry not a small number of men past forty-five or fifty who are well qualified to do valuable service in the larger churches, the very kind of service that these churches so often desire to do for them in building? And if these men were given the opportunity of serving such churches, would not their consecrated ambition leap with joy at the privilege of devoting their ripened powers to pastorates that would tax them to the utmost? Moreover, does not the same principle apply to these ministers, as to their more shining brethren, that it requires time and toil to perfect their abilities; that at fifty they are stronger, richer for service than they were, or could have been, at thirty or forty?

If we look at the matter from a different point of view, and admit that some, if not many, ministers do cross the dead line at fifty, that they have not lost the intellectual and spiritual freshness, the sympathy with young life, and the purpose to labor that characterized them in their earlier years, the request can be largely supplied from the incentive contributed by the prospect of having their most useful pastorates from fifty to seventy. The demand would create the supply. Some might not respond to this appeal. If so, let them go to their utmost, but let themselves be unworthy of serving in the positions that call for the most and the best in the ministry. Indeed, such men would be unworthy to serve in any pastorate, and the Christian ministry would be enriched by the doom that would inevitably be visited upon them. But who does not believe that the number of our ministers that has passed the line of fifty is considerable that could adequately and nobly respond to the summons of our larger churches for satisfactory service? If there were a pope over the Baptists, one of his wisest measures would be the establishing of a graduated scale in the ministry, whereby the largest churches, and the most taxing and promising fields should be reserved, as a rule, for the men between fifty and seventy. Instead of thus doing, men are still at prayer and then there are young men of uncommon mental gifts, of unusual wisdom, and of rare personal qualities, who are prepared to assume the most exacting pastoral responsibilities, and to preach to the largest congregations.

One of the most lamentable things concerning the Christian ministry, as it must feel...
who are conversant with the facts, is that so few of the sons of leading Christian families find their way into it, and that so many of the most promising graduates of all colleges choose other callings. Would not the adoption by the churches of the course advocated for his ten years' work, has a first-rate opportunity for the exercise of his trained powers for only about twenty years? Indeed, in strictest sense, he has no first-rate opportunity at all, since when he reaches the period of life in which he is able to render his most efficient service, the churches do not want him. If, on the other hand, these young men, who rightfully aspire to worthy careers, could have reasonable assurance that in the Christian ministry, as in the business of the world, if they are attracted, they would have opportunity of using their highest powers when they have reached their greatest development, they would be under very strong pressure not only to enter the Christian ministry, but also through the entire period of their ministry, to hold themself chattel to the highest point of efficiency. And would not Christian parents, who naturally wish their children to do well in life, have rational inducement, as they do not now, to influence their choicest sons to become ministers? From the standpoint of the church, there can be no prospect that Christ will secure for his ministry, in adequate numbers, candidates of the highest grade, until the churches change their policy, and instead of demanding for their pastors men between thirty and forty-five, give the preference to men between forty-five and sixty-five. In the meantime, Christ's reign, for which he so deeply longs, and which a sinful world so sorely needs, will be held back.

The sum of the matter, then, is that a minister is baulked by the number of years he has lived, but by the youthfulness of his spirit. For some men at forty are older than other men at sixty. Some are forty years old, others are sixty years young. If a minister feels young, he is young.

In the discussion on any subject, the wise agitation of which by the denominational papers would be more fruitful in promoting the welfare of Christ's kingdom than that of this one of the relation of his churches to ministers between fifty and seventy. The churches have it in their power largely to determine the character of the ministry by which they are supplied, and probably in no other way could they be more influential in this regard than by making it possible for pastors to expect their largest labors in their ripest years.

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TREASURER'S REPORT
For the month of September, 1900.
Geo. H. Utter, Treasurer.

SUMMARY ACCOUNT WITH THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

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<tr>
<td>Balance on collection at Conference</td>
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MY TALK WITH CHARLIE DANVERS.
By James Benton.

The editor of the Recorder has asked me to write a "story" for his paper. I think he has asked this a dozen times. His persistence has been unyielding. I never write stories. The editor of the Recorder knows that, and still, every time he meets me—which is not very often nowadays—before we separate, he says: "Well, Benton, when shall we look for the first chapter of your story?" I suppose he means well; in fact, he urges me to write for the sake of his readers, because he says, "Some people learn truth from a story sooner than they do from a sermon," that remark amuses me, for you know that the editor of the Recorder is a preacher. (I wonder if people do how little they interest people with dry discussions about abstract doctrines.)

I suppose that all people like stories because they tell what other folks have seen or done. Children like them because each new story opens a new world to them. Cheap, thin, stories are sought for by those who want momentary excitement, or temporary amusement. People with depraved tastes want stories which feed their low fancies, and cultivate their unholy desires. I am sure that the Recorder does not want anything of that kind. Some stories sparkle with wit and fun; but I am not a funny man, and any effort to appear to be would end in sudden and ludicrous failure. The truth is, I cannot write stories, and the editor of the Recorder knows it better than I do. It seems to me that he keeps saying: "Benton, what about that story?"

The only way I see out of the trouble is to tell something about Charlie Danvers, with whom I was thrown for a few days once in vacation time. I had met Danvers from time to time for years, but we were not intimately acquainted. I knew him to be a fairly successful business man, with an unspotted reputation, and a fair bank account. I knew he had traveled not a little, and was a student of men and things. When we drifted together at a little watering place on the Rhode Island coast, it seemed a bit of good fortune. Neither of us wanted to go to Watch Hill or Narragansett Pier, and so, near every afternoon we would come together at this place of less show and more comfort, and registered at the same hotel within an hour of each other.

I love the sea, but my regard for it is a quiet passion more than a wild infatuation. It stirs me, and soothes me, according to its present mood, and I never looked in one room when I can be on the shore. I am an early riser, and often go to the beach to hear the surf welcome the coming day with a sunrise anthem. On the second morning after our coming there was an east wind, a heavy surf and a high tide just at sunrise. Wind, sea and shore combined to make a magnificent organ, fit instrument for voicing the music of the spheres. The result was such an anthem as one seldom hears. I heard something like God's voice from the Atlantic, but that lacked the resounding rocks and the sounding-board of the woods and hills a mile back from the shore. There were more quiet strains and softened passages now and then, but as a whole, it was a symphony of matchless power and beauty, the music of the surf, the rock at the foot of which the surf broke with thundering base, sprinkling me with spray. No other place would do. I wanted to be in the heart of the music, to be enveloped by it. Its mightiness overwhelmed me and held me in a delicious slavery, any knowledge of the sun was an hour high and the anthem began to die away with the receding tide. Turning my face landward, in pity for the world just waking from lazy indifference, I met Danvers, face to face. He was standing by another rock, a little behind me, and a few feet down the shore. His face glowed with a sort of divine rapture. He smiled quietly, but did not speak. Stepping down, I took his hand, and said: "A wondrously worshipful service." "Yes," he said, "instead of writing, 'the grove of God's temple,' I should have written: 'The groves and the shore of the sounding sea were God's first temples.'"

We walked back to the hotel in silence. As we passed near a copse in the little meadow through which we had gone, we heard a wondrous voice, I think it was a cow, saying: "Where are your home, my friends?" Six hundred years ago, and I wonder that the cow still asks that question.}

TRACT SOCIETY.

<table>
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<th>Churches:</th>
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<td>Second Hingham, Hingham, R. I.</td>
<td>47 97</td>
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<td>Newburyport, N. H., Rev. W. H. Wood, W.</td>
<td>5 44</td>
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<tr>
<td>Milton, Wis.</td>
<td>5 44</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dr. E. B. Megunakan, Syracuse, N. Y.</td>
<td>32 32</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. E. T. Richards, Tuscaloosa, Tenn.</td>
<td>50 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eastern Association, marked surplus after paying expenses of General Conference</td>
<td>151 151</td>
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</tbody>
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"PAPA," said little Minnie, "won't you please to pat that doggie for me, and see if he will bite?"
**Woman’s Work.**

By Mrs. R. T. Rossbe, Alfred, N. Y.

**OUR DEPARTING MISSIONARIES.**

The tender light of home behind, Dark heavens gloom before, The hours go northward To many a foreign shore; The climates change that passeth pale Streams on them from above, A light divines, that shall not fail The smile of their love. A wealth of love and prayer behind, Far-reaching hope before, The winds are scattered forth To seek a foreign shore; And after every step we move, That hope makes sweet the air And brightly clothed with love, And canopied with prayer. Christ is the fondly-loved “behind,” Christ is the bright “before,” Oh! blest are they who start with him To seek the foreign shore! Christ is their faith, unfading Light, Christ is their Shield and Sword Christ is their keeper, day and night, And Christ their rich Reward! —Church Missionary Hymn Book.

While there is reason for encouragement there is great need of earnest, anxious planning in all our lines of work, if we reach the mark toward which we are aiming for the newCompanyId’s steamer of the month which has already passed. One writer has said that “the church and missionary cause need is consecrated askers as well as givers.”

When each man and woman feels their responsibility, our debt will be paid and all our Boards will be strong to plan and do.

**Your Editor sincerely regrets the necessity of delaying until this date the publication of the following most interesting letter from Mrs. Booth:**

S. S. MALALIE, Egypt, June 29, 1899.

My dear Sister:

It seems a long while since we said good-bye to each other, and we set out on our journey to this far away land. But long as the time appears to us, I feel sure that to you waiting away in America for news it must seem even longer. It is, no doubt, a little difficult to understand how it is that we are so long on the way; but the distance is so great, and the delays so frequent that time passes almost before one can realize it.

When we reached Durban we found to our dismay that the vessel which would have taken us on to Chinde had left that port the day before. This delayed us over two weeks. Our unavoidable stay in Durban afforded much opportunity of seeing something of the life among the Zulu people. They present a sad picture, being indeed like sheep without a shepherd. A great many of the men and boys are employed to load and unload the vessels along the coast. They work almost night and day every day in the week, and never a kind word do they receive; their locations are situated in an out-of-the-way part of the town and are such miserable places, much worse than many of your horses and dogs have in America. If they are out in the streets at night they are imprisoned for anything, up to three months; a bell rings at that hour, and at the sound the poor natives may be seen running in order to reach their miserable homes before the bell tolls. In one instance they are even allowed to walk on the side walk if there are any white people on the same side of the road, and this is or was their own country, the country which God gave to their forefathers. And then the women, oh, my sisters, if only you could look upon these poor creatures, with their scant clothing and their sad, hopeless looking faces, I feel sure your hearts would be moved with a desire to either come on to send to their help. It may be that the time has yet to come when Seventh-day Baptists will have, at least, one or two workers among the Zulu people.

We left Durban and went aboard the “Malabele” at daybreak on June 27. She is only a small counting vessel and noted for her bigness. We therefore left on the 5th, and shall most likely reach Chiromo by the 12th. At Chiromo, during the dry season, we are obliged to make another change as the water past this point is too shallow for this steamer; we must continue the journey to Katurya in a house boat; having reached Katurya we there leave the river and begin the overland journey. It is between 28 and 30 miles to Blantyre; this will be accomplished, as also all the rest of the journey on land, in a michelin, i.e., a hammock slung over the heads of two natives in turn. If we arrive in time to start quite early in the morning we could make the journey in one day, but that means a hard pull for the natives, as many of them will have pretty heavy loads. If we reach Katurya late in the morning we shall have to make two days of it; there is one house, and only one, about midway between Katurya and Blantyre. In this place are to be found one table and perhaps three chairs, a teapot, some cups and saucers, a tin of tea, some condensed milk and some biscuits. This is the Lake Zambezi country where we keep our passengers rest and take a little refreshment by the way. This is where we shall most likely spend one night, using our ma-chinas as beds; I forgot to mention that there is always a most attentive native present who boils the water and prepares the tea and biscuits.

This journey up the Zambezi has been really quite enjoyable; at this time of the year it is really most delightful; this delayed us over two days, but it makes and it makes it difficult to write decently.

Sabbath-day, July 8, was our first true Sabbath on the Zambezi; a beautiful sense of peace and gladness filled our hearts as we both realized this almost at the same moment; we sang some hymns in English and also in the native language; this pleased the natives employed on the boat, and some of them gathered round to listen. We have just passed another large village; the people were doing the water's edge waiting to take stock of us; we pass most of them with broad smiles and a great deal of hand clapping; almost every woman had a baby on her back, and one or two others running by her side. I should much like to have gone ashore but some of these natives Slipper is wanting to reach Chiromo as soon as possible, and so does not call at the villages except to procure fowls, fruit, etc.

Owing to the lateness of the season and the fact that the funds available are insufficient, it is unlikely that we will accomplish anything very much this year now. But time will show; no doubt Mr. Booth will write more fully as to this. He intends writing, I believe, after we arrive at Blantyre. I fear you will not find this letter very interesting, but it will be better than nothing and will at least serve to give some idea as to our doings just now.

Although so far away we often think of you all; and we also like to feel that we are not forgotten by you; please continue to remember us constantly in your prayers, pray also for the people of this great land. Son of righteousness may arise upon them, and that the healing which he brings may be a cure for all their woes and sorrows. I will promise to write again as soon as there is anything worth writing about; I need not remind you all that letters from the outside world are always very welcome here.

Now I really must say good-bye for a while, thanking you all for the many kindesses of the past.

Yours for Christ and Africa

ANNE S. BOOTH.

**A MODERN WHEATFIELD.**

If harvest time in the United States had retained the picturesque of the olden day, people might not have forgotten what lent the time its early genial character. If the work had remained in the hands of smiling, bare-armed giants, and if they still plied their ringing scythes with a song and a jest, there might still be poesy left in the mind of the thoughtless, for the old world might still furnish material for sentiment. As it is, machinery has ground nearly all the picturesque out of the harvest, and gathering the grain appeals to most people in much the same way that coal-mining does—as a hard and disagreeable business which remains to the picturesque of bigness. The immense scale upon which wheat-growing and wheat-
harvesting are pursued in this country ought to render thanksgiving heartfelt and huge. Let a few aspects of this tremendous industry be noted.

For a glimpse of mammoth wheat fields every one travels to the Dakotas. Here, where the Red River takes its amiable course down through a great area of the Northwest, and where the landscape has but two features—sky and plain—lie the greatest grain districts in the world, save in Russia. A vast deal of capital has traveled across from the East, and has gone into the conduct of these immense enterprises. Yet the larger sort are owned by individuals. Corporations of Eastern merchants and millionaires have possessed the land. It was first possessed by the railroads, who had it by government grant. They traded it to capitalists for one acre; total, 200,000,000 acres, including wages, 100,000,000,000 dollars. This is another mammoth operation with special cars; live stock in droves, ten to a hundred a day; stage of harvesting in full swing. The great binders travel in a huge platoon from one horizon to the other. The largest of them “cut a swath” of about fifty feet, and reap 250 acres each day. Here they go, a whirling and clanking company of great engines with their windmill arms beating the grain out of the bundles and the army of horses plodding sedately along before them. High above the whizzing machinery sit the workmen, like culchiatorets in the blazing sun. Behind follows another company, working for dear life to keep up, setting the bundles in shocks as fast as they fall; while sharp-eyed task-masters follow in buggies to see that the work does not lag. It is a sight for kings. It lasts from the first peep of sun until the great red ball sinks behind the gray plains. It swallows up a bank of money in a trivium. It is continuous; the machines to the extent of about a carload a month; “enough string,” says one writer, “to tie all the New England states together and anchor them to the isles of Great Britain.” At a fair estimate, it costs $4.50 an acre, including wages, accidents and the rest, to harvest wheat. And the harvest lasts, in most cases, from ten days to a fortnight.

The last stage of harvesting is the threshing. This is another mammoth spectacle. Most farms are provided with machines, one of which, it is estimated, is needed for every 2,000 acres of grain. In one instance there were required a “thousand of some thirty men; for these steam threshers of the north work at lightning speed, and it takes strong arms, and many of them, to keep the hungry machines fed. The threshing is done directly from the stacks, with no heavy-hauling of the sheaves in open trains or on wagons. No hand touches the bundles from the time they are fed to the machines until the wheat, now flour, reaches the cooks at the other side of the world, may be. The purified wheat pours in a golden flood from the thrasher’s nozzle into boxes and barges; these are hauled to the elevators, not far distant; so to the mills, and so the rest of the way. And machinery, all is rapidity, order, economy. There is science in every movement, in every detail, and more is foreseen for future years. The wheat of each section of the farm is noted and registered when it goes into the threshers; its amount is compared with last season’s yield in that section; and from this it is deduced whether that particular section of the farm is likely to be more or less productive than it was before. All goes down on the books of the farm, and another summer the results of this detailed examination appear.—Standard.

While the sessions of the late Conference are fresh in our memories, may I ask a question? What can we do to make our Anniversary sessions more evangelistic in their trend? Only three sessions in six days! The sessions were good, it is true; but is there not a chance for improvement? I know there is a wise committee of arrangements, or an Executive Board, who make a program which in many respects is to be commended, but it seems to me that some of the “useless and burdensome things” can easily and profitably dropped out, and something fresh from the throne of glory “substituted.

There are quite a number of people that attend Conference who do not hear many sermons during the year. These, with others, have expressed a desire in my hearing that we might have more sermons. They would have been overjoyed if they could have heard such ministers as Seager, Randolph, Leath, Burdick, Lewis and Gamble preach. These men could have had a place in a number of the sessions when “dry reports” were being read. I have heard many of them comment, “What a sample, which could have been made much more profitably used by crowding into it a couple of sermons than by using it in uninteresting discussions: Sunday evening, or the last session of Transact day. Nothing was given to the large congregation (many of whom were First-day people) but the discussion of a few resolutions. I saw many people, one little group after another, leaving the tent during the meeting. Why? They were not interested. There was a lack of things which would hold their attention. Can we do something to make our Anniversaries better? We must have at such a time, especially when many “outsiders” are present, a good soul-stirring sermon and after-meeting? There was not a meeting during the regular sessions of the entire Conference when, openly, souls were invited to “Come to Jesus just now.”

Are we simply going to talk about souls, or are we going to talk to them? Are we going to talk about the truths of God’s Word or are we going to invite people to accept them? Brethren, let us do away with the reasons for the “dry reports,” and substitute the warm, living gospel! Conference can be made a power for soul-saving if we will go at it right. Because we have always followed certain methods, a stereotyped type of service, it does not follow that we cannot make changes which will be beneficial. Jesus did not say, “Go tell them where they can buy bread.” No, he said, “Give ye them to eat.” Executive Committee, I propose to give us a dozen sermons next year at Adams Center instead of three. Please do it.

I will not say a criticism behind a large interrogation point.

Yours in the work.

MARTIN SINDALL

Young People's Work
By Edwin Salw, Milton, Wis.

September 24.
Beautiful Hours.
Tr had never occurred to me until the other day that there was anything beautiful about weeds. In an art magazine I saw an ornamental design for some part of the lock on a door which was the pattern of a thistle leaf. Since then I have been thinking at the thistle, and really it is a very beautiful plant. It is such an ugly thing to handle, and is such a nuisance in the fields, that I had overlooked the artistic form of the leaves. The same is true of many other weeds. Now while I shall still continue to dig out and destroy thistles, mullen, dandelions, and the like, yet I shall always see the beauty that is thus lost.

Doubtless it is quite as true that I have failed as well to see beauty in human lives where there was present that which repelled and hurt me. I pray God, that while my real may never grow less to overcome and destroy that which is ungodly and sinful, yet may I ever have my eyes open to see that which is beautiful. Beautiful weeds, thank you for the lesson you have taught me.

September 30.
Our Conductor.
She was standing on the porch of her house, with a freight train from the West just whistled for the crossing. She was evidently watching for some one. As the train rattled by I turned to say good morning to her. After answering, she answered, "I did not see him, but it was his coach." She was the mother of the conductor of the freight train. Almost always he waves his hand to her as she stands watching on the porch. At this time he was at work somewhere out of sight, but she knew his coach, and felt better because her boy was for a moment near by. Oh, the love and care that prompt mothers to watch for the waving hand, to listen for the peculiar whistle, to wait for the accustomed letter! Boys, whatever may be your method of communicating with your mothers, do not let her know how much you appreciate what she has done and is doing for you. The time will come all too soon when she cannot respond. Then will you rejoice if in life you tried to make her happy.

QUIET HOUR.

It was the Sabbath at Capernaum, and quite an eventful one to many, for Christ the healer of all ills was there. In the morning he had taught in the synagogue, and after that began his work of healing, and even after the sun had set in the far distant West all the diseased and all who were possessed with unclean spirits were brought unto him, and he healed them.

In all it had been a busy day, and the Son of God realized that the morrow would be like unto it, and so "In the morning, rising early, he went out and took with him a cloven place and there prayed." Ah, dear friends and Endeavorers, would that we would more closely follow this beautiful example set us by our loving Saviour! Even in his busy life he found time to "elevate his heart to God in the morning," even to his Heavenly Father, and if he, the pure and holy Son of God, felt the need of such communion, how much more should we who are born in sin, but redeemed by the precious blood of a loving Saviour.

I have often thought that they were too busy, had no time to pray or even read a chapter from God's Holy Book. My friends, God has given to you and me all the time there is, and it is dependent upon us to use it aright. We believe it is right to give God a certain portion of our income. Is it not only just that we devote to him a certain portion of our time also?

I know a young lady, an earnest Endeavor worker (and I doubt not but what many here are acquainted with her) who supports herself and a large number of family by busily plowing her needle all day long; yet she takes time to observe the "Quiet Hour;" she closely follows the Master's example, rising earlier in the morning that she may have time to hold sweet communion with the giver of all good ere the work of the busy day begins. The result, did you ask? The influence of that earnest Endeavorer is felt not only in her own home, but in the whole community.

As we Christians have many trials and difficulties to meet, and yet how sweet to think there is one who can do us safely cross all the rugged pathway, and bring us safely to the desired haven, if we only trust him fully. He knoweth all our needs even before we ask him; but yet he loves to have us steal away from all the anxieties and perplexities of this worldly life, and in that loving, confidential way that a child would come to an earthly parent, make known to him all of our hopes and fears, our wants and wishes, and ask him to guide and direct us in the way that seemeth best. These, dear Endeavorers, are the sweet privileges of the "Quiet Hour."

Christ foresaw the busy day that was before him; we, of course, are unable to tell what a day may bring forth, and it is well for us to be prepared for any emergency, and if only a few moments of the early morning hours are spent in earnest prayer, and the study of God's Sacred Book, we are then prepared to meet any foes that may cross our pathway during the day, and when Satan comes to undo the work of our duty, we will be enabled to meet him with the same weapon Christ used when he was tempted in the wilderness, "the word of God, which is sharper than any two-edged sword," and then like Christ we can say, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Quite often I have heard the question asked, "Should the 'Quiet Hour' be in the morning?" No, the "Quiet Hour" was chosen rather than the Morning Watch, yet I think when it is possible it should be in the morning, for then it gives food for thought during the busy hours of the day. We should endeavor to select a time when our minds are wholly turned upon the one with whom we are communing rather than on various duties to be performed.

I do not think Christ had any specified time for observing the "Quiet Hour" with his Father, but we do know that he at various times would steal away from the multitude, yes, and even from his disciples, and hold sweet communion with the one whom he had left in that beautiful place and in that lovely place to carry out the plan of redemption. Even after he had instituted the last supper, and his disciples had gone with him into the garden where later he was taken by the Roman soldiers, he left his followers in order to be alone with his Father and to plead for strength to bear the coming trial.

It is almost needless to state here the effect the "Quiet Hour" has upon one's life. By observing it we are brought nearer and in close companionship with our Maker and hisSaviour, and we have been taught as it were with the divine love of Christ, that great love which he felt for us when he went to meet death on Golgotha's height, paying the price of a world's redemption with his own precious blood. What a day of love for Christ they will be full of love for all mankind; there will be no room for unkind thoughts and feelings to dwell therein, and life will be all the sweeter and brighter for ourselves and those with whom we associate.

By the "Quiet Hour" we do not mean a literal hour of 60 minutes, but at least 15 minutes, longer if possible; time enough to feel the presence of God and to hold quiet communion with him. You need not be a member of the Christian Endeavor Society to observe the "Quiet Hour." You may enjoy that privilege and blessing, for such, dear Endeavorers, I consider them.

As to the manner in which the "Quiet Hour" is to be kept, that is left for each individual to decide. Part should be spent in reading passages from the Bible, quiet meditation, prayer, etc.

Dear Endeavorers, let us lay more stress upon this very important part of our Christian work, and may we earnestly endeavor to interest others in the "Quiet Hour," that they may be enabled to enjoy the blessings derived from it; and let us ever remember our covenant, "Trust in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I will make it the rule of my life to start at least 15 minutes every day in the early morning if possible, for quiet meditation and direct communion with God."

OUR MIRROR.
Our Sabbath afternoon Christian Endeavor meetings have been very good of late, and the attendance has averaged well. We have used the pruning process some thissummer on the fruitless branches, and I think we has given added vigor to the vine. We have been reinforced by the help of Prof. F. C. Crandell, from Alfred and Bro. Ellis Thompson, from Beauregard.

HAMPDND, LA.
HAVING DONE ALL, TO STAND.
Napoleon used to say that the kind of valor he prized was "two o'clock in the morning courage." A modern writer has said that "five o'clock in the afternoon courage" is the rare and priceless thing. After the nerves have been worn and excited by the labor and irritations of a long day, it needs a high type of energy and persistence for a man to maintain his purpose, to keep his spirit up to the mark, and not to relax his efforts in the very last hour of the day's work. The present writer has more than once seen a choice business man, slip from the grasp of a man who should have held him, simply because he lacked the five o'clock courage. The afternoons of the secrets of the committee rooms of Congress should be published, it would be found that great measures were delayed because the man who had charge of it weakened at the last moment. If he had hung on a little longer, he would have reached his point. The Frenchman said that it is the first of the next costs, but it is the last step that counts. The Apostle Paul understood this when he told the Ephesian Christians "having done all, to stand."-Selected.
Children's Page.

THE KINDERGARTEN AND THE SPARROWS.

Little brown sparrows, Flying around, Up to the tops, Down on the ground, Come in the face, With a stick, Without fear. If you are tired, Here is a nest. Wouldn't you like to go and rest?

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the Mother Sparrow, her voice trembling with pleasure and excitement. "I'm not nearly so worried about the other children who flew away yesterday to make their own homes; no about you, darling, who must go so soon," and she gave Baby Sparrow a bird kiss on the top of his head.

The children's voices floated out through the window, but there were no more messages for the Sparrow family in the tree not far from the windows.

After a time it was very still. "Now," thought Mr. Sparrow, "I will look in those windows; perhaps it is just the place for us. The music is just what I want this baby to learn. He really needs protection a little longer— but the cats!" Here he gave a shudder. When he recovered he told Mrs. Sparrow what he had decided to do.

"The very thing, my dear. How wise you are!" she replied.

Mr. Sparrow flew cautiously to the window from which the song had floated, and lighted on the window sill.

The room was bright, pretty, and so quiet but no one was there. Mr. Sparrow was quite disappointed. He flew back and reported. Mrs. Sparrow was of a hopeful disposition, and said, soothingly: "We will wait until to-morrow. To-night is so dark that the nest will not be seen."

The next morning was bright, cool, delightful, and the children in the kindergarten were bubbling over with fun and songs. The Sparrow family listened, but this morning the invitation did not come.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Sparrow, "I think we should have gone yesterday. They may think we did not want to accept. Let us go at once." The baby was helped to the high perch. To-morrow, to-night is so dark that the nest will not be seen."

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THE SABBATH RECORDER.
Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be working at the edifice, that it may be known in the family of the faith."—Gal. 6:10. "But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."—Heb. 13:16.

ALBION, Wis.—The Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago Seventh-day Baptist churches convened at this place Sept. 22-24, as announced in recent issues of the Recorder.

Heavy rains on Sixth-day and First-day prevented a noon meeting on the first day, and the Young People's meeting on the afternoon of the latter. But a very interesting session of the Ministerial Conference was held on Sixth-day afternoon, when three of the topics in the published program were presented and discussed. On Sabbath eve Bro. L. A. Platts preached to a small audience from the Saviour's words, "Who touched me?" Luke 8:45.

Sabbath morning, at 10:30, Brother G. J. Crandall preached an earnest discourse from Luke 8:11, "The seed is the word of God." This was followed by the communion service. At 3 o'clock P. M. a review of the Sabbath-school lessons of the past quarter, under the direction of the superintendent of the Albion Bible-school, was presented temporally as follows: "Gospel—the past three months invaluable," L. A. Platts. "Lessons from the lives of Ezekiel and Daniel," S. H. Babcock. "Lessons taught by the 'great river' as seen in Ezekiel's vision," G. J. Crandall. In the evening after the Sabbath an inspiring prayer, prayer and conference meeting was held under the direction of Brethren G. J. Crandall and Jesse Hutchins.

First-day, at 10.30 A. M., Bro. Platts preached an excellent discourse from 1 Tim. 4:8, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." The president of the Young People's Union had prepared a program for the afternoon which, without doubt, would have been both interesting and profitable could it have been carried out, but the coming storm had other ideas.

Though unable to carry out the entire program as planned for the Quarterly Meeting, and though the attendance, owing to the storms, was not as large as we had hoped, yet the sessions held were a decided success and gave new inspiration for the work committed to us as churches. The next meeting will be held with the church at Rock River in connection with the last Sabbath in November.

We wish more of the membership of our churches, so far as is possible, would avail themselves of the privilege and blessing of attending these quarterly gatherings, believing that much could be gained in the way of a greater consciousness, and of the need, and strengthening of our forces, which necessarily comes from a closer contact, and a more intimate fellowship one with another. The better the acquaintance the greater the confidence.

Albion is enjoying a season of material prosperity. Crops are abundant in their return. The clover and some of the small fruit vines and shrubs were killed by the severe frost last winter; but the rest of these is compensated for in the abundant harvest which are being gathered. Two new houses have been under construction and one or more is to be built next year.

The academy under the management of the present board of directors is making rapid progress. This week with fair prospects for the fall term, our public school, which also began this week, is to be taught by G. Merton Burdick, son of Eld. G. W. Burdick, of Milton.

The regular appointments of the church are being sustained with a fair degree of interest. The general spirit of the church is quite good; and all things considered there are many reasons for praise and thanksgiving to the bountiful Giver of all good.

S. H. Babcock.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1899.

MILTON, Wis.—We are enjoying fine October weather. Farmers are gathering an abundant crop of corn and potatoes, thus closing another prosperous year. The work of the College has now been organized for a full month, and is progressing with great earnestness and enthusiasm by both professors and students. A movement has been well begun by which the different College classes shall be more distinctly organized, and the distinction between College and Academic work sharply drawn. Though some of the classes are small, the results of this movement thus far are very gratifying. Another forward movement in the interest of the College has been inaugurated by the students in the shape of a monthly periodical, the Milton College Review. The following notice was sent to subscribers: "We wish to announce to our friends in Milton and vicinity, that a quarterly journal will be continued from Oct. 1st, 1899. The sheet number copies will be sent, and subscriptions will be received, by the Manager, P. E. Clement. Write to him.

The religious work of the community, school and church, is going forward encouragingly. Last Sabbath we went to Clear Lake for the baptism of two young men. On arrival at the place of service, we found the people from the Junction there also with two candidates for this beautiful ordinance. The services, conducted by Bro. Platts and Platts, assisted by Eld. Geo. W. Burdick, were most impressive, and joy and gladness seemed to fill all hearts.

L. A. P.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Yesterday, Sabbath-day, Secretary Lewis preached for us, and the discourse was a strong and eloquent appeal for higher moral and spiritual life, that we may become fitted for greater and yet greater work for our Lord. At the Endeavor meeting, as a conclusion of "denominational day," on Sunday the three College Presidents; and the President of the Society, Miss Bessee F. Randolph, gave an excellent report of the State Convention, and all must come. I tell ye, I kicks again it, sah, and will, long 'I hab bref in my body.

Plainfield College has been a-puchin' for its 13th year. Sept. 8th the college was dedicated. The guest of honor for the occasion was the Very Rev. Dr. C. F. Holbrook, of the New York Theological Seminary. He delivered a discourse on the subject, "A Practical View of the College Movement," which was received with profound respect and admiration.

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"What do you mean by saying you kick against it?" I asked.

"I kicks again it, sah.

Such was the vehement exclamation of Brother Moses. My first acquaintance with Moses began thus:

Soon after the close of the war a neighbor said to me one day, "I wish you would call in and see my colored man, who has recently come to me from the South. I assure you he is a character." I called one morning according to request, and after a pleasant introduction, I said: "Brother Moses, would you tell me your Christian experience, if you can spare time for it?"

"I allers has time enough for dat, sah," he replied, "It was on the sixth day of October, 1889, at three o'clock in de morning, in massa's 'portico,' old Virginia, that the Lord spoke peace to my soul.

"I had been a-mournin' for weeks, yet all de while more or less confident in myself, and settin' store by de heaph of good works and prayers and doings for the soul. But last among de deceitful refuges began to glib way, and de foundations of de great deep broke up in my soul, and for three days and nights I could neither eat, drink nor sleep, a mournin' and a-wailin' for my sins.

"At last, night by night, in the third day, out de cornfield, I says, 'Lord, you must save dis despairin' sinner, or he'll die. I know I's wicked, and vile, and rebellious, but den you's all-merciful and forgiving.'

"He reached out his hand edgeways toward me; and if dat hand hadn't been a sharp, two-edged sword, it wouldn't cut me open quick-en it did, separatein' de joints and de marrow, and layin' bare de corruption of my heart. I never dreamed what a heap of blackness de ex-press of de wickeder in me, was, till quick-en I can tell, he reached out his hand again, so kinder soft and tender, and closed me up, and didn't leave a rent or a scar or a sore place in my heart, and he says to me, 'Son, dy sins, which is many, is forgiven thee.'

"Den I know'd I's been born again; dat old things had passed away, and all things had become new. Dat from dat day I's been satisfactory. I was born'd again and Iam dat I was born'd de first time. Dat's my experience. And what am I? "I kicks again it, sah, for it's what I's tasted and seen.

"Have you any special religious interest in your church?" I asked Moses.

"No room for any interest," he replied. "De church is so lumbered up wid fairs, and festibals, and doings, and justin' things, what de church's got no chance to work among us. Leastwise date my solemn 'pion, dough some say's I's heant and setful. But I's sick of it, sah! I goin' to b' come out 'bout such sinners. Mnister don't want to git no Chris- tians, what de church's got no chance to work among us. Leastwise date my solemn 'pion, doug some say's I's heant and setful. But I's sick of it, sah! I goin' to b' come out 'bout such sinners. Mnister don't want to git no Chris- tians, what de church's got no chance to work among us. Leastwise date my solemn 'pion, doug some say's I's heant and setful. But I's sick of it, sah! I goin' to b' come out 'bout such sinners. Mnister don't want to git no Chris- tians, what de church's got no chance to work among us. Leastwise date my solemn 'pion, doug some say's I's heant and setful. But I's sick of it, sah! I goin' to b' come out 'bout such sinners. Mnister don't want to git no Chris- tians, what de church's got no chance to work among us. Leastwise date my solemn 'pion, doug some say's I's heant and setful. But I's sick of it, sah! I goin' to b' come out 'bout such sinners. Mnister don't want to git no Chris-
two weeks back. I looks in a few minutes, and Pepper and de dink’s, and the planey and de fiddle strikes up, and den all de young folks’ feet begin to shuffle and scrape and the unthiinkable “rushin’ into battle. And, sez I, “Take off the ’strant and how long ‘fore dis whole company ‘d be a dancin’ and a waltzin’ in the howlin’ yard?”

“Den dey had de gness cake, and de waffles, and waffled off a colico quilt to de one dat dared drof de price,” sez I. “What’s de use of eddickyatin’ peopl’ to gamblin’ an’ de lotteries?” “De first thing I et1 all de, and freezes mercury don’t think, de Lord’s, and freezes pure alcohol very readi—There, are a few rules with—

vapor

There, are a few rules with... Vapor. Liquid air is just what its name implies. It is the chill given that

its
temperature of a room

very slightly or to produce a degree of cold that no life could endure for a minute. As an explosive fluid, it is the Devon flower, and no experiments already made indicate that it may be used in both gunnery and blasting; and it may thus take the place of both gunpowder and dynamite.—Sci. Culture.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HATS IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The first thing that strikes the attention of a newly elected M. P. is the strict importance of having the proper hat for the various functions that attach to innumerable minutiae of form and rule, and the readiness with which the members will leave the business of the nation to take care of itself while they are squabbling over trifles. This strikes him at the very outset of his career, for unless he can get two M. P.’s to introduce him, the sergeant at arms will not allow him to enter the House. He must, unrevive, bring the Sheriff’s “return” of his election with him, or the speaker will not allow him to represent Lord Halsbury, when elected as Sir Harding Giffard for Launceston, was kept waiting at the table for a long time, while the Conservative Whip was hunting high and low for the return which Sir Hardings knew he had brought in to the House, and which was at last discovered in his hat under a seat.

The House of Commons attaches great importance to hats. A member who comes into the House with his hat on will be saluted with a loud yell of “Order! A similar ebullition will greet him if he rises with his hat on in the course of debate. On the other hand, only members can keep their hats on when sitting in the House or in any of the galleries. Even the Prince of Wales must remove his hat when he goes to the Peers’ Gallery. On the other hand, though the only proper attitude in which a member can address the speaker is standing and bareheaded, a member who wishes to address the chairman of committees on a point of order can only do so sitting and with his hat on. Occasions have happened when an M. P. has frequently bor- rowed for the occasion, and a grave statesman has had to address the chair in a hat several sizes too small for him.

A hat, moreover, is sometimes allowed to represent his owner. For instance, the rule is that if a member, when called upon to officiate as chairman of official reading of prayers, he can reserve a seat for himself during the whole sitting by leaving his hat on it. On one occasion some Irish members brought in several hats aside, and secured good seats for all the principal members of their party. The speaker, however, declared that the privilege attached to personal attendance at prayers, not to the mere deposit of a hat. A member usually places his hat under his chair when he rises to speak. Sometimes, however, he incurs an improper place it on the chair. In the latter case he is al- most certain to sit down on it when he has finished his speech. This is a joke which the House of Commons always enjoys.

There are a few rules with regard to dress.

The speaker, for instance, must wear knee breeches, shirts, stockings, purses with buckles, a stuff gown, a white tie and a wig. He never wears a sword in the House. The sergeant at arms, on the contrary, always wears a sword when he is on duty. His costume includes knee breeches, silk stockings, purses with buckles, a white tie and a bob wig.—The British Realm.

THE GOSPEL TENT IN SOUTH DAKOTA, AND A PLEA FOR THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Now to turn to the Iowa, a few additional words in regard to the work on this field may be of interest, to some at least; but if to make it interesting it must contain descriptions of exciting scenes, soul-stirring incidents and wonderful conversions, we may as well lay the pen down. To those who have read the almost thrilling accounts of tent work in the East, this short sketch may be somewhat dry; but I hasten to add that there was nothing dry in connection with these meetings until the excitement of seeking the water of Life may be regarded. Many times persons went to Eld. Hurley, after services, and with tears coursing down their cheeks, thanked him for the words of admonition and solemn warning his sermons contained. Individuals from whom nothing but criticism was expected were heard to say that the meetings conducted by Eld. Hurley were the most spiritual of any they ever attended.

The interest was not far-reaching, excepting, perhaps, in the instance of a young man, father of a large family, who, though not a full member, attended Sabbath services in the tent.

The meetings were noted for their deep spiritual power, as extracts from letters received will help to show. One writes, “When I think of the meetings, even now I cannot say how, or for what reason, but I never felt so near to my Saviour as I did during the meetings and have since.”

With very few exceptions, a prayer meeting was held in the tent every afternoon, before the evening service. All who attended these meetings were greatly interested and received further quotations from letters show. They were always spoken of as “little prayer-meetings” as the attendance was usually small; generally from eight to twelve persons, never less than five; and at one meeting there were twenty-one present. In one letter were these words: “I can not thank God enough for the little prayer-meetings. How can we doubt his promises to answer prayer after seeing them fulfilled as we have this Summer?” Another writes: “Many times I have thanked God for them. They have brought me closer to Christ and created in me a greater desire to work for my Master.” Still another: “I thank God for the little prayer-meetings we had in the tent. They did me more good than any number of sermons could have done. Oh, why do not God’s children come together oftener in the prayer-meetings when they are the source of so much strength and blessing.”

The question, “what would Jesus do,” seemed to be stamped indelibly in every heart, and to walk “in his steps” became every active Christian. In every place where tent meetings were held the young people have organized regular weekly prayer-meetings, and God is blessing them in the work. Nothing will bring peace to the troubled mind, strength to the feebleminded, joy to the distressed, solution to the sorrowing and assurance to the doubting, as will a few minutes alone with the Bible, Prayer and Jesus.

WELTON, IOWA.

They are not always dead who die,
Nor living all who live;
For life’s best years may oft deny
What death alone can give.

—D. B. Sickels.

C. C. V.
There is favor toward his people. God by asking an escort after he had spoken of a prosperous journey.

Ezra, the priest, the returning exiles, becoming less and less. There was need for reform. The work of rebuilding the temple which association with those outside. Many were intermarrying. A New Machine. A rather remarkable machine has lately been invented and introduced in England for the manufacture of what is known in commerce as "butt hinges," used generally on doors, lids, and other swinging articles, where it is desired to have the butt or hinge, with its fastening, shielded as far as possible from view.

Formerly these hinges were made of cast iron, in pairs, which were interlocked with each other; a hole was drilled through the interlocked parts, and a wire inserted which held them together, and around which each piece moved; this formed the butt or hinge. In later years these pieces have been stamps from wrought iron plates, the interlocking parts have been obtained by bending those pieces of each part so as leave a hole for the insertion of a wire, which formed a hinge like the former. These butt or hinges are now made of wrought iron or brass, and are considered superior to cast iron, as they are not subject to wear and are not fastened to the frame of the door, as the former in the market; but this process of manufacture required much time and labor in handling the several parts.

The new machine is automatic. The iron, or brass, is fed from coils into the machine, and the use of cans, is much and gradually formed into the separate parts of the hinge. At the proper moment a wire rod is fed in and forms the bolt that holds the parts together, and around which they revolve, thus completing the hinge. The several holes in the plates for screws, are bored during the operation.

A complete butt hinge, ready for use, can be made by this machine at the rate of forty to fifty per minute.

The mystery was solved. While this covenant was written up, and upon my heart the written covenant had been out of sight so long that its whereabouts had been forgotten. Just how much good the finding and reading of this paper by the Lackawanna Railroad officials will do may not be known here, but I trust to say that it is worth more than it is cost to meet officials whom you know to be honest, and worth many thousand times what it cost to know that he with whom we have covenanted, and whom we love to trust, is equal to any engagement. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." Lost—and found by him.

David D. Rogers.

March 2, 1899.

LESSON IV.—Ezra’s Journey to Jerusalem.


Ezra 8: 21-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The hand of our God is upon all them for good that worketh in. Ezra 3: 2.

INTRODUCTION.

In last quarter we had four lessons concerning the returning of the exiled Jews to Jerusalem, and their rebuilding and reestablishment of their nation. The great work was beset with many difficulties, both within and without. Without was the hostility of their neighbors, and their own poverty and weakness. Within was the spirit of lust and religious, matters, and indifference in regard to the work of rebuilding the temple and restoring, as far as possible, the former service of Jehovah. Haggai and Zechariah did a great work to stir up the careless people to activity. The work of rebuilding the temple which had been resumed in 320, was completed in 516. Now there followed a period of nearly sixty years, concerning which there has been almost no record preserved for us. The people were growing careless in regard to their assignment, and without active solicitude, were waiting with the heathen, and the reverence for the law was becoming less and less. There was need for reform. The number of the Jewish people at Jerusalem, but from Babylon. Ezra, the priest, the scribe, moved with zeal for Jehovah and his law, made his way with another group of exiles returning, to infuse new life into the people of Israel, and to teach them to observe the law.

NOTES.

21. Then I proclaimed a fast. It is to be noted that this portion of the Book of Ezra is a quotation from the pen of Ezra himself. The fast was for the sake of drawing near to God. It was not that God might be appeased or calmed, but that their hearts might be turned toward him, that they might repeat of their sins and trust in him more earnestly. They might affect ourselves better as in Revised Version, "That we might humble ourselves." To seek of him a right way for us. The reference is not to the number of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, but the whole city, the temple, and level road. The expression is used figuratively for a prosperous journey. For our little ones and for all our substance. The reference to the little ones and to goods makes vivid the great hazard of the journey.

22. For I was ashamed to require of the king a band of soldiers, etc. Instead of "require," read "ask." It is the most common word for making request. We can not but admire the courage of Ezra, who was willing to risk a great danger rather than to seem to dishonor his god by asking an escort after he had spoken of God's favor toward his people. The enemy in the way. No definite adversary is referred to, but any enemy whom they might meet on the way.

23. And brought our food for this. "This" probably refers to the prosperous journey for which they were longing. And he was esteemed of us. That is, he heard their prayer. Compare 2 Sam. 21: 14.

24. Then I separated twelve of the chief of the priests, etc. Literally, "twelve of the princes of the priests. There is a little difficulty in regard to the interpretation of the latter half of this verse. If Sherubah and Hashabiah were priests, why is there need of adding the phrase, "the first among the priests." I think it probable that twelve had already been mentioned? It is almost cer­tain, however, that those two men were Levites. See Neh. 7: 5; 10: 28. Then comes the word of two priests and twelve Levites, and for some particular reason mentions two of the Levites. In verse 30, the priests are mentioned as having the custody of the gold and silver.

25. And weighed unto them the silver. Money was reckoned by weight. In this case the vessels and other utensils of the temple were weighed that there might be definite responsibility. The king and his princes, and the Israelites in Babylon, had contributed for the additional furnishing of the temple and for the support of its service.

26. Six hundred and fifty talents of silver. The value of a talent of silver was about $1,700.

27. Of a thousand drams. There is some difference of opinion as to the value of the weight—indicated by the word "dram" (Kii 2: 8, Revised Version, "dare." If the latter is the correct translation it may be nearly equal to five dollars. And two vessels of fine copper, precious as gold. Better in the Revised Version, "of fine bright brass."

28. Ye are holy unto the Lord. They were set apart and consecrated for the service of God. Ezra, by his words of exhortation, is endeavoring to instil in them a sense of their great responsibility.

29. Watch ye and keep them, etc. They were to render an account of the things entrusted to them. Fathers of Israel...in Jerusalem. Ezra represented not only the Jews, but the nation of Israel.


31. On the twentieth day of the first month. Compare these dates with those in chapter 7: 9, 10 and chapter 6: 15. And of such as lay in wait by the way. The great danger of the Jews was from robbers, etc. The deliverance may mean that no attack was made, or that those who watched made a successful defense.

32. And abode there three days. That is, before proceeding to work. Compare Neh. 2: 11.

L O S T— F O U N D.

A little incident occurred on our way from Conference which, if related, might be helpful to others as a thrusting for the higher life. It shows how God rewards those that acknowledge him in all the way of life and covenant with him. After visiting a few hours with an aged mother, we took our leave for the Southland, and being weary of the night travel, think the five services a day, we lay back and took a good rest in sleep. During the time our pocketbook slipped from our pocket to the car floor (so much for fashion-ability), the loss was not discovered until we were on another train. The conductor was notified by telegram of the loss, and the book was restored to us at New York, with its contents all intact. It was noticeable that the pocketbook was handed over without any hesitancy, and we were sure that the proper home of its owner was reached, when we concluded to look the contents over more carefully, and found the following covenant:

Lord Jesus, as once I took Thee as my Saviour from the guilt of sin, I now take Thee as my Deliverer from the power of sin, and enter into possession of my inheritance in Thee.

D. D. Rogers.

Ocala, Fla., April 28, 1894.

The mystery was solved. While this covenant was written up, and upon my heart the written covenant had been out of sight so long that its whereabouts had been forgotten. Just how much good the finding and reading of this paper by the Lackawanna Railroad officials will do may not be known here, but I trust to say that it is worth more than it is cost to meet officials whom you know to be honest, and worth many thousand times what it cost to know that he with whom we have covenanted, and whom we love to trust, is equal to any engagement. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." Lost—and found by him.

David D. Rogers.
DEATHS.

Not open to our rays the solemn angel
That comes to claim our earthly span.
God call our loved ones, but we lose not
They dwell in the quiet and sweet triumph
As in His heaven.

W. H. MILLER.—At her home near Nortonville, Kan., Sept. 4, 1899, Mrs. Elizabeth Culver Miller, after an illness of about two weeks. She was married to W. H. Miller in 1854. They removed to Kansas in 1869. Her husband, four children, two brothers, two sisters remain to mourn her departure. She was a member of the West Hallock Seventh-day Baptist church in about 1857 or 1858.

G. W. LANSDOWNE.—At his home near Nortonville, Kansas, Aug. 24, 1899, Elbert R. Langworthy, after an illness of nine months.

He was born in DeBuer, N. Y., July 31, 1845. He came with his parents to West Hallock, Ill., in 1855. He received his education in the common schools of his neighborhood. He was married to Miss Areilla Johnson, August 26. They removed to Garvin, Iowa, in 1877, remaining until 1890, when they came to the place where he now resides. About 1813 years of age he became a member of the West Hallock Seventh-day Baptist church. While at Garvin he was a member of the Methodist church, and later he became a member at Nortonville, of which church he was a member at the time of his death. He expressed a willingness to depart and be with his Saviour. His wife and seven children remain in sadness at his departure.

Liturgical Notes.

Sir Henry Irving on Shakespeare.

Sir Henry Irving devoted part of his summer holidays to a study of Shakespeare, on which he has given to The Home Journal. It is called "Shakespeare in Small Communities," and tells how the study, reading aloud and acting of Shakespeare's works may be followed in communities of almost any size.

The Treasury of Religious Thought for October, 1899, is a noteworthy number. Its frontispiece is a portrait of Pres. John H. Barrows, recently inducted into office at Oberlin College, and its leading sermon is his first benediction during its session in Colby College. Rev. Dwight M. Pratt has an article on "The Preachers at Northfield," and the second sermon is one preached there by Dr. J. G. Mahoney. The number also gives an outline on "Riding One's Spirit." E. B. Treat & Co., Publishers, 241-243 West 33rd St., New York.

Warranted.

Miller.—At her home near Nortonville, Kan., Sept. 4, 1899, Mrs. Elizabeth Culver Miller, after an illness of about two weeks. She was married to W. H. Miller in 1854. They removed to Kansas in 1869. Her husband, four children, two brothers, two sisters remain to mourn her departure. She was a member of the West Hallock Seventh-day Baptist church in about 1857 or 1858.

MARRIAGES.

GEE.—Brooks.—In Waterford, Conn., Oct. 4, 1899, by the Rev. A. J. Potter, Miss Jessie Brooks and Mr. Frank W. Gies, both of Waterford.

It has been a hard day, and the tired lines in your face show it. The muscles of the face have lost their firmness and the lines about cheeks, and mouth, and eyes droop weary. You look ten years older than you know you are, and you feel sadder than you know you have a right to be. Worse than all, a sharp pain shoots from the left temple over the forehead and down the sides of the face. You know that means a nervous headache and a night of agony, unless something is done quickly.

Try this cure: Slip off your bodice and bare your neck. Twist your hair into a loose knot on the top of your head. Then take a sponge and a basin of hot water—just as hot as you can bear it—drop it into the hot water, steep it slowly and steadily over the face and forehead for eight or ten minutes, keeping the sponge as hot as it can be borne. By that time your face will look and feel as if it were par-boiled. But do not worry.

Then bathe the back of the neck as you have done the face, carrying the sponge each time well up the back of the head.

Keep this up for some length of time; then without looking at yourself in the glass—because that would disquiet you—dry your face and neck softly and go and lie down flat on your back. Close your eyes and think just of one thing—how heavy you are on the couch and how easily it supports you. That is truly one part of the cure.

Lie there for half an hour. If you don't fall asleep, you probably will. Then get up and take the deferred look in the glass. You look ten years younger than you know you are, and you feel sadder than you know you are.
Forbid wet the spot with salt and lemon juice, and lay in the sun to dry. A second trial may be necessary, but it will surely be effective. Some use salt, starch, soft soap and lemon juice; apply with a brush, and lay in the sun till the stains come out. Other methods are called good by some, but I cannot recommend them, as they are so liable to injure the fabric. I mean those in which chloride of lime, nitric acid or powdered potash are used as a bleaching agent.

Health for ten cents. Cure any disease wherever you are by treating only the symptoms.

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