THE CAGED LION.

BY EDGAR PROCTOR CLARK.

I see them pass with veiled, disdainful eyes—
The shuffling crowds, who stare, with feeble cries.
What counts this jackal race of men to him?
Beyond the tawdry tent, the torches dim,
Lies to his gaze the tawny Lybian plain
Where his lithe lioness waits her lord in vain—
Where tireless stars march down the Orient,
And beckon him to conquest and delight.

Now, as hot memory through each vein doth surge,
As sweeps the simoom o’er the desert verge,
He springs! magnificent in kingly rage—
And beats the fretted barrier of his cage,
Hurling his heart out in the cry of wrath
That once through cowering deserts clave his path,
And now—suffices only to beguile
A gaping rustic to a vacant smile.

Then, conscious of his impotence, his shame,
His strength a farce, his majesty a name,
Shuddering he sinks; and silent, lays once more
His kingly head against his prison floor.
Too proud to moan, too weak to conquer Fate,
Stares at the staring crowd in brooding hate.

Yet—Desert-Born!—in that dull throng may be
(That jackal-throng whom thou dost hate as free)
One, king as thou! who sees, through prison bars,
His Lybian plain, his unattained stars!
SABBATH RECORDER.

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

MARQUETTE, WISCONSIN.

It is supposed that Father Allones, a French Catholic priest, was the first white man who ascended the Fox River from Green Bay, Wis.; this was in 1670. In 1673 Fathers Marquette and Joliet passed over the same route, crossing the "Portage" of a mile or two to the head of navigation on the Fox, to the Wisconsin river, and so down to the Mississippi. These men spent some time on the south bank of a lake, through which the Fox runs—well toward the western boundary of what is now the state of Wisconsin—which the Indians called Puckaway. They named this station Marquette. A village, on the site of the old mission station, the township in which it is situated, and formerly a large community, has grown around Marquette. The county has been divided, one part being called Marquette and the other Green Lake.

Permanent settlements by white men were not made in this section until between 1840 and 1850. The first religious service, Protestant, was held in 1845. Among the first churches organized, in the original county of Marquette, was the Seventh-day Baptist church at Dakota, Wis., in 1846; the Second Baptist church at Dakota, Wis., in 1875, the Seventh-day Baptist church at Beloit—twenty-five or thirty miles south, on Sixth Day, 1850.

The Sabbathkeeping interests at Marquette were first developed by the Adventists in 1861; although at least one Seventh-day Baptist family, Hallett Green from Adams Centre, N. Y., settled in Marquette at an early day. In the unfolding of the Advent movement several influential Sabbath-keepers refused to accept the authority of Mrs. White's "visions," and some of those united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Dakota, Wis. The Adventists organized, but their church was dissolved about May, 1875. The Seventh-day Baptist church of Marquette was organized by Rev. H. B. Lewis, now of Leonardsville, N. Y. It forms one of the group of "missionary churches" in Northern Wisconsin.

Among the missionary pastors who have labored with the church since 1875 have been:

J. W. Morton, Alex. McLearn, J. M. Todd, D. B. Coon, Eli Loofboro, and the present pastor, Chas. Sayer. In 1898 evangelistic work was carried on there by Geo. W. Hills, S. H. Baskett and L. O. Rulolph. These labors strengthened the church and, although not large, the faithful few—and some Sabbath-keepers who are not members in form, but are in fact, so far as sympathy and cooperation are concerned—have maintained the Sabbath interests in a most commendable manner.

The Editor of the Recorder preached at Marquette once Oct. 13, twice on the 14th, and twice on the 15th. The interests of the Sabbath, the authority of the Law of God, and the goal of glory were two, towards which God gave power and guidance. "Those of like precious faith" seemed to be much strengthened and cheered by the services. The attendance of those not Seventh-day Baptists was good. The church maintains a "Bible reading" service on Sixth-day evening, and Sabbath-school on Sabbath, when the missionary pastor cannot be with them. Since the death of Deacon Tuckner, John H. Noble is the senior deacon.

The SABBATH RECORDER has warm and appreciative relations toward, and the Editor has enjoyed the privilege of visiting this "picquet-post" of the Seventh-day Baptist interests in Northern Wisconsin. The newly-elected "missionary pastor" for the "Berlin section," Charles Nayer, a recent graduate of Milton College, and one of the "Milton quarter" of last summer, is entering on his work in a way which has endeared him already to the churches of Northern Wisconsin. It matters not so much where we labor as how we labor. Our faith, our faithfulness, as we heard it interpreted by the scene and the Spirit, a hundred prayer-meetings would be enriched to-morrow night by new spiritual treasures of wisdom and joy. "Dying beautifully," because fearless, trustful, glad; because conscious that the love of God, which is far more exceedingly beautiful than that mountain coloring, enfolds us, redeemed, and made heirs of an inheritance yet more glorious! Thus all may die, who will. Will you?

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 11, 1899.

DYING BEAUTIFULLY.

We have been watching the autumn coloring on tree, shrub and landscape for many years. What we saw last year before yesterday on the line of the Lehigh Valley railroad, between Easton and Wilkes Barre, Pa., surpassed everything seen before. The finest part of the picture—the indescribable portion—lay between "Ma Chunk" and the foot of the mountain east of Wilkes Barre. Everything grew red before our eyes, from tiny shrubs, larger shrubs, and all trees were in that state of rich, ripe gorgeousness which precedes the moment when leaves begin to wither and fall at the touch of the "North Wind's breath." Now, the leaves begin to turn and the colors run into each other. No one can tell what we saw. Baffled and beaten, we gave up the attempt to describe, and looked—and looked—as the glory glided by.

When the train began the descent toward Wilkes Barre—three miles away as the crow flies—and seventeen as the road runs—a deep ravine which gashed the side of the mountains for a mile or more lay beneath the car windows. All the insightfulness of jagged rocks and falling trees was covetted by the orange, gold, crimson, scarlet, purple, green counterpanes which autumn had flung over the defile. It lay there, one blaze of glory. She who sat at the window said: "Oh, if we could all die as beautifully as that!" That was it. Her lips had framed the description which had baffled and eluded us for half a day. "Dying beautifully!" That tells the story. More need not be said. One springtime day we saw that same defile when the leaves were half-formed. The storms and the cold had brought them to full development. But the culmination is here, just as October is preparing for the funeral of the year. The soul which develops in the paths of wisdom, in accordance with the will of God, and enveloped in love, finds its richest hour in the dying beauty that crowns a life of service. There is a spiritual beauty which rivals what we have to try to tell you of. If all our readers could have taken this ride with us; if they could have beheld that defile, as we heard it interpreted by the scene and the Spirit, a hundred prayer-meetings would be enriched to-morrow night by new spiritual treasures of wisdom and joy. "Dying beautifully," because fearless, trustful, glad; because conscious that the love of God, which is far more exceedingly beautiful than that mountain coloring, enfolds us, redeemed, and made heirs of an inheritance yet more glorious! Thus all may die, who will. Will you?

We publish on the last page of the Recorder this week, in the space assigned to Alfred University for advertising, a brief mention of the One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund which Alfred University is raising. The name of the contributors to this fund appears in connection with that of Alfred University, and is an example of what a man is than what he does. We are pleased to see this enterprise undertaken, and know our readers will be interested in it and help bring it to completion.

On another page will be found a valuable article, under the head, "An Abandoned Cloister." The illustrations which accompany it in the Outlook are fine and interesting us part of the history. Ten cents will secure a copy of the Outlook—Oct. 7, 1899, etc.—illustrations—287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

HOW TO PROSPER.

Know your business thoroughly. Do it faithfully. Avoid disputes and strikes. Keep your own secrets. Mind your own affairs, and leave the management of others to them. Confide in few. Do right at all hazards. Think more of what a man is than of what he has. Never try to outrun God's providence. Do not waste strength in fretting at unavoidable evils. When you are annoyed do not make a fuss about it, but cultivate a cheerful heart and a calm countenance. Be temperate in all things. Give what God requires, and do not be Coxed to do more because others are going to. Listen to advisers, but let God be your first and last counselor. Do not be hurried, and do not allow others to hurry you. Take time to think. Guard against people who always justify your course. Seek honest judgment rather than flattering sympathy. Never fear to own a fault. Do right by others whether they will do right by you or not. Keep the Lord always before your face, and death, judgment, and immortal glory all in full view. Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. Make this life but the beginning of a life that shall be endless as eternity, and glorious as the stars of heaven.
A Pastoral Symphony.

If you know of anything lovelier than Southern Wisconsin in the balmy days of October, please bring it forward. Through the thick carpet of crisp leaves I trudge across the park and breathe the sweet, pure air. Albion is as beautiful as ever. The outlines of the people have always been somewhat indistinct. Those were Babcocks and Whiffords, Potters and Humphreys. Palmiters and Burdicks, Coons, Greens, etc., etc.—all good Seventh-day Baptist names—but to "place" the individual members, that was another matter. It is with real pleasure that I settle down to the pleasant task of getting acquainted. To go out and help huck corn and pick apples—if not off the tree, at least out of the barrel,—to sit down socially in the homes, to feel the thrill of the daily life, to share the joys and sorrows, the aspirations and despair. As for the land, this is the greatest privilege of the pastor—for your evangelist is still a pastor, if he fulfills his mission. A feeling of quiet content comes over me to be back again in the calm, serene atmosphere of a well-nurtured country village. This village and country are among the fairest of God’s domains. The farmers are prosperous and independent, neighbors are kind and humanly interested in one another, the church, the school and the other institutions which form the atmosphere of spiritual life, are here, and there is plenty of room. Through the window frame the clumps and maple stand sharp and distinct against the tinted grey evening sky. Underneath stretches the soft carpet of bleached brown. A sweet stillness is in the air. God reigns and it is his world.

"Better stay on the farm a while longer, Don't be in a hurry to go."

I think so more and more, every time I come back. Yes, I know there are drawbacks. There are everywhere—even in California. There always will be till we get to heaven.

Visiting the Homes.

I think that we pastors perhaps do not make enough of the pastoral office. I will stand as stoutly as anyone for the principle that the home is the heart of the church. But there is a special sense of nearness and of proprietorship felt by the church toward the pastor they love which is not by any means to be discouraged. Our people love their church, they love their homes, and to them first of all is the pastor’s pleasant duty.

Then there are those on the border line who are not in the fold, but who yet have their needs. Just to know that the minister thinks enough of them to visit them puts hope and aspiration in the heart, and stimulates the finer feelings. Often the call whose memory is soon crowded out of the busy pastor’s mind, is a landmark in the life of some household.

The ideal pastoral call, not sanctimonious and formal on the one hand, nor trivial and frivolous on the other. Beneath the cheerful chat of farm and family, the matters of common life, let the deep animating purpose be felt.

This is a successful pastoral call with this lesson: that the pastor is one of them, leaves them with more brightness and cheer in their hearts, less worry, more faith in God, more interest in the welfare of others, more sense of divine presence, more desire to be pure and true, and to be faithful in the work of the Lord.

There are many neglected homes. Are any of them on your beat?

Room for All.

Bro. Herbert VanHorn, recently ordained to the ministry with the view of serving the Farnam church for one year, writes a letter to the Milton Journal from his new Nebraska home. We are especially interested in two passages:

"Although the people are poor in purse, they are a big-hearted people and rich in ‘treasures of heaven.’"

"Two of the four pastors, the M. E. and S. B. D., have joined hands if not hearts, and now present a picture house at the parsonage. There is plenty of room here for all of us and lots to do. There is good soil, and the right kind of seed properly sown and blessed with God’s showers of love, will yield an hundred or sixty or thirty fold. May his blessing attend the work!"

That reminds one of Dr. Ella Swinney’s: "We touch elbows in Shanghai, but we work together well."

"His Caboose."

We judge harshly sometimes, and on utterly insufficient data. There are some people for whom it is hard for us to say anything kind. We get "down" on them, we and our neighbors, and straightway faults are magnified and virtues hid. We may be compelled to recognize some bit of well-doing, but soon the opportunity comes again to roll that sweet morsel under our tongue, and then off our tongue, "I told you so."

This treatment works in different ways on different peoples. Spine it emitters; some it discourages; some it makes callous; some it drives to recklessness and despair. As for doing any good, wanton unfeeling criticism never helped anybody, unless through God’s miraculous agency. Truth distorted, stray accounts of the caboose” are the读物 as essential nature of life, and go on the same festering mission. The worst—(at this point the reader lays down his paper, scratches his head and looks over his glasses: "I wonder, who has been telling me about us.") After all, the world is held together by love and trust. The mother who stands in the doorway watching for “his caboose” is worth more to the particular boy in question than all the procession of those who pass by on the other side suspiciously wagging their heads.

THE ABANDONED CLOISTER.

Nestling at the foot of South Mountain, thirteen miles below Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, is a collection of time-worn and weather-beaten buildings, so entirely unlike any other in the beautiful valley which comprises to unfold there that the attention of the traveler with curiosity is once arrested. A great brick house, of even more ample dimensions than the homes which have given the Cumberland Valley its reputation for hospitality and opulence, is the nucleus of the community; around it are grouped other structures, the century-old tresses and masses of color and shrubbery heightening the exquisite effect which nature can produce when man lets her have the most to do with them.

An inquiry addressed to the agent elicits the information that the main building is "the nunnery;" then the visitor looks sharply at its open doors or into the dark shadows beyond the windows in expectation of getting a glimpse of sober-clad women, with their hair fringed in sorrowful, or at least simple of heart and German girls; an older woman is devoting herself to some domestic industry, and a stolid farmer just come in from the fields for the noonday meal adds still further to one’s perplexity over the name.

It is only a few steps from the Wyanboro’ road up the hollycock-bordered path to “the nunnery,” and then begins the task of learning something about this particular relic of one of Pennsylvania’s peculiar peoples—the German Seventh-day Baptists, a sect which here gave expression to a most unusual social and religious condition.

Away back in 1708 a German named Alexander Mack and seven others who had searched the Scriptures with him conceived the idea that the only way to arrive at the true spiritual life was to abandon all existing traditions and observances and proceed upon original lines, or, rather, to adopt the primitive plan as they interpreted it. Their new route for the pilgrim’s progress was eventually the one by which the later society of Dunkers walked, apart from other religions. In a few years persecution had driven these Dunkers into various parts of western Europe; in 1719, swept by the great wave of German and Dutch emigration, many of them came to America and dispersed to the different sections which their kindred of other denominations were then peopling.

One of these bands of Dunkers settled in the Conestoga country (now in Lancaster County), their leader was Conrad Beissel. In a little while this Conrad Beissel fell under the influence of the Sabbattarians, of whom there were a couple of dozen in the province of Pennsylvania German girls; an older woman is devoting herself to some domestic industry, and a stolid farmer just come in from the fields for the noonday meal adds still further to one’s perplexity over the name.

It is only a few steps from the Wyanboro’ road up the hollycock-bordered path to “the nunnery,” and then begins the task of learning something about this particular relic of one of Pennsylvania’s peculiar peoples—the German Seventh-day Baptists, a sect which here gave expression to a most unusual social and religious condition.

Away back in 1708 a German named Alexander Mack and seven others who had searched the Scriptures with him conceived the idea that the only way to arrive at the true spiritual life was to abandon all existing traditions and observances and proceed upon original lines, or, rather, to adopt the primitive plan as they interpreted it. Their new route for the pilgrim’s progress was eventually the one by which the later society of Dunkers walked, apart from other religions. In a few years persecution had driven these Dunkers into various parts of western Europe; in 1719, swept by the great wave of German and Dutch emigration, many of them came to America and dispersed to the different sections which their kindred of other denominations were then peopling.

One of these bands of Dunkers settled in the Conestoga country (now in Lancaster County), their leader was Conrad Beissel. In a little while this Conrad Beissel fell under the influence of the Sabbattarians, of whom there were a couple of dozen in the province of Pennsylvania German girls; an older woman is devoting herself to some domestic industry, and a stolid farmer just come in from the fields for the noonday meal adds still further to one’s perplexity over the name.
Sachse, a most patient and careful investigator of the history of that religious experiment, that the interested reader can easily find a key that will enable him to puzzle out the history of the people who lived there.

The German settlement at Ephrata is a place that is well worth visiting. The convent at Ephrata was erected in 1829, and its宏 properties are the strongest man, who stands up for the doctrine which Conrad Beissel introduced to the Dunkers still gather to listen to the truth which their minister interprets from the well-worn Bible, or to participate, at proper intervals, in the festivals which they deem essential.

It is considered quite a mark of progress in these days to have a department of the modern church structure supplied with facilities for cooking, the church supper or sodalite being responsible for the introduction of this "advanced" idea. But the idea is not so advanced, after all; this little seventy-year-old meeting-house has its kitchen and it is furnished with a gigantic bricked-in kettle.

Like the Friends' meetings of old, the interior of Snow Hill church is very plainly furnished; there is no provision made for elaborate pulpit oratory; believing that the words of God in money and without price, their minister is not a "hiringel." His plain desk is furnished with an English Bible, and English hymnals are also used by the congregation now instead of the German ones formerly used.

If Dewey had taken hold of that lion he would have split him clear in two. It is no use talking nonsense. You have been telling me. Dewey is the greatest man and the strongest man on earth, and Samson isn't in it."—Selected.
**THE SABBATH RECORDER**

**Missions.**

By O. D. Whitting, Cor. Secretary, Westervi11, O. I.

We rejoice that there are some young men in our schools who are studying for the ministry. They propose to give their lives to the work of preaching and teaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to a lost world. It is a great and glorious work, and requires the best of culture, education and training. The training of the schools, giving strength and discipline of mind, knowledge and power, is very essential, but as essential, and perhaps more so, is the thorough knowledge of God's Word and the indwelling and illuminating power of the Holy Spirit. It is to show us that the schools cannot, the truth as it is in Christ. It is hoped that these young men will give themselves the best preparation possible for the work of the ministry. It is better to get into the work later on with a thorough preparation, than it is to enter the work earlier with poor preparation for it. 

There is an element in our nature to render that which is familiar more or less commonplace. Things with which we are familiar we treat with indifference and without notice. In this way the sun rises every twenty-four hours, the event is so common-place we do not give it a moments thought or notice. So there are wonderful truths in the Bible, of salvation, of life, of eternity which are heard so often, so familiar to our ears, that they may be but a name to us. We are not sufficient to them. The story of the sacrificial life and death of Jesus Christ does not move us. Suppose a heathen man, intelligent, cultivated, refined, should hear for the first time the wonderful truth that God gave his own Son to die for the sins of the world, spared him not, but willingly gave him to die upon the cross for him, what an impression it must make upon him! How it would move him! We have heard it so often, people in Christian lands are so familiar with the truth that the cross, the events connected to it, give us no impression. It is a truth in which they should have all the time the deepest interest. This indifference to-day is the greatest hindrance to the spiritual life and power of the church, and in the work of saving men from the ruin of sin. How is this coldness to be overcome? There must be brought some way upon it the melting power of the Holy Spirit.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions representing the Congregational churches held its 90th Annual Meeting this year in Providence, R. I. We clip the following, showing its work the past year:

The expenditures of the American Board for Missions during the past year have been $353,455, to which must be added $33,655 for agencies, publications and cost of administration, $580,775 and the legacies to $1102,220, with interest on the general permanent fund of $11,184. The annual survey of the work of the Board by the Foreign Secretaries, Judson Smith, D. D., and James L. Barton, D. D., and showed most hopeful progress. The report began with a mention of Dr. Egbert, who is still enthusiastically engaged in literary work, now preparing the Bulgar­gian Bible Dictionary and the Bulgarian Bible, after having been for sixty-seven years a missionary of the Board, and having given to this country only one that long period. The reports from Turkey, India and China were especially favorable. The Board now con­ducts 20 different agencies for six different methods of preaching, and has 170 ordained missionaries, 12 male physicians, 10 female physicians, 189 unmarried women missionaries, 87 home workers and catechists, 1,926 native school-teachers and a total of 3,540 American and native laborers. There are 492 churches, with 14,947 members and 4,929 pupils in 1,187 common schools— The Indian As­cient.

**THE SUCCESS OF FAILURE.**

The tendency of our times is to the worship of success. Like the Chaldeans, of whom Habakkuk speaks, whose dignity proceeded from themselves rather than from their God—men bow down in adoration be fore what they count success.

It would be well if some one would write a book on the success of failure. All through history men's successes have often been, in God's eyes, their failures, and their apparent failures their successes. He has wrought out his own plans in the breaking up of man's schemes. Paul felt assuredly called to Mac­donia. He went. His reception was the scourge, the stocks, and the cell of an inner prison. Nine-tenths of God's servants would have counted, and have counted that vision of Mac­donia a vagary, a wild dream of fancy, or a delusion of the devil, and given themselves over to morbid complaints, self-accusations, and murmurs against God. Yet out of that Failure came Lydia's conversion, as well as the jailor's, and the first church of Europe, whence as mother came all the rest.

The modern mammon is not money, but success, whether monetary or military, au­thorial or artistic, splendid achievements, or only a famous name. Everybody falls down, and worse than that, invent. or, advocate, orator, statesman—or even the mere politician, demagogue, schemer. The man who has no reputation, but only notoriety, is sometimes the center of a gaping crowd of admirers. Even criminals are not without those who render them a sort of homage. We who believe in God should learn that any life is a failure in his eyes that is not con­formed to him. The failure of not entering into the will of God is an eternal loss, what­ever other seeming gain may accompany it. Many a man who has seemed to have lost his life will be found to have found it as the seed that dies finds its harvest through its dis­integration. David Brainard, David Living­stone, Henry, Martin, Harriett Newell, and thousands of others like them, have buried their hopelessness in the life to come, their obser­vacy, as the seed of God, and the success can never be seen until the sheaves are ingathered. Numbers, money gains, popular applause, visible results—all these are illusive and de­ceptive. Noah preached righteousness and built the ark as his visible witness to the message he preached. He had a long term of service, but he never made one convert. When the day came for the entering into his work, his family found him outside of the out of the whole race, and his family went in for his sake. What a stupendous failure! Yet not so does the Spirit reek in the Eleventh of Hebrews! The moment a man or woman realizes that God is the one worker, and all others only his hirelings, his instruments, his weapons, it becomes evident that our ordinary standards of success are totally mis­leading. He only knows what success is—for he only knows what the work is that he proposes to do, and the end that he proposes to accomplish. All we have to do is to turn ourselves to his hand and will, to do with us as he pleases, and then whatever be the apparent success or failure, it gives us no concern. He may use us as a hammer, only to break up; or a sword, only to thrust through and destroy; or a rod, only to chastise and cor­rect; but that is success, if it carries out his plans, just as truly as it would be if he used us as a tool to build up, as a candle to illuminate, or as a vessel to convey blessing and reproof. His soul-savor is the satisfaction of truths, but it takes a lifetime to learn them. Yet for want of learning them thousands are failing properly to estimate the greatest problems and issues of life—The Missionary Review.

**THE MAN WITHIN THE MAN.**

Creation does not stop with the making of a perfect human body, wonderful as that is. The eye, with itsد fleshy adjunction, for vibrating to color rays; the ear, with its thousands of harp-strings stretched to beat in response to the waves of sound; the won­derful brain, reaching down through its myr­iad net-work of nerves that carry out and carry in the messages; the heart, with its in­tricate systems of veins and arteries for reaching every cell of the body—these are as perfect as material organs can be; and the work of material creation seems complete with the production of the human body. But, what is produced which is perfect is ready to vanish away, and the body no sooner gets finished than it begins to run down and wear out and waste away. It has no future; no bud of farther hope lies within it. It is the most marvelous organism and the most perfect form in the visible creation, but it dies daily until it is reduced to the dust from which it is made.

If this body of death were the crown of creation then there would be only one word for it—failure. Make the body never so per­fect, and it must still come woefully short of any worthy goal. In fact, we soon find that it is the man within the visible man that we really care for. It is not the hundred or more avoirdupois pounds of flesh that we love, nor the dust wreck—but the self that uses this visible form and speaks to us through it.

The creation and perfection of this man within are the highest ends of life so far as we have any revelation of them. This spirit of self can have but one origin—it must be born from above. It is not a thing of darkness, flesh or of disintegrating matter, nor can it come from them. It comes from God, who is its home, and its perfection must go on by a divine plan—according to the law of the spirit of life which was in Christ Jesus. Like anything else, it grows by what it feeds on. It has its hungers and its thirsts which must
be satisfied with real things, not with shadows.

It is clearly evident that a spiritual self cannot be forced; it must make its own choices. Its life must be formed by its own resolves and decisions. It goes up or down as it chooses, and for it, the effects of God are all about it; the heavenly visions are granted it, the cords of an infinite love pull at it; but it decides for itself what its response shall be, and thus it chooses what its attainment shall be. The law of its being is to go up or down more or less. Every acceptance of the light and appropriates the gift and sees the vision and responds to the love, it expands, and increases its range and scope. Every attainment is thus a prophecy of something more beyond. It can never come to its goal as the body does—that is, to the point where it must begin to run down—for its end and perfection is nothing short of likeness to Jesus Christ and the fulness of God. Its very perfection is its glory, for it points ever on to something which lies before. It never left high and dry as a finished and completed thing with no more capacity for increase. The making of the man within the man is thus a continuous creation, and the desire to attain perfection is the measure of the man.

Body may go to pieces, but this spiritual self continues to be what it has made itself by its choices and its loves. The tree that grows toward the light forms its center of gravity on that side and finally falls toward the light. The soul, that chooses to be a son of God, to stand up alone, I thought he was drunk, the more to brighten up for its troubles, or temptations, and sets them in their feet, and I thought he would carry messages of help without any planning of hers, like the bow drawn at a venture, you know. Tell her about Joe Peters, Cynthia.

"You see, she," Uncle Ephraim explained, "The deacon and Silas had a disagreement about a hog some way. I never understood just how it was, but they held it as a grudge against each other and hadn’t spoken for some time. Barlow was helping me one day, and just after dinner the deacon happened in of an errand. They felt obliged to give each other a surly note being at a neighbor’s so, they had set the dogs ready to growl any minute. And in fact the growing had begun, for after he settled about his errand the deacon began to bluster at Silas, when Mrs. Adams sat down to her machine at the open window there and commenced to sew and sing. ‘Blest be the tie that binds.’ And you’ve never heard it sung as she sings it, every word alive from beginning to end. The deacon had stopped when she began, and after fidgeting unessentially a bit, got up to go home, but he didn’t. He waited and listened, and as she went on with it he got red and ashamed looking, and glanced at Silas, and Silas glanced at him; and by the time she’d finished they were shaking hands and the old quarrel was done with.

"That was good," said the neighbor. "Did she do it on purpose?"

"Oh no," returned Uncle Ephraim. "I don’t suppose she knew anything about the row between the deacon and Silas; if she had she wouldn’t have thought she could do anything to help it. She sings because her heart is full of love, and truth and praise, and carries messages of help without any planning of hers, like the bow drawn at a venture, you know. Tell her about Joe Peters, Cynthia.

"Joe was a hard drinker," Aunt Cynthia began, "and had got down pretty low before he was converted and joined the church. He used to sit that corner and hold out for months and worked steady, then he fell and had a regular drunken spree. The poor fellow was so ashamed of it, and sorry for it afterwards, and confessed to the church and said, ‘I guessed they might as well let him go,’ but we wouldn’t do that of course, as long as he would try we would stand by him. We knew that he would have a warfare getting the better of his appetite and habits, and no one expected him to always conquer; though there were some who thought he might not try to do better than he’d proved himself reformed."

"As if one must stay away and get good first," interjected Uncle Ephraim.

"Well," Aunt Cynthia went on, "it was a good while after Joe’s fall and he worked regular and hadn’t drank a drop, when one afternoon I happened to look out and saw him clugging to our fence as if he wasn’t able to stand up alone. I thought he was drunk, but when I got up to him I found he was as sober as myself, but he seemed to be in a great deal of trouble. His face was white and the sweat was just pouring down it. ‘Aunt Cynthia,’ he cried, ‘it’s a tough fight, but I mean to win yet.’ And I knew what he meant, and pulled him inside and straight into the kitchen where I made a pot of tea and put a plate of good peper in it, ready in a few minutes, and I made him drink it strong and hot. Mrs. Adams had been singing all this time, but I hadn’t paid much attention, until by and by when Joe felt better he said, ‘I’d a gone under then sure, Aunt Cynthia, if it hadn’t been for her,’ and he motioned toward the window. ‘The dreadful craving took me so bad that I thought I couldn’t stand it any longer, and I was hurrying to the saloon, and when I got out here she began that hymn, ‘My soul, be on thy guard’; (Joe came regular to prayer-meeting and he’d learned a good many hymns,) and that brought me up short and I got hold of the fence and listened, and vowed I’d hang on there and die before I’d give in to it.’"

"Now think the victory won. Nor lay thine armor down.

"Mrs. Adams sang; loud and clear, and Joe stopped and listened. The deacon’s favorite of hers, and sometimes she sings it through two or three times before she gets enough of it; and she went on. Joe listening, and praying, I don’t doubt (I know I was), and getting stronger with every line. And when he got up at last to go, if that blessed soul didn’t break out like a bugle call, ‘Soldiers of Christ arise,’ you know how it goes in the third and fourth lines—"

"Strong in the strength which God supplies"

"And Joe wiped his eyes and said, ‘Aunt Cynthia, I haven’t kept my armor on and been as watchful as I ought; I’ve trusted too much to my own strength instead of being strengthened by him; I’m going to begin again.’ And he shook hands and went away, as if he had a good grip on himself again. At the gate he paused and smiled back at me while she sang;"

"From strength to strength go on, Wreath and fight and pray."

"And Joe always stood firm after that and is a well-to-do, respected man to-day,” Aunt Cynthia finished.

The new neighbor smiled, though her eyes were wet, as in the pause the clear voice, with the song and the prayer, the teaching her the triumphant psalm, "Joy to the world, the Lord has come.”

"Then you remember Mrs. Ellison, Cynthia, tell her about that,” Uncle Ephraim urged.

"It makes me love Mrs. Adams just to think of that,” Aunt Cynthia said, looking across at the unconscious singer. "Mrs. Ellison had met with a sudden and heart-breaking affliction. Her husband and two sons, all she had in the world, had gone up to the lakes for a few weeks’ fishing; and they all drowned together, and the only body that was found, that of the eldest son, and he was brought home and buried. Mrs. Ellison was like a crazy woman walking the house day and night as long as her strength held out, then lying like one dead till she had strength to walk again. She didn’t eat nor sleep, nor shed a single tear; she seemed dazed and hardened, and shocked some of the extra good people by the reckless things she said; but I tried not to judge her, it was a fearful trial and I might feel and do the same if I had been in her place. And for all the misery and all the pain, all the time, we all felt so sorry for the poor thing and wanted so much to help her. The minister came every day and prayed for her, and she sat bolt upright and listened unmoved with dry, bright eyes, and a face of stoney thought, and kept her hands clutched on the rod or be broken; and he prayed in the same way, calling on God to show her the sin for which she was being punished, and teach her to repent of her rebellious spirit. There was a good strong man, but he had never been softened and melted in the furnace of affliction, and I didn’t wonder that she grew harder and wilder under his misdirections. The doctor said she was in danger of permanent mental derangement unless something..."
could be done to relieve the strain she was under, but his medicine didn’t seem to affect her; and nothing we said or did touched her. Mrs. Adams had not been here long then, and was not acquainted with Mrs. Ellison, but she is a sympathetic woman and had lost her husband and children. She had not surprised to see her come into the room a few days after the funeral. Mrs. Ellison had walked her strength away, and was sitting on the sofa with some of us bathing her head, for we would do such things, though she didn’t much need them. She had been a raving wildy, and the minister had just gone away shaking his head over her hardened condition. Mrs. Adams didn’t say a word, but sat down by Mrs. Ellison and put her arms around her and pulled her close, and rock and back and forth as if she were hugging a growing child and began to sing, so soft, and tender, and pleading—

"Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, "The house was as still as death, no one moved or scarcely breathed, while Mrs. Adams poured out her beseeching prayer, for it sounded just like the prayer of a poor soul siking and imploring help, and as if it knew the end it would come.

"All through the first verse Mrs. Ellison’s face kept its stony, defiant expression; it was like the marble face of a dead woman any-how, but for the burning eyes. But when Mrs. Adams sang, ‘Other refuge have I none’ it didn’t seem as if any of us cared. She had received small sums of money from five towns; fourteen loads of firewood were brought, on their heads, by Christians from a town ten miles away; firewood, vegetables and grass from Christians in a town seven miles away; and firewood and fuel from Christians in a town four miles away. The people are doing what they can, in the matter of self-support, but their poverty is so deep that the gifts are necessarily small.—Missionary Herald"

Not many months ago, the services in one of our Indian churches in the far West were rudely disturbed by a procession of white settlers, who were rushing past the little church, in a wild sense of possession of a reservation which had just been thrown open to settlement. When the services had closed, as the devout congregation of Indians was coming out of the building, the procession was at its height. What are those Indians saying?” inquired our missionary, of the Indian teacher, as he observed them in animated conversation with one another; and the reply was: “They are saying, referring to the procession of white settlers, ‘Just look at those heathen!’—Church at Home and Abroad.

A LITTLE boy declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength." He was asked to explain what he meant by that, with all his strength. He said, “Well, I’ll tell you. You see we live on the fourth floor of this tenement; and there’s no elevator, and the coal is kept down in the basement. Mother is death on quiet like that; and she isn’t very strong; so I see to it that the coal-bag is never empty. I lug the coal up four flights of stairs all by myself. And it’s a pretty big bag. It takes all my strength to get it up here. Now isn’t that loving my mother with all my strength?"

Just here you will want to know what the "coat-of-arms" was. Perhaps I owe it to have begun by saying that the Black family was practically the Baby, and that since he had come into the world he had inspired a great many queer things—this being one of them. The contest with buying a lot in the suburbs for his health, he was to make a model of the sidewalk made “warranted not to trip;” and to cap the climax of all their foolishness, in the soft concrete of that wall, they had him press his little bare foot for a "family of arms." And there it remains to this day, a clear imprint of the dearest foot that ever pattered down an Englewood street.

But to go back to the boy and the foot-print; it seemed very small and faint out there in the mist, and it occurred to Lawrence to eat quite so much oatmeal of a morning of comparison. It was a long time ago—two years, Mamma said—since it was made. One would think that with all the porridge he had eaten there might be a greater difference. Goodman, the porridge! How can you eat it and digest it if you use only one spoon each day? And for the rest of the day? One breakfast a day—he was sure he hadn’t missed one—seven days—it made him quite dizzy to calculate even if he could remember the number of weeks in a month. Oh dear, it was quite discouraging! But wait! If he hadn’t grown in one direction, perhaps he might in another. He slid down briskly from his perch and made for a row of marks on the wall. Bracing himself against it, by a series of skillful manœuvres, he managed to keep his fingers above his head while he crawled out underneath; it was just like “wringing the dish-cloth” all by oneself. Was he really any taller? He tried it again. Honest truly, he was! Surely now since he was getting on so nicely he wouldn’t need to eat quite so much oatmeal of a morning. Why couldn’t he share it with some one who had a harder time at growing than he did? But then everybody else had porridge too.

Then he went and looked out of the window again. This time there was a solitary figure moving through the thick fog past the queer figure it was. The fantastic reflection following below in the wet sidewalk made him out even more tattered and dripping than he really was. Lawrence was sure that he had never seen anyone at all like him. Could he be? And as the man hesitating, lifted his face toward the windows, the eyes of the two met in a mutual questioning glance. Then somehow the same mist that separated them seemed to shut the strange man in with him, as if they were all alone in the whole wide world together. It made him feel a trifle queer, though not at all afraid; he didn’t know whether he ought to nod or not; the man might not like strange little boys speaking to him. But before he had time to decide, the figure had disappeared around the house. Lawrence went round, too, indoors instead of out. He made for the back stairs and sat down deliberately to eavesdrop. Soon he heard a knock, followed by Lena’s shuffling steps, then a queer voice asked for something, and Lena said no, she didn’t know the door with a bang, but not before the same voice had had time to add in a still queerer tone, “I’m very hungry—an I’m willing to work.”

So after all there was somebody who didn’t
have enough porridge. Papa had never told him that.

When you happen to know just where Mamma is it doesn't take long to find her. "Oh, Mamma, there's a strange gentleman at the back door. He says he's very hungry, but Lena won't give him anything to eat. Please can we have something—quick, before he's gone!"

"Of course, dear, open your window and call to him." And that was how Lawrence's tramp came back.

It gives you a very comfortable feeling about the heart on a rainy day to watch some one eat who has been quite hungry, and who would have kept on growing more hungry if it hadn't been for you. One gets to thinking that the world's made up of papas and mammas, cooks and grocersmen, little boys and girls—all with plenty of porridge—which is evidently a tremendous mistake, though he shouldn't have known it if it hadn't been for this gentleman; he was really very much obliged to him for coming. And as he sat in the kitchen with a pat lemon crossed under his kilts, it occurred to him to express this idea. Somebody ought to say something. The gentleman was so busy eating that probably he hadn't noticed it, but it had been a long time since Lena had asked if he took cream in his coffee.

"I'm very glad that you heard me tap on the window and came back," he broke in bravely. The man mumbled something in his beard for reply. Although Lawrence didn't understand what it was, he was quite delighted at the way in which the conversation was getting on.

"I didn't know"—he always spoke quite slowly. Papa Black had a great many ideas about education, and this was one of them: that little folks should talk correctly from the very first.

"I didn't know there were any people who couldn't have all they wanted to eat whenever they were hungry," although he didn't put this as a question, he would have liked to have had an answer, but as none came, he went on.

"Oh, Master Lawrence, you'd better run up to your Mamma, an' not be hearin' 'bout hungry folks," interrupted Lena, which was very rude of her. It made him hurry on to the next question without waiting for an answer to the last.

"I was just going to ask the gentleman why he didn't go home for something to eat." The man pushed his chair back so suddenly from the table that Lawrence was afraid that he hadn't liked being asked so many questions. He was very sorry; he hadn't meant to be rude.

"Oh, I didn't know you were so near through. Please wait a minute," and running toward him, he took the man's fingers in his, and pushed gently back toward the table.

"I've just had a birthday. I'm four years old, and Grandma sent me such a lot of things. I'd like to put some of them in your pocket before you go." As he helped some fruit into the ragged pockets, he kept chatting and smiling to the face above him. It was a very funny, fuzzy face, he thought, but not one to be afraid of—as Lena seemed to be. He was extremely sorry when it was all done. There were so many things he would like to know: Why was it that when there was so much to eat in the world any one should go hungry? He didn't like to think it was the gentleman's fault. Perhaps somebody else's grocerman was to blame. Then he looked up into the strange gentleman's face again. He was still standing by the door, his queer old cap in his hands. It was very polite of him not to put it on in the house. Was he really going to talk to him at last? He seemed to be trying to, he thought. Finally he spoke with a visible effort,

"You've given me the first kind words, little boy, that I've had in more'n three months." Lawrence's eyes grew big with astonishment; what had he said? What other kind of words were there?

"God."—so the gentlemen knew about him too—

"God'll a'lar be very good to you." Then the door was closed quite gently and he was alone with Lena and the empty plate.

Three weeks brought the spring like a resurrection to the brown earth again. There were blossoms on the topmost boughs, and the robins were reconnoitering for nests. In the kitchen doorway Lena stood heavy-eyed. The spring and the sunshine seemed mocking her; she would not look at them. But a foot-step on the walk forced her reluctant eyes at last. She was hardly surprised as she recognized Lawrence's tramp, as they had come to call him.

"So the little fellow's dead," he said abruptly. "I just heard it. I can't believe it somehow."

"Yes," Lena answered simply. "They took him away yesterday." Then the two stood silent in the sunshine; the girl, half-fearful of the rags figure; the man, embarrassed and subdued.

" Ain't you got a picture of him I could see?" he finally asked with an effort. A wave of suspicion swept across the trustworthy servant's mind. "What do you want of a picture?" In the silence that followed a recollection rose like a swift rebuke. She turned toward the patient figure and poured it all out to him: How the strange face and the new experience had fastened themselves upon the child's active little brain; how throughout all the fever he had lived it over again; how incessantly he had repeated the man's last words to him, and this had been the last thing he had ever said. When she had ended, the man's face was hidden in the shadow of his cap.

"I'm going to stay—here—on these steps," he said huskily. "I'm goin' to stay till you show me a picture. It ain't likely I could hurt anything 'belongin' to him."

There was something in face and voice that at last opened the screen door like a tailgate.

"There's a big picture of him in the parlor. You're welcome to come in," she said bravely. "Mis' Black ain't to home, but I'll make it all right with her." A moment later the two figures stood in the presence of those great brown eyes set in the pale, serious face.

"The doctor told them ther'd a'lar been a trouble 'bout his heart. He couldn't have lived to grow up anyway," said Lena softly after a while.

"Mis' Black says perhaps after all it was just God's way of bein' good to him—his dyin' when he did." The man—such a quiet figure in the dainty room—seemed scarcely to hear her. The last kind words," he began huskily, speaking as if it to the face above him. Then his voice broke utterly and, hiding his face in his cap, he sobbed like a lost child.

"Oh I mean," he began again under his breath, then paused as if some past remembrance suddenly blotted out his surety. "With God's help, I mean to be a better man."

Sometimes in the twilight, the imprint of her child's bare foot out there in the cold is beaten with many a tender heart, and she steals out and covers it softly. There is never a night that she does not pray God to lead the stranger back to her door; then a thought comes to chide her: Perhaps it was her child's mission—the mission of a candle flickering in the dark, young enough to light a lonely soul. And so, though she can never be sure, she trusts that somewhere, with God's help, Lawrence's tramp is "being a better man."

HELEN WORTHINGTON ROGERS.

THE DIVINE MEASURING ROD.

Let us measure our duty in giving. What shall be the measuring rod?

1. Your capacity. "She hath done what she could."

2. Opportunity. "As ye have opportunity do good unto all men."

3. Your convictions. "That servant which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many a tender heart, and she steals out and covers it softly. There is never a night that she does not pray God to lead the stranger back to her door; then a thought comes to chide her: Perhaps it was her child's mission—the mission of a candle flickering in the dark, young enough to light a lonely soul. And so, though she can never be sure, she trusts that somewhere, with God's help, Lawrence's tramp is "being a better man."

FRESH ENTHUSIASM.

We once heard Wendell Phillips give one of his noted lectures which had every quality that goes to make up high excellence, except one. The subject of the lecture was interesting, for it was Daniel O'Connell the Irish Agitator. The speaker evidently had been greatly interested in the subject, when, many years before he had written the lecture, for was he not himself at that time the New England Agitator? The lecture was well written; it abounded in striking rhetorical passages, and it was delivered with that grace of gesture and ease and beauty of utterance which goes to make up that grace of gesture and ease and beauty of utterance which goes to make up the speaker a most place among the platform speakers of his day.

But the truth was that the lecture, in spite of its faultless structure and nearly faultless delivery, was a flat failure as an utterance about an Agitator. It did not agitate. Not a pulse in that audience was quickened by it. The speaker had lost interest in his subject and he could not create in his hearers an—
terest which was not present in his own soul. He had been interested in the subject years before; but at the time of speaking he was a man well advanced in years, the night was stormy, the audience was not large, he was lecturing to fulfill a contract, and there was not much of that enthusiasm which in his writing and lecture. So far as the earnest, fiery, enthusiastic oratory of his early anti-slavery days was concerned, it was almost a post-mortem utterance. It did not thrill the soul with the electric power of contemporary enthusiasm.

And this is the main lack of much of present-day preaching. The speaker is not on fire with fresh enthusiasm. His subjects may be intrinsically interesting, he knows that he ought to be interested in them, he was interested once; but at the time of speaking, the keen, bright blaze of genuine interest is even more condensed sunlight. The coal which burns with the manuscript of an old sermon, would be great joy on earth as well as joy in heaven over many captives won to Christ. — The Advance.

BROTHERHOOD.

By EDWIN MARSH.

The crest and crowning of all good, Life's final and majestic triumph! For it will bring again to earth the original fire with its enlarging income, every church would be the center of local triumphs, every member would be strengthened by the heat of the Spirit and by the reflection of duties done, and there would be great joy on earth as well as joy in heaven over many captives won to Christ. — The Advance.

MY THIRD TALK WITH CHARLIE DANVERS.

By JAMES BORSTON.

One evening in September, 1899, I took the steamer "Saratoga" from the foot of West 10th St. New York, for a trip up the Hudson. I was nearly " down sick " with a severe cold, and was in no mood to talk with Danvers, or stay one minute. The next morning found me going eastward, on the Fitchburg Railroad, toward the famous Hoosack Tunnel. (You can spell that old Dutch name, Hoosic, or I know what my friend, the editor of the Advance, also our fun according to proofs, was as a specimen of arrested development, it is a success. As goldenrod, it is a superb failure. " What do you think ails it? " said I. " Poor soil," said Danvers, sententiously.

After a minute he went on: "Some Christians think that the Spirit is in forms, and creed enough to fill a book; but when you come to the question of a rich, golden life, they fail. I often wonder what God will do with that sort of people when they get to heaven. They must grow faster than they do on earth, or it will take a hundred years of eternity to make them presentable. I wonder that God does not get out of patience with them.

I knew that Danvers was much given to searching out causes, so after an interruption caused by the opening of the first train at a station where two men came to the express car and carried a box away, which was too heavy for one man, but which the two carried with ease, Danvers said, "that is the way to do things, when the load is heavy let two men carry it."

I dropped the conversation by saying: "What makes the lives of those people you compared to that gray goldenrod, so poor?" " Well," he said, speaking slowly, "I think it is more because of the character of their thoughts than anything else. They are good people, as you must see, when they attend church, when the weather is good, give a little something by way of money, and live uprightly enough to avoid scandal. But they never think about God, or good, truth, or duty. They all share of "Tharby eyed, worldly," as Uncle John would say, but they do not think that doing God's work is their personal duty. It is common every-day thinking that makes or breaks men. Thinking and meditation are prime factors in our manhood and the shaping of the soul. The intellectual soul, poor social soul, poor religious soul, and poverty of soul-life, in general, result from what men do not think. Read a man's thoughts and you will know his character.

The conductor came through the train punching tickets. The news-boy called out his papers, and for a time nothing more was said. Finally Danvers turned to me: "What have you got to say about my yellow-gray, godless goldenrod Christians? I replied: "I am not going to say anything, but I know what my friend, the editor of the Sabbath Recorder, would say—he is the man I told you ofwho always wants me to write a story for his paper because he can not get people to read his heavy editorials—he would say that no small share of their yellow-grayeneses come because they do not read a good religious paper. He insists that every man ought to take his denominational paper in the morning, either the one he gets or not. Making all allowance for the fact that he is an interested witness, I am inclined to believe that he is right. I know that in political matters the man who does not have a party paper, one which supports what he preacher, does not get that same effect that he would get from the " county paper," and a ten cent ' daily.'

Just then the brakeman called out the station: "It is the last train," I gathered myself up, and out, while the train slid on toward the famous hole through the mountains, which makes it possible for a cease- less steam of travel to pass from Chicago to Boston without going round by New York.
Young People's Work.

By Edwin Shaw, Milton, Wis.

As I opened the Recorder this morning, the first thing that met my eye was Sandall's interrogation point. After reading the article I turned up a page or two to the General Conference, and sure enough there were but three sermons for the sixties days; that is, only three exercises called sermons. Two thoughts at once came to me: "Sermons in stones and running brooks," and "what is one man, but another man's poison?" Now I did not have the pleasure of attending the Conference, but is it true that there were but three sermons? What about those four addresses Wednesday evening on "Spiritual Life"? What about those papers on "Higher Education for Women"? What about the "President's Message," the sunrise prayer-meetings, the devotional exercises, the singing of the College Quartets? I presume that in these instances no text was taken, but I feel sure that many of them were sermons none the less.

Then again, we are not all alike; what seems to some people "long, dry reports" may be to others very interesting and instructive, and it is equally true that what seems to some people "the warm, living gospel" may be to others a "long, dry sermon." The older men in our denomination tell us that a generation ago the time at our Conferences was taken up largely in discussions, having the nature of political debates. As I look over the program for our last Conference, it seems to me that the "warm, living gospel" is seen at every point, that the reading of reports has been cut down and condensed until it occupies very little time as compared with its real importance. Of course it is hardly to be expected that First-day people would be interested in the discussion of resolutions of the Tract Board; but such discussions are necessary to the work of the Board, and, call it selfish if you will, the object of the half-hour meeting of the Board is to interest our own people and not First-day people. Suppose, Bro. Sandall, you hunt up your programs for the last Conference and write "sermon" wherever you find "address," "paper," or "report." Then you will find many of the sermons (if I mistake not), thirty-seven sermons, besides the prayer-meetings, devotional services, and many other exercises which doubtless were just as helpful and just as full of the warm living gospel as these sermons were.

We are not the Only Ones.

About the next thing I noticed in the Recorder was Bro. Randolph's reference to the Imperial Quartet and to the solo after a sermon. Now I am not trying to get up an argument, nor do I venture to get in the way when Bro. Randolph takes out his hobbies for occasional exercise, for I should surely be run over if I were more like climbing a tree. What I want to say is this: I have found as I grow older that I have to put forth an effort to keep in sympathy with kinds of work and methods of work that are wholly different from those I am myself following. It has often for me more like climbing a tree. What I want to say is this: I have been prone to become vexed of disgusted at the way some people read and study the Bible. I want to have more charity and feel more sympathy for others in their way of doing things. And so perhaps it is barely possible that much of the criticism which is dealt out to those who do the singing at church, in chorus and solo, would be withdrawn if the sincere motive of the singer were understood. Often their way of doing things is so different from that of the evangelist, that the real underlying motives of each are misunderstood. A little more charity then for our trained, accomplished singers.

Appearance Make a Difference.

"His letters are very interesting, the writing is so pretty." I did not like her recitation at all, she was laced so tight. These are actual, real quotations. They seem foolish when you stop to reason it out. How could the beauty of penmanship add to the interest of a letter, or how could tight lacing harm a recitation? They could not to a blind man, but they really did in case of a woman whose sensitive nature was affected favorably by the beautiful writing, and unfavorably by the tight lacing. It is true that the clothes do not make the man, but it is equally true that we are all affected more or less by appearances.

The following story of an honest boy is told in Good Words:

There was a boy who "lived out," named John. Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small farm in Virginia. One day John picked up an old envelope from the kitchen wood-box, and saw that the postage stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done its duty, and henceforth was useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the rose of the tea-keetle, and very carefully pulled the stamp on. "No," said John's conscience. "That would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because, you see, there's no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know."

"But you know," said conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, but sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principles. It is the quality of every action that he judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John faintly.

"No one?" cried conscience, "God will know it, and that is enough; and he, you know, destroys the truth in the inward parts of man."

"Yes," cried all the best part of John's character; "yes, it is cheating to use the postage stamp a second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave to the wind. And so John won a victory. Wasn't it worth winning?

SWEETNESS of character and life come out of sanctified trial. Testing softens under divine grace. God's furnace is intended to refine and purify. It is duties under his chastening and molding operations. He knows the best how to rub off the rough angular temper, to subdue the wayward spirit and to bring into meekness for heaven.—Presbyterian.

THE POET'S DILEMMA.

I've an ending for a poem.

That I cannot seem to start.

It would please a Hoosier poet;

To the bottom of his heart.

I have tried and tried to write it.

But it's clearly no avail.

It's a "chasteuiug partridge

And the whistle of the quail."

You can fancy how he'd take it.

And he'd immediately say:

"For your journey southward

(How he'd find the five-finger maps)

And he'd say that they were flying

Over hill and over dale,

To the drumming of the partridge

And the whistle of the quail.

But for me the lines are useless.

So I'm going to go a poem.

I'll hasten to the woodland—

It's a duty to be done.

There I'll quickly make an ending—

As to start I see not."

To the drumming of the partridge

And the whistle of the quail.

—Harper's Weekly.

A GARFIELD STORY.

W. B. Fausing was surrounded by a knot of horsemen at the Hollenden, answering questions as to the record of this horse and that, until some one twitted him on the excellence of his memory. "My memory is pretty good, but I can tell you of a man who had a remarkable memory, and that was the late President James A. Garfield. When I was sixteen years old I ran away from school and enlisted in Garfield's regiment. I was marooned up to Garfield, who examined me, listened to what I had to say, and then sent me to my tent under arrest, telling me I would be court martialed. Five minutes later a boat came down the river, carrying Garfield's commission as brigadier general, and ordering him to join the morning train. And in the hurry my case was forgotten. Years after the war I attended a reunion of my regiment in Ashland, and the first thing Garfield said when he saw me was: 'Look here, Fausing, you never had that court-martial I promised you.'—Cleveland Plaindealer.

COST OF LITTLE THINGS.

In a recent lecture before the Purdue University Railway Course, Charles B. Dudley, chief chemist of the Pennsylvania Railroad, it is shown how the costs of the distinctly little things can mount up into a large railway system. For instance, he shows that it costs the Pennsylvania Railroad each year about $1,000 for pigs, $5,000 for rubber bands, $5,000 for ink, $7,000 for lead pencils, etc. The fact that it costs nearly as much in supplies with which to carry on the business of the Pennsylvania Railroad as it does for iron, as Dr. Dudley asserts, is indeed startling. A large amount doubtless leaks out in the way of careless use of little things. Some roads have realized the extent of this waste and have tried to stop it. Many others, however, are lagging behind in the matter of cost cutting.
Children’s Page.

GRANDMA AND I.

My grandma talks of the “good old days” To me and my brother, but little; But if you won’t tell, I’ll whisper to you That I’m a Peary girl I didn’t live then.

My grandma’s doll couldn’t shut up her eyes. For, you see, they were only dabs of paint, And as they dried, they became pink yarn. I tell you, I’m glad that my doll’s ain’t!

Such funny looks as they used to have, And how one wink was as pretty as a single bit; The Old New England primer was one— I guess you’d laugh if you looked at it.

There was an old farm house in church; And sometimes grandma would almost freeze, And sometimes Grandma would be so drowsy, She never saw any Christmas trees.

My grandma is dear, and wise, and good. And I love her a lot, but anyhow, I think that the good news times are the best. And I’m glad that Honey and I live now.

—Boys’ Herald.

THE BIRD’S-NEST VINE.

BY M. S. DANIELS.

It was very strange what had become of Rosalie’s hat. She had worn it all day yesterday, and indeed, every day since she came to the country, and now, all at once, it could not be found.

The boys helped her hunt for it, and they searched in every likely and unlikely place they could think of—in the hay-loft, the corn-shed, the barn, the dairy, the clover meadow, the attic, the dog-kennels, and the chicken-house. But they couldn’t find it.

“Never mind,” said Grandma; “I’ll make Rosalie a sunbonnet like those I used to wear when I was a little girl.”

Such a pretty, dainty pink sunbonnet it was! When it was first made, the girls’ hearts were all at their feet in dinner, and saw Rosalie’s brown eyes peeping shyly from under its shade, she took her right up in his arms, and kissed her.

“Well, I declare!” he said. And then he gave her another kiss, and said it again.

“Well, I declare! It’s Rosalie Deane herself. I’ve never seen her, but she’s been brought her to school in a sun-bonnet exactly like that. I wanted to pick her up then and kiss her. But I was a big, bashful boy, and she was a tiny girl, and a stranger. To think I should have the chance after all these years!”

Rosalie laughed, and showed all her dimples. She knew who Rosalie Deane was, and few things pleased her so much as being told she was like dear Grandma.

She liked the pink sunbonnet so well that she had almost forgotten the last straw sail she wore, one morning, George and Phil came running into the house in a state of great excitement.

“Where’s Rosalie? Rosalie! Rosalie! Come and see where we’ve found your hat!” Away they all scampered, Phil leading the way to the orchard.

The moment they reached “Old Gnarly,” Rosalie remembered all about her hat. She had been up in that tree, which was the easiest tree in the world to climb, when the teasel rang on Tuesday. As she was hastening down the steep, the hat from her head, and, instead of stopping to get it, she had run on into the house, thinking she would come back for her hat after tea. And, of course, she had forgotten it, and so the hat had been lost.

“Hold on!” cried George, as she began to scramble up after it.

“Go slow,” said Phil, “and don’t get too near; there’s something in it.”

“Is it snakes?” asked Rosalie, anxiously, and drawing back, at which the boys laughed good-naturedly.

“No, no; go on. It won’t hurt you,” said Phil, encouragingly, “and it’s worth seeing.”

Rosalie thought it was worth seeing, indeed. She drew a quick breath, and her face turned pink as her sunbonnet with surprise.

For the crown of her sailor hat was full of grass, feathers, strings, bits of wood, and leaves, with a soft hollow in the middle; and in the hollow was a little white egg, specked with red.

“Come down when you’ve seen it,” called the boys at the foot of the tree. “The birds think it’s theirs now, and that you’re a robber. They want to go home.”

“Well, I declare!” said Grandpa, when they told him about it. “They’re bold little rascals, those wrens. We’ll have to find some other accommodations for them, or by next summer they’ll be taking up lodgings in our pockets. It’s pretty late for planting, but I guess we’ll have to try and raise some bird’s nest vines yet.”

“Bird’s nest vines!” The children looked at him in wonder.

“Yes,” Grandpa went on gravely, “there was the twinkle in his eyes with which they had grown familiar during the fortnight they had been on the farm.

“There’s a sunny spot by the south garden fence where they ought to grow. We’ll sow the seeds there.”

The seeds were planted that very afternoon, George and Phil and Rosalie looking on with great interest.

They had innumerable questions to ask about when they would come up, how long they would take to grow, and if they really bore bird’s nests. But Grandpa only smiled and told them to wait and see.

It was the first time in his life that he had had that little bit of garden! And what rejoicing there was when the first green leaves appeared! They watered and weeded the patch themselves, and loosened the earth around the plants. The vines grew fast, and climbed up over the garden fence. Many yellow blossoms came out, and when these fell off, little green balls grew in their places; but there was nothing that looked the least bit like bird’s nests.

“Perhaps Grandpa only meant the vines for the birds to build their nests in,” said Rosalie; “only I should think they’d be too low.”

The green balls grew larger and turned yellow. They looked something like squashes.

“Th’er’s nothing but goards,” said George one day in disgust; “the kind Hannah uses to dip water with, you know. Won’t Grandpa be disappointed when he finds that he planted the wrong kind of seeds!” For somehow Grandpa never seemed to go near the bird’s nest vines.

Interest in the south garden patch began to flag after the first cold of summer, and more than two weeks since any of them had visited it, when one day Grandpa said suddenly:

“I guess the bird’s nests must be about ripe.”

To their surprise he did not seem to be at all disappointed when they reached the garden.

He just picked off one of the handsome gourds, cut a big slice from the large end, scraped out the inside, and held it up for the little boys to see.

“Wont that make as good a nest as a little girl’s hat?”

Three pairs of eyes grew very bright.

“It would make a lovely one,” said Rosalie. “But where will you put them? In the apple-trees?”

“The wrens like to come as near to us as they can,” said Grandpa; “so how would it do to put them under the eaves of the barn?”

It did seem too bad that they could not see the birds take possession of their own nests. But when the last of the young broods flew out into the world to shift for themselves.—The Outlook.

THE IRREPARABLE PAST.

The man who has felt with all his soul the significance of time, will not be long in learning any lesson that this world has to teach him. Have you ever felt it, my Christian brethren? Have you ever regarded your own little streamlet is gliding away, and bearing you along with it toward that awful other world of which all things here are but the thin shadows, down into that eternity towards which the confused wreck of all earthly things are bound? Let us realize that, beloved brethren; until that sensation of time, and the infinite meaning which is wrapped up in it, has taken possession of our souls, there is no chance of our ever feeling other than it is worse than madness to delay that time from away.

Every day in this world has its work; every day as it rises out of eternity keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, What will you do before to-day has run its course? Men do with it through life like the apostles did for one precious and irreparable hour in the garden of Gethsemane: They go to sleep. Have you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden, which art has so fashioned into a perennials fountain that through the lips or through the hands the clear water flows in a perpetual stream, on and on forever; and the marble stands there—passive, cold—making no effort to arrest the gliding water?

It is so that time flows through the hands of men—swift, never passing till it has run itself out; and there is the man petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away forever. It is so, brethren, just as pink’ as her, sunbonnet of which the confused wreck of all earthly things are bound? Let us realize that, beloved brethren; until that sensation of time, and the infinite meaning which is wrapped up in it, has taken possession of our souls, there is no chance of our ever feeling other than it is worse than madness to delay that time from away.

Every day in this world has its work; every day as it rises out of eternity keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, What will you do before to-day has run its course? Men do with it through life like the apostles did for one precious and irreparable hour in the garden of Gethsemane: They go to sleep. Have you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden, which art has so fashioned into a perennials fountain that through the lips or through the hands the clear water flows in a perpetual stream, on and on forever; and the marble stands there—passive, cold—making no effort to arrest the gliding water?

It is so that time flows through the hands of men—swift, never passing till it has run itself out; and there is the man petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away forever. It is so, brethren, just as pink’ as her, sunbonnet of which the confused wreck of all earthly things are bound? Let us realize that, beloved brethren; until that sensation of time, and the infinite meaning which is wrapped up in it, has taken possession of our souls, there is no chance of our ever feeling other than it is worse than madness to delay that time from away.

Every day in this world has its work; every day as it rises out of eternity keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, What will you do before to-day has run its course? Men do with it through life like the apostles did for one precious and irreparable hour in the garden of Gethsemane: They go to sleep. Have you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden, which art has so fashioned into a perennials fountain that through the lips or through the hands the clear water flows in a perpetual stream, on and on forever; and the marble stands there—passive, cold—making no effort to arrest the gliding water?
Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be working what is good, towards all, but especially towards all in the family of the faith." —Gal. 6: 10. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not." —Heb. 13: 10.

HORNESSVILLE, N. Y.—Many will be pleased to know that Harold Santee, of this place and church, who has been seriously sick in Rhode Island with typhoid fever, is now convalescing, and hopes soon to be at home.

Last Sabbath was a beautiful October day, with the thermometer at 84 degrees in the shade. The weather for the past two weeks has been marked contrast with the snow storm of Sept. 30, and a few succeeding cold days. The church attendance was fifty, several more than the resident and non-resident membership. Forty-five remained to the Sabbath-school. Four of those present have recently commenced observing the Sabbath, and another one proposes to commence keeping it this week, and others we expect to follow. "The fields are white and ready for the harvest." This little church hopes sometime to have a Seventh-day Baptist house of worship. It is true that you wish to see this desire materialized will doubtless have a chance to help soon.

October 19, 1889.

HARTSVILLE, N. Y.—A Christian Endeavor Society has recently been organized and is progressing finely, and a good interest is manifested. The meetings are held the evening after the Sabbath. At the close of the prayer and conference meeting the Pastor used his text upon one of the topics of the evening for fifteen or twenty minutes. The drought has been very severe in this section this season, and many wells and springs are dry. It is a mystery how potatoes that have scarcely had a thorough rain since they were planted, can yield a Stuart, bushels of large beautiful potatoes to the acre. And the farmers have been surprised by good crops of oats and some other things, so the outlook is much more hopeful than it seemed possible at one time.

The mother and five children in one of our families had the typhoid fever, but all are well now, or about. The low water in their well was the cause.

October 19, 1889.

WEST HALLOCK, ILL.—On Sabbath-day, September 30, the brief pastorate of two and three-fourth years at West Hallock came to a close. It is only natural that the ties between those working for the up-building of Christ's kingdom should grow stronger as the days and years go by. So there were mutual regrets that these ties binding pastor and people together should so soon be broken by the pastor's call to another field of labor. But it was a great satisfaction to note that the cause of labor, the practical Christian sense to regard the matter as the Lord's ordering. It was one of the pastor's many pleasant experiences with this people to be assured of their co-operation in his efforts to make those closing days the most blessed and fruitful of all his work among them, "redeeming the time." The prayer-meetings were better attended, and more tender and helpful. We shall always remember the general and hearty co-operation of all in the missionary work conducted by the C. E. Society, on Sabbath afternoon, Sept. 23, an account of which we have looked for in the Recorder.

It is not for us to measure results of our own work, but in love. We may only pray that he will greatly multiply the seed sown and that in the coming years the harvest may be gathered. It still waits in its richness and abundance. God send some one meantime to reap the whitening field!

But it is for us to express our heartfelt gratitude for the many tokens of kindness and good-will received at the hands of the West Hallock people. May the Lord bless them richly, every one. These years with their joys and sorrows, their hopes and disappointments, have placed upon many an unpleasant memory shall linger with us unless it be the memory of imperfection in the work we have tried to do. But there will remain with us the helpful influences of social and religious intercourse with the people. Under God's blessing these have brought to us a deeper religious experience which we hope will make us more successful in the field to which we go.

T. J. VAN HOORN.

OUR POINT OF VIEW.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long as there is right in it. Will we be content with the strong, or envy the weak? Long is the life of the lowly one to come, or streaming tears to dry. One is a慈善 and ever smiling face, that smiles as we draw nigh; Long is the tale of anguish swelling, The heart, and life grow weak.

And at the sound of Christ's bells streaming, the tale of anguish swells. The heart is mellowing for the joy of this new life, and now you give me a license to preach the gospel. I do not know which is the worst. This expression shows something of the light which came upon me as I thought of the greatness of the work which the license called me to do. As I have thought of this remark since, I have thought: It is much better to preach the gospel of "Peace on earth and good-will to men" than to go to war to kill and be killed.

This license was endorsed by the First Seventh-day Baptist church of Hopkinton, R. L., February 21, 1864. Signed, Paul Babcock, Moderator; N. R. Lewis, Clerk.

This license was endorsed by the Second Seventh-day Baptist church of Hopkinton, R. L., where I was engaged in my first year's work of preaching, May 21, 1864. Signed, B. P. Langworthy, Clerk.

As I read over the last paragraph of the license, I realize that much the larger part of the work which the license represents had to do with the bearing of religious failures and shortcomings, it is a joy to know that God has used me to turn some "to righteousness." There is resting by and by, and the "crown" will come in due time.

S. R. WHEELER.

On Having a sore thumb.

The Man —With a—Sore—Thumb had been pouring out his grievances to Uncle Beze. Somewhere or other, everybody seemed to have pick of some sort or other, at the Man —With a—Sore—Thumb. The minister had not called on him to pray at prayer-meeting last Wednesday night; he wasn't appointed or on the committee for the prayer-meeting; the minister's wife hadn't called on his wife for nearly four weeks, and altogether he had about made up his mind that he was not wanted in the church any longer.

"My dear brother," said Uncle Beze, "you must have a very sore thumb, indeed!

"What do you mean?" asked the man, looking down at his hands.

"Why, you are getting so many unnecessary raps," replied Uncle Beze. "Don't you know when you have a sore thumb how everything gets in its way, how you are always
knocking it against something? And yet, you don't blame the things, for you know that it is only because your thumb is tender and 'toothy.' Well, whenever I find a man who thinks that he is getting knocks from everything and everybody, I begin to suspect that there is a sore thumb about him some place. Don't you think maybe that is what's the matter with him?

"When a man is not feeling just right in his own heart, he's pretty apt to imagine that everybody else is feeling the same way toward him. He gets suspicious and 'toothy.' But when a man's heart is full of Christian love, he does not imagine that his brothers and sisters feel in the same way, and that they love him as much as he loves them. And what's more, it's true; love begets love; courtesy breeds courtesy. And, on the other hand, hate breeds hate, and ill-temper ill-temper. If you want to get 'toothed,' if you want to be disliked, just go about cherishing dislikes of your neighbors. They'll pay you back in your own coin; they can't help it, for you'll soon become unlikeable.

"The trouble with the most of us who get sore thumbs is that we think we are of a great deal more importance in the sight of God than we really are. There are a good many of us who seem to think that this old world would cease to wabble along without our help. There are a good many of us who imagine that we are the one pillar which supports God's kingdom on earth; there are some of us who seem to think that we are of more importance than all the rest of God's children put together, and naturally we feel a little bit 'put out' if the rest of the world does not do as we say. It is like the ship not getting that God and the universe got along a long time without us; we forget that we owe our existence to them, and not, that they constantly demand and not supply.

"If the preacher does not pay us enough attention to hunt for some way to get rid of him. If our neighbor slight us, we want to do him some harm.

"You remember what happened to Haman. The same sort of thing happens to every man who cherishes his petty spites and hates, who saves up his small remonstrances. I don't mean that he will necessarily be hung, but you may depend upon it that he will be 'hoisted by his own petard' in some way. He is ruining his peace of mind, smirching his soul. Don't do it, my brother. If your thumb is sore, don't keep jamming it against things. If your soul is sore, your spirit tired, your heart torn and bleeding, don't keep tearing it open anew, but go to the Great Physician, who stands willing to heal, to make you strong enough to bear the thousand little ills of life, noble enough to overlook the petty wrongs which are really not worth considering.

"It is the Hamans of this world who have the greatest unhappiness. Even when they are so favored as to have a great deal of good, they cannot enjoy it, for fear somebody is not thinking enough of them. But how different are those who really and truly have that 'Peace which passeth understanding.' Why not seek and find it?"—Ham's Horn.

MENTAL FATIGUE IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

Regarding the number of hours of mental application per day which may be safely exacted from the pupils, an investigation of a physician have tended to show that there is a danger of requiring too many. When pupils return to school morning after morning without having recovered from the previous day's labors, it is evident that too heavy draughts are being made upon their nervous system. It may be said in reply that many factors conspire to produce this depleted condition, as insufficient sleep, inadequate nutrition, and outside duties; but the answer is that under such unfavorable conditions less work may be demanded. As the curriculum is planned in many places, alike in graded and ungraded schools, the pupil is expected to be employed in the school for five or six hours a day, no matter what may be his age, and to go looking about for revenge. Print, of the number of these cases are those of the British in its path, and the country there is precisely the sort of country—rough and hilly—that the Boers delight to operate in and that offers them the greatest possible advantage over the British. But when the Boers began to throw shells into their camp from safe places on the tops of the nearby hills the spirit of Dargai was aroused. The British batteries replied and then "the regiment of British infantry" with a beginning a movement—answering with fixed bayonets. The Boers were put to flight after a hard struggle in which both sides lost heavily. The result will be to strengthen the British position in South Africa.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The first real battle of the Transvaal war has at last been fought. The scene of the engagement was Glencoe, in Natal. That place is the railroad junction where the branch to Dundee connects with the main line to Ladysmith and Durban. If the Boers had captured Glencoe they would have isolated Dundee. Its number was far greater than those of the British in its path, and the country there is precisely the sort of country—rough and hilly—that the Boers delight to operate in and that offers them the greatest possible advantage over the British. But when the Boers began to throw shells into their camp from safe places on the tops of the nearby hills the spirit of Dargai was aroused. The British batteries replied and then "the regiment of British infantry" with a movement—answering with fixed bayonets. The Boers were put to flight after a hard struggle in which both sides lost heavily. The result will be to strengthen the British position in South Africa.

The principal American Indian Revival of this season appears to have been the 1875 mission of the Indian Medical Missionaries International to a mission of understanding.
Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by
REV. WILLIAM C. WHITWORTH, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS. 1899.

FOURTH QUARTER.


LESSON VI.-NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

FOR SABBATH-DAY, NOV. 4, 1899.


INTRODUCTION.

Twelve or thirteen years after Ezra went up from Babylon to reconsecrate and reform the religious life of the people, there was a third return of the Exiles. It was a small party in numbers; but Nehemiah, being a man of deep religious convictions, and a true patriot.

Esther was anxious for the prosperity of the Jewish people; Ezra was eager that the Law of God should be contended for by the chosen people; Nehemiah, on the other hand, was a lover of the holy city, Jerusalem. All three of these were intensely devoted to duty. Nehemiah is noted for his attention to the interests of the state, and for his zeal of Nehemiah's prayers.

We know little of Nehemiah, except what is told us in the book which bears his name. Some have thought that he was a descendant of the house of David; but that seems hardly probable. It is probable that there was no regular means of communication at the time.

The Book of Nehemiah is probably by the same author as Chronicles, and was originally, no doubt, joined with Ezra and the two books of Chronicles as one book. See Introduction to Lesson 9 of last quarter.

Our present lesson tells of the circumstances that aroused the zeal of Nehemiah and led to his visit to Jerusalem.

NOTES.

1. The words of Nehemiah the son of Hachaliah. These words are evidently prefixed as a title to this book, as being an account of the events that caused the zeal of Nehemiah. In the Revised Version his name is spelled more properly, "Hacaliah." And it came to pass in the month Chislev. Chislev or Chislas was the name of the month corresponding to the latter part of November and the first of December. The Hebrew names of the months of Babylonian origin. It may be that this time that the New Year was reckoned from the first of the seventh month. The date mentioned in chapter 2:1, is evidently after the time of chapter 1; yet the month of Nisan is said there to be the same as the Jewish month of Chislev. As was in Shushan the palace. That is, the fortress or castle, a distinctive portion of the capital city Shushan, or Susa, set apart for exclusive use. The same expression occurs frequently in the Book of Esther. Nehemiah's presence in the palace is explained by the fact that he was in the king's counsels.

2. Hanani, one of my brethren. From Neh. 7:2 it is evident that Hanani was own brother to Nehemiah. And in that context it is said that he was not the Zerubbabel of Ezra. As I was in Shushan the palace. That is, the castle or fortress, a distinctive portion of the capital city Shushan, or Susa, set apart for exclusive use. The same expression occurs frequently in the Book of Esther.

A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer without flowers, and like a homestead without a garden. It is the joyous day of the whole week.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased part of the ear. There is only one cure possible. Deafness is due to an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, it may have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and as that of photographic plates for printing. When prepared, this bulb was swallowed, and as that of photographic plates for printing. When prepared, this bulb was swallowed, but it was not easy to swallow. They did not need the equipment that they needed. "Reproach" refers to their sufferings from the meanness and ridicule of all of Jerusalem. It is broken down. This may possibly refer to the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar nearly a hundred and fifty years before; but it is more likely that it refers to some recent calamity. And the gates thereof are burned with fire. This fact is first mentioned here. It was customary to break down the walls of the city which he had captured and to burn the gates, and the woodwork connected with them.

4. I sat down and wept, mourned certain days. Compare similar expressions in Ezra 9:3 and Psa. 137:1. Nehemiah was greatly affected by this sad state of things. God had experienced in the captivity, but it had been restored. This same title for God is found in some of the Persian inscriptions.

5. I beseech thee, O Lord God of heaven, etc. The divine titles refer to the strength and mercy of God. Nehemiah believes that God is able to answer his prayer, and that it is through his compassion that he will do so. Observe his commandments. Much better as in Revised Version, "keep his commandments." There is a mutual relation between the commandments and the person. He keeps covenant, and they keep his commandments.

6. Let thine eye now be attentive, etc. Nehemiah pleads earnestly. As often elsewhere in the Bible, God is spoken to as one to whom if we are ready, he will be ready.

7. The word of the Lord came unto me. The reference is rather to the general thought of several passages of the Pentateuch than to any particular verse. Compare Deut. 5:1-15; Lev. 20:39-42; Deut. 4:27-29.

9. If ye turn unto me. The promise, as in the Revised Version, is better, as it is a strong word in the original. Though the Lord may not turn unto me in the sense of saying, "If I incline to thee," yet it is proper for me to beg that he will incline to me in the sense of saying, "If I incline to thee, I will be the part of heaven. See the Revised Version. The promise of restoration in the case of repentance was very emphatic. Nehemiah therefore asks with confidence for help from God. The place that I have chosen to set my name there. This expression occurs often in the Book of Deuteronomy. The reference is to the temple at Jerusalem.

10. Now these are thy servants. Nehemiah is adding emphasis to his prayer by pleading that those whom the Lord had redeemed should be included in the covenant, and they keep his commandments. He therefore pleads earnestly, as elsewhere elsewhere, that the Lord should incline to them, and that they may be his people. He therefore asks with confidence for help from God. The place that I have chosen to set my name there. This expression occurs often in the Book of Deuteronomy. The reference is to the temple at Jerusalem.

11. Nehemiah was greatly affected by this sad state of things. God had experienced in the captivity, but it had been restored. This same title for God is found in some of the Persian inscriptions.

Popular Science.

BY R. R. BAKER.

Tall Chimneys.

There are some very tall chimneys in the world, rendered necessary to produce a strong draft and to discharge certain gases from the atmosphere. The highest chimney comprises a solid block of concrete, 88 by 85 square feet and 20 feet thick. On this remarkably solid foundation a square pyramid, 55 feet on a side, gradually diminishing to 40 feet at a height of 15 feet is supported, and from the top of this the chimney proper takes its upward course.

The chimneys above alluded to are those noted for their great height and large proportions, built on scientific principles, according to rules laid down in the books.

On our early frontier pilgrimages we have seen perfectly smooth 20 feet in height, having at the base a place for a "log-burn fire." The houses were built of logs, and, of course, the chimney was roofed over, yet at each end of the fire, next the wall, was a place called the "chimney corner." Here on the hearth was found the occupation of the occupants of two chairs engaged in a lively discussion of the principles of social science, in a most friendly manner. Such scenes brought vividly to our mind the words of C. D. Warner, in his Backlog Studies: "If it was diffi-

Inside Photography.

The interior walls of the stomach of Dr. James O. Foster, a wealthy lumberman of Cleveland, O., have been photographed, and revealed a tumor which, if not treated surgically, would ere long endanger his life.

Many experiments heretofore have been tried to obtain a photograph of the stomach, but have as often proved failures; in this case it was perfectly successful.

The apparatus used on this occasion, for taking the picture, consisted of a rubber tube one-eighth of an inch in diameter and about three feet length. Attached to the end of this tube was a rubber bulb, the walls of which were made thin as it was possible to make them, giving the bulb, when inflated, the appearance of a transparent toy balloon. The interior of the bulb was treated the same as that of photographic plates for receiving impressions from light.

When prepared, the bulb was swallowed, and by means of the tube was then inflated, until its walls conformed perfectly to every part of the stomach, and after an exposure to the X-ray was made, the tube and bulb were withdrawn; and then the picture taken on the inside of the bulb was developed in the customary way. It was found

[Vol. LV. No. 43.}
to have disclosed all the salient features of a tumor that clearly as though it had appeared on the surface.

It is indeed wonderful how "science spreads her luminous rays...every part of the body and industry, embracing not only the earth and the seas, but the heavens.

MARRIAGES.

COLUMBUS.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, in Independence, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1899, by Rev. W. W. Combs, Mr. Emory B. Rolfe and Miss Mabel L. Burdick, both of Alfred, N. Y.


DEATHS.

Not upon us or the solemn ag's
Love still wrought, ever, authentically, apparelled,
God calls our loved ease, but we lose not wholly
What Has he given?

Fare they on earth in thought and deed as truly
As he in Praise.

S. P. A.

HOBSON.—North Loop, Neb., Oct. 1, 1899, little Doris, daughter of Virus and Laura Robbins, aged 17 days.

This little one spent its life in suffering. The mother expressed her faith in these words: "Go to better care than I could give her." Burial, Oct. 2, attended by the father.

FILER.—Near Garwin, Iowa, Oct. 8, 1899, of typhoid fever, Roy W. Filer, son of Charles and Nellie Filger, aged 26 years.

Services conducted by Eld. H. D. Clarke in the Christian church, Garwin.

Asa Brown, a member in Coloma, Ga., Sept. 27, 1899, at the age of 23 years, Mr. Roderick Ashbury, after an illness of two years.

He was born in Calhoun and died in Calhoun, and was married to Mrs. T. B. Randell, of T., 1899.

Filer and Randell, of T., 1899, by the late Clara Whitford, of Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 6 days.

The immediate cause of death was a cardiac hemorrhage. The death was unexpected and came suddenly. The body was placed in the parlor of the late Clara Whitford.

Mrs. Clarke, by the late Clara Whitford, of Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 6 days.

The body was placed in the parlor of the late Clara Whitford.

A. D.

C. D. B.

BONE.—At her home near Lost Creek, W. Va., Oct. 3, 1899, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Bond, wife of Eli Bond, and daughter of Abraham and Nellie Bond, of Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 6 days.

She was born Jan. 15, 1898, and was therefore aged 67 years, 8 months and 18 days. She became a member of the Lost Creek Seventh-day Baptist church in her youth, and had been married and settled in her present home in 1853. She was ever one of the strong Christian mothers and ever beloved by those who became acquainted with her. The three of her children who were married and now living are all actively connected with the church work. The other members of the family living were at home with the father and mother. To a family so located, the loss of one is a loss in every sense of the word. The death has come in the most significant of mental moments, that in which the transition begins from the irresponsible, sen­sory child to the responsible, rational adult. He needs help to write freely, deeply, the books of his fellowship. His logical powers are developing, and he is not without desire of learning how to think; but he is unable to follow bitterly long and close chains of reasoning. He needs to know how words and figures are related, but not a book that in his case can be un­available for his composition. He must gain the power of constructing definite sentences, but he cannot gain it in a week, etc.

One most valuable feature of the Manual is that the student is taught to find and correct his own errors. Ex­amination is made prominent, and the student, guided by slight suggestions, is led to search for errors, and to improve his work, rather than to note what errors are found by the teacher.

WANTED!

The following Publications are needed to complete the work of placing our quarterly and monthly periodicals in a permanent form. After bidding, the publishers are requested to please be placed in the Libraries of our Schools and Publishing Societies. Any one who can supply any of the Following, and will thereby help a good purpose, send to J. P. Moeller, Manager, Plateau, N. Y. All changes must be paid for at the Publishing House.

Conference Mission, 1897-1898.

Seventh-day Baptist Register, Vol. 1, Nos. 1, 2.

Sabbath Visitor, Vol. 1, No. 1, 2, 3.

Vol. IV, Nos. 41, 42.

Vol. V, Nos. 26, 29, 30, 42, 43.

Vol. XII, No. 41.

Vol. XIX, No. 41.

Vol. XXV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Vol. XXVI-XXXII, inclusive.

Sabbath Register, Vol. XVI, Nos. 27, 28.


Sabbath Register, Vol. XIX, No. 22.

Sabbath Register, Vol. XXI, No. 31, 32.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXVI, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXIX, No. 16.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXXI, No. 16.

Sabbath Register, Vol. XVII, No. 42.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXII, No. 22.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXVI, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXVII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXVIII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Register, Vol. XXIX, No. 16.

Sabbath Register, Vol. XXXIII, No. 16.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXXIV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Register, Vol. XXXV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Register, Vol. XXXVI, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXXVIII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXXIX, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XL, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XLI, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XLII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XLIII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XLIV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XLV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XLVI, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XLVII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XLVIII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XLIX, Nos. 1, 2, 3.


Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LI, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LIII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LIV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LX, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXI, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXIII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXIV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXVI, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXVII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXVIII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXIX, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXX, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXI, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXIII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXIV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXVI, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXVII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXVIII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXIX, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXX, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXXI, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXXII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXXIII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXXIV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXXV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXXVI, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXXVII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXXVIII, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXXIX, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. LXXV, Nos. 1, 2, 3.
CANDY CATHARTIC CASCARES

These trade-marked eructative are sure to please, on every package.

Glutan Grits & BARLEY CRYSTALS, palatable, nourishing, and healthful.

Per box, 50 cents. Per dozen boxes, 5 dollars. 

Farrel & Rhines, W. T., N. Y., U.S.A.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

Alfred University will celebrate its Centennial in 1899, and the Board of Trustees, in that its Endowment and Property will reach a Million Dollars by that time. To aid in securing this result, a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund is already started. It is a popular subscription to be made up of many small gifts. The fund is to be kept in trust, and the only interest used by the University. The Trustees issue to each subscriber of one dollar or more a beautiful lithographed certificate signed by the President and Treasurer of the University, certifying that the subscriber is a contributor to this fund. The names of subscribers are published in this column from week to week, as the subscriptions are received by W. H. Crandall, Treas., Alfred, N. Y.

Every friend of Higher Education and of Alfred University should have his name appear as a contributor, and receive a certificate of the subscription which can be framed and preserved as a permanent souvenir.

F. W. CRANDALL, Treas., Alfred, N. Y.


Amount needed to complete fund $20,000.00

The Sabbath Recorder.

To wear clothes that have become yellow by laying, dip them in cream of tartar water. Pour the cream of tartar on the cream of tartar in a dish. Dip the clothes immediately several times, not letting them become white in two or three waters, and hang in the sun. Sponge in a good point, the skin and hanging in the sun, is a good way to bleach yellow or gray, poorly washed clothes.


CLEANING: No better advantages in this city.

No better advantages in this city.

No better advantages in this city.

No better advantages in this city.

No better advantages in this city.

No better advantages in this city.

One of the first lessons of nature is to make the earth a home, and to understand the way that God has made it. It is easier to make a home than to make a fortune. It is easier to make a home than to make a fortune. It is easier to make a home than to make a fortune. It is easier to make a home than to make a fortune.

The Trustees expect the fund. Thenames of sub­missions expected to be made up of many small gifts. The fund is to be kept in trust, and the only interest used by the University. The Trustees issue to each subscriber of one dollar or more a beautiful lithographed certificate signed by the President and Treasurer of the University, certifying that the subscriber is a contributor to this fund. The names of subscribers are published in this column from week to week, as the subscriptions are received by W. H. Crandall, Treas., Alfred, N. Y.