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THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.
HEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bested the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner’s wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the star of Bethlehem!

Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blewed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger’s thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moored, my perils o’er,
I’ll sing, first in night’s diadem,
Forever, and forevermore—
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

—H. K. White.
A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL

Bearing date of Christmas, 1899, this Recorder brings to all its readers the wish and prayer that the Christmas blessing may come to each one, namely, the blessings of peace, righteousness, and redemption from sin through the-One, God’s Infinite Love revealed in Christ. The Recorder does not believe in the foolish sermon nor the dissipation which sometimes attend Christmas. Much less do we believe in the Pagan notions which were associated with it in the Middle Ages. We do believe in that recognition of the Christmas time which leads men to celebrate the revelation of Divine Love in Christ, both by outward gifts and by a renewal of that inward spiritual life which comes to us through him and the indwelling Spirit.

Christmas deals most directly with children. This is natural and desirable. The Babe in Bethlehem touches the world of childhood; and, with greater power than the Christ of Calvary does the adult world. The cradle is a sacred shrine, even in ordinary life. The world appreciates but poorly how much the first years of childhood have to do with the destiny of individuals and of the best in life. The rapid development of children toward an active and controlling place in the world is always being commented upon and only too much in favor of good to us in many simple and failures of parents during the first five years. It is said:

And there was great merriment as Second-Class Music of the better class was served, does much to draw attention to Christmas music, accompanied with such instruction concerning the meaning of the words as wise teachers and superintendents and parents can give, the immediate effect is sometimes attended with disaster, and the remaining influence will continue through life. It would be difficult to say too much in favor of good Christmas music and good Christmas stories. Many older people will crowd a Christmas entertainment “just to hear the children sing,” and will be delighted in the Christian living which, more than any other, is by the formal instruction in the average sermon. Aged mothers, with hands too tremulous to care for “baby” now, listening to the story of the Divine Child sung by their children’s children, remember anew the joy of the days when they cared for their first-born, and are drawn in spirit to the “Only Begotten Son of God.” Let us all cherish the true Christmas for the blessings it brings to all, but most of all, to the children whom we would have to be like Christ.

Christmas ought to give at least momentary relief from those good but most insufferable people who are always telling of their misfortunes, miseries, and bad luck. The cheer of Christ’s day of love ought to close the lips of those whose stock in trade for conversation consists in telling everyone how badly God and the world have dealt with them. This is the day for exalting the joys of life. It is not the day for cataloguing life’s trials and enlarging upon life’s sorrows. He who always complains of what he has destroyed his chances of being or having anything better.

At Christmas time it is well to remember that the wealth of love, which God has showered on this world, and his care over his children forbid us to doubt or fear as to the final results, which he will bring to pass. To be an optimist is not to be blind to the fact of evil, but rather to be open-eyed to the fact that God is good also, and that divine love can never lose its own. The pessimist and cynic who see only evil and always prophesy disaster fail to credit God with the power and the love which are supreme in his universe.

We are glad to call attention to a leaflet on the Sabbath-question published by Rev. L. M. Cottrell, of DeRuyter, N. Y. It is fitted for an ordinary envelope, in size and form, and may be circulated in ordinary business or social correspondence without additional cost. Secure a supply from the author as above; and drop the leaflet into the hands of your friends.

The article by Mary M. Church on another page suggests the well-known and important fact that in Sabbath-school work, with younger and intermediate classes much, almost everything, depends upon the personal resources of the teacher. We commend this to the consideration of the Sabbath-school Board, in making provisions for the new Lesson Helps for the intermediate department. The personality of the teacher is always great; never more so than in “Intermediate work.”

There is great good in being dissatisfied, and in rightly-tempered regret. Such regret is the light which comes through experience and the fuller knowledge which wisdom brings. He who wisely regrets past failures is better for them. He who wrongly regrets with the attainments of to-day will set himself to make greater ones to-morrow. Complete self-satisfaction is often closely allied to low aspirations and to folly. To desire better things is half of their attainment. Christ-likeness to avoid remorse after the indulgence of divine love and attainments in Christ-likeness.

Men are co-creators with God in determining their own destiny, and the destiny of the
CHRISTMAS IN DARK PLACES.

ALICE K. FALLON.

Uptown, where joyous anthems peal from churches festooned with green, where gracious trees loaded with good deeds and hung with gifts from hand to hand, where each tree is an answer to the prayers of its neighbor, where there is no fear of the darkness, where love and hope radiate cheer and comfort at Christmas time, there are the little city-bred city-sider believers to be found.

Christmas is a natural and valued agency in our spiritual experience. To remember Divine love coming into earth life, in such a way as to touch all and enable all, will deepen our love for the Father above and the Babe of Bethlem, for they are inseparably united. When suspicion and doubt take the place of confidence and trust, the child is no longer a child. To the adult Christian these days of Christmas time ought to bring floods of high resolve, holy aspirations.

Meditation is a primary means of spiritual growth. It is an aim and effort. It does not simply supply an answer, but for embodiment in such high conceptions of life, and such transcendent hopes of the life to come, as will lift us into holier living and sublimer faith. Christmas ought to be pre-eminently Christ's time for reviving to strength, for setting forth all our spiritual experiences and purposes. Rise to this higher view of Christmas, in your soul-experience to-day.

OFF FOR AFRICA.

We are glad to announce that Dr. Daland sails from London, for Salt Pond, Gold Coast, Africa, on the 27th of December. This step seems to be the wisest course since the local interests there are quite as important, if not more so, than the coming of the young men to the United States for school work. The baptism of converts who are waiting, the organizing of a church and the establishing of a school, are all means toward permanent work in the Gold Coast. It is the choice of the people there that someone representing the Seventh-day Baptists in America come and set things in order thus, and that the young men who desire to come into the school work may return to us as our representatives. We deem it fortunate that Bro. Daland can go on this mission. Additional funds are needed for this special work, and contributions should be sent to O. S. Rogers, Treasurer of the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association, Plainfield, N. J.

CHRISTMAS AND SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

Few: Protestants think of Christmas as a means of “growth in grace.” The higher conceptions which ought to be associated with all the faculties of man may not be so well recognized; but we must not forget that, above all, our guides, and that the sure road to success is the way of obedience to him and his commandments.

CHRISTMAS AS A TEACHER OF FAITH.

It is difficult to overestimate the value of a right conception of Christmas as promotive of faith on the part of child. Children gain their ideas of God, and of his relations to them, largely, through adults, especially through their parents. All marked events and vivid personal experiences leave permanent impressions on the memories and characters of children. In a doubly tangible way material gifts become continuous object lessons which keep events and experiences in mind.

There is a peculiar satisfaction in receiving half-expected and yet unknown gifts. The element of surprise alone fixes the memory and influence of these experiences as ordinary events do not. This fact is a large factor in the intelligent faith of later years. Hence it is that Christmas is such a teacher in matters of faith. The faith of the child passes quickly from the traditional “Saint Nicholas” to parents and friends, and though some form of the tradition may linger in the speech of Christmas time, children soon come to expect a “Merry Christmas” because they believe in parental love and providence. This kindness and provision on the part of parents is the natural pathway which leads the heart of the child to the Father above, whose love and care and compassion have given Christ and all things good. Such lessons in faith even babyhood can grasp, and in this grasp is the laying of a fuller foundation for faith growth.

The uncertainty as to what the child will find among his treasures on Christmas morning teaches another phase of faith in that, although he may not find just what he dreams of or expects, he is sure to find something good, perhaps better than all he has hoped for. Every experience which enlarges the faith of children in the idea that love rules the future, though the manner of that ruling is unknown, enriches child life. Indeed, the ruin of childhood is well advanced when step-mother and doubt take the place of confidence and trust. The child whose hunger for the love of parents and friends goes unsatisfied is likely to be turned from the pathway of faith in divine love.

The Reckoner brings to parents and teachers a plea for childhood and its rights at Christmas time. It has no right to demand costly gifts or useless ones; but it has the right to call for such expressions of love as gifts, and words and deeds as will satisfy its hunger and lead it toward God and good things instead of selfishness and faith. On the Christmas and childhood with all that is purest and best, thus drawing children toward the higher faith and richer love of God in Christ, through the memory of that time in the year when the Christ-idea and the Christ-love are especially exalted.

world. In a degree too great to be measured, men determine their destiny by their daily choices. Those who fall through neglect or disinclination suffer the blame on God. They say: “God made me thus.” On the other hand, those who succeed are in danger of saying, “I am self-made.” Both these conclusions are faulty and fraught with danger. We must remember how much we are arbiters of our own destiny and our own success; but we must not forget that, above all, our guides, and that the sure road to success is the way of obedience to him and his commandments.

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tribute their share to the general sum of happiness. But in spite of all the organized effort to make Christmas a merry day to the poor, for many it is a day of grim reality, and the Christmas spirit shines brightest when some kindly woman gives from her poverty to her neighbor who is poorer. Once more humanity, in its humble guise, learns that it is blessed to give and blessed to receive, and the miracle of Christmas is worked again. Up a pair of rickety stairs, behind a creaking door, in some draughty, unpromising garret, there is a Christmas sermon preached as eloquent as any from the pulpit.—The Interior.

**CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.**

By L. C. Randolph, Chicago, 111.

"Endeavor Items"

We are in receipt of a little periodical from North Loup, Neb. It is headed Endeavor Items, and is published "occasionally" at the office of the Loyalist. The editors, Walter and Billie Thomas, are assisted in their undertaking by Ray Rood, remembered by Conferences for a "first-class matter," which postulate is reasonably demonstrated in the pages that follow. The inaugural is short and pointed: The editors of this little sheet, wondering what their work for the Master might be, decided to send out the Endeavor Items hoping that it might be the means in God's hands of accomplishing some good results. We don't need to pray for something to do; but for a willingness to do the work there is around us."

Making the Gospel "Without Charge."

As in the heart of many another preacher, no doubt, there used to be cherished in this breast the hope of one day preaching the gospel without salary. As Paul wrought in his own sayings that he might make the gospel "without charge," so this ideal was to provide for support from my own resources; then, from the vantage point of that missionary example, turn the church's money into usefulness for the church's ends. Then the pastor would weep with his people for the consecration of their money to the service of God—not one cent of it all to go to his own use, directly or indirectly. If I give my all to God's work, will not each of you give at least the tenth of your income? And in imagination I have seen the church swayed as by a rushing mighty wind of the Spirit of God, coming up to its high privilege. The vision is still there, but it is afar off. With most of us there are other mouths to be fed, responsibilities to be met, education to be obtained—and we longing to give our whole time to the work of the gospel. The tentmaker of Tarsus recognized that the case was different with other preachers who had families to support; so beheld as the general order of things: so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel." Most of us must humbly come under this latter rule, and, while we give our time and thought to the ministry, perhaps the church can provide the necessary things which we would gladly earn with our own hands. Yet the ideal still lingers, enticing as ever, and we would fain congratulate the layman in whose heart the Spirit has implanted the "call to preach the gospel", and who in his avocation in life. There lies upon our desk the proposition coming indirectly from a young physician of brilliant attainments to locate with a church where there is an opening for the practice of his profession, and supply the pulpit gratis. The church, in their turn, is to pay a stipulated sum into the evangelistic fund, preferably for the support of a particular evangelist. The sum from the church and the collections on the field ought to support the evangelist and his family.

Brethren, when a spirit like this manifests among the lay members of our people, we have reason to thank God and take courage. May we not utilize these forces? I am not at liberty to give the name of the physician, but I am glad to hear from any community offering a good opening for one who, like Christ, should be both preacher and healer.

**THE REVELATION OF BETHLEHEM.**

BY REV. HUGH MAC MILLAN, D. D., LL. D.

Have you ever thought of the divine wisdom which ordained that the Bible should be written in such a country as Palestine? Had it been composed by writers living in the low Nile valley, the Black Sea plains of Babylonia, how could it have told us about the shepherd life on the wild mountains and among the lonely rocks?—and thus the sweetest scenes and the deepest emotions of the Bible would have been lost to us. It is because Palestine is a land of great valleys, that it is a land of flocks and herds, that the Bible presents to us so many touching and tender allusions to the pastoral life. The shepherds of Bethlehem were in the region appropriate to them; for the hill country of Judea, more than any other part of Palestine, was a sheep country. It was there that all the sheep that were used in the sacrifices at the temple were reared. Sheep and vines were the chief productions of Judea; and hence the mountainous character that presents the "Good Shepherd" and the "True Vine" which our Lord uttered in Judea. Hence, too, the appropriateness of the shepherds of Bethlehem receiving the revelation which connects the calm, pastoral life of the Old Testament with the beautiful life of the New; the visions of meditative prophets with the preachings of active apostles.

Well do I remember the "Field of the Shepherds," where the transcendent vision appeared, and the feelings which I had when I stood there. You naturally expect to find the traditional scene up among the mountains, for it is there that sheeph and shepherds are usually to be seen: it is their native home. But it so happens that the town of Bethlehem itself crowns the highest ridge of the hills along the eastern horizon; therefore the "Field of the Shepherds" is necessarily below the town, on the long slope of the terraced hillside. It is a rough, irregular piece of ground, surrounded by a rude, tumble-down wall built of stones gathered together. A number of old, gnarled olive trees cast their myriads of shadow on the incline, which is the only sanctuary which it seems to possess. You catch yourself expecting to see in that field something to distinguish it above all other fields, and connect it unmistakably with the great event that happened there. But there is nothing around you save the quiet, undisturbed loveliness of Bethlehem itself, with its beautiful terraces and bright blue sky. The supernatural event of the ascension, the descent of the Holy Ghost and human nature united in the person of the Holy Infant. The landscape does not look different in the least degree from any other Eastern landscape; and the sky does not come nearer to the earth or exhibit a more trying air, nor is there anything about the ascension of the Saviour, were commanded by the Angel to go back to Jerusalem; and
there, toiling in the Master's service, among the common, hard duties of life, they should find again the Saviour whom they had lost for a time. They would see him in every little act of service, in every voice in the world, in every wayside beggar; and his cross would be set up before them in every sin and sorrow and suffering of humanity. And so it is not when speculating about abstract doctrines, or dreaming about heavenly visions, that hehearing will be found. The true Christian must be a world summerside, and converted from our ordinary ways, self-sufficiency, and become teachable and susceptible as little children, the more clearly shall we discover and understand the revelation of Bethlehem. When we are acting as good shepherds, doing some useful shepherding in the world, feeding the lambs or the sheep of Christ, watching his tempted ones lest they go astray or fall into the clutches of a beast of prey, or going out in search of the lost to reclaim them, guarding the poor and defenseless, and bearing burdens even to the loss of our lives in the night time of their desolation and darkness; then, suddenly, in the place in which we have thus made sacred, shall be revealed to us the Babe of Bethlehem, and through the hushed air we shall hear the celestial music, and in the common service of our daily life the true blessedness of Christmas will be ours.

Christian Work.

AN EXPERIMENT IN INTERMEDIATE WORK.

By MARY M. CHURCH.

The intermediate department of the Bible school occupies the gap between the primary and the senior departments. Too often, alas, this gap is a literal one, large and yawning, as the class records of many schools indicate. It is a fact that large numbers of boys and girls who leave the primary classes with fair notions of the city gates there for a time, guardingly to turn journey were carefully noted: and frequently reviewed. Some member of the class would be sent to the board and directed to write the name of the king in whose reign the first body of exiled Jews were sent back to Jerusalem, the name of the leader, the number of people following, and the date of the expedition. The same facts were written in outline concerning the other expeditions. In order to give a correct notion of Jerusalem's history and national importance, a few questions were written on cards and given to the different pupils to be answered at the next session. The Bible reference containing the desired information was written distinctly after each question. The list included such questions as: "What and how was Jerusalem the seat of the walls of the Temple of Israel?" 2 Sam. 5: 6-9. "What structures did Solomon erect in and around Jerusalem?" 1 Kings 9: 15. "Describe the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar." 2 Kings 25: 1-10.

Some, of course, lost the question cards, but the greater number brought in cards and concise answers.

A fairly correct idea of the walls and gates of Jerusalem, together with the surrounding valleys and hills, was gained by a hasty sketch on the blackboard and by showing illustrations from books and magazines. It was surprising how quickly the boys and girls searched among the big words in the third chapter of Nehemiah and counted the names of the city gates there given. They were then interested to turn back to the previous chapter and study in his midnight toil of inspecting the ruined defences. The account of the dedication of the wall (Neh. 12: 27-43) gave another opportunity for reviewing the gates and towers from the blackboard sketch. This constant use of the Bible in the intermediate classes caused the number of individual copies brought.

To induce a regular study of the Bible lesson at home was found to be a more difficult task. A device that seemed harmless, at least, proved a moderate success. The same pupils who thought it an impossible feat to read the whole Bible in one year consented to read biblically, readily when asked to read them, counting the number of times the name of God was used, how many different people were mentioned and how many different places. The reports were brought in with commendable accuracy. A similar plan is being used in studying the prophecy of Malachi.

In reviewing the lives of Ezra and Nehemiah an earnest effort was made to render their nobility and strength of character so apparent to the pupils that their own lives should be the resultant of this description of the man of God, as given in Ezra 7: 6-10, together with the brief portions of autobiography, were repeatedly emphasized.

An anecdote of the name Nehemiah, containing some of his chief characteristics, proved an interesting feature of a review. With a little assistance, the pupils made an outline of Nehemiah's career from cup-bearer to Tirshatha, including his notable deeds in rebuilding and dedicating the walls, defeating the enemies without, reforming the laws in regard to debt, marriage, and Sabbath-observance, and re-establishing the temple service.

Some of his most memorable sayings were put on cards and distributed, for memorizing, e. g., "The God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore we his servants will arise and build." "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." "Should such a man as I die?" "For the joy of the Lord is your strength.

Experiments.

The pupils were requested to write the story of Nehemiah's life in their own words, trusting entirely to memory.

This record of an experiment that has been at least partially successful is given not because of any novel ideas it may contain, but as an earnest wish to promote a deeper interest in the study of God's Word.

DELPHI, Ind.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING AT MARQUETTE, WIS.

The Semi-annual Meeting of the Berlin, Coloma and Marquette churches was held at Marquette, commencing on Friday evening, Dec. 8, with prayer and song service, conducted by Mr. Chas. Sayre, pastor on this field. This was followed by an excellent sermon from Ps. 91: 16, preached by President Whitford of Milton College.

On Sabbath morning the Bible classes united and were taught by Elder Whitford. At 10:15, was taken for the intermediate who followed. Sabbath evening Elder Whitford preached an earnest discourse from Matt. 16: 26, "For what is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Besides the usual singing by the congregation, some very good selections were sung by a quartet.

The business session of the Semi-annual Meeting was held Sunday morning at 10:30. It was decided to hold the next meeting with the Coloma church, beginning on Sixth-day of June next, 1900. Also to invite Rev. M. B. Kelly, of Chicago, to preach the introductory sermon; Rev. L. A. Platte alternate. Following this was read a very fine essay by Miss Hattie A. Inglis, of Marquette; subject: "What we should make of life." Another equally as good, from Miss Gertrude Crumh, M. D., of Berlin; subject: "A useful Christian life," followed. Elder Whitford again preached to a good audience, using for his text John 4: 14, "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

The closing service was on Sunday evening, when Elder Whitford spoke from 2 Tim. 4: 1-2. "The attendance was good, each church in the village being quite well represented; but we hope that more of our people will avail themselves of the privilege and blessing of attending these meetings. We all join in thanking Elder Whitford for so kindly coming and preaching for us on this occasion.

Mrs. E. G. Hill, Sec.

BERLIN, Wis., Dec. 13, 1899.

ONE of the highest spiritual luxuries is the enjoyment of pure and exhilarating and sublime thoughts.—T. L. Cuyler.
A RIDE of sixteen miles in the heaviest snowstorm of the season brought us from Preston to the Otsego church. A slight cold, a sore throat and some fever, were the result of the ride, but good quinine and a sufficient allowance of the comforts of Bro. E. C. Rogers, and some medicine, overcame all troubles, and Sabbath afternoon found us ready for service. Sermon that afternoon to a fair audience, and the presentation of the needs of our mission received a most sionous response. On Sabbath night, the church was crowded to the doors; the sermon was supplied with preaching once in two weeks. At Preston, years ago, Eld. A. W. Coon did some of his best evangelistic work; a great revival in that section, when he went to a little Protestant Church. The Rev. Josiah Clarke, late pastor of the DeRuyter church, held at times revival meetings, and many found Christ who to-day regard him as their spiritual father and hold him in sweet memory. A thaw before we left Otsego spoiled the sleighing, and only one cutter ride did we get.

The first day in DeRuyter there was a heavy rain, but a few calls on old friends were made. The Rev. Mr. Potter was in social rigor. Rev. James Mottrell, though not well but improving, seemed just as zealous and earnest in the cause of the Master as though forty instead of eighty summers had crowned his life. Mr. and Mrs. Coscom were at father Stillman's, busy packing and getting ready to sail for China after Christmas. They go to China as missionaries under the auspices and support chiefly of a church in Brooklyn, N. Y. May the Lord greatly bless them and their labors. On Tuesday morning, Evangelist J. G. Bur­ nee, at time, to hold revival meetings. Wednesday evening the Christian Endeavorers of the DeRuyter Seventh-day Baptist church held a chicken supper and literary entertainment, at which we spent a very pleasant time, meeting several school­mates of forty-five years ago in DeRuyter Institute, as well as other friends. The young people made quite a sum of money which is to go toward repairing and remodeling the meeting house. That is a good move and in a right direction. Part of a forenoon was very pleasantly spent in the Union School. The opening exercises in the morning were held in the room which was used as the chapel when Rev. L. Jones was Principal of De­Ruyter Institute. It not only brought up old pleasant memories of childhood and schoolmates, but especially of rhetorical exercises when interested audiences were treated with prose, poetry, oratory and fiery declamation. Principal Sears and the teachers were very cordial. Recitations in Rhetoric, Arithmetic and Composition, of which the students did fairly, were greatly enjoyed. The "old stone heap" looked outside just as it did forty-five years ago, but inside changes had been made. Some of the students coming from the surrounding country occupy rooms in the building. The names of students of many years ago, some of them living, most of them on the other shore, are seen carved on the wood-work in rooms and especially in the old belfry. De­Ruyter and its missionaries have now come to place them among the principal among the first, and, in its day, a great pioneer educational work for our people, giving an impetus and a fruit­age which is now seen and felt, and will never end.

Sabbath-day was a lovely winter day, spent in inspiration. At the DeRuyter church, in the morning at DeRuyter and one in the afternoon at Lincllouen Centre, to good congregations were the pleasant duties of the Secre­tary that day. The way we were received and entertained in the nice home of Dea. C. J. York during our stay being so nice, leads us to believe that he and his good wife have well studied the office of a deacon and know how to fulfill its duties with winning grace and kind hospitality.

Moravian Missions

By universal consent, Moravian missions hold a unique place among the world-evangelizing agencies. They send out one missionary for every sixty persons; they raise ten dollars per member, annually, for foreign missions; they have three times as many communicants in the foreign fields as in their home churches. What is the cause of their astonishing success? We believe it is revealed in the following sentence: "There is never a church among the Brethren without a mission to the heathen; and there is never a mission of the Brethren which is not the direct affair of the church."--Selected.

CHINA

There is an area of 4,492,200 square miles in the Chinese Empire, which is one-fifth larger than the United States. It has a population of about 385,000,000, or five times that of the United States and more than the total combined population of the three continents of North America, South America and Africa, and it is estimated that over 30,000 a day, or "a million a month," are dying of the "white man's disease." How many of Christ? In any case there are only about 2,500 Protestant missionaries, which if equally divided would give only about one missionary to 150,000 of the people. "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields: Word and Work."

Light Upon Our Pathway

We are men and women, most of us. We trudge under burdens. Our life is made up of journeys to and from a well, an office, a school, or a factory, and it seems to the natural man a grind, a depleting and depressing routine. But when the natural man becomes changed into the spiritual man, when Jesus with his Spirit and power and gifts and helps of his gospel, enters into our hearts, when we drink of the water he has drawn and holds out with his wounded hands, a light falls upon our task like a roseate glow; seen above, in heaven's overarching blue, a loving face and the white gown upon it, and he whose face it is counts our steps and notes our deeds, reads our motives and purifies our deeds, and every action is an sacred, eternal. --The Churchman.

Let every action tend to some point, and be perfect in its kind. --Marcus Aurelius

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts. --Robert Browning.
Woman's Work.

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

THE CLOSING YEAR.

By Helen A. Raines.

Oh! Year, soon complete in thy fulness.
Oh! Year, gone, and bald.
The grandeur attending thy closing
Is like a beautiful psalm.

There lies a language without words.
The spirit of love and repose.
And pictures the valley celestial.
And sunshine of the verge of its close.

The vale in the pride of the seasons,
Were fair as earth's valleys could be,
And more than the emerald margins
To rivers that ran to the sea.

Thy hills in their rainments transparent,
That shifted from vapor to solid
As the sunlight bathed them in glory,
Pinnied out in their purple and gold.

The burrows that promised at seed-time
Reward to the myriad that till'd,
Stale the chef, crowded queen of the harvest
The dream of the year is fulfilled.

And now, at the close of the banquet,
Gloved-broider'd in garment of grace,
Awash'd the countenance of the back-breaking
You stand at the door to be kissed.

The bugle-strain dies to a whisper;
The good things fade and die.
The bull is deserted and lonely...
We bid thee, fair sovereign, "good bye." —Missionary Tidings.

CLOSING, but not gone, its account not yet sealed up forever, a few precious days remaining.

What shall we do with them?

If we have failed to do many things we resolved should be done in the year 1899—if we have allowed opportunities to slip away unprofitably—then these mistakes and consciente our lives more unsatisfily to the Master's service.

"Consecrate me now, thy service, Lord."

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

By Mary Warren Ayars.

Before me lie a perfect day—
Thy gift, O Lord, and bright
With thou own glory's light.
O Son of man! Grant me thine aid,
That I may meet the evening's shade.
Spotless, unmarred by thought of sin,
And free from sin's defilement's stain.
I may give back thy perfect day.

Behind me lie thy perfect day—
How to give it back?
By sin so marred and black.
O blessed Saviour! Love me still,
Forgive and save me, and go forward will.
But out the stains of sin and wrong—
And make me strong.
In thee to live a perfect day.
—S. S. Times.

"Another year should always mean a better year."

Another year of progress, another year of peace; Another year of grace, of joy, of hope. "All the days." Another year of service, of witness for thy love; Another year of training for holier work above.

—F. R. Havergal.

"LEANING, resting, trusting, loving. Enter thy New Year." —Have we, each one of us, a clear, definite aim for the New Year? Are we satisfied with the results of the year just closing? Our growth and success will be measured by these results, by our self-denial shown by our gifts, by our depth of purpose to work for the Master.

We have the special promise of God's presence in each hour of the day, and let us not confine our gratitude to him, for the blessings which have come to us as a people, but let us remember the new experiences which we have had as a nation, and for everything give praise.

For the increased responsibilities we have assumed may we realize the increased demands made upon us and take as our motto for the New Year:

"God's will to know"—"God's will to do"—"God's will to love."

Let us begin the New Year by observing the "week of prayer" in the "Quiet Hour" in our homes. It may not be wise to designate any specific hour in the day, but any act and instance in the various homes must decide for each one; but let all of us set apart a time each day for quiet communion with the Father for his blessing upon every individual phase of our work.

No one can measure the influences such occasions of prayer may have in making us "willing" to do his will. While we can bring but a few "loaves" perhaps, for feeding the hungry multitude, Christ's command to "bring them to him" is just as binding as if we could give many loaves, and the promise of abundant fruitfulness is as great.

LIVING BY THE DAY.

BY REV. THEODOROE C. CUTLER, D.D.

"My house was built of stone," said a farmer once to me, "for it was built by the day." That is the way in which the best, strongest, and happiest lives are built; they are not constructed "by the job," but one attainment in grace is laid upon another, like the blocks of a solid house. Each day brings its duty to be done, its temptation to be met and conquered, its mistakes and misconstructions, and its fruitfulness. A few precious days remain here forever lips a kiss, LORD, and Awaiting 

The grandeur attending thy closing day, and that is-- It's harvest time, Lord—The week of prayer, the "week of the harvest."

The sabbath home is the "heavenly" paradise, the "heavenly Father for strength equal to the day's march, Saviour and to do good to my fellow-man—they will never bloom again. But there were fresh flowers that opened with, this morning's sun; even so, that our Master give us a fresh chance to serve him and to bless others every day we live. Here lies the generic difference between profitable and unprofitable Christians. The one class are always looking out for opportunities to do a kind act, to gain an influence, to win a soul to Jesus.

With new duties come new supplies of grace every morning to those who seek it by honest prayer. We cannot live on yesterday's meals. As a nation, the nation of Israel gathered fresh manna every morning, so must we look upward for a fresh supply of heavenly "rations" for the day's march. The early hour is the best for prayer and for feeding on God's Word. That godly-minded Christian, Garret Noel Bleecker, of New York, used to go home also at noon-day not only to take his meal with his family but to have a few quiet moments with his Master. Arthur Tappan had a room up near the roof in his store for noontide devotion.

"These times be of awful stress and strain on business men, would it not clear their heads and nerve their faith if they would stop amid the heat of the day's toil and hurry to have a few minutes face to face with God?"

The secret of happy days is not in our outward circumstances, but in our own heart life. A large draught of Bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the soul's windows to the precious promises of the Master, a few words of fervent prayer, a deal or two of kindness to the first person you meet, will brighten your countenance and make your feet "like hid's feet" for the day's march. If you want to get your aches and your trials out of sight bury them under your mercies. Begin every day with the Lord, and then, keeping step with the Master, march on to the furtive over the roughest road or in face of the hardest winds that blow. Live for Jesus by the day and on every day until you come where the Lamb is the light thereof and there is no night there!—Congregationalist.

OUR REST CORNER.

"Come ye apart and rest a while."

IN MARGARET'S ROOM.

I found Margaret in her little parlor counting out her money with a sorrowful face.

"It's all little," she said, holding up a few silver pieces, "and there is so much need, but my whole heart goes with it. I have a fashion of praying over every penny, asking God to make them dollars by influencing someone, somewhere, to give dollars for me because I cannot." Her poverty depressed her more than usual—her inability to do anything for her Lord. Her life was so cut off and cornered. Very touching to me was the droop of her weary head, the listless way her thin hands rested in her lap, and for her there was no work. "How I would like to be somebody," she said with a timid smile, "to work with other brave ones—have a large field. I grow restive in my small corner. I shall go up to God so empty-handed—so ashamed of my nothingness." I tried to comfort her, but it was a time when words
failed. I was carrying a burden myself that day. I left her and sat down in my room to read. I was discouraged, and determined not to open my heart to gloomy thoughts. I thought of Amiel's words, "Nothing resembles pride so much as discouragement." I read on until I came across something which sent me back to Margaret, and together we read and pondered the message we send to all the dear readers of the *Echo*:

"And when it is all over, and our feet shall run no more, and our hands be helpless, and we have scarcely strength to murmur a last prayer, then we shall see that instead of needing a larger field, we have left untilled many choice portions, and that is fit for our Master's eye, and not for the softening shadow of the cross."—Home Missiop*.

From Holland.

Haarlem, Nov. 24, 1899.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder.

The friends here rejoice now and then in the good letters of our dear Sister Mary Janes, which were inserted in our Dutch monthly, *De Boedshapper*, of October last. And because we believe the brotherhood in America will be happy with us in reading it, the editor of *De Boedshapper* asked his daughter to translate it for your columns.

Her father, a missionary, in his letter, says: "De Boedshapper, which claims to rank itself among the small band of our dear friends, is fit for our Master's eye, and not for the softening shadow of the cross."—Home Missionary

Christian Science.

BY REV. J. L. GAMBLE, PH. D.

No. III.

Is it "Christian?" This is a most serious question; for any thing which claims to rank with the Christian religion as a means of salvation, a teacher of saving truth, a guide to eternal life, must undergo searching and thorough examination. Whatever its professions, we must judge it by a comparison of its fundamental doctrines with those of the Bible, the Word of God. This we have done, briefly, in a former number; and it may not be overlooked by professors or superficial appearances, let us consider some Bible cautions:

1. Christian Science professes respect for Christ and belief in God. Yes, but any system or person that professes respect for Christ and belief in God is not therefore necessarily Christian; for, in his Word, God says: "They draw nigh unto me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men: "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name have done many wonderful works?" And then will I declare unto them, I never knew you. Should we be surprised to find such people in these last days, fulfilling the prophecy of our Lord? Let us be on our guard about accepting any teaching simply because accompanied by wonderful works.

2. Christian Science seems sometimes also to claim a work of the Holy Ghost. Yes, but a person or system that works miracles in Christ's name is not therefore necessarily Christian. Such works alone are not sufficient to accredit a person or system as a true and accepted representative of Christ and his religion. Hear the Lord's words to his disciples, "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name have done many wonderful works?" And then will I declare unto them, I never knew you. Should we be surprised to find such people in these last days, fulfilling the prophecy of our Lord? Let us be on our guard about accepting any teaching simply because accompanied by wonderful works.

3. Christian Science seems to meet a need and hunger of the soul, bringing rest into troubled hearts. Is everything that seems to bring quiet and rest to the weary is not therefore necessarily Christian? For God's Word warns us that even "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light," a minister of mercy; and that he will be especially so manifest in the last days, coming to deceive men "with all power and signs and lying wonders." 2 Thes. 2:9.

One who has thoroughly examined Christian Science at its fountain head, says: "It is so cunningly devised that it is calculated to deceive, if possible, the very elect. It comes as a tempter, offering to man to-day the fruit of the tree of knowledge and of the tree of life." And he further says: "We cannot account for the influence it exerts over the minds of so many, unless we hold that it is the manifestation of an urgent demand, a deep and genuine thirst for a manifested power, a demand for a true Messiah, a manifestation of the unbelief and delusion, which, according to the prophecy recorded by St. Paul, God shall send upon the earth in the latter times, when the man of sin shall be revealed with signs and lying wonders. Rev. Dr. Gordon said: "It has been the most serious situation I have met. Our people are tempted to parody Christianity by inventing spurious imitations or to adulterate it with such heathen mixtures as to turn the truth of God into a lie. The literature of Christian Science presents clearly enough such a Pagan adulteration of the religion of Christ; and we greatly fear that the prince of the power of the air may be appropriating and reinforcing whatever occult principle of healing there may be in this system, and using it to accredit his own gospel." And he calls it "the devil's travesty of a vital truth."

John Calvin long ago said, "Satan perverts the things which otherwise are truly the works of God." The important lesson is that no one should accept any doctrine or system because the teaching seems to be true or combination of new ideas, but it is to be accepted only if it claims to be from God. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," that which stands the test of the whole Word of God. Be not deceived. Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.

In another article I wish to speak of some of the attractions of Christian Science—those which has given it such power and influence over so many hearts...
A BIG OCTOPUS.

The largest devil fish caught in many years in Puget Sound was captured by rock cod fishermen at the Narrows near Tacoma, the 1st of July. The monster measured fourteen feet in length, having eight arms, over six feet long, and a body two feet in diameter. The rock cod are caught in water at least 300 feet deep, and it is in depths like this that the octopus, or green-eyed monster, known as the devil fish, is usually found. But when the lines are hauled in, having several hundred hooks, fastened three inches apart, and baited with herring. The devil fish sometimes attach themselves to the bait, or the cod or salmon caught on the hooks. If the devil fish is above the bottom, or if the bottom be sandy or gravelly, he can be raised to the surface when the hooks are pulled up. If the bottom is rocky, Mr. Devil Fish simplyfastens himself to the rocks and allows himself to be cut to pieces by the hooks before he will release his tentacles from the rocks and come up. When the fishermen raise it to the surface, great care must be taken that he does not get his tentacles fastened to the boat, or to get rid of him, that his suckers attach themselves to the boat and are not turned. The suckers of the devil fish are then released from the boat by the dexterous use of a large spade, which is shoved beneath them. The suckers and tentacles are fastened so tightly to the boat as to form a vacuum, and the reluctant fish attended by loud reports like those of a rifle.

The wonderul sucking power of the devil fish is better understood when it is realized that each of the eight tentacles, or arms, is covered with 300 or more suckers, ranging in size from three inches in diameter near the mouth to the size of a lead pencil point near the ends. Once caught in the powerful grasp of one of these tentacles, nothing, whether it be fish or human being, is ever released, unless the tentacles themselves be cut in two and the octopus slashed to pieces. Even four or five of these suckers can be cut off and the monster will still live and thrive.

The devil fish is of a light pink flesh color and has two bright green eyes. Its body is shaped like a spider, the eight tentacles radiating out from the head. The mouth is on the under side, exactly in the centre of the radiating arms. Inside the mouth is a beak, or bill, shaped exactly like a parrot's. Everything caught by the tentacles is carried to the mouth, just as the elephant performs the same act with its trunk. The stomach contains a crude digestive apparatus. The ocean water is bleached blood red, and bleeds, but seems to be composed of gristle. The eyes and small head are located on the opposite side from the mouth. The only use to which the octopus has been put so far is to make food for the Puget Sound Indians. The Swinbears take off the outside skin and boil the remaining mass of gristle into a delectable stew.

The arch enemies of the octopus are the dog fish and shark. His only means of defence is the black fluid, or ink, which he emits when attacked or in danger. This fluid discolors the water and enables him to escape. Three drops of this fluid will impart an inky blackness to a large pail of water. A fifty-four pound devil fish caught several years ago had a quart of this fluid in the ink sack located near its intestines. The big devil fish under notice weighed ninety pounds and had nearly two quarts of the fluid. As found in the ink sack the fluid is much thicker than when thrown out. It has been learned that the devil fish lives through a second sack before throwing it out to blacken the water and blind his enemy. No fish can get blackened in this way for an instant.—*St Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE FIRST ALFRED CHURCH.

Many readers of the Recorder will be interested to know the facts concerning the resignation of Dr. J. L. Gamble as pastor of the First Alfred church, and the election of his successor.

Dr. Gamble has faithfully and ably served the church as supply and pastor for about four and one-half years. On September 2, 1889, he presented his resignation. The following quotations show the spirit of the resignation.

To the First Alfred Seventh-day Baptist Church:

Dear Brothers and Sisters—But a little over four years ago I came to Alfred a stranger. The thought of beginning pastorate in a church that had not entered my mind. I felt that this position came to me without seeking or planning on my part. I have always had to face the fact that a goodly number of the church did not favor my election to the pastorate; but I was encouraged by the added advantage of the church. I was the pastor of a church located at Dec. 1, 1895. The church fleeing at its annual meeting that year to choose a pastor. I was called to serve that church May 28, 1889, at which time, by previous vote of the church, I became acting pastor for one year; and on May 1, 1889, I entered upon service as your pastor.

I owe all this entirely to the providence of God and the kindness of friends whom God gave me here. It is well known that this position came to me without seeking or planning on my part. I have always had to face the fact that a goodly number of the church did not favor my election to the pastorate; but I was encouraged by the added advantage of the church. I was the pastor of a church located at Dec. 1, 1895. The church fleeing at its annual meeting that year to choose a pastor. I was called to serve that church May 28, 1889, at which time, by previous vote of the church, I became acting pastor for one year; and on May 1, 1889, I entered upon service as your pastor.

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THE CRIMES OF THE TONGUE.

The second most deadly instrument of destruction is the dynamite gun, the first is the human tongue. It merely kills honor; the tongue kills reputations and, ofttimes, ruins characters. Each gun works alone; each loaded tongue has a hundred accomplices. The havoc of the gun is visible at once. The full evil of the tongue lives through all the ages. No sooner do you see it than it grows and spreads. It might grow tired in tracing it to its finality. The crimes of the tongue are words of unkindness, of anger, of malice, of envy, of bitterness, of harsh criticism, gossip, lying and scandal. Theft and murder are awful crimes, yet in all their gory and ghastly face the aggregate sorrow, pain and suffering they cause in a nation is microscopic when compared with the sorrows that come from the crimes of the tongue. Place in one of the scale-pans of justice the evils resulting from the acts of criminals, and in the other the grief and tears and suffering resulting from the crimes of respectability, and you will start back in amazement as you see the scale you thought the heavier shoot high in air.

At the hands of thief or murder few of us suffer, even indirectly. But from the careless tongue of friend, the cruel tongue of enemy, who is free? No human being can live a life so true, so fair, so pure as to be beyond the reach of malice, or immune from the poisonous emanations of envy. The insidious attacks against one's reputation, the loathsome innuendoes, slurs, half-lies by which jealous mediocrity seeks to ruin its superiors, are like those insect parasites that kill the heart and life of a mighty oak. So cowardly is the method, so stealthily the shooting of the poisoned thorns, so insignificant the separate acts in their seeming, that one is not on guard against them. It is easier to dodge an elephant than a microbe. — William George Jordan.

THE SCOPE OF JEWISH INTERESTS.

The Jews are sometimes charged with being a narrow people, but in point of fact there is none other whose interests are so varied and general that they stretch across the whole expanse of the infamy of the world, is intertwined with that of the leading nations of antiquity as well as of modern times, so that in universal history they are at home. Scattered all over the world, there is scarcely a land which has not for them a direct personal interest. Is there a war in South Africa, Jews are concerned in it. Is gold discovered in the Kondyke, Jews are among the first to brave its dangers. Is there demoralization in a country, Jews are the first to feel its effects. What form of business is being engendered in our country? Is agriculture the subject of discussion, are Jews not interested in its condition if for no other reason than because of their colonists here and abroad? In the domain of science and art they have their representatives. In sociology they have furnished the standards and standard-bearers. In education, philanthropy, politics, commerce and the professions they are deeply concerned. In literature they are "the book," and in more than one sense can they be termed "the people of the book."—Jewish Exponent.

Life without love can be borne; but life without hope, never! — A. K. Green.

WHERESOEVER the search after truth begins, there life begins.—John Ruskin.
A large amount of perseverance was called for before each doll was fitted with a neat wardrobe throughout, for these little girls were not very skilled with their needles as yet. They had occasion more than once to encourage themselves with the thought that they were Christian Endeavorers, and that they were endeavoring to bring joy to the hearts of some of the dear children's at the old Child's Home.

But when the dolls lay at last neatly packed in the box in which they were to travel to the city, brown curls lying close to the flaxen locks, the bicycle girl in a jaunty cap and wing and top boots keeping guard over a baby doll in soft raiment on either side, dolls in plaid dresses and white guimpes, and more in pink and blue ginghams, all lying side by side, the Juniors were jubilant over their work and the beautiful doll family they were sending away to the little mothers.

If each doll could have spoken she would have told them of the sweetest thoughts and most loving Christmas wishes for which the Juniors to far-away little mother; but even in silence their bright and pretty faces carried the unspoken message.

And the children who were waiting, not knowing the joy which was traveling toward them! What of them? There were so many of them; and when would they have another Christmas, that the kind missionary's heart ached as she chose from among the children the dozen little folks who should have the Christmas dolls.

On Christmas Eve she took all the dolls with her, and climbed tenement stairs and found her way into dark basements in search of the children she had chosen; and one day after Christmas there came a letter to the Juniors, telling of a few of the little mothers whom the Christmas dolls found, and the poor homes they had made happy. This was part of what the letter said:

"Little Cora Guines' prospects for a happy Christmas were not large. Cora's father is out of work and her mother is ill. There are five children in the family, and Cora, the youngest, is four. The doll was her only present, and she loves it dearly.

"Another doll went to Julia Aker. Julia's father is a tailor. One may see him any short winter's day sitting cross-legged, sewing away, with his table close to the window to save light. He sews from morning till late at night, but makes little money. There are two boys in this family besides Julia, and Julia's father told them all he had no money for toys; they must be thankful for bread and health. When the missionary gave Julia one of the dolls she was overjoyed, and her mother said, 'I think some little girl dressed this doll, it looks so nice!'

"Becky French had no thought of Santa Claus remembering her. Becky's father is a longshoreman, who means that he walks from dock to dock and does little odd jobs. His business cannot be a very good one, for Mr. French's family look half starved; and as for dolls, Becky has never owned anything that resembles a doll, except wooden sticks dressed up for doll babies. Becky's little hands are clever with wood, but she cuts and sings all day long, and no one could possibly get more fun and pleasure out of the bicycle doll than she.

"If the Juniors had been happy when they saw their box full of pretty dolls start on its journey, it was nothing to the pleasure that thrilled their hearts and shone in their faces when they heard of the little mothers they had made happy. They had caused the light of God's love to shine into some dark places in all its sweetness on the day of his birth, and in return it was flooding their own hearts as well.—Christian Work.

SAVED HIS MASTER'S LIFE.

In "Wild Animals I Have Known," Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson relates a terrible experience. He had gone out alone to a remote district on his pony to inspect some wolf-traps and fallows, and, having killed it, was engaged in resetting the trap, when inadvertently he sprang the next one, and his hand was caught in the massive steel jaws.

"I lay on my face," he says, "and stretched out my toes, hoping to draw within reach the trap wrench, which I had thrown down a few feet away. Wolf-traps are set in fours around a buried bait, and are covered with cloth and fine sand so as to be quite invisible.

"Intent on securing the wrench, I swung about my anchor, stretching and reaching to the utmost, unable to see just where it lay; but trusting to the sense of touch to find it. A moment later there was a sharp 'clank!' and the iron jaws of trap No. 3 closed on my left foot!

"Struggle as I would, I could not move either trap, and there I lay stretched out and securely staked to the ground. No one knew where I had gone, and there was slight prospect of any one coming to the place for weeks. The full realization of my situation was upon me—to be devoured by wolves, or till of cold and starvation. My pony, meantime, stood patient waiting to take me home.

"The afternoon waned, and night came on, a night of horror! Wolves howled in the distance, and then drew nearer and nearer. They seized upon and devoured the carcass of the one I had slaughtered, and one of them, growing bolder, came up and snarled in my face. Then there was a sudden rush, and a fight among the wolves.

"I could not see well, and for an instant I thought my time had come when a big fellow dashed upon me! But it was Bingo—my noble dog—who rubbed his shaggy, panting sides against me and licked my face. He had scattered the wolves, and killed one, as I afterward learned.

"Bingo! Bingo, old boy! Fetch me the trap wrench!" Away he went, and came dragging my rifle, for he knew only that I wanted something.

"No, Bingo—the trap wrench!

"This time it was my bush, but at last he brought the wrench, and wagged his tail in glee as he ran to the box and began gathering out my fine hand, I unscrewed the pillar nut. The trap fell apart and my hand over every face. The conductor caught the fever and chucking the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass his ticket, so interested was he playing peek-a-boo.

"The old lady in front was laughing, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy cheeks into the mouth of the old lady's cheek. It brought back a flood of recollections to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as it to catch a falling tear.

"The train sped on and pulled into the station tenderly, bringing the babies and parents, was to leave the car. A look of great regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it just once; the old lady turned his cap over his hand, received, and the baby moved toward the door. Bingo, picking his way over the shoulder of his papa, to which everyone rejoiced, including the newsboy, who motioned his dog with a rattle of his hat.

"The passengers, rushing to the side where the baby got off, watched till she was out of sight, and the station, shaking by-bye all the time. Then they lapsed into silence. They missed that one out, and began to look to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into everyone's heart, warm or cold, in the car.—Louie's Watchman.
Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be working what is good, towards all, but especially towards them that are of the household of faith."—Gal. 6:10. "Who do good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb. 13:16.

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.—It has been some time since the Independence church has been represented by letter to the Reading Room of the Recorder. Perhaps this communication may not be untimely.

An unusually pleasant season has just passed. There is a general feeling that we go on record as one of the very pleasantest in our experience, with scarcely any disastrous storms. Bountiful harvests have blessed the land, and farmers enjoy the fruits of till, and with fair prices for farm products. Better times seem to dawn upon us, and the hope for general prosperity in business matters in the future seems to brighten. Perhaps no time in the history of our church has there been better union among our members than at the present, consequently the affairs of the church are prospering, and its appointments are well attended.

As to spiritual life and growth, we would be glad if more were perceptible, yet the influence and labors of earnest hearts and consecrated lives will not fail of fruits, as the coming year shall unfold harvests, the result of willing effort and constant seed-throwing. Some discouragements have to be met in the loss by death of some of our worthy members during the year, and we are led to inquire who will rise to fill the vacancies and assume the responsibilities of these important positions in the vineyard of the Lord. Pastor Burdick, who was been ill for nearly six months and obliged to give up his pastoral work for a while, is now able to take up the work in the same commendable way as formerly, and we have reason to thank God that he has been restored to us and the work here. The pulpit was very ably filled most of the time, in the absence of the pastor, by the pastors of neighboring churches, who very kindly offered their services. We believe the establishing of Christ's kingdom and the spread of his truth is in the hearts of our people.

CORRESPONDENT.

SHILOH, N. J.—I have been reading the Recorder to see what was said. This is what I read the Recorder for. I read the reports from the "battle fields" where Dr. Lewis, L. C. Randolph and J. G. Burdick were waging war on sin. Then I looked for Home News, or news from the churches in "camp;" "arms stacked" is too many cases, I fear. You say or think, How about Shiloh? Well, brethren, our Sabbath morning service (not dressing, not dirty, forlorn, long, unkempt, hair) was a good, and our Father's more. The religious interest is quite good, though not what we desire to see. We are praying for looking for, and hoping to see it greatly improved. We have a very pleasant Thanksgiving service. A quite large number took their pluners to the church, and after the sermon, beautiful in its meaning. The social feature was very enjoyable.

A week ago last Sabbath one, coming to us from the Congregationalists, was baptized, and last Sabbath she, with two others who had been baptized before, received the right hand of fellowship. This was our communion meeting, which was a good and pleasant season. Last Tuesday evening the Lyceum of our High School had an oratorical contest, two from each of the four classes taking part. The speaking was very good indeed, and for persons so young it showed commendable. We are interested in the Gold Coast, West African mission and intend to try to help it on. The people here are showing their kindness and helpfulness in various surprises from time to time, that are encouraging and strengthening to the pastor and his family.

We sorrow with you all as our aged heroes are falling, yet we feel to thank God that the success of Christian enterprises is not dependent upon the lives or deeds of Christian men. God takes the workers but the work goes forward. May we all learn to depend on our own work less and our Father's more. We desire the prayers of our dear brethren and sisters that we shall be so submissive to the Master's will that he shall always use us for his glory.

G. J. CHANDALL.

ALHISON, Wis.—The series of meetings conducted by Evangelist Randolph, which began the evening of Oct. 19, closed evening after the Sabbath, Dec. 6. The result there has been a general awakening among the membership of the church, eleven have been added by baptism, two by letter and verbal testimony and there are three others who have offered themselves for baptism and membership in the church. Besides these visible evidences, there is an undertone of moral and spiritual uplift, the extent of which, however, is difficult to estimate. Nov. 4, Secretary Lewis was with us and spoke Sabbath morning and evening following, giving two stirring sermons along the lines of the present demands, duties, etc., which concern us as a people in these times of agitation and worry concerning the Sabbath and the reform looking toward a higher, purer devotion to God and his truth. It was a timely and appropriate addition to the evangelical services in progress. Monday evening, Nov. 6, Mrs. Townsend, of Holgate, Ohio, was with us and gave us a very interesting address, in which she related her experience in coming to the Sabbath. A large and attentive audience, many of whom were First-day people, some of them students in the Academy, listened to her. Bro. Randolph is now conducting meetings at Welton, Iowa. We are holding one or two extra meetings each week, and hope for additional results.

The weather has been delightful for the time of year, almost rivaling the more Southern climate for pleasantability and color. The year has been one of general prosperity, and there are manifold reasons for gratitude and thanksgiving to the Giver of all blessings.

S. H. B.

Dec. 12, 1899.

SUMMERVILLE, Mo.—A letter from Summerville, Mo., reports that Rev. G. Helm, of that place, has been injured by being thrown from a horse. We hear nothing further among us, but Bro. Helm remains strong in his faith and practice as a Seventh-day Baptist, and in clear in his hope that the "Lord of Hosts" will vindicate his holy will in his case. He would be glad to find a "faithful Sabbath keeping young man to cultivate his little farm." He closes his letter as follows:

"My days are swiftly passing by, and I am a pilgrim, stranger."

"I know that I must soon pass away, and earnestly request the prayers of all who may learn of my condition. I am a 'lone Sabbath-keeper,' and have none of 'like precious faith' with whom I can associate."

The Recorder sends words of Christian greeting to Bro. Helm, and unites in the prayer that his affliction may work out for his own far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

THIRTY DAYS AT HOME.

He stood in the police station. Rugged, dirty, forlorn, his long, unkempt hair crowned by a battered hat, beneath it a face that showed only too plainly the marks of dissipation and sin. A handsome face perhaps it would never have been called; self-willed and strong, but in his other features a casual observer would perhaps have pronounced him utterly bad. Charles Dawson had been called by the judge and he had appeared. He
stood there now with an air of dogged, sullen indifference. Why did the judge look at him so earnestly? He was not interesting.

"What is the charge?"

"Drunk and disorderly, your honor," replied the officer.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"No," was the sullen answer. He had been this way too many times before to mind it.

"Your sentence—thirty days at home. Officer Riggins shall see that the sentence is carried out."

As he went out the officer stared as if he could scarcely believe their ears. The prisoner gave a startled look at the judge, and shook his head; no, it could not be. Much mystified, he passed from the court room. Home! Impossible! Home! He had not seen it for twenty years. Bah, the idea! And he laughed a hard, coarse laugh that his mother would have wept to hear. Why, this was queer. The officer had told him to put on his hat, and they were really passing out through the great iron gates and up street. He went as in a dream.

"Where do your parents live?" asked the officer.

Had he forgotten? No. Couldn't he see it as plain as though it were only yesterday instead of twenty long years ago?

The officer repeated his question, and he said that his home was in B—.

He scarcely noticed when they reached the station and boarded a train. One word rang through his ears, not musically, but a confusion of memories. He noticed no one as they passed the station and boarded a train. His hat was as if it had been tumbled as he laid it upon here and said, "Mother, let us pray." And if ever angels hush their music to listen, they did so then. He prayed for the wandering boy wherever he might be, prayed that God in his mercy would bring him back to himself to them, but if—and the old man's voice faltered—if not in their lifetime, God's will be done.

And the wanderer outside heard it, and strong men, hardened though he was, wept. The prayer was ended and he went in, alone, for even the officer felt the sacredness of such a meeting.

Words would fail to describe it, but the gladness reached higher than the gray old house, for we are told that "there is joy in the presence of the Lord over one sinner that repenteth."

"They do say," said Deacon White, some months later, when the excitement over the returned prodigal had somewhat abated, "they do say that that Dawson boy, or man he is now, has been an angel. He said he never, no matter how great the world and such like, but I dunno," slacking his head; "I hope twill last."

It did last, and Charles Dawson will, throughout his lifetime, be grateful to the judge who pronounced the sentence that with God's help made a man of him. If there is one verse in the Bible dearer to him than all others, it is this: "His father...fell on his neck, and kissed him."—Ran's Horn.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a mother's deep prayer for this child! And the star raises its fire while the beautiful sing. For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King."

"In the light of that star Let us see the way. And the song from afar Touch all the world with love. Every heart is aflame, and the beautiful sing In the name of Jesus is King."

"We rejoice in the light And we echo the song That brings the baby through the night From the heavenly throng. Ay! we shout to the lovely eveng they bring And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King."—J. G. Holland.

LEARN TO WRITE WELL AND SPEAK WELL.

There are apparently small things that have much to do with success—things small in themselves but great in their influence. Prominent among them are good penmanship and good English. These accomplishments develop accuracy and refinement. Good health is a certainty that cannot be ignored. Without it success is doubtful, and it is easier to secure and to retain than thoughtful young men are willing to admit. Neatness in personal appearance is another duty, and, like health, it can be maintained at far less cost than many suppose.

Several things, and others equally simple, create an influence of gentility that is essential in business relations. Good breeding is on the increase in this country, and it counts powerfully as an element of success.

Eucal phial, let me call attention to the thought suggested at the beginning—namely, that a complete life, thoroughly rounded physically, mentally, spiritually, in the life that contains within itself the elements of success in material equally with higher things. The bane of living is incompleteness. The difficulty is that character is improperly centered, that young men do not see their problems whole, large, complete. It needs to be built and developed; dreaming fusions as creates ideals—sentiment, but not sentimentality. Then the struggle of life is to keep them. Occasionally an old man surives, bright, pure in heart, hopeful, radiant. Such are a matchless inspiration; always they are men that got their positions and kept them.

The life of additions creates and keeps a position; such is a growing life. The life of subtractions fails either to create or to keep a position. Every compromise of principle, every act for which apology or explanation must be made, every deed that must be covered with darkness, is a deduction. Add constantly, and you will both get a position and keep it.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The disasters of last week which checked the British advance on South Africa led to a radical change in the management of the war. General Buller was relieved of chief command and Lord Roberts was placed over, all the British forces, with General Kitchener as chief of staff. This gives to South Africa the best England has in command, as it had already the best in the line of soldiers. Little fighting has been done during the past week, and, in a moderate sense, the British army has held its own at the points of defeat. Meanwhile the Boers have strengthened their positions, and fiercer and fiercer it yet to come, unless peace shall intervene. Rumors of steps toward peace have been slight, too slight to give much hope. Public feeling in England is much depressed, although preparations for sending large re-inforcements are being pushed. The limited amount of news which is permitted to come through British lines, increases popular fear.

In the Philippines little fighting has been done, and Aguinaldo seems to have gone into the fugitive business permanently. The military "pressing" as to Aguinaldo continues; he was on Dec. 19, when General H. W. Lawton was killed by a rebel sharp-shooter, in a small skirmish at San Mateo. He was an able officer who had done excellent work, and was held in high esteem. The Nation is in mourning for him.

Congress has adjourned for the holidays. Currency legislation, along the lines of the Bill already passed in the House, has been taken up by the Senate, and is promised early attention when Congress assembles in January, 1900. The Roberts investigation was kept up until the time of adjournment.

The influence of the war in South Africa, and the personal contests between the great money interests in Wall Street, have given an exciting and, to some, a disastrous week in the New York Stock Market. Some heavy losses have come, but the week closes with an improved state of things. A large amount of gold is going to Europe.

The body famous for the murder trial for murder is dragging along in New York, with a week of contest as to "hand-writing," signa-
The Saving of Money
by the use of Royal Baking Powder. Royal is economical, because it possesses more leavening power and goes further.

Royal saves also because it always makes fine, light, sweet food; never wastes good flour; butter and eggs.

More important still is the saving in health. Royal Baking Powder adds anti-dyspeptic qualities to the food.

Imitation baking powders almost invariably contain alum. Alum makes the food unwholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Telediagrapb. A new word has been hatched, but as yet has not been introduced into society. When introduced and accepted by the high dignitaries of the day, it will remain for a "time, time and a half time" before the word "obsolete" will be annexed thereto.

This new-fledged word signifies a machine, or rather an apparatus, by which the Kaiser may send by cable a correct picture of his big arm chair, and have it printed in the Tribune here before the time of its having been taken. The way this is brought about is as follows: The picture of the chair is first taken on tin-foil, and then prepared with a kind of ink that will harden and not blur by moderate rubbing. Two cylinders are prepared, similar to those used in a phonograph; one for sending and the other for receiving. By a device they are made to revolve precisely in harmony with each other. The tin-foil is wrapped around the sending cylinder, and a fine steel point is placed over it, which by means of a fine screw is made to move a trifle at each revolution of the cylinder, so that in passing the whole surface of the tin-foil will be covered. When the point comes in contact with the ink, it is raised, and thereby the circuit is broken.

The receiving cylinder is wrapped in a sheet of carbon paper, placed between two blank sheets of paper, and the point or needle over this cylinder follows exactly the motions of the sending cylinder with the lightest touch, and pressure, thereby reproducing, by means of the carbon paper, an exact copy or picture of the original chair, although three thousand miles away. But what is a name?
A Number of Holes in the Earth.

It is said that the lowest place on the earth's surface is about a mile from the head of the dead Sea in Palestine. The highest mountain peaks have been explored, and the lowest valleys traversed in aid of science, yet a desire has always existed to obtain further knowledge of the condition of the earth, its strata and various qualities.

In the early history of the Bible frequent mention is made of digging wells. These wells were for obtaining water for flocks and herds, and for culinary purposes; but were only excavations and of various depths; the digging of such has been the practice in all the ages.

Since the discovery of petroleum, science and invention have been on the giving hand. Science gave the information that there were vast deposits of oil and many valuable metals far down within the crust of the earth; and invention gave directions how to proceed and ascertain where they were, and how to produce them for use. Hence we find the drilling of holes for oil, through which to bring it to the surface; also to determine the location of minerals, that by sinking shafts they also could be obtained.

When invention had succeeded in drilling a hole of a given diameter, say fifty feet, the scientific fact was settled by parity that if fifty feet could be drilled, then an hundred, and a thousand, and so on, as the anxiety continued and the money held out.

Here and there are located some of the holes that have penetrated downward over a thousand feet. At Charleston, S. C., one was drilled to a depth of 1,250 feet; one at Kapunda, South Australia, to a depth of 1,787 feet; another at Grenoble, France, to 1,798 feet; another at Passy, France, to 2,000; one at Louisville, Ky., to 2,086 feet; one at Neusulder, near Minden, Prussia, to 2,288 feet; one at Columbus, Ohio, to 2,775 feet; one at La Chapelle, near Monte Video, to 3,182 feet; one at Perthus, Hungary, to 3,182 feet; one at St. Louis, Mo., to 3,843 feet; one at Spenerburg, Prussia, to 4,190 feet. If there are others of greater depth they have escaped my observation.

There was one projected by a syndicate, at Pittsburg, Pa., a year or two ago, which was to push on down and explore the unknown regions, so as to inform us about the geotectic, geocentric, climatic and such other phenomenal relations as might appear, but to this time I have not received their report.

If there had been appropriated one-tenth of the time and money to gain a knowledge of what is below us, which has been expended to find what never existed north of us, and what we can only look at above us, the knowledge of our little world would, we think, have been far better understood.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. It is a blood disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. You must combine in your medicine a medicine that acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's catarrh remedy is the one. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic herb combined with the best food preparations, setting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination. A wonderful result in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHEWRY & CO., Props, Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75 cents.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MARRIAGES.

EATERS—AUSTIN—At the home of Mr. J. C. Heath, uncle of the bride, on Saturday, May 1, 1897, Rev. A. B. Princent, Samuel Fox Bates, of New York City, and Eva Madals Aostin, of Adams Centre.

DEATHS.

NOT UPON US—The home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Watts, of New York City, on May 11, 1897.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in their home in God.

PALMERTON.—Nina A. Palminter was born in Alfred, N. Y., July 21, 1822, and died at the home of Mr. E. G. Scott, of Westherry, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1896.

She accepted Christ as his Saviour in early manhood and united with the First Alfred church, Alfred Centre, N. Y. She had been a consistent Christian, united with the Westherry church in 1855, at 29 years of age, her motto for life was the golden rule. A wife and two daughters, with many relatives and friends, are left to mourn her loss. The funeral services were held in the Seventh-day Baptist church on Dec. 9, 1896, conducted by the pastor.

S. B. D.

SARON.—In West, Hall, Ilyco., Dec. 10, 1896, Wallence M. Simpson, in the 31th year of his age.

Simpson was predeceased and has always lived in Pioria County, Ill. After suffering many months, his weary soul has at last gone beyond this vale of tears and sorrow to his rest in heaven. The Saron church and a portion of the community, united with the West hall church at 35 years of age, her motto for life was the golden rule. A wife and two daughters, with many relatives and friends, are left to mourn her loss. The funeral services were held in the Seventh-day Baptist church on Dec. 12, at 11 A. M. Text 1 Cor. 15. 55.

Liberty Notes.

JESS, BERT, AND VANCE WOOGER, J. by Trelindis Lloyd Jones. Mcmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York.

This most readable book consists of eleven sermons by the pastor of "All Souls Church," Chicago, Ill. They were born from vacation experiences and observations. Mr. Jones loves God, and nature and a good horse.

"Jesse" was born a sulky child, but I, having gone on, hoping she would forget the matter in permanent form. After binding, they are most cordially invited to attend these services. 

The Seventh-day Baptist church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corner of Church and Genesee streets, at 2.50 P. M. Sabbath-school following preaching service. A general invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath.

L. L. COTTLE.

PASTOR.

106 South Clinton St.

SABBATH RECORDER.

The Seventh-day Baptist church holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Washington avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. B. R. Kelly, 5455 Monroe Ave. Mailing address, Chastleton Church Clerk.

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Rev. B. R. Kelly.

WANTED!

The following Publications are needed to complete the work of placing our printed matter in permanent form. They are to be placed in the library of our Schools and Publishing House. Any one who can furnish any of them, will do so, will kindly help a brother by addressing the Pastor, M. R. W. M. Storer, Mineral Point, N. J. All charges will be paid at the Publishing House.

The Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXIV, Nos. 21, 22, 23.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXIV, Nos. 25, 26, 27.


Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXIV, Nos. 42, 43, 44.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XXIV, Nos. 45, 46, 47.
The SABBATH RECORDER

Salem College...

Situated in the thriving town of SALEM, 14 miles east of Charleston, on the bluff of a hill that never tolerated a saloon. This school takes FIRST RANK among similar schools, and its graduates stand among the foremost teachers of the state. SUPERINTENDENT, T. J. TAYLOR. All those Colleges in the State that endeavor to excel, but Salem is the one that has the most to learn. This institution is superior, in every particular, to any college in the state.

GOD NEEDS THE HELP OF MOTHERS.

"The grave mistace of repressing children," writes Barbeeta Brown in the December Ladies' Bible Journal, "is caused by the mother's failure to be keen enough to see where her children may be led astray, and where she may not; where it is for her to guide, to help, to encourage, and where it is for her to forbid to itself alone. That the child is another individual never occurs to some mothers, nor that he has his own possibilities for growth, not to be tampered with; his own privileges, not to be derided; his own beauty, not to be ridiculed; his own holies, to be held holy. The power that is working in the vast and lovely universe is working in your son or daughter as well as in any country or state. God does not intend to be bee-eated by mothers. Co-operate, then, with the power working through your children, mothers. Do not make the great mistake of attempting to control with it." -HEALTY for ten cents. Casscates make water safe, and kidneys act naturally. Destroy microbes, cure headaches, biliousness and constipation. All druggists.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

Alfred University will celebrate its Centennial in 1886. The Trustees expect that the 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 interest arising from it to be used for the benefit of the University. The Trustees invite to each subscriber one dollar or more a beautiful lithographed certificate signed by the President and Treasurer of the University, certifying that the person is a contributor to this fund. The name of the subscriber is to be placed on the certificate. The certificates are to be sent free of cost, from week to week, as the subscriptions are received. Contributions may be sent by W. H. Chappell, Alfred, N. Y.

Salem College...

Fall Term

Salem College...

Fall Term

Milton College....

Fall Term

Milton College....

Fall Term

SABRINE SCHOOL BOARD.

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Exc. Sec., 

New York, N. Y.

EXECUTIVE BOARD:

N. J.

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