UPLIFTING FAITH.

BELIEVE, O soul, that art placed in this mysterious and glorious universe, that God formed thee from his spirit for no mean purpose, but for a destiny nobler than thy highest aspirations have pointed to. Believe in the best thoughts and whisperings that visit thy heart. If thou dost catch at times some gleams of the divineness of charity, of the glory of sacrifice, of the grandeur of faith, of the sky-piercing power of prayer, like mountain peaks jutting through fogs, or slopes afar off in the horizon light, believe in them with more enthusiasm than in the stupid dust of the beaten roads. . . . Believe in them, for they are the mountain principles and altar-piles of life.—Starr King.
Sabbath Recorder.

A. H. LEWIS, D. D., Editor
J. P. MOSHER, Business Manager
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice, October 2, 1880.

One should never be satisfied with doing "the best he can" on any given occasion, if that implies that he will not make an effort to do better the next trial. There is need in the world which the greatest and earnest soul can make in matters spiritual and ethical. To do the best for to-day is a full duty. To do better to-morrow, even though it be evil influences that exist around one, is but an important truth touching one's relation to himself. Safeguard against temptations or sin which, though but difficult, and no life so lowly, as to prevent the wonders of grace, is the product of high thinking, consecration, and the tribe of good. An anecdote is told of an aged Christian, who, was asked by a young man of the criminal class, "What a theme to glorify work at the wash-tub. A woman with low aspirations would have unbolted the doors of thought of nothing in particular, or of nothing higher than neighborhood gossip. This woman communed with God while she sought to choose material things from their earthly stain. The largeness of our life is measured by the character and depth of our thinking.

Mr. SPICER had to say, "A Garrison is not free from danger while it has an enemy lodged within." This sentence contains an important truth touching one's relation to himself. Safeguard against temptations or evil influences that exist around one can be easily arranged. The great difficulty is to secure a control of one's passions, thoughts, appetites and tendencies, which will turn every power into the ways of right, thus filling the soul with strong defenders. A slight blush of passion, an unruled tongue, thought it be but for a brief period, may draw the bolt which has fastened the doors of one's life against evil, and allow a flood of destructive influences to take possession of the soul. Sparks do not endanger a building when they fall upon a slate roof, but the breath of fire, touching dried shingles, may be the starting-point, a great conflagration. Look out for the enemies or the weakness which may unfasten the doors of your heart, even as a mother to keep the roof of your soul well covered with slate.

A mother, seeing that her little boy was growing in selfishness, in the matter of games and other things, sought to teach him a lesson indirectly, in this way: The child knew the results which come from having the mumps, and the trouble and the shame and the distortion which that disease produces in one's face. So his mother said, "When I see something ugly growing on your character, I think I ought to try and remove it even if it be hidden from you." Thus she taught him to the self-sacrifices expressed in his habits, and impressed the boy with the necessity of being freed from it. The child caught the idea, gave quick ascent, and said, "Mamma, when we see it, we'll just say mumps." The lesson was doubly effective.

The Chicago Journal reports a study of church life made in that city during the past year. The impressions of the investigator have been given from week to week in the columns of that paper, and the results of the year's observations were summed up in a recent issue. The report is that church unity is not to be expected nor desired, that the variety and flexibility in the work of Christian churches are a proof of the divine mission of Christianity, and that its success is far greater where the church is free, flexible and creed uniform. The observations contain a conclusion which is at once a criticism and an apology for presbyteries. This conclusion is that nine-tenths of the preachers lack adequate preparation for their pulpit work, but that this lack comes largely from the activity of the church in attempting to do so many things outside the line of specific religious teaching. This activity makes it impossible for the churches and their preachers to prepare themselves for the sermons as the Journal thinks he ought to prepare. Whatever may be the accuracy or inaccuracy of the Journal's conclusions, it is clear to every observer that the strenuous life of our cities does place upon pastors and church workers, not only an immense amount of varied labor, but problems too difficult for solution, except through long experience and many experiments. Meanwhile it is reason for thankfulness that the spirit of Christ's church has gone into so many lines of labor for the good of human life, both as to soul and body.

EDWARD EMMETT HALE has lately resigned the full pastorate of the South Congregational church of Boston, and an assistant has been given him. Not long ago Dr. Hale preached his last sermon as full pastor. He dwelt upon the duty of the church along the lines of education, charity, and hospitality, but indicated his faith that the state would yet come to the aid of the church, and relieve it of much of the work in matters educational and philanthropic, which are now left to the church. In addition to this speech, he said that the main object of the system of Christian work of the church is worship and religious culture, and that with this "nearer my God-to-thee spirit, the school becomes a factory, the lyceum a social party, and the asylum and the hospital bits of machinery with soul and spirit. That is to say, churches are established simply for religion." These words from a man of Dr. Hale's faith and experience are worthy of careful consideration. They indicate that the state shall do its duty, and society in its other forms of organization shall rise toward the highest standards, the church of Christ will be left more nearly free to attend to the spiritual needs of mankind. Certainly all must long for that happy time. Meanwhile the church may be compelled to divert much of its labor and strength to lines of comparatively lesser importance, for the sake of opening the way toward the accomplishment of the higher results indicated by Dr. Hale.

Born in New York and Chicago the writer has visited police courts to study the history of crime and the faces of criminals. Among the pathetic things connected with such courts are the evil and woes which come upon little children when their mother falls when it is the mother, overcome by drink, or lured by temptation, have drifted into the criminal class. Such children have little practical knowledge of parental love or of home, and are forced to secure clothing and food in the most precarious way. This training develops the criminal tendency in them at an early age; a tendency for which they ought to be forgiven, because starvation and cold have been more a sense of self-protection which forces little hands to steal, if possible. We saw a painful scene in a police court in Chicago one morning, wherein a little girl scarcely six years old, accompanied by her mother, was tried for committing a petty theft that magic influence in the life of that home, if home it could be called, was conspiring to increase the criminal life of Chicago by turning this child into ways of evil, where no ray of better things was likely ever to come.

Since the drink curse lies at the foundation of so much of this evil, the records of the police courts compile arguments in favor of total abstinence and prohibition, beyond all computation. The devotion of children to their mothers who come into these courts is both phenomenal and praiseworthy. A record is before us now of a woman, fined "ten dollars and costs," for disorderly conduct. Her seven-year-old boy asked the officer, "What are you going to do with mamma?" The officer answered, "send her to prison, unless you can raise eleven dollars to pay her fine." Turning to the boy, "Come, child, once the money." A few hours later he returned, his little head just high enough to reach the desk at which the Sergeant sat. With tears rolling down his dirty face, he said, "Please, sir, I came to see if I couldn't get mamma out of jail. I have got two dollars and sixty cents, please take it and let me go in mamma's place. I can't work hard, but I'll stay longer. To the credit of the court and officers, it is said the frightened and the woman restored to her children. The Justices said to her, "A woman with such children as yours ought not to be here." She, sobbing, answered, "And she never will be again."

Ignorance concerning the Scriptures is finely illustrated in a story which is told of a man in Portland, Me., who was led astray by a brother, but who deemed himself well informed and worthy of a high standing in the community. He listened to a sermon in which Sodom and Gomorrah were mentioned. After the sermon he acknowledged that he had supposed that Sodom and Gomorrah were husband and wife rather than twin cities.
The new King of Italy, Victor Emanuel III, although he has occupied the throne but a few weeks, gives evidence of greater strength of character and more kindly characteristics than it was supposed he possessed. It is said that his father permitted the government to be run mainly by Ministers. The young man has taken an active part, vetoing bills which he has found objectionable, and giving personal attention to the Department of Foreign Affairs. In matters of court ceremony and etiquette he is simple but manly. His attitude toward the Pope gives the Catholic Church little hope for anything more favorable to say the least, than existed in his father’s reign. The coming of the new King promises many good things for Italy.

Last June marked the end of the first year of national control in matters connected with immigration. The reports show that during the year ending June 30, 1900, 400,824 aliens entered the port of New York. It is said that this is 100,000 greater than the number of any other year. In point of nationality there was a marked increase of immigrants from southern Europe and the Orient. This report emphasizes again the important question as to what is wise and what is the duty of the United States in the matter of receiving immigrants from Europe, who represent the lower classes, and thousands of whom become moral and financial burdens when they land upon our shores.

The first article in the West Virginian School Journal, for October, is one on Higher Education, by President Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D. It was presented before the State Teachers’ Association of West Virginia in July, 1900. The article is worthy its leading place in that vigorous representative of educational matters in West Virginia.

The Minutes of the late Anniversaries are printed, and have been shipped from this office, to the various churches. Persons not able to secure them through the churches will be supplied on application to this office. They form a valuable Year Book which should be felt throughout the Englishman and Sanscrit and otherwise. He was honored in his own country and in others with many insinuations of respect and testimonials, all of which were well earned. Aside from the list of his books, which is a long one, he was a copious contributor of articles to the various journals of England, America, Germany and France. American readers are probably most familiar with a four-volume series entitled, “Chips from a German Workshop,” published, 1868-1875. This series contains essays on the science of religion, on mythology, traditions, literature, biography, antiquities, etc. It is one of the most important works in the literary world, and notably in the circle of Oriental scholars.

Conquering Difficulty.

The guide had climbed the cliff. I had followed thirty or forty feet to a point where the immediate way of progress was a small, irregular opening through the broken pile of granite. So far as my eye could measure, my shoulders were considerably wider than the opening, and although the irregular walls of granite were strong and massive, which would have modified the friction, I concluded that it would be better to post where I was, upon a narrow ledge, steadying myself by grasping the roots of a shrub which grew within reach. The guide, after essaying the passage, retreated, and climbed over a rock which is well described in that passage from the Lady of the Lake: “Where scarce was footing for a goat.” While he was doing this, I reached a hemlock tree near by. Somewhere at the back of a great block of granite its roots had found earth enough for a starting point. As the trunk enlarged, it grew toward the edge of the rock, where there was no earth.

Reaching the outer edge, the trunk had grown straight upward, bending the main root like the knee of a ship, and now towered at least forty feet, so fully upon the edge of the cliff that a plummet line dropped from the top would have touched the rocks far below. It was a magnificent illustration of overcoming difficulties and growing toward heaven under unfavorable circumstances. So far as I could see there was nothing to sustain the tree. It looked as though the first breath of wind might topple it down into the lake, even though the forest, of which it was a part, was too dense to allow a strong breath to enter, even from the northwest. But I knew that back of where my eye could reach, and far beyond where I could climb, the roots of that tree had gone down into a crevice, finding earth and winding themselves around the edges of the rocks, thus standing secure.

Happy is he whose faith and spiritual life is kept by the roots of such a tree, with the truth and promises of God, which are scattered over all the pathway of life and are hidden even in the deepest chasms of sorrow and trial. Doubly happy is he who can stand, as did this tree, upon the face of the cliff, looking calmly down upon the danger below, while his roots grow upward in the strength of God.

Cost of Crime.

At recent prison congress held in Cleveland, Ohio, various facts were brought out showing the enormous cost, direct and indirect, which the crime of the country involves. It was said that the cost of caring for criminals in the city of New York was six dollars per capita upon the inhabitants of the city. In San Francisco it is five dollars. The congress estimated the number of criminals of all classes in the United States at 250,000, and upon the basis of $1,000—which we think large—as the average annual income that criminals would receive, the total cost to the wholesome citizens, the congress added to the direct cost of crime the sum of $400,000,000 of indirect loss; making a grand aggregate of $600,000,000 as the actual cost of crime in this country. Whether this be correct or not, the cost which crime involves outside of financial questions is really greater than that which these enormous sums of money represent. Sorrow, suffering, and destruction of character; the lowering of moral tone and the disintegrating influences which crime brings into society cannot be tabulated, and so the greatest element of cost on the spiritual side remains unmeasured. This and, however, such an accumulation of sorrow and intensity of efforts to lift men above the lines of criminal life. How crime can be prevented is suggested by the reply which a Swede gave to an Englishman, who, being in Sweden, noted the care taken of neglected children, the children of the streets. To an expression of astonishment on the part of the Englishman, the Swede replied, “Yes, it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to let a child grow up in ignorance and crime. We work in the factories, and afterwards a scourg to society as well as a disgrace to himself.”

Tribute to Dea. DeLoss Rogers.

At the Men’s Meeting in the church at Martinsville, Virginia, October 20, the resolutions below were adopted. The Men’s Meeting has been kept up for three years, or more, regularly, and is a very helpful meeting.

W. C. DALAND

Winged. It has seemed good to me to express all wise Father to call from earthly life our dearly beloved brother in Christ, Dea. J. DeLoss Rogers; and Winged, we feel that in his departure we sustain a great loss in the strength of his life, the pleasure and helpfulness of his companionship and personal influence: be it therefore Resolved, That in the sorrow which cannot but spring from these natural affections at the visitations of death, we recognize that while for the Christian to live is Christ, to die is gain; and to the sorrowing family our high appreciation of his noble life and faithful service; and that we extend our sincere sympathy to them and present them with a copy of these resolutions.
NEBRASKA LETTER.

“The earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof.” Notwithstanding this declaration of sacred writ, how rarely the unregenerate one sees the earth as it is His own; all he can get of it. The mad, wild struggle for worldly things is an unsatisfactory struggle indeed, one in which the form becomes bent, the bow furrowed, and the face marked with care and anxiety, so that one who, in the right track and the Lord’s presence, is such trust in God. God has given all heaven to mankind for worldly use. In the word of our Master said, “In my Father’s house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, and when I am there, I will prepare a place for you.”

E.A. WITTEM.

NORTH LOUV., Neb., Oct. 21, 1900.

THE CHINESE AND FOREIGNERS.

The 305 years of Noah’s life, after the flood, and the resting of the ark on Mount Ararat, as given in Genesis, allowing that all perished except Noah and his family, more than 2,000 years before our era, gave sufficient time for them and their posterity to have constituted the first emigrants from near the Caspian Sea to the country east, since called China, as given in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Hence it may be more than probable that Noah and his direct, pious descendants were the early settlers, if not the first, to settle the region since constituting the vast Empire of China, proper, especially as Dr. Newman appears to have found recently in the Imperial records in Peking, the first governor as named Fohi (Noah), “who had no father, was compassed by a rainbow” and “drew off the waters of the flood,” as the record goes.

That the first or early inhabitants as well as a ruler of China, were possessed of Noahian piety is clear from the fact that among the many evidences of a godly people and ruler, is the well established fact of an early institution of a yearly public prayer by the Emperor for the prayer for his own nation, the heaven born, as the most devout character, perpetuated down to a recent period, if not to the present time. But after many centuries, from the descendents of Shem, in other regions of Central and Southern Asia, Iapet in Europe, came immigrants, trade and missionaries, introducing Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, etc., and too many of them not possessed of Noahian piety, while a Christian nation introduced a temple. Not knowing its baneful effects at first, charmed by its intoxicating, saluting effects, the Chinese became, unwittingly, its slaves, and too many of its friends. Confused by the character and names of the religion, even when genuine, and more, perhaps, by a want of piety on the part of some of their intruders of all faiths, as immi grants or traders, too many of them degraded physically, intellectually and morally by the opium annually forced upon them, resulting in a war and the compulsion to pay $20,000,000 for the expense of the war and not to the present time. But after many centuries, from the descendents of Shem, in other regions of Central and Southern Asia, Iapet in Europe, came immigrants, trade and missionaries, introducing Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, etc., and too many of them not possessed of Noahian piety, while a Chinese nation introduced a temple. Not knowing its baneful effects at first, charmed by its intoxicating, saluting effects, the Chinese became, unwittingly, its slaves, and too many of its friends. Confused by the character and names of the religion, even when genuine, and more, perhaps, by a want of piety on the part of some of their intruders of all faiths, as immigrants or traders, too many of them degraded physically, intellectually and morally by the opium annually forced upon them, resulting in a war and the compulsion to pay $20,000,000 for the expense of war and not to the present time.

In this case, as before, only the edible portions are considered. Blackberries in 1,000, oranges 9 per cent, lemons 11 per cent, and cucumbers 4 per cent. But what we think best, we shall think best, as the record goes.

NUTRITIVE VALUE OF FOODS.

Recent experiments of the Department of Agriculture show that fruits in general contain remarkably little stuff that is convertible into muscle and blood. Bananas and grapes have 2 per cent., while apples, cherries, strawberries, blackberries, cranberries, lemons and oranges are able to lay claim to only 1 per cent.—this, too, when skins and seeds are put aside. On this account, such articles of diet are obviously ill adapted to sustain human life for any length of time, though they possess great medicinal value and contribute much to health.

Fruits are, however, relatively rich in sugar and acid, and hence useful as fuel to keep the body machinery going. Bananas have 27 per cent of these materials, grapes 21 per cent, apples 16 per cent, cherries and cranberries 11 per cent, oranges 9 per cent, lemons 8 per cent, and strawberries 7 per cent. In this case, as before, only the edible portions are considered. Blackberries and grapes have 2 per cent of fat, and the other fruits mentioned contain 1 per cent. Watermelon pulp is 99 per cent water.

Among vegetables, lima beans have the highest food value, containing 32 per cent of nutrients. Sweet potatoes come next, with 29 per cent, green peas next with 23 per cent, white potatoes next, with 21 per cent, green string beans next with 18 per cent.

Green corn, sweet corn 19 per cent of nutrients, beans 12 per cent, turnips 11 per cent, cabbage, beetroot, cauliflower and savoy 9 per cent, scapant and lettuce 7 per cent, tomatoes and asparagus 6 per cent., and cucumbers 4 per cent. Through China, among the most economical foods one can buy, containing as they do 88 per cent. of solid nutrition. Fruit from the high fore, such as apples, is very nearly as nutritious as chicken or turkey. A pound of eggs, on the other hand, yields 300 calories, and even these are worth a pound of lean beef, notwithstanding a well known popular theory.
**THE SABBATH RECORDER.**

**Semi-Annual Meeting.**

The semi-annual meeting of the churches of Minnesota was held with the Dodge Centre church October 5-7, 1900. The first session was at 2 P. M., on Sixth-day, October 5. In the absence of Rev. E. H. Good, the Rev. J. A. Dodge, who was to preach the introductory sermon, Rev. O. S. Mills, the alternate, preached. After the sermon a business session was held, Deacon E. A. Sanford presiding, and Giles Ellis acting as secretary. At 7:30 p.m., Rev. W. H. Freking preached, and the pastor of the church, J. H. Hurley, conducted an "after-meeting." On Sabbath morning, at 10:30, the sermon was by Rev. J. H. Hurley, after which the Lord's supper was celebrated, and the Sabbath school was conducted by Rev. O. S. Mills, superintendent.

Sabbath afternoon was occupied by the Christian Endeavor hour, the services of which were conducted by Mrs. Lottie Langworthy. Peter Liversom gave an excellent address, and the officers of the New An. The essay was read. On the evening after the Sabbath, Rev. H. D. Clark conducted a prayer service and Rev. O. S. Mills preached, the sermon being followed by an after-meeting conducted by Rev. J. H. Hurley. At 10:30, Peter Clement led a praise service, which was followed by a sermon from Elder Clark, and an essay by Mrs. Lottie Langworthy. On the evening of First-day, Elder Ernst, preaching, being assisted in the services by Elder Hurley and Elder A. W. Coon. Following the sermon came an essay by Miss Florence Ayers, of Trenton, Minn. In her absence the essay was read by Miss Ruby Turner. Following morning service followed the fixing of time and place for the next meeting was referred to the executive committee. It was also voted to request the publication of the three essays, presented during the meeting, in the Sabbath Recorder. A letter from the New Auburn church was read, and a resolution for the tract for the tract and Missionary Societies was taken. It was voted to adjourn at the close of the evening service. The service of the evening was opened by a prayer service led by Bro. W. H. Ernst and Eld. J. H. Hurley, pastor of the Dodge Centre church, preaching the closing sermon. The session was ended by an after-meeting conducted by Eld. Mills. Giles Ellis, Secretary, pro tem.

**News of the Week.**

A terrible explosion of chemicals occurred on the 29th of October in the city of New York, in the wholesale drug-store of Tarrant & Biddle, corner of Warren and Greenwich streets. About twenty buildings were wrecked and fifty or sixty others more or less damaged. Between thirty and forty business firms were made homeless, and a loss of one million dollars' worth of property ensued. About one hundred persons were wounded, some seriously, and a number, not fully known at this writing, were killed. It was the most serious affair of its kind that has occurred in the United States for a long time, if not for many years.

A destructive cloudburst occurred at St. Louis on the 29th of October. The rainfall amounted to more than half an inch in 55 minutes. Sewers were clogged, buildings were flooded and much damage was done. It has been reported following the cloudburst that the Chinese Government proposed to pay an indemnity of forty million dollars in six installments, to be secured through the receipt of customs. This may be considered as their first proposition along the line of indemnity.

Alford, the abscouring note teller of the First National Bank of New York, to whom the crime we made brief reference last week, was arrested on the 29th of October, in Boston. So far as could be learned from him at the time of his arrest, the money he has taken has been spent on gambling and a fast living. He seemed willing to return to the city and expiate his crime by the imprisonment which will naturally follow.

The preliminary report of the census has appeared, which gives the population of the United States, at the present time, 76, 295,220. This is larger than the conservative estimates predicted when the census-taking began. It indicates a rapid growth, which will be likely to continue in proportion as "times are good" and industries are active.

Professor H. V. Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been exploring the mounds of the ancient city of Nippur, in Asia Minor, for several years, visited New York on the 1st of November, 1900. He reports the most valuable find of the entire period of his research during the last year. This is the Temple of Nippur, the first and only one yet discovered. It is very extensive, and none of the records are later than 2,200 years B.C. This will reveal the character of Babylonian life, civilization, literature, etc., at the time when Babylon was at its zenith, around 1000 B.C. It contains the name of the king, Nebuchadnezzer, and we can trace the influence of Mesopotamian culture on the civilization of Babylonia.

In the absence of Elders Sanford, Alvord, and little more than a day...
**Missons.**

By O. W. Whitford, Sec. Secretary, Westley, R. I.

**REPORT OF EVANGELISTIC COMMITTEE.**

For Quarter ending Sept. 30, 1900.

To the Board of Managers:

Rev. J. G. Burdick reports 8 weeks labor with churches at Smyth, Big Springs, Dell Rapids and Viborg, South Dakota. Sermons, 45; average congregation, 64; prayer-meetings, 20; visits and calls, 50; pages of tracts distributed, 20,000; papers distributed, 30; Baptized, 13; added to the churches, 6; converts to the Sabbath, 3. Some of those baptized will join the church at Welton, Iowa, later on.

Mrs. M. G. Townsend reports 10 weeks labor at Garvin, Welton, Glad Brook and Saline, Iowa. Sermons, 64; average congregation, 35; prayer-meetings, cottage, 29; public, 38; total, 67; visits and calls, 71; pages of tracts distributed, 843; papers distributed, 72; added to the churches, 4—2 by baptism and 2 by letter.

Mrs. Townsend also reports work with the Ladies’ Quartet: Sermons, 3; visits and calls, 195; tracts distributed, 397; prayer and service, 15.

L. R. Swiney reports: Preaching services at Sherman Park, Syracuse, 7; prayer-meeting, 1; Bible-school, 1; communion service, 1; attendance from 24 to 45. He has been steadily pushing the work during the quarter.

Rev. C. W. Thrakeld reports 13 weeks labor on the Bethel field in Southern Illinois. Preaching at Bethel church, Mont anxious school-house, Crab Orchard school-house and at the Central Baptist church in Crab Orchard village. Sermons, 47; congregation, from 5 to 200; prayer-meetings, 10; visits and calls, 40; pages of tracts distributed, 200.

Bro. Thrakeld says that notwithstanding a siege of small-pox, of which many died, of rains and floods unheard of at the season of the year (June and July), rendering roads impassable, making it almost impossible to hold meetings, excessive heat and dust unparalled, there has been gradual movement in interest throughout his field. He has arranged for a series of meetings which give promise of much good.

**QUARTET WORK.**

There were nine sets of workers in the field during the months of July and August, as follows:

In the South-Eastern Association the one Quartet was under the general direction of the Rev. Theo. L. Gardiner, of Salem, Vt. This quartet was called the Salem College Quartet, and consisted of the Rev. D. C. Lipps, preacher; Alva J. Bond, Okey Davis, Harold Stillman, Orestes Bond.

Regarding the labors of this quartet, Pres. Gardiner writes: †A first meeting was held with the Roanoke church in Lewis County, where they held 17 meetings, resulting in three conversions, all of whom were baptized and joined the Roanoke Seventh-day Baptist church. The membership was generally revived and the church greatly strengthened. They next went to Bera, Ritchie County, where they held 24 meetings. Here there was only one conversion, but the work there was especially powerful in the revival of dead church-members, many of whom have been in the “far country” for years. It will long be remembered as a meeting that reached the prodigals. At several of these meetings the people could not nearly all get into the church, but many stood about the windows spell-bound until services closed; in some instances they brought their text-books and prayer-books through the open windows. The third meeting was held at Walnut, in Calhoun County, 60 miles distant from Bera, where lives only one Seventh-day Baptist family, in a Methodist neighborhood. They held nine meetings here in the M. E. church with good interest. The people at first seemed shy of the workers, but soon came to love them and joined heartily in the work. Good seed was sown in this strange field, and several requested tracts upon the question of the Sabbath. God only knows what harvest may come of this seed-sowing. The Calhoun County Teachers’ Institute was in session at Grantville, the county seat, half way between Bera and Walnut. Here the boys spent two days and sang many songs. They were welcomed with great enthusiasm, and did what they could for Salem College among those teachers. The people at this place also made arrangements for a meeting in the Court House one evening on their return trip. The last meeting of the vacation was held at Lost Creek, in Harrison County. Here the meetings proved to be a veritable pentecost for the church, and the baptisms that has come to Lost Creek for years. Twenty-three meetings were held, with two conversions and many revivals as the result. Brethren came together in the spirit of the Master, and old difficulties were settled and Christian ties were sown in a soil which had been far from the fold. The meetings held until September 2, two days before the opening of school at Salem College, and the boys, thankful for the blessings God had showered upon them, especially in dear old Lost Creek, closed their meetings and hastened away for the school work of another year.

The expense of this quartet for two months was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>Salary, four boys, two months, at $20</td>
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<td>Traveling expenses</td>
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<td>The receipts on the field</td>
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<tr>
<td>Collections at Salem</td>
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<td>Salem Y. P. S. C. E.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paid by order of Evangelistic Committee</td>
<td>$90.96</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**In the Western Association there were three quartets under the general direction of the Rev. L. C. Randolph. No. 1 was composed of H. N. Jordon, A. C. Davis, C. L. Clarke, P. E. Titworth. The report of this quartet of labors at Preston, Lincll kaen Centre and Scott is as follows:**

The quartet began the summer’s campaign at Preston, N. Y., June 25, 1900, remaining there nearly four weeks. At first the attendance was quite small, but toward the close of the meetings the interest became good in spite of the adverse circumstances as haying and harvesting. The attendance was all that could be desired. The visible results of the work are five baptisms. The re-organization of the church, and a number who seemed so natural as to be leading candidates for the profession of faith. They felt that the church and the church family were so near and dear to them that they would not only seek the profession of faith for themselves, but would also seek it for other people. The work is five baptisms. The re-organization of the church, and a number who seemed so natural as to be leading candidates for the profession of faith. They felt that the church and the church family were so near and dear to them that they would not only seek the profession of faith for themselves, but would also seek it for other people. The work is five baptisms. The re-organization of the church, and a number who seemed so natural as to be leading candidates for the profession of faith. They felt that the church and the church family were so near and dear to them that they would not only seek the profession of faith for themselves, but would also seek it for other people.

Salaries of traveling expenses of this quartet...$195.88

Receipts on the field, individual and by churches...$103.38

Paid by order of Evangelistic Committee...$195.88

(To be continued.)
**Woman's Work.**

Mrs. Henry M. Maxon, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.

It is not mine to run with eager feet
Along life's crowded way my Lord to meet;
For even if the oil and wine
Or bring the purple robe of life fine;
It is not mine to live at his dear feet.
The alabaster box of ointment sweet;
I have no rose-oil, only thorns in my view,
Or climb far mountain heights alone with him;
I have no key to unlock the door of joy. Where fields are lost or cowans won mawares; Yet, Master, if I may make one pain Flower Bloom brighter for thy sake through one short-hour, If in harvest fields where strays once reap Not here to serve and gain in love to keep. May speak one quiet word when all is still, Pencils to set to do the child's will. Or sing one high, clear song on which may soar Some glad soul heavenward, I ask no more.

**IN MEMORY OF MRS. Sandiders.**

A sketch of the life and character of Mrs. Belle Witter Saunders was received too late for publication last week. The writer speaks of her strong desire to be a missionary, and although she could not fulfill that wish, she, by her noble life, daily preached Christ to those about her. During the last years of her life she was a great sufferer, but it was all borne with patience and fortitude. Denominational interests found in her a warm friend and, far from being an avowed or admitted financial supporter. Her ideal was “The world for Christ.” “She sleeps in Jesus.”

**LETTER FROM MRS. BOOTH.**

Plainfield Station, Cholo, British Central Africa.

30th August, 1900.

Mrs. D. E. Upton:

*My Dear Sister:*—My only excuse for not answering your kind letter before is want of time. There is so much to be done, and so many little things which seem, many of them, to show for next to nothing at the end of the day, and yet they all take up time. Then I forget if I mentioned in a former letter the fact that our Mary has been having the whooping cough. After having it badly for several weeks, eating scarcely any food and getting little or no sleep at nights, it at length appeared to be over; but in less than a week it came back again as badly as ever, when we thought she was quite ill again with it, ending with a short time of fever, temperature up to 104 for three days. Am thankful to be able to say that now she is much improved, and I trust on the way to a complete recovery. Another trouble the wee girl has, and that is a thing which troubles us all from time to time. You have seen or heard of jiggers, no doubt; they call them matakenya here. These little things get into the knees under the nails and between the toes, and if one is not successful in getting them out (which is not always an easy matter), the insect deposits a number of eggs. These are contained in a small bag or sack, and if in endeavoring to remove this the bag is broken, much trouble generally follows. Mary has had several in her feet, all of which have been successfully removed, until the last; in this case the toe has mortified and she will, I believe, lose it. She is very good, indeed, poor Mary; but it is painful to her, and no doubt helps to pull her down a good deal. She is now regaining her appetite a little and sleeps better, but is pale and very thin. This climate is certainly very trying, especially to children. For myself I do not feel, and others tell me not look, so well as when we arrived in the country. Mr. Booth is not well.

**ing about as much in the heat of the sun** (which is of course unavoidable with the work to do), affects the head a good deal, and then he thinks so much and sleeps badly at night. Of course we are not the only folk who feel like this in British Central Africa. The climate always tells on one in time. Any extra worry or anxiety affects, as no two cases have been longer in the country, which is only natural.

If instead of entering only on our second year we were looking forward to furlough it would be very nice, as I believe a good sea-voyage would put Mr. Booth right. When he is feeling well, he says he feels the promise: “As thy day, thy strength shall be,” is a comfort and help, and the rest of the Sabbath, week by week, comes as a time of refreshing.

There are two services at each place on the Sabbath, and in the afternoon I have started a Bible-class for women and girls; but the workers come and go, so that each week most of those who attend will be different ones from the week before; some weeks, perhaps, no one. Just now there are very few working, and nearly over with all works that appertain to it. I think about seven women sorting and bagging what we call second-rate coffee. These have only started work this week, but I believe they are going to make gardens on the mission estate, and that will mean that they will settle with us and make their homes here.

They are Anjoni, the people of the chief Chona, whom I have spoken of in former letters. Chona himself, with his family of four sons and daughters, together with their respective wives, husbands and children, are arranging to settle with us also. This will be a good thing for the mission aside from the fact that these people will be living under Sabbath influences. Chona’s coming will most likely lead others from his villages to come too. If a sufficient number can be induced to settle here, it will ensure our having labor enough at present. As you have already learned, the people get paid enough, especially in the wet season. There are many things which keep the people from coming to Cholo; but as I believe Mr. Booth many of them from making the change. For myself I am waiting to see what may possibly be the result of the advent of Chona.

The chief Mandala, and indeed all the sons of Chikina, have just been taken prisoners by the Portuguese, the lad that is with us in school here being the only one that has escaped; report says that very many of the Mandala villagers are away hiding in the bush. There seems to be no peace for this people; now that they have ceased their tribal wars, it is war with the white man, and trouble in other forms.

Now to change the subject a little: Have you sent off another box yet? There are many things we need. Poor Mary is almost shoeless and bonnetless, also she is badly in need of socks and undervests; the two you kindly sent in the last of the boxes are now the only ones she has. The poor little maid has simply no toys; she amuses herself in a way, they are being made by the child, and are simply very good. For example, she has a bagging to iron handkerchiefs, etc., with cold irons, of course. Some dolls, doll’s tea-things, some blocks for puzzles, or indeed anything that you think of, would be very useful in helping them to be entertained. She is the only white child in Cholo.

We need some slates and pencils, also copy-books for the more advanced of the students, penholders; a few stub pens for myself would be useful. We should be glad of some nice texts for the walls of our mission house, as they look very bare indeed without anything to relieve them; some good-sized, colored Scripture and natural history pictures for the walls of the school would be useful. Some cheap, ruled writing-paper that we can sell to the natives, and some small note-books. A supply of all that is included in what the American folks call “notious” would be very acceptable too, not forgetting needles, cotton and thimbles, one or two tiny ones for wee Mary who, is already very anxious to learn to sew. When asking for slates (please don’t forget pencils too) for the scholars, I forgot to say that we would be glad to have cheap, strong, English Bibles, as several of the college scholars are asking for them. Please send also some breakfast cups and souces, something fairly cheap, only not too thick, please. Can you purchase lamp burners, just the
burners alone? If so a few would be useful, with some chimney's to fit, as we have two or three lamps which at present are useless be cause either without chimney's or the burners being out of order, one quite small that needs a neck, and the other just the ordinary kind of cheap lamps, the size of those sent from Alred; we have plenty of wicks.

Another thing we need rather badly is some creton and art musin for curtains, etc.; the sun fades and rots it very quickly, and I think a mission house should have it's windows looking clean and bright. There are other things which I have already mentioned in former letters that we shall look for in due course. Very soon both Mary and I will need some strong, good washing material, not too thick for dresses. Does this seem a very long list? I am asking for the things as they come to my mind, remembering that over two months will pass before the knowledge of the need reaches you, and how many more shall we say by the time the things reach us? We shall be glad to receive some of them and more pleased still to receive all. We hope these things may reach us by Christmas or the New Year.

You ask about the little bags of salt; all that come with the water now, and we don't buy any size, I was almost going to say the larger the better, as every one wants it, and we have many candidates daily for gifts, or in exchange for some small service rendered. Those of the Capitans and others who receive fair pay of mind his presence diffused a most quiet calm among the people, and they worked with little Dinah, which was as fast as a fly, and at times the well-ebon facsimile.

The minister talked—his thin, educated voice gliding accompaniment to the old-fashioned clock ticking in the corner. Presently the droning voices was lost in a whirring sound precluding the hour, and after the long, deep strokes were over he got up, his worn face radiating be nevolence from every wrinkle as he looked down at the figure on the stool.

"I didn't mean to make my call out and never give this little girl a chance to repeat the Catechism," He smiled, and Matilda's fat face dimpled into creases which did not betray her embarrassment. "There might be time for the one hundred and third Psalm." Matilda still dimpled like the well-trained child she was. "However, I fear that my next call beyond will be too brief if I wait longer—so good-by, my dear.

Matilda, dimpling profusely, rose to court ety; her mother and aunt followed him to the door in hospitable country fashion, and his tall, spare figure passed down the walk out of sight with coat-tails fluttering unme chanically in the May breeze. Matilda, hav ing gone to the window, watched him with nose flattened against the pane.

"Matilda!"

"Ma'am?"

"Hasn't I told you never to run and stare after people?"

"Yes'm," said Matilda, removing her nose, which was now at the end by being pressed closely against the glass.

"Then, children, do you?"

"I didn't do it."

Her mother met this answer with blank astonishment, which grew into cold disapproval and finally to fixed horror. Her Aunt Abigail reflected these emotions. Matilda, in her gait, her manner and grace at the large flower pattern of the three-ply carpet.
the minister was here the fire got down, and I felt chilly. I didn't want to bring in another stick because I knew it would finish his call," explained Miss Abigail. "He's a very interesting man," said Mrs. Hutton. "He firmly believes in a personal devil. We ought to raise his salary. With his family he must find it difficult to make both ends meet. I noticed his sock was darned with white yarn, and if she felt able to buy yarn to match, Mrs. Hume would never use white yarn on red socks."

"On blue socks, you mean, sister," corrected Miss Abigail.

Hutton, the assertive, clicked her needles emphatically.

"Mr. Hume wore red socks, Abigail. You'll have to get stronger glasses. I sat where I could see.

Miss Abigail, the meek, clicked her needles also.

"I sat where I could see as well as you, Betsy. Mr. Hume wore blue socks."

"Abigail, how can you contradict me? Surely you must have grown color-blind. His cheeks were red—blue.

"Betsy, it is you who are color-blind. His socks were blue—the old-fashioned mixed blue."

The long, thin faces looked back at one another with a vexed color painting high cheek-bones.

"I never knew you so ridiculous, Abigail!"

"Nor I you, Betsy!"

"Abigail, do you think I don't know red from blue?"

"You don't seem to," said Miss Abigail, curtly.

Mrs. Hutton began rocking violently; Miss Abigail also began rocking violently; their needles clicked more emphatically than before. Matilda glanced at the two set faces, and bent her head so low that her spaniel locks touched her lap. The sampler in her hand shook curiously as she set the last stitch which spelled the couplet of reminder: Miss Abigail told that I was losing my senses—for what

"But, Matilda~, Mrs. Hume began rocking violently; their ladies knitted and speaking out from Mrs. Hume what color the socks are which her husband is wearing to-day."

"I wish you would," retorted Miss Abigail.

"Very well—if you wish to be made ridiculous, Abigail!"

"It is you who will be made ridiculous, Betsy."

"I know what color the minister's socks are, Abigail."

"I know what color the minister's socks are, Betsy."

A sound as of an instantly surpressed giggle made both women turn their heads, but Matilda was intent upon her work.

"Abigail, those socks are red!"

"Betsy, they are red!"

The front-door knocker punctuated the argument with a period.

"Perhaps it is Mr. Hume come back for something," Mrs. Hutton said suggestively.

"I hope it is," Miss Abigail said, tentatively.

But instead of the minister's tall, spare figure, in fluttered a roly-poly little woman, with cheeks reddened from the March wind, and a smile from Matilda which brightened all the long, low sitting-room like a burst of belated colors after a winter's task."

"How do you do, Mrs. Hutton? How do you do, Miss Abigail. No, don't get up, either of you. Just let me find a seat anywhere. Perhaps I shouldn't have walked in so neighborly, but I lifted the knocker twice, but you two girls are biddin g so busily that you didn't notice but what I was the wind itself.

She laughed—a jolly, rippling laugh. "What a day it has been, to be sure—all blow and blow. A body is almost pulled to pieces in being out. All the curtains were flung away this afternoon that it was a poor calling time, and you see I came right after him. Well, I had an errand at the store, so thought I'd run in here for a minute. I got entirely out of‘darning yarn, and that will never do, you know, with six little folks at home. Then Mr. Hume does wear out his stockings so fast. Lotta tried darning a pair for him this morning, and what do you think? the blessed child used white yarn! There was a delightful smile lighted upon the face of the roly-poly woman. "And would you believe it? he not only went off this afternoon with that identical sock on, but he didn't even get mates. This very minute he is wearing one red sock and one blue one. How well you both are looking! I never saw you both have so much color. No—I can't stay to take off wraps, thank you. It is almost supper-time. But it isn't easy to leave this open fire."

"When Miss Abigail missed away, leaving the stir of informality behind her, the two sisters knitted on without looking at each other, but their needles no longer clicked aggressively. The room was filled with fire-glow and crackle, and the tail clock repeated leisurely: 'Tick, tick, tick—tick, tick.' Again that sound of a giggle, but not now repressed. Matilda, her face hidden by her curls, was laughing until her fat self was shaking like jelly. Miss Abigail looked at the little bunch of mirth over her hearth.

"Matilda!" said her mother.

"Ma'am!"

"What are you laughing about?"

"When—the minister—put his feet—up on the bender—I saw his socks!"

A pause—during which the laughter subsided under the focus of two pairs of severe eyes.

"Why didn't you tell us when we were talking about it?"

Matilda put her finger in her mouth.

"Cause I couldn't! What do you mean, Matilda?"

Matilda bent to pick up the completed sampler, which had fallen on to the floor. Her face, still pink from mirth, turned innocently to her mother's question.

"Why, cause you told me not to speak again until I was spoken to?"—The Outlook.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 24, 1900, Deacon and Mrs. Stephen Potter, at their home, in Albion, Wis., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. A large number of friends, from home and abroad, were present to congratulate them on the happy occasion, and to wish for them, as they go on through life's jour-

ney, a full measure of happiness, contentment and peace.

October 24, 1850, Stephen R. Potter and Harriet L. Green were united in marriage by the Rev. O. P. Hall. The ceremony took place in Albion, at the home of the bride's parents, whom the younger generation knew as "Uncle Duty" and "Aunt Mary Green."

The young couple, while in their home, established their home in a part of the double house, which was built by Mr. Potter and his father, Deacon Joseph A. Potter, on the farm they jointly owned, and which has served as comfortable home both for the Potter family and for parents and children and grandchildren of the host and hostess. From the baby grandchildren to the couple who were "married next," fifty years ago, all thoroughly enjoyed the occasion, and as they left the old home in the gathering twilight, each carried pleasant memories of the friends in whose honor they had assembled and for whom they sincerely wished a continuance of the prosperity and happiness which have been given to all guests. It was a pleasure to be present to celebrate the golden wedding of its founders.

Among the guests were fifteen who were present at the wedding fifty years ago, and from the well-kept, happy-looking bride and groom, and the bride's house and women who, with them, recalled the hopes and plans of that other wedding day, fifty years ago, the younger friends concluded that though external appearances might change, it was true: "that hearts don't change much after all."

After a pleasant time spent in greeting friends, and social intercourse, Rev. Simeon Babcock presented Mr. and Mrs. Potter with a beautiful collection of presents brought to them by their friends as tokens of esteem and affection, and spoke a few words of congratulation and earnest wishes for their future happiness. Mr. Potter responded most happily. The guests were then seated at tables scattered through the spacious rooms where a splendid lunch was daintily served by the children and grandchildren of the host and hostess. From the baby grandchildren to the couple who were "married next," fifty years ago, all thoroughly enjoyed the occasion, and as they left the old home in the gathering twilight, each carried pleasant memories of the friends in whose honor they had assembled and for whom they sincerely wished a continuance of the prosperity and happiness which have been given to all guests. It was a joy to themselves and a blessing to others.

M. L. E.

LOVING THE DIVINE LAW.

We often think of law, even the divine law, as a barrier, operating to limit our freedom and preventing our advance where we wish to go. Sometimes this is true, but only when our wish is evil, or at least mistaken. Then we always learn that it is better to be restrained than allowed unchecked freedom. Law really is a protection and a guide. It is not like a barrier across the road, which stops travel. It is rather like the railing or parapet at each side, which prevents stepping aside and falling into the water. It is an impregnable, natural barrier. Law is something to be highly regarded and cherished.

—Congregationalist.
IN Peking during the Siege.
A Medical Missionary's Thrilling Story.

[Through Miss Hamilton Rich, an occasional correspondent of the Congregationalist, himself among the fugitives from Shanghai who took refuge in Yokohama, we have, under date of Sept. 13, this graphic account of the stirring scenes in Peking during the reign of disorder.]

On our arrival at Peking, after being driven from Tung-cho, we repaired to the Methodist mission, which was the largest in Peking, and were given twenty marines to guard us. On the day of our arrival we learned that the Boxers had murdered many of our Christians in the south. Twelve miles from Tung-cho a man was killed, and at a markable case occurred here. A teacher was about to be killed; his wife threw herself upon him to save him, another upon her, and a spear was thrust through the three and fell thrown over them and set on fire. The teacher was brought out of his swoon by the fire, crept from beneath the bodies of his wife and friend, who were dead, and, although badly burned and having over twenty spear wounds, he heroically made his way to warn us, but we had already left. The man finally recovered.

Under the supervision of Captain Hall fortifications were prepared for rifle shot, but not for artillery, about sixty or seventy yards from the city wall. We worked at these fortifications until June 20, at which date the German Minister was killed. He was killed by some official, as the interpreter who accompanied the Minister saw that the murderer wore a button on his hat which he thought was a white one (the color of buttons marks the rank of the Chinese). The interpreter saw the German Minister fall with a bullet through his head and, himself rose in his chair, receiving a bullet in his thigh which was aimed at his head. The wound was a severe one, but he escaped to the mission, where I attended to his wounds, and after treatment he was taken to the German legation.

The British legation was better fortified than the German. The British legation was better fortified were it not for them. They worked day and night to complete the barracks. We had, perhaps, 200 of these constant, 400 Europeans and 400 marines. When we were relieved our flour was nearly all gone and our store of medicines wholly exhausted. Inside the British legation we fortified against artillery, therefore when we were relieved we were stronger than ever, but the enemy were fighting well. Messengers were repeatedly sent to us desiring peace, only to result in renewed and more fierce attacks. A university in which Chinese literature was stored joined the British legation on the north. It was burned during a north-west gale, hoping to burn us, but God turned the wind while we did our part by using what means of protection we had in our power. Two force pumps and forming a bucket brigade. They then took to firing lighted rockets, and many of these did lodge in the houses of the native Christians, and these houses were burned, but this was a real service to us as we had two force pumps and forming a bucket brigade.

As soon as a man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. —R. W. Emerson.
Children's Page.

WHEN PA TAKES CARE OF ME.
BY FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.

When Pa takes care of me,
He says to me, "By golly!"
It seems that everything
Connects with me-what the most to do,
But I suppose I've got to get it through;
With his fierce, old-fashioned "No about it;"
About what he's to do; guess she's afraid
The picture's to be seen.
Of watching me, the day
When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
He puts me on a rug,
Gives me a kiss and cry,
Then brings into my pillow he can find,
And puts them in my crease, at bedside.
"So that you don't hurt yourself," he says,
And then he gets my picture-books, and lays
Them down beside me, and my blocks and toys,
And says: "Now, go ahead; make all the noise
You want to; I don't care,
And I sit here and stare,
When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
No book or toy or game
Seems too much for the same,
And, by and by, I'm through with every one,
And have no idea. Have you begun
Already? What's the matter, anyway?
There's everything you own! Why don't you play?
Stop crying now; why don't you play?
Come now! I'll sing." And then he starts some song
About "By Jing, why don't you play?"
And I lie flat and cry,
When Pa takes care of me.

Just then something came down with a
thump in the very middle of her Tam o'Shanter,
and rolled to the ground at her feet. She
had scarcely time to discover that it was a nut; then
another dropped close beside it. She was
stooping quickly to pick them up, when-
"Chitter-chitter-chitter!" came from above
her head in quite a cross little voice.
She looked up in amazement, almost
expecting to see a squirrel in the tree, but there was
no one there. Presently another nut fell,
and Jack picked it up, when they heard the
same little scolding sound.

"What's that?" exclaimed Jack.
They both looked up into the tree, and it
did not take their bright eyes long to see
what made the noise. On one of the limbs
sat two furry creatures, with bushy red tails
turned up over their backs, and the shiniest
black eyes they had ever seen.

"O Jack!" cried Dorothy breathlessly.
"They are squirrels and they're scolding us for taking the nuts. Let's keep still, and see
what they do."

They went a few feet away, and kept their
eyes fixed on that part of the tree. It was not
more than a minute before another nut dropped down,
loosened by Mr. Bushy Tail's sharp, little, white teeth.

Jack and Dorothy were not greedy children,
but they were sometimes thoughtless. It
seemed great fun to have the squirrels throw
the nuts down, and make such a fuss because
they picked them up. They stayed a quarter
of an hour longer, laughing about it, and
gathering up as many nuts as they could,
and then ran off to the house to get ready for
school.

But all day long, even in school, they could not
help thinking about the nuts, and the fun
they had, and would have gathering them.

This was Friday, and on Friday evenings,
ma'ma always read or told them a story
after, after which they all learned by heart
some choice quotation in prose or verse.

It was during this lesson, and it was surpris-
ing how many wise and beautiful things
they stored away in their memories in a year
by this means.

All the members of the family took turns in
choosing what should be learned, and this
time it was Cousin Lou's turn. Cousin Lou
was a little older than Dorothy and Jack.
She had been reading the wonderful "Rime
of the Ancient Mariner," and this is what she
gave them as she sat around the fire:

"The pray'ry best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Jack and Dorothy thought it was a pretty
verse. It was an easy one, too. They soon
knew it perfectly.

"Good-night, Jack," called Dorothy gaily,
as she went into her own room. "I think I
hear the wind beginning to blow,—don't
you?"

The thought of the nothing crowned every-
thing else out of her mind all the time she
was undressing. But when she knelt down
to say her prayers, the lines that she had
learned downstairs came back into her head:

"The pray'ry best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

And somehow she was not quite so comfort-
able after that. When she crept slowly into
bed, it was with an uneasy feeling that, after
all, there had been something wrong with her
prayers, and something wrong with the day
that had seemed so happy.

She was thinking about it for what seemed
a very long time, growing wider and wider
awake. It was while she was still thinking
that the door opened a crack, and some one
whispered:

"Where's the puppy, are you asleep?"

"No," said Dorothy, recognizing the queer
little figure in the gray flannel dressing-gown
which the light from the hall revealed.

"Come in."

"Come in, and sat down on the edge of
the bed."

"I don't feel very well," he said, after a
pause, "I can't go to sleep."

"Neither can I."

Then there was another pause.

"I guess it's my stomach. It feels queer,—
and—and heavy."

Dorothy said nothing for a moment. Then
she burst out suddenly, with a kind of little
sob:

"It isn't! It's the squirrels and their
shares of the nuts that we—stole! I couldn't say
my prayers right, and I feel as mean as—anything."

"Don't cry, it's all right."

There was quite a long silence again, and
then the two voices said together:

"Let's go right down and tell ma'ma."

You would have thought that ma'ma must have
done the very same thing herself some
time long ago, for she seemed to understand
exactly how they felt. When they had told
her all about it, and asked if they might not
and put the squirrels' nuts back under the
tree, she never once said that it was absurd
to think of going out after a time of night,
and that the morning would be soon enough.

Instead of that, she just told them to dress
as warmly as they could, and, when they were
ready, she went herself and carried the lantern
for them.

Dorothy said her prayers all over again
when she went back to bed again, and it was
half-past midnight before she fell asleep.

It was a good year for nuts, as ma'ma had
said. The children made sure that the squir-
rels would keep their share, and even then there
were plenty for the family the whole winter
through. —S. & T. Times.

A SLUMBER SONG.
BY JEAN FLOWER.

Oh, come, little baby, come-climb on my knee,
The ma'sinking down in the west.
The sun's singing lullaby, darling, and see
The risen sun rising to its feet.

Come rest in my arms, for the day has been
Long, and the moon is fast turning gold.
And I will cross-<sp>redit a by-by song.
To quickly bring slumber to thee.
The dark eyes are closing, the lashes droop low,
Like sunshine slight on a rose.
Thy mother will kiss thy cheek thee, and so
Away off to dreamland she goes.
Oh, many a mother holds close to her breast
A downy head yellow as the grass,
And yet I know well, if the truth is confessed,
There never was baby like mine.

A MAYBON was one day teaching a little
cold-faced girl on her plantation how to spell. She
used a pictorial primer, says the Mem-
phis Scimitar, and over each word was
the picture. "Polly, what does o-x spell?" Polly
keeps her mouth closed, and Jack picks up the
word was, "O-x, ox.
And the teacher thought she was making
right rapid progress, and perhaps it was all
So she put her hand over the picture, and then asked:
"Polly, what does o-x spell?"
"Ox," answered Polly simly.
"How do you know that it spells ox?"
Polly was as honest as the day.
"Seed his tail!" she responded.
Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be working what is good, towards all, but especially towards the family of faith; for he that doeth good and to whom cometh good..."—Heb. 13:16.

SCOTT, NEW YORK.—The work of the church at Scott furnishes some things for which we thank God and take courage. Our working force has been increased by the organization of a Y. P. S. C. E., which is doing practical Christian work. They are not only active in the C. E. services, but in the weekly and cottage prayer-meetings. Besides, under the direction of the Relief Committee, a worthy member of the church is now in the Lee Private Hospital at Rochester, where she has received treatment and, at last report, was doing finely. A goodly number who have not made a public profession by baptism are active in our meetings, and some are looking forward to baptism, we hope, in the near future. Although drought cut short the hay crop, and at one time threatened the potatoes and cabbage, yet the late rains have so developed the latter products that a fair harvest is being gathered.

Richburg, N. Y.—The Quarterly Meeting held at Richburg on Sabbath and First-day, Oct. 27, 28, was a blessed meeting to all who attended. The attendance was very large Sabbath-day, and the spirit excellent. Ed. J. T. Davis preached a very close and spiritual sermon about Christ being lifted up as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness. He preached also as close as First-day morning. The young men who were determined that the meetings should not be postponed, and so went to work and tore down the old chimneys and put up a new one in the center of the house, deserve especial praise.

Richburg, N. Y.—We have good congregations and excellent attention on Sabbaths. The church abides in harmony and peace. Encouraging is the time to time to see the pastor that the people appreciate his sermon and work. The prayer meetings are characterized by deep spiritual interest, and there are evidences of a revival spirit. One of our aged sisters, 89 years old, enjoyed the privilege of the Communion service on the third Sabbath in October, a blessing she said she had not had for some years. She is one of the constituent members of the Richburg church, and is familiarly known as "Aunt Roxie Sher- man." Her testimony that evening was full of inspiration to us all, and we thank God for his constant presence and keeping power in behalf of his children.

ALBION, N. Y.—Perhaps a few items from Albion will not be wholly uninteresting to the readers of the Recorder.

Anniversary occasions have been unusually frequent of late. First was the 80th anniversary of the Church, preached by Dr. C. R. Head. This occasion occurred Aug. 30, 1900. On the evening of that day, a number of his friends dropped in upon him unexpectedly to extend congratulations and expressions of respect and esteem, both on account of his many years of valuable service as a physician, and as a neighbor and friend. A handsome redlining chair was presented him, by his son, Mark, on behalf of those sharing in its purchase.

October 2, being the 94th birthday of "Aunt Martha," the pastor and wife and Mrs. Nathan Kelly took dinner there and spent a part of the day in social and religious conversation, reading the Scriptures, singing and prayer; and though the day was dark and rainy outside, the occasion was a pleasant one, and doubts removed to cheer and brighten the pathway of more than one of those who were present. "Aunt Martha" has been blind for seven or eight years, and her hearing is somewhat impaired, but otherwise she is remarkably preserved. Her mind is clear and bright, and her conversation sparkles with wit and humor. She is tenderly cared for by her son and daughter, and they still occupy the old homestead, secured by the husband and father when the country was in its infancy.

Fifty years ago, October 24, Dea. S. R. Potter and wife began the march of life together, and on this fiftieth anniversary day about 65 of their relatives, friends and neighbors, upon invitation, met at their home and enjoyed a season of reminiscences of events which have occurred during the half century, to renew and strengthen friendships, and add another link to the "golden chain that binds" hearts in union sweet. The guests, who attended the wedding fifty years ago, were present at this anniversary. Several appropriate and valuable presents, as tokens of regard, were presented, on behalf of the friends, by the pastor, to which presentation the groom of fifty years appropriately and tenderly responded. After lunch, served by the children and grandchildren, and seasons of social intercourse, the company dispersed, both taking and leaving many pleasant memories to brighten the future of life's pathway.

October 26 marked the 80th annual milestone in the life of Mrs. Sarah Burdick (widow of Daniel R. Burdick). On the afternoon of that day the Ladies' Missionary and Benevolent Society (of which she had been a member for many years), upon invitation of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Jeffrey, together with the pastor, met at their home, and a very pleasant time spent a few hours with Mrs. Burdick in honor of that event. Mrs. Burdick has lived many years in Albion and has been intimately connected with the interests of the church and society, though for the last few years, on account of failing health and the infirmities incident to advancing years, she has been largely confined to her home, and unable to attend but few public services or gatherings.

The circumstances and condition of the church and society continue the same. The attendance at the preaching service on Sabbath morning is usually quite large, and at the other service fairly good. From a business standpoint the returns for the year furnish many evidences of prosperity. Abundant crops, good wages and plenty to do, give ample opportunity for employment to all who are industriously inclined.

MORMONS IN THE SOUTH.

The persistence with which the Mormon church continues her propaganda is remarkable. Born amid persecution, driven from state to state, property confiscated and destroyed, leaders assassinated, the debased convert led over plains and mountains on foot, with ox teams and hand carts; through cold and snow to the fastnesses of Utah, they are, after a generation, everywhere more in evidence than ever before. It was thought that when the Mormons first leant its axe at their polygamous root, it would soon prove the death-blow to Mormonism. But they have adapted themselves, in some way, to the new requirements, and are continuing business, and doing more than ever at the old stand.

It is doubtful whether there is any other people attempting so large a proselyting missionary effort, and on so cheap a plan. Their elders, two and two, are going all over this country, and I suppose in other countries as well, without purse or scrip, staying in whatever place will receive them; and by house visitations, preaching, tracts and books, are heralding the faith of the Latter Day Saints, the doctrines and teachings of Joseph Smith.

They have in the Southern states nearly 400 elders, visiting about 1,500 families weekly, and revisiting about 2,500 more, walking some 8,000 miles and riding 2,500, about 6,000 religious conversations a week, and baptisms amounting to nearly 100 per month. We take our statistics from the Southern Star, published by their people at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Their creed, which they print for public use in the public paper (why not our Recorder, too?), contains much that is gospel-wise and has an apparent Scriptural ring, and if they would stop with this it would not be bad to be a Mormon, but they claim another revelation, also, the Book of Mormon, and this is what makes the mischief.

In missionary zeal, however, they set a worthy example for any people. Two or three years, these elders claim, they go out without remuneration, and give themselves to the work. What might not even Seventh-Day Baptists accomplish in this land if we had 400 unswearlied men out preaching, praying, visiting, healing the sick, giving away and selling our literature, and baptizing their converts?

G. M. C.

HAMPDEN, La., Oct. 26, 1900.

IS THE AMERICAN HOME DETERIORATING? [The following opinions from well-known people relative to American homes, will secure consideration from every thoughtful reader.]

Elizabeth Cady Stanton.—As to the increase in the number of divorces being an evidence of the weakening of home ties, I think it is quite the contrary. I believe it is due to the growing independence of woman and her recognition of what is due to her as the mother and wife and mother of new dignity and self-respect will not allow her to maintain relations which can never be productive of anything but degeneration and misery for herself. She knows, too, that the influence of unhappy relations between the parents will act most disastrously upon the children. There will probably be some abuses, but, on the whole, facility in obtaining divorce will result in strengthening all true relations and weakening all false ones.

C. R. Head.—I do not believe that many of the charges leveled are evils, including the apartment house, the woman's club, and less stringent divorce laws, are heralds of the good time coming, the ideal society and the home of the twentieth century.

Her. Robert May.—There are no happier homes on earth than ours. It is said that a
happy country has no history. This is more true of homes than of nations. We hear much of divorces; yet they occur not more than once in ten marriages. Only the seed of discord will germinate and grow into a weed that will destroy the home.

To speak personally, I live! thirty-seven years in the country, and have lived forty in this city. Both lives have their value—the country for gathering in forces, the city for putting them out in the interest of our fellows.

But, wherever they may be located, I see no degenerate homes. The citizens are merely the driftwood on the surface of home life. They in no way represent or reflect the clear depths. Let a young man begin right by marrying the right woman, and marrying her early in his life, and his home will be a great blessing.

Stewart L. Woodford.—The greatest danger of departure from the old and true ideas of home life is found in homes of wealth. Glitter and show are not the ends of life. Social distinction has held for which we live, but we have the old-fashioned homes of love and duty and purity. Guard the home and you guard the republic. Destroy the home, and you inevitably kill the nation.

Rev. E. B. Peters.—I believe that the greatest defect in our social system is the aimless way in which girls are brought up today. Very few, indeed, are prepared either by body or mind for the lofty duties and serious responsibilities which marriage implies, and marriage, in consequence, has been brought down to a low, sensual plane.

The state of life to which it has pleased God to call our women is, for the most part, that which entails the duties of the housekeeper and the homemaker; and for those duties, the learning acquired in the schools does much to unfit them. The result of this unfaithfulness in the foundation, the education, is seen in woman's wearying in her attempt to be a queen in her own household. And so she allows her little kingdom to live without a head.

Mrs. Frank Leslie.—Apartment, hotel and club life are, I believe, among the principal influences of home life, and perhaps greater than any of these is the growing desire of women for a wider field of action than that bounded by the limits of the home. I believe in higher education to the broadest possible degree of culture for women as well as for men, but I am not a very strong advocate of what, in public parlance, is termed a "career" for women; for I think that, in seeking and finding a career, as women do now, they give up a great deal in the way of that tenacity and loyalty that mean so much and so little in the past. As a general rule, the woman who leaves the home to follow a public career may lay many sacrifices upon the altar of gratified ambition.

Industrial Gompers.—For the safety and integrity of this nation, our workingmen must have good homes. The eight-hour law which the American Federation of Labor has procured in various states enable the laborer to enjoy more leisure, and thus to become acquainted with his children, to cultivate his mind, to become a more intelligent and earnest citizen. Every move to reduce wages or to injure him is a blow at his home and at the republic, and poverty, suffering and miserable homes, tend also to retard the development of children in the right direction.

YEARY MEETING.
New York, Nov. 1, 1900.

The pastor of the New York church is sending out this circular of information in regard to the Yearly Meeting: The Yearly Meeting of the New Jersey and New York City churches will be held in this City on November 16 and 17. Every Seventh-Day Baptist from the Catskills to Cape May is invited. Come to the meeting Friday night and stay till Sunday. There will be places to sleep and plenty to eat for all who will attend. The New York people will be disappointed unless there is lively attendance.

The meeting on Friday night will be held at the home of Dr. P. J. B. Wait, 9th Avenue and 34th Street. The three sessions on the Sabbath will be held at the usual place of meeting, at the Memorial Baptist church, Washington Square and 4th Street. Those coming from New Jersey to the meeting Friday night should take the 9th Avenue "L" to 34th Street. Those coming to the Memorial church may take the 6th Avenue "L" to Broadway and 6th Avenue surface cars to the door. Strangers may do well to bring this notice with them.

PROGRAM IN OUTLINE.

FRIDAY EVENING.
7.30. Service of praise and prayer.
9.00. Sermon, Rev. L. D. Burdick.

SABBATH MORNING.
11.00. Sermon, Rev. L. E. Livermore.
3.30. Industrial Missions, Rev. A. E. Main, and discussions.
4.00. Educational Hour. Four addresses and discussion.

EVENING.
7.00. Service of praise and prayer.
8.00. Sermon, Rev. A. H. Lewis.
Closing Conference.

CALIFORNIA.

The country of the whole Pacific Coast may be regarded as geographically divided into at least four great regions: the Washington region, in the neighborhood of Puget Sound; the Oregon region, or Valley of the Columbian; the northern and central California region, including the coast and bay of San Francisco, together with the great interior valley; and, finally, the southern region of California. Both the social development and the material future of these four great sections of the Pacific Coast must always be mutually somewhat distinct and independent. The northern and central California region, the third of those just enumerated, is in possession of the greatest wealth of the western continent, which is moving from London to New York, and the papers did not hesitate to boast that in the course of time the financial capital which is moving from London to New York would keep on to Chicago.

In former years the surplus of money in New York was needed to move the great crops up to the market. It was on this only the other day that Chicago, probably in a spirit of pure fun, and wishing to show the sarcasm of things, bought all the new bonds which were offered for sale by New York City, and the papers did not hesitate to boast that in the course of time the financial capital which is moving from London to New York would keep on to Chicago.

The inevitable result of the accumulation of vast wealth is to handle money in large quantities, and thus to make easier the floating of national loans and of securities issued by large corporations, either financial or industrial. Thus we find, too, that the small bank, like the small merchant, is gradually losing hold, and the consolidation of banks into large institutions is constantly going on. At this very writing, in our largest cities the banks are being divided into one.

It is an age of big things, and the United States, being the biggest country, leads.—Exchange.

There is a blessing in hardiness. Enduring it with courage and persistence makes us strong.—J. B. Miller.
The Sabbath Recorder.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

EDITED BY

REV. WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1900.

OUTLINE:

INTRODUCTION:

Although Luke usually arranges the material of his Gospel in chronological order, and his order is to be followed substantially by those who are seeking to arrange harmoniously the four Gospels, it is to be remembered that none of the Evangelists attempted to write a history, or a life of Christ. They aimed rather to present certain sayings of Jesus, and certain incidents of his life as parts of the Good News, i.e., the Gospel. We have not then, properly speaking, four Gospels, but rather four views of one and the same Gospel. In view of these general principles we need not have scruple in believing that the paragraph for our study this week is a long way from its natural place in the narrative.

From the 10th chapter on, Luke has been telling of events and teachings of our Lord's Perea ministry during the last six months of his life. The place of the miracle which we now study is given as "the midst of Samaria and Galilee," but our Lord left Galilee before the beginning of the Perea ministry. Compare Luke 9:51 ff. which seems to refer to a final departure. The paragraph of our lesson has no connection with its immediate context. There seems, then, no serious objection to the usual view, that the miracle occurred about the time of Luke 9:51, and not in the midst of the Perea ministry.

TIME:—Probably about the first of October, in the year A. D. 29.

PLACE.—Near the border of Samaria and Galilee; probably not far from the Jordan.

PERSONS.—Jesus and his disciples; ten lepers, one of whom was a Samaritan.

OUTLINE:

1. The Lepers Cleansed. v. 11-14.

NOTES:

11. As he went to Jerusalem. Better, "as he was going to Jerusalem." The reference is doubtless to that long, slow journey which occupied the greater part of the last six months of our Lord's earthly life, and had for its goal Jerusalem and the cross of Calvary. Some authorities prefer to translate "as they were going," referring to the disciples as well as Jesus. He was evidently speaking to his disciples in verses 17 and 18. Through the narrow gate of Samaria and Galilee. That is, near the boundary of these two countries. He was doubtless going eastward, having Samaria on the right and Galilee on the left; and now on some side of the boundary and now on the other. This was probably at the time of our Lord's final departure from Capernaum for the last time.

12. A certain village. Whether in Samaria or Galilee we do not know. It is very likely that it was in Galilee, for it seems almost certain that only one of the lepers was a Samaritan. Ten men that were lepers. Leprosy was a contagious disease, loathsome and incurable. Those who were afflicted with this disease were shut out from familiar intercourse with the rest of the people, and often dwelt by themselves in the outskirts of villages or cities. It is not to be wondered at that Jews thus afflicted would not be so particular as others about refraining from association with them. I suppose that they were accounted "impure." Which stood afar off. Because they were not allowed to draw near to those who were unclean. Compare Lev. 13:40; Num. 5:1-2.

13. And they lifted up their voices. Literally, "voice." They offered in a loud voice a united petition for mercy. By mercy they meant compassion for their suffering to be shown by healing their disease. By their calling Jesus "master" we are not to infer that they recognized him as the Messiah, but rather that they meant to address him respectfully.

14. Go shew yourselves unto the priests. The law required that if a leper recovered, he should show himself to a priest and be declared clean before the people in a religious ceremony. Some have wondered that the law should make provision for conduct in the case of recovery from an incurable disease. The explanation is probably that such lepers were of course shunned, and that many comparatively trivial skin diseases were classed with leprosy. It was not necessary for these men to go to Jerusalem, but they might show themselves to any priest that they might find at home. The Samaritans, of course, have to go to a Samaritan priest. And it came to pass that, as they went, they were cleansed. Their going away to find a priest was a test of their faith. This manifestation of faith was immediately rewarded by the cleansing of them. The healing of this particular leprosy disease, which rendered foul the flesh, is spoken of as cleansing.

15. And one of them. etc. It is remarkable that only one thus showed his gratitude for the healing. Some having tried to explain that the others were more conscientious in obeying the command to show themselves to the priest; but there certainly was no very great hurry required by this command. They evidently had gone no farther than a few steps before they were being purified by God. He evidently recognized Jesus as a prophet of God. 16. And fell down on his face at his feet. Thus striving to manifest his profound gratitude. It is to be noted also that no one never feared to draw near to Jesus, for he knew that he was cleansed. He realized that the showing of himself to the priest was but a matter of form. And he was a Samaritan. And so, one from whom little of true gentleness and courtesy was expected.

17. And Jesus answering. His answer was not to a question, but to the report of affairs which the disciples saw. Where are the nine? A question denoting surprise and disappointment that so large a proportion of those many lepers did not fall down in gratitude to the one who had cleansed them.

18. There are not found, etc. This expression is probably to be rendered as a question as in the Revised Version. Save this stranger. Instead of "stranger" it is better to read "alien." A man of an alien race who had proved himself a truer man than the Jews, who regarded themselves as of the number of God's chosen people.

19. Thy faith hath made thee whole. Feeble, though it be, "faith," although the meaning is not in regard to our modern idea of salvation. Compare Mark 10:52.
SAUDERS—BARBER.—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Sarah Barber, New York, Aug. 22, 1890, by Rev. J. T. Davis, Mr. Clark Saunders, of Alfred, N. Y., and Miss Clara Barber, of Scott.

DEATHS.

Not upon us or ours the ecumenie angels knew.

The funeral anthem is a glad ev'ning,
The good day's done.

God calls our loved case, but we lost not wholly
When he has given.

They live on much in thought and deed as truly
As any living.

COWAN.—At Dudge Centre, Minn., Sept. 28, 1900, the four month old daughter, only child, of Mr. and Mrs. L. Cowan. Funeral services were held Sunday morning at 10 o'clock in the Church of the Brethren, and burial was in the home of the bride's mother, Rev. Lorenzo Kenyon. Miss Emma Cowan was born Jan. 1, 1885. Four sons and two daughters were born to them, three of whom, Eugene S., Ed., and Alice, are living. Bro. L. Cowan moved to Dodge county in 1860, where his wife died in 1870. On March 13, 1880, he was married to Miss Ella C. Burdick, who survives him. In early life he united with the Seventh-day Baptist church and has proved a consistent and honored member through life. The home paper, in speaking of Bro. Ella, says, "Mr. Cowan was not a man to seek public honors, but for the forty years that we have known him here, he has done his duty in the community and church, in the field and at home, as it appeared to him, and he rests from his labors." Services conducted by the pastor.

MARRIAGES.

BAUMER—BARBER.—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Sarah Barber, New York, Aug. 22, 1890, by Rev. J. T. Davis, Mr. Clark Saunders, of Alfred, N. Y., and Miss Clara Barber, of Scott.

TAXATION OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT for November, 1900, draws toward the end of the century in full strength and with all its growth potential. As the sixth and last of the interesting series of Palestinian articles by Mr. Thomas J. Alley, illustrated from the author's own photographs, it is a well-worn subject, but an author who makes his home for ten years in Jerusalem, and is an active and bold traveler and explorer in the regions accessible to him, will be glad to give us new and helpful thought. These articles have enriched the magazine since January. Four sermons are given in considerate order. See the Index.

TEN SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST churches will convene with the church at Berlin, Saturday, Dec. 7. 3:30 P. M. Sabbath-school Work, Rev. I. L. Cottrell.

THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTIONS.

The following notice is taken from a letter from the Rev. W. J. Strong, of the Chicago theological seminary, in regard to the theological courses there given. A special lecture course will be given the following week, and a course of lectures on the development of Christian doctrine, by Rev. H. C. Leffingwell, of the seminary. An address will be given by Rev. G. W. Lewis, of Verona Mills. Other Sabbath-day, the Bible-class alternates with the various Sabbath-keepers in the city. All are cordially invited.

COMMUNIST CHURCHES.

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Sabbath Recorder.