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Proclamation.

The season is nigh when, according to the time-hallowed custom of our people, the President appoints a day as the special occasion for praise and thanksgiving to God. This Thanksgiving finds the people still bowed with sorrow for the death of a great and good President. We mourn President McKinley because we so loved and honored him; and the manner of his death should awaken in the breasts of our people a keen anxiety for the country, and at the same time a resolute purpose not to be driven by any calamity from the path of strong, orderly, popular liberty, which, as a nation, we have thus far safely trod.

Yet, in spite of this great disaster, it is nevertheless true that no people on earth have such abundant cause for thanksgiving as we have. The past year, in particular, has been one of peace and plenty. We have prospered in things material, and have been able to work for our own uplifting in things intellectual and spiritual. Let us remember that, as much has been given us, much will be expected from us, and that true homage comes from the heart as well as from the lips, and shows itself in deeds. We can best prove our thankfulness to the Almighty by the way in which on this earth and at this time each of us does his duty to his fellowmen.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do hereby designate as a day of general thanksgiving Thursday, the 28th of this present November, and do recommend that throughout the land the people cease from their wonted occupations, and at their several homes and places of worship reverently thank the Giver of all good for the countless blessings of our national life.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington this second day of November, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and One, and of the Independence of the United States the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President:
John Hay, Secretary of State.
The Sabbath Recorder.

StateB Recorder.

A. B. LEWIS, D. D., LL. D., - Editor.
J. F. McMILLAN, - Business Manager.
Entered as Second-Class matter at the Filandoh (N. J.) Post-Office, March 21, 1856.

RAISE THE SONG OF HARVEST HOME.

Come ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of harvest home; All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin. God, our Maker, doth provide For our wants to be supplied; Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of Harvest-home. All the world is God’s own field, For his bounteous grace, to yield; Wheat and tares together sown, Up or down, as God doth own; First the blade, then the ear, Then the full corn shall appear; Lord of harvest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take his harvest home; From his field shall in that day All offenses pass away Give his angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast, But the fruitful ears to save In the presence of the Lord Even so, Lord, quickly come To thy final Harvest-home; Gather thou the least from among us, From the poor weeping hearts. Even so, Lord, quickly come In thy presence to abide; Come with all thine angels, come, Raise the glorious Harvest-home. —Selected.

The history of our national Thanksgiving, the spirit which prompted it at the beginning, and the results which ought to come from it, demand a higher appreciation of it. That its value is too little appreciated is seen by the fact that people make it a holiday, having little or no regard to the deeper meaning of it, or to those religious services which ought to be connected with it. We think this arises, in part, at least, from a tendency to exalt the material features of the occasion rather than the intellectual and spiritual. If people are thankful only, or mainly, for rich harvests and prosperous times, feasting and jollity will be the result. In this present year of our Lord, the people of the United States have abundant cause for thankfulness regarding material prosperity.

The heavy shadows of national calamity, through the murder of the noble and lamented President McKinley, must darken this Thanksgiving time; but out of the national sorrow which came with his death and the indignation awakened by the manner in which he was slain, much good ought to come. It is also important that the nation be deeply and truly thankful for the manifold gain of interest in the field of education and intellectual development which marks these years. While intellectual development alone is not the highest end to be sought, such development is a most important factor in the uplifting of the masses of the nation. Higher still than intellectual are the spiritual and religious interests toward which all hearts ought to turn at this time. No view of human experience is complete which does not thank God for bloom and blight, light and darkness. It is through the contrast which these bring that our best training for better things is accomplished.

The Thanksgiving season, rightly apprehended, offers to pastors one of the most favorable opportunities of the year for teaching great and important lessons to their people. Few things are more helpful to Christians than the cultivation of gratitude and thankfulness. In this way they are lifted above petty selfishness, and given better and broader views of life. In this way they are taught to consider their relations and duties to each other, and to gain those larger views of life which are the mark of true Christian development. In no other way are they taught so fully their true relations to the Father above, to his protecting care, and his redeeming love. It is well at Thanksgiving time to take up at random a number of national questions, but pastors do not reach the highest point when the Thanksgiving sermon is mainly political. The highest duties of the citizen, the Christian citizen, are themes quite fit for such an occasion, but all such discussions fall too low when they do not end in that highest conception of human relations, that is, our citizenship in heaven. These, and many other similar thoughts, will commend themselves to pastors and to Christians in general, and by these words we seek to add some impulse to a higher and better conception of Thanksgiving time, which ought to grow with each succeeding year.

It is usual for those seeking to aid young men to make special appeals in view of the fact that they are in need. This is all very well, but almost everything which is important for a young man to consider is important for all men to consider. For example, we say to young men, choose a course that is right, and follow it with all the powers of your being into it. Pursue it unwaveringly to the end. Such advice is of supreme importance to a young man, and scarcely less important to a man of any age. The best things are not accomplished in any one day. Hence it is true that whether the work be one for all of life, or the work of a single day or year, it should be made intense, distinct, and definite. It was General Grant, as we remember, replying to one of his subordinates who reported that good results had been certain measures were pushed, who answered, “Push things.” That order ought to apply to every man’s work, and to every work worth doing. With-in the limit of your strength and possibility always push things.

Hat you may succeed in pushing things, spend little time in brooding over the past. Do not rehearse, even to yourself, the story of past failures and mistakes, beyond what is necessary to teach wisdom and give warning. Let the dead past bury its dead. By the same law it is not best to dream too much of the future. The present moment and the work now at hand are the important things to be considered. Note well their relation to the future, and push for a definite point in the future. If you are clear in your great necessity, so much the better. Napoleon said, “The stomach rules the world.” That is true. Hunger forces men to do. Indolence and indifference flee before starvation. Welcome necessity, and do not complain if it pushes you into constant unrest. Do not waste strength on the work as common-place. Even great ones are so when you become familiar with them. You can never be prepared for a great occasion with-
day, in the great metropolises. A similar state of things exists in all the large cities in the United States, and efforts to secure liberal legislation are frustrated only by perpetuating existing laws to be broken.

For the foregoing, and many similar reasons, it is evidently wise and necessary that we open our work for this century by a return to the original Sabbath Outlook method. The new paper will be a sixteen-page magazine size; the name and subscription price will be determined at the next Board meeting in December. The price will be put as low as possible, and we hereby ask pastors, Ladies' Aid Societies and Christian Endeavor Societies to commence at once the canvassing of said church and community in the interest of the new paper, early in January. The response which our churches make by way of subscriptions will have not a little to do with the success of the paper.

How to be strong.

A helpful and sympathetic letter came to hand during the late illness of the editor, when he was unable to write to its recipient. Among other things the letter said, in effect, "When you are strong enough to write again, tell us young men the secret of becoming a strong, helpful, and victorious Christian; open to us the inner door to an overcoming faith." Our own attainments are poor证据 for answering such a request, never-theless we should be glad to speak some word which will help in leading to the spiritual highland which our correspondent described.

The source of all spiritual strength is in God. There is no more wonderful or blessed fact in human experience than that we may come into communion with the divine One and may receive of the divine strength and fullness, through spiritual intercourse. It is as overwhelming as it is an exalting truth that we may have such treasure "in earthen vessels." God is the essence of all strength, and he who has intimate communion with God is correspondingly strong in spirit. To enter into such communion one must strive for the highest attainments in the way of purpose and purity of living for Christ.

The counsel of Maudslay which brings no strength cannot be attained by men whose love for right is not strong and whose purposes of life are not unselfish. He who is absorbed with earthly things and whose heart is prone to gather straws, like Bunyan's man with the muck-rake, shuns the divine strength out of his life. It also goes without saying that the man of impure thoughts, unholy practices, and earth-born prejudices cannot rise to where the divine strength may become a part of his own spirit.

Discouragements of Religious Leaders.

Probably few people appreciate the number and intensity of those discouraging influences which come to each religious teacher. Pastors, superintendents of Sabbath-schools, and teachers as well as the greater religious teachers, come in for their share of discouragements. When the writer began his work of preaching, he thought it only necessary to point out a given line of duty, or a great truth, to secure corresponding action on the part of the people, many, if not all. Such helpfulness in youth is the only reason why discouragements do not close the lips and tie the hands of every one who seeks to uplift men. It was painful when we learned that many, if not the majority of men, seeing a truth or knowing the path of duty, continue to act as though they neither see nor hear. The collapse of faith and desire to learn to appreciate the truth that the uplifting of the world is a slow process, and that to induce men to climb to the highland of noblest living is a labor full of disappointment.

Many of the great spiritual teachers are prominent in the lives of the world's greatest religious teachers. Moses led the children of Israel from Egypt, an unorganized and almost lawless mob, and ignorant through slavery. The difficulty of bringing them to a higher level was immense, but Moses, helped of God, changed that mob of slaves into a well-organized nation before he died. He found them almost without laws, and left them with laws of a high type touching moral obligations, religious duties, sanitary measures, and the larger laws of a state church. That he did not oftener become discouraged and so cease his efforts, was due to the divine help by which he was sustained and guided.

In a similar way every earnest pastor and teacher must be a man who is ready to meet the world's difficulties, and who en-

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In a similar way every earnest pastor and teacher must be a man who is ready to meet the world's difficulties, and who en-
of indignation in some quarters. This indicates that the long-established prejudice is not wholly gone. That the black and the white men, especially in the United States, will always remain essentially distinct is undoubtedly true. But, that even the distinction of color will prevent white men from recognizing the value of such men as Booker Washington in spite of his color, we cannot believe. There was nothing in the incident to indicate that either party sought or expected to make it a precedent, much less an occasion for teaching the social equality of the races. The breaking down of such lines of caste between representatives of various races has been slowly going forward with the increase of general intelligence. Speaking of this question, and the criticisms awakened by the action of the President, the New York Evening Post says:

The process will be slower in the case of the negro, because his color always identifies his race, and the still recent escape of that from slavery yet carries the old suggestion of inferiority; but the result will be the same. He has spoken as one of many of our best citizens are ready not only to let the intelligent negro share in the government, to sit on the same platform with him, and to listen respectfully to his views, but to regard him as a housemate, as they would an equally worthy Irishman, or Canadian, or Italian. People in the North do this now who would not have thought of doing it a generation ago. People in the South will do it a generation hence, who will not think of it now. The candid Southerner already treats as his social equal the man whom he regards as such. The candid Southerner will ultimately do the same thing. It is only a question of time."

The Alfred Theological Seminary.

Subscriptions for maintenance, to be paid in equal monthly payments during the College year 1901-02, to which is added the collections taken at the Annual Meetings of the Education Society and of Conference in 1901. Referred to in article published in last issue, Nov. 18, 1901.

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Morella Babcock .................................... 6 20
Alison V. Babcock .................................. 6 20
THE SABBATH RECORDER. 741.

Nov. 25, 1901.

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Niantic, R. I.

New Market, N. J.

Rockville, R. I.

New York City.

Dunn's Corners, R. I.

Independence, N. Y.

Leonardsville, N. Y.

Milton Junction, Wis.

New Market, N. J.

Waterford, Conn.

Westerly, R. I.

West Edmondson, N. Y.

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Mrs. and Mrs. C. Clarence Chapman 15.00
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Mr. Frank L. Greene 6.00
Dr. and Mrs. George C. Prentice 5.00
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C. Latham Stillman 19.00
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SUMMARY.

New Market 1.00
New Market, New Jersey 177.00
Ashwood, New York 94.00
Alfred 90.00
Brookfield 94.45
Rockville 54.00
Leonardsville 81.00
West Edmondson 72.00
Ashaway, Rhode Island 137.00
Northampton 174.40
Westerly 120.00
Mississippi, Wisconsin 54.40
Miscellaneous Places 36.50
Collections, visits: Education Society, Annual Meeting, 1901 75.00
Conference, 1901, one third of collection. 82.50
Total 1,786.00

A PRECIOUS THEOLOGIAN.

The quaint sayings of little folk furnish an abundant supply of amusing anecdotes. A Baltimore woman, an Episcopalian, relates the following story, which she declares is authentic:

"One day the child returned from school almost in tears. She said a little Jewish girl in her class had treated her badly, and she hoped to escape slighting of her schoolmate's race, when her mother said reprovingly:

"My dear, you must not talk in that way. You are God's chosen people. Our Lord himself was a Jew."

"After a moment's deep thought the child replied, 'Yes, in a little while. But he was with them."

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Missions.
By O. E. Whitford, Cor. Secretary, Watauga, R. I.

Our trip to the Cumberland church near Manchester, N. C., was an uneventful but very pleasant one. The weather was delightful. They are having a fine autumn. There was too much rain during the summer, which affected the crops. The fields are now very dry and dusty and there is great need of rain. The days are sunny and bright, the mornings are cool, and there has been considerable frost. The crops raised in Cumberland county are chiefly cotton, corn, sweet potatoes and the cow bean for feed, all of which are a short crop this year, and also last year. The farmers feel this shortage very much; indeed, it affects financially the whole country. Not only is the cotton crop short, but the price is low, which adds to the hard times here. We saw evidences on the way of many improvements since we were here six years ago. There was as much change in Greensboro, N. C., where we had to wait half a day for the train to Manchester, as we have yet seen. The town has grown much and the Southern Railway has there now a fine brick depot. Not more than half the population of the town are two large cotton factories, which have been built since we were here before, which, with their white tenement houses, make quite a town of themselves. We arrived at Manchester Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 4 P. M. Dea. J. A. Howard met us, and we were soon at his hospitable home. He is a stirring man and had arranged for a meeting in the evening at his house, so we had the pleasure of preaching to a room full of attentive hearers. The next morning we went to the Cumberland Seventh-day Baptist meeting-house, six miles away and preached to a small congregation of Seventh-day Baptists who were glad to see and hear us. They expressed much joy at our coming, for they had seen no Seventh-day Baptist minister, excepting their pastor and his brother, since they visited there in 1890.

We are holding meetings every evening, also some day meetings, which are increasing in attendance and interest. Two young men expressed the desire to become Christians, and sought our prayers. Pray for this work and this united Seventh-day Baptist church and people.

The Cumberland Seventh-day Baptist church, N. C., was organized in November, 1887, by Dr. A. E. Main, with six constituent members, who were all converts to the Sabbath. They were led to the Sabbath by the Outook. Eld. Reuben Newton, a Baptist minister, was one of the constituent members, and was the first pastor of the church. In November, 1892, Dr. Main and Pastor L. E. Livermore visited the church and ordained at that time Bro. D. N. Newton to the gospel ministry, who has since been the pastor of the church.

There are now sixteen members in the church, six have been dropped, having left the Sabbath, and there have been three by death and one by letter. There are now in the church and community twenty-nine who keep the Sabbath. There is still prejudice here against the Sabbath and Sabbath-keepers, but it is not as strong as it was once. The people, for characters in the church and community, acknowledge that they have the Bible for their authority in keeping the Sabbath.

We are informed that the church is planning to build a new commodious house of worship, and that they are not only keeping the Sabbath, but observing all the commands of the Lord.

Our people have a good healthy climate, but the soil is too light and sandy for genuine farming. The spring followed by droughted the crops are short and our people are having rather hard times. Our people here should have our prayers and sympathy. Quite a number of our ministers have visited the church and community at different times; first Dr. Main, then S. D. Davis, J. L. Huffman, Geo. W. Hills, S. B. Babcock, L. E. Livermore with the second visit of Dr. Main, Joshua Clarke, and O. U. Whitford. Several were added to the church during the visit of Dr. Main, and a large number of others scattered in the South and Southwest should be cared for and nourished and efforts be made to enlarge and build them up in numbers and in spiritual life and power.

The Pharaoh of the Oppression.
Egypt is a tomb of the past. Its history is dug from the ground. The investigator goes at his work with spade in hand. Sand heaps are its libraries, and ruined piles of masonry are its knowledge. Burying places teem with records, and dead men tell tales. Coffins are classics, and mummies are messengers from a far away past. Faces veiled in grave clothes for ages peer into the light, and lips hushed in the silence of centuries speak to a modern world.

No other history is so peculiar. About the rulers and heroes of all other nations of the past the historian may speak without fear that they will rise up to confront him. But not so with ancient Egypt, dead and buried. Its king and mighty men have a way of coming forth from their tombs in the hills of the Nile to face their critics and accusers with black and beetle brow and the set teeth of defiance. They are to be spoken of with caution, and with wholesome regard for the menace of a body that re-turns to obey the mandate of earth and vanish into dust.

"There art standing on thy feet above ground, mummy, review thy traditions, and see.
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures, but living men and features.
In another respect the history of Egypt is somewhat peculiar. It is a list of dynasties. The land of Egypt has been likened to a green ribbon drawn across a thousand miles of burning sands. Its history is a chain of which dynasties are the links. To write this history is to call the roll of these dynasties. How far back they begin, no one knows. Many historians put the first dynasty 3600 years before Christ; Brogchek bey adds another thousand years, and puts it well back in the fifth millennium. Professor Brugsch, of Berlin, has, on this date, but it is in the mists and uncertainties of a day so far away that perhaps no investigator will ever walk the ground with firm tread.

The Famous Pharaohs.
But of these dynasties and Pharaohs the world cares little until we come down to that Pharaoh who dreamed and was troubled, and cast his hadn in the cup of that stranger. He was the one of the Hebrew kings, or Hyksos Kings, is said to be the Pharaoh of the story.

While Israel stays in Egypt the interest of the prophet remains. The man who became entangled in the Bible story either was very bad part or good, take on a kind of immor-tality. They are on the stage to the end of time. When the Pharohas faced Moses, they faced the human race forever. Fortunately for the world they both learned a lesson, and we follow their history with the same interest that we follow the career of an Alexander.

Thothmes, III., the famous Pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty, has been called the Egyptian Alexander the Great. He carried his treaties from the Nile and Babylon and Assyria paid him tribute and a vast empire poured its gold and silver into his treasury. His own people called him, "The always fortunate," and "The beautifier of the land." He filled the land with temples, palaces and monuments. He was the Obelisk builder. Cleopatra's needle, at Heliopolis, was erected at his command; and the great temple at Karnack was written over with inscriptions which recorded the conquests and achievements of his fifty-four years' reign.

Thothmes made Egypt the center of the world; it was the high point of civilization. As Henry Ward Beecher has said, in his fine way: "Egypt was then really glorious. Rome had not been thought of. Greece was a den of robbers. There was not a refined people in all Asia. . . At that time there was but one radiant spot on the globe, and that was Egypt. . . . where were found the acme of the world in all philosophy, in all art, and in all religion. . . ."

SETI I.
For a time it was thought that this mighty man of the eighteenth dynasty was the Pharaoh of the Oppression, and there may be a return to that opinion. But at present the majority of scholars fix this Pharaoh in the nineteenth dynasty. The founder of this dynasty was Ramses I., who was very young for this world. After a brief two years of power he passed hence, and was succeeded by his son Seti I., another famous Pharaoh. Seti was a conqueror, a builder, a beautifier and a boaster. Named after the god of the bow, he was a hero divine by his superstitious people, and was greeted with unstinted praise by the sycophants of the court and the priestly profession. They said to him: "Thou art a god in the Sun-god. Men live in thy glance. Long live the king as long as lives the sun in heaven." Seti was also "the glass of fashion and mould of form." His monuments give him a sweet and beautiful face, and even now he has the reputation of being the handsom-est dead man before the public. Dr. C. S. Robinson says, in the charming book, "The Pharaohs of the Bondage," "After a lapse of thirty-two centuries, the mummy retains the same expression that characterized the features of the living man; and most striking of all, when compared with the mummy of monarch driven they came him that sweet and smiling face which has always been the ad-miration of travelers."
But Seti’s sweet face was not a mirror of his disposition, judged even by his own description. Speaking of a battle with "the miserable inhabitants of Khita," he says of himself: "Pharaoh is a jackal which rushes leaguer upon leaguer through the country, a grizzly lion, a powerful bhill with a pair of sharpened horns." His war cry was like that of the son of Nut. He returned home in triumph; he has annihilated the peoples; he has struck to the ground the land of Khita.

Seti was an oppressor, cruel to the core, a fit father of the Oppressor, Rameses the Great. Rameses was raised to the throne with his father when a mere child, and in introducing him I cannot do better than to use his own words. He says: "My chest was set upon me publicly to the people; I was a boy on his lap, and he spoke thus, ‘I will have him crowned as king, for I desire to behold his grandeur while I am still alive.’ Then came forward the courtiers to place the double crown upon my head, and my father said, ‘Place the regal circlet on his brow.’"

RAMESSES II.

The grandeur spoken of in these words, taken from a long inscription found at Abydos, was the fair, fond dream of an ambitious father. It became real. Rameses was one of the mightiest of the Pharaohs. His reign was even longer than Victoria’s, sixty-seven years, and was great in conquests. He was the Sesostris of the Greek poets.

He pushed his wars far over into Asia and brought back long processions of prisoners and trains of spoil. In only one war does he seem to have failed of complete success, the war with the Hittites. It was a drawn battle, and terminated in a treaty of alliance, and in a marriage to a daughter of the Hittite king, a favorite method of winding up an engagement with the enemy in those days.

There is nothing modest in the praise with which the Pharaohs bestow upon themselves, and Rameses paneled the monuments of Egypt with inscriptions of his heroic deeds. He says: "I became like the god Mentu; I hurled javelins with my right hand; I fought with my left hand; I was like Baal. I had come up against them like a violent wave of horses; but they were dashed in pieces; not one of them raised his hand to contend with me; their courage was sunken in their bosom; their limbs gave way. I made them plunge in the waters like crocodiles. They tumbled on their faces one after another. I dispatched them at my pleasure; so that no one looked behind him. Each fell and none raised himself up again."

But even greater is Rameses’ reputation as a builder. Scholars like Maspero say that he was the greatest builder of all the Pharaohs, and that there is not a ruin in Egypt or Nubia which does not bear his name. We are told that he dug canals and filled the land with close-set temples, statues, and other great creations, that of thirty-two obelisks he erected twenty-one, and of the eight temples whose remains are found in Thebes there is only one which he did not complete or build entirely. But later investigations show that Professor Breasted says that Rameses was an old thief, that he put his name on temples which his famous predecessors had built, and that he tore down their monuments and appropriated their material to erect creations of his own.

His work, however, must have been extensive and have required a vast amount of labor. His colossal, his obelisks, and his temples are not only memorials of his enterprise, his abounding egotism and excessive vanity, but they are awful reminders of the fate of countless multitudes of laborers who were crushed beneath his task. His heart was as hard as the porphyry pillars in his temples, and his task-master drove men to the toil that killed with remorseless cruelty. Dr. Robinson hardly exaggerates when he says that "through all the vastness of the universe for whom he needed to care a groat; he might tell us what those sightless orbs might see, but I could not tell without tongue"

But the deep rush of death is between us and the Pharaohs of the Oppression.—The Advance.

A DAUNTLESS SOUL.

In Richard Harding Davis’ description of "The Rough Riders’ Fight at Guineam," in Scribner’s Magazine, there is a story of a cowboy, good to read and remember:

One trooper, Rowland, of Deming, was shot through the lower ribs. He was ordered by Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt to fall back to the dressing station, but Colonel Church told him there was nothing to do for him then, and directed him to sit down until he could be taken to the hospital at Siboney.

Rowland sat still for a short time, and then remarked, restlessly, "I don’t seem to be doing much good here," and picking up his carbine, returned to the front. There Roosevelt found him.

"I thought I ordered you to the rear," he said.

"Yes, sir, you did," Rowland said, "but there didn’t seem to be much doing back there."

He was sent to Siboney with the rest of the wounded, and two days later he appeared in camp. He had marched from Siboney, a distance of six miles, up hill all the way, carrying his carbine, canton, and cartridge belt.

"I thought you were in the hospital," Col. Wood said.

"I was," Rowland answered, sheepishly, "but I didn’t seem to be doing any good there."

They gave him up as hopeless after that, and he continued his duties and went into the fight of the San Juan Hills with the hole still through his ribs.

ACTIVITY A BLESSING.

We may overcome depression by duty. It is a blessed thing to have something to do. Some disaster overtakes us or a great sorrow swoope down on our spirit, and it seems as though life can have nothing in store that is desirable. But life still has its wants, it still has its humble duties and we take them up, almost mechanically at first, but before long we find that they are medicinal. Thank God for something to do! The depression of an active spirit frequently arises from enforced idleness. It was after John the Baptist was shut up in prison that he sent his disciples to say to Jesus, “Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?” Jesus did not reproach the prophet of the wilderness for asking such a question. His forerunner had not had his faith, but was depressed by confinement within the black wall of the mountain fortress of Machaerus.

—Advance.
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

Woman's Work.

MRS. HENRY M. MAXON, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.

OVER AND OVER.

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

Over and over and over again
God's heart is in the hands of men.
And never weary our Father is
Of rousing innocuous children of his;
Of ripeing the grain, and painting the fruit,
And giving the oil its storcher root;
Of tending the sheep, the goat, the cow;
Of hidding the seed for the wond of May,
Over and over and over again;
Into our bins the bounteous stores.

Over and over and over again
God's care brooks not the lives of men;
Unfalling, unweartoed, tender and near,
So dear to him the whole of them;
Forbidding mischance, and defending from ill,
And bearing the heavy and the light;
Then smaller stones are set up in line;
And so in process, step by step,
Over and over and over again.
Into our bins the bounteous stores.

The year has rolled around, bringing us
Once more to the annual festival of Thanksgiving, and we look back on the year that is past for some sign of progress, some growth in spiritual life, for which we can be thankful. One day has been much like another, one week like the one just passed, filled with duties not altogether pleasant, planning and watching and care-taking and struggling and seeming to make no advance. One duty has followed another so fast that we have had no time to live our lives of high ideals and noble purpose.

The Street Commissioner has his force of men busy macadamizing the street in front of our house. At least that is what he says he is doing, though it looks little like macadam now, with a surface so rough and uneven that one gets around rather than over it. First came a band of dark-skinned foreigners who, with pick and shovel, tore up the road-bed and shoveled out the dirt. Then other men came and deposited many loads of loose stones. The stones did not fit together at all, which made their presence only seem to make the matter worse. Then smaller stones were brought that filled in the clinks a little, and soil, then still smaller stones and more soil, and all the time the great steam-roller going back and forth, back and forth, as if the first time we are beginning to see the meaning of all this labor. Soon we shall have a smooth, hard street, over which it will be a pleasure to drive, and all this disagreeable time of construction will be a thing of the past.

Perhaps this is the way with our busy lives that are to us so unsatisfactory. The homely toilsome duties that seemed to amount to so little in the doing were the sharp, ugly stones that only touched each other at the corners, but that went to make a firm foundation. Then other duties filled in here and there and over all the ceaseless round of every day "little things," till at last we are made fit for the Master's use.

METHODIST WOMEN IN COUNCIL.

More than usual interest attended the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal churches, which convened in New York last week. Delegates from eighty-seven Conferences were in attendance at this, the twentieth annual session, and the detailed reports rendered were full of interest, and told of a great amount of work accomplished.

This is the people who pledged themselves to raise $20,000,000 as a thank-offering during the last year; $200,000 was the amount apportioned to the women as their share. They have already raised nearly $130,000, and are confident of having it all by the first of January. Mention has previously been made on the Woman's Page of the Report of the means unexpended at the close of the year for obtaining this sum. In addition to what they were already giving, they asked from every officer five cents a week, and from all other members two cents a week. The result would indicate that the plan used was wise.

Reports were made of work done in Industrial Schools, Training Schools for Deaconesses, Medical Missions, Orphanages, Homes, Settlement Work, Chinese Rescue Homes and in many other ways. They have three thousand and an increase of one hundred and seven during the year, and the treasurer receipts for the same time are over $170,000.

Industrial Schools form one of their great sources of usefulness. In connection with these schools they have Kindergartens, Sunday-schools, Boy's Brigades, Kitchen Gardens, Missions for Women, Mission Bands, Mother's Jewels (an organization probably similar to our Junior Society), Temperance Meetings and instruction in clubs and classes.

The Boston Medical Mission was started by some students in 1814 as a settlement work among the Italians, Russian Jews and Portuguese who had made their homes on the North side in Boston. It still continues in the form of settlement work, and its object is to help the people among whom it is located and to do as much good as is possible.

A building is now in process of construction that will contain besides the necessary rooms for dispensary work, an apartment for daily gospel meetings. More than seven thousand patients were treated at this Mission last year, and many families have been materially helped and taught better ways of living.

The report of work in Utah urged that vigorous measures be taken to prevent the introduction of the Mormon church. Through good libraries, if such could be provided in connection with these schools, many established in the young people could be taught the fallacies of the Mormon doctrine, and be better able to stand for the right. It was further urged that a petition be presented to the new Congress, asking for an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which shall prohibit the practice of polygamy and shall grant power to Congress and the President to enforce the same, and asking that the women of the convention do all in their power to assist the passage of the amendment.

They have three national training schools for Deaconesses, one in Washington, D. C., one in Kansas City, Mo., and one in San Francisco; also three training schools in Brooklyn, Grand Rapids, Mich., and Des Moines, Iowa. Dr. Galagher, who is charge of the school in Washington, in speaking of the work, said, "It is too late in the world's history to send out, untrained workers. We have passed beyond the place where any one with zeal can do Christian missionary work." He recalled a recent appeal for a pariah deaconess. The minister who wrote stated that the woman must be "intellectual, educated, refined, and not afraid to go down to the lowest and enable to her,

ATHANKSGIVING LETTER.

BY MABEL CLARKE HUNTLEY.

"Dear Dr. H. I, I thanked you for the letter that came to me. I am happy that Mrs. Mamma hopes that your store folk is all better; and we'11 come to Thanksgiving as we did before."

"They gave us some pies and pudding and jelly. A turkey wit stuffing and onions, and emacs. Could you love to taste our thanksgiving feast. Could you love to have a picturesque of sage. From your affectionate Charlie. Amen."

"And grandma, dear soul, as you pores over the letter, think on her life and eyes. That she wipes of her glasses to see through them better, Turns out a whole sheaf of puddings and pies— Of course and of cookies."

"A groatlyia of bread and no; and, least, but not least, a fat turkey "Amen."

—Good Housekeeping.
DROPS FROM A DOCTOR'S BOTTLE.

BY W. T. CHURCH, M. D.

DIRECT VISION.

He was old, rather shabbily dressed, but attractive withal, by no means lacking of a marked personality. It was our first meeting, and he proceeded to form an estimate of my character, possibly for future reference. His selection of words was not always happy, but they conveyed at least a part of his meaning. Within three minutes he had sounded a key-note of his own conduct: "Always look a man in the eye when you are talking to him."

If one is sincere with honest motives, there is much to be said in favor of this method, provided the look is not prolonged into a stare. People estimate character often by appearance and actions, and shifty movements of the eyes may give an impression of like disposition.

If entitled to the right of asking a favor, or the privilege of granting one, there is no need of the bearer of the favor to hint at

WHY NOT LIVE UP TO A WORTHY INDEPEN

DENCE? It will be easier to do this by getting rid of that over-supply of self-consciousness.

Acquiring the ability to look every man in the eye without fear of lest he discover any weak spots in a character, is a part of the preparation unto that time when "we shall see Him face to face."

A QUEER CASE.

A figure was crossing the street when it came within my line of vision. Curiosity was at once aroused, for never before had I seen the exact type according to outward appearance. The cap, the ruddy, prominent nose, the close-cropped gray hair, the collar and coat, would have been diagnosed clearly had it not been for a short skirt and high-topped, somewhat coarse, shoes. Clothes are usually an index of sex, and sometimes of character, but here was a puzzle. On inquiry I learned that the stranger was a woman, a real estate agent by occupation, in a neighboring town. It is claimed that this abnormal product of the plains has a cultured voice, is fairly well educated, and by no means barren of ideas. What element in character is lacking? It is still a matter of conjecture with me.

WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

Yesterday, for the first time, I saw women casting ballots at a general election. In many instances they were brought in carriages to the polls by the party that expected to profit by their votes. This favor was not shown the men, who do not usually need that kind of encouragement.

It is fair to presume that one sex exercised as good judgment in voting as the other, especially when the candidates were known personally. It would be unjust and far from the truth to state that women are purifying politics by their ballots. If they were all good, honest and pure, the results would likely be different. As it is, the most unscrupulous class becomes a willing tool for politicians. Last year Mrs. B. was a fervent Democrat. After election she boasted of the money she had received for her influence. This year she worked for the Republican cause, but has not yet made public the price of her change in political belief.

About 50 per cent of the women in this county vote. The most enlightened do not as a whole seem particularly elated over their privilege, or manifest much interest in political affairs. A close observer, teaching a large number of women truths from the pulpit, states that they do not appear to show a greater interest in politics, nor better informed on the subject than their sisters in the East, who stay at home on election day. Many, probably, care more for the fact that they have equal rights than to actually take part in affairs.

The strong woman indigenous in other sections, who is wearing herself out and perhaps those she meets by hurling invectives at men, because of their tyranny and urging women to demand the vote, and whose ambition is to come to the Rockies. In fact, I am not sure but it would be profitable for her acquaintances to make a purse and send her where she can vote. It would be a quick solution of the problem in the worst cases. It would check her demands, and she might find

A woman elevated, in some instances beyond her expectations.

What, new subject would she take up on which to practice eloquence?

LOST TIME.

I was recently kept waiting more than an hour just because someone wanted to finish a disconnected tale. Though grateful for being relieved at last, I could not help wondering if the story was really finished, or left in a to-be-continued state. Perhaps I ought to have been thankful that only my time was taken, instead of being made a sacrifice as a listener. Who has not been talked into an uneasy mental condition and tried divers ways of escaping from the tormentor, without victory? Is the same true of politicians? Before the patience is worn out, if an idea come, it must be inserted into the monologue in an edgewise manner, while the volatile tyrant is renewing his air supply.

It is reasonable to suppose that the man who wrote that "silence is golden" conceived the idea when recovering from one of those irritating interviews. But do we who are dignified by the mantle of silence ever cast off our quiet robe and zealously desire to make up a purse and send her where sometimes she can vote. It would be a quick solution of the problem in the worst cases. It would check her demands, and she might find woman elevated, in some instances beyond her expectations.

What, new subject would she take up on which to practice eloquence?

Some of them crave well-prepared, concentrated gospel food.

If any friend in the pulpit should come to me for an opinion on this subject (which they never do fully realize my generous desire to help, and my large experience), I am not sure it is needed. For the restless energy of the age, so too, are the changes in woman's character, which have not yet been fully recognized as a body. They are thus more fully equipped to serve the essence of gospel lore and the elixir of spiritual advancement rather than diluted discourse. "Feed my sheep," rings out as clear and strong as ever. Is it not of highest importance that they are fed? Some of them crave well-prepared, concentrated gospel food.

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"I'm not Mrs. Nation; I have no hatchet; I am not crazy." These words came from the lips of a Lewes woman, as she met her husband face to face in a hotel barroom, the other evening, says the Lewes Pilot.

"They were directed to the bartender and the loungers, as the former handed the woman's husband a glass of whisky. She continued, "That man has not done a day's work in months; he has run here, and I am trying to support him and the rest of the family. I want to know if something cannot be done to keep him from destroying his own life and starving his family.""

The woman was thin and pale. Her lips quivered as she spoke, and she could hardly stand the strain of the unfamiliar environment. As she finished, the little girl by her side burst into tears. The bartender took back the whisky. The abused husband stood with bowed head. One by one the loungers left the room. Presently the bartender, looking at the plate and feeling that the man should not drink at his bar again.

"It was a pathetic scene; it was the last resort of a desperate woman; as she left the hotel with her husband and the little girl, there was a lesson too painful for any pen to picture."
Young People's Work.

LETTER C. C. DAYTON, Editor, Alfred, N. Y.

WHAT different ways there are of living, and how rare it is for one to strike exactly the golden mean. There are not more than half a dozen of us altogether, and I sometimes have doubts of the other five. What a tendency of human nature to run to extremes, and lose that fine balance which is the perfection of life. My dear friend Jack, a strong, whole-souled fellow-protested, and rightly, against the mystical ideas of Christianity which some church-members present to the world—as if to be a Christian is to take leave of all spon, taneous, hearty, jolly things. But I fear that Jack himself has not yet struck the balance (though I am sure he will in time), for he makes his conscience uneasy, spake his heart and frets his influence—thatis, grand, magnetic influence he might have, for he is a royal good fellow—by going to dances. Isn't there not a middle ground between sour asceticism and a wanton playing with life which blackens the hands, if it does not burn?

This is not what I started to say (though I am not sorry for having said it). I was thinking of Jack and the different plans of life. They never knew each other, and one of them is dead. Their ideals were almost at the two opposite swings of the pendulum. Perhaps in their heart of hearts both sought the same goal, but by what widely different routes of the world! One was wonderfully gifted with that indomitable power for bringing things to pass. Like the massive center rush of a football team, he went striding down the field of life conquering everything that came in his path—everything but death and God, who stood in the shadow of his way. He was mutable. This man might have been living yet, living in comfort, with quietly growing business and rounds of usefulness, his happy family about him, and needy ones smiling back to the beneficent influences coming forth from his life, if—if—humanity's sad if. But he was determined to be rich, rich quickly. Business and money piled in upon him. He borrowed of spirit, heart and nerve to meet the demands upon the flesh, never dreaming of any limit to his desires demanded. The mortgage was foreclosed with his plans half-way to completion. There was no man who could take his place and carry out, fill out, the pattern which he had outlined. Upon the one he loved most of all falls the heavy burden of care and worry. My heart is sad whenever I think of it. What was the use of it all?

Or the two I think the other man is the worst. Perhaps he may have been before within when he was young, but it is hard to think of him as ever having had any gait but that of the deliberate contemplativeness which characterizes him now. Slow? Well, if you have business with him, it is a study how to get away. He must have been braving it out for years to be able to put the stamp of such a finished delay in all his operations. A Nortonville farmer would call the work which engages this man's whole time simply chores. But the Nortonville farmer would not dare to do so well, and he would meet nothing like the comfort out of it as he went along. Everything he has is of the best, everything he does he does right. And how
Children's Page.

WHAT THE SQUIRREL SAID.

BY LOUISE MCCLOY BORN.

Yes, Little Boy, I'm up here, but I don't want you to climb so far, for it's really a disgrace. Oh, but the nuts are so plump and sweet, if you could get at them. And you'll find out how good they are.

Ah, Little Boy, I'm sorry for you, in and out of your descent.

You cannot dart to the topmost bough, and swing on the twigs, as I do now. With your paws not good, you cannot run on the old rafter-lance

Like a hound, and climb to my seat.

Hidden sain in the oak-tree's breast,

When the autumn nights are cold.

Just think of your teeth so short and dull.

Don't dent the bark, and make a scar.

And your cost were out, or gets too small,

While I never need change mine at all. And it is always soft and fine.

I go to school in the cool, dim woods.

Where the ferns and the mosses grow; And the little flowers, small and sweet.

And the brook and birds each morn we greet—Now don't you wish you could go.

An Adopted Rat.

A TRUE STORY.

There had been, three weeks before, two additions to our cat family, which already numbered five. They were two of the prettiest, tiniest, cutest little tiger kittens you ever saw. We found them in the enemy's nests of the barn one morning. Mother Tabby was proud and delighted. She purred louder than ever.

About 3 o'clock in the morning I was awakened suddenly by a great noise and squeaking! However, it soon became quiet, so I did not get up. He knew the old cat must have caught at least a big mouse and perhaps a rat. And such a racket in the kitchen.

About six I went into the kitchen to start the fire for breakfast. When I looked behind the stove, what do you suppose I saw? There was Mother Tabby. There were her kittens, and—would you believe it?—curled up with them was a great live rat! The mother cat seemed to feel very proud and happy with this new addition to her family.

The old rat lay perfectly still with his eyes wide-open, seemingly not trying to run. Mother Tabby treated him like one of the family. She would rub her head against him and clean him up the same as she did her kittens. Then she would pick up a kitten and place it on the rat. Don't you think that was a strange child for old Tabby to adopt?

The children came trooping in to see the strange sight. They thought it very funny indeed. But we did not have a live rat in the kitchen while doing the work, and none of us wanted to kill the rat. So we invited Billy to come up and help us ready to accept such an invitation. He stalked around the kitchen a few minutes and then he smelt a rat.

You ought to have seen him jump and pounce upon the poor rat. Off he went with him in his teeth, white with the head and tail up. His paws have not been touched since. —The Watchman.

The Leaves' Party.

"What shall I do to make my children happy before the long winter comes?" said Mother Nature one day, as she looked all around on the busy workers she called her children.

"Perhaps I can help you, Mother," said the Wind. He happened to be passing by and heard Mother Nature speak, and as she was always liked to help her she was ready with all sorts of suggestions now.

"Mother, I think they would all enjoy a party, a nice one that should invite everybody."

"That will be the very thing. It will make them all happy, and show them how pleased I am with all they have done this long summer. They have been so busy, too," said Mother Nature.

"Well, what shall it be? I think a fancy dress ball would be nice," said Mr. Wind, "and some of your children dance beautifully. They would enjoy it so much."

"Very well, we will have a ball. Now, will you go and invite them all? Tell them to put on their prettiest and brightest dresses and come out to the meadow, as that will be the best place for dancing."

Off Mr. Wind flew. First he called on Mrs. Chestnut, then on Mrs. Maple, Mr. Oak, Mrs. Sourwood (even she was glad to see him). The mother cat who adopted the old rat.

"Well and last of all at the Sassafras house, and told them good Mother Nature was going to give them all a big party—fancy-dress ball—and hoped they would all come.

"Oh, we will be delighted to come!"

"What shall we wear? We must be nicely dressed, and the dresses we have had all summer are not fresh enough for this grand ball. We will ask Mrs. Oak, as she is so wise and her advice is always good," said Mrs. Maple.

"Mr. Oak thought it would be best to let Monsieur Frost, the great artist and designer, furnish them with dresses, he had such excellent taste, everyone said, and, in fact, she had seen some of his work and it was perfect.

The question was, then, How could they get him? Why, Mr. North Wind would bring him to them.

So they sent for Mr. Wind, and he said he would be very happy to bring Monsieur Frost to see them.

So they came with a big, loud knock on the door. Everybody was in a flurry and a hurry to see the great artist.

Mrs. Maple asked him what he would choose for her children, and he said: "I think the children should have rich yellows and red; russet brown is worn a good deal by some, and I think I will add a little bit of their dresses."

"Very well, Monsieur, I will do it, as you can make such lovely things."

"And now, Mrs. Oak, what would you like?"

"Thank you, anything that is pretty and would do for my young daughters, Monsieur."

"Let me see—greens, reds, and golden browns will do very well. Well, I will try to please you; as Mother Nature is a good friend of mine I like everyone to look well at her ball."

Meanwhile, Mr. West Wind was hunting up an orchestra. Two or three Crickets would readily join. The Katydid's would bring their fiddles and come, the Hoot Owl would bow his head, and the Woodpecker would beat the drum with his long bill on the tree near by, the big and little Frogs said they would like to help before they went away, so they were all delighted at the thought of this party.

"And how shall we go?" asked everyone. The Mr. Winds said they would be pleased to take them.

At last the day came; everybody was ready very early. How beautiful Mrs. Maple and her children looked going here and there among all the guests, and stately Mrs. Oak with her interesting family. Mrs. Sassafras was lovely, and she had on mitts, the only lady in the room that had them.

The Asters were there purplish of all shades, and a few of the Golden-rod caste, but they had been thrown in every direction. The little girl, seeing the accident, ran out to the rescue. When she appeared in the gardens, one of the frightened babies, not knowing what it did, flew toward her and caught its claws in her curls. The little girl petted the bird until it had been very good friends with her, and it has never forgotten its friendship.

Every day the little girl feeds her bird, and it will hop all over her hands, her head and neck. The neck is its favorite perch, probably because she has thick, curly hair. At night the sparrow is placed on a tree branch, but as soon as its little mistress appears in the morning down flies the bird and settles on her neck.—The Watchman.

Old Gentleman (muscial)—Have you any plane-tree wood?

Timber Merchant (whose hope are raised in the expectation of a good sale) Yes, Sir. Pray walk in, Sir. As fine a stock as any in town, Sir. Would you pre fer it in the plank or the dress plank?

Old Gentleman—Oh, thank you. I'm not particular. I want a bit for a fiddlebridge.
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

HISTORY OF THANKSGIVING-DAY.

The earliest record which we have of an American Thanksgiving-day is found in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In the first week of that year Governor Bradford, so saith the chronicler, sent out men to procure some game, in order that the New England colonists might properly enjoy a day of thanksgiving in remembrance of the fruits of their labor for the year that had passed. Another day of rejoicing was set apart and "solemnized as "a day of thanksgiving unto the Lord," after an abundant harvest in 1621. It is stated that, on this occasion, Massasoit and other Machigonne Indians were invited to participate in the festivities, and that they did so, spending three days in feasting. Evidently the Indian friends of the colonists found Thanksgiving-day a day to be made the most of.

These thanksgiving days were not, however, of official character. The first official public Thanksgiving day was not until the year 1631; and even this day was not at first intended to be a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving. It had been set apart as a day of fast and thanksgiving. The former of these days were in great distress; famine was imminent; a vessel laden with provisions, and long at sea, had not arrived. But just before the day of fasting came, the ship made port; and the day was then officially changed by the authorities from a day of sorrow to a day of thanksgiving. This was the first Thanksgiving-day of the American people. Thanksgiving days were occasionally observed also in New Netherland after this date; but it was not until February, 1644, that another official day was proclaimed. That year Governor Kies proclaimed "a day of general thanksgiving," the occasion being a victory of the colonists over the Indians. At the conclusion of peace, in 1645, another Thanksgiving-day was proclaimed. We are not told that the Indians were invited to this ceremony.

Occasional days of fasting, prayer and thanksgiving were kept by the various colonies on different times; but no general Thanksgiving-day was set apart until 1777, when the Continental Congress adopted the practice of designating such days. The first was set by them on Nov. 20, 1777. The following Thanksgiving-days were also suggested by the Continental Congress, Friday, May 2, 1778; Dec. 11, 1775; Wednesday, April 22, 1778; Thursday, May 6, 1779; Wednesday, April 4, 1780; Thursday, May 2, 1781; Thursday, April 25, 1782. These days were suggested in the form of recommendations to the states, whose governors were asked to issue proclamations to their peoples for days of thanksgiving. Business, with one exception, was suspended on these occasions. Washington also issued a proclamation to that effect on a general Thanksgiving-day on Thursday, Dec. 18, 1777; and again on May 7, 1778.

THE THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.

The real significance of Thanksgiving-day is that it is the American Festival of the home. Its other features of the day have gradually become less important, and the custom of re-assembling whole families about a common board has become its characteristic observance.

This festival is peculiarly needed in American life. Nowhere on earth, with the possible exception of England, are families more rapidly dispersed than in our own country. The settlement of the Great West was effected from the New England and Middle States, and the New England states, in the first era of the Southern Atlantic coast. We have had an immense region to sublimate. It is no unusual thing to find New England and Virginia families who have representatives living two or three thousand miles apart. While it is manifestly impractical for such scattered households, to reassemble except at the rarest intervals, perhaps once in a life-time, there is a distinction in having old associations recalled and the ties of kinship realized anew at the same time. To those dear to us, it is worth something to be inspired to remember them because of the general tide of home feeling that sweeps over the land at the Thanksgiving season.

But all families are not scattered, though in a few years doubtless they will be. Every one of our readers knows a score of happy homes in which father and mother still survive, and the children have not yet grown forth to make their way in the world. We would have a word with these fathers and mothers. You can hardly do too much to make Thanksgiving and Christmas memorable in the lives of your children because of domestic affection and unreserved and wholesome joy in each other. Days like these are often recalled. As these seasons recur the writer finds himself thinking of what he did on similar occasions in, fifteen years ago. The day stands out in memory marked by a vivid red letter. The family party, what father and mother and the brothers and sisters did and said comes back as it were yesterday. There is real wealth and joy in these happy memories. And while these come in the future, the happy past is secure, and though that circle is now broken, its influence remains a treasure and a joy.

We can make few greater mistakes than to imagine that any happiness is transient. Through the marvelous power of memory it lasts as long as we do. Every one of us can remember days that were the bright points of years. The days pass, but the outlook, the inspiration and the joy they gave was an eternal possession. That suggests the ideal observance of Thanksgiving-day. We can seek to make it memorable because it cannot but be remembered.

More of the evil in the world than we often think for can be traced back to the lack of home feeling in childhood days. Where that does not exist the young man or woman loses the invaluable consciousness of the solidarity of the family. They stand only for themselves, that they need not consult the interest of others, and they miss that happy restraint of affection for those with whom God united them in the closest of ties. In spite of all that is said about the misdeeds of the children of devout parents, we believe that it will be found almost universally true that the children of happy Christian homes turn out well. They have a special grace in their hearts, a natural repugnance to acts of evil. They do not sin against the home, and the memory of their own happy household weaves an ideal of the homes they desire to build, which keeps them brave and pure and human.—The Watchman.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On the 20th of November it was reported that the Commercial Pacific Cable Company had given out the connection of a telegraphic cable between San Francisco and Honolulu. While the action of Congress will be necessary to grant permission to continue the cable to the Philippine Island, it is thought that this will be given when Congress assembles. The first session is to be in working order within the next nine or ten months.

At the 134th Annual Dinner of the Chamber of Commerce in the city of New York, on the 19th of November, many notable speeches were made. First and that of Secretary John Hay, on United States Diplomacy. It was a speech worthy of the finished scholar and wise diplomat which Mr. Hay is. He occupied the place on the program which President McKinley would have occupied, but for the untimely death. It is not too much to say—and it may be said with modest boasting—that the United States is leading the nations in a great Diplomatic reform. Secrecy, deceit, and injustice too often have characterized the diplomatic relations of the nations of the Old World. It has remained for the United States to unfold a new and better page in the history of diplomacy, for the unfolding of which the best element of the civilized world finds gratitude and praise. Mr. Hay said, in opening, "The brief expression of our object in conduct is, The Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule! With this chart we can hardly go far astray." He also declared that this nation will neither crawl nor swagger, but will "Stand as a friend and equal, asking nothing and putting up with nothing but what is right and just, for the advancement of the franchise of the nations." There is great cause for rejoicing that our nation is thus prominent in introducing more of the Golden Rule into national diplomacy.

Vigorous opposition to the consolidation of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific Railroad Lines has been developed in Minnesota, Nebraska, and other places in the northwest. It is claimed that such consolidation of parallel lines is illegal, and that the interests of the states named and other localities throughout the northwest will be seriously injured by such consolidation. A Reciprocity Convention, made up of leading men representing the various business interests of the country, held a session in Washington during the past week. The discussions and final action of the convention favored "Conditional Reciprocity," and such continuation of Protection as will prevent any injury to home manufactures. The question is a complex one, and final action by Congress is likely to be taken during the coming session.

Considerable interest is in and about the city of New York has developed during the week in connection with the election of a new Episcopal Bishop for Long Island, but there have been no religious movements or meetings of general interest during the week.
INTRODUCTION.

As Moses was still reluctant to undertake the great task that God had intrusted to him, he was directed to take his brother Aaron as spokesman. These two went to the king of Egypt and demanded that he let the children of Israel go from his land. The desired permission was refused, and Moses proceeded to inflict a series of grievous plagues upon Egypt to enforce the demand.

At first Pharaoh and his court made light of the miracles of Moses, and the magicians of Egypt imitated his wonders; but soon the afflictions became more serious. Again and again Pharaoh yielded and asked for mercy; but each time as relief came he repented of his yielding and refused permission for the children of Israel to depart.

But again, when any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his place, the great exodus shall be the great plague. There is to be no famine in the highest, and no pestilence in the lowest. The word of the Lord is to be put to the test. The people's hearts will be tested in Egypt, and they will be driven to the wilderness to prove that they are a people who can be led by God. The Lord was about to take His people out of Egypt, that they might know that He is God, and that they should not have any other gods.

LESSON X.—MOSES AND PHARAOH.

FOR SABBATH-DAY, DEC. 7, 1901.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The angel of his presence saved them. (Deut. 9: 29).

1. And the Lord said unto Moses. We do not know how the word of the Lord came unto Moses, possibly by an audible voice, but more likely by an inward prophetic inspiration. Yet will I bring one more plague upon Pharaoh. The king and the people of Egypt have been warned to prepare for their treatment of the Israelites; but they are not ready, and they ask for more time to prepare. Afterward he will let you go. The one plague to follow was to be such that there could be no escape. Pharaoh and his people would not be ready to grant permission for the Israelites to depart, but they would also be so eager for their departure that they would drive them out.
Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be working what is good, towards all, that we may please the family of the faith."—Gal. 6: 10. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb. 13: 16.

LONDON, ENGLAND.—Good results have followed the Christian Sabbath-keepers' Conference held at Exeter, last May. A gentleman who attended manifested considerable interest in the Sabbath question. He was evidently surprised at the reasons advanced in favor of Christians keeping the seventh day as the Sabbath. After several questions, he invited the Christian Sabbath-keepers' Union to send a deputation to a mission with which he was connected, that the subject might be fairly discussed and thoroughly threshed out. On no less than five successive Mondays, recently, this mission has been engaged in discussing the question. At the first meeting Mr. S. M. Brown opened the subject with an address entitled, "Who changed the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week?" The question was answered by the members of the Union to such an extent as to express their respect and interest, leaving in each instance some substantial token of remembrance. All the deacons of Mr. and Mrs. Wescott (27 in number) are living, and were at this anniversary. The dry, hot weather, during a part of the summer, shortened our crop returns to some extent, but now that the harvest has been gathered, the returns furnish a much better showing than at one time seemed possible. The beautiful, pleasant weather of the autumn months has rarely ever been equaled, and the Arctic will have to put in some vigorous blows if winter's usual record for severity is to be maintained. We hope for the continued prayers and fraternal sympathy of the brotherhood throughout our beloved Zion.

S. H. B.

TO OUR CHURCHES.

At the recent General Conference were made the following apportionments and expenses charged to the Conference:

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<th>Association</th>
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<tr>
<td>Eastern</td>
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The Treasurer would be very much pleased with a prompt remittance, as over five hundred dollars of the bills are already due.

ALFRED, N. Y.

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD.

"ALFRED STUDENT." For a complete set of the "Alfred Student," in good condition, bound and unbound, will be paid $5.00.

The Sabbath Recorder, Plaistfield, N. J.

MARRIAGES.

MARSH-BLUE.—On the evening of November 12, at the home of the Rev. R. E. Marsh, his daughter Miss Eunice Marsh, and Mr. Edward Blue, of Center, were married. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Saunders, of the 30th. Quite a number of relatives and friends called, at the close place, and to express their respect and interest, leaving in each instance some substantial token of remembrance. All the deacons of Mr. and Mrs. Wescott (27 in number) are living, and were at this anniversary.

DEATHS.

REMEMBERANCE.—On the first day of the week we will be much occupied with thoughts of the good death, and yet we lose not wholly. What He has given. "Life is a race not, as death as truly was. Life is a heavenly.—Winter.

BROOK.—Catherine Monahan, widow ofStillman Bur­
dick, was born in Ireland, in 1842, and died Oct. 26, 1901. Two children survive, Dayton and Homer. She was a faithful wife and mother.

SMITH.—Sowen Fennor Smith, daughter of Isaac and Amelia Potter Fennor, was born in Herkimer county, Jan. 29, 1824, and died at Alfred, Sept. 25, 1901. She was married Sept. 5, 1850, to Joseph W. Smith. Five children were born, Daniel A. and Edward F., with the father, surviv­er. Sister Smith united with the First Alfred church when 14 years old, later moving her membership to the Second Alfred church. She has had a full and Christian life, being much beloved by all who knew her. Funeral services were held at the home conducted by her pastor. Pastor Geo. L. F. Pettit.

HALL.—Catherine Hall, daughter of Welcome and Prudence Burbank, was born May 9, 1827, and died Oct. 9, 1897.

She was married Sept. 25, 1888, to Lorenzo D. Cart­wright, who died in the Civil War, May 2, 1865. To them two children were born, Ossner Cartwright, and Newcomb Cartwright. She was born June 22, 1867, to Varnum G. Hall. When 15 years of age she united with the Second Alfred church, after joining the church at Andover. She was an invalid for the last two years of her life. Funeral services were held at the home in East Valley, conducted by the Rev. F. E. Peterson. She was highly respected by a large circle of relatives and friends.

STILLMAN.—Joseph Stillman, son of Silas and Rebecca Stillman, was born Sept. 3, 1847, and died Oct. 22, 1901.

He was married Nov. 22, 1838, to Hubbard Potter. Two children survive, Fanny R (Mrs. P. A. Shaw) and A her Stillman. Brother Stillman united with the First Alfred church when a young man, later joining the Sec­ond Alfred church. He was of a pleasant, sunny temper­ament, a good father and friend. Funeral services were conducted by his pastor. Geo. 55: 29.

BENCE.—At Waterbury, Vermont, Nov. 14, 1901, Katie E. Bence, aged 82 years.

She was born at Adams Centre, N. Y., where most of her life was spent. About eighteen years ago she was converted and joined the Adventist Church. She was a con­scientious, sweet-spirited Christian, and very active in the church until her health failed. Intermittent at Adams and perished the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Matt. 5: 8. F. P. E.

OSMONBY.—Harriet E Peters Ormsby, daughter of Geo. and Mary Dooly Peters, was born Sept. 10, 1857, and died Nov. 16, 1901.

She was married Dec. 27, 1882, to Orson S. Ormsby. To them five children were born, the youngest son one year old, with his mother at her own home. Her only three days. Mother and two were laid in the same grave. Sister Ormsby was baptized by Darwin E. Moxson in 1886, and was with the church un­til the matter was united with the Second Alfred church. She was a faith­ful Christian woman, very solicitous for her children, and always willing to serve in the cause of her Master.

LIVERMORE.—Eunice Smith Livermore, daughter of Asahel and Martha Livermore, was born May 16, 1830, and died in Alfred, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1901.

She was married Aug. 30, 1853, to Manw Livermore, who passed on before six years ago. Three children were born to them, one who died in infancy, Joel Field,
How Do You Know

those baking powders are made from alum?

Their lower price, their unfamiliar names, generally betray them.

But it is not necessary for you to know. You must know that Royal

does not contain alum, that it makes the best food, that it is pure and

healthful. You know that alum powders are unhealthful. This

knowledge is sufficient to enable you to protect yourself and your

family from alum baking powders and the evil results which are certain
to follow their use.

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop.

The Teton Indian Reservation is the scene of Mr.

Harlan Garland's new novel of Western life, which he
calls The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. Mr. Gar-

dland's hero is a young army officer who has been de-
tached from his regiment and sent to relieve a dishonest

Indian agent. The resourceful Captain's guardianship of

an Indian tribe betrays him to despair by captivity and driven to

desperation by the treachery of the whites who was made

Scout for short, was really Schaeferzande, and she
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ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

Alfred University will celebrate its Centennial in 1936. The Trustees expect that the Endowment and Property will reach a Millions Dollar by that time.

To make sure the Centennial Fund will be used for the purpose intended, every subscriber is requested to sign

The Declaration of Purpose

required by law as a condition of contributing to the University. Every contribution is a little bit toward the building of the future and is appreciated.

Silas S. Morse, President, Alfred, N. Y.

John C. Gault, Vice-President, Utica, N. Y.

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No contribution is too small.

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ELIGIBLE FOR ADMISSION are all who have acquired 3 years of High School training and meet the academic standard of the student body.

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Send for Illustrated Catalogue to

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Fall Term Milton College...

This Term opens WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1901, and continues Milton, West Virginia, Thursday, Dec. 17, 1901. It is followed by a vacation of two weeks.

Instruction to both young men and young ladies in the Preparatory studies, as well as in the College, of the principal courses, as follows: The Ancient Classics, History, Modern Languages, and the Scientific. Three teachers added to the Faculty—all the old members being retained.

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Club boarding, $1.40 per week; board and lodging for families, $3 per week, including room rent and use of furniture.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY AT PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

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Bottom Line, with lima bean sprouts, and a whispered word...

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The work of this Board is to help pastorate churches in the elevation of pastors and unattached and unemploymnted ministers among us to find employ­

ment.

The Board will not undertake to supply information, help or advice to any church or person, but will give names of such persons. The first three names named in the board will be the working Board of the Board of Informed to regard about the churches and unattached minis­

ters in their respective associations, and give whatever old information they can.

W. H. Sanderson, Secretary, Alfred, N. Y., ...