

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS.	
Paragraphs	194
Women and Purity.....	194, 195
Pillars in God's Temple.....	195
Spiritual Dynamics.....	195
THINGS WORTH KNOWING.	
Paragraphs	196
CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.	
The Berlin Circuit.....	197
By Their Fruits	197
"The Coming Theology"	197
Love in Westminster Confession.....	197
THE BROTHERHOOD.	
Constitution for the Brotherhood.....	198
Last Tribute to Prof. William A. Rogers.....	198
MISSIONS.	
Paragraphs	199
The Progress of Christianity	199
God is Love—Poetry	199
WOMAN'S WORK.	
Paragraphs	200
What Shall Our Record Be?.....	200
Frances E. Willard—Poetry	200
A Mother's Letter.....	200
The Morning Toilet.....	200
The Hidden Way—Poetry	200
OUR READING ROOM.	
Paragraphs	201, 202
Postal Economy.....	202
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.	
Paragraphs	203
Just for the Boys.....	203
Frances E. Willard	203
Paragraphs	203
<i>Our Mirror:</i>	
Paragraphs	203
CHILDREN'S PAGE.	
Bye-Lo Song—Poetry.....	204
The Bird on Mamma's New Hat.....	204
Patty-Cake—Poetry	204
Kindness Appreciated.....	204
SABBATH-SCHOOL.	
Lesson for Sabbath-day, April 9, 1898.—	
Sufferings of Jesus Foretold.....	205
Notes from a Bird-Lover	205
Mr. Beecher's Oratory.....	205
POPULAR SCIENCE.	
Wagon Tires Six Inches Wide.....	206
Halt.....	206
SPECIAL NOTICES.....	206
MARRIAGES.....	207
DEATHS	207
LITERARY NOTES	207
Opportunities	207
QUESTION CORNER.....	208
The Mending Habit.....	208

AS we cast our eyes over the history of nations, we discern with horror the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. As the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the Black Forest of the Past, which he has reddened with his gore. Oh! let it not be in future ages as in those we now contemplate. Let the grandeur of man be discerned in the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace."

As the cedars of Lebanon are higher than the grass of the valley; as the heavens are higher than the earth; as man is higher than the beasts of the field; as the angels are higher than man; as he that ruleth his spirit is higher than he that taketh a city; so are the virtues and victories of Peace higher than the virtues and victories of War.—*Charles Sumner.*

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PLAINFIELD N J

Sabbath Recorder.

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

Entered as Second-Class mail matter at the Plainfield, (N. J.) Post-Office, March 12, 1895.

OUR readers who are farmers will do well to study H. H. B.'s article on wagon tires, under Popular Science.

WE trust that those who desire to see their thoughts in our columns will remember that anonymous communications find quick burial in the waste-basket.

THE river Amazon has 1,100 branches. It is 120 miles wide when it enters the Atlantic Ocean. Open your life to good things until the sum of them shall make your life a spiritual Amazon.

IN France it used to be the custom to serve a cold shoulder instead of a hot roast, when a guest prolonged his visit beyond the wish of the entertainer. Hence the expression, "Giving the cold shoulder."

ALL permanent reforms have their foundation in the home. These are the sources of all human history. If half the power of reform which is spent on "the fallen" could be brought to bear on the unfallen and formative, the Millennium would be hastened.

A BILL is now before the Legislature of New York—House No. 1,175, Senate No. 875—which aims to legalize "non-professional games and sports on Sunday, after one o'clock P. M., in cities of the first class." It is a part of the growing system of legal holidayism connected with Sunday.

NEGATIVE goodness is worth little. Often it is worse than nothing, since it keeps us from seeking something better. It is well to be empty as to self, but we must be filled with the purpose of active obedience under the guidance of God's Spirit before anything of value is gained. Negativeness alone is nothingness.

WHATEVER the future may bring forth, you are helping to enthrone righteousness and peace, if you are being Christ-like in your place, be that place farm, kitchen, counting-house, or school-room. Make the world better than you have found it, and you will have gained more than you can by worrying or prophesying about the future.

THE *Lutheran Observer* tells of a pastor to whom one of his devout members revealed the fact that she had no knowledge of "infidelity," except what she had gained from his sermons. Pastors, never preach your doubts. Struggle with them in the study and in the prayer-closet, but keep them out of the pulpit. There is enough that is plain and positive. Preach that.

LARGE views and liberal thinking are often another name for looseness and nothingness. The man who believes nothing in particular, who is always boasting of what he "does not accept," is like a boat unanchored and rudderless. Aimless drifting is the beginning of shipwreck. Better make some mistakes in having some positive convictions, than to fall in pieces like an over-ripe poppy blossom, for want of positive adherence to some central truth.

IT is worse than useless to read bad books or keep bad company, even for an hour. Life is too short, and destiny is too important for such folly. Do not waste anything; much less time. Time (a parenthesis in eternity) is an attribute of God, the one in which "we live and move and have our being." It should be so used, that spiritually we shall be with God, and like God in the highest and best sense.

YOU are so hurried! No doubt you are. One cannot do everything. It is of the utmost importance that you study to know what you must neglect. It needs more wisdom than the careless think, to choose wisely what not to do. Time, strength, duty must be considered in making this choice. Waste no time on trifles. Leave minor things to less capable hands. Half of success comes from knowing what not to do.

A WISE, strong, thoroughly intellectual ministry was never more needed than now, when the task of the minister is to lead his people through the delicate and difficult, yet inevitable, work of restating the church's conception of the Bible. Theological education, of the sanest and most solid sort, is a matter of life and death to the church. In this we do not include metaphysical speculations, but practical, fundamental Bible truths.

TO READ the 23d Psalm and feel that we can make it all our own, is an unmeasured blessing. Before David could write that Psalm, he had to pass many weary days on mountain and in valley, and many sleepless nights outside the fold of the sheep he guarded. He had to conquer in fierce battles with the beasts of prey which sought his sheep, and yet fiercer ones, with his own turbulent passions and disobedient impulses. All great attainments cost.

THE next issue of the RECORDER will be a Sabbath Reform number, and a similar number will be issued each month thereafter. But little Sabbath Reform matter will appear in the intervening numbers, and little, if any, local and purely denominational matter will appear in the Sabbath Reform number. These numbers can be easily filed, and they will form a valuable reference library. Copies of these special numbers will be sent to persons not Seventh-day Baptists. We have written all the pastors concerning their circulation, and hope for prompt replies. Please aid us in this matter, and please preserve the monthly specials, for further use.

SOMETIMES old people say: "I do not see why I am spared. I am of no account." This is seldom, if ever, true.

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself,
Though in another dress.

THERE are words of wisdom and counsel which none can learn until they have seen seventy winters. There are lessons of trust which he only can teach who has met the trials and tasted the joys of fourscore years. There are visions of heaven which no one can see until his eyes have grown dim to earth by the changing light and shade of many years. A life is never worthless which is "sated on God."

THE preacher who fails to cultivate his voice, and the art of oratory, is guilty of folly, if not of sinful neglect. God's work, the

preaching of the Word, the message of Everlasting Life, demands the best powers and agencies. The manner of telling any story has much to do with its acceptance by the listener. It is said that an English clergyman asked Garrick, the great actor of London, why he, the preacher, could not move men, as Garrick did. The actor answered, "You tell Truth as though it were mere fiction. I tell fiction as though it were highest truth." Many preachers find the "dead-line" of failure for want of voice and manner, more than from want of good purpose.

AN English nobleman was once invited to preside at an annual meeting of a local Bible Society. Every one knew that the purpose of the managers was to secure a larger attendance and a better collection. They hoped to fill the treasury by announcing that "the Earl" of — would preside. He saw through the sham, and rebuked the snobbery by this reply: "I do not give away tracts and Bibles. I race horses. I sometimes swear. I sometimes drink, and perhaps do worse. You know all this, and yet you ask me to preside at your Bible meeting. May God forgive you! I would rather be in hell than be in heaven with such hypocrites." The language is not especially refined, but the rebuke is eminently just.

THE discovery of the tomb of Osiris, one of the chief deities of the ancient Egyptians, at Luxor, in upper Egypt, a part of Thebes, is reported to be authenticated. It was made by M. Amileneau, and he claims to have found also the tombs of the gods Set, or Seth, and Horus. Moreover, Dr. Borehardt, of the Ghizeh Museum, declares that he has found at Negadah the resting-place of Menes, the first king of the first dynasty. If these reports prove correct, and we believe they will, the recorded history of Egypt is carried back a thousand years before the so-called Ancient Empire. The contents and frescoes of these tombs are abundant and richly significant. Modern discoveries are proving the existence of a distinct people and civilization at the beginning of the Ancient Empire. It was a white race of Libyan origin, and it came from the region of Babylonia, and as a conqueror. It brought wheat, barley, sheep, oxen, goats, the beginnings of writing, and perhaps tools. These discoveries are more than fascinating. They make the nerves of the historian tingle with delight.

WOMEN AND PURITY.

The *Philanthropist* for April is a number of more than ordinary value, which is saying much for a publication that is the first of its kind in our language. Among other things it contains the memorial of one hundred and twenty-three titled and other distinguished English women asking for State Regulation of Vice in connection with the British Army in India. This memorial was presented in Parliament three days after the publication of Lady Henry Somerset's remarkable letter to Lord George Hamilton in the *London Times*. It is a great pleasure to all lovers of purity that Lady Somerset has since recalled her advocacy of the regulation system, and an equally great sorrow that all the rest of these women, led by "H. R. H., Helena, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland," still stand as petitioners for a scheme which shames all England.

The late Annual Meeting of "The American Purity Alliance" was held before Lady Somerset had published her retraction. Naturally her position, and that of the other English ladies, received consideration at that meeting. The Editor of the RECORDER, who is Vice-President of the Alliance for the state of New Jersey, being unable to attend the meeting, sent a letter which is printed in the *Philanthropist*. Hoping to increase the interest of our readers in Purity work, we give in substance that letter, and part of one by Hon. E. T. Gerry, President of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Mr. Gerry said:

"The Alliance has done excellent work in the India matter. It is indeed most amazing that the only nation of Europe whose government combines both temporal and ecclesiastical dignitaries in its legislative councils, and whose church is a national church, after deliberately, in its Litany, praying to be delivered from fornication and all other deadly sins, actually proposes to furnish the means for the commission of the offense to the soldiers of its National Army. It is the pride of the people of England that wherever her flag waves her church is to be found. To be consistent, her Government should either strike out the petition from her Litany or else bury the iniquitous bill in oblivion."

The Editor of the RECORDER said: "We much regret that the continued illness of Mrs. Lewis will prevent us from attending the meeting of the Alliance on the 25th inst. The benefit we should derive from so doing is a blessing we are loth to lose. We should be glad, also, if possible, to add something to the tide of influence exerted by the Alliance in favor of world-wide Purity Reform. The need of that influence is greater than ever at this time, when the cause has received such a blow among English speaking people by the strange and sad defection of Lady Somerset and other titled women in England. From the high standpoint of our Alliance, the action of those women is as unexplainable as it is worthy of condemnation. That titled men in England and in India should favor the establishment of Government brothels in connection with the army would not present so strange a picture. The lower standard of morality which obtains in military circles and among ignoble "noblemen," might easily favor such provision for soldiers if not for themselves. But that women, pure, and truly noble along other lines of reform; women who would demand for themselves and for their daughters the most rigid protection, should descend to advocate such a shame and crime, seems more like a perverted dream than a reality. That these titled Christian women should defend a Christian Government, presided over by their own sweet Victoria, in forcing their Pagan sisters into a slavery of sin and defilement far worse than death, almost passes comprehension. There can be no explanation except that these women are slaves to social influences and traditions which yet poison the ranks of English nobility with falsehoods concerning purity and duty. What a commentary this is on the beastliness of the English army; that while it goes to carry English, Christian civilization to Pagan lands, the Government must add, to rations and clothing, healthful prostitutes to its outfit. What a lesson this is to poor benighted India! How thoughtful Indian

mothers will now crowd the gates of the English missions and pray to be converted to the religion of the titled ladies who recommend such a sweet and purifying treatment of their daughters!! What an inducement to Indian mothers to rear their daughters in hope that they may at length find a place so honorable as that of common courtesan to the sons of English women!!!

Hereafter, when the jeweled fingers of these titled ladies turn the pages of the Book of Prayer, and devoutly ask that the heathen may be brought to Christ, the blood of the murdered purity of Indian girlhood, like the blood of the murdered Abel, will outrun their petitions, and, waiting at the throne of God, will mock such prayers."

The address of *The Philanthropist* is United Charities Building, New York City.

PILLARS IN GOD'S TEMPLE.

There is a row of granite pillars in the front of the building where our office is, large, tall, polished and set on deep-laid and massive foundations. They delight the eye and hold securely the stones which are piled upon them. One must be too thoughtless who can come and go between them, or walk the corridor they form, and not recall the wondrous symbol in Rev. 3: 12. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, . . . and my new name." Think. God's city. Never a back alley. No tenement houses. No unclean streets. No hungry people. No sin. No policemen. Paved with gold. The central building in that city of homes, God's temple. All the other buildings "mansions" for his people. But this is not enough. The Revelator was instructed to bring us nearer. He seeks to teach us how dear we are to God; how much God wants to honor his children. The symbol is changed, and the pillars which ornament the temple are living. The reward of victory is a permanent place in the temple. Mark. Only victors are fit for pillars. "He that overcometh."

The pillars of granite between which I passed this morning were not always pillars. Who can tell what they passed through, first. For ages they lay in prison. The heat from below and the weight from above, and the stifling darkness wrought to make them granite. Then men came and drilled deep gashes in the rock, just when it wanted to rest. Explosives rent it. Workmen surrounded the great rude fragments with cutting tools and beating mallets. "Chip, chip, chip." Days grew to months and months to years. Rudeness disappeared. Beauty began to come out. A great purpose was revealed. At last all was done. The forming was complete. The polishing was finished. Children stood around the great pillars and smiled as the granite mirror showed them to themselves. Then our friend of beloved memory, whose name is chiseled above the pillars, searched them out. He did not want them while they were rude blocks. He waited until they were victors. Then he counted the quarry-man thousands of dollars, made the pillars his own, and set them up to form this corridor. Humanly speaking, "to go no more out." God has called for him, and made him a pillar in the heavenly temple, while these stay where he placed them to teach us.

What do they teach? So much that I may not rehearse it all. These are some of the lessons: If you lie in the darkness burned and buried, be patient. God is making granite of you. If his workmen,—duties, providences, trials, joys, burdens, struggles, are fashioning you for his use, be patient. If the polishing comes slowly, be patient. If you are tempted to say, "I can never be a pillar," be patient. God is the Builder, Christ is the Master Workman. They know how to make pillars better than you do. Wait. Do you complain sometimes? God will forgive your momentary weakness. Think of what awaits you. A permanent place in the temple of God. Shaping completed. Polishing finished. When you are most discouraged, repeat the words, "Him that overcometh." "Overcometh." Light, love, joy will be all around you. They will permeate your being. Love will be life. Life will be restful activity. The burdens of to-day will be a far-off memory, a joyous memory, because they helped you to overcome. The sorrows of yesterday will be forgotten. Sorrow dies in that temple. Sin never comes into that temple. Darkness becomes light there. Weakness is strength there. The music which fills the temple is the music of victory. The refrain is:

"He that overcometh shall all things inherit."

Some who read these lines will see the pillars which have taught the writer of these lessons. Some of you will see other pillars. All of you can hold the picture in memory, and find blessing in the truth that God is fashioning pillars for his temple out of every loving and obedient soul.

SPIRITUAL DYNAMICS.

"H. H. B.," who regales our readers with Popular Science, came one day with subtle questions about dynamic force and static force and divine force, etc. When all had been said, we had done little more than reveal to each the greatness of our ignorance.

We have said spiritual dynamics, because the word suggests the Greek root from which it springs, and it has a grip which the English word "force" has not. The word has divine infinity in it. Spiritual force, power, grace, grit—dynamics, are all heaven-born. A wire stretches through the air in front of my library window. It is the pathway of that unknown something we call electricity, which is nearer to God than any material thing we know. This is a rainy, moonless night, but in the heart of the darkness I see a bulb of light, dropped from this pathway of wire. What is it? It is force, active, glowing, dynamic force. From the dynamos in the power house it throbs forth in many thousand bulbs through all the city. Its light swallows the darkness. It turns the rain-drops into curtains of pearls and diamonds, which the wind swings against the black walls of the night.

The hearts of God's people are the bulbs of light through which the divine dynamics of the spiritual world come to make darkness light and turn storms into showers of jewels. That our light may thus shine we must keep in constant communion with him. The poles which hold the wires outside are set in the earth, but every "live wire" is insulated from the earth. Whenever the wire is "grounded" the light goes out. We are on the earth. Its cares and burdens hem us round. But obedient love and consecration will keep us in spiritual insulation. Thus we may be in the world, but not of it.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

RICH and new finds of gold are reported from Phoenix, Arizona.

DESTRUCTIVE floods, from rain and melting snow, visited Pennsylvania on the 22d of March.

VERY severe weather, with destructive storms, prevailed in the West and Northwest last week.

THE latest news from Klondike reports food plenty, and that the probable output of gold this spring will be \$8,000,000.

THE Ville De Rome, a large French trans-Atlantic steamer, was wrecked last week near the Balearic Islands. No lives lost.

AN Electorate Census, lately taken in Great Britain, shows that the United States has one-half more electors to the population than Great Britain has.

THE United States Court of Appeals has decided that insurance companies are liable for accidents to the insured on trains and boats, only when the mishap occurs within the car or boat.

THE Banks of St. Paul, Minn., have been swindled heavily by the crooked work on the part of commission clerks connected with the government improvements on the Upper Mississippi.

THE strengthening of our coast defences has gone forward, rapidly, during the past week. Appropriations by Congress for such defences, and for the Naval Department, have been increased to meet all demands.

THE *Christian Work* condemns the W. C. T. U. for entering into a deal with a baking powder company to raise funds, and says, "The combination is not in good taste; it is incongruous; it is decidedly *infra dig.*"

REV. DR. YARRINGTON, Episcopalian, died at Greenwich, Conn., March 19. He was born in 1812, and had been rector of one church for fifty-six years—the longest pastorate in that denomination in the United States.

JOHN WANNAMAKER has accepted the nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania, offered him by the Business Men's Republican League. The movement represents the opposition to the political bossism of Senator Quay.

THE *Sabbath Outpost*, for March 16, has a good picture of our lamented Bro. James Newton Belton, together with a biographical sketch. The *Outpost* is a faithful representative of our denominational work in the South and West. It deserves a generous support.

THE work of Mr. Moody in New York City, of which we spoke last week, while it was in progress, has closed. The final results justified the high expectation which the work then awakened. It has been marked for good in an unusual degree.

THE National Academy of Design, New York, has decided to open its Seventy-third Annual Exhibition to the public on Sunday. This step is induced by the fact that the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History are open on that day.

This places the three great treasure-houses of the city to the masses on their leisure day.

AT no time before have so many prominent nations been pushing the work of preparing vessels of war, of the latest patterns, for possible service. With the character of harbor defenses, the use of torpedo boats, and the instantaneous destruction of the ill-fated Maine, one shudders in view of what would result if a world-wide naval conflict should ensue.

COMMERCIAL circles in England are coming to see that the United States are to be a more formidable competitor in the commercial world than Germany has been. This, they say, is due to the "energy and determination displayed by both masters and men in the United States." In other words, brains and push, win. That is what we were born for, "you know."

THE exact date of Emperor William's journey next autumn to Jerusalem, to be present at the dedication of the Church of the Saviour, is not yet fixed. One of three days is in contemplation for the ceremony: October 18, the birthday of the Emperor Frederick; October 31, the Reformation Day, and November 8, the anniversary of Crown Prince Frederick's entrance to the Muristan, in 1869. The Church of the Saviour is completed as to its exterior; the interior decoration is going on rapidly; the altar and chancel are already in place; the choir seats are in process of construction in Berlin, and an artist will soon be sent to Jerusalem to execute the wall decorations.

A CHINESE typewriter has been invented by the Rev. Mr. Sheffield, a Presbyterian minister at Tung Chow. "It is said," says *The Industrial World*, "to be a very remarkable machine, and is exciting a great deal of comment over there. As near as can be understood from the description published in the Chinese papers, the characters, about 4,000 in number, are on the edges of wheels about one foot in diameter. It requires twenty or thirty wheels to carry all the letters, and the operator must strike two keys to make an impression. The first key turns the wheel and the second stops it at the letter wanted, which is brought down upon the paper by an ingenious device."

"FROM out of Prentice's red sandstone quarries at Houghton Point, Wis.," says *Industries and Iron*, "was wrought some time since a monolith measuring 115 feet high by 10 feet square at the base, and 4 feet square at the top. It was originally intended to send it to the Chicago Exposition, as a Wisconsin exhibit. Engineering and financial reasons, however, intervened to prevent this, and the monolith has lain at the quarries ever since. A movement is now on foot to ship it by water to Milwaukee, and to set it up on the lake to mark the coming semi-centennial of statehood. It is claimed that the stone is higher than any recorded single quarried stone in the world. The granite obelisk at Karnac, however, comes very near to it, being 108 feet high."

THE *Kansas City Times*, March 7, gives a full report of a sermon by Rev. Dr. James Vernon, of Independence, Mo., delivered Sunday, March 6. Dr. Vernon declared that the

denouncing of Sunday newspapers, trains, and the like, is "but the frantic vaporings of an unreflecting superstition." In the main, Dr. Vernon's sermon is accurate and instructive as to the history of Sunday and Sunday legislation. His assertions concerning the Sabbath, that it was only a temporary, Jewish institution, having no claim on Christians, is as inaccurate as the statements concerning Sunday are accurate. On the necessity of the absolute separation of church and state, the doctor's words were eminently sound. Dr. Vernon belongs to the "Christian" denomination, and the growth of the view he presents is a potent cause in the destruction of regard for Sunday, which hastens on every hand.

THE week closes with full activity along all lines, so far as preparations for possible hostilities with Spain are concerned. The report of the Court of Inquiry as to the Maine disaster has reached Washington, and the general facts will probably be before the country by the time this paper reaches our readers. We think it will show that the explosion was from without. It is stated at this writing that the President will not make a formal demand on Spain, at once, but that he will call forth some statement from her. It is also apparent that Spain dreads war, and will do all she can to evade it. We trust that President McKinley will soon make a definite demand for the cessation of the cruelties which Spain has heaped on the people of Cuba. We can interfere on the ground of common humanity; and the world will sustain us in so doing. The horrid work of murdering inoffensive men, women and children by imprisonment and starvation ought not to be endured a day longer. The treatment according to the people of Cuba is not "a war measure of necessity." It is barbarism of the worst sort. Spain will stop when we say she must, and the sooner that is said the better.

ACCORDING to the *Toronto Globe*, March 17, the Lord's-day Alliance has gained a point against one form of Sunday work in that city. The Alliance brought to trial the "Carbide Company of St. Catherines," for operating their works on Sunday, the 30th of January, 1898. The defense of the Company was that the manufacture of "carbons" is of such a nature that it is "necessary" to operate the works on every day of the week. The trial was before a police magistrate. It occupied thirteen days, and resulted in the conviction as above, but with the minimum penalty of "one dollar and costs." Whether the case will be appealed we are not now informed. The religious element in the case is stated by the magistrate in these words:

The Lord's-day act, as I take it, is based on the higher law, formulated by the Creator himself, and there is no clause in the Decalogue more emphatic or binding than the fourth.

* * * * *
There is one other matter that cannot be lost sight of in deciding such a serious question as that of working on the Sunday, and that is the welfare of the men. The Sabbath-day is given them for relaxation and rest. It is a heaven-sent blessing for workingmen; and I feel that I should be robbing them of this divine birthright were I to rule that this labor was a work of necessity.

With the street cars running on Sunday in Toronto, and the Carbide works temporarily closed in St. Catherines, Canada is well on in the church and state problem as it is involved in Sunday-observance.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

The Berlin Circuit.

The work of the students at Berlin is going gloriously forward. There have been a number of bright conversions, some of them in mature life. The current is deep and tender. The members of the church are in line, willing to stand in their place and do their part. Sunday night, March 20, almost every person in the congregation came forward to give their hand for Christ and to join in the prayers. Over twenty dollars have been handed in by voluntary contributions, and twenty more were received at the concert which the quartet gave to pay traveling expenses.

Berlin is thoroughly aroused and many are near the point of decision.

All of the quartet except Edgar VanHorn must return soon to college. VanHorn is to remain with Loofboro at Berlin, to continue the work as long as seems best, and then to go to Coloma and Fish Lake.

The meetings at Berlin are but another advance movement of a large campaign. The revivals at Coloma and Grand Marsh have already been reported. Edwin and Lester Babcock are now at the latter place for two weeks of meetings. Marquette and Fish Lake are waiting. Glen and Adams Centre, each about seven miles from Grand Marsh, should also be remembered in the near future. Let it be fought out on this line until the victory is won in this section of Wisconsin. We hope to see the work energetically and patiently pushed until there shall be three groups of churches instead of one, each in charge of a consecrated and earnest overseer, eager to further extend the kingdom of his Lord and Master. Berlin and Marquette; Coloma and Fish Lake; Glenn, Grand Marsh and Adams Centre; these are the natural divisions which may be looked for as the work widens and the churches grow stronger. In these communities the Seventh-day Baptists are the leaders, and theirs is the stewardship. As people find that this work is not a two weeks' spurt, but a steady, far-reaching movement, they will have heart and hope to rally to the standard.

By Their Fruits.

If this denomination stands nearest the truth of the Bible, most intimate in connection with the heart and spirit of the New Testament, then its people should be the most stalwart, robust Christians in the world. The world judges us by our fruits, and it has Scriptural authority for so doing. Our type of Christianity, compared with that about us, is high. It needs to be far, far higher.

This resolves itself, as most questions do, into a personal matter. Are you loving and charitable, broad in your sympathies, deep in your consecration? Are you winning souls to Christ? Am I? It is a solemn and crucial question. In the presence of lost and wasted opportunities it must come in a tone of deep sadness.

Let us beware how we ever content ourselves with the narrow rut of life into which we are prone to fall. There is something better for us than a timorous holding of our own—shrinking back at the first touch of limitations. Back in the shadow of the little that we do, lurk the greater things we might do, waiting to be discovered and worked out. O God, give us a mighty faith which shall lift

us out of apathy, faint-heartedness, the pitiful narrowness which expects little things—and gets them—the despondency which settles down like a mist when there is “no open vision.”

What we ought to be we can be. Let us shrink not to put ourselves under the test. Look the facts of present weakness and fruitlessness square in the face. We must have it. Whatever else comes and goes, the one thing for which we will plead with strong importunity will be that overflowing power which will transfigure our poor lives and make them centers of living influence.

“The Coming Theology.”

That reference to the gulf stream of a warmer theology seems to have met some counter currents. One writer expresses himself quite positively against any new theology—the theology of Christ and Paul is good enough for him.

So, indeed, it is for us. But men have taken the words of Christ and upon them built up elaborate systems of their own construction. It is no irreverence to say that the future will produce better systems than any yet current, for these systems are by no means identical with the theology of the New Testament. Though derived from the same source, they are mutually contradictory at many points. They are human formulations, narrow, one-sided, incomplete. The “coming theology” will undertake to grasp the truths of the Bible, putting them in true relations and proper balance, and giving to each its appropriate emphasis. It will be a better theology, because it will better represent the Bible and the mind of God.

Love in the Westminster Confession.

It is a comfort to an editorial contributor to know that the people who read his writings are so clear-headed and keen-eyed that they will at once set him right, if they find him making any mistakes. Realizing that he is human and fallible, he can rest confidently in the expectation that O. P. Q. and the other brethren will not permit him to wander far from the right path. This is not sarcasm, but an eminently good-natured remark. The editor who gives must *take*. He should court the frankest discussion of any themes he may present. He wants to know what his readers are thinking, and there is something decidedly attractive to most people in a kind discussion of a live question from different standpoints.

Bro. C. A. S. Temple takes up the remark quoted from Dr. Northrup: “There is not one word of love in the Westminster Confession,” and brings passages from that immortal document into court to prove that love *is* there, in black and white, l-o-v-e. Ably and courteously he presented his case. When Dr. Northrup returns from his vacation, we will show him the article and ask him what he meant.

Somehow, nevertheless, we are reminded of a man who once testified in a meeting. The sermon had been on the love of God. Love was this brother's specialty. He had alienated his own children from his affections, so he was qualified to speak. Love, he said, was justice—stern, unrelenting justice, with a capital J. Before he had finished, he was metaphorically shaking his fist at the sinners in his indignation at them for rejecting the love of God, as he presented it.

If you know how the sinners (one of whom was his own boy) felt toward that representation of God, you have something of my thought regarding the Westminster Confession. The love of blue-dyed Calvinism is not the love of the fifteenth chapter of Luke. It is not the love of the Christ weeping over Jerusalem, because they “would not.” On the side of tenderness, the Westminster Confession is a libel on God. There is in it no love for a lost world. The only place where the word love is used of God is in the passage which Bro. Temple quoted, and there it is a love for those only whom he chose, for his own glory, to elect. Mankind, says the Confession, is totally depraved. God from eternity predestinated some to salvation and others to damnation. The individuals have no choice. God's predestination is not conditioned in any sense on their foreseen character or choice. It is expressly said that *elect* infants are saved. For the non-elect infants and all the others who are damned for the glory of God there is not a word of yearning or sympathy imputed to God.

I can find no hint in the Confession of a Father in the watch-tower looking for the boy who had gone to the far country, or any suggestion that “whosoever will” may come. All such “gush” was left out.

The one great idea of Calvinism was the sovereignty of God. Its five thorny points, predestination, particular redemption, total depravity, effectual calling, the perseverance of the saints, all breathe the one thought. It was a grand thought. The world needed it. But, wrested out of balance with the love for humanity of which the Bible is full, it was one-sided. It was in unstable equilibrium, and it could not stand. Christendom has gone on and left it. Those stern Calvinists were godly men. They were splendid stuff of which to make an invincible army or an iron commonwealth. They were Old Testament men. They were good men to have for ancestors. They would not be good men to have for descendants. We ought to be better than they were, and have a wider grasp of the truths of the Bible. Why should we be bound by formulations of men who had less light than we? Shall we not take what they have given, thanking God for it, and go forward in the illumination of the Spirit who is to guide us “into all truth”?

BUT do not trifle with sin. Along with the prayer “deliver us from evil” goes the petition, “Lead us not into temptation.” E. W. Bliss tells us of a huge serpent they one time had on exhibition in the Lakeside City. A so-called serpent charmer used to come on the stage and allow the reptile to coil itself in loathsome folds about him. It was under anesthetics which allayed for the time its snaky nature. But one day the old serpent awoke. There was a shriek on the platform and the man fell back. People thought it was a part of the performance, but the stage manager knew better. When they carried him off, they found every bone in his body broken. The great reptile had given him one hideous squeeze, and that was the end of him. Beware of the world, beware of Satan. The end is near.

THERE are many sects of Hindus. They differ widely. A lady missionary once asked a well-informed native if the sects agreed on any points. “O yes,” he said, “we all believe in the sanctity of cows and the depravity of women.”

THE BROTHERHOOD.

CONSTITUTION FOR THE BROTHERHOOD.

[The following are the Constitutions, general and local, of which President Cottrell wrote last week:]

Federal Constitution.

The Seventh-day Baptist Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip.

ART. I.—Name.

The name of this organization shall be the Seventh-day Baptist Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, based upon John 1: 41-48, and 12: 20-22, and James 5: 16, 19, 20.

ART. II.—Object.

The object of the Brotherhood shall be the spread of Christ's kingdom among men, especially young men, through an increase of mutual helpfulness and co-operation in church, denominational, and all Christian work. Recognizing the power of man's social nature the Brotherhood lays the personal obligation upon its members to manifest and use the spirit of comradeship and Christian fellowship in the church and in all the walks of life.

ART. III.—Rules.

The Rules of the Brotherhood are two,—the rule of prayer, and the rule of service. The rule of prayer is to pray daily for the spread of Christ's kingdom among men, and for God's blessing upon the labors of the Brotherhood. The rule of service is to make earnest and continued effort to bring men under the influence of the church, in its various departments of life and work, and so under the saving power of religion. It is expected that the Brothers will give needed assistance to one another in every possible way, but especially in sickness or any kind of trouble, and that their sympathy and attention will also extend to men who are not members of the Brotherhood.

ART. IV.—Membership.

The members of the denominational Brotherhood shall consist of local Brotherhoods subscribing to this Constitution; and they may be represented by delegates in annual or other meetings.

ART. V.—Officers.

The officers shall consist of a President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Associational Secretary for each Association, who, together, shall constitute an Executive Committee. It shall be the duty of this committee to devise ways and means for promoting the objects of the Brotherhood, during the year, at the General Conference, and in connection with the annual meetings of the several Associations.

ART. VI.—Amendments.

This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the local Brotherhoods which are members of the Denominational Brotherhood.

Local Constitution

of the Seventh-day Baptist Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip.

ART. I.—Name.

The name of this organization shall be the Seventh-day Baptist Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, based upon the accounts given in John 1: 41-48, and 12: 20-22; and the statement of James 5: 16, 19, 20.

ART. II.—Object and Rules.

The object of the Brotherhood is the spread of Christ's kingdom among men, especially young men, by increasing fraternal fellowship, mutual helpfulness, and co-operation in all Christian work.

The Rules of the Brotherhood are two,—the rule of prayer, and the rule of service. The rule of prayer is to pray daily for the spread of Christ's kingdom among men, and for God's blessing upon the labors of the Brotherhood. The rule of service is to make earnest and continued efforts to bring some one under the religious and social influences of the church, and the saving power of the gospel.

The Brotherhood, holding to the Communion of Believers, and recognizing the special power of man's social nature, lays the personal obligation upon its members to utilize and manifest the spirit of comradeship and Christian fellowship in the church and in the varied walks of life.

ART. III.—Membership.

Any man not under — years of age, may be elected to membership, who will subscribe to the Constitution and By-Laws, and thus promise to obey the rules of the Brotherhood as long as he shall be a member.

By-Laws.

ART. I.—Members.

The members shall consist of two classes, Active and Associate. The Active members shall be those who are received to full membership and the right to vote, having signed the Constitution and By-Laws and agreed to keep the rules of the Brotherhood. Associate members shall be those who are in sympathy with the general object of the society, and promise to attend its meetings as regularly as possible, but who shall, upon their own request, be excused from observing the rules of prayer and service.

ART. II.—Officers.

The officers shall be a President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer, elected every year, whose duties shall be those usually pertaining to such offices; and who together shall constitute an Executive Committee, whose duty it shall be to devise, from time to time, ways and means for promoting the objects of the Brotherhood.

ART. III.—Meetings.

Regular meetings shall be held — — — —. An annual meeting shall be held in the month of — — — —. Special meetings shall be held at the call of the President, or upon the request of three members. Members absenting themselves from regular meetings for three months in succession, and failing to communicate with the Brotherhood, shall be dropped from the roll.

ART. IV.—Special Work.

While the members are at all times to render each other assistance in every way possible, they shall especially offer help to one another in sickness or any kind of distress. Their attention shall also be given to securing needed care for sick and suffering who may not be members of the Brotherhood.

ART. V.—Standing Committees.

Standing Committees may be appointed, as circumstances shall seem to require, such as Relief, Social, etc.

MOTTO.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, for ever and ever." Dan. 12: 3.

It is believed that under this Constitution we could be admitted into the general society if we should ever desire it.

I. L. COTTRELL.

LAST TRIBUTE TO PROF. WILLIAM A. ROGERS.

By Colby University and Waterville. Alfred University and Harvard Represented at the Funeral.

A tender and impressive farewell was tendered by the faculty and students of Colby University and by a large number of the citizens of Waterville, Me., to the late Professor William A. Rogers, at the funeral services held at one o'clock Friday afternoon at the Baptist church.

The services opened with a selection by the College Quartet, after which President Butler offered prayer. Rev. C. V. Hanson, D. D., read selections from the Scriptures, and the College Quartet rendered another selection.

Rev. W. H. Spencer, pastor of the Baptist church, then gave a brief review of the salient points in Prof. Rogers' career, and added to it his own estimate of the qualities of the deceased as a man and a Christian. It was a tender and appreciative tribute, such as might come only from one who knew Prof. Rogers well and loved him for his many virtues.

Prof. G. B. D. Pepper spoke particularly for the College faculty. He said that when Prof. Rogers came to Colby much was expected of him, and that he had fully met expectations. His work here had disclosed more than the mental powers that made him famous. He had shown qualities of heart that bent to him all who knew him. The speaker dwelt upon the remarkable qualities of character possessed by the deceased, which so endeared him to all who met him.

President Butler said that he could do little else than repeat what had been said. All the

speakers had known the same man. The quality of gold does not change from day to day: It always yields the same results, submitted to the same tests. He said to know Prof. Rogers was to love him. He was a man of extraordinary intellectual powers. He possessed genius. He was no dreamer, but accomplished the ends aimed at. The world is rich because he lived in it. Had he been longer spared he would have added still more to the sum of human knowledge and attainments.

The influence of no other man made the College so widely known in the scientific world as did his. Prof. Rogers was a lovable man, kindly, gentle, genial, filled with that simplicity so often associated with great qualities of mind. Dr. Butler concluded with a reference to the great assistance Prof. Rogers had rendered him personally, and likened the situation of his friends to travelers on a journey, when one of the company shall have gone on by another way to the same destination. They regret his departure, but look forward with hope to seeing him again at the journey's end.

President Davis, of Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y., where Prof. Rogers formerly taught, and to which he intended to return in a few months, spoke of what Prof. Rogers had been to Alfred, and what the institution had expected of him again. He said a building for his use had been partially completed. He spoke warm words of praise for the deceased and concluded by reading resolutions of respect passed by the trustees of Alfred University and by the faculty of the institution, on Prof. Rogers' death.

Prof. Edmunds, of Harvard, sat on the platform as the representative of that institution, but took no part in the service.

The services closed with prayer by Dr. Spencer, who also pronounced the benediction.

The pall-bearers were Profs. Hall, Taylor, Roberts and Black, Ely, '98, and F. P. Philbrick. The casket was taken to the station to be forwarded to Plainfield, N. J., where interment will be made.—*Waterville Evening Mail.*

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS FROM COLBY.

We, the Faculty of Colby University, hereby express and cause to be placed on our record, our appreciation of our colleague, William Augustus Rogers, who was yesterday called from this life.

Called to the Chair of Physics and Astronomy in 1886, he came to Colby University in the ripeness of his full manhood, with an enviable reputation as teacher and investigator, gave himself at once to the duties of his department, and to the further prosecution of favorite lines of investigation, with enthusiasm, energy, persistence and devotion, contributed largely to the name and fame of the University, won quickly and held to the end the respect and affection of the student body, endeared himself to us, his colleagues, by his intelligent interest in all questions of administration, by his courteous but unbending adherence to his convictions of right, by his conspicuous fairness and friendliness in the treatment of all his associates, by his Christian manliness and by that sunny, genial, loving large-heartedness that made him the friend of everybody. We count ourselves happy to have been so long and intimately associated with him, shall cherish his memory gratefully in the coming years, and sympathize with the devoted wife of his youth from whom he has been taken and the children who remain to mourn and honor him.

Voted that the above expression be placed on our record, and a copy of it sent to the family.

NATHANIEL BUTLER, *President.*

WHEN sometimes God gives tardily, he commends his gifts, he does not deny them. God withholds for a time, that thou mayst learn to desire great things greatly.—*Augustine.*

Missions.

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

BROTHER J. H. HURLEY writes from Calamus, Neb.: "God seems to be graciously moving on the hearts of the people here. Fourteen last night expressed a desire to live for Christ. Pastor E. A. Witter has been with me for two evenings and will also stay this evening. We feel hopeful that some lasting good may be done. The people are talking of making arrangements for regular services to be held here. Remember us in your prayers."

BROTHER L. D. SEAGER writes from Blandville, W. Va., that he is in the midst of a great revival at that place. Blandville is near the Middle Island church. The meetings are held by Bro. Seager in a school-house on Lick Run, where several Seventh-day Baptist families live. In a later letter he writes that the meeting is going on yet with unabated interest. "Sunday, more will be baptized here. They are having good meetings at Greenbriar, led by S. A. Ford, a licentiate of the Middle Island church. I go there Sabbath-day to baptize some converts." We rejoice to hear the good news from West Virginia. May the good work spread wide and deep.

EVANGELIST E. B. SAUNDERS has closed his labors with the Verona churches, and is now holding meetings at Ashaway, R. I.

THERE is a path of life. Man needs to be shown that path. The Psalmist David said: "Thou wilt show me the path of life." This is the road which the soul travels. Every man has a course in life which he pursues. Every path has a beginning and an end—it ends somewhere. The path that ends at the gallows has its beginning, so the one that leads to honor and glory. All temporal paths, all roads in this life, in business, in society, in education, in politics, in the various pursuits of earth, end at death. But this path of life of which the Psalmist speaks begins its highest activities and its fullest fruitions at death, and never ends. It is therefore the path of life, the soul's eternal life of perfect purity, holy activity, heavenly enjoyment and unfolding. Who would not travel that road? Show me thy way, O Lord, and lead me to walk therein.

WE are all sowers. Where there is a sowing a reaping is expected. If wheat is sown, the reaping is wheat, not barley. If tares are sown, tares will be harvested, not rye. If wild oats are sown, the harvest will be wild oats, not tame ones. No one can expect to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. How many young men act as if they do not believe it. An act performed at one time leads to results at a future time. Events which occurred long ages ago are seen in their fruitage to-day. Causes work and produce effects; these effects in their turn become causes, and produce other effects, and on they go through all time. The one is sowing, the other reaping. The seed of corn falls into the ground, and in due time produces seed after its kind for future planting. The present is the fruit of the past, and that fruit is the seed of the future. The beginning leads to the end, and the end is the issue of a beginning. In this world of ours there is physically, intellectually and spiritually a succession of sowing and reaping. The inevitable

law is that *whatsoever* a man soweth *that* shall he also reap. No one shall reap evil from good, or good from evil. No one will reap heaven from sin and sinning, or hell from salvation and righteousness. Look to your sowing.

ALL men show the true temper of their minds and the disposition and complexion of their souls by constantly minding the things of the Spirit, or the things of the flesh. The real trend of a man's life is either carnal or spiritual, not both. No man can serve two masters. Professions are one thing, the continual inner preference and bent of the soul are another thing. That inner preference and bent makes and molds the character of the man. The man who is controlled in his love, choice and purpose by the desires and propensities of the flesh is carnal. He who loves the world, its aims, its objects, its pleasures, its passions, so as to be controlled and molded in life and character thereby is carnal. The glutton, the drunkard and the libertine are carnal. So also is the refined, socially high-toned, respectable and influential man, whose life is controlled by the appetites, propensities and lusts of the flesh. There is a refined carnality and a gross carnality; the former is more dangerous than the latter, because not so repulsive and repelling. It is all enmity toward God and ruinous to the spirit of man. To be spiritually-minded is to have the soul under the direction and control of the Spirit of God. It is to have his indwelling, quickening, controlling and sanctifying power in the soul. It is to love God and Christ more than self and the world. It is to love spiritual things and ends more than worldly things. It is to love souls more than dollars. It is to love Christ and his kingdom more than business. It is to love the blessed things which that kingdom furnishes and bestows more than what the world can give. It is to live in continual fellowship with God the Father, Jesus Christ the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Are you carnal or spiritual? Which is molding your life and character?

THE growth and success of our denomination are desired by every true Seventh-day Baptist. But growth and success depend upon certain conditions. A stream will not rise higher than its fountain. For a tree to have a massive trunk, vigorous boughs, luxuriant foliage and abundant fruit, it must be sound at the heart and have good circulation. For one to do good physical and mental work, there must be good digestion, a sound heart, healthy blood, and good muscles and nerves. To every circumference, however large or small, there must be a center. The life, growth and success of a denomination in all its lines of work and activity will depend upon the condition of the denominational heart. The heart of a denomination is its homes and its churches. They are the fountain from which are to come denominational resources, power, activity, growth and success. The intelligence, purity, spirituality, trend and power of a denomination will never rise higher than is the condition of its homes and churches in these respects. Inactive and lukewarm homes and churches will make a lukewarm and inactive denomination. Worldly homes and churches will make a worldly-minded and a time-serving denomination—a people seeking material power and influence rather than spiritual strength and success.

Liberal homes and churches make a liberal and self-sacrificing people. That denomination which shall have a healthy and vigorous growth, great success in the salvation of souls, and in the dissemination and establishment of truth, must have power with God, and to have power with God it must be spiritual and loyal in heart, life and example. If we have not made in the last decade the growth which we should have made, if we are not in as healthy spiritual condition to-day as we should be, and are not as successful in the advancement of the truths we hold as we might be, let us seek the causes and overcome them. Let us be more devoted to Christ and the truth as it is in him.

THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. R. M. PATTERSON, D. D.

In the year 1000 the number of nominal Christians in the world was computed at about only 50,000,000; in 1500, 100,000,000; in 1700 155,000,000; in 1800, 250,000,000; and now, in a world population of about 1,430,000,000, 477,000,000.

As to the different governments of the world and the people whom they rule, nearly 800,000,000 of the 1,430,000,000 inhabitants of the world are under Christian governments. The progress, at first slow, has been with an ever-increasing ratio.

As to the different forms of Christianity. In the year 1700 there were 90,000,000 of the inhabitants of the world under Roman Catholic governments; 33,000,000 under Greek, and 32,000,000 under Protestant; and now the number under Protestant is about 450,000,000 out of the 800,000,000 who are under Christian governments.

As to the United States, the latest reports (of 1896) give 25,424,333 as the number of communicant members in all the churches of all kinds, and about 10,000,000 children in all the Sunday-schools, which figures seem to leave a large proportion of the population beyond all direct ecclesiastical connection, not connected in any way with any of the churches or schools, though, of course, many of those who are not members of any church may be in families some of whose members are in the churches and schools and attendants upon the services, and, in some measure, under their influence.

The contrast between the little Ante-Pentecostal church in Jerusalem of 120 members, and the millions upon millions among almost all nations now, is great in the arithmetical figures, but the Omniscient One alone knows the number of the saved for eternity—the multitude of true and obedient believers in the crucified Jesus, and the incomparably greater multitude still of all the infant dead, who have been taken to the glory of heaven during the terrestrial strife and progress. And as to the intellectual, moral, social, restraining, elevating influence which Christianity has had upon society at large in the nations it has reached, and not merely upon those who have been eternally saved through it, what human pen can describe it all?—*The Missionary Review*.

GOD IS LOVE.

"Should drops of ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made;
And every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade
To write the love of God above,
'T would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
Though stretched from sky to sky." s.

Woman's Work.

By MRS. R. T. ROGERS, Waterville, Maine.

SHOWERS of blessing always follow
Faithful labor for the sinner,
Though the time be long, or shorter,
Sure the harvest for the gleaner.

Seed of truth, God's law revealing,
Always finds some soil prepared;
Sow then the seed, fill full the furrows,
And the rich harvest you shall share.

A RECENT editorial in the *Sabbath Outpost*, speaking of the need of gospel work in the South and Southwest, says, "The harvest is ripe. It needs reaping; but what we need to pray for now is not so much for laborers, for we have them on the field. We should pray that God would give us more faith in his words of promise, and courage to undertake the work, and make us feel that means are ample to sustain us while laboring, and then let the *more than twenty preachers* who are numbered in the Southwestern Association be brought into the work."

WE have been accustomed to lament the great lack of "leaders" to carry on the work so much needed on the broad field embraced in the South-Western Association; it gives us new courage, therefore, to learn that there are more than twenty clergymen on the field; for, although only these are mentioned, we know there are many times that number of earnest, consecrated Christians—loyal Sabbath-keepers—who are only waiting for some leader to begin evangelistic effort, to become efficient laborers in the good work; and many of these are women, endowed with exceptional gifts for the winning of souls to Christ. Let earnest prayer be offered that the work so much needed may soon be inaugurated.

WHAT SHALL OUR RECORD BE?

The question, What shall our record be? comes forcibly to my mind as I sit in the gathering twilight, musing on the situation of our people in the Southwest, and of our individual responsibility to those in our own immediate vicinity whom we may by our Christian deportment and winning efforts influence for good.

Have we made use of every opportunity to scatter in the pathway of those about us cheering smiles and deeds of kindness? Have we whispered words of hope to the weary, of comfort to the sorrowing? Have we pointed the sinner to Christ as the loving, all-sufficient Saviour? Can it be said of us, "She hath done what she could?" Can we trustingly go hence, feeling that a crown of life, gemmed with precious stones, will be ours? Or shall we go forth to find that our life has borne nothing but leaves?

The present condition of the moral world, the need of efficient labor in the vineyard of the Lord, the rich reward that awaits the devoted Christian, all call for present, active zeal on the part of every one who stands before the world as a representative of Christ. Sooner or later the true Christian comes to feel that consecrated, self-denying service is the loving price that should be paid for the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, and that

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Let us think much of life's responsibilities, and seek divine guidance amid its perils and changing experiences. God may not call us

to perform duties which seem great in the eyes of the world. But it is the faithful, patient performance of the little, every-day duties that come to us that make our lives beautiful and helpful to those about us. It may seem to us that the little acts of self-denial, the words of kindness and deeds of charity, the careful watch against besetting sins, the diligent cultivation of little talents, the patient continuance in well-doing under discouraging circumstances are all too trivial to make note of, but these are the things that make a life great in the sight of God. Then let us, in our own sphere, cultivate carefully the little corner of God's vineyard given to us that it may yield some fruit for the garner of the Lord.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

ESTELLE WILSON.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

BY ELLA GILBERT IVES.

Toll the bells deep-throated, toll!
Earth has lost a peerless soul:

One who gave her life to bless,
Christlike in her tenderness;

Breaking at her Master's feet
All her being's incense sweet,

Costliest sacrifice of heart,
Mind and spirit—kept no part.

Best beloved of womankind,
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shined.

Toll the bells deep-throated, toll!
Earth has lost a peerless soul:

Toll the silver iterance, toll!
Heaven hath won a peerless soul.

Following the beck'ning gleam,
Swiftly o'er the narrow stream,

Fearless of the rushing tide,
On to meet the Crucified.

In his presence evermore
Joy shall brim her being o'er;

In his love all satisfied,
Her great nature shall abide;

On her Saviour's breast reclined,
Best beloved of womankind.

Toll the silver iterance, toll!
Heaven hath won a peerless soul.

—Boston Transcript.

A MOTHER'S LETTER.

[The writer of the following words is a mother who has given two of her children to the Lord for service in China.]

John asks us more than ever before to pray for them in the very responsible position where they now are, and that we help him to praise the Lord for his great goodness in raising up friends and preparing the way for them in every place. I often wish that I could encourage parents to part with their children to go with the message of salvation to God's heathen. Ten years ago I reasoned thus with the Lord: "Why do you not bestow more of this world's goods on us, when we would so willingly give it for the spread of the gospel?" And our prayer was: "Give us wherewith to serve thee;" but little did we think what he was about to ask us to give. Our son was all-important to us. We were not competent to continue our business without his help, and we rejoiced to see that his efforts for the salvation of souls were owned of God. One night he remained alone with his father and me, to tell us that he wanted our consent to go to China, and added, "But think and pray over it."

Oh, the dreadfulness of that hour! We sobbed, and said one to the other, "What will

we do?" Then we resolved that we must let him go, cost what it might. Since God gave us his only Son to die for us, how could we ever refuse to let our son go to tell the tidings, so that He might see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

Next evening our son waited to hear our decision. His father said, "Well, Johnnie, we consent to let you go; but cannot you stay some years yet, till we could be better able to do without our present business, for we cannot retain it after you leave us?"

"Well, father," he said, "take another night to consider, and compare the pounds you hope to clear in these few years with the souls of the perishing in China that I might be the means of saving in the meantime, and tell me how it balances."

We at once decided to dispose of our business as soon as a suitable offer was made. Soon all was settled. After that came our daughter's request that she might also go to China. We then began to understand the Lord's way of answering our prayer, that he would grant us something to give him *at our cost*.

As time rolls on we can only praise him more and more for accepting our dear son and daughter to be his witnesses to the ends of the earth; nor would we have them change places with the most wealthy Christian who remains at ease at home.—*Selected*.

THE MORNING TOILET.

The finest compliment we ever heard paid to a woman was by her husband, and he said in speaking of her:

"We always think of her as a morning-glory, because she looks so bright and cheery and pretty at the breakfast table."

How many breakfast tables are presided over by women who make no effort to be dainty? The claim that household duties keep women from looking well in the morning is easily disproved, for in many a household where the lady gives the helping hand in the kitchen, a big apron will thoroughly protect her dress, and then, too, cooking, unless one makes it so, is never dirty work. That woman commits an error who looks uncared for and badly dressed in the morning. The other woman who wears any old thing to the breakfast table is also making a mistake, for that is the time when the men of the household ought to see a woman at her best and not specially rely on her appearance in the evening, when the soft and chaitable light of the gas will hide many defects.—*Household*.

THE HIDDEN WAY.

If we follow at his bidding,
We can never make mistake;
Joyfully and safely onward
In his path our way we'll take.

Straight it goes o'er hill and valley,
Mountain steep and pitfall dread,
And the river's but a shadow
That we saw so far ahead.

"At his bidding!" this the secret,
If we'd find the hidden way,
Which will lead us through the shadow
To the land of endless day.

—Clara B. Hardy.

LINNEUS, the great botanist, once constructed a clock of flowers. In allusion to this beautiful contrivance, Richter says: It is best to measure thy years not by the water-clock of falling tears, but by the flower-clock of thankfulness and praise.

LET nothing foul to either eye or ear reach those doors within which dwells a boy.

Our Reading Room.

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

ROCKVILLE, R. I.—Please tell the lone Sabbath-keepers to try my method for keeping the Sabbath. Let those who cannot go to church at the appointed hour for service take their Bible and hymn-book, and pray, sing and read for the same length of time they would be occupied in the house of worship, and see if their hearts do not grow warm and their faith increase thereby. I have practiced this method for many years, and it has been like the gate of heaven to my soul.

MRS. N. S. BURDICK.

WATERFORD, CONN.—The winter is past and the singing of birds has come. So the spring-time of his love is still abiding in our hearts, filling us with joy and gladness. The past winter has been one of great blessing to us as a church, quite a number having put on Christ, while the church has received fresh supplies from her living Head. A week ago last Sabbath it was our pleasure to lead four happy converts into the baptismal waters, and we are expecting more later. Our covenant meeting and the communion that followed was a scene that will be held in blessed memory by all present. The attendance at our prayer-meetings and Sabbath service still holds good. We believe this old church was planted by God, and expect he will take care of it. Pray for us.

A. J. POTTER, *Pastor*.

BERLIN, N. Y.—"People are generally well. Church matters are moving along nicely, even better than that." PASTOR SEELEY.

LITTLE GENESEE, N. Y.—Since the meetings conducted by Rev. J. G. Burdick, which closed on the evening of Feb. 20, our church and community have been in a decidedly improved condition. For the expenditure of time and labor the results which God has given have paid many times over. Upon closing with us Bro. Burdick went to a school-house known as the "Salt Rising" school-house, and conducted a work there for two weeks. Seldom is a work blessed more than that has been. Where previously there was a dearth of religious privileges and but little religious interest there are now some forty or forty-five converts, the result of the meetings. These are maintaining at present three meetings a week, and it is their intention to keep up the interest permanently. Brethren W. S. Wells, O. E. Burdick, T. B. Burdick, the pastor, and many others from our church have assisted there.

From his work in the "Salt Rising" school-house Bro. Burdick went immediately to Shingle House, Pa., where he is still engaged. Any church would do well to obtain the services of Bro. Burdick, who is certainly an evangelist well equipped for his work and thoroughly enthusiastic and in love with that work.

The Quarterly Meeting which recently convened at Shingle House was in all respects interesting and profitable. Rev. J. G. Mahoney, pastor of the Portville church, will probably be secured as pastor at Shingle House, also. The church edifice at that place has been much improved as to the interior, and further improvements are planned. s. s. P.

SCOTT, N. Y.—The winter at Scott has been very mild, though many in the early winter prophesied differently, and it has seemed to pass very rapidly away. The snow has already disappeared from the valleys and but little remains on the hills. The cheerful notes of robins and blue-birds are again heard. "March came in like a lamb, and thus continues." The "oldest inhabitant" fails to remember when the first eleven days of March passed without storm and were as beautiful and sun-shiny as this year. But it is presumable that all signs of winter have not permanently left. Social events have been quite numerous this winter. Surprises have seemed to be the order of the day, or evening rather. Among the victims were pastor and wife, one evening, in early winter, at which time an abundance of good cheer was expressed, together with a good supply of more substantial things for future use.

Our annual "donation" occurred on the evening of March 9. The church and society extended to the pastor a unanimous call to serve the church another year. Our prayer-meetings and church appointments are sustained with usual interests. Bible-readings have been continued from week to week, which have proved of much interest and with good results. The cabbage industry in this vicinity has grown to enormous proportions. It has been estimated that over 3,000 tons of this succulent vegetable were stored last fall for market. It is not unusual to see fifty heavily-loaded teams, in a single day, taking cabbage, and other produce, for shipment. Public sentiment has at times during the winter risen to almost fever heat at the prospects of a railroad running through our town by the extension of the "New Erie," to tap the Central at Syracuse. What the final decision will be, remains yet to be seen. Certainly a fine section of country would thus be opened up to more convenient markets.

A. E. R.

MARCH 13, 1898.

ALFRED, N. Y.—A memorial service was held in the church Sabbath morning, March 19, in honor of the late Prof. Wm. A. Rogers. Valuable and interesting addresses were made by Profs. Kenyon, Coon, Tomlinson, Crandall and L. C. Rogers, and by President B. C. Davis. The speakers, except the last, were life-long personal friends of the deceased scientist, and paid worthy tributes to his eminent qualities of both mind and heart. The subjects of their addresses were, respectively, Biographical Sketch, Personal Recollections, Prof. Rogers as an Educator, His Mechanical Skill and Genius, and His Religious Life and Loyalty; President Davis spoke of the Permanent Contributions of Prof. Rogers' Life to Science and to Alfred University. The loss of Prof. Rogers is deeply felt, but the Trustees and Faculty and friends of the University are full of enthusiastic determination to make the department of Physics all that he had planned it should be; and a good Providence is opening up a very assuring prospect.

Memorial services, presided over by Mrs. A. B. Kenyon, were held in the church Sunday evening, March 20, in honor of Frances E. Willard. Some of Miss Willard's favorite hymns were sung by the choir, and excellent papers upon the life and work of the great temperance leader were read by Mrs. E. L. Stevens, Mrs. P. A. Burdick, and Mrs. V. A. Baggs. A very appropriate and beautiful

poem for the occasion was written by Mrs. Elder J. B. Clarke.

The church and community have very much enjoyed the presence of Eld. S. D. Davis and his wife, who have been spending the winter with their son, President B. C. Davis. Their very presence has been a benediction, and the excellent sermon by Eld. Davis and his many warm, earnest testimonies and counsels, based upon sixty years of delightful Christian experience and intensely active service in the Lord's vineyard, have been a great blessing to this church. They left Alfred Monday, March 21, for a visit to their son, Rev. S. H. Davis, in Westerly, R. I. PASTOR.

SHINGLE HOUSE, PA.—The Quarterly Meeting of the Shingle House, Hebron and Main churches was held at Shingle House March 10-12, 1898. On Sixth-day evening there was a prayer and song service, led by T. B. Burdick, Little Genesee; and a sermon by pastor Mahoney, text, "The Master Calleth for Thee." After the sermon fifty persons witnessed for Christ. It was an excellent service.

On Sabbath morning, after a prayer service led by pastor Kenyon, Mr. Mahoney preached, giving his experience; how God led him from Roman Catholicism to the Baptist church and then to the Sabbath. This was followed by a "testimony" service Sabbath afternoon. After a song service, pastor Kenyon preached and J. G. Burdick conducted an "after-meeting," in which about 60 persons took part. Evening after Sabbath was filled by a song service; a very interesting sermon by pastor Mahoney, theme, "The Gospel Flying Machine," and a full "testimony-meeting." On First-day morning there was a song service followed by a sermon from Pastor Powell. In the afternoon there was an appropriate sermon by Pastor Kenyon on "The Second Coming of Christ." On Sunday evening the service was held in the M. E. church, when Pastor Mahoney preached from the theme, "The Gospel Elevated Railroad." The closing service was one of song and testimony, led by J. G. Burdick. All the services were full of interest and helpfulness.

H. A. LANGWORTHY, *Sec.*

JACKSON CENTRE, OHIO.—We are always interested in the Home News in the RECORDER. It is like getting a letter from home when we thus hear from some place where we are acquainted with the people. As Seventh-day Baptists, we are all brethren in Christ, and should rejoice in one another's welfare. I am glad to hear of the prosperity of our cause in any part of our beloved Zion. We, at Jackson Centre, are made glad by the addition of three members to our church. Yesterday afternoon a goodly number went about eight miles to the river to witness the beautiful ordinance of baptism administered to three young women who were glad thus publicly to acknowledge their allegiance to their Lord and Master. These three are all recent converts to the Sabbath of the Lord our God. We ask the prayers of all who may read these lines, that God will bless the pastor and the church at Jackson Centre. A. G. C.

MARCH 20, 1898.

MILTON, WIS.—The winter term at the College, the largest for a number of years, closed for a two weeks' vacation Tuesday, March 15. On the evening of that day Dr. Platts gave

the closing lecture of the course for the winter, on "The Personal Equation in Society Problems." It was full of good practical sense, spiced with genuine wit. The course has included such lecturers as Prof. R. B. Anderson, of Madison; Prof. E. H. Lewis, of Chicago; Prof. Swift, of Milton, whose lectures on Natural History, illustrated with the projecting microscope, are unsurpassed by anything of the kind in this country; President Whitford, and other local talent, making the course very interesting and instructive.

The religious atmosphere of the College, without any special "revival effort," keeps warm and healthful. Two of the young men are doing missionary work for the vacation, under the direction of the Missionary Society, at Grand Marsh and vicinity; and four others are assisting the Missionary Pastor, Eli Loofboro, in revival work at Berlin, all in this state. The expenses of this voluntary work at Berlin are provided for by the young people of Milton.

Large congregations fill the church on the Sabbath, often to such an extent that chairs are placed in the aisles in order to furnish seatings for those who come a little late. Interest in Sabbath-school, C. E. work, and the regular prayer-meetings is good, and we are striving to keep up our end in all denominational enterprises. Among other things, preparations for the coming Conference are beginning to receive attention.

Spring has arrived on time this year. While the "sun is crossing the line," farmers are plowing, gardens are being planted, bees are humming in the maple blossoms, and a good variety of feathered songsters fill the air with melody. "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the field be joyful, and all that is therein."

FARINA, ILL.—Farina has been favored with many gospel meetings during the winter. Secretary Whitford was with us at Christmas time. On Sabbath-day he presented the conditions and needs of our missionary cause. His effort was highly appreciated by those in attendance. Many understood our missionary enterprise better than ever before. Besides this discourse, Eld. Whitford addressed three other small audiences while here. Christmas night our church was crowded by eager witnesses of the Christmas tree and exercises conducted by the Christian Endeavor Society. The pastor and family were bountifully remembered in the gifts.

The Methodists conducted special meetings during the month of January. These meetings were soon followed by others in the Cumberland Presbyterian church, which continued for ten days. Immediately after these meetings work began in our church, conducted by Evangelist D. W. Leath. He was here two and a half weeks, preaching twenty-five times, besides conducting many afternoon prayer-meetings. The meetings closed Sunday evening, March 13, with a very able address upon the Sabbath question by Bro. Leath. The discussion of this question had been previously announced, and the house was crowded with people who listened attentively to the convincing arguments.

Eld. Leath's sermons were of a high, scholarly and spiritual character. There was nothing in them for which we had cause to blush or be ashamed. He has had a striking expe-

rience, the like of which few of us would stand. He impressed us as having been a Christian hero. We have but little knowledge of him outside of his pulpit work among us. But we bespeak for him the prayers and sympathy of our people in his important work. Seven converts have offered themselves for baptism and union with the church. We are hoping for others. We expect to have baptism next Sabbath. Bro. Leath is now laboring at Stone Fort, this state. Pray for the work in this part of Illinois.

D. BURDETT COON.

MARCH 16, 1898.

NEW AUBURN, MINN.—Since Eld. Clarke, of Dodge Centre, was here services have been held, and sermons prepared by him have been read by our young people. These have been appreciated, and they are preparing the way for the coming of Pastor Davis. The Rev. Mr. Hollensted, pastor of the Baptist church, was quite stirred up over Eld. Clarke's lectures on the moral law, and has been reviewing him, claiming that the law is done away, was against us, Jewish and *could not be kept*. He claimed that Seventh-day Baptists and their leaders were an ignorant people, and heretics, and that Rev. A. H. Lewis makes false statements in his tracts. This profound argument seemed to please his people and satisfy their disturbed consciences. Seventh-day Baptists were only made stronger and of greater courage by his sermons. Pray for the little band in New Auburn, and that there may be added both numbers and graces. **

DODGE CENTRE, MINN.—We have had beautiful springtime for several weeks, interrupted by one or two little flurries of snow, lasting but a short time. Sunshine and robins early in March bring cheer and hope to many in the North Star state. March 3-6, the Y. M. C. A.s of the county held their Fifth Annual Convention here. Among the notables were H. H. Rottman, County Secretary of Columbia County, Wis.; Robert Weidensall, International County Secretary, Chicago; H. W. Kellogg, Assistant State Secretary of Wisconsin; E. W. Martin, General Secretary, Mankato, Minn.; G. W. Lewis, St. Paul; C. W. Curren, County Secretary of Olmsted County, Minn. The Bible Hours, by Mr. Kellogg, were exceptionally fine, and the Convention Address, "Opportunities for Christian Youth," by Rev. W. W. Dawley, pastor Central Baptist church, Minneapolis, was a masterful effort, worthy of publication. Wm. Francis, State Secretary, the one who demolished the Decalogue here three years ago, and put Sabbath-keepers *hors de combat*, (?) was also on hand, as usual.

Following this attraction was the Rev. Mr. Beatty, of Anti-Saloon League fame, who spoke to a very small audience in the Congregational church. He was eloquent, interesting, earnest, but the League does not enthuse Dodge Centre. Mr. E. T. Cressey, late Assistant Librarian of the United States Senate for four years, and clerk of the House for two years, gave us four grand stereoptican lectures on Life of Jesus, Scenes of the War, Beautiful Washington, and the Battle of Chickamauga. Following this, Pastor Clarke gave his lecture on "Rome Against Our Public Schools." This was the subject of considerable comment, mostly favorable. It created some interest among those interested in educational matters, and in civil and

religious liberty. On the next evening Prof. H. D. Hollenbeck, a blind man, gave a varied entertainment in our church, and spoke somewhat at length upon the education of the blind. On Sunday, the 20th, a beautiful and touching memorial service was held in our church, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Edward L. Ellis, President. Various tributes were paid to Frances E. Willard, the closing one by Pastor Clarke.

Dodge Centre is to have a new \$16,000 school-building, heated by steam, with all the modern appliances added. The vote to ratify this action stood 93 for and 38 against.

A new German Lutheran church is also to be built this summer. Thus our village grows. May the people also grow in grace. Cor.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS IN OREGON.—Under the date of March 13, 1898, from Howell, Marion County, Oregon, Bro. O. Sabine writes, ordering the RECORDER and other publications. He adds:

There are a number of Sabbath-keeping people here who do not belong to any church, but we have been reading the tracts which you have kindly sent, and we do not see anything in your creed that we can not fully endorse. If you publish the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook*, please send me a copy, also more of your tracts—Nos. 1-12, also "Pro and Con," and I will see that they are kept moving. If there could be a good Seventh-day Baptist minister here to travel on the coast, and preach to the people, I am satisfied that there could be a glorious work accomplished. May God speed the day. There are nine of us who have been baptized, and several others are enquiring about the truth.

Bro. Sabine expresses a desire for membership in a Seventh-day Baptist church, and also says that he has invited Rev. J. T. Davis to visit Oregon on his journey from California to Minnesota, during the present month. We hope that Bro. Davis will be able to do so. Meanwhile the RECORDER, into which the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook* has been merged, sends Christian salutation and welcome to Bro. Sabine, and those with him. Further consideration of the case will be referred to Missionary Secretary Whitford.

POSTAL ECONOMY.

Now that the Loud bill has failed to pass the House of Representatives, another question presents itself for the consideration of those who are interested in putting the postal service upon a proper business footing. It is said by those who have studied the subject that the amount paid to the railroads for postal service is exorbitant, and that it might be cut in two to the saving of nearly \$15,000,000 a year. The *Weekly* has supported the Loud bill, not only for the economic reforms that would be worked by its adoption, but because the privileges of the postal laws are used for the pecuniary profit of those who are not entitled to the government's favors. It is understood that the Loud bill was defeated largely because of the argument that the real waste in the service is in this matter of railroad charges, which, we understand, have only been changed twice since 1873, once by a reduction of ten per cent, and again by a reduction of five per cent. In view of the enormous lowering of freight rates and passenger rates, it would seem that the maintenance of nearly the rate of twenty years ago for postal service needed explanation.—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE remedy for the constant excess of party spirit lies, and lies alone, in the courageous independence of the individual citizen.—*George William Curtis*.

Young People's Work

"It is a well-established truth that free labor cannot exist by the side of slave labor, any more than good money can circulate by the side of bad money." W. F. ALLEN.

"WEALTH acquired by industry works only good; but wealth acquired by plunder, fraud; and the spirit of gaming, always corrupts." W. F. ALLEN.

SOME boys make more noise in going up a pair of stairs than a train of cars makes in crossing a bridge. The foregoing statement is not true, but I wanted to see how it would look in print. E. S.

DO NOT be a sneak, my boy. If in your play you have broken a window, or pulled down a fence, or injured property in any way, be a man, frankly tell the owner of the property how the damage was done, and offer to pay for it. To be sure, you may never be discovered as the culprit, but you may be under suspicion; and then you will win the respect of all, if you do the right thing. E. S.

BOYS, there is an excellent article in the March number of the *North American Review* on "Personal Morals and College Government." If you can borrow the magazine, do so, and read the article. It will be well worth your time. In it you will discover the reason why all students are not treated in exactly the same way. You will see that what may have seemed to you partiality, is but the better judgment of an older and wiser person. E. S.

JUST FOR THE BOYS.

He was so mischievous, and still he was not a bad boy. But his teacher thought he had a bad heart. Nearly every day found him standing on the floor before the school to receive what he thought was an undeserved "lecture" from the professor. On this particular day he had walked to his seat with a book-clamp in his hand, and as he walked he kept opening and shutting the clamp. As he rounded the corner into the isle where his desk was, he suddenly lost hold of the clamp,—it had caught on the lobe of George Miller's ear! He did not do it intentionally; it just happened. Of course the teacher thought it was an intentional act, and so our hero received the usual lecture.

How many times little things "happen" in this world, and the blame falls sometimes where it ought to, and sometimes where it ought not. It pays to be careful, not only in letting things happen, but in passing our judgment after they have happened. S.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The white ribbon has a black back-ground at present because she who wore it so meritoriously has gone to that place where no reform is needed. Enough has been written concerning her life and labors. It is with a desire to have our girls and young ladies filled with the same spirit of steadfastness and Christ-likeness that I whisper through the flowing ink, just a word. Miss Willard did not do her great work with a desire that fame and fortune might be hers; the cause of purity was dear to her. "She hath done what she could," and hence her name will be

remembered. You may never be a great temperance reformer, but you can be bright and useful wherever God has placed you. The water in the boiler is out of sight and yet the train on the track, the machinery in the shops and mills could not be run without it. The world would be indeed unsightly and unwholesome were it not for the faithful hands that wash the dishes and make the beds.

A YOUNG man was canvassing for a book in a country place some fifty miles from here. In showing the work to a young lady he desired particularly to draw her attention to the chapter on etiquette. "Why," said the agent, "this chapter is worth the price of the entire work. You might be in a company of people some night when it would be very nice to play a game of etiquette, and this chapter will tell you just how to do it." The young lady did not buy the book, but she smiled a curious smile as she bowed him out the door. Moral: Know what you are talking about.

How much can be done in just a moment of time is evident from the following little clipping on "Only a Minute's Work": "It is said that an itinerant minister, some years ago, was passing through a prison crowded with convicts, showing every phase of ignorance and brutality. One gigantic fellow, crouched alone in the corner, his feet chained to a ball. There was an unhealed wound on his face where he had been shot while trying to escape. The sight of the dumb, gaunt figure touched the visitor's sympathies. "How long has he to serve?" asked the minister. "For life." "Has he anybody outside to look after him—wife or child?" "How should I know? Nobody has ever noticed him since he has been here." "May I speak to him?" "Yes, but only for a minute." The minister hesitated. What could he say in one minute? He touched the man's torn cheek. "I am sorry, I wish I could help you," he said. The convict looked keenly at him, and the hard lines softened, and he nodded to indicate that he believed in the sympathy expressed. "I am going away and shall never see you again, perhaps, but you have a friend that will stay here with you." The small keen eyes were on him; the prisoner dragged himself up, waiting and eager. "Have you heard of Jesus?" "Yes." "He is your friend; if you are good and true and pray to God to help you, I am sure he will care for you." "Come, sir!" called the keeper, "time's up." The clergyman turned sorrowfully away. The prisoner crawled after him, and catching his hand, held it in his own while he could. Tears were in the minister's eyes.—Fourteen years passed. The convict was sent to work in the mines. The minister went down one day into the mine, and among the workmen saw a gigantic figure bent with hardship and age. "Who is that?" he asked the keeper. "A lifer, and a steady fellow; the best of the gang." Just then the "lifer" looked up. His figure straightened for he recognized the clergyman. His eyes shone. "Do you know me?" he said. "Will he come soon, I've tried to be good." At a single word of sympathy the life had been transformed, the convict redeemed.—Ex.

OVER the name of the secretary of the United Y. P. S. C. E., in his "corner" of the *Christian Endeavor World*, appears the following: Most of it will do for Sabbath-keeping young

people. Please observe how its author drifts from Sabbath to Sunday and how ludicrous is her reference to the question, "Did he prepare any on Sunday?" Of course he did, but not on the Sabbath.

Here is a catechism on the Sabbath, fortified with Bible references. It is the work of Miss Catherine Copley, the Junior Superintendent of Riverside, Cal. Her Juniors have committed to memory all the Bible texts. This catechism would make a profitable exercise in any Junior Society in the country.

When did God make the Sabbath? Gen. 2: 2.
 What did God do it for? Gen. 2: 3.
 For whom did he make it? Mark 2: 27.
 What does he command us to do? Exod. 20: 8.
 When does he say we may work? Exod. 20: 9.
 Whose day is it? Exod. 20: 10; Mark 2: 28.
 May we work on the Sabbath? Exod. 20: 10.
 May your son or daughter? Exod. 20: 10.
 Or hired man or cook? Exod. 20: 10.
 Or horses, or your visitors? May any one? Exod. 20: 10.
 What else are we forbidden to do on the Sabbath? Isa. 58: 13.
 When ought we to prepare for the Sabbath? Exod. 16: 23.
 When God prepared food for the children of Israel, did he prepare any on the Sabbath? Exod. 16: 27.
 What resolve did the Jews of Nehemiah's day make? Neh. 10: 31.
 What effect did it have? Neh. 13: 15-21.
 The breaking of the Fourth Commandment had what effect? Jer. 17: 27; Neh. 13: 18.
 What about the man who keeps the Sabbath? Isa. 56: 2; 58: 13, 14.
 Is it possible to keep it right as we think, and still displease God? Isa. 1: 13.
 How shall we keep it? Luke 6: 7-10; Psa. 95: 6; Heb. 10: 25.

OUR MIRROR.

REPORTS of pledges for the year continue to be received with many words of encouragement. A number of the Societies have yet to report, and it is hoped they will do so in the near future.

DODGE CENTRE, Minn., March 17, 1898.

Dear Brother:—I have been authorized to confer with our young people and find out what they thought concerning the continuance of the "Young People's Page" in our Recorder, also report same to proper authorities. This is due to a request sent to the Society. I would say that I have conferred with about 50 per cent of our C. E. young people, and as they were all very desirous of its continuance, I thought it unnecessary to speak to the others, because they would undoubtedly be of same opinion.

Yours truly,

G. M. ELLIS, Sec.

ALFRED STATION, N. Y., March 20, 1898.

IN accordance with the request made by President E. B. Saunders, relative to the Young People's Department, the Second Alfred Y. P. S. C. E. took a vote, the result being seven who read the Young People's Department and eight who wished it continued. We have lately added four new names to our roll and there is prospect of adding more in the near future. For three weeks we have been having revival meetings, conducted by our pastor; there is a very deep interest manifested, both on the part of the church members and those who are unconverted. There have been already about twenty conversions, and there is a bright prospect of many more being brought into the kingdom.

Yours for Christ,

JAMES P. GREENE, Cor. Sec.

Children's Page.

BYE-LOW SONG.

BY L. AROLYN CAVERLY.

Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye-low, bye-low;
Brighter the little star-glances grow;
Bye-low, baby.
Moon-mother puts on her silver crown,
Rock-a-by, baby, in your white gown;
Bye-low, baby.

Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye-low, bye-low;
Waving the lily-buds to and fro,
Bye-low, baby.
Kissing them gently, "Good night, good night,
Sleep till the morning and wake in the light."
Bye-low, baby.

Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye-low, bye-low;
Up in the elm where the cradle-nests show,
Bye-low, baby.
Little birds drowsily swing the night through,
Warm and content, my own baby, like you;
Bye-low, baby.

Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye-low, bye-low;
Softer and sweeter his whispers grow;
Bye-low, baby.
Far and away, o'er the waters dim,
Baby shall dreamily follow him.
Bye-low, baby.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE BIRD ON MAMMA'S NEW HAT.

Elsie's mamma had bought a new hat which the milliner had just sent home, and the little girl was very anxious to see it taken out of the box. "Mamma always picks out such pretty hats," she reasoned, and of course in all the wide world there was no face so sweet as dear mamma's.

Elsie stood beside her as she untied the box, and as the new hat was lifted, she exclaimed: "O, how lovely it is, mamma!"

"I am glad you like it, dear. I always like to have my little girl pleased with what mamma wears."

The lady put the hat on her head and stood before the mirror on the bureau to see the effect. "Is it becoming, Elsie?" she asked.

"O, mamma, it is very becoming, and you look so lovely, I must kiss you."

As the tall lady stooped to get a kiss from the child, Elsie's face changed. A sad look came over it which her mamma did not notice. She had spied nestling among the bunches of lace and ribbon a tiny beautiful bird whose eyes seemed to look right into hers. The child said nothing, she did not wish to seem disloyal to dear mamma's new hat. But her tender, loving heart was touched, and she wondered why such a good, kind mamma would wear a dear little dead bird.

The hat was put back in the band-box and the mother resumed her book, while Elsie went off to play with her doll. But she was not as happy as she usually was. She kept thinking of the poor little bird—it looked like one she had seen flying about among the trees when she was in the country last summer. It used to hop about on the fence-rail, and sometimes look right at Elsie, when she was picking flowers in the garden. What a terrible thing if that dear little bird on the new hat was the same one, and some cruel person had killed it!"

"What is she matter, Elsie dear, don't you feel well?" her mamma asked her a half hour later, as the child came back into her room and sat in her little chair so quietly. Mothers somehow can tell when their children are troubled in their hearts, even if they don't say anything.

It did not seem as if mamma could do anything wrong, so it must be all right for her to wear a bird on her hat, Elsie thought, and she tried to be cheerful, and said as children often do, "O, nothing much, mamma." But when her mother put on her new hat to go to an entertainment with papa that evening, and asked him what he thought of it, Elsie was standing by, an attentive listener. Papa looked at it critically and mamma turned about to show him the full effect.

"I would like the hat very much," her husband said, "if it were not for one thing, and that is the dead bird on it. I cannot understand how you can see any beauty in such an ornament. Birds were made to sing and to fly about and be happy, not to be killed to decorate hats. You think just as I do, don't you, Elsie?"

Elsie was very glad that papa felt just as she did about the poor dead bird, but she did not say a word then, only nodded her little curly head.

It was late when her parents returned, and, as was their custom, went into Elsie's little room to see if she were sleeping well, and everything was as it should be. As they turned up the gas a wide-awake pair of eyes looked into theirs and there were tears in them, too.

"Why, Elsie, dear, not asleep yet?" said mamma, as she stooped down to the little bed to kiss her.

"I have been asleep, mamma, but I had the dreadfulest dream—it made me cry, and that waked me up, and I could not get to sleep again."

"What was it, darling?" asked papa, in such sympathetic tones, that Elsie burst into tears and said, "It was about that sweet little bird on mamma's hat. I dreamed it was the same one that used to sit on the fence and look at me when I was at Uncle's in the country. And it talked to me and said that some dreadful man killed it, just when it was feeding its little ones in the nest, and it does not know what became of them. The poor little mother-bird says they must have starved to death because she could never carry any more worms to them."

"It could not possibly be that bird, Elsie," said her mother, "you were only dreaming."

"The bird on your hat is just like that one, mamma, and I'm so afraid it had little children, and had to die and leave them." Elsie's arms were about her mother's neck and she was sobbing. "You know, if you should die, mamma, and leave me, I could not live and bear it."

"I had no idea, my dear child, that you felt so badly over that bird on my hat. Tomorrow I will take it off, and I will never, never wear another bird."

"O, I am so glad, mamma, for every time I looked at that hat, with the dear little dead bird, it would make me feel so sorry. And mamma dear, maybe if you won't wear dead birds on your hat the other ladies you know won't, and then it won't be the fashion any more." Elsie fairly laughed at the thought that there might come a time when there would be no more killing of the little birds for fashion's sake.

Somehow papa's kisses that night were more heartfelt than ever, if that could be. He whispered in her ear, "The Lord bless you, my child. May you always plead the cause of the wronged and oppressed as effectually as you have to-night."—*Evangelist.*

PATTY-CAKE.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!
Love is a jewel, and life is a span;
Summer is here, and the morning is gay,
Let us be babies together to-day.
Sorrow's a myth, and our troubles but seem,
The past is an echo, the future a dream;
Plenty of mornings to worry and plan!
Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!

Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!
Roll it and prick it as fast as we can;
Roses and lilies for baby and me,
Roll it and prick it and mark it with T.
Roses and lilies and daisies that come
Down from the garden that dimples are from,
Let us be babies as long as we can,
Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!

KINDNESS APPRECIATED.

BY W. T. S. DEAVOR.

In Cole's Valley, often called Groundhog Valley, Huntingdon County, Pa., occurred the following incident, which may throw some light on the power birds have to appreciate human kindness:

Andrew Chilcoat, a brother-in-law to the writer, noticed that a sparrow came daily to the door to pick the crumbs that fell from the table-cloth. Finally he took to feeding it, and in course of time it grew so tame as to perch upon his arm and eat from his hand.

It never failed to come at the regular meal hours, apparently having learned this by seeing the housewife shake the table-cloth three times a day.

One day this man and his wife were working at the spring-house, and the dinner hour had passed. Soon they heard the sparrow fussing, as if the cat was after it. Their affection for the bird aroused suspicion, and they went up to see after it. And what do you think they saw? On the doorstep was the sparrow with her whole brood of little ones, earnestly begging for food. As the dinner was delayed, and her whole family was with her, the mother bird thought it necessary to raise some alarm.

They gave her a piece of bread; the little ones stood around her with wide-open mouths while she fed them, stuffing their little throats till they could eat no more. This done, she fed herself, then twittered about for a moment in token of her gratitude, and with her family stole away.

Day after day they came at the appointed time to receive their little portion, and were fed in the same manner, till the young ones were feathered and well able to care for themselves. Like the dove in Noah's ark, one day she did not return. Perhaps she regarded it impolite to "sponge" always on human kindness; perhaps he who sees the fall of every sparrow provided other food for them. The visit was never repeated, though they continued to live in the trees near by.

"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." If God so cares for a sparrow, how much more will he care for you, oh ye of little faith?

JESUS WHISPERS.—A little girl was asked to tell what she thought was meant by conscience. She stopped a moment, then she replied: "I think it is Jesus whispering in our hearts." Was not that a beautiful answer? Dear little child, do you listen to Jesus when he whispers in your heart?

TO THINK of religion in any other sense than as a state of self-denial, is knowing nothing at all of it; for its whole nature is to direct us by a light, and knowledge, and wisdom from God; which is all contrary to the darkness, ignorance, and folly of our natures.

Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1898.

SECOND QUARTER.

April 2.	The Woman of Canaan.....	Matt. 15: 21-31
April 9.	Sufferings of Jesus Foretold.....	Matt. 16: 21-28
April 16.	The Transfiguration.....	Matt. 17: 1-9
April 23.	A Lesson on Forgiveness.....	Matt. 28: 21-35
April 30.	The Triumphal Entry.....	Matt. 21: 6-16
May 7.	The Marriage Feast.....	Matt. 22: 1-14
May 14.	Watchfulness.....	Matt. 24: 42-51
May 21.	The Day of Judgment.....	Matt. 25: 31-46
May 28.	The Lord's Supper.....	Matt. 26: 17-30
June 4.	Jesus Condemned.....	Matt. 27: 11-26
June 11.	Jesus Crucified.....	Matt. 27: 35-50
June 19.	The Risen Lord.....	Matt. 28: 8-20
June 26.	Review.....	

LESSON II.—SUFFERINGS OF JESUS FORETOLD.

For Sabbath-day, April 9, 1898.

LESSON TEXT.—Matt. 16: 21-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He was bruised for our iniquities. Isa. 53: 5.

INTRODUCTION.

The four thousand are miraculously fed; the Pharisees seek a sign from heaven in their wickedness and plotting; at Cæsarea Philippi, Peter makes his remarkable confession of Christ; and now Jesus comes to a time in his ministry when it seems necessary to more clearly reveal to his disciples the true nature of the Messiah, his sufferings as revealed in Old Testament prophecy, but not understood by expectant Jews.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. The Sad Revelation. v. 21. *From that time forth.* Beginning then he plainly told them of the cruel death awaiting him. He had first convinced them that he was the Messiah, Peter's confession being one proof of their conviction; now they must be prepared for awful and coming events. They had had the popular impression that his kingdom was to be temporal as well as eternal, and the splendors of David's and Solomon's reign were soon to be enjoyed. What temporary disappointments come to disciples of our Lord. *How that he must go.* Not because of earthly power to compel him, but necessary to accomplish the work of atonement. *Unto Jerusalem.* Could a prophet perish out of Jerusalem? But he was to fulfil the sacrifices there made. *Suffer many things.* Related in Matt. 26 and 27. *Elders.* Men in the Sanhedrim. *Killed.* By crucifixion and grief over the sins of men. *The third day.* Indefinite passages are to be interpreted in the light of definite ones. Matt. 12: 40 is *definite*. The resurrection was to be the final and overwhelming evidence of his Messiahship.

2. Another Temptation to Jesus. v. 22, 23. *Peter took him.* An interruption, or an impulsive grasping of Jesus' hand to declare that this ought not to be, *must not be.* *Rebuke him.* In his love mingled with self-confidence, Peter entreats earnestly, not assuming authority over Jesus. But even this was not a submissive spirit in Peter. Satan, through Jesus' ardent friend, tempts him to give up his sacrificial work. Our friends sometimes keep us from our true work and its accomplishment, because, like Peter, it seems inconceivable to them. And do not men professing faith in Christ, even now, protest against the atonement and outline another's way for salvation? *But he turned.* Toward the group of disciples. Mark 8: 33. *Said unto Peter.* Before them all. *Get thee behind me, Satan.* You, Peter, suggested that I may gain the crown, or kingdom without the cross. The adversary [the meaning of Satan here] suggested that in the wilderness. Satan is making use of your prejudices and impulsiveness, though you are my dear disciple, to hinder my work. *Thou art an offence.* A hindrance, stumbling block, not understanding the true nature of Messiah's work. *Thou savorest not.* You do not now mind the plan of God I just revealed to you. *But those that be of men.* You judge of this plan as men do who are looking for a worldly kingdom, with its honors and selfish triumph.

3. The Way to the Crown. v. 24, 25. Here Jesus applies the principle he acts upon in redeeming men, to the lives and mission of Christian people. We must come to our victory, too, over self and sin by the way of self-denial and suffering in the flesh. *Then Jesus said.* Unto the people "he had called unto him" (Mark 8: 34), as well as the disciples. *If any man will come.* If he desires, purposes, to go to the work to which I go, and to the reward I go. *Let him deny himself.* Crucify his self-will, self-indulgence, self-sufficiency, and surrender to God's will; let him not make life a seeking of personal happiness, and gratification of personal wishes, but to do right, serve the Lord, be loyal to his truth at any cost, of life if necessary. *Take up his cross.* Bear burdens, endure hardships and disgrace even, keep God's commandments though it produce shame, poverty, or death. *Take it*

up, voluntarily. Do not wait to have somebody lay it on you. *And follow me.* Accept Christ as teacher, authority in doctrine and precept, "contend for the faith," obey him. *Whosoever will save his life shall lose it.* Over anxiety to save one's temporal life, or comfort, or security, is often the cause of the loss of eternal life. But whosoever is willing to lose it for Christ's sake is saved for eternity. Devotion to Christ by faith leads to self-denial and making secondary temporal affairs.

4. Unprofitable Exchanges. v. 26. *For what is a man profited.* Profit and reward in temporal affairs to the exclusion of heavenly interests become a matter of selfishness. *Gain the whole world.* All its pleasure, wealth, honor. But very few of the many who lose their souls gain an abundance of the world, only the smallest part of it. All who strive to gain the world, unwilling to sacrifice it for religion and Christ's sake, will lose their souls. *Give in exchange for his soul.* There can be no possible compensation for such an eternal loss. There is no redemption in the abode of the lost.

5. The Coming Kingdom. v. 27, 28. *Son of man shall come in the glory of the Father.* All the days of humiliation and cross-bearing will sometime end, and Jesus, the triumphant King, will return in glory and majesty to judge the world. *With his angels.* Glorious attendants. *Reward.* Recompense. *Every man according to his works.* According to character and everything according to truth. And because he will come to judgment, and justice will be done to all, we should be willing to be self-denying, suffer contempt, shame, persecution, for his sake. All righteous suffering will have great recompense. *Some standing here.* Then before him who would see the beginnings of his triumph, the establishment of the gospel kingdom, and thus the pledge of his final coming. *Taste of death.* Before they die, they will see a Pentecostal beginning. The church will be organized, its enlargement begun in Asia, Rome, Greece, Africa. The coming of the Son of man in his kingdom was seen in these gospel triumphs; not wholly in a second person, at coming of Christ to each. This was not the reference to his coming as judge of all the earth in the glory of his Father and with angels. That is still in the future, the day and hour of which we know not, but it will surely be, and we are to watch and pray, and always be ready.

NOTES FROM A BIRD-LOVER.

O, these March days! How clear and bracing the air! How bright the sunshine! How white the snow-clad hills! The sap spurts from the orchard maples and a sweet-smelling, odorous steam issues from the sugar-house and farm-kitchen. The roiled brooklet rushes along under the willows. What a contrast to the picture of November:

The willows alone,
As they sigh and they moan,
Still harbor their mantle of green,
And hovering o'er the lone stream,
Some comfort they bring,
Some gentle song sing
To the streamlet below,
In its windings so slow.

Now all is changed. There is no sighing or moaning. The tall willows stand very straight, lifting toward the warm sun their slender branches—already coloring with new life. Who will sing a song of spring? Pussy-Will-O!

Now and then there is a flutter and twitter in the branches. Two small wings are quickly spread and as quickly folded again. Master Chicadee is about to-day, with his black cap and necktie, as usual. Instead of his *chic-a-dee-dee*, or *day-day-day*, he is singing his phoebe note—fooling many a young birdologist into thinking that Mistress Phoebe has really come.

The slate-colored Junco perches on a high limb, lisping his one note, which seems sweeter than in winter—doubtless he is tuning up for that joyous marriage song which will be sung in the far north. As the sun strikes his dark head he looks like a small black-bird and we are almost puzzled for a moment. The Junco is only a little more than six inches long. He is dark slate above, light underneath. He is seen in flocks, usually, from October to April. One July I was greatly surprised to find a Junco's nest, with little ones, cozily hidden in one of the banks in Lover's Lane.

The happiest surprise of this spring came at Bobolink Farm the other day. Lady Wren's nose was scarcely pointed toward the barn when the children began, "Auntie, what bird is that whistling so sweetly?" I listened, made my way toward the orchard, and there discovered a flock of Snow Buntings—the real snow-birds, so plump and white. They are about seven inches long, a little black on the back, wings and tail. They nest in the Arctic regions.

It is for the robin we keep most faithful watch. He is the true harbinger of spring. Last year he came the 5th of March. This year, a day later. Now for a month or more he will be Lord of all he surveys. He will sing down the gentle showers that bring the flowers, and to us, as to the Indian of old, his song will be:

Chief, listen, chief,
Be more gentle, be more loving.
Chief, teach it, chief.
Be not fierce, oh be not cruel;
Love each other!
Love each other!

As we watch the flash of his red breast in the sunlight, we think tenderly of that story—how the robin got his red breast.

Away in the frozen northland there was but one fire, and this was tended by an old man and his little son. The father fell ill; then the boy had to both care for his sick father and keep the fire burning. After many days and nights the faithful son became so weary he fell asleep. Then the white bear—who had been watching for this opportunity—rejoiced, for he wanted the northland all to himself. He jumped and rolled on the fire till he thought it smothered—and the people would all be frozen. But a gray bird saw the bear; she flew to the fire, found a tiny spark and fanned it with her wings till there was a blaze again. But poor robin's breast was scorched red. She flew away, and wherever she touched the ground a fire blazed forth, so the northland was all lighted with fires, and the white bear could only creep sullenly into his cave. This is why the children of the northland love the robin, give her a cheery welcome each year, and begrudge her not the few cherries and berries she takes from trees and bushes.

EVA ST. CLAIR CHAMPLIN.

MR. BEECHERS'S ORATORY.

In the winter of 1859 I came down from Rochester to New York, and, as was my custom, went to Plymouth church to hear Mr. Beecher preach the true gospel of divine love. He spoke with marvelous force, power, and seriousness in condemning a display of piety on Sunday, and then cheating in trade on Monday, and in the way of illustration, began to shave his face with his four fingers as a razor. The congregation began to laugh (he used both hands) as he stroked his cheek and said, "They shave their faces clean on Sunday," and then in a flash drew his finger across his throat and added, "And cut their brothers' throats on Monday." The force of his outburst of indignation was sublime, and its influence upon the congregation was instantaneous. The facial change from a grimace when expressing hypocrisy and imitating the process of shaving to one of august anger when expressing murder was one of the grandest flashes of majestic oratory I have ever witnessed.

No public speaker has ever surpassed, in clearness of foresight, grandeur, fullness, beauty and force of illustration, inexhaustible conception of that charity which never fails, and richness and length and breadth and height and depth of mind, heart and soul power, Henry Ward Beecher.—*Outlook.*

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Wagon Tires Six Inches Wide.

I have received a report giving the results of experiments, lasting from January 1, 1896, to September 30, 1897, stating the difference in power required and the effect produced, between the use of common wagon tires, one and a half inches wide, and those of six inches in width on hard McAdam or soft dirt roads, in almost every possible condition. The experiments were made with the same wagon, by exchange of wheels, loaded at all times with 2,000 pounds and having a recording dynamometer to show exactly the strain in number of pounds required to draw the load.

The first test was made on a smooth McAdam road, free from dirt or sand, and nearly level. For the narrow tire the average pull was 99 pounds, yet, strange as it may seem, the broad tire only required 73 pounds; thus showing over 35 per cent in favor of the wide tire.

The next experiment was tried on a hard gravel road, generally smooth, but having some loose stones. The one and a half inch tire used 218 pounds, while the six inch only required 163 pounds, thus showing 33 per cent in favor of the six inch tire on this kind of road. A piece of road was then selected, having a large proportion of sand, mixed with gravel; on this the narrow tire used 239 pounds, and the wide tire 156, showing 45 per cent in favor of the wide tire.

The next trial was made on a gravel road, covered with water some two inches deep, and quite soft. Here the narrow tire seemed to take the lead, requiring a power of 262 pounds, while the wide tire pressed the slush and gravel from under, and required 268 pounds, showing 6 pounds in favor of narrow tires, on a road of this character. In this case the narrow tire cut down quite deep, and damaged the surface, while the wide tire left the surface smooth and level.

The next trial was on a common dirt road, made of soil the same as in the fields; when dry, this surface was soon worked into dust, but when wet, into mud and ruts of varying depths. On the dust road the narrow tire required but 90 pounds, while the wide tire rolled up the dust before it and required 106 pounds, thus favoring the narrow tire, but when on mud the wide tire settled down to the depth of 3 inches, then the difference was far greater, and stood 335 pounds for narrow, and 436 for the wide. As soon as the mud became dry and unyielding the broad tire at once assumed its supremacy.

Another experiment was tried last year in March on a clay road, mud deep, stiff, and beginning to dry on the surface, except at one end, where the mud was soft and water was standing; there the narrow tire cut down to the depth of 7 inches, and the average draft for 400 feet in length for the narrow tire was 825 pounds, while for the wide tire only 551, showing largely in favor of the six inch tire. So far the percentage is largely in favor of the six inch over the one and a half inch or narrow tire.

Every farmer knows that most of the hauling on wagons is done on the farm, and here is where the six inch tire becomes the most valuable. The hauling of manure to the fields, especially on plowed lands, often taxes the strength of the team to its utmost,

though on short pulls; yet the strain effects the team more than hauling a ton ten miles, on a good road.

The wide tire will take its load over a timothy sod without doing damage to the surface, while the narrow tire will cut its way four inches deep, and show its track for a year. The strain, or power, required to do the hauling on the farm is reduced fully from 40 to 60 per cent in favor of the wide tire.

The legislatures, of both the states of New York and New Jersey, have bills before them looking to the adoption of some system of introducing wide tires, for the benefit of having good roads. Various suggestions are made. Some are for offering a premium on every wheel having the wide tire to be deducted from the road tax. Others to give a dollar a wheel for wide tires as an inducement, while others are for taxing all whose wagons have narrow tires, and applying the fine for keeping the roads in repair; while yet others are for passing laws determining what shall be the width of all tires, and make that compulsory.

I am in favor of the last, on the principle of humanity to animals. Were I a legislator, and a premium bill could only be passed, I would insist that the premium should be paid in oats or corn-meal, and be fed to the team, that the farmer or owner of the team should be arrested and fined not less than \$50 if found selling or hauling the feed to market.

There is a universal law that friction is in proportion to pressure, and not surface. Therefore, if any man thinks a load will draw easier, or with less friction, on a wagon-axle 8 inches long than one of 12 inches, let him shorten up the bearings of his grindstone, and turn it himself and be convinced; or that a wide tire will proportionately last with the narrow one, according to the above law.

HALT.

About five years ago a certain business man in one of our large cities was hurrying down to his place of business when his eye suddenly fell upon some large, glaring letters. The letters extended over a number of yards of space, and constituted the head-line to a poster which advertised a taking performance in one of the large theaters. This gentleman had seen plenty of posters, but he scarcely ever stopped to look at one. On that morning though, there seemed to be something unusual in the poster; he stopped, stood motionless for a moment, and then proceeded to his office, but with a little slower step. "The pace that kills," was what he had read on the poster. It was only the name of the play, and yet it seemed to impress him as no few words had ever done.

"The pace that kills," said he, "is just the pace that I have been taking for all these years. My hair is gray, my face is furrowed, and my strength is not what it used to be; I guess I must slow up. Have I stopped to think of him who gave me strength and wisdom and all that is mine? No! I must change my gait. I will this day give what is left of me to him who drew my eyes to look upon those startling letters."

Young friends, how many of you are just beginning a life of business? Are you going to take God as your partner? You need him as a counselor. If you do just as he tells you, "failure" will never be written across the door of your life. *The pace that kills* is an

ungodly pace, whether it is the mad rush to the Klondike for gold, or to the shop, or office, or to work on the farm. Walk as Enoch walked, and your life will be a success. Work as you know Jesus would work were he the person who goes by your name.

"Work! and when the coming ages overlook the lists of fame, Wisdom in her-annaed pages shall pay tribute to each name."

M. SINDALL.

"REAPER," I asked, "among the golden sheaves, Toiling at noon amid the fallen leaves, What recompense hast thou for all thy toil? What tithe of all thy Master's wine and oil? Or dost thou coin thy brow's hot drops to gold, Or add to house and land, or flock and fold?" The reaper paused from binding close the grain, And said, while shone his smile through labor's stain, "I do my Master's work, as he has taught; And work of love with gold was never bought. He knoweth all of which my life hath need; His servants reap as they have sown the seed. With all my heart I bind my Master's grain, And love makes sweet my labor and my pain."

—Helping Hand.

God knows what he wants us to be and to do. He will shape and use us, if we will submit ourselves to him trustfully. Martin Luther calls attention to the fact that the invitation in the Psalms, "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him" is, in Hebrew, "Be silent to God—let him mold thee." If we are not what we ought to be, it is because we resist God's effort to make us so, and prefer our plans to his.

BRIDGET'S PRECAUTION.—*Bridget* (to Mike who had just set up a new stove): "Don't build a foire in it till Oi throy th' oven, fer if it don't bake well Oi'll hov it sint back.—*Judge*."

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

A full supply of the publications of the American Sabbath Tract Society can be found at the office of Wm. B. West & Son, at Milton Junction, Wis.

THE Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N. Y., will meet the last Sabbath in each month for public worship, at 2 P. M., at the residence of Dr. S. C. Maxson, 22 Grant St. Sabbath-keepers in the city and adjacent villages, and others are most cordially invited to attend.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. L. C. Randolph 6126 Ingleside Ave. CHARLES D. COON, *Church Clerk*.

THE Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist church holds regular Sabbath services in the Welsh Baptist chapel, Eldon St., London, E. C., a few steps from the Broad St. Station. Services at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Pastor, the Rev. William C. Daland; address, 1, Maryland Road, Wood Green, London, N., England. Sabbath-keepers and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corner of Church and Genesee streets, at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school following preaching service. A general invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath. M. B. KELLY, *Pastor*.

THE Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services in the Boys' Room of the Y. M. C. A. Building, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. The preaching service is at 11.30 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services. GEO. B. SHAW, *Pastor*, 461 West 155th Street.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury, as mercury will destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physician, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

MARRIAGES.

CLARKE—STILLMAN.—In the town of Westerly, R. I., March 21, 1898, Mr. William B. Clarke and Miss Pearl L. Stillman, by the Rev. G. J. Crandall.

ORDWAY—CRANDALL.—At 5739 Lexington Avenue, Chicago, Ill., March 17, 1898, by Rev. L. C. Randolph, Ira J. Ordway and Amelia Crandall, all of Chicago.

KEPLER—DAVIS.—At the home of the bride's father, Mr. Erwin F. Davis, in Gladbrook, Iowa, by Rev. Leon D. Hurdick, Mr. Richard P. Kepler, of Traer, Iowa, and Miss Bertha Davis.

DEATHS.

SHORT obituary notices are inserted free of charge. Notices exceeding twenty lines will be charged at the rate of ten cents per line for each line in excess of twenty.

AYARS.—Byron Lewis, infant son of Jared W. and Bessie E. Ayars, was born Dec. 31, 1896, and died March 7, 1898.

A bright ray of light that warmed the hearts of father and mother, and was the pet of the household, has gone out.

"Though earth may boast one gem the less, May not e'en heaven the richer be?"

I. L. C.

SOCWELL.—John Webb Socwell was born in Cumberland county, N. J., Feb. 15, 1825, and died near Shiloh, March 13, 1898, of pneumonia.

He was married in early life to Lydia Bonham, and after her death, to Lydia Compton, who died some years ago. He was a member of the Baptist church of Roadstown, N. J. He died respected by the community and loved by an only daughter, who had kindly cared for him in his infirmities.

I. L. C.

BURDICK.—Palmer Burdick was born in Rensselaer county, N. Y., June 6, 1816, and died in Farina, Ill., March 16, 1898.

On June 21, 1838, he was married to Charlotte Ann Burdick, who passed from this life Sept. 17, 1891. To them were born eight children, of whom but two sons and one daughter are now living. About 1847 he moved West, settling in Walworth county, Wis. Since then he has lived in northern Illinois, Milton, Wis., Kansas, and during the last 23 years in Farina, Ill. In early boyhood he was baptized and united with the Berlin (N. Y.) Seventh-day Baptist church.

D. B. C.

VARs.—Mrs. Jennie M. Vars, daughter of John Lamb, and wife of Elmer B. Vars, of South Berlin, N. Y., died in Williams-town, Mass., Feb. 25, 1898, aged 33 years.

Mrs. Vars was always cheerful, hopeful, helpful, conscientious, and religious; she was a bright light in her girlhood home and sunshine in her husband's household. Happy in her church relations and zealous to a high degree in all good works, she has left a good name to be cherished in remembrance by all who knew her and most of all in the homes that knew her best. The sermon at the funeral was by Rev. A. B. Whipple, of Pittsfield, Mass. Text, "Hersun is gone down while it was yet day."

H. V.

LAMB.—Mr. Bert E. Lamb, brother of Mrs. Vars, died in North Adams, Mass., Dec. 14, 1897.

So there is double sorrow in both afflicted families.

H. V.

HUSTED.—Amy E., daughter of Jacob and Amy Ayars, and wife of William Husted, was born Feb. 13, 1855, and died Feb. 8, 1898, in the hospital in Philadelphia.

She had left her late home near Bridgeton, N. J., only a few days before to test the last chance that the physicians believed was left her for regaining health. She had been a great sufferer for many years, but was patient and uncomplaining. She was an active and kind-hearted woman, an esteemed neighbor and a loving wife. Feb. 19, 1870, she was

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baptized and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Shiloh, N. J., of which she was a member until death.

I. L. C.

TOMLINSON.—Mrs. Rebekah Tomlinson, widow of the late Dr. George Tomlinson, and daughter of Curtis and Clarissa Davis White, was born March 1, 1810, and died March 12, 1898.

March 3, 1834, she was united in marriage to John O. Frazier. Some years after the death of Mr. Frazier, she was again married, Feb. 3, 1869, to Dr. George Tomlinson. She was baptized and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Shiloh, N. J., in 1831. Many were added to the church that year, only two of whom are now left, Joseph P. Allen, in his 90th year, and Horace B. Davis in his 84th year. Mrs. Tomlinson spent most of her life in this vicinity. She was held in high esteem by her neighbors and friends, as a woman of superior character, patient, kind-hearted and benevolent.

I. L. C.

HURLEY.—At her home in Welton, Iowa, March 13, 1898, Sylvia E. Hurley, aged 44 years, 1 month and 25 days.

At the age of twelve years she gave her heart to the Saviour and united with the M. E. church at Delmar, Iowa. March 13, 1873, she was married to L. A. Hurley, who still survives her. Soon after this she became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Welton, where, for twenty-five years, until called home, she was a devoted, faithful Christian worker. By her death the church, the Sabbath-school, the Ladies' Benevolent Society and the community at large have sustained a loss which is keenly felt. Besides her husband, two daughters, one son, her father, brothers and sisters are left to mourn. The funeral services were conducted by her pastor. They were attended by a large congregation of friends and neighbors. 1 Cor. 2: 9.

E. H. S.

BLACKMAN.—L. Elenor Blackman, of Omaha, Neb., March 12, 1898, of neuralgia of the heart, age 64 years.

Lucy Elenor, daughter of Isaac Clarke, was born in 1833, at Brookfield, Mad-

son Co., N. Y. In 1855 she was married to Noyes Spice, of Indianapolis, Ind. Residing there until 1858, they removed to Lyon county, Kansas, settling on Dow Creek, and later going to Emporia. To them one child was born, a son, who died in his eighteenth year. In early life she became a Christian, uniting with the Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist church, where her membership still remained. Although removed from the church of her choice she was ever an active worker in the cause of Christ, also in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Funeral services were held in Omaha, conducted by the pastor of the First Baptist church. Interment at Emporia. She was married to M. E. N. Blackman in 1883.

E. N. B.

BURDICK.—Mrs. Alvira Burdick, wife of Lyman B. Burdick, deceased, passed into rest Sabbath morning, March 19, 1898, at the age of 73 years.

Sorrow has filled the hearts of many in the town of Royalton, N. Y. She had been a patient sufferer for the last three years. Gathered around her bed were her three sons and one daughter, tenderly ministering to their mother's wants and fulfilling her last wishes. The deceased was born in the town of Pownal, Vt., Nov. 3, 1824. Many years ago she became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Clarence, N. Y., and has always been a faithful adherent thereof.

One less at home!
One more gone—a gear face,
Missed day by day from its usual place;
But cleansed, saved, perfected by grace,
One more in heaven!

One less on earth!
Its pain, its sorrow and its toil to share,
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear,
One more the crown of the blest to wear
At home in heaven.

B. D.

Literary Notes.

A GREAT preacher once said: "We want some books of men who have struggled and who still live and labor for the good of their fellow-men. We already have enough books in which the good boys and girls died young." Such a book is just out, bearing the title, "Tell Them;" or, "The Life Story of a Medical Missionary." By George D. Dowkontt, M. D., author of "Murdered Millions." It is full of incidents in the life of a poor newsboy, who went to sea; became a physician; has been a medical missionary over twenty years; and is now training others to "Go and do likewise." 256 pages, illustrated. Cloth, gilt, 60 cents; paper, 30 cents; mailing, 5 cents extra. *Medical Missionary Record*, 121 East 45th Street, New York.

OPPORTUNITIES.

To every one of us along our years there comes opportunities, which, if accepted and improved, would fit us for noble, useful living, and lead us in due time to places of honor and blessing.

In youth the hours are full of privileges. They come like angels, sent to us from God; and if we are laggard or indolent, or if we are too intent on our own little trifles to give welcome to these heavenly messengers with their heavenly gifts, they quickly pass on and are gone. And they never come back to renew their offer.

Opportunities come to all. The days of every life are full of them. But the trouble with too many of us is that we do not make anything out of them while we have them. Then the next moment they are gone.

Glimpses of these lost things—these squandered treasures, these wasted possibilities, these pearls and gems of life that have gone down into the sea of our past—we may have when the

reefs are left bare by the reflux tides, but glimpses only can we see. We cannot recover our treasures.

We must catch the sacred meaning of our opportunities if we would live up to our best.

The real problem in living, is how to take what the hours bring. He who does this will live nobly and faithfully, and will fulfill God's plan for his life.

Many people wait for great and brilliant opportunities for doing the good things, the beautiful things, of which they dream, while through all the plain, common days, the very opportunities they require for such deeds lie close to them, in the simplest and most familiar passing events and in the homliest circumstances.

We have nothing to do with anything save the privilege and duty of the one hour now passing. This makes the problem of living very simple. We need not look at our own life as a whole, nor even carry the burden of a single year; if we but grasp well the meaning of the one little fragment of time immediately present, and do instantly all the duty and take all the privilege the one hour brings, we shall thus do that which shall best please God and build up our own life into completeness.—*Rev. J. R. Miller.*

HE who never connects God with his daily life knows nothing of the spiritual meanings and uses of life; nothing of the calm, strong patience with which ills may be endured; of the gentle, tender comfort which the Father's love can minister; of the blessed rest to be realized in his forgiving love, his tender fatherhood; of the deep, peaceful sense of the Infinite One ever near, a refuge and a strength.—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

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ANSWER.—Conference has become so large that few churches are able to accommodate the annual sessions, and the consequent expenses are heavy upon a single church. After two years or more of consideration by competent committees, Conference recommended the present plan.

1. That the sessions of our Anniversaries be held with the different Associations, in order.

2. That the Association should recommend to Conference the name of the church in the Association with which the sessions should be held.

3. That the churches in the Association unite in defraying the expenses of the Conference. The plan by which this aid to the church with which Conference meets, is left to the churches of the Association, as is also the amount of aid that each church should contribute. In a word, the place where the Anniversaries shall be held, and the expenses incident to entertaining delegates and providing accommodations for the sessions, is now an Associational matter, with each Association in turn. All details are in the hands of the entertaining church, and its sister Associational churches.

THE MENDING HABIT.

"Let a man once fall into the habit of pottering, of tinkering at his house, his body, his character, and always there is danger that he will become a confirmed cobbler," writes Robert J. Buedette of "The Mending-Basket," in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "Where he should rip off a rotting roof from ridge to cornice, he will stick in a shingle, a piece of slate, a scrap of tin, amid ever-increasing leaks, dry rot and general decay. He braces, and bolsters, and patches walls and fences until his farm looks as though it had a combination of Saint Vitus' dance and delirium tremens. He tinkers at his poor, perishing frame with cure-alls and lotions, pills and plasters. He braces up his decaying virtues with good resolutions, and poultices his vices with good intentions. He fences his follies with certain—or rather, uncertain—limitations. And, after all, he is the same old man. Decayed and decaying, weak here and warped there; out of plumb, disjointed and covered with patches that do not renew him nor mend him at all, but merely emphasize his degeneration."

LIKE mountain-climbers, we are bound one to another by the unseen cords of influence. Like mountain-climbers, we are either dragging others down, or we are helping to hold them up. Which is it?

THE more we sit at His feet and watch to see what He has to say ourselves, the more we shall have to tell to others.—F. R. Haver-gal.