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AT LAST.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the wind from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown—

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenent when its walls decay;
O love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces, to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
No street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy unbounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place—

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

There from the music 'round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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Sabbath Recorder.

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

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Do NOT fail to read the "Additional Information Concerning Conference," on page 510. That information will be welcomed by a large number of people who purpose to attend Conference. Write to the Committee if you desire special knowledge as to other points.

THE sympathy we often feel, when listening to speakers or singers, is well illustrated in the case of the boy who, with a correct ear for music, was compelled to listen to another, who was singing in a harsh and discordant key. Listening for a time he said, "Mamma, I wish Clarence wouldn't sing; it makes my throat sore to hear him."

It is said that certain minute flies are able to run three inches in half a second, and to make more than 540 steps in the time which a healthy man requires to draw one breath. According to this proportion, a healthy man would run 24 miles a minute, and the average small boy, leaving an apple orchard under special pressure, would probably attain to 30 miles.

THE growth of the Post Office Department, and the enormous increase of postal receipts, indicate, as perhaps no other thing could do, the revival of business. It now seems that the receipts for the present year will amount to nearly \$100,000,000. Last year they were about \$90,000,000. The effect of reviving business upon the Post Office Department is logical and natural. Intercourse among business men keeps pace with the revival or the decline of business.

THE report concerning the wheat crop for 1899 places the probable yield in the world at 2,500,000,000 bushels. The United States is expected to produce at least one-fourth of this amount. Russia, which is the greatest wheat-producing country in Europe, and France, which is the second, both have small crops this year. And while the yield in the United States will not be as great as last year, the prospects are that we must furnish the larger part of the material for bread for the whole world in 1899.

THE Agricultural Department, at Washington, has suggested that the introduction of flocks of goats would be a general advantage to agricultural interests, especially to the semi-waste land in New England, and other places. Hitherto the goat has been looked upon as a nuisance, or as a scavenger, whose main purpose was to devour bill posters and tin cans. If it be true that the goat can be made to aid agriculture, as the sheep has done in many sections, our disregard for that quadruped must give way, and he must be welcomed as a new factor in perfecting the civilization of the century.

THE immortality of the soul is a necessary deduction, when God's moral government is considered. The soul, the representative of personalized life, through character and permanent influence, becomes a permanent fact in the universe. The fundamental principle of moral government is that justice can never be defeated. Therefore, those persons who

have become such factors in the world's moral history must continue, that they may answer "for the deeds done in the body." The permanency of moral principle, and the impossibility of destroying personal influences, requires such a future as immortality promises, in order that justice be not defeated, and moral government be not lost.

It is reported that fifty new cotton mills have been projected or built in the Southern cities since January, 1899. The growth of cotton manufacture on the ground where the cotton is grown has been an important feature in our commercial life since the war. The lack of skilled labor, especially of laborers familiar with machinery, has hindered this development; but, within the last ten years, there has been a rapid growth in the effort to produce a high grade of cotton fabrics in the South. The mills projected during the first half of this year will aggregate more than 11,000,000 spindles, and it seems probable that within the next twenty-five years New England will witness a steady decline in the manufacture of cotton fabrics, and that the Southern states will see a corresponding increase in the same department.

IN our letters to young preachers we have not had space to discuss matters relative to "side studies." We here suggest that no student for the ministry, and no occupant of a pulpit, whatever his age, can afford to neglect the study of models in English literature. The value of such study is not limited to the question of style. Shakespeare, Milton, Browning and Tennyson,—speaking of these as representative authors,—are of incomparable value in suggesting truths connected with ethical and religious themes. No man can enter into the deeper meaning of Hamlet, or of Macbeth, without being better fitted to deal with the great questions of existence, immortality, and conscience. Without taking time to specify, we urge attention to such English literature, as a most important part of the fitness of men, young or old, for preaching the gospel.

ONE of the finest examples of personal devotion to duty is illustrated in the following incident. It is said that a trusted servant, waiting upon his master at dinner, friends being present, seemed to be unusually nervous. He made two or three blunders which annoyed the master greatly, who chided the servant by angry glances, indicating great displeasure. At last, when the desert had been placed quietly on the table, the servant came timidly behind his master's chair, and said, "Please, sir, can you spare me now? My house has been on fire for the last hour and a half." A finer illustration of devotion to the service of a master, when personal interests were going into ashes, it would be hard to find. Equally beautiful is this as an illustration of our service for the great Master, wherein we may be assured that our personal interests instead of being reduced to ashes will be beautified like gold tried in fire.

MILLIONS of acres of grain lands in the West have been robbed of abundant harvests. Not long ago they were seas of golden grain. Now they are brown wastes of broken stubble. Is that all? Was the sharp sickle of the reaper unkind when it swept the fields and gathered in the golden grain? No, indeed,

no. That gathering in the United States meant bread for millions. The strength and life that bread will give mean untold accomplishment of all things good. That bread will nerve ten million hands for new tasks, and countless hearts for holy endeavor. Ungathered, the harvest would have been valueless. Now its value is measureless. So God gathers from human life our best endeavors, aspirations, prayers, tears, sorrows and triumphs, to enrich his kingdom on earth and in heaven. So he gathers the sainted ones, the pure ones, opening buds, blossomed flowers, and ripened fruit. They are not lost, but saved; transferred from earth's harvest to heaven's fields of larger and richer life.

SEEING only the surface of things, the constant wear and tear of life, the dust-making and decay, one might conclude, easily, that destruction is a hastening result. A little deeper look reveals life always at work, renewing, overcoming wear and decay and death. A few days ago the lawn in front of the window where this is written was torn, trampled and cut in a thousand places where "plantain" had been cut and pulled out. A strong man worked at this killing process for days. When he had done, better seed was scattered over all the scars. Rains have followed and the scars are hidden by a new and vigorous life. Grass is springing up on the grave of dead plantain. Thus it is in spiritual things. Stronger than sin and destruction is the power of spiritual regeneration. Beyond and above all that evil can do awaits the final result toward which God is working; that is, a new heavens and a new earth, wherein righteousness dwells. God's universe is not destined to be the rioting-place for death, but the place of rejoicing for Life Everlasting.

AN ancient church in London still possesses an income from the funds originally given "for the purpose of buying fagots, for burning heretics." This is carrying the endowment principle to its full extent. We have stood, at different times, upon the pavement which lies over the ashes where the heretics were burned, at Smithfield, in London. This experience made the religious cruelty of a few centuries ago seem very real. The existence of a working fund, like that spoken of, makes it yet more realistic. We wonder how the church invests that income in keeping with the original purpose. Perhaps it has accumulated to pay the expenses of heresy trials. Should it be within that branch of the church into which Dr. Briggs has lately entered, it might be applied to his case, and to similar cases that may arise hereafter. For certainly there is something akin to the purchase of fagots for the burning of heretics in the chase after heresy, which has been somewhat prominent in religious circles during the past few years.

NOT long since the proposition to sprinkle railroad beds with oil, in order to prevent dust, was put in execution. The Pennsylvania Railroad led in the matter. Its officers are enthusiastic over the results already attained. They claim that the oil saves wear and tear upon the rolling stock, protects the draperies and upholstery from dust, and saves injury to the contents of freight cars. It also prevents vegetation from growing on the road bed, and saves considerable labor in

carrying for the track. The comfort given to passengers, by laying the dust, is one of the greatest items. It is further claimed that where the surface of the track is sprinkled with oil, the water passes off more easily, and washouts are less likely. It is reported that the New York Central Railroad is experimenting with oil upon a ten-mile section of track near Poughkeepsie, a section which has always been peculiarly dusty. Should the result be favorable the entire line will be treated with oil. Although the proposition seemed a little visionary when first made, present indications are all in its favor.

This is a day of magazines. They represent a class of readers and a type of literature which must materially affect the character of the people in the future. It is notable, as it is lamentable, that there is no popular magazine that is distinctly religious, or Christian. The better magazines are almost faultless, so far as general literature is concerned; but they are, to say the best, negative as to anything like religious influences or culture. The cheaper magazines secure much of their patronage by displaying actresses in demi-toilette, or worse. The advertisements, in better magazines, are improving so far as their illustrations are concerned; but they are not improving in the things which they advertise. The liquor traffic, in one form or another, is paying the magazines well for prominent advertisements. We believe that a magazine somewhat distinctively religious, or, at least, prominent along the line of morals and ethics, if edited with brightness and vigor, and if equal to the best in literary merit, would find a welcome at the hands of thousands of readers. We wish its coming might hasten.

EVIDENCES are increasing that the popular movement in favor of Trusts is beginning to react upon itself. We have expected such results and if, in some cases, at least, the result hastens, it will be well. The *Journal of Commerce* has lately published a list of thirteen trusts, with an aggregate of \$350,000,000 of capital, that have been abandoned as inoperative. We are glad to see that the Whiskey Trust, of \$125,000,000, has not yet succeeded in completing its organization. Great combinations in business, in certain departments, have already produced beneficial results for the people at large. Many great enterprises which, in the end, are for the good of the country, cannot be carried forward without immense combinations of capital. But the business world, in a long run, distrusts all methods in business that are not open and above board. Prudent investors and lenders of money will not rush into such enterprises without knowing the methods and purposes had in view. There is no cause to fear that great evils will become permanent because of trusts and corporations. Business will readjust itself along the lines of wise investment and honest business transactions.

A MARKED feature of the civilization of the present time is the extent to which steel and wood are being used in ordinary affairs. In the matter of wood alone, whole forests are being converted into the simplest and cheapest items that enter into household economy. Even sawdust, in many cases, is now an important item in commerce. It forms a prominent part in the decorations for furniture and

the walls of our dwellings. Our tables, or sideboards, are furnished with millions of tooth picks, and from every butcher shop there go out thousands of skewers, fastening the roasts which are sent out. It is said that a single factory will turn out 50,000,000 skewers and 200,000,000 tooth picks in a month. Spools for thread, checkers and chessmen for games, and the various parts of the cheaper toys for children, form another item, in the manufacture of which millions of trees are used every year. Within the last ten years, a machine known as a "slicer" has been at work, by which the birch logs of our northeastern forests are converted into baskets for fruit and many forms of groceries. These are so cheap that no effort is made to retain them after using them once. So-called paper pulp, made from wood, is sometimes used in preparing this form of household furniture, but the slicer has changed the entire type of marketing utensils in this direction.

SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING READING.

We trust that students, and others among our readers, will be helped by the following suggestions as to authors. We have found these and similar suggestions helpful, both as to purchasing and reading books. For action read Homer and Scott. For choice of individual words read Keats, Tennyson, Emerson. For clearness read Macaulay. For common sense read Benjamin Franklin. For conciseness read Bacon and Pope. For elegance read Virgil, Milton and Arnold. For humor read Chaucer, Cervantes and Twain. For imagination read Shakespeare and Job. For logic read Burke and Bacon. For loving and patient observation of nature read Thoreau and Walton. For simplicity read Burns, Whittier, Bunyan. For smoothness read Addison and Hawthorne. For the study of human nature read Shakespeare and Geo. Elliot. For sublimity of conception read Milton. In all cases read with care. Do not skim.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The action of Congress, in appropriating a million dollars for a thorough survey of the Nicaragua route for a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, has called new attention to an old question. When the battleship Oregon was about to make that long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, that incident alone forced attention to the value of a long-delayed improvement. The first explorers, as early as the opening of the sixteenth century, expected to find a water passage between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean. The Lake of Nicaragua—thus named because it was in the territory of an Indian chief, called Nicarao, to whose name the Spanish added "agua," that is, Nicarao's Water—was discovered in 1522; and from that time, the project of securing a water passage by way of this lake has been under consideration. Steps toward the survey were begun as early as 1825, and in 1835, the Senate passed a resolution in favor of building the Nicaragua Canal. The general proposition concerning this route is to open a canal between the gulf and the lake, and then between the lake and the Pacific Ocean. Much money and labor have already been expended, especially since 1890, upon other routes. Whatever may be the outcome of the survey now planned, it seems certain, as it is most desirable, that an isthmian canal can now be constructed at

an early day, under the permanent control of the United States. Such a canal would practically revise the question of the world's commerce and intercourse. The military features of the case are least important, the highest consideration being new facilities by which Europe and Asia may come into close contact, by an highway passing through American territory. The cost of such a canal would be trifling, as compared with the beneficial results. We trust that steps will be taken to inaugurate the work, as soon as this survey has determined the best route and the methods, and that it may be inaugurated free from political considerations, and in a way to prevent jobbery. Civilization, using that term in its highest and best sense, makes imperative demand for a Nicaragua Canal.

ETHICAL TEACHING IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

The duty of cultivating higher ideals of duty and destiny in the minds of school children is an important one. The tendency to secularize the common school system is a dangerous one. Fundamental principles touching all questions of ethics need to be taught quite as early as we teach intellectual truths. The child of to-day is to be the citizen of to-morrow. While the formal reading of the Bible may not be an important feature, considered by itself, the fundamental doctrines embodied in the ten commandments must be taught to the children of a nation, if the citizens of that nation are to be God-fearing and righteous. While many departments of education are not fitted for the teaching of ethics, directly, much more can be accomplished than has been, and especially much more than is usually attempted. A desirable beginning has appeared in the preparation of text-books on English literature, which aim to develop noble ideals of character and high standards of right. The same thing can be attained by judicial use, in one form and another, of representative biography. Noble lives of men and women can be placed before students and in such a way as to form high personal ideals. It is equally important that correct notions concerning the possession of things, the relation of what is mine and what is thine, be taught. Whether this department shall be treated by brief lectures or in connection with literature, it is a department of vital importance to the child, as the coming citizen. Honesty or dishonesty among business men may easily have its roots in the school-room. The same thing is true of crime in general, and of social morality. The child who passes to twelve or fifteen years of age without definite notions and ideals along this line enters life at great disadvantage. A few weeks since, a conscientious teacher in the Northwest, speaking to us of a girl in her school, told how surprisingly indefinite and imperfect were the girl's notions of social right and wrong. In seeking to awaken higher ideals in the mind of this girl, the teacher found herself comparatively powerless against the negative influence of home life, although the girl belonged to a family of average social standing. This case illustrates what we have in mind. It will continue to be true that fathers and mothers with low and imperfect standards will fail in developing proper ideals in the minds of their children. Such families usually have little or no direct church relation. The children find no compensation for the

defects of home training in specific religious training. The school, therefore, must supply the need, or the child will pass on to mature years crippled, if not perverted, in many departments of ethical life. The question is grave enough to secure the attention of thoughtful educators everywhere. It is not enough that the children of a nation be developed as intellectual beings. We have learned something of the necessity of physical development in connection with school life. We must learn the much greater value of development along moral and ethical lines.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A serious accident occurred on the Erie Railroad on Sunday evening, June 30. A sudden landslide, owing to a cloudburst, wrecked a freight train, into which wreck the Chicago Express, which left New York at seven o'clock in the evening, ran. Two persons were killed outright and twenty-one were injured, not many of them seriously.—On the 30th of July the country was startled with the news that yellow fever had broken out in the Soldiers' Home near Newport News, Va. It was probably brought in by a soldier who had visited Cuba during a leave of absence. Prompt measures were taken by the government and local officials to establish efficient quarantine. The garrison at Fort Monroe, which is near the point where the fever broke out, has been removed. At the latest writing, as we go to press, August 4, all reports are encouraging. No new cases, and excellent quarantine regulations, indicate that the disease will not be allowed to spread. Extra precautions are taken at other Atlantic ports.—On the 30th of July the Filipinos attempted to re-capture the city of Calamba, concerning which we made report last week. After an hour's engagement, they were driven off with considerable loss. The American forces had two killed and six wounded.—A Conference of Christian workers, at Northfield, Mass., opened on the 1st of August. A large attendance is promised.—The Commissioners, appointed to recommend a better form of government for Samoa, have made a report. This report favors the abolition of the kingship over which the trouble has arisen, since royalty in Samoa is an absurd pretense. The Commission propose the appointment of an Administrator, who will be practically at the head of the government, to be assisted by delegates appointed by the three signatory powers, the United States, Great Britain and Germany. The success of this plan must be tested by experience.—The immense demands upon the iron trade have so nearly exhausted the supply of pig iron and of ore, that a "famine in iron" is talked of. This indicates the immense activity of the iron and steel trade, and the extent to which the manufacturers of the United States are called upon to supply the world with iron and steel products.—Disastrous storms of wind, hail and rain visited many places on the 2d of August. In the Northwest and West crops were injured to an unusual extent. More than one million acres of grain are reported as ruined.—The Mazet Investigation of corrupt methods in the government of New York City has begun again. Prominent city officials are being examined.—This year is remarkable in that the price of manufactured articles has risen in proportion as great combinations have

been made to produce them. This increase, in many cases, began with the price of the raw material; wool and woolen fabrics, for example.—The work of the Peace Congress is done, except as to minor details in the hands of committees, and the Congress has adjourned. When the Congress was called for by the Czar of Russia, less than one year ago, the pessimists joined in an almost universal chorus, saying: "The Czar has personal ends in view, and no good will come of it." Not all has been accomplished which we hoped for, but the general results more than justify the movement.—A great and permanent beginning has been made toward "arbitration," and peaceful relations in general. The whole movement has been nobly conceived and praiseworthy executed. Better results are sure to follow, and we rejoice in what is gained, while wishing that much more might have been attained.—Praiseworthy work is going forward during these August days, in sending children from the crowded tenements in great cities into country and suburban homes, for recreation and health-gaining. The care and weariness that work entails on those who entertain these "fresh-air" is a good investment in the Lord's work.—The strike of the street railroad employees in Cleveland has been stamped out by the state military authorities.—The friction between England and the Boers in the Transvaal continues, with active warlike preparations on both sides. Nevertheless we think they will not come to blows.—India, so long a "silver country," is steadily drifting toward the gold standard.

LETTERS TO YOUNG PREACHERS AND THEIR HEARERS.

LETTER XL.

PRAYER AND CONFERENCE MEETINGS.

Existing customs bearing on religious culture among Protestants make meetings for social worship an important item, and since their success depends largely upon the leader, more care and attention should be given to them than many are accustomed to give. The ordinary services of the Sabbath give little or no chance for personal religious exercise on the part of the people. They come, listen, and go away. These need to be supplemented by other services, in which many, if not all, may take part in public worship. As pastors, you will find great need of personal fitness and wisdom in conducting prayer-meetings. The "average prayer-meeting" tends to dullness and formality, and is comparatively a profitless affair. That you may be able to overcome this we make the following suggestions.

PREPARE YOURSELF TO LEAD.

Do not forget that all such meetings take their character from the leading influence of the hour. The conductor of the meeting should exercise the controlling influence. We assume that the soul life of the pastor is all that his position requires—rich, warm, tender and earnest. Prepared by such a state of heart, he should choose a lesson from the Scriptures fitted to the wants of the meeting, at the time. This lesson should be selected and studied before the meeting. Let it contain the central thought which you wish to place before the people, and make that thought the rallying-point of the meeting. Develop this thought briefly, either in a running comment as you read, or in *brief* remarks at the close

of the reading. Possibly in both ways. Thus the scattered thoughts of the people are called to a definite point, and their weary minds are aroused to activity. Do not forget the word "brief." Many pastors destroy these services by failing to recognize the demand for brevity. We have heard of men who, in opening the meeting, would consume forty minutes of the hour with the lesson and remarks, and then urge that twenty people take part in the remaining twenty minutes. Such men, unconsciously, are "prayer-meeting killers."

STUDY THE HYMNS.

The music for such meetings should be carefully selected and studied. The important part that music plays in social worship makes this imperative. Music which is not fitted to the time and place, either as to the character of the melody or the sentiment of the words, is destructive of success. If you want to murder a prayer-meeting, keep old music and worn-out words in use, and sing them without the spirit or the understanding. You will soon prove what is a ludicrous commentary on the situation as men sing: "In-vain—we tune—our—formal—song—In vain—we—strive—to r-i-s-e. Hosannahs—language—on—our—tongues—And—our—devotion—dies." It is worse than "vain," such heartless, formal singing; and those accustomed to a meeting in which such music prevails need not ask in the farther words of that song: "Shall we ever *live* at this poor *dying* rate?" On the contrary, prayer-meeting music should be full of juice, worshipful, inspirational and vigorous; it should glow with faith and love; it should be born of that hope which lifts men near to God. It should borrow its spirit and its harmony from the songs of the angels. Happy will you be if, in voice as well as heart, you can lead in singing, and be able, if necessary, to conduct your own music. This gives a leader double power. If you cannot thus lead, find a leader, and, if necessary, train him, or her, until every song shall become a positive force to inspire, enliven, and carry your meeting forward. People love to sing. Music is a natural expression of the worshipful feelings. The best poetry of the ages has come from souls inspired by divine love, and when properly sung it becomes the means of awakening love and cultivating every divine grace.

Every prayer-meeting room should be well supplied with books containing music, and there should be much singing. It should be however, brief and frequent; seldom more than a stanza at a time. Train yourself to watch the current of the prayers and remarks, and select appropriate stanzas to follow. This should be done without hesitation. Make no *interim* in searching for music. If you must wait to find the page, announce the stanza, even while you are looking, that the people may be also looking, and prepared. Let your organist be prompt. Have no long preludes, no interludes, when you sing more than one stanza. Let the instrument simply support the hymn, and not display itself. You can resurrect many a meeting through music, when, without it, it would drag on half dead.

PRAYERS.

If the pastor's heart is right and his preparation what it ought to be, it is usually best that he make the opening prayer. There may be others who, from habits of thought

or study, would be equally well prepared. If so, use them as occasion suggests. There is, however, one danger in calling upon men to pray. If they are unprepared, and therefore unfitted, the object aimed at is lost. On the other hand, if you are accustomed to call upon certain ones, and not upon others, jealousies are likely to arise, and so the tone of the meeting will be injured, even if nothing is expressed. We think it wiser that nearly all services should be left voluntary. The earnestness and glow in the heart of the pastor is one of the best preparations toward awakening the hearts of the people. Here, as elsewhere, the first few minutes determine the general character of the meeting. Never call upon one, be he minister or layman, to open the meeting who will be likely to cast a shadow over the services. A story is told of a given deacon, who excused himself from leading in prayer, when asked, by saying, "I don't feel very spry, to-night, Elder." Never call upon men in a prayer-meeting who are not spiritually "spry." Better have no opening prayer than one which is cold, lifeless, or inappropriate.

All that has been said in a former letter concerning the character of prayer in the pulpit is applicable to prayer in social meetings. It should be earnest, direct, pertinent, brief. The wandering mixture of petition and praise, or preaching and fault-finding, of unfelt confession, which sometimes characterize prayer-meeting prayers, is scarcely less than an outrage, however well-meant. Be sure that you never fall into these evils, and if you find them on any existing field, set about the work of correcting them at once. You will have to use various means; sometimes direct, sometimes indirect; but never allow a prayer-meeting which you conduct regularly to run on month after month in those ruts which make it unattractive and cold—a sort of creaking religious machine which goes forward, doing little or no effective work.

In general, prayer-meetings must not be too didactic. Other services are given up to teaching. Prayer-meetings should aim at what Bishop Vincent calls the "arousements." They should stimulate hope, strengthen faith and induce action. Be careful lest you preach your prayer-meeting into languor and decline.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

More Courage And More Water.

Latest advices from Colony Heights, Cal., report fifty-two inches of water. This does not mean that the water stands fifty-two inches deep on the level expanse of this pioneer Seventh-day Baptist Settlement, but that the new air compressor is bringing up from below a stream of water such as would pour through a hole an inch wide and fifty inches long under four inches of pressure. In more familiar form, there is a flow of nine gallons a second, enough to fill a small cistern ever minute. Some months ago a phrase in a private letter caught our eye and captivated our fancy. The writer, with the straightforward, short-cut faculty of a keen business man, said that what the California colony needed now was "more courage and more water." Happy union of the theoretical and practical! Juxtaposition of the spiritual and material! That is what a good many

things need—more courage and more material for courage to work with.

Now we have never lived in California, and have never caught that infectious fever of enthusiasm for the land of fruit and flowers. On this subject we speak as a layman. Systems of irrigation are beyond our present field of investigation. But we can understand that the Bear Valley has become a bare valley, indeed, because the streams from the mountain-side failed, and we can appreciate in rough outline the value of a constant stream coming from the bowels of the earth, be the season wet or dry, whenever the farmer willet.

We have never had much to say about the colony. We heard plans of what was to be, and we hoped that fond expectations would be abundantly realized; but we did not know. Most gladly now we write of what *is*. The rate of flow is gradually increasing as the channels clear, and is approaching the expectation of the projector, sixty miner's inches. This, we are assured, is sufficient to irrigate three hundred acres of land. There is now enough water for present purposes. Another well can be sunk near by and operated by the same air compressor. The two wells will furnish water sufficient for five hundred acres. Divided into farms of ten and twenty acres, the colony will support thirty or forty families with the means practically at hand.

Now, don't go to California—unless you want to. Likely you are better off where you are. But for those who do want to go, a Seventh-day Baptist community with good prospects sends out its invitation. California is a great state, with wonderful resources. For health as well as business, many will be turning their steps in that direction. Give the colony the first chance. It will be nothing surprising if it shall become in future days the nucleus of a Seventh-day Baptist Pacific Association.

Progress at Holgate.

The following clipping from the *Henry County Review* may be taken as an indication of the impression which the work of Kelly and the Milton Quartet is making on Holgate:

The evangelistic work of the Seventh-day Baptist church conducted by Rev. Kelly and the male quartet from Milton, Wis., Messrs. Sayre, VanHorn, Rood and Hutchins, is making lasting impressions and moving the hearts of both old and young to better lives. Their meetings are very largely attended, and their songs and sermons listened to with intense interest. Twenty-six souls, nearly all young men and women, have professed conversion, and are manifesting true Christian spirit. Their men's meetings Sunday afternoons at three o'clock, and week-day afternoons for everybody, are prolific of great good. All of the other Christian denominations in the village are co-operating, and it is sincerely hoped a hundred or more souls may be won to Christ and his church before their meeting closes. Rev. Kelly has charge of a church in Chicago, and it will pay any one to make a great effort to attend the meetings and listen to the sermons and songs.

Bro. Kelly has recently preached on the Sabbath question, and the town is quite stirred over the question, many saying that the Seventh-day Baptists are right. Conversions are still taking place and interest is bright. About five hundred were present last Sunday night.

CHILDREN AND DIRT.

The mother who would have her children healthy must not be afraid to have them occasionally dirty. While cleanliness is akin to godliness, there is a clean dirt that comes from contact with the sweet earth that is

wholesome. Have the little ones bathed frequently, insist that they come to meals with immaculate hands and faces, but between meals have them so dressed that they are free to run and romp as they will.

An over-careful mother of an only child complained to a physician that her baby was pale and delicate. He asked to see the child, and the nurse brought in the two-year-old from the veranda, where he had been seated on a rug, looking at a picture-book. His dainty nainsook frock was spotless, as were also the pink kid boots and silk socks.

"What the child needs is wholesome dirt," was the physician's verdict. "Put a gingham frock and plain shoes on him, and turn him loose on the lawn or in the fresh earth. If he is not rosy and happy in a month, let me know."

At the expiration of the prescribed time the baby was transformed. The eyes that had been heavy were bright, the skin had acquired a healthful glow, the arms and legs were plump, and the languid, tired little patient had become a rollicking boy. The freedom, fresh air, and clean dirt had, in a month's time, wrought a greater change in the child's system than all the skill of the medical fraternity could have effected.

Mothers who take their little school boys and girls away for vacation should let them romp at will out of doors, fish in the brook, ride on the hay, and wear strong shoes and clothing of which they need not be too careful. A child is much happier if untrammelled by too many "don't's." And the mother is happier too if she need not say "don't" every hour of the day.—*Harper's Bazar*.

ORDINATION SERVICE.

On Sabbath-day, July 29, 1899, in Salem, W. Va., occurred an ordination service, setting apart Brethren S. F. Lowther, Van Buren Davis and Wardner Davis to the office of deacon.

All the churches of the Association, except Salemville, were represented by one or more delegates to assist in the following program: After singing by the choir and invocation by S. D. Davis, of Jane Lew, the following Scriptures were read by R. G. Davis, of Berea: Acts 6: 1-8; 1 Tim. 3. Prayer was then offered by M. E. Martin, of Blacklick, after which T. L. Gardiner preached a very interesting and instructive sermon from Acts 6: 3. The following important points were made: 1. What the "business" of the deacon is. 2. Origin of the office. 3. Dignity of the office. 4. Qualifications for the office. 5. Blessings that follow.

After the prayer by S. A. Ford, of Middle Island, and singing by the choir, came the consecrating prayer and laying on of hands, led by D. W. Leath, of Greenbrier. Following this was the charge to the candidates, by M. G. Stillman, of Lost Creek. After a brief charge to the church by the pastor of the Salem church Brother S. D. Davis made appropriate closing remarks, which were followed by the hand of welcome to the candidates, given by L. F. Randolph, senior deacon of the Salem church. Following this was a general handshaking by the entire audience. This, with the benediction by Pres. Gardiner, closed an extremely interesting and largely attended service, long to be remembered by the Salem church and the visiting brethren and sisters. G. W. L.

The prison population of Massachusetts is 1,100 less than it was one year ago.

Missions.

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

THE Rev. G. H. F. Randolph began his work as Missionary evangelist on the South-Western field May 1. He went first to Fouke, where he makes it his headquarters. He has systematized his work, and now has regular appointments at Fouke, Texarkana, Winthrop and Little Prairie. His appointments are so arranged that he can give some time to evangelistic work. Lately he spent two weeks at Wynne and Crowley's Ridge, Ark., with Bro. W. H. Godsey. Though it was an inopportune time for holding meetings, because of the busy season and sickness, yet there was considerable interest manifest. He expects to go there some time in September and hold a series of meetings. Bro. Randolph is becoming acquainted with his field and its needs, and is arranging his plans of work so as to meet those needs. While he has the oversight of the whole South-Western field, do evangelistic work in the best season for it, he also, as an itinerant missionary pastor, is to care for four churches bunched together for the present. Some of the other churches have missionary pastors residing among them. Mr. Randolph writes that the prospects on the field are looking hopeful, his health is good and he is putting forth his best efforts to get things in good working order. He will move his family next autumn early on to the field, probably at Fouke. We trust our people will remember Bro. Randolph and this important and interesting field in their prayers.

FROM E. A. BABCOCK.

I was very much impressed by your thoughts in the RECORDER of July 17, on the need of more earnest preaching about sin, its corrupting and damning power. This road of life down which we must all pass is full of pitfalls and traps which can only be escaped by heeding the warning voice of those who have once been ensnared and understand the road. Why is it that preachers are so afraid to raise this warning voice and talk plain on the subject of sin? Why is it that fathers and mothers are so afraid to explain the fearful results of sin and vice to their children, but leave them to find out things from an unfeeling world which should be explained by a kind and loving parent, whose heart we feel is anxious for our good and very tender because of the touch of divine love? Is it because our hearts are so full of sin that we don't dare to handle such a subject, or because we don't realize its importance? I hope we may all wake up on this subject, for I feel that while we are admiring the beauties of Christianity, the cancer sin may be eroding our soul.

Mr. Clement and I have thus far been working at Grand Marsh, Wis. When we came here we found the little church quite discouraged. They are few in number, but they hold together well, being separated only by miles, but the church members live so far apart that it is hard to keep up interest when they are left alone with no one to take the lead. The meetings which we have held here have been well attended, and we have had a spiritual refreshing which will not be soon forgotten. Last Sabbath there was a deep spiritual manifestation. Many with eyes overflowing expressed a determination to live a better life. On an expression there were

a number of hands raised for the prayers of Christian people, and at our last meeting there was one who came out and took a stand for Christ.

We will now go to Cartwright where we expect to spend about two weeks with the church there, returning here again and staying until we have to return to school.

The work here at Grand Marsh may seem to be a little slow, but it is going forward. May the Lord continue to bless us is our prayer.

GRAND MARSH, Wis., July 24, 1899.

FROM MILTON COLLEGE QUARTET.

Another week has passed, and it shows a marked advancement in the work here. Bro. Kelly came one week ago Sunday and has taken charge of the services from that time, as far as he has been able. He has been troubled with hoarseness and compelled to give his voice a rest two or three nights. Meetings have been held every night with good attendance. A meeting is also held in the tent at 2 P. M., where Christian people come together to talk over the work, and work and pray for special friends. These meetings have been well attended and an earnest, spiritual feeling manifested. They have been a great aid in the work. A devotional meeting is held by Eld. Kelly and the quartet in the morning before beginning the day's work. Eld. Kelly's plain, earnest way of preaching, has won the confidence of the people, so we find but very little prejudice and opposition to work against. Men say they are glad we are here, they know Christianity is a good thing. They know they ought to be Christians, yet they are not ready to start yet, or that they are afraid they won't have the grit to hold out.

So many are deeply convicted of sin, yet it seems hard to get them to start. People have been born and raised in sin and wickedness and under these degrading influences until stability of character has been sapped away, and not enough left to build up a staunch Christian principle. The Catholic element is another great stumbling-block to this kind of work. But many have spoken of the interest the Catholics are taking in the meetings, and they are getting to attend more and more, when they never attend other churches.

However, there have been some very bright conversions. At least twenty have found peace in the Lord and many others seem deeply convicted and about ready to start. Some of the conversions have been very interesting and touching; wish I had time to describe them. The Lord is surely blessing our work here. Not only have sinners repented and started in Christian life, but Christian people have been aroused and made to realize that this is an opportune time for a great work here. Attendance to the meetings is constantly increasing. Sunday night brought the largest attendance, there being about 500 people in and around the tent. The Sabbath question has not been treated as a special subject yet. Our standing upon the question was plainly stated in the beginning of the meetings, and we frequently hear the subject being talked of, so we see it is a live question among the people. It is impossible to say how long we ought to remain here as yet, but probably about two weeks. This seems to be a critical point in the work.

Either the work may be about finished up or it may be on the verge of a great overturning. We are trusting and praying for the latter, and the meeting this P. M., would point that way, for though the weather was unfavorable a large attendance was out and we had a precious meeting—one coming forward. We feel weak in ourselves for such a great work, yet strong in the hands of the Lord who is able to do wondrous things.

W. R. ROOD.

HOLGATE, Ohio, July 25, 1899.

THE PLACE OF THE HOME IN CIVILIZATION.

The Christian home is the highest product of civilization; in fact, there is nothing that can be called civilization where the home is absent. The savage is on his way out of savagery and barbarity as soon as he can create a home and make family life at all sacred. The real horror of the "slums" in our great cities is that there are no homes there, and human beings crowd indiscriminately into one room. It is the real trouble with the "poor whites" of the South that they have failed to preserve the home as a sacred center of life. One of the first services of the foreign missionary is to help establish homes among the people whom he hopes to Christianize. In short, the home is the true unit of society. It determines what the individual shall be, it shapes the social life, it makes the church possible, it is the basis of the state and nation. A society of mere individual units is inconceivable. Men and women, each for self, and with no holy center for family life, could never compose either a church or a state.

Christianity has created the home as we know it, and this is its highest service to the world, for the kingdom of heaven would be realized if the Christian home was universal. The mother's knee is still the holiest place in the world, and the home life determines more than any other one influence, and perhaps more than all influences combined, what the destiny of the boy or girl shall be.

We may well rejoice in the power of the Sabbath-school, the Christian ministry, the secular school, the college, the university, but altogether they do not measure up to the power of the homes, which are silently, gradually determining the future lives of those who will compose the Sabbath-school, the church, the school and the college.

The woman who is successful in making a true home, where peace and love dwell, and in which the children whom God gives her feel the sacredness and holy meaning of life, where her husband renews his strength for the struggles and activities of his life, and in which all unite to promote the happiness and highest welfare of each other—that woman has won the best crown there is in this life, and she has served the world in very high degree. The union of man and woman for the creation of a home breathing an atmosphere of love is Christ's best parable of the highest possible spiritual union where the soul is the bride and he is the Eternal Bridegroom; and they are one.—*The American Friend*.

I HEARD a little bird
Upon a leafy spray
Pour such a gush of song as if
'T would sing its life away.
Learn from this happy bird
A lesson, O my soul,
For ceaseless mercies let the stream
Of ceaseless praises roll.

Woman's Work.

By MRS. R. T. ROGERS, 117 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

A LITTLE BIRD.

Madame Guyon's famous Hymn.

A little bird I am,
Shut from fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases thee!

Naught have I else to do,
I sing the whole day long;
And he whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And, though my notes were ere so rude,
Thou would'st not hear the less;
Because thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet-love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh, it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind!

MAY the desire expressed by one of our sisters, in a private letter, meet a response in all our hearts, that "the coming Conference may not simply prove an enjoyable, intellectual feast, but so powerful a spiritual uplift that all present may be so filled with the Holy Spirit that they may awaken the indifferent ones in all our churches."

DR. HERRICK JOHNSON says, "The Christian that does not believe in foreign missions in this generation, believes that three hundred more millions of the heathen world ought to die before we tell them of Jesus Christ." How little we who are surrounded with Christian friends and the elevating influences of culture and home, comprehend the real meaning of consecration to the Master's service.

AS OUR missionaries, by their monthly letters to our Missionary Board, strive to keep us better acquainted with our work and its needs in China, are we reading and making any efforts to become more interested? When we consider the human side of this question, and remember the obligations resting upon us by Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," how can we feel that valuable lives are sacrificed when they go from the home-land to carry the blessed tidings of salvation to our neglected brothers and sisters beyond the seas? In Mission Studies this question is asked, "Have you ever noticed the marked earnestness and ability of the heathen converts to Christianity, their willingness to do anything required of them, either in service or gifts? Is it not due to ignorance on the part of our people in America that we wonder and question the propriety, the benefit of work in heathen countries?"

THE CHURCH AND ITS MISSION.

Text, Mark 10: 45.

Synopsis of a sermon delivered by Rev. Martin Sindall, Pastor of the New Market church, and requested for publication in Woman's Page by its editor.

I am to talk to you this morning on "The Church and its Mission," and in attempting to do so, I realize something of the greatness of the task which is mine. Whenever I try to say anything concerning the church and its

great responsibilities and work, I touch a subject which interests all heaven. God has been thinking about and working for the interests of the church from the time when time was not, "before the foundations of the earth were laid."

The Son of God represents the spirit of ministry. True ministry is seen in life-giving and life-serving. These two, combined with truth, constitute the true church in the world. It is heaven turned inside out! In other words, all the light, truth, love, and power which makes heaven what it is, is to be seen in the Christian church, the church which has the Spirit of Christ.

It is an universal law that the higher must serve the lower. He who is mentally, physically and spiritually above his fellows, by trying to bring them on to the plane of his thought and experience and life, serves, in the truest sense, his fellowmen. This may and often does necessitate sacrifice on his part. The higher (God) in serving the lower (humanity) is to bring to view that "far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." The church as God's representative in the world is to help men, not only to view, but to "experience" that event.

To do this it must be, first, life-giving. It must give life to those who are "dead in trespasses and sins." The great forests are made more beautiful and strong because they feed on the dead leaves which lie upon the ground near their roots. So the church must grow and strengthen itself by absorbing the "dead in sin." It thus gives life.

Second, it must be life-sustaining. When a person is newly converted, we must not stand back and say, "Well, now what are you going to do?" "Will you prove faithful?" When a little babe comes into this world, God provides a beautiful and wonderful "mother-life" to care for the little one. It is not left alone to see how it will thrive; it is tenderly cared for, befriended, loved. A new convert is a new-born babe in the church, whether he be ten or seventy years old. Let us tenderly care for them whom God has given us.

Third, it must be a circulating medium. The Gulf Stream is warmed in the South, and because of its warmth gladdens certain shores of North America and Northern Europe, which otherwise would be cold and barren. The church should be the "warming medium" which must always warm and rewarm the hearts of those who come to it from week to week. The Gulf Stream grows cold as it goes North, but is again warmed as it reaches the South. People as they come in contact with the world are liable to grow cold and indifferent. Where shall they receive renewed life if not in the warm-hearted church of God! If our heart-life will be commensurate with our intellectual and physical strength, the churches of which we are a part will be all that Christ intended them to be.

Mr. Edison once stood upon the deck of an ocean steamer and observed the movements of the raging waves. As he looked, he was heard to exclaim, "It makes me wild to see so much power go to waste." It effects me in much the same way when I see so much of talent in our churches, and yet so little of it consecrated to "the spirit of ministry." We are not here to be ministered unto, but to minister. Let us serve, and God will bring the world to our feet and we will present them to our Lord.

BE PATIENT.

O heart of mine, be patient. Some glad day,
With all life's puzzling problems solved for aye,
With all its storms and doubtings cleared away,
With all its little disappointments past,
It shall be thine to understand at last.

Be patient. Some sweet day the anxious care,
The fears and trials, and the hidden snare,
The grief that comes upon the unaware,
Shall with the fleeting years be laid aside,
And thou shalt then be fully satisfied.

Be patient. Keep thy life-work well in hand.
Be trustful where thou canst not understand;
Thy lot, whate'er it be, is wisely planned;
Whate'er its mysteries, God holds the key;
Thou well canst trust him, and bide patiently.—Sel.

THREE IN A ROW.

BY MARY E. ALLBRIGHT.

"She looks awful white to-day—an' thin," said Hiram, dejectedly, at the same time dexterously tying a knot in a broken suspender. "I do' know what we're going to do with her. She'll die, maybe," and the boy stopped with a sudden gulp.

Nettie's blue eyes grew large and pathetic under her pink sunbonnet. "She's hungry, I guess," she remarked, eagerly. "Sick folks can't eat bacon nor beans. She told me one day"—here her voice dropped to a whisper and she glanced half guiltily toward the door of the little cabin—"that she wanted a piece of beefsteak, dreadful. Said she dreamt about it. But she wouldn't ask pa to get her any. 'Twould only make him feel bad 'cause he couldn't, she said. He can't hardly get us enough to eat, anyway, and beefsteak costs a lot. But it seems as if mother'd ought to have it."

Little Tony said nothing, only wriggled his droll little body about on the flat stone seat, and dug his toes into the gray dust. He was only six, and small of his age.

The three children were sitting near a small hut or cabin which clung to the side of one of the great mountains looking down upon the mining town of Silver Plume. Half a mile from them on one side was the mine, where their father toiled from morning till night, and grew discouraged and hard in the struggle of life. In the other direction lay the town and the church and Sabbath-school which had been the happiest factor, thus far, in the lives of these forlorn little ones. Above and around them were the rocky, towering mountains, among which they had been brought up, and which they loved, though perhaps without knowing it. Beyond these boundaries their knowledge of life was very small, hardly extending even into the wonderful Clear Creek Canon which lay below them.

"Hiram!" called a tremulous voice from somewhere within the cabin. "Children!"

The three rose simultaneously, and looked at each other.

"She wants us," said the elder brother, briefly. "Come on."

They fled in with a kind of reluctant eagerness, passing through the single living-room to a tiny bedroom, the only one in the house. At the door they halted, peeping bashfully in. A thin, pale face turned toward them on the pillow. It was lighted by bright, dark eyes, and the hair streaming over the pillow was black and gray. Only the boys were like their mother. Nettie had her father's eyes, big and blue.

The sick woman looked at the children wearily, half desperately.

"O, sing, children," she said, "out in the other room—some of the Sabbath songs."

The children moved back a little out of the doorway, whispered a minute, and then

began on some gospel hymns. They had good natural voices—Nettie a high, clear soprano, Hiram a rich alto, and even little Tony's was true and sweet.

"Once more—sing that once more," she called faintly, and they sang again:

There'll be no dark valley
When Jesus comes,

while the tears rolled down over the white face to the thick hair on the pillow.

"Well, good-by, mother," said Hiram, cheerfully, putting his head in at the bedroom door again. "It's most train time. We'll try to get some pennies, and we won't stay long. Don't you be lonesome till we get back. Perhaps," hesitatingly, "you can go to sleep."

Outside the trio halted, holding their wooden cigar boxes filled with minerals, "specimints" they called them, doubtfully in their hands.

"Tain't a bit of use," said Hiram, mournfully; "there's too many sellin' and folks have got enough of 'em anyway. But just to satisfy mother"—

"Say, Hi," broke in Nettie, speaking slowly as if in surprise at her own thought, "you don't suppose we could sing for the train folks? She likes to hear us."

The boy turned sharply about and stared at his sister with a kind of startled admiration.

"You're the greatest!" he exclaimed. How'd you think of it? They have to sit in that car and wait two hours, some of 'em. Can't get out and walk, it makes 'em puff so. We'll try it this very morning just as we do for mother, you know. We'd better stand in a row"—musingly—"Net in the middle, and we'll sing about three songs. Tony, will you sing up good and loud to the car folks? Maybe they'll give you a penny."

Tony looked contrary for a minute, then nodded obligingly, to the great relief of the inexperienced concert manager, and the three started briskly down toward the railway station.

Up through Clear Creek Canon puffed the "Gulf" train, with two observation cars full of passengers. There was a mixed company, composed mostly of sight-seers for the day, who would return with the train after a two hours' halt in Silver Plume. There was a gentleman from Boston and two lively girls from Texas and a number of young couples, evidently belonging in Colorado, who were out for a little excursion. But different from the others, and most noticeable of them all, were two, a gentleman and a lady, who sat near each other and looked alike—he pale and sick, and she pale and sad. They were brother and sister, Mr. and Miss Lawrence from somewhere in the East. He was looking for health in the mountains, and she, in spite of deadly homesickness, would not leave him alone among strangers.

The train ran up to the mine, passed the switch, and then moved back again to the station. Here the engine and some of the passengers abandoned the cars, leaving those who objected to the high altitude to wait in patience. Among the latter were the Lawrences. The invalid was tired, and tried to rest with his head on a shawl of his sister's, in spite of the shrill call of "Specimints!" which seemed to come from all sides of the train. After a while the noisy little vendors grew tired or discouraged and

quieted down; then, suddenly—Miss Lawrence started and listened intently. The little song was wonderfully sweet and fresh and true, something about,

A robin, one morning in May,

and the voices might have been those of the birds themselves. Everybody turned to the window and waited expectantly. This time it was a quaint old hymn for children:

God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong
And makes the singer glad!

Miss Lawrence looked out of her window and saw Hiram, Nettie and Tony standing "three in a row," the blue eyes and the brown looking up wistfully, half pleadingly, at the faces above them. A minute's pause—and then pennies, nickels and even dimes rained down around them. There was an ecstatic shout from Tony, and a hasty scramble on the part of all three for the money. Their hearts beating fast with excitement and gratitude, the children drew into line again, and with a word from Hiram, began their sweetest song, Anywhere with Jesus. Something in the words and surroundings went straight to the heart of the stranger lady just above them, and when there came the refrain,

Anywhere with Jesus it is home, sweet home,
her eyes brimmed over and she turned hastily away that her brother might not see.

"The lady wants to speak to you, Nettie, go on," said Hiram, pushing his sister before him, like the coward he was.

"I was so pleased to hear you sing," said Miss Lawrence, smiling down into the eyes under the pink sunbonnet. "Won't you tell me where you live and what you are going to do with so much money?"

Nettie looked up shyly but searchingly into this "different" face from any of her acquaintance, then bent her eyes on the ground and told the whole story of their need and their experiment. Miss Lawrence listened in surprise and looked over to the tiny cabin on the side of the mountain. She whispered a few words to her brother, then went out to Hiram.

"My boy," she said earnestly, "I should like to see your mother and do some little thing for her. Will you let your sister and the little boy take me to her, and will you go somewhere and get the steak and some other things which I'll mark down?"

She sat down on a stone and wrote a brief note, folded and gave it to him.

"Bring the things I've marked," she said, "and tell him to send the others. Take this money"—she handed him a bill with a brief, questioning look into his eyes—"pay what he asks and bring back the rest. Go to the best place you know and hurry."

"Mother," said Nettie, softly, "a lady's come to see you. She came off the train. Shall I bring her in?"

"A lady?" repeated the poor woman, mechanically. "I don't know—yes, set a chair, Nettie."

Miss Lawrence paused to whisper to the little girl. "Can you make a nice bright fire in your cookstove? We'll fix up something nice to eat when your brother gets back." Then she went in to Nettie's mother.

The little girl busied herself about the fire, trying to clean up a little for the lady, while Tony sat in awe-stricken silence swinging his short legs from his father's chair, and all

the time the children could hear the sweet, low tones of the stranger lady as she talked to the sick woman. Nettie often wondered afterward what she could have said to make her mother always refer to her as "that angel." But when Hiram came back bringing tea, nice sweet butter and a small tenderloin steak, and when the lady came out and prepared a dainty lunch such as the children had never even imagined, and when presently the market boy appeared with his arms full of additional bundles, then Nettie, Hiram and Tony whispered together and wondered whether God sent Miss Lawrence, or whether she only came because she was good.

Just then the stranger pulled out a wonderful little gold watch and uttered an exclamation. "I must go at once," she said, "the train goes in ten minutes." One moment she spent in taking the address of the market man, another in saying good-bye in the little bedroom, the next she was flitting away down the path to the station, from which the children presently saw the train moving down into the canon.

The little group in the cabin never saw Miss Lawrence again, but many pleasant reminders of her came to them by way of the market man, and they dated their happier life from the day when, "three in a row," they sang their first song to the passengers on the tourist train.

"Why, Amy," said her brother, when the young lady stepped into the car, "where have you been? You look more like yourself than I have seen you since we came to Denver. I don't believe you are homesick today."

"No, and I won't be any more," with a mysterious smile. And then Miss Lawrence settled down silently by the window and took in all the wonderful beauty of that descending ride through the canon. The strange surroundings, the unfamiliar sights no longer oppressed her, for she seemed still to hear the sound of childish voices as they sang,

Anywhere with Jesus it is home, sweet home.

The singers had found their mission, and she had found hers, and undreamed of blessing had come to all in the finding.

WORKERS COMMENDED.

The following statement of appreciation was adopted by the Sabbath-school, and requested by the school for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER:

The Seventh-day Baptist Sabbath-school of Chicago wishes to express to Dr. W. F. Church and his wife, Mary Muncy Church, its appreciation of their services during their residence in Chicago the past year. Doctor Church has won the admiration, not only of his Bible-class, but of the whole school, by his painstaking teaching and able expositions of the lessons. Mrs. Church also has taught and has filled the office of Assistant Superintendent with marked ability. Her exhaustive article on "Elijah," and her other writings published in the SABBATH RECORDER, have impressed us so favorably in regard to her ability as a writer, that we recommend her to furnish that periodical with articles frequently. We regret exceedingly that they must sever their connections with us, and we bespeak for them in their future home the same consideration of which they have shown themselves worthy by their exemplary Christian lives and able service with us.

IRA J. ORDWAY,
GEO. W. POST,
J. M. MAXSON, } Com.

THE devil smiles when he sees Christian men fighting one another. That smile should be taken from the devil's face.

FORAGING OR STEALING?

The prosecuting attorney sat down. As he mopped his brow he gazed triumphantly at the judge and at the lawyer who represented the prisoner.

The prisoner was an old darky. His face was as black as the ace of spades and as wrinkled as a piece of crinoline. In his kinky hair strands of white outnumbered those of black.

During the trial of the case his eyes had never once left the judge. "Fo' de Lawd, ef dat ain't Marse Jim!" he had exclaimed when brought into the courtroom by a stalwart deputy. And two long, regular rows of white teeth had been revealed by his pleased smile.

The testimony of the witnesses had been of no interest to him. He laughed scornfully when the young lawyer who had been appointed by the court to represent him poured forth college rhetoric. The prosecuting attorney had been ignored. "My ol' Marse Jim gwine ter fix hit," he whispered softly to himself.

The judge straightened himself and wiped his glasses solemnly. "The prisoner is found guilty as charged," he said, as he adjusted the gold-brimmed affairs on his nose. "Has the prisoner at the bar anything to say to show cause why he should not be sentenced?"

In his turn the old darky straightened up. The stern look of the court caused his face to fall. Then he stood up. His eyes were sparkling with indignation.

"Yes, sah," he said, "I has somepen ter say, an' I'se gwine ter say hit. Ef dey's trouble comin' doan you blame me, 'case you ast me ter talk.

"Now looky heah, Marse Jim, you knows me jes' as well as I knows you. I'se known you eber since you was knee high ter a duck, an' you ain't nebber done nothin' right mean till jes' now.

"Dey brought me in heah an' tole me I stole a shoat. But I didn't t'ink nothin' ob dat; an' you neber did befoah till jes' now. I come heah aftah justice. I thought I was gwine ter git hit 'case you was jedge. But I fin's I is mistaken. If I'd er known I'd er got ter make a fight fer hit, I wouldn't er had nothin' ter do wid dis heah piece of pizen-faced white trash ober heah—I'd er got a lawyer. He ain't none ob de quality, I knows, 'case my folks befoah de wah was de right kin'. But I didn't know dat, an' now you axes me if I'se got anyt'ing ter say. Yes, sah! I hase somepen ter say an' as I tole you, I'se er gwine ter say hit.

"Marse Jim, doan' you 'member dat I was yo' body servint durin' de wah? Didn't I use ter russle for grub fer you an' yo' chum when de rations got sho't? An' didn't you use ter smack yo' lips ober my cookin' an' say, 'Jim's er powerful good forager?' Why, I stole chickens an' turkeys an' shoats fer you clean from Chattanooga ter Atlanta, Georgy! An' ebery time you got er squah meal, which was most generally 'casionally, you an' yo' chum ud say, 'Jim's er powerful good forager!' You didn't say nothin' agin' hit then. No, sah! An' I wants ter know, if hit was foragin' then, huccome hit stealin' now?

"An' doan' you 'member, Marse Jim, dat one day you come to me an' say, 'Jim, ter-morrer's Christmas, an' we'se got ter have er fine spread? An' didn't I git out an' steal er turkey an' ham an' er bottle er dewdrop whisky? An' didn't yo invite yo' brother

officers in nex' day an' order things jest scan-fous, an' make 'em open dey eyes? Ef hit was foragin' during de wah, huccome it stealin' now?

"Yes, en doan' you 'membah, Marse Jim, when you was shot an' de Yanks took you prisoner at Chancellorsville? Didn't you gib me yo' gray uniform an' a lock ob yo' hah en yo' sword, en didn't you say, kinder hoarse like, 'Take 'em ter her?' En didn't I take 'em? I toted dem t'ings through de bresh a hun'ed miles, an' when I come to de front gate dah stood Miss Em'ly! She's daid now, an' God knows, Marse Jim, dat dare ain't no purer nor whiter angil up erbove de clouds dan her! En when she saw me, didn't she hug dat little bald-headed baby, dat you was so proud of, up close an' cry: 'He's daid! he's daid! My Gawd, he's daid!' En didn't de tears of grief come rollin' down ober dese ol' black han's an' wash de stains ob trabbel erway? En when I ups an' saiy, 'No, he ain't daid, Miss Em'ly, de Yanks jest got him an' he'll be home bimeby,' didn't de tears of joy come pourin' down an' wash de tears of grief erway?

"Now looky heah, Marse Jim, my ole wooman an' three pickaninnies is ober heah in er log cabin in de woods neah Jim Wilson's pasture. Dey hain't got nothin' ter eat. En when I comes by Sam Johnsing's hog pen de yuther day en sees dat skinnylittle shoat dat, honest ter Gawd, was so poah dat you had ter tie er knot in his tail ter keep him from slippin' 'tween de palin's, I jest began foragin' ag'in. You cain't call it stealin', nohow, 'case I'se gwine pay Marse Johnsing back jes' es soon es my ol' sow has pigs. You ain't gwine to sen' yo' ol' body sarvint to de pen fo' dat, is you, Marse Jim?"

There was silence in the courtroom for a moment. The stern features of the old judge had relaxed. There was something moist in his eyes. He wiped them furtively and vainly tried to hide the movement by vigorously rubbing his bald pate with his handkerchief. Finally he said: "The court has considered the motion for a new trial, and the same is hereby granted. The prisoner is released upon his own recognizance. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court. Jim, you come up to the house with me."—*Dallas News*.

COINS OF CONVERSATION.

The thought of all ages is the atmosphere we breathe; but sententious wisdom is handed down more compactly in maxims, proverbs, and sayings that influence us beyond our knowledge, perhaps beyond our belief. We are unaware of our immense debt to literature, and our equally immense dependence upon it for the conduct of life. For the conduct of life is regulated and guided, even in our most practical of nations, by theories of life, and theories are the outcome of thought, riveted in the memories of lesser men by some happy expression which conveys the idea in a terse sentence or striking phrase. A volume of philosophy may thus be summed up and brought to the understanding of men who have never read it, simply by the electric flash of a proverb or maxim. When the philosophy ceases to influence the age, the maxims are discredited; but new phrases take their places, drawn from fresh theories, and men continue to live as before, by the wisdom of the wisest condensed to suit their weaker understandings, and to strike their hearts and imaginations.

Thus, in the last century, after the revolution against the intensity of Puritan times which produced the licentiousness of the Restoration, men turned to a cold morality as the refuge against extremes, and such maxims as "Honesty is the best policy" came into common usage, summing up the philosophy of the time in a portable and striking fashion. At the end of the same century, with the new-born dreams of universal progress, Burn's grand couplet—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

—struck the imagination of his hearers and awoke in them a vivid realization of truths they had not so well perceived in volumes of rhapsodizing. After the tumult and upheaval of the French Revolution had produced its reaction, came the calm of Wordsworth, with "plain living and high thinking" as a note to attract the attention and induce reflection.

All these golden sayings are the valuable coinage of the realm of thought. They have the highest importance. But in our most ordinary moods, our commonist conversation, we are not free from the influence of literature. Even unlettered people take upon their tongues, all unwittingly, phrases which bear the usage and superscription of great writers of whom, perhaps, they have scarcely heard,—phrases passed from mouth to mouth, generation after generation, because of their universal aptness, their perfection of significance. How many, for instance, speaking of the wife as "the better half," know that they are quoting Sir Philip Sidney, or, invoking "Mrs. Grundy," guess that her creator was Thomas Morton, a playwright who lived till 1838? Such phrases, or snatches of phrases, are the small coin of conversation, which bear the same imprint as the more important quotation, and we use them freely without a thought of their origin, as we pass the "nimble sixpence" from hand to hand in our daily traffic without a glance at its workmanship.

The metaphor that struck our ancestors as so admirable strikes us still, and we continue to use the apt adjective which, first given by Shakespeare or Milton, sounds as fresh today as when originally applied. The "bubble reputation," the "itching palm," the "milk of human kindness," the "undiscovered country," the "green-eyed monster,"—still our favorite synonyms for fame, covetousness, humanity, eternity, and jealousy,—are from Shakespeare, who has indeed furnished us with much of our small coin. His adjectives are the most apposite, too, of any in the language. Quoting him, we speak of an "ancient grudge," etc. . . .—*Self Culture*.

PEOPLE WHO HELP THE PRAYER MEETING.

The busy man who regularly attends it; the people, young and old, who sit in the front seats; the gray-haired old saint, who comes with a smiling face and always has something to say of the love of Christ; the timid people, who can only quote a brief passage of Scripture or utter a brief testimony, but whose lives show that they really love Christ; the young people, who testify promptly, utter short prayers and sing sweetly; the soul who cannot speak, or pray, or sing, without increasing the spiritual sunshine; the social people who welcome strangers, and who do not hurry away when the meeting is closed.

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

BIBLE STUDY FOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

By WALTER L. GREEN, ALFRED, N. Y.

Read at the Young People's Hour at the Western Association at Independence, N. Y.

The study of the Bible must hold an important place in the life of every growing Christian man or woman. To young people who are beginning the Christian life it is doubly important; to the Endeavorer who has promised "to read the Bible every day" it seems triply important. It is, indeed, just as necessary, yea even more necessary, than the daily bread we eat because it is the food for the soul. Yet how often do men starve the soul and so remain dwarfs in the spiritual life because they neglect to partake of the feast set before them.

There is scarcely a home in the land where the Bible cannot be found; but how great is the ignorance of its teachings and how great is the need of a thorough understanding of its truths. A gentleman, noted for his skeptical views, accosted a Christian brother and said, "Say, do you believe that story about the ark being three hundred cubits long and fifty cubits wide?" "Why yes, I have no reason to doubt it." "Well, I don't. The idea of the Israelites carrying that around in the wilderness for forty years."

Another skeptical brother boasted he had read the Bible "through from Genesis to Deuteronomy." Even among those who pretend to be living according to the teachings of the Bible and who are considered leaders in Christian work, there is often a lamentable ignorance. Often we ourselves are at sea if our Sabbath-school teacher asks us a question that the Notes do not answer. Not only are the students ignorant of the Bible, but sometimes the teacher himself is just as deficient in knowledge. How many teachers are helpless if they have lost their Quarterly?

Prof. Coe, of North-Western University, speaking to a conference of college faculties, told of a test of nine simple questions in regard to the Bible, put to ninety-six college students, men and women, most of whom were upperclassmen. With the exception of one question on higher criticism, none called for a technical knowledge. The results were as follows: Of the ninety-six persons, 36 were unable to tell what the Pentateuch is; 80 were ignorant of the nature of the higher criticism; 40 did not know that the book of Jude belonged to the New Testament; 35 could not name a single patriarch of the Old Testament; 51 failed to name one of the Judges; 49 were unable to name three kings of Israel; 44 failed to name three prophets; 20 were unable to repeat a single beatitude; and 65 could not recall any verse from the letter to the Romans. In nine exceedingly simple questions the average student was able to answer only a meager fraction more than half. Most, if not all, of those young people had been brought up in Christian homes, had attended Sunday-school, and had listened to such instruction as the average pulpit affords. If this is the situation among educated, cultured young people in whom we would expect the best knowledge of the Bible, what then is the situation among those less favored?

The need to-day is a popular knowledge of

the Bible—a knowledge not so much of what other people have written concerning the Bible, but rather a vital personal knowledge gained by an earnest, devout study of the Word itself.

There is nothing more important for young people than to know the Bible. Whether Christians or not, it should hold a prominent place in their lives. The Bible is important as a means of culture. In this day and age one cannot call himself educated unless he has a thorough knowledge of the Bible. As a literature, it is unsurpassed. Nowhere else will one find such an opportunity for the legitimate use of imagery. It looks back into the eternal past and forward into the eternal future. Within its pages, the great masters of modern poetry have found inspiration for their most lofty flights of fancy. It is the model for pure, vigorous Anglo-saxon, and it is the great anchor-stone for the English language. It is the basis of law and political science. It contains the history of a race that has influenced subsequent events more than the Greeks and Romans, and contains a system of ethics absolutely unsurpassed. In the words of Froude, "The Bible thoroughly known is a literature of itself, the rarest and richest in all departments of thought and imagery which exists."

In the broad field of the church, there is a need for men and women who are filled with the Word of God—men and women who can give a reason for the faith that is within them. She needs them as soul-winners to point men to Jesus Christ; the Sabbath-school needs them as teachers to instruct the young and to lead them to a knowledge of God. In view of the demands of God's Sabbath upon us we need to be thoroughly grounded in the teachings of the Bible. If our convictions are not strong and are not based upon a thorough knowledge of the Word of God, we shall yield to temptation and be untrue to God. But if, like the Master, we can say, "It is written," and have a deep conviction as to why it is written, we shall never have occasion to blush for the peculiar truth we hold.

But above all, the study of the Bible is important as a means of spiritual growth. "If ye abide in my Word then are ye truly my disciples." Those men who are giants in spiritual power have attained to their full stature in Christ through a deep, devotional study of the Scriptures. They have meditated upon its truths until it has become a part of their lives. No one can come into the daily companionship even of a great man without imbibing his spirit and without being better for such association; nor can one read Milton, Ruskin, or any other great writer without unconsciously having his own thoughts and character shaped to the model of the writer. So no one can ponder the Book of God without partaking of the nature of God.

Bible study shows us the needs of our spiritual lives. It reveals to us the weak places in our armor. It shows us ourselves as we are and therefore as God sees us. It shows us the possibilities of our spiritual lives. Why should we be content to remain on the dead level or in the valley when God intends for us to be on the peaks? Would we be Christians of power? Then let us stand firmly on the Word. Would we be conquerors over evil? Then let us take the sword of the Spirit. Chrysostom says, "The cause of all our evils is our not knowing the Scriptures." So if we

as young people are to overcome temptation and besetting sin, whether in the realm of body or mind, if we are to know the needs of the spiritual life, the marvelous possibilities of the life in Christ, if we are to develop resourceful, abundant spiritual lives; if we are to have real power with God, we must acquire and maintain, at whatever cost, a right habit of Bible study.

Some one may ask, "How is the Bible to be studied?" Study the Bible with reverence and with a mind open to receive whatever God has for us. Sir Arthur Blackwell has given us four words that are very suggestive as to our attitude toward the Word of God. The words are, "Admit, submit, commit, transmit." Admit the truth to your heart when it is shown to you, then submit to the leadings of the truth. Let the plain declarations of God's Word be the end of all controversy. Commit the truth to your life, make it your own, never let a truth go until you get the blessing from it. Then transmit. Do not be a stagnant pool into which the showers of blessing fall; but rather be a stream which not only receives, but flows on to help others; for be assured that a blessing passed on will be ten-fold more really your own.

Now as to methods. Study the Bible according to the laws of its structure. The Bible is a structure; it has been built after a certain plan. A great many men have wrought upon it, but one architect has been over them all. After getting a comprehensive view of the Bible as a whole, we should try to understand each book separately. Dr. Pierson gives five points to be observed in the introductory study of a book: (1) Place where written; (2) person by whom written; (3) people to whom written; (4) period at which written; (5) purpose for which written. Every book of the Bible has a reason for its existence—a purpose for which God caused it to be written. That purpose is the key to the book. Usually the student has not far to seek; for in most cases it is near the door. The first of the books illustrates this. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The word beginning is the key to Genesis. It is a book of beginnings. The first verse of Matthew contains the key to his gospel. "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham;" in other words, Matthew is a book about Christ in the two great characters, as the son of David and the son of Abraham. In the first verse of John, "In the beginning was the word and the word was with God and the word was God;" so the key to this gospel is Jesus as God.

But by book study, if this be the only method pursued, we may lose sight of the unity of the Bible as a whole. To meet this difficulty, take a subject such as salvation, and, with the aid of a Concordance or Bible text-book, search out every reference to that subject. One will be filled with admiration to find what a wonderful plan God has provided and how beautifully the words of the different writers, written many hundred years apart, fit in to make the plan complete. For myself I have derived much pleasure and profit, during the past two months, by studying some of the Bible characters. Study Paul with the words zeal and consecration in mind. Joshua as exemplifying courage. Abraham as an exponent of faith. Study the life of

Jacob in connection with "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Other methods might be suggested, but whatever may be our method, the two things needful are diligence and perseverance. Let us not only read the Bible, but study it. Let us meditate upon the Word more. Let us dig deep. The purest gold comes from the deepest mines. Let us search. In the Acts we read that the Bereans were nobler than those of Thessalonica in that they received the word with more readiness of mind and searched the Scriptures daily. Begin the day with God, and in the words of Ruskin to the students at Oxford, "Study your Bible, making it the first morning business of your life to understand some portion of it clearly, and your daily business to obey it in all that you do understand."

OUR MIRROR.

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY
of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Seventh-day Baptist Church at Plainfield, N. J.

In December, seven and one-half years ago, this Endeavor Society was organized, and as the officers for the coming year take their places for the first time to-night, it is only fitting that a sketch of the work of the Society for the past year be made.

At present we find on the roll seventy-three active, two associate and twenty-nine honorary members. These numbers have varied but little in the past two years, so we draw one conclusion, at least, and that is, the Society can work to increase in good works and interest, if not in membership.

It has been a year to many of us of more or less work, for even a Christian Endeavor Society does not "go forward" unless work is performed by its various members. During the winter, the Secretary being out of the city, the office was very acceptably filled by Asa F. Randolph.

Through the efforts of one of our committees, two little girls from New York were given homes, for two weeks, with Dr. F. S. Wells and Mrs. Frank Weeks.

A Mission Band was organized November 13, 1898. The object of this Band, as the name implies, is to promote an interest in the mission cause, and it is composed of the younger members of the Society.

A delegate was appointed to meet with the General Conference in August of last year, and Miss Ernestine C. Smith represented this Society at the Yearly Meeting of the New York City and New Jersey Churches, at Shiloh, reading a paper at the Young People's hour.

The Flower Committee has been at work, sending flowers where they would be helpful—to the sick, to beautify the church, and many bunches to New York City, to be distributed to those who have not the blessing of flowers as much as we have.

The system of collecting the monthly dues has been introduced with some degree of success. It at least brings into the Treasurer's hands the dues in a more regular manner than heretofore.

The Society now has an interest in the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association, having subscribed for five shares of stock, so bringing us in touch with another part of our denominational work.

Several very helpful meetings have been held during the past year. Especial mention

should be made of the Seventh Anniversary Exercises, Sabbath morning, December 10, 1898. The Juniors took part in songs, and in a report of their work given by the Junior Superintendent.

Friday evening prayer-meeting service was, in many instances, given over to a committee, so bringing the interests which are before us to the attention of others.

The Eastern Association of our denomination was held with this church, and the Society as a whole, and each one individually, was permitted to attend the various meetings, and, in some small way, to do the work He has set before us. It is a pleasure to state that H. M. Maxson, one of our members, was President of the Association.

While God has permitted many to work for him in his vineyard, he has also seen fit to take to himself one who was with us a year ago.

For his many mercies we may truly be thankful, and endeavor to press on to the high calling unto which we have been called.

The following is a synopsis of the Treasurer's Report for the year ending July 1, 1899:

Balance on hand, July 1, 1898.....	\$ 9 08
RECEIPTS.	
Dues.....	31 06
Socials.....	70 32
Fresh Air Fund contribution.....	5 00
Special collections.....	20 85
Musicals, given May 16, 1899.....	71 70
Sale of Photographs.....	1 00
Total receipts.....	209 01
Total expenditures.....	166 75
Balance on hand, July 1, 1899.....	42 26
EXPENDITURES.	
Flowers.....	5 00
Topic cards, programs, etc.....	8 45
Local Union, Y. P. S. C. E., expenses.....	4 00
Treasurer Young People's Permanent Committee, for Missionary and Tract Societies.....	100 00
Expenses on boxes of clothing.....	8 00
Board of Fresh Air girls.....	5 00
Tract rack placed in the church.....	3 00
Five shares of stock in Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association.....	5 00
Expenses of musicale.....	14 55
Expenses of delegate to Yearly Meeting.....	5 25
Laundry expenses.....	8 50
Total expenditures.....	\$166 75

CLARENCE M. ROGERS, *Rec. Sec.*

ALFRED.

As "beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar."

My heart turns fondly to the scenes of my childhood, and I desire, and have long desired, to acknowledge my debt to my native Alfred, but strength fails me. With many others I am grateful that my early life was in such surroundings; scenery which was a daily joy, a constant inspiration, full of hidden beauties to stimulate and reward the loving seeker.

To Alfred I owe the inestimable privilege of growing up where weekly I saw N. V. Hull in the pulpit and Jonathan Allen across the aisle, with W. C. Kenyon's tireless energy as a constant example, and with occasional bursts of D. E. Maxson's fiery eloquence, with J. R. Hartsorn by the bedside of the sick, in an atmosphere of reform, abolitionism, woman's rights, co-education, temperance, Sabbath Reform, the higher law vs. sordid political aims. There was a purifying ozone in such an atmosphere which we still need. To Alfred I owe a religious training, begun by my mother's knee, intensified by a great revival under Rev. Varnum Hull, when seventy received the right hand of fellowship and the source of a noble ambition, utterly defeated by a change of views, yet which has made religious trust the highest, best of all, touching every duty, and every phase of human activity.

Within her borders I endured all the excitement, all the pain and anguish, of the civil war; how noble a group of young men saw we

go forth; how many we missed when the heroes came home again! What a contrast between that war and the one now shaming the lover of humanity! But the cream of Alfred was on the hillside, where a strong, full tide of young life flowed, enriching all within its reach. I cannot locate my earliest memories of the school. I recall a Commencement in the grove back of Middle Hall, the wonders of the band and especially the trombone player, and finally a thunder shower and a fleeing crowd, before I was five. The teachers of my early studies have never been surpassed in the later time, I am sure; but there is not room to recall their traits. One incident illustrative of the character of President Kenyon I will here preserve. Early in my school life I rang the bell and cared for the chapel building. At the opening of the term the financial agent informed me, in President Kenyon's presence, that he should cut down the pay of the janitor very materially. I made a bashful but fruitless protest, Pres. Kenyon seeming not to notice our conversation. But when I settled my board bill at the "Brick," at the close of the term, I found that the bill was cut down just as much as the financial agent had cut the wages. That the busy and burdened President should notice the interests of a green farm boy, remember the case three months, and quietly, and doubtless at his own expense, do the laud justice, is characteristic of the man. Many a grateful student holds in loving remembrance such kindness, and would, if he could, write Kenyon's name and deeds in letters of gold upon imperishable adamant.

Next to teachers the advanced students were my greatest inspiration; to see daily such men as the present and recent editors of the RECORDER, the Missionary Secretary, and, thanks to co-education, the noble young women also, was an inspiration that has no substitute. I shall ever be thankful that I knew Alfred when high and low met together in chapel, lyceum, senate and boarding-house. The elevation of soul at time, the mad frolics when we were compelled to unbend, the thousand incidents that made up the school-life make my blood tingle in every vein, and I can never conceive the time when they shall not have power over the soul. But the choicest memories cluster about the Alleghanian Lyceum—a "conjure" word to open memory's fairest chamber, decked with cloth of gold and precious pictures. It was a world within itself with eloquence, grandeur of soul mingled with petty ambitions, selfish strife and intrigue, an image of gold, gems and potter's clay. The lost members represent an inexpressible loss of character and labor in the world's work. Of my own friends were four chums—T. W. Saunders, W. D. Williams, C. T. Griffin and N. D. Muncy—as fine a quartet as any society ever saw. R. T. Potter, A. E. Swinney, W. F. Randolph and B. Frank Maxson, all heroes and martyrs of the war; W. C. Titsworth, C. W. Whight, W. B. Wright, W. A. Saunders, J. G. Swinney, W. A. Canfield, Chas. H. Phalen, J. L. Huffman and Henry D. Maxson. Who can measure the loss from the untimely death of this group of young men? Forcibly the Willson, the poet, excited my interest and imagination as no one else ever did, but I saw him always afar off.

Acknowledging a debt does not pay it, but when we cannot pay, it is worth something that we are grateful and appreciative. Such a gratitude to the land and people of my youth many of us feel who cannot endow the University or enrich the town, as has been done in so many New England towns. W. F. P.

Children's Page.

JESUS' LITTLE SUNBEAM.

BY NELLIE TALBOT.

Jesus wants me for his own,
To shine for him each day;
A sunbeam bright to please him,
At home, at school, at play.

He wants me to be loving,
To all around I see,
To show how very happy
Christ's little one may be.

I'll ask him to receive me,
To cleanse my heart of sin,
Reflect in me his likeness,
And help me shine for him.

So when tempted to do wrong,
He'll help me turn away;
Yes, and bravely do the right,
And please him every day.

Thus a sunbeam I may be,
If I will really try;
Live for Jesus every day,
Then reign with him on high.

THE LITTLE SERGEANT.

No, sir, nothin' stronger 'n coffee. Think you struck a queer camp, do you? Well, depends on how you look at it. I'm gettin' so it seems queer to me how anybody that needs brains 'll keep on drinking what he knows 'll muddle 'em up till they're no use. I wasn't always that way, though, I'm bound to own; it all come of the young 'crutin' sergeant. Queer little chap he was—thin, pale-faced, blue-eyed, an' nothin' but a boy. 'Pears like a miner's camp was the most unlikely place on earth for one of his sort to drop into; the doctors had said he must give up schoolin' an' try livin' out-doors if he was goin' to live at all, an' so he came here. He was a rare one for this region, I can tell you! Didn't know one card from another, wouldn't drink nor swear, nor do anything that was the fashion, as you might say. Chaff him? Well, I reckon you never heard such talk and ridicule, nor such jokes, some of 'em pretty rough ones, too, as was played on him. But he wouldn't budge an inch. "Laugh at me, fight me, or do what you will, boys, I stand by my colors," says he. That's how we come to call him Sergeant. You'd have thought such a pale, puny chap could be twisted round to suit any one, but, bless you, he was always tryin' to twist us round to his way of thinkin'. "Ain't satisfied with bein' a color-bearer an' the whole army besides, but he wants to be recrutin' station, too," says old Jake one day. An' after that he was 'crutin' sergeant to the end of the chapter. No, 't wasn't a very long chapter.

Mebby 't wouldn't 'a' been any way, he didn't look like it, but somethin' happened to finish it up sudden.

If you'll believe it he actually liked that name we give him! It didn't rile him a bit. His eyes kinder lit up when he heard it. "That's it," says he, "that's what I orter be," an' he tried harder'n ever to make us 'list in his army, as he called it. 'Pears like he might as well talk to the wind as to such a set as we was. The fellows stopped tormentin' him after a while, seein' it didn't move him none, an' they liked him, too, nobody could help it, but it seemed's if they grew wilder and rougher just 'count of his trying to stop 'em.

'Twas in the fall, and there come a spell of miserable rainy weather that shut us in an' partly stopped the work—teams couldn't run much, ye see. But there was plenty of whisky, an' when the boys hadn't nothin'

else to do they was sure to lounge round the fire, smokin', drinkin' an' playin' cards. A week of that sort of thing wont leave nobody's head clear, and the whole set was more reckless than common even. We was diggin' in the side-hill then, an' a little slide had made the openin' a sort of onhandy to reach, so we'd built a long platform in front of it. Afterwads we'd put a roof over it, an' boarded it up into a little room for storin' loose traps, or doin' odd bits of mendin' without havin' to go clear down the hill to camp.

The men used to gather there a good deal that rainy spell, mostly to shuffle cards and grumble 'bout the weather, seemed like; but one day we fell to arguin' over the thickness of a vein we'd struck. The Little Sergeant an' some of the men went into the mine to settle it, an' pretty soon the rest followed 'em. Well, we was markin' an' measurin', an' all talkin' at once, when all of a sudden a great cloud of smoke rolled in an' a red flame flashed by the mouth of the mine. We knew in a minute what had happened. Some careless fellow had dropped a match or the ashes from his pipe among the dry rubbish in that little workin'-room an' started the whole thing in a blaze. We just sensed it all in a minute, as I say, but we just stood starin' at each other an' at the openin'; all but one.

The Little Sergeant, he gave a quick cry that, as I mind it now, was half a prayer, an' sprung forward till it didn't seem's if he made more'n one bound to that openin' an' out on the smokin' platform. Off it? No, sir! He pushed right into that blazin' room, and we that had followed him slower and dazed like, thought he had gone crazy, an' called after him. But in a minute he dashed out again with that in his arm as made the stoutest man turn pale—keg of powder! He sprang from the platform away down the hill with it an' then as he fell, managed to send it rollin' the rest of the way down into the brook where it was safe. He was the only one that had remembered it was there, an' but for his pluck and quickness we'd all have been buried in the mine or crushed under the rocks. He was bad burnt though, an' hurt by that leap that he took, too. We could see that there wasn't much chance for him as soon as we got to him. He knew it, too, but it didn't trouble him like it did us. We all watched by him that night in camp, an' big Jake says with a queer shake in his voice, "You have give your life for us."

"A mightier One did that eighteen hundred years ago," says the Little Sergeant, an' the, gaspin' like, "Boys, if you think—a clear head was worth anything to-day—won't you join—my army?"

Well, I put my hand in his without a word, an' then another came on top of it, an' another till they were all there in a pile. An' then the Little Sergeant laughed—a softly laugh that sorter died in his throat—an' he was gone. But I like to think how pleased he was to carry the names of so many who had 'listed, up to headquarters. So that's why ours is a queer camp, an' why we don't drink nothin' stronger'n coffee.—*Selected.*

A CHINAMAN who seemed inclined to become a Christian, gave as his reason for not doing so:

"Me go to Protestant man, he say Catholic man go hell-side; me go to Catholic man, he say Protestant man go hell-side; me stop with my own joss."

A LITTLE PRAYER.

Dear and blessed Saviour!
Hold our little hands;
Lead us in thy footsteps,
Heeding thy commands.

Help us please our parents dear,
And do what'er they tell;
Bless all our friends, both far and near,
And keep them safe and well.

So shall we in gladness
Spend our earthly days,
Till thy voice shall call us
Home to prayer and praise.

PAY FOR THE PITCHERS.

Dr. Adam Clarke, while preaching to large congregations in Ireland, pictured in glowing terms the freeness of the gospel, dwelling on the point that the Water of Life could be had "without money and without price." At the conclusion of the sermon a collection was taken up to send the gospel to the heathen. This collection embarrassed the preacher a little, as it seemed to contradict the theme of his sermon. As he was telling the story to a Christian lady afterward, she replied: "Very true, Doctor, the Water of Life is free—without money and without price—but we must pay for the pitchers to carry it in."

This discriminating remark dispels the fog that seems to hang over the minds of some who cannot see that the freeness of water is one thing and the employment of a person to carry it, is quite another thing. The gospel is a free gift, without money and without price; but those who take the glad tidings to others must be supported so that they can carry on their good work.—*Presbyterian Review.*

A NAUGHTY THINK.

A little girl one day said to her mother, "Papa calls me good, auntie calls me good, everybody calls me good; but I am not good."

"I am very sorry," said the mother.

"And so am I," said the child; "but I have a very naughty 'think.'"

"A naughty what?"

"My 'think' is naughty inside of me."

And on her mother's inquiring what she meant, she said: "When I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry or say anything; but when you were gone, I wished the carriage would turn over and the horses would run away and everything bad. Nobody knew it; but God knew it, and he cannot call me good."

WHEN a Chinese baby takes a nap, people think its soul is having a rest; going out for a walk, perhaps. If the nap is a very long one, the mother is frightened. She is afraid that her baby soul has wandered too far away and cannot find its way home. If it doesn't come back, of course the baby will never waken. Sometimes men are sent out on the street to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home. If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another, the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great; so whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name aloud, so that the soul may not stray away. They think of the soul like a bird, hopping along after them.—*Exchange.*

ADALINE—"When I marry I shall select a man who resembles an arc-light."

MAE—"In what way?"

ADALINE—"Not go out at night and never smokes."—*Chicago News.*

A MESSAGE.

O'er the broad Atlantic billows
Hindred not by storm or calms,
Sped a missive, message laden,
From the sunny land of palms.

It was from a native people,
To us,—strangers o'er the sea,
In the faith that God, our Master,
Dwelt in hearts of such as we.

They had learned of us as brothers,
And they wrote to us for aid.
In our unfamiliar language,
They, in brief, their needs portrayed.

They had learned to know our Sabbath,
In a providential way,
And with courage true and steadfast,
They had dared to keep God's day.

But they asked of us a teacher
Who could lead them in our ways,
Who could guide their timid footsteps
To the land of endless praise.

There were lads among their number
Who would like the truth to know,
In the hope that to their brothers,
They, sometime, its ways might show.

So they asked that we should bring them
To our schools so far away,
Teach them—and they, in the future,
Gladly would our care repay.

In this age of doubt and caution,
Speakeh thus the Lord, Most High,
Not in visions as aforetime,
Lest, in scorn, we pass them by.

Are we worthy to be trusted
With their souls' salvation, say?
Let us answer it by action,
E'er God take our chance away!

JULY 5, 1899.

THE PROGRESS OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY PROF. A. R. CRANDALL, PH. D.

(Concluded.)

And let us not be unjust to our intensive philanthropists. Like those of great reformers, their ideals of ultimate good are right and inspiring and essential to progress. The difficulty involved lies in the fact that many of them are always ready to fiercely contend against every step toward the practical attainment, because it is only a step, and not a bound from start to finish. They are in an important sense leaders in the growth of the Republic, though at times eloquently proclaiming its decadence. They are not the natural allies of self-serving politicians, who shape their opinions for profit or for notoriety. They bring to the nation permanent elements of strength, and only temporary elements of weakness. It is but natural that such of our philanthropists as become accustomed to think that they are the rightful dispensers of correct opinion, should sometimes feel, rather than reason, respecting the practical situation, and in times like this the more intensive are as likely to be hysterical as helpful. But, whether assembled in Tremont Temple or in the Manhattan Single Tax Club, or in the Senate of the United States of America, or represented by manifestoes or pamphlets demanding the pulling down of the old flag, it is a timely relief to the ordinary citizen, as well as to the executive government, to recall the fact that there is a world-wide difference between hysteria and treason.

The consequences of freedom of thought, of speech and of the press, have been cited as evidences of coming disintegration. But such is not the verdict of our past history. Such freedom is rather a safety-valve for pent-up feeling. It provides theaters alike for tragedy and comedy in which aspiring actors appear for a time, and then must, perforce, accept the verdict of common opinion both as to motive and fitness for the occasion.

It is well as it is. Let free speech have its sway. The Republic will still continue to grow; and our flag will be hailed more and

more as the banner of a great and a generous nation. We may contend about the questions of to-day; but we rejoice together over the happy solution of the problem of yesterday.

How quickly do the coming years enlarge the course of national thought and action. How surely, therefore, by the logic of time, are the opinions of men swept aside, how like a nightmare hang over us the seeming impossibilities of to-day. How like a prophecy the courage of faith ushers in the achievements of to-morrow.

Such are the thoughts that come to us, as we note the growth of the Republic as a nation among nations, and as we see the untrodden way opened and made luminous by the successive achievements of a courageous people.

Dim the eye that sees in all this no more than the pageant of human pride, dull the ear that does not catch the providential drum-beat of the earth's advancing civilization.

Our purpose cannot include, in the time allotted, collateral growths in matters of education and of the arts of peace. These are the attendant sequences of national growth, as they are also indices of national character. And in a place and on an occasion like this it is not needful to follow the deeper currents of religious life to which America owes its courage of faith in providential destiny.

Comrades, no body of men can have a deeper interest in the growth and perpetuity of the nation, than the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. You have carried its banner in one of the most critical periods in the history of the nation. You have seen and lived the life of camp and of bivouac. You know well the duties of sentry and of picket. You have measured long lines of march with weary steps. You have heard the picket's warning shots along yonder ridge, or skirt of woods, swell into the din of battle. You have heard the rattle of cannon shot, nay of a thousand shot and shell burdening the fateful air with the awful voice of war. You have seen the earth plowed and the forest scarred with the hail of the battle storm. You have seen batteries go with a clatter of hoof and wheel over fences, rocks and ditches to join in the fray; and cavalry, man and horse join in the maddening charge. You have seen ranks shattered and reformed where volley answered to volley and cannon to cannon. You have cared for the wounded, the dying and the dead, the price of final victory. All these things are so wrought into your memories that it needs but a wave of reminiscence, or a few words from the seat of war to bring to your minds pictures more vivid than artist pen or brush can portray.

These are incidents in the life of the patriot soldier. But back of these experiences is the deeper meaning, filling the pages of history with added wealth of devotion to the ideal of the nation; the story of which lives, and is to live on, in the minds and hearts of generous youth and coming manhood.

With the lapse of time we appreciate more fully what it is to have lived and acted the thoughts of Lincoln, in the sixties, rather than the thoughts of Vallandigham, and the varying shades of short-sighted philanthropists, of timid politicians and of time-serving editors, who added to the burden of the great-hearted President, by their complainings and their disloyalty. You have learned to honor a brave foe who was ready to defend what he

thought, however mistakenly, was right. Is there any niche of honor in which you can find enshrined the memory of those who were not brave enough to be foes on the battle-field, but were brazen enough to be so-called Knights of the Golden Circle?

History repeats itself. Brave foes become true friends, and the shortsighted and the time-serving live on to worry and to malign the bearers of the burdens of the day. But the fulness of the reward of the patriotism that restored the Union, at the costs and the appalling sacrifices of war, is now seen in the patriotic union of North and South, under the Old Flag; triumphant at home, and honored wherever intelligence catches the meaning of the glorious and beneficent triumph of our arms.

The nation has been chastened and united for a broader life, and for widening responsibilities, under Providence, for coming time. The soldiers and sailors of our triumphant army and navy are in a large sense our boys, worthy successors to the gray-haired veterans who live to do them honor. And the cause for which they relinquished the pursuits of peace, home and even life, is our cause by every patriotic thought that lives in the Grand Army of the Republic.

Members of the Woman's Relief Corps, the flag of the Republic and that which it represents, in its widening import to the world, is also yours. It is yours by the devotion that has come to you and to us as a priceless heritage, of courage and of self-sacrifice, reaching from the pioneer life of colonial times, through every stress of national trial to the present day. It is yours by all the memories that are gathered up into your organization of helpfulness in peace and in war. And in the memories that cluster about the graves of fallen heroes, are also yours; by the spirit which you cherish, of sacrifice at home and of service in camp, hospital and battle-field.

Fathers and mothers who preside over the homes of the Republic, these memories with all that comes with them are yours to cherish and to bequeath.

Young men and maidens, the wealth of storied patriotism is yours to inherit and to perpetuate.

Let us all together on this Memorial Day fittingly remember the graves of the soldiers of the Republic; bringing to them the fragrance of flowers, and of grateful memory. But while we do this let us not forget the larger thought which has made the sacrifices of war glorious.

Since the last public observance of the flower decoration of the graves of the soldiers of the Republic, the borders of the nation have been enlarged that its mission might be extended. New graves have been made; new laurels have been won; and new behests have come to the nation. Let us remember that true patriotism not only wins victories and cherishes the memory of its heroes, but stays in line to meet the ever-enlarging responsibilities of the growing Republic.



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Edited by

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1899.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 1.	Gracious Invitations.....	Hos. 14: 1-9
July 8.	Daniel in Babylon.....	Dan. 1: 8-21
July 15.	The Hebrews in the Fiery Furnace.....	Dan. 3: 14-28
July 22.	The Hand-writing on the Wall.....	Dan. 5: 17-31
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Aug. 5.	The New Heart.....	Ezek. 36: 25-36
Aug. 12.	Ezekiel's Great Vision.....	Ezek. 37: 1-14
Aug. 19.	The River of Salvation.....	Ezek. 47: 1-12
Aug. 26.	Returning from Captivity.....	Ezra 1: 1-11
Sept. 2.	Rebuilding the Temple.....	Ezra 3: 10-4-5
Sept. 9.	Encouraging the Builders.....	Hag. 2: 1-9
Sept. 16.	Power through the Spirit.....	Zech. 4: 1-14
Sept. 23.	Review.....	

LESSON VIII.—THE RIVER OF SALVATION.

For Sabbath-day, Aug. 19, 1899.

LESSON TEXT.—Ezek. 47: 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. 22: 17.

INTRODUCTION.

Our lesson presents a picture of a wonderful stream that is to flow forth from the door of the new temple which the prophet Ezekiel has been describing with such a wealth of detail in the preceding chapters. It is, of course, an ideal picture; but thereby is portrayed the prosperity of the Messianic age. The wonderful stream is spoken of by other prophets—by Joel, by Isaiah, and in Psalm 46. But Ezekiel surpasses the others in the elaborateness of his description.

He is not writing, however, merely for literary exercise to see how beautiful a picture he can paint. Back of all his imagery there is a sublime reality. The glories of the Messianic age are beyond the expression of words. The prophet is aiming to stir up the zeal and expectation of the people, to encourage them to look for deliverance from captivity, and to restore the service of Jehovah with enthusiasm.

NOTES.

1. *Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house.* The "house" is the new temple which, with its service, has been described in the preceding chapters. The one who was conducting the prophet is the man "whose appearance was like the appearance of brass, with a line of flax in his hand, and a measuring reed." See Ezek. 40: 1-3. The door of the house was on the east side. The water came forth from under the threshold and flowed eastward, going to south of the great altar which was directly in front of the doorway.

2. *Then brought he me out of the way of the gate northward, etc.* The readings of the R. V. are much to be preferred in this verse, as well as elsewhere in the lesson. "by the way," instead of "of the way," "outer gate," instead of "utter gate." As the eastward gate was closed (see Ezek. 44: 1, 2), the prophet was led forth by the north gate and around to the east side of the outer enclosure of the temple. There he saw at the south side of the eastern outer gate the water trickling forth in drops.

3. *He measured a thousand cubits.* The cubit is of the length of the forearm. It is usually regarded as about eighteen inches. As to the precise length there is some question, especially as Ezekiel twice mentions that the cubit used is a cubit and a handbreadth in length. Ezek. 40: 5, 43: 13. When they had gone about fifteen hundred feet the waters were still very shallow, reaching only to the ankles.

4. *Again he measured a thousand.* As they waded on for two thousand cubits more they found the waters much deeper, first to the knees and then to the loins.

5. *Waters to swim in.* When they had gone the fourth thousand cubits they found that it was a mighty river. In the course of a little more than a mile the stream had grown from a few trickling drops to a great body of water in which it was no longer possible to wade. It is worthy of notice that the word translated river is the one often rendered "brook" or "mountain torrent."

6. *And caused me to return to the brink of the river.* Better, "the bank" of the river. Literally, "lip." The greatness of the little stream is not all that the prophet should observe about it.

7. *Very many trees on the one side and on the other.* These trees evidently find their necessary moisture from the river. It is a life-giving stream. Compare v. 12.

8. *These waters issue out toward the east country.* The word translated "country" is literally "circuit." The great stream flows through the region east of Jerusalem, and onward to the dead sea. *And go down into the desert.* The word translated "desert" is much bet-

ter rendered in the R. V. "Arabah," the proper name of the great plain embracing the lower Jordan Valley and the country about the Dead Sea, and extending southward to the Gulf of Akiba. *The waters shall be healed.* That is, the waters of the Dead Sea, now so deadly to vegetable or animal life from the great quantity of salt, shall be purified and made wholesome.

9. *And it shall come to pass, etc.* Instead of the entire absence of life in this Dead Sea, it shall be filled with the multitude of living creatures of the lower orders of animate creation, and with fish.

10. *Fishers shall stand upon it.* That is, by it. There are to be fish in abundance, and those worth catching. *En-gedi* was on the coast of the Dead Sea, about midway on the western side. *En-glainim* has not been definitely located. Perhaps it was on the west side near the mouth of the Jordan, and possibly upon the eastern shore. The intention is evidently to express the wide extent of the influence of the stream. *As the fish of the great sea.* That is, the Mediterranean.

11. *But the miry places thereof and the marshes thereof shall not be healed.* The swamps and marshes shall still remain as a source of supply for salt.

12. *Shall grow all trees for meat.* That is, "for food." Every sort of tree whose fruit is used for food shall grow upon the banks of this stream. *Whose leaf shall not fade.* These trees will not die, but will continue fruitful. *Neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed.* Much better as the R. V., "fail." Sometimes even a good tree fails to bear fruit. It shall not be so with these trees. *It shall bring forth new fruit, etc.* At every month some trees will be bearing fruit. *Because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary.* The source of the water supply explains the marvelous fertility. *The leaf thereof for medicine.* Rather, "for healing." Compare Psa. 1: 3, Rev. 22: 2. The fruit will answer for food and the leaves may be used for restoring to health in case of disease or accident.

SABBATH-SCHOOL REPORTS.

Blanks have been sent to all the Sabbath-schools in the denomination, addressed, in most instances, to the secretaries as reported in the last Conference Minutes. These reports are now due. Only about half of the schools have reported thus far. It is desirable to have a full report. Will pastors and Sabbath-school superintendents kindly see that these blanks are filled out and returned to the Secretary, John B. Cottrell, Alfred, N. Y.

REDUCED FARES FOR CONFERENCE.

The Committee on Railroad Fares for Conference have secured a rate of one and one-third fares, and call attention to the Circular of Instructions printed herewith.

Any one desiring information not contained in the circular should apply to either of the undersigned.

IRA J. ORDWAY,
544 W. Madison St., Chicago.

D. E. TITSWORTH,
Plainfield, N. J.

Instructions to Persons Attending the Meeting.

1. The reduction is to persons going to and attending the Anniversaries.
2. The reduction is fare and a third, conditional on there being an attendance at the meeting of not less than 100 persons holding certificates.
3. All persons availing themselves of the reduction will pay full first-class fare going to the meeting and get a certificate filled in on one side by the agent of whom the ticket is purchased. Agents at important stations and coupon ticket offices are supplied with certificates.
4. *Certificates are not kept at all stations.* If, however, the ticket agent at a local station is not supplied with certificates and through tickets to place of meeting, he can inform the delegate of the nearest important station where they can be obtained. In such a case the delegate should purchase a local ticket to such station and there take up his certificate and through ticket to place of meeting.
5. Tickets for going passage may be sold only within three days (not counting Sunday) prior to the agreed opening date of the meeting, or three days after (including) such opening date; except that, when meetings are held at distant points to which the authorized limit is greater than three days, tickets may be sold before the meeting in accordance with the limits shown in regular tariffs. No certificates are issued to point, where the going fare is less than 75 cents.

6. Deposit the certificate with the secretary or other proper officer of the organization at the meeting, for necessary endorsement and vise-of special agent.

7. Certificates are *not transferable*, and return tickets secured upon certificates are *not transferable*.

8. On presentation of the certificate, duly filled in on both sides, within three days (Sunday excepted) after the adjournment of the meeting, the ticket agent at the place of meeting will return the holder to starting-point, by the route over which the going journey was made, at one-third the highest limited fare by such route. The return tickets will in all cases be closely limited to continuous passage to destination.

9. No refund of fare will be made on account of any person failing to obtain a certificate.

INSTRUCTION TO SECRETARY OR OTHER OFFICER OF THE ORGANIZATION ENDORSING CERTIFICATES AT THE MEETING.

10. Certificates should be collected during the early sessions of meeting, the title, place, and date endorsed, as provided for on blank side of each certificate: they will then be in shape for the vise of special agent attending the meeting for that purpose, and when countersigned by him will entitle the holders to the reduction set forth in clause 8.

Delegates and others availing themselves of this reduction in fare must present themselves at the Ticket offices for certificates and tickets at least 30 minutes before departure of trains.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ABOUT RAILROAD FARES TO CONFERENCE.

The Committee has arranged with the Erie Railroad to run a special train for our people, leaving Chicago Monday, August 21, 1899, at noon and arriving in New York in time to take the boat Tuesday afternoon for Stonington. It is hoped that all who possibly can will take this train. Stops are already arranged for at Lima, Olean, Friendship, Wellsville, Andover, Alfred Station, Hornellsville and Binghamton. It is very important, and the Committee urge upon those in each locality, who are intending to go to Conference, to appoint some one of their number to write immediately to the Committee for special information of value and importance. Mr. Ordway should be informed as to whether sleeping-car or day-coach accommodations are wanted on the train. Those desiring state-rooms on the Stonington boat should communicate with D. E. Titworth. State-room prices are \$1 and \$2 each, two berths in each state-room. It is to the interest of everyone desiring to go to Conference to pay strict attention to these instructions.

IRA J. ORDWAY,
544 West Madison St.,
Chicago, Ill. } Com.
D. E. TITSWORTH,
Plainfield, N. J. }

KINDLY REMEMBERED.

It is well understood that Rev. B. F. Rogers, on account of his health, has resigned his pastoral charge of the church in Scott. As a result of this change he does not expect to attend another Quarterly Meeting on this part of the field. At the late Quarterly Meeting held at Lincklaen Centre, a large audience being present, the undersigned were delegated to make the following expression of regard for Bro. Rogers:

We, the undersigned in behalf of the churches, wish to express our regret that we are called to part with one who has helped so much to sustain these quarterly sessions. It is indeed a pleasure to say that we have been instructed and encouraged by his faithful preaching of the gospel. His visits also have been sources of comfort and inspiration. Our prayers will follow him and his family in his future plans for labor in his Masters vineyard.

C. J. YORK.
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Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

The Chinese Wall.

Whether the Chinese wall is one of the number that is said to constitute the seven wonders of the world, or not, we do not at this moment pretend to say. We well remember that, from our earliest readings, whenever this "wall" has been referred to, it has caused us to congregate a half a dozen or more wonders, as to who conceived such a tremendous job. And who did they get to boss it? What was it begun for? And why was it ever finished? Where did they ever get men enough, or the "copper cash," with the square hole through it, to pay the men?

Still the wonders do not cease. We are informed that the Chinese government has concluded to tear it down, and allow foreigners to come and do that job; that already there are no less than eight syndicates formed for tearing it down, one in New York, one in Chicago, two in England, once in France, and three in Germany.

This causes other wonders to spring up. Why do the Chinese want to tear it down now, and what can they do with the stones and debris? Really it is more of a wonder why it should be destroyed than that it should have been built, yet it should be remembered that the Chinese have ever been, and still are, a wonderful people.

The Chinese records show that at an early date they began to fortify their empire on the north and northwest against invasion by the Mongols. These fortifications at first were constructed by princes, or governors, and consisted of towers or enclosures; and afterwards, by the empire itself, these towers were connected by a wall, forming a boundary line between Mongolia (now Russia) and the Chinese Empire.

This wall by a late measurement is said to be 1,255 miles in length, from 15 to 30 feet in height, and 30 feet in width on the top, and much broader at the base. The wall is faced on the outside with hewn stone, laid in good mortar, while within it is filled with stones and earth. The top is finished with layers of brick.

The towers were erected on the wall to a height of about 40 feet, at varying distances of from 600 to 1,000 feet apart. These towers evidently were used as elevations for shooting arrows or for hurling stones against those attempting to scale the wall.

We are unable to fix a date when they commenced to build this immense wall, or the number of years it was in building, but it was finished about 211 years B. C.

After China has been gobbled down by other nations, and the records of the empire

now in Pekin brought to the printing office, we may be enlightened as to details concerning the building of this "great Chinese wall."

The city of Pekin at the time when the wall was built stood a little south of the wall, although over a thousand miles from the west end of it. Science at this age of the world could not have been very "popular" in that country to have had only one plan for a defense, and to have carried that to completion on so large a scale and for so long a distance; passing up steep mountains, down and across valleys, over rivers, ravines and gorges, stretching onward across plains, overcoming all obstacles, for over a thousand miles, requiring the labor of a thousand men for a year or more to complete a single mile.

MARRIAGES.

PRENTICE-DAVIS.—In Attica, N. Y., July 26, 1899, at the residence of the bride's father, Dr. Orin Davis, by Rev. A. B. Prentice, Nathan B. Prentice, of Washington, D. C., and Sarah C. Davis, of Buffalo, N. Y.

DEATHS.

They Die Not.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
 Hath evil wrought.
 The funeral anthem is a glad evange',
 The good die not.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
 What He has given.
 They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
 As in His heaven. —W. Hittier.

MORRIS.—In Plainfield, N. J., July 29, 1899, of diphtheria, Elbert F., son of Luther and Mary Wooden Morris, aged 9 years.

He was a sweet child, and greatly devoted to Sabbath-school. Of such is the kingdom of heaven. A. H. L.

JEWETTE.—Alice M., wife of S. H. Jewette, and daughter of Eld. Hamilton and Mrs. L. M. Hull, was born in Albion, Wis., Dec. 24, 1866, and died in Milton Junction, Wis., July 22, 1899.

Sister Jewette made a public profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, in the ordinance of baptism administered by the Rev. L. E. Livermore, when quite young, and united with the Walworth Seventh-day Baptist church. When the family removed to Milton Junction she became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church at that place, and remained faithful until death. She was an earnest Christian and leaves to her friends the assurance and comfort that their sorrow is her eternal joy. A husband, mother, two children and many other relatives mourn her departure.

G. J. C.

Literary Notes.

THE Critic, an illustrated monthly, Review of Art and Life, for August, 1899, what with book reviews and illustrated studies of literary characters, is a most enjoyable number. "Charlotte Bronte and Two of her Friends," is at once valuable for information and pleasant reading for a leisure hour. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

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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 Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Bible Class, held every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, at the residence of Dr. F. L. Irons, 224 Grace Street.

☞ The Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City will hold service until further notice at the home of F. M. Dealing, 1279 Union Avenue, near 169th Street and Barton Road. Bible study at 10.45 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend this service. Take Third Avenue Elevated Railroad to 169th Street.

☞ 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. M. B. Kelly, 5455 Monroe Ave. Mrs. NETTIE E. SMITH, Church Clerk.

☞ 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 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.

☞ The Quarterly Meeting of the churches of Portville, Shingle House, Hebron and Hebron Centre, will convene with the Hebron Centre church, beginning Aug. 11, 1899. Evening, 7.30, prayer and conference led by Rev. G. P. Kenyon. Sabbath morning, 10.30, preaching Rev. J. G. Mahoney. Sabbath afternoon, 2.30, preaching, Rev. W. D. Burdick; evening, 7.15, praise service; 7.30, preaching, Rev. Frank Peterson. First-day morning, preaching, 10.30, Rev. W. L. Burdick; 2 P. M., praise service; 2.30, preaching, Rev. D. B. Coon; evening, 7.15, praise service, Walter Green. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

L. R. BALL, Clerk.

JULY 24, 1899.

REUNION.

All those who ever attended school at "Bigfoot Academy" are hereby notified that the annual reunion of such students will be held at Walworth, Wis., Aug. 9, 1899. Every such student will please accept this as an invitation to be present. Dinner will be served at Town Hall.

HERBERT C. BURDICK, *President*,
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☞ 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, Stanley Villas, Westberry Avenue, Wood Green, London, N., England. Sabbath-keepers and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

Sabbath literature and lectures on the Sabbath question may be secured by addressing Rev. W. Daland, Honorary Secretary of the British Sabbath Society, at 31 Clarence Road, Wood Green, London, N., or, Major T. W. Richardson at the same address.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER of March 27th.

"The only drawback to any intelligent country community enjoying educational and refining privileges is lack of co-operation between the farmers themselves," writes Mrs. John B. Sims, of "Entertaining in the Country," in the July Ladies' Home Journal. "Whenever a farming community realize that in themselves lie the means of educating their sons and daughters to love the farm and the farm home, and that because one does not have the privileges of the town or large city there is no reason why he should stagnate either mentally or socially, they will have solved the problem of how to live happily and contentedly on a farm."

EVERY really able man, if you talk sincerely with him, considers his work, however much admired, as far short of what it should be. What is this Better, this flying Ideal, but the perpetual promise of his Creator?—Emerson.

THEY are slaves who will not choose Hatred, scoffing, and abuse; Rather than in silence shrink From the truth they needs must think,— They are slaves who will not dare All wrongs to right, all rights to share. —J. R. Lowell.

WILLIE.—Pa, what's an usher? Pa.—He's the man who shows people where they musn't sit at church.—Chicago News.

HEALTH for ten cents. Cascarets make the bowels and kidneys act naturally, destroy microbes, cure headache, biliousness and constipation. All druggists.

"You are not in our set," clucked the old Dominic hen, pushing the goose egg out of her nest with her bill.

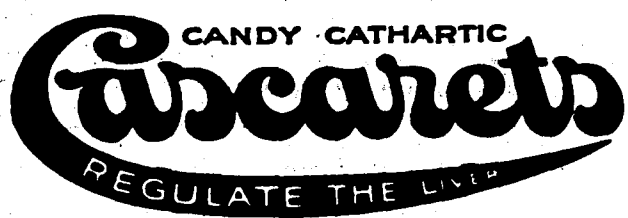
"I SHOULD think moths would starve to death, mother." "Why?" "Because they only eat holes."

"I DON'T look at all well," said the neglected dooryard, "but I am able to be around the house."

A MAN has sometimes missed the greatest good of his life by looking for it too far from home.

"It's kind o' peculiar," said the baker, "when I'm busiest I do the most loafing."

"I MAY be coarse," thought the comb, "but I have my fine points."



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