

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

A SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST WEEKLY, PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

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SOWING.

BY KATE MELLEESH.



OW thou thy seed of corn and wait awhile.
See the snow falling and the ice-spray gleam
Above its hiding place. Hear the wind
scream

And the wild tempest sweep o'er mile and mile
Of sullen landscape. Watch the rain cloud's vial
Empty above it, and the fitful beam
Of sunlight thawrt the field, until a seam
Of tender green shoot up to greet thy smile.
And lo! God's miracle is wrought once more
Of life from death—from loss, most wondrous gain:
The cornfield glitters with its golden store
On the same land where late the storm and rain
Beat on the bare, brown earth. Thy sowing o'er,
Thine but to wait and pray lest faith should wane!

Sow thou thy seed of love, O heart, and wait
Though it lie hidden—though thy doubts and fears
Whisper to thee 'tis lost, and thy sad tears
Fall on the ice-bound soil of bitter fate—
Surely the seed will live: spring sets the gate
Of life wide open. See! though hid for years,
Love seeks the light of love—its tender spears
Shall gladden thy sad eyes at last, though late:
E'en but the blade perchance, and not the bloom.
Oftentimes God seeth that Love's flower rare
Hath no perfection this side of the tomb,
But needeth for its growth the purer air
Of his sweet paradise: after earth's gloom
Love hath its blossoming—not here, but there!

—Chamber's Journal.

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PLAINFIELD N J

Sabbath Recorder.

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

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

THE *Jewish Voice*, St. Louis, Mo., commenting on a note in the RECORDER touching the Dreyfus case, says:

In the name of justice and equity, as well as in the name of true religion, which, really, are identical, we express our full appreciation of the following spontaneous declaration of spiritual independence exhibited by our esteemed contemporary, the SABBATH RECORDER, the able representative of the "Seventh-day" Baptists, published at Plainfield, N. J.

ZEAL is an excellent thing, rightly directed. When not rightly directed, it is like a steam engine running away. It will attract much attention, and end in ruin. Paul was extremely zealous in punishing those who accepted Christ, and, in the honesty of his zeal, thought he did God's service. It is well to be "zealously affected in a good thing," but it is important that one be certain that the line along which his zeal forces him is a good thing.

SOMETIMES we complain most of our best friends. This is true in the matter of physical suffering. Most people consider pain as an enemy. On the contrary, it is nature's warning against danger. He who is keen to observe the teaching which lassitude, weariness and pain bring is likely to secure best results as to health and strength. Pain is quick to advise us of danger, and equally quick to cease when the danger passes. It were well if, in spiritual matters, we were equally alive to the warnings which are suggested to the soul, when symptoms of spiritual indifference or lassitude appear. Do not resent pain, but be thankful, the rather, that you are warned in time. In the same way, welcome all suggestions which truth makes, since the purpose of such suggestions is to secure immunity from evil.

OBEDIENCE is a matter of the heart. This is the secret of Christ's teachings, that love is the fulfilling of the law. When law, or the authority of force, compels one to a given action, when it is not the choice of the spirit thus to act, there is no true obedience. But the love which begets obedience does not remove the obligation to obey. On the contrary, it is the highest expression of regard for that obligation. Herein is the great mistake those people make who claim that law is abolished, when love and faith take possession of the heart. Instead of being abolished, it is incorporated into the life and purpose of the obedient one. Men obey law through love, not compelled from without, but, rather, compelled from within. Under such circumstances, the decisions of love in one's own soul become the highest law, because they embody the divine law, in the individual choice. Failing to understand this relation between love and law, men teach the most destructive no-lawism, removing obligation, when obligation ought to be embodied as the main-spring of action, through love. Love is the fulfilling of the law, because it embodies the obligation to do in the glad willingness which hastens to accomplish what the law demands.

THE Psalmist said, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man,

that thou visiteth him?" If the individual man, or the race of men, as a whole, be placed in comparison with the material universe, this question of the Psalmist gains double meaning. Science has indicated what it will never be able to measure in detail, that our universe is made up of "world upon world," and that, within the great universe of God, the number of worlds like our own is infinite. In spite of all this, the individual man surpasses all else in importance, because, as the child of God, the heir of immortality, and the candidate for life beyond, he is a component part of the great spiritual universe. The physical universe exists for sake of the spiritual, as the human body exists for the sake of the spirit. If men could appreciate their own greatness, and the value of their spiritual relations to God, that appreciation would save them from sinking the spiritual into the physical, and from yielding to the temptations which now degrade both. It were well if we might often repeat the question of the Psalmist, and find the answer, in part, in the fact of man's spiritual relations to God, and of the sacrifice of infinite love, made in Christ.

A STORY is told of Admiral Dewey and a sailor boy, in which the noble qualities of both stand out in beautiful relief. As the battle in Manila Harbor was about to begin, and the order to "strip for action" came, a powder boy on the flag-ship dropped his coat overboard. He asked permission to jump after it, which was refused. Going to the other side of the ship, he slipped overboard and saved his coat. When the battle was over, the boy was found guilty of disobedience, and his sentence was referred to Commodore Dewey for approval. Knowing the character of the boy in general, he could not understand why he should risk his life for a coat, at such a time. Inquiring of the boy why, he answered: "The coat contained my mother's picture; I had just kissed it and could not bear to lose it." The noble commander ordered the boy's release, saying, "A boy who loves his mother enough to risk his life for her picture cannot be kept in irons." It is easy to apply this incident to your own spiritual experience. If you love God, his law and righteousness enough to risk all things else, that you may preserve these unbroken, neither sin nor condemnation can hold you against the love of God.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

The 97th Session of the General Conference was opened at Ashaway, R. I., at 10 o'clock, A. M., Aug. 23, 1899. The excessive heat which had marked the days just preceding was tempered by a cool breeze. "Welcome" was voiced in so many ways that no one could feel himself to be a stranger. Geo. B. Carpenter and Curtis Randolph, a committee, met the hundreds who crowded the steamboat Maine when she swung from her pier in New York at 6 P. M. on the 22d, to assign delegates homes and to look after all essential details. The Committee on Transportation—Ordway and Titsworth—had done their work so well that the crowded train from the West was on time to a moment, and the delegates were set down at Westerly at 7.30 A. M. on the 23d. The local committee from Ashaway took the crowd in hand and, under their manipulation, it soon melted away toward Ashaway four miles distant. On the spacious grounds of the church at Ashaway two com-

modious tents—an auditorium and a dining room seating 600—gave promise of cheer and comfort, while the church opened its doors as parlor and general resting place.

Doctor J. M. Stillman, of Milton, Wis., led a trained choir of twenty-five voices, accompanied by two violins, a viola and an organ, and music worthy of the bright morning and the important occasion opened the service at 10 A. M.

The Conference came to order, President O. U. Whitford, D. D., in the chair. Rev. S. L. Maxson, of Walworth, Wis., conducted the devotional service. This was followed by the Address of Welcome by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, the lately-installed pastor of the First Hopkinton church. This appeared in the RECORDER last week. The address was marked by such vigor, such felicity in expression and such a spirit of Christ-like brotherhood that all present touched soul as in the household of faith. The address, as our readers know, was a happy blending of historic facts, local applications and brotherly welcome.

The "President's Message," which also appeared in our last issue, followed. The breadth of view and the scope covered by the message included, in outline or detail, the work of the denomination, in an unusual degree. Two points ought to find much consideration from all our readers—the idea of our denominational mission, and the need of higher spiritual attainments that we accomplish that mission.

After the message, under direction of the Conference, the President appointed the following Standing Committees:

Petitions.—A. McLearn, Wm. B. VanHorn, C. B. Hull, Martin Sindall.

Finance.—W. B. West, Orson Green, J. F. Hubbard, I. B. Crandall, U. S. Griffin.

State of Religion.—L. C. Randolph, Geo. Seeley, S. L. Maxson, E. B. Saunders, A. S. Crofoot.

Obituaries.—A. B. Prentice, L. A. Platts, M. G. Stillman, L. D. Burdick, E. H. Soewell.

Denominational History.—Pres. W. C. Whitford, A. E. Main, Pres. B. C. Davis, Pres. T. L. Gardiner, M. B. Kelly.

Resolutions.—S. D. Davis, O. D. Sherman, S. L. Maxson, A. R. Crandall, I. J. Ordway.

Nominations.—W. C. Whitford (Alfred), L. R. Swinney, F. J. Ehret, Mrs. Geo. H. Babcock, G. W. Post, D. W. Leath.

Rev. A. E. Main offered the following resolution, which was adopted; whereupon the President appointed the following as the committee created by the resolution: A. E. Main, W. B. West, H. H. Crandall:

Resolved, That we request the President of the Conference to appoint a nominating committee of three whose duty it shall be to nominate a special committee to consist of one member from each of the three denominational Boards, Missionary, Tract and Education, and of members from these several Associations in the proportion of one for each thousand communicants, or fraction thereof over five hundred; and it shall be the duty of this committee, when appointed by the Conference, to take into careful consideration questions relating to the time, place, length, and general management of our Conference Anniversaries, with a view to the devising and recommending of ways and means for still further increasing, if possible, the advantages which our people ought to derive from them.

Announcements were made, and the morning session adjourned at 12 M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Appropriate music, and prayer by Rev. S. Burdick, of Andover, N. Y., opened the service of the afternoon. The afternoon was occupied with Annual Reports. The Corresponding Secretary, L. A. Platts, reported in outline, and was granted time to complete

his work, when further reports came in from churches. He reported correspondence with scattered Sabbath-keepers in Austria, Germany, Africa, etc., and with a body of Sabbath-keepers in Jersey City, N. J.

The Special Committee provided for by the resolution of the forenoon was appointed as follows: President W. C. Whitford, Chairman; O. U. Whitford, A. H. Lewis, E. M. Tomlinson, Geo. H. Utter, Mrs. Geo. H. Babcock, A. B. Prentice, T. L. Gardiner.

The Report of the Executive Committee was adopted. The Report of the Sabbath-school Board was presented and adopted. In the discussion of this report, emphasis was laid upon the necessity of a department for primary classes in the *Helping Hand*. After the adoption of the Treasurer's Report, the Alfred University Quartet sang. The Report of the Memorial Board, including report of the Treasurer, J. A. Hubbard, was presented by D. E. Titworth, Secretary. The Committee on Obituaries presented a "report in progress." This included notices of Rev. M. B. Kelly, of Illinois; Rev. J. E. N. Backus, of New York; Deacon Daniel Enos Babcock, and Deacon W. S. Livermore.

Mrs. Townsend, of Holgate, Ohio, a prominent worker in the W. C. T. U. of that state, who embraced the Sabbath a few weeks since, in connection with the work of the Milton College Quartet, was introduced to the Conference. She spoke of the joy and peace which her soul had found in the eight weeks which had intervened since she found the fuller light of Sabbath truth, and of the wonder that she had remained so long without coming to know this larger experience. She commended the work of the Quartet and of others at Holgate, and urged the enlargement of such work. Singing by the Milton College Quartet followed Mrs. Townsend's remarks.

The closing hour of the afternoon was given to the "Brotherhood," the main feature being an address by I. L. Cottrell, President.

EVENING SESSION.

The evening session was occupied with the following addresses:

1. The Need of Deeper Spiritual Life in View of Our Work in Evangelism and Sabbath Reform, George Seeley.
2. What Ought Our Pastors to Do to Deepen Spiritual Life in Their Churches? A. B. Prentice.
3. The Influence of Family and Social Life upon the Spiritual Life of the Church, Mrs. P. A. Burdick.
4. How can Money and Business be Made to Promote Spiritual Life? C. B. Hull.

These addresses were listened to by a large audience, with deep interest. They will appear in part, or in whole, in the *REORDER*, and we assure our readers, in advance, that they will share in the interest which the audience felt, even though the personal presence of the speakers will be wanting. Thus closed the first day of what promises to be an important and strong Anniversary week.

LETTERS TO YOUNG PREACHERS AND THEIR HEARERS.

LETTER XLII.

MISCELLANEOUS SUGGESTIONS.

FUNERALS.

God has ordained; wisely, that sorrow and suffering act as his messengers. They bring many of life's most valuable lessons, and often open the way for the incoming of

the divine spirit. The death of a friend is to most people a supreme sorrow. Under such sorrow hearts are tender and thoughtful, earnest and honest in the presence of their dead. It is at once befitting, and a cause for gratitude, that our religion has established the custom of calling the minister of the gospel in at such an hour, that he may give comfort and teach wisdom.

Happily, the old type of "funeral sermon" has passed away; nevertheless Christianity has a message for the hour of sorrow. So far as the message is instructive, at such an hour, it must be for the living alone. Every funeral service—we much prefer to say memorial service—should aim to benefit those who remain. The preacher must be tender and sympathetic, but not weak nor cowardly. While he speaks to instruct and soothe those who mourn, he must not speak simply to please them. The providence which comes to them is his occasion for teaching truth and duty. The worth of souls and the honor of truth must be remembered while he speaks, and if there be need he must turn the tear of sorrow into the tear of repentance, and awaken resolutions toward purer life in the hearts which sit amid shadows. Human sympathy and regard for the sorrow-stricken must not over-shadow regard for their higher good, and their eternal salvation.

NO FULSOME PRAISE OF THE DEAD.

As a general rule, it is better to say too little in praise of the dead—far better—than to say too much. There is a vast deal of lying in funeral sermons and obituary notices. But when the one who is gone has been eminent in virtue and Christian character, prolific in good works, strong in faith, and faithful in doing, the facts should be made to appear. It is due to the memory of such lives, and still more to the Christian faith by which they have been enabled to leave noble and pure examples, that the facts should appear when they are gone. It is thus that the "memory of the just is blessed." Even then, the statements made by the preacher should fall short of the facts, rather than surpass them. Never say so much in commendation but that the living will feel that you could have said more, truthfully. On the other hand, the funeral sermon which praises the unworthy, or lauds beyond measure, or invents virtues which the acquaintances of the dead never discovered, is worse than failure.

DO NOT SEEK TO PROVOKE SORROW.

There has been a standard, too common, which rates funeral services, as to their excellence, by the amount of weeping they produce. Unwise men seek to make deeper wounds than already exist. Such a course is unkind, and un-Christian. The living do not need to mourn for their dead as much as they need to be prepared for their own departure. If their hearts are already wounded deeply with real sorrow, it is far more Christ-like to bind up these wounds than to open them. That style of funeral sermon, however well meant, is heathenish. Heathenism mourns without hope. We are false to Christian faith when we do thus. Christianity sustains under such sorrows, and when the dead in Christ go hence they enter into eternal glory. They pass out of the shadows into the everlasting light; and while earthly sorrow must have its way, it is rather joy in their behalf than sorrow which we ought to feel.

MAGNIFY THE TRIUMPHS OF FAITH.

In every case wherein the life of the deceased has illustrated the power of the gospel to purify and save,—and sometimes by contrast, when the deceased has been irreligious,—aim to magnify and glorify that gospel which is the "power of God unto salvation." Herein is one of the greatest privileges of the minister of Christ. It is glorious to stand at the open tomb when human love lies bleeding because bereft of earthly treasures, when the wisdom of this world stops because it cannot bridge the chasm, when doubt and disbelief stand empty-handed and heavy-hearted because the beyond is dark and promiseless; it is glorious to stand then, where by faith in him who is the Resurrection and the Life, we can point with positive confidence to the triumph which the redeemed have already entered upon. It is a priceless privilege thus to lift one's voice amid the crumbling of all things earthly, and proclaim without reserve: "He that believeth on me shall never die;" to say with Paul, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The death of a Christian should never be made to represent deep grief or hopeless complaining. It is true we can illy afford to lose the pure and good, but the incomparable blessedness which they have attained, the glorious victory which they have gotten, should shed light upon our darkness, and bring the balm of Gilead to our hearts. Your words, as representative of the great Life-Giver and the Comforter, at such a time, should be full of positive faith, clear-eyed hope, tender sympathy, and unwavering confidence in him who doeth all things well. Say little or nothing of death; say much of life in spite of death. Do not bewail the dead in Christ, as lost, but rather make every heart feel "they are not lost, but gone before." Not a few customs and habits which yet prevail in connection with death ought to be relegated to the Dark Ages from whence they came, and in the much-needed reform you can bear a successful part by preaching, on every possible occasion, the glorious doctrine of life through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

QUARTERLY REPORT.

J. DWIGHT CLARKE, Treasurer,
In account with
YOUNG PEOPLE'S PERMANENT COMMITTEE.
From May 1, 1899, to August 1, 1899.

| RECEIPTS. | |
|---|----------|
| Lost Creek..... | \$ 5 00 |
| Alfred, Dr. Palmborg..... | 15 00 |
| Friendship..... | 4 00 |
| Rockville, Tract, \$1.75; Evangelistic, \$1.75..... | 3 50 |
| First Verona, Tract, \$1; Sabbath Reform, \$4; Evangelistic, \$3; Dr. Palmborg, \$5; other foreign missions, \$2..... | 15 00 |
| Leonardsville..... | 3 88 |
| Nortonville, Dr. Palmborg..... | 35 00 |
| Plainfield, Missionary, \$10; Tract, \$10..... | 20 00 |
| Little Genes.e..... | 18 00 |
| First Hebron..... | 5 00 |
| Ashaway, Missionary, \$5; Tract, \$5..... | 10 00 |
| Westerly..... | 18 75 |
| Hammond..... | 7 25 |
| Salem..... | 10 00 |
| Berlin, N. Y., Boys' School, \$5; Dr. Palmborg, \$5..... | 10 00 |
| North Loup..... | 5 00 |
| Albion, Mizpah Mission, \$4; Evangelical work, \$5; Missionary, \$5; Tract, \$5..... | 19 00 |
| Boulder..... | 10 00 |
| Dodge Centre, Dr. Palmborg..... | 10 00 |
| Milton Junction..... | 6 25 |
| Milton..... | 25 00 |
| W. K. Davis (profits on Colportage Library book)..... | 1 25 |
| | \$256 88 |

| EXPENDITURES. | |
|--|----------|
| Geo. H. Utter, Missionary, \$77.07; Dr. Palmborg, \$75; Boys' School, \$5; other foreign missions, \$2; Evangelical, \$9.75..... | \$168 82 |
| J. D. Spicer, Tract, \$75.81; Sabbath Reform, \$4..... | 79 81 |
| Mrs. Emma Kenyon, Mizpah Mission..... | 4 00 |
| Edwin Shaw, Secretary's expense..... | 2 00 |
| J. D. Clarke, Treasurer's expense..... | 2 25 |
| | \$256 88 |

MEN do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles; no more can one gather the sweets of a Christian life who is not often in communion with Christ, and in frequent meditation upon his teachings.—E. A. Witter.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

The Brotherhood of Gospel Work.

Talk about brotherhood—there is only one thing that can bind us all together. The vital force which linked evangelism, Sabbath Reform and education in one movement at Holgate, will do the same thing for our whole people.

From Allegany on, the two quartets have traveled in company. The genuine love and fellowship which instantly sprang up between young men who had never met before, the utter absence of jealousy, was grand to see. We will all be together when we meet at the cross. Ah, how much there is in common between those whose life is hid with Christ in God!

On the Stonington boat an Alfred boy and a Milton boy had become fast chums. One had a berth, the other had not. Into one bunk they lovingly went together. The breaking down of the berth and the profanity of the man below are out of the essence of this story. The incident reflected the spirit which is coming in to unify all our interests. The last thing the two singers thought of was the furnishing of an illustration for the SABBATH RECORDER; but let the act go down in history as both a type and a prophecy.

Beginning of the Conference Revival.

The evangelistic movement has taken possession of the General Conference. It broke out irresistibly this afternoon and now has the right of way. This first day of the sessions the brotherhood have turned spontaneously into the channel and carried everything before it. It was appropriate that the two speeches of the hour, which stirred the deepest chord, were made by those who were recently converted to the Sabbath through evangelistic work. The audience was in deep sympathy with the utterances of the hour. The moist eyes, the intent faces, the electric wave of enthusiasm which could be felt, were tokens of the deep root this work is taking in the heat of the denomination. The audience cannot hear enough of the quartets. Their singing is with spirit and power.

Your Contributing Editor, at this writing, is very happy. The movement for which he has been praying and working is marching forward with a rapider and stronger stride than we have dared to hope. Never before have we seen, on the first day of the Anniversaries, such a meeting as this. It is the break of day.

The Shifting of Public Opinion.

It is not so very long since the storm of popular sentiment in France was blowing fiercely against Dreyfus. His acquittal seemed then the last thing in prospect. In this morning's paper the headlines have it that there will be either an acquittal or a revolution. General Mercier, chief conspirator against the honor and liberty of an innocent man, goes out of the court-room amid hisses and curses. Dreyfus is wildly cheered when he calls on Mercier to acknowledge his innocence.

We may note two things in connection with this theatrical revulsion of feeling on the part of mercurial Frenchmen: The vitality of right and the power of a persistent man fighting for the right. A foul wrong was committed, justice was out of equilibrium and must swing

back. It was no light thing for Zolo to breast the natural tide of prejudice with his stern "I accuse"! but Zolo was right, and in that firm conviction he calmly waited for the vindication which would certainly come, soon or late.

O, young man, be right, and the world will one day come up to where your feet are planted. You can afford to wait. Conscious of your own rectitude, you can stand erect and look the mob in the face. There is a mighty joy in working together with God.

Dissipation and Baseball.

We have never lost that love of the national game bred in our student days, when we matched eyes with an opposing pitcher on the sward of Milton. To this day the percentage of the clubs is a matter of interest. A month ago Chicago stood second in the league, with a good fighting chance for the top. Since then she has been steadily dropping till now she retains sixth place by but a narrow margin.

A significant paragraph in the paper yesterday will go toward furnishing an explanation. The article was discussing the club manager, who, it was alleged, could not keep his men in discipline; but it referred casually to "the carnival of dissipation in New York," "Burns' attempts to cover up the misdeeds of his players," "the revival of the dissipation in Washington," and added in passing, "its effect on the team is shown in sluggishness and inability to hit."

Even in the sports no man can hold a pre-eminence except under the regime of a temperate life.

Methodist Official Ethics.

Prof. E. O. Exull, the song writer and book publisher, states that Dr. Edwin A. Schell, General Secretary of the Epworth League, agreed to give official recognition to one of the former's recent books, provided he be allowed one cent royalty on every copy sold by his recommendation. On the ground of such transactions *Zion's Herald* demands that Dr. Schell resign his position. Dr. Schell replies that he has done nothing more than would be legitimate in any business circles. He declares that he has no restitution to make or resignation to offer.

Ah, perhaps this is another case similar to that of the last election of Methodist bishops. If you had rebuked one of the candidates who was then wire-pulling so energetically for the position, he doubtless would have drawn himself up to his full height and answered: "Sir, I am doing nothing more than would be legitimate in any political circles."

And still we think that the church of Christ has some higher standards of business honor and of political purity than those she finds current in the human life about her. Have the gold-hunting, self-seeking ideals so filtered into the organization of Epworthians that an official may justify himself in any action by saying: "They all do it"? Is the church to get its standards from "business" and "politics," or is it the very mission of the church to bring higher motives and principles into all related human life?

Righteousness Seasoned With Vinegar.

She stood before the judge and pointed her finger accusingly at a tall, boyish lout of a fellow, while her shrill voice sawed the air of the court-room. He was evidently her son, and I have no doubt from his face that he

had been lazy or loose and altogether provoking.

But oh, my friends, I was glad she was not my mother. That hard, unsympathetic, complaining face—I could think of nothing but righteousness seasoned with vinegar. Not much there to attract and hold the boy to the fireside. Is it any wonder that he has found the streets a pleasanter place? Poor woman, burdened, care-worn and *resentful*, she has soured the pot of her own happiness.

How often I have seen the sullen don't-care look come into the face of the boy or girl at the familiar carping, scolding tone. There must be government, and sometimes penalty; but the staple of every day life should be winning and attractive, wholesome to the taste, sweet in the remembrance.

Dr. Dowie Through the Eyes of a Christian Physician.

I could not go myself, so I obtained a report of the meeting from the doctor. He is one of those rarely balanced men who can judge justly those who judge them unjustly. It seems that two of the divine healers' followers were recently called in to attend a sick woman. After being under their treatment, the patient was taken to a hospital, where, after a few days, she died. It is alleged that blood poison set in before the woman was out of the hands of the divine healers, and they have been put under arrest.

Dr. Dowie promptly took up the gauntlet for his followers. His sermon that afternoon, three and a half hours long, was on "The New Persecution by the Associated Liars of the Press and the Horde of Doctors," etc.

"I can't help thinking," said the physician, "that the man is sincere; but he shows a very bitter, resentful spirit, which is anything but Christian. He promised to 'get back at' everybody who has been persecuting him. Even the Republican party shall not be allowed to select another Mayor, because he was persecuted so many times under a Republican administration. Some portions of his speech were unfit for a public address."

I have often been asked, "What do you think of Dowie?" With my friend, the doctor, I cannot but think he is sincere, and that he has a mission; but he is a long way from the New Testament ideal of an apostle and preacher. There are two bad spots in him.

He is bitter and uncharitable in spirit. Portions of his sermons can be given no more dignified term than "billingsgate." Some of his prayers are like imprecatory Psalms with the inspiration left out.

His business methods are very unapostolic. "Silver and gold have I none," said Peter. But Dr. Dowie declares that he is going to be worth a million; of course he intends to use it for the advancement of "Zion," but you must trust him for that. There is neither board nor auditor; Dr. Dowie himself is a full board of directors. His people must trust him. With a mighty "yes" they asserted their willingness so to do; but the principle is a wrong one. It opens a field for rascality, and puts the project under the suspicion of the world. The affairs of Christ's kingdom should not rest under such taint. Dr. Dowie presents truths and great truths. He is a mighty preacher of repentance. But his glaring imperfections drop him from the level of a reformer to that of an agitator. He is not a leader of a great movement. He comes to stimulate, to agitate, to provoke to discussion. Out of this storm center streams of influence will arise—are arising—which will be fruitful of good in coming days. To God be the glory who maketh the wrath of man to praise him.

THE DUNHAM FAMILY.

Rev. Jonathan Dunham in Relation to His Times and Pastorate of the Seventh-day Baptist Church, Piscataway, N. J.

1694-1774.

BY O. B. LEONARD.

ARTICLE VIII.

[Continued from last week.]

The ministry of Elder Dunham continued to the close of life, his robust health permitting him to preach up to within a few months of his last illness, which was sudden and short. The church met for public worship in private houses until 1736, when a meeting-house was built on a lot donated to the society by Jonathan Fitz Randolph, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Manning Fitz Randolph, who were among the first settlers of the township. This building lasted all through Elder Dunham's pastorate, and until 1802, when a new structure was erected on same ground, and served the congregation another generation, till 1836. At this date their present house of worship was built in the village of New Market.

Elder Dunham's closing labors, for ten years, were in troublous times and perilous surroundings. The war clouds had gathered and the storm of Revolution burst in full force upon the region of his pastoral visitations. Not only were many of his parishioners seriously affected by the devastation of their property; but the church-membership was scattered and religious meetings suspended for a long time. The able-bodied men enlisted in the militia, while several families, including the aged, infirm and the women with their children, moved to the interior for safety. Some of these never returned, but established homes for themselves in Sussex and Somerset and Hunterdon or Morris Counties.

The enemy was encamped at New Brunswick and vicinity during 1776-77 and old Piscataway township was their foraging ground. Among those whose property was pillaged was Pastor Dunham. Not even his personal effects were exempt from plunder by the British soldiers. The following is taken from a sworn statement made by the Elder's son in the fall of 1782, as recorded in the "Inventory of Damages to the inhabitants of Middlesex." The Estate of Reverend Jonathan Dunham had a total loss of 89 pounds 9 shillings, Sterling, viz., 1 horse, 16 pounds; 25 sheep, 17 pounds, 10 shillings; 1 hog, 15 shillings; oats and hay, 13 pounds; 10 sides leather, 6 pounds, 10 shillings; sundries of household effects, 35 pounds, 14 shillings.

Rev. Jonathan Dunham died March 10, 1777, in his 83d year. He lies buried in a plot appropriated by himself for burial purposes on a farm two miles northeast of New Brunswick, and within whose sacred enclosure are his wife and many of his descendants.

Names of children and grandchildren of Rev. Jonathan Dunham. His children were eight in number, viz.: Elizabeth, Azariah, Jonathan, Jr., David, Ruth, Samuel, Isaac born 1725, and Jam born 1734, died young.

ELIZABETH DUNHAM, born 1715, married 1738 Micajah Dunn (son of Samuel and Esther). Their children were Mercy, married Jonathan Fitz Randolph; Jane, married Joseph Runyon; Joel, married Rachel Runyon; David, married Eunice Tingley; Gershom, married Catherine Dunn; and possibly Jeremiah, who lies buried in the same plot at New Market with Micajah Dunn.

AZARIAH DUNHAM, born 1718, married Jane

Thomas and Mary F. Ford. Children by first marriage were: David, married Mary Dunn; Mary, married John Conger; Jane, married Joseph Thickstun. Children by second marriage were: Lewis, married Jane Tuthill; John, married Ann Sherred; James, married Hannah Smith; Sarah, married James Hankinson; Jacob, married Elizabeth Lawson; Elizabeth, Nancy, Hannah, Moses, William, Hannah. These six children died in infancy and adult years, all unmarried.

JONATHAN DUNHAM, JR., born 1721, married Keziah Fitz Randolph, and their children were: Rebecca, married Andrew Drake; Mary; Tabitha, married Lambert Merrell; Abraham, married Sarah F. Randolph; Jonathan, married Eunice Dunn.

DAVID DUNHAM, born 1723, married Rebecca Dunn, and had children: Jonathan, married Sarah Lenox; Sarah, married Abel Stelle; David, married Kezia Dunn; Jeremiah, married Phebe F. Randolph; Azariah, married Elizabeth Dunham; Phineas, married Zeruah Dunham.

RUTH DUNHAM, born 1727, married James Martin, whose children were: Azariah Martin, Gideon Martin, James Martin.

SAMUEL DUNHAM, born 1730, married Mary Lucas. Their children were: Jonathan S., married (1) Elizabeth Ayers and (2) Elizabeth Drake; Thomas, died at sea; Mary, married Richard Ball; Elizabeth, married Nahum Dunn; Hepsibah, married Samuel Walker.

The following list of marriages, performed by Elder Dunham during his ministry, will be of interest to many readers. It has never been in print before, and the writer transcribed the names from a copy of the original:

"Account of Persons married by me, Jonathan Dunham, minister, and when."

Lawrence Ruth and Elizabeth Smalley, Sept. 19, 1745.

Benajah Dunham and Hannah Martin, Feb. 5, 1746.

Jonathan Dayton and Elizabeth Hull, April 9, 1746.

James Barto and Catharine Marlat, May 6, 1746.

Benjamin Laing and Mary Blackford, May 19, 1746.

Malachi F. Randolph and Sarah Bonham, Oct. 7, 1746.

Joseph Dunn and Dinah Dunham, Dec. 10, 1746.

Richard Lenox and Mercy Dunham, Feb. 12, 1747 (6).

James Martin and Ruth Dunham, Feb. 25, 1747 (6).

Andrew Smalley and Agnes Coriel, Feb. 26, 1747 (6).

Moses Aston and Susannah Blackford, Feb. 27, 1747 (6).

John Dowden and Mary Combs, July 30, 1747.

Jacob Fitzrandolph and Catharine Smalley, Nov. 12, 1747.

William Shreeves and Anna Smalley, Jan. 6, 1748 (7).

James Lenox and Ruth Manning, —, 1748.

Peter Martin and Anna Ladner, Dec., 1748.

Samuel Bagger and Siscoel Thomas, Jan. 2, 1749 (8).

Daniel Dunham and Elizabeth Martin, Dec., 1749.

Samuel Dunham and Mary Lucas, May 8, 1750.

Jeremiah Hempsted and Martha McMichael, May 10, 1750.

Joseph Dennis and Annia Drake, —, 1750.

Daniel Waldron and Doreas Congar, Feb. 25, 1751 (0).

Elijah Dunham and Mary Sharp, April 14, 1751.

Jarman Davis and Esther Ayers, Oct. 15, 1751.

Zachariah Clawson and Johanna Whitehead, Oct. 23, 1751.

Benjamin Prigmore and Susannah Dunham, Jan. 8, 1752.

Israel Thornell and Catharine Fitzrandolph, Jan. 2, 1753:

Thomas Fitzrandolph and Elizabeth Dunn, May 27, 1755.

William Shreeve and Catharine Martin, Nov. 12, 1755.

Benev Dunham and Mary Heath, Aug. 2, 1757.

Hugh Dunn and Rachel Moore, Aug. 18, 1758.

Abraham Lufberry and Kezia Bloomfield, Nov. 28, 1759.

Benjamin Dunn and Mary Roy, Dec. 28, 1759 (8).

David Pound and Elizabeth Drake, March 18, 1760.

John Olephant and Elizabeth Lucas, Oct. 21, 1760.

Justus Dunn and Experience Stelle, Oct. 5, 1760.

Eli Dunham and Martha Berrien, Mar. 18, 1761.

Samuel Fitzrandolph and Margaret F. Randolph, Mar. 25, 1761.

Hezekiah Bonham and Mary Bonham, Mar. 17, 1762.

Robert Martin and Mary Bloomfield, Nov. 30, 1758.

Peter Sutton and Catharine Osmon, Dec. 21, 1762.

John Compton and Sarah Morgan, Feb. 1, 1763.

Lambert Merrell and Tabitha Dunham, Nov. 29, 1763.

John Dunn and Anna Ayers, Jan. 15, 1764.

Andrew Drake and Rebecca Dunham, Feb. 7, 1764.

Jacob Martin and Elizabeth —, Feb. 22, 1764.

Jonas Sutton and Elizabeth Runyon, Sept. 27, 1764.

Edward Robertson and Sarah Preston, Nov. 27, 1764.

Francis Dunn and Sarah Dunn, —, 1765.

James Fitzrandolph and Mary Moore, April 21, 1765.

Jeremiah Dunn, Jr., and Mary Fitzrandolph, April 23, 1765.

John Arnold and Hannah Carinon, Dec. 8, 1765.

Joseph Runyon and Jane Dunn, Dec. 25, 1765.

John Fisher and Anna Hartwick, Dec. 8, 1665. / > 6 5

Ephraim Dunn and Isabel Dunn, Oct. 15, 1766.

David Dunham and Mary Dunn, Dec. 17, 1766.

Phineas Dunn and Anna Burgess, Oct. 11, 1767.

Nicholas Mundy and Mary Bagger, Jan. 17, 1768.

John Congar and Mary Dunham, Mar. 30, 1768.

Isaac Fourat and Esther Davis, May 23, 1768.

Ephraim Soper and Elizabeth Martin, June 9, 1768.

Reuben Drake and Sarah F. Randolph, July 7, 1768.

Ebenezer Giles and Patience Collins, Sept. 30, 1768.

Robert Stewart and Mary Freeland, Nov. 12, 1768.

Samuel Walker and Hepzibah Dunham, April 25, 1769.

William Smith and Elizabeth Dogle, —, —.

Hopewell Wilson and Mary Giles, Sept. 26, 1771.

Isaac Davis and Jane Dunham, Dec. 31, 1771.

Gabriel Laboyteux and Mary F. Randolph, Dec. 31, 1772.

Jonathan Dunham, Jr., and Eunice Dunn, Mar. 1, 1774.

Daniel Dunn and Sarah F. Randolph, Nov. 5, 1775.

Jonathan Dunham and Sarah Lenox, Jan. 24, 1776.

ORDINATION AT MILTON.

It has been several times announced that Bro. H. C. Van Horn, a graduate of Milton College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Farnham, Neb. As this church is located at considerable distance from any other church of our faith and order, it was deemed best that he should go as a regularly ordained minister of the gospel. Although Bro. Van Horn still held his membership at North Loup, Neb., the home of his childhood, he preferred, for obvious reasons, to be ordained at Milton. In accordance with this preference, the church at North Loup asked for his ordination at the hands of the brethren at Milton and vicinity. Accordingly a council was called to meet at Milton, August 13, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and invitations were sent to the churches of Southern Wisconsin.

At the appointed time and place the council consisting of delegates from the churches of Milton, Milton Junction, Rock River and Albion, was organized, the church at Walworth being unable to send representatives. Dr. Platts was chosen Moderator and Dea. L. T. Rogers Clerk of the council. The examination of the candidate was conducted by Pres. Whitford, and covered the topics of Christian experience, call to the ministry and Christian doctrine and practice. After a hearty expression of satisfaction on the part of the council, the ordination service was conducted as follows: Prayer of consecration, by Rev. Geo. J. Crandall; charge to the candidate, by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick; and welcome to the candidate, by Dr. Platts. The choir of the Milton church, under the direction of Mrs. L. A. Platts, sang during the service, several appropriate selections, and the congregation was dismissed with the benediction by the Rev. H. C. Van Horn.

The service throughout was very interesting and impressive, and after the benediction many friends of Bro. Van Horn congratulated him upon the happy issue of the examination and wished him abundant success in his new work. Let the new workers and the frontier fields be remembered in the prayers of all our churches.

L. A. PLATTS.

MILTON, Wis., Aug. 20, 1899.

Missions.

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

In the China Mission the past year, the Rev. D. H. Davis, assisted by Mrs. Davis, has had the charge of the Boys' Boarding School besides his evangelistic work; Dr. Rosa W. Palmborg, of the Medical Mission; Miss Susie M. Burdick, of the Girls' Boarding School. There have been four day-schools taught during the year by our missionaries and Mrs. Davis. Native helpers have labored also in the different departments of the Mission. In the statistics of this Mission for the year there are:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Number of foreign workers..... | 4 |
| Number of native workers..... | 10 |
| Licentiate..... | 1 |
| Preaching stations..... | 3 |
| Additions to the church..... | 11 |
| Deaths..... | 2 |
| Present membership..... | 51 |
| Sabbath-schools..... | 3 |
| Pupils in Girls' Boarding School..... | 18 |
| Pupils in Boys' Boarding School..... | 25 |
| Pupils in Day Schools..... | 122 |

In the Medical Mission there are two dispensaries.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------|
| Number of different patients..... | 3,106 |
| Number of prescriptions..... | 5,928 |
| Number of visits..... | 177 |
| Number of in-patients..... | 18 |

In Holland there have been 2 workers; in England 1; added to the Mill Yard church 4. On the Home Fields there have been during the year 31 workers; added to the churches 147 by baptism, 73 by letter and experience, total 220; converts to the Sabbath, 31; Sabbath-schools organized, 3; churches organized, 2; viz., Holgate, Ohio; Wynne, Ark.

In viewing the work and the fields for the past year there appears to be two lines of duty for us to heed and follow the coming year:

1. *It is our duty to strengthen our stakes.* We must hold our forts and make them stronger. We must properly care for the interests we have in hand. While it may be our duty to enlarge our borders, enter new fields, it is our imperative duty as well to provide for and make efficient our missions. They should not be handicapped, they should not be allowed to languish and die. They should have that moral and financial support that will make them strong and successful in their blessed work. We must not put our hands to the plow and look back. We must not run well for a season, but run well all the time. It is not enough for us to begin well a good work. We must be faithful and loyal in the support of that work, and make it more and more progressive and efficient.

2. *We must increase in the year before us our income for the support of our missions.* Our income the past year from the churches and the people for the general fund for missions was only \$4,025 25. Our mission funds, special and general, and the income from the permanent fund, all together, do not meet the demands upon us. We must increase our income or do less work. We can see no work or field that we could conscientiously abandon. The salaries of our workers are small, and only those who love the Lord's cause and are sacrificing for it would get along on so small salaries. We should increase our giving and not retrench on the workers. Again, we have a debt of \$4,000. That debt ought to be paid. In view, then, of the demands upon us and our debt, we ought to, we must, increase our income the coming year. We must not

let the spirit of giving wane, but rather enlarge our benevolent spirit and give more generously for the cause of missions. We should remember that God gave his only Son, his best gift, for our salvation. Christ freely gave himself for our ransom. How can we better express our gratitude for that great gift than by giving of the means with which he has blessed us to carry out his great commission: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"? Let us keep before us all the coming year the two-fold duty: to strengthen our stakes and give more liberally for the support of our missions.

FROM F. J. BAKKER.

I will give you now some account of my work and doings in this last quarter. Every Sabbath did we hold our regular meetings, preaching, Sabbath-school, prayer-meetings, 46 meetings in all; and our members do always attend, and we do live in peace and happiness together, which we feel is a very great blessing. Stranger we never see on the Sabbath. A young man who did meet with us two Sabbaths, and who confessed the truth of it and said he would keep it, did go back again. It looks a very hard struggle to catch and hold the truth of the Sabbath. Here are many confessing Christians who will say that we have the truth on that point but —. May our God, through his Holy Spirit, press his truth and his love on their hearts; that is what we want and need. If we look out for it it will come.

Ships, steamers, and vessels I did visit 145 in this quarter. I could give them many good advice, many tracts and papers, and hear and see also that the work is not in vain. Some weeks ago, on a Tuesday morning, when I was on my usual trip on the quay of the river, a sailor stood there, who was coming with his boat from the river, where they lay with the ship to wait me. I was just on a ship then, so I did not notice him. When I was near him I bid him "Good morning," and asking him if he would receive a tract. "Please Mr.," he saith, "I do wait for you here, sir, already, to receive some. I saw you coming there, and so I did row with our boat on shore to meet you. . . ." I then talked a while with him about the good news. He told me that his captain did belong to the Romish church. Sometimes do I distribute tracts to people who are watchman on new buildings on night and Sunday; one of them I know since several years, and so it did happen that I meet other people there also. On one occasion I gave some Sabbath tracts, translation from Dr. Wardner's series in Dutch, to such a watchman, on a Sunday morning, and the week after, when I passed that same way, I saw them reading those tracts, and so I pray: "O God, may it please you bless the work." Then, dear friends, when I see such I am glad, and my hopes for some blessing from above do live again. Emigrants and passengers for the Holland American line I could meet nearly every week, except twice when I was not at home. I have been twice on two places to hold a meeting in behalf of the temperance cause.

We do have a good deal to do now with *De Boodschapper*, now Bro. Velthuysen is unfit to do any work. I do write many articles for the paper, and Bro. G. Velthuysen, Jr., is editor now. But I am very glad that I in this way can help and work also in the cause.

We did find here in Rotterdam also a deal or section of the "temperance cause," with at present thirty-five members, of which they did elect me as their chairman. We meet every Wednesday evening, and sometimes have an open meeting on Sunday night. I hope to do some good in this way too.

Visits and calls I have made 76, and wrote 53 letters and communications, besides what I did for *De Boodschapper*. Dutch tracts I did distribute 2,614, and a good lot *Boodschappers* and temperance papers.

ROTTERDAM, July 28, 1899.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY PASTOR H. D. CLARKE.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter, that he may abide with you forever."

The Holy Spirit does reside in the true church, and inspires true doctrine, but does not, as the Roman church claims, give it authority to decide matters of faith and precept, and power to act as an infallible guide.

The Spirit and the Word agree, and so far as men accept and teach the truth in God's Word, so far the Holy Spirit will honor it. That is why the Spirit blesses such efforts of all churches as may be in line with truth. But error may be in the church and the church grow in numbers, but the Spirit is not inspiring that erroneous doctrine. Men may go into ecstasies over their errors, believing, in their ignorance, that they are doing God's will, but that feeling and zeal is not the manifestation or presence of the Holy Spirit.

The "true succession" in the church is the succession of good, truth-loving men, clergy and laity, and these God honors with credentials to lead his church forward to conquest. The Seventh-day Baptist church ought to be a Holy Spirit church, having so much of God's Word for which it contends. If it is not a Holy Spirit church it is because it has only the theory and not the practice of the truth; because it proclaims it as a doctrine, and not a life.

The Holy Spirit is a presence, a personal presence. When Jesus walked in Galilee he was a personal presence, but no more so than the Comforter whom he sends. The difference is, one was seen, the other is not seen with the natural eye. Visibility is not necessary to reality. Can we see the wind? Yet it is a reality. Can we see the human will or mind? Yet they are realities. My personality is not my body. The flames may consume the body; a railway accident may make it unrecognizable, but the personality is not destroyed nor touched.

"He shall give you another personality, that he may abide with you forever." A perpetual presence, or abiding. And how often we fail to recognize the power of this presence. How often we go beyond the teachings and leadings of this Holy Person. How this Person can inspire us. Not to prophetic utterance. Revelations like John's, or Christ's through John have ceased, but inspiration to teach revealed truth may not have ceased.

Seventh-day Baptists must have the Holy Spirit, whom Jesus sends, this latter-day divine manifestation, if they would do the work that will remain. Do we see poverty of result as to our efforts? Then may we not be barren because we have thus far failed to honor the Spirit of God. We certainly need to be conscious of the Comforter's personal presence.

GARWIN, IOWA.

Woman's Work.

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

THE HISTORY OF HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN AMONG SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS.

BY MRS. RUTH H. WHITFORD.

Presented at the Annual Session of the Seventh-day Baptist Education Society held Aug. 25, 1899, at Ashaway, R. I.

Not until about sixty-two years ago did the women of our denomination in this country enjoy advantages for an education above those furnished by elementary schools of a private or public nature. Some of the wives of the earlier English Sabbath-keepers seem to have received, in addition to these, a fair culture in historical and literary studies, as well as in the accomplishments by which they adorned, and gladdened their homes. Our families in America were too busily engaged, for over a hundred and sixty years, in settling new lands covered with dense forests, and in securing a livelihood for themselves under such adverse conditions, to found academic or collegiate institutions, and to send their daughters even to such advanced select schools of other people as would admit them. Nor were we an exception to nearly all other societies, whether religious or secular. Rarely were girls taught anywhere the higher branches, and never in the colleges to which the boys were cheerfully welcomed.

In 1837, DeRuyter Institute was opened as our first incorporated school with the privilege of forming a collegiate department. It offered at once instruction of a somewhat superior grade to young women under the same circumstances as provided for young men. Here the latter were prepared in its subsequent career for entrance at the time into Junior and Senior classes of the colleges in our land. This enterprise was thus put into operation only four years after the only institution of modern times, having organized collegiate as well as preparatory classes, flung wide ajar its doors for the admission of ladies as well as gentlemen. Alfred beginning at the same time, Milton shortly afterwards, Salem at a recent date, and all our other academic schools in different years, accepted before as well as after being chartered, the same regulations as those which prevailed at DeRuyter. Ever since, members of both sexes have been encouraged and helped alike by all of them to recite the same lessons and to secure the same honors at graduation.

It is to the credit of our people that they have, in this country, stood in the very front ranks of the movement which glorifies woman and enables her to share equally with the other sex in enjoying the priceless benefits of sound learning and in becoming fitted to work in the choicest occupations. Interest is added to this movement when we consider that many other colleges and universities, in the various states of the Union, have latterly been compelled by public opinion to follow in this respect the example set early by the institutions described. Seminaries for the exclusive higher training of girls were also started during this time.

Many of our Seventh-day families should receive due commendation for accepting, as soon as our institutions were founded, the belief that educated wives and mothers are needed to rank in ability with their husbands and to train their children for receiving the best intellectual culture possible. We have been among the foremost in encouraging our

daughters properly to qualify themselves to teach in the most useful situations offered them. As a consequence of these efforts, the women graduates of our schools, especially in the lesser courses, number, as a rule, almost as many as the gentlemen. The standing of our churches with other Christian bodies, and the decided influence they exert upon the community at large, have been gained, in good part, from our wise and successful schemes in supplying an advanced mental training for ladies as well as for gentlemen.

We shall be aided specially in considering the subject before us, if brief sketches are furnished of the principal Seventh-day Baptist women who are deceased, or, if living, are not now actively filling leading educational positions among us, and who have, during the last two generations, exhibited the superior culture of the mind and heart that the pursuit of the higher studies confers.

Among these was Mrs. Caroline B. Maxson Stillman, who was one of my most cherished teachers in the old Alfred Academy. Before coming as preceptress of that institution in 1842, she had been reared in the literary atmosphere of Homer and Shenectady, N. Y., where then flourished excellent institutions of learning. She was a beautiful, accomplished and spiritually-minded woman, and was truly a godsend to the school. During the four years of her stay in that position, she deeply impressed her character and influence upon the students, particularly the young ladies over whom she had direct charge. They were inspired by her to seek a stronger intellectual discipline, and to form nobler plans of living. To many of them she became, in fact, the pattern after which, in their later years, they fashioned their opinions, their tastes, and their choices of work.

No other woman among our people has ever been as gifted and has exerted as great a power for good as has Mrs. Lucy M. Carpenter. Her poems were read and admired as far back as when she was passing out of girlhood, and those written in mature life constitute to-day some of the best contributions to our denominational literature. Her published journals, descriptions of home and foreign travels and places, accounts of her experiences as an instructor, pastor's wife and missionary in China, should be collected, assorted and made into a book to be read with profit by our youth. At different times she was preceptress of DeRuyter Institute. She materially assisted her husband, Dr. Solomon Carpenter, in conducting an excellent select school for about two years at Westerly, R. I. In fact, when only fifteen she taught successfully in a district in Brookfield, N. Y., gaining the esteem of her pupils and inciting them to a greater love for study.

The strength of her character was especially manifested in Shiloh, N. J., where Dr. Carpenter preached to the church of that place. The impressions she made upon many in that community endured through their lives. While here another call came for a distinctive labor, that of a pioneer missionary of the Seventh-day Baptists in China. In deciding the question of personal duty in the case, she seemed to hear the summons from the regions of the rising sun, "Come over and help us." In her returns to America, after working for years among the benighted heathen, and twice compelled to prolong her visits among her kindred, she finally obeyed the longings

of her heart to go back to the land of her adoption and there be buried.

The grown woman was, in her instance, the outcome of a precious girl; for in her early years she exhibited great force of intellect and exceeding fondness for reading and other literary pursuits. She then began to realize the defects in her mental training; and as there was at the time no institution of learning among our people, she entered first-class Methodist Seminaries at Cazenovia and Lima in her native state. Upon graduation at the latter, she, although a staunch keeper of the Sabbath, was offered the position of its preceptress, which she declined.

Mrs. Melissa B. Kenyon was the daughter of Abel Ward, of Shenectady, and belonged to the celebrated family of that name in Rhode Island. She was the first wife of our beloved and ever esteemed President Kenyon, and as such resided twenty-four years in Alfred. In its institution she not only taught classes in the English language, but exercised a most kindly and constant care over the students. Among them the name "Mother Kenyon" was as familiar as that of "Boss Kenyon," applied to her husband. It was a special purpose on her part to convince the young people in the school and community that to make the most of themselves and to do the most good in their life-time, they must obtain a thorough education.

Mrs. Olive B. Wardner, the wife of Rev. Nathan Wardner, was, as is well known, one of our first missionaries in Shanghai. Before her marriage, by persistent efforts, she completed at Alfred an academic course of study, earning largely the means to pay her expenses. This was accomplished principally by teaching for several years in public schools. While in China she early put into practice the art of drawing pictures and Scriptural and other maps. Soon she attracted to her room as large a class as it would hold, and it thus supplied "a pleasant audience," her husband said, "to which he had a chance to tell the story of the cross and the love of Jesus." She also taught from house to house. Among those she interested in Christ was a little Chinese boy, who begged, on his death-bed, to hear her read the Holy Book, so that he would not fear to die. After returning to this country, she often appeared before audiences of our people and related to them many facts concerning the mission with which she had been identified. She accompanied her husband to Scotland and aided him in securing converts there and in Holland to the Sabbath truth. She also filled the place of a pastor's wife for several years in New York, Illinois and Wisconsin.

A bright light went out from the educational sphere of our denomination, when Mrs. Chloe Curtis Whitford, the former wife of Prof. Albert Whitford, of Milton College, was called to her rest. Educated in this institution, she was one of its first three graduates. Afterwards she became the preceptress of it and also of DeRuyter Institute, teaching usually German and the Mathematics. Her work, quiet, firm, earnest and thorough, won for her the respect and affection of all who came under her instruction. Not a few who have gone forth to solve difficult problems in their pursuits have turned back to pay tribute to her memory, saying, "What I am or expect to be, I owe to that devoted, Christian teacher." Her home was ruled by love and her children bless

her as they go out to face the steamer realities of life.

Susan E. Crandall, who was married to Prof. Ethan P. Larkin, was educated in vocal and instrumental music, as well as in collegiate studies, by Alfred University. For many years she was its preceptress and music teacher. Several years afterwards she was preceptress also of Union Academy, Shiloh, N. J. Genial in disposition, ardent in her friendships, ambitious to succeed in her work, and conscientious in her relations to her family as well as to the students, she has left behind a lasting record of good deeds.

L. Elvira Stillman, the wife of the late Prof. Henry C. Coon, of Alfred University, and the sister of Dr. Jarius M. Stillman, of Milton College, was an able scholar and an accomplished teacher. She was employed with her husband for some time in former academies at Walworth, Wis., and Ashaway, R. I. She greatly assisted him in securing the strong hold he acquired over his classes and the people among whom he lived.

Mrs. Avrilla F. Boss, one of the Rogerses of Waterford, Conn., and a wife of Joseph Boss, deceased, of Little Genesee, N. Y., received her advanced education in DeRuyter Institute, and then became its preceptress for some time. Her young associates and her children were encouraged to love the cause in which she sustained a deep interest through life.

Mrs. Phoebe Wilcox Saunders prepared herself in the famous Troy Female Seminary to become an instructor, and was connected for two years with a similar institution at Bennington, Vermont. Ultimately her life was occupied in a marked degree in aiding her husband, Dea. Truman Saunders, in the care of the family and in promoting the interests of our churches in which he was a most trusted officer, at Berlin, N. Y., West Hallock, Ill., and Milton, Wis. She was the mother of Mrs. Prof. Albert R. Crandall, of Alfred University; of Prof. Truman W. Saunders, deceased, for a time an excellent teacher in Milton College, and Rev. Edward B. Saunders, known among us as the banker evangelist.

Miss Mary F. Bailey was educated in the High School at Plainfield, N. J., in the University at Alfred, by which she was graduated, and in Oberlin College, Ohio, the first institution of the kind in America to admit women to all its privileges. She was a highly esteemed teacher of German and English for three years in the College at Milton. She engaged in considerable literary work, which was published. With her liberal culture and consecrated heart, she effected great good in whatever work she performed. She was an active member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in this country. She became a prominent leader in the Milton church and community. For years she was a teacher in the Sabbath-school, and a worker and adviser in the Woman's Benevolent Society. She formed the little folk into a band called "Busy Bees," and the young women of the place into the society of "The King's Daughters." She helped in the permanent establishment of the local Christian Endeavor work. It was truly said of her, "Mary thinks of things and suggests methods of doing them, which no one else would think of."

In respect to the denomination as a body, she filled more conspicuous positions. She edited largely *The Light of Home*, during

its publication, and for some years the columns of the SABBATH RECORDER, under the heading of "Woman's Work." She took a prominent part in the organization and maintenance of the Young People's Permanent Committee, connected with the General Conference and the different Associations, and was the prime mover in the formation of the Woman's Executive Board, and was its efficient Corresponding Secretary until the year before her death in 1893. Particularly, through the latter organization, she was able to promote considerably our general Missionary, Tract and Sabbath Reform enterprises. The sending of Miss Susie M. Burdick, her cousin, as a missionary teacher to Shanghai, was effected mainly through her efforts. The Missionary Board feelingly expressed, on her decease, its appreciation of her labors and traits of character in the following language: "For her ability, purity of life, noble Christian eadeavor and example, warm missionary spirit, denominational interest and loyalty, her name will be long remembered and revered."

It would give me great pleasure, if the time allotted to this exercise would permit, to outline also the educational attainments and the beneficent career of other excellent and talented women, who, like those above mentioned, have passed from this sphere of action. Among them was Mrs. Sarah E. Williams, who carefully seconded her husband, Dr. Thomas R. Williams, in his work at Albion, Alfred and Milton; Mrs. Miranda Fisher Dean, a teacher for a time in the University and at New Market; and Miss Martha B. Saunders, a masterly instructor of Modern Languages at Alfred.

I cannot close this reading without references, though very brief, to several noble sisters, who, while still living, have ceased by direct instruction to advance the cause of higher education in which they once were prominent and very useful. First of these to be presented is the widow of Pres. Jonathan Allen, formally known as Miss Abigail A. Maxson. How clearly do I remember her coming to Alfred as preceptress in 1846. How well she occupied that place for over a dozen years; how enthusiastically she taught her classes, especially in penciling and oil painting; and how securely she won the hearts of hundreds of young ladies in the school—all these are treasured in the memory of the old-time teachers and students.

Miss Caroline E. Wilcox, later Mrs. Stanley, now of Chicago, filled creditably the position of preceptress in DeRuyter Institute for two years in the forties. Mrs. Susanna M. Spicer, a graduate of Alfred and subsequently of the Troy Female Seminary, was, between 1847 and 1858, a beloved and popular teacher at DeRuyter and in the old Academy at Milton. Mrs. Josephine Wilcox Rogers, now at Alfred, was an instructor and preceptress in the Institute for at least six years, and had charge for a time of the Seminary at New Market, N. J. Miss Ida F. Sallan, the name by which she was known at Milton as the music and German teacher in the early sixties, now Mrs. President Kenyon, a worthy proselyte to the Sabbath, was over twenty-five years a most efficient instructor of Modern Languages in Alfred University. Mrs. Amanda M. Crandall Burdick taught music for some time at Shiloh and in Lawrence University, at Appleton, Wis.

Mrs. Jane C. Bond Morton was consecutively for nineteen years the teacher of the English Language in Milton College; Mrs. Miranda Fenner Isham, for three years in charge of the same department and also preceptress; Miss Elvira E. Kenyon, an instructor at Alfred and afterwards at the head of a female college in Plainfield, N. J.; Mrs. Euphemia Allen Whitford, the wife of the President of the General Conference, a preceptress at Shiloh for six years; and Mrs. Eliza Potter Crandall, a leading teacher in the Albion Academy under its former management. Mrs. Rebecca Titworth Rogers, the wife of the lamented Prof. William A. Rogers, and now a Corresponding Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, helped in making his name distinguished at home and abroad for his invaluable contributions to the Physical Sciences.

I can merely mention the names of Mrs. Mary E. Brown Tomlinson, Mrs. Charlotte E. Dowse Groves, Mrs. Eliza A. Nelson Fryre, Miss Anna S. Davis and Miss Inez R. Maxson, all once acceptable instructors in Alfred University.

It is to the honor of the women of our denomination that they have, since our institutions were established, successfully met the requirements laid upon them to master the higher branches. Sixty years ago most of those who braved the ordeal were very imperfectly equipped to pursue the academic courses then of a somewhat low grade. As these course have since been enlarged, and others added in constituting the full College curriculum, equal to that of many of the best endowed institutions in America, our young ladies have, in that time, shown the true ambition and the splendid ability to cope, at every period of such increase of school work, with these extra and sometimes sever demands which have taxed their courage and physical strength to the utmost, in winning their diplomas at graduation. Besides all this attainment, a few of these have meritoriously completed post-graduate and professional studies, so as to enter upon some of the higher callings of life.

LITCHFIELD, CONN.

Litchfield, Conn., once an important town, commercially and politically, the birthplace of the Beechers, the Wolcotts, Horace Bushwell, John Pierpont, Chas. L. Brace, and of judges, congressmen and governors galore, the seat of the first law school in America in which John C. Calhoun and other eminent men were pupils, has set similar towns an excellent example in "Litchfield's Book of Days," edited by Rev. Geo. C. Boswell and published by Alex. B. Shumway.

In this interesting little book are recorded under the days of the year, the birthdays of eminent men and women, historical statements relating to the town, quotations from Litchfieldians, stories, with many illustrations. It will interest and please many who never saw Litchfield, and incite many other towns to do likewise.

In this connection we take occasion to repeat what we have said before, about the duty of permanent records, for the sake of the future. Men and events with which everyone is familiar to-day seem of little account, so far as records and history are concerned. But "everyone" who are thus familiar with current facts now will be gone, not many days hence. The familiar facts of to-day will be important links in the history of to-morrow. Record and preserve for those who are to follow you.

"THE SABBATH A DELIGHT."

BY ANNIE L. HOLBERTON.

Oh, beautiful, sweet Sabbath morning,
How grateful the bloom-perfumed breeze,
The sunshine this bright earth adorning,
The summer breath stirring the trees.

The bird notes that swell to a chorus,
The blue sky so peaceful and clear,
The calm that steals silently o'er us,
Seen saying God's rest day is here.

Alone I sit, far from the church home,
Whose sacred joys others may share,
And think oh, how gladly I'd welcome
The privilege oft to be there.

In my heart is a secret altar,
To God and his Sabbath enshrined,
Where I gather strength when I falter
And peace in obedience find.

May my life exposed to His glory,
My light so reflect from his face
That others may read there the story
A soul that has tasted of grace.

May we who acknowledge God's teaching
Be true to the cause we espouse,
With influence firm and far-reaching,
Whose tidings the nations will rouse.

May the Holy Spirit descending,
Rest over our people to-day!
Bless pastors His Sabbath defending,
And wanderers led to the way.

To lone ones grant faith and submission,
Wherever their lot may be cast!
Above every earthly condition
His love will sustain to the last.

For our Saviour is ever near us,
And whatever the cross we bear,
Let the thought of his presence cheer us,
While we breathe for His cause a prayer.

SABBATH-KEEPING SURVEYORS.

June 30 I was at the Railroad Surveyors' Sabbath evening prayer-meeting in Ormsby, Pa. Twelve persons, and the spirit of the Lord, present. Six of us are, or have been, Alfred Students. Good singing. If a stranger had attended this meeting, he would have been convinced that these railroad surveyors—boys, as they are called here—have praying parents. As I listened to the prayers of these young men, I felt that they mingled with prayers from home altars. Sabbath-day at 2.30 P. M. I attended their Sabbath-school, and preached at 3.30 P. M. in the M. E. church, where they hold their weekly meetings. A goodly number of First-day people attended the Sabbath-school and meetings. As a rule, where you find Mr. Lyon and son on the Sabbath, there you may find a Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting. Strict and peculiar as they are counted, they are of so much note as engineers and surveyors that railroad magnates will employ them, and grant all the privileges of keeping the Sabbath and working First-day that they ask for. All the work on the road, from start to finish, is under their supervision. For several good reasons they much prefer Sabbath-keeping surveyors. Whoever they employ must be efficient and reliable.

When the younger Mr. Lyon was eighteen years old he was employed by the United States Pipe Line Company. It was unique to see a Sabbath-keeping boy manage such an enterprise, and a large number of men, especially in the Keystone state, where civil Sunday law stands much higher with the people than God's Sabbath law. Business men admire principal. After a number of meetings in this town, the President of the Koshequa railroad invited the double quartet (as some of the papers call it) and myself to go to his town and talk and sing temperance. He sent a train that took us to the appointment and brought us back the next morning. All seemed well pleased with the meeting. I never was more pleased with our Alfred students

than on this occasion. Two others sang with them, but they were surveyors.

At Ormsby I gave a lecture on Education and Alfred University. This resulted in my lecturing in another town on the same subject. Object teaching tells, especially when it lives and glows with activity. I do not see why Mr. Lyon and son will not be engineers and surveyors for some time. I do not see why they will not form a good nucleus around which to rally and teach Bible truth. After complying with their invitation and being their guest for more than a month, forming many valuable acquaintances, attending many meetings that showed progress in the divine life, and interest in education, temperance and Sabbath truth on the part of some, I am home again, for two days. Then I am to start out and try to do some work long since promised for Him who said "go preach."

H. P. BURDICK.

ALFRED STATION, N. Y., Aug. 4, 1899.

SOMEBODY'S BELOW YOU.

Life is often represented by the climbing of a ladder, and the climbers are told to look up. The avaricious and the ambitious, whose ideal ladder is worldly success, do not need this exhortation. They are ever looking up with aspiration and with envy. They see only the more successful climbers who are about them, and seem to be in their way. They have no time to look down and see how many are below them.

Christian climbers should look up for two reasons: First, for the help from on high that they need and that is promised; and second, for the stimulus to toil or to endure that comes from the hope that is set before them. But they should look down also, and that likewise for two reasons: First, that they may see how highly God has favored them above the vast majority of their fellow-climbers—how many more are below them than above them—and learn to be grateful; and, second, that they may watch for opportunities to help those who are below, and thus show that they believe in this brotherhood of humanity, and in the gospel law of love.—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

THE GIFT OF CONTINUANCE.

Some years ago, at Newport, Cal., while waiting to take the steamer for the North, I walked down to the end of the wharf, and, as I went past a boy sitting on the edge of the wharf fishing, I said to him, "Well, my boy, you do not seem to have caught any fish."

"No," said he, "but I think I shall. I am expecting a shoal of fish in any time now. I have been fishing here three days, but have had no luck; but I am quite certain the fish will be in soon. They came in about this time last year."

"Why not wait till they come, and then do your fishing?" said I.

"Oh, sir!" said the plucky little fellow, "I would rather be here when they come."

I left him and walked on down to the end of the wharf, and in about an hour returned; and, as I came near where the boys were fishing, I saw that he was landing the speckled beauties on the wharf in true Izaak Walton style. The fish had come in! The persevering little lad had taught me a useful lesson. Whether angling for fish or for men, the gift of continuance is essential to success. The easily discouraged angler will fail.—*Selected*.

INCREASING THE FACULTY AT ALFRED.

SHILOH, N. J., Aug. 15, 1899.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

Dear Sir:—Please announce in the RECORDER the following items from Alfred University:

1. Mrs. Arthur K. Rogers, a graduate of Wellesley College, has been appointed Preceptress in the University and head of Ladies' Hall, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Toop. Miss Toop has rendered most acceptable service as Preceptress, and contributed greatly to the social culture of the young ladies of the University. Many regrets are expressed that the arduous duties of the Music Department, of which she is so successful a director, make it impossible for her to serve longer as Preceptress. In Mrs. Rogers, however, the University has secured a most accomplished and competent successor to Miss Toop.

2. Arrangements have been made whereby Mr. Arthur K. Rogers, Ph. D., of Chicago University, is to be instructor for the coming year in subjects of philosophy, education and pedagogy. Dr. Rogers is a son of the late Prof. Wm. A. Rogers. He graduated from Colby University. Since then he has studied as a graduate student in Johns Hopkins University and Chicago University in 1898.

He has specialized in philosophy and the theory and psychology of education. Dr. Rogers will offer courses in these subjects, which will be very attractive, especially for all who are looking toward the teaching profession.

The President has been very anxious for some time for the University to offer more professional training in the science of pedagogy and the philosophy of education. The appointment of Dr. Rogers provides for this want and contributes a very important factor to the professional training afforded by the University.

BOOTH COLWELL DAVIS, *Pres.*

MODERN THOUGHT ABOUT GOD.

The old prophet, he said, foretold a day when the earth should be filled with the knowledge of God. We are beginning to understand that all knowledge is knowledge of God. The fundamental premise of science is that nature is rational; that every phenomenon admits of a reasonable explanation. That is another way of saying that the source of Nature is a reason akin to our own. The growth of knowledge must, therefore, bring men nearer to God. There are still those who think the modern doctrine of evolution atheistic. But the atheism is not in evolution, it is in the mind of the man who insists on putting an atheistic interpretation upon it. Modern thought is conducting us to a belief in God which comes far nearer to knowledge than any of the evolutionary processes of the past ever carried us.

Many of the childish and unspiritual conceptions of God, once current in the teaching of the church, are disappearing from human thought; but never before in the history of the world has there been an hour when the belief in God was supported by such an accumulation of scientific evidence. If God is in his world, revealing himself to men in all its laws and forces, then all ordered knowledge of the world must be bringing him nearer to our thought, and every science must be tributary to that great unifying revelation wherein faith and knowledge are no more twain, but one.—*Dr. Washington Gladden*.

Children's Page.

HOW ANNETA WAS CURED.

BY CLARA VAWTER.

Annetta loved Tom very much; perhaps, because nobody else had ever loved him, for he was an old cat and not at all pleasant to look at. He was black and white and yellow spotted; a little bit of his tail had been snipped off in the trap and he had lost part of one ear in a street fight; for he had an unpleasant disposition and was always getting himself into difficulties. Ever since he was a little kitten, he had been a source of great anxiety to his mother on account of the late hours and low company which he kept, and, at the tender age of six weeks, with a defiant toss of his little tail, he shook off all maternal restraint and became a tramp. For a long time he wandered about the streets picking up what he could find to eat, and sleeping at nights under culverts or in door-ways.

This was not a pleasant life to lead, for dogs chased him and boys threw stones at him, and he was often very tired and hungry. One gloomy evening he came out of an alley, and after looking about him for a little while, turned into a narrow side street. It had been raining hard all the afternoon, and now as the twilight came on it was more dismal than ever. Dirty drops of water chased each other down the dusty shop windows; little muddy torrents went surging along the gutters, and there were many puddles upon the uneven sidewalk.

It had been a hard day for Tom. He was strolling along slowly thinking of a number of things and keeping his eye out for a good opening for a mouser, when he met Jamie and Annetta. They had a very large umbrella over them, and a very little sack of cheese between them, out of which from time to time they each took a small bite; and when Annetta saw the hungry old cat, she stooped down and laid a morsel of the cheese on the sidewalk before him. When he had eaten that, she gave him another piece, and as she seemed to be such a kind little girl Tom decided to follow her home and live with her for a while.

This arrangement was very agreeable to Annetta, but Annetta's mother didn't enter into it with that enthusiasm which Tom could have wished. She said he was an ugly cat and had a wicked look out of his eye; and once when he was sleeping on the back steps she swept him off with the broom. But Annetta overlooked all his faults and considered him the embodiment of feline perfection. She never forgot to put his meals on a little tin plate in the back yard; it was Annetta who smoothed his rough fur and picked the burrs out of his tail when he came in off of a long tramp from nobody knows where.

And Tom was very sensible of this kindness and laid many mice at the little girl's feet, as tokens of his gratitude. And once he brought her a little dead bird, and then Annetta scolded him, and that afternoon she and Jamie buried the bird in the back yard with much funeral pomp, and they tied a black veil over Tom's head and made him march in the procession as chief mourner. After that he ate his birds away from home.

Tom had been stopping at Annetta's for about two months when, one morning as Jamie was crawling through the fence to show his new overalls with straps across the

back, almost like suspenders, Annetta's mother called to him and said: "Don't come over to-day, for we are afraid Annetta is taking the scarlet fever," and by evening the news was confirmed, and a little yellow flag was hung out; and then, Annetta's mother called across the fence again and said:

"Annetta wants to know if Jamie will take care of the cat while she is sick."

Now this was not a pleasant task for the little boy, for he and Tom had never been the best of friends. He undertook it very cheerfully, however, for he was in the habit of obeying Annetta implicitly, and, after all, he was a little bit proud of the trust.

He followed the old cat around from morning till night. He arranged his meals as he had seen Annetta do. He was not happy if his charge was out of his sight for a moment, and Tom's reckless habits and wild ways worried him so that his little face took on a worn and anxious look.

The only real peace he got was in the evening when he had seen Tom eat his supper and stretch himself out to sleep in the pleasant twilight; then, after feeling his nose to see if it was cool (for Annetta, who knew a great deal about cats, had told him that as long as a cat's nose was cold no anxiety need be felt about his health), he would sit down wearily on the back steps, feeling that he had done his duty for that day, and could give a good report to Annetta; for every morning Annetta would print in very large letters upon her slate, HOW IS T, TO-DAY? and her mother would hang it up in the window. And Jamie would print a very abbreviated list of Tom's doings for the day upon his slate and hang it in his window, and in this way they kept each other posted.

Annetta had been ill about a week when one evening after he had his supper and had his nose felt to the satisfaction of Jamie, Tom disappeared through a hole in the back fence in company with a disreputable looking white cat, who lived with an old lady in the next square. And all that night he didn't return, and when Jamie got up in the morning, he found the cat's little box with a piece of old comfort in it, cold and empty.

The little boy climbed on the back fence and looked this way and that. At last he was relieved to see the old cat coming slowly down the alley. He crawled through the fence feebly and laid down in the shade as though he were very tired. Then he got up and ran around and around, and jumped over an old chair and yowled, and bristled out his tail, and Jamie was running after him trying to catch him when his mother came hurrying out of the kitchen and cried:

"Come into the house, Jamie, I am afraid the poor cat has a fit."

The little boy stopped short and leaned against the fence. It seemed too dreadful to be true! What would Annetta say, and how could he answer her anxious inquiries about her pet? But that morning no slate appeared in Annetta's window, and the little girl would not have known her old cat if he had jumped upon her bed. He might have laid any number of choice mice at her feet and received no caressing pat from her little hot hands.

Jamie wandered disconsolately about the yard, trying to think of some way out of his difficulties. He wished Annetta was here to advise him; but one thing was sure, Tom had been entrusted to his especial care and must

be cured. So that afternoon he tied a string about the cat's neck and led him out into the street. As they passed by the house where the owner of the rabbit lived, they saw him sitting on his steps, his chin buried in his hands, and he spoke to Jamie very kindly.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I am taking Tom to a doctor," Jamie replied promptly. "He has had a fit."

The owner of the rabbit was interested at once. He came down to the fence and looked at the invalid.

"What made him have it?" he said. James shook his head.

"Maybe he has went and eat a lot of raw beefsteak," suggested the boy.

"No he hasn't," said Jamie decidedly, "for I have just been feeding him scraps and things, like Annetta told me to."

Here Tom put his paw to his face and smiled, for he knew very well that he and the white cat had stolen a large steak from the old lady and eaten it all the very night before.

"Do you know what would be good for him?" Jamie went on in an anxious tone. The boy made a hasty mental review of his list of remedies; after thinking deeply for a while he asked:

"Have you tried burying a pin?"

"A what?" said Jamie, and even Tom raised the hair on his back, for he thought it possible that the pin was to be buried in him. He was much relieved to hear that it was only to be put under the ground at a cross-road.

"It's good for warts," the boy continued, "but I don't know whether it will do him any good or not. If a cat's fitty, there ain't nothin' much you can do for him, nohow. And that cat looks like he might be."

Jamie's heart sank as he hurried Tom away. He knew exactly where he was going, for once when he and Annetta had gone down town to see a parade they had stopped to rest in a doorway, where Annetta had said there lived a great doctor, who cured thousands of people every day, she guessed, and as she seemed to have such a high opinion of his ability, Jamie had at once decided that this practitioner should try his skill upon Tom.

He found the place without much difficulty. The stone steps to the office felt very hot to his little bare feet, as he trudged sturdily up them with the cat in his arms.

With a beating heart he went into the waiting-room and sat down in a leather covered chair with Tom upon his lap. How many people there were, coming and going all the time. Jamie wondered if they were all sick, and if any of them had the scarlet fever. There were no other cats there, but surely a doctor who could cure a person could cure a cat.

For a long time he sat there, and the sunshine grew more and more slanting as it streamed through the window and made little dancing patterns on the floor. By and by the people went away, and then a door opened and the doctor himself came out. He was an old man with a high shining hat. There were so many charms upon his watch-chain that they jingled when he walked. He carried a little brass-bound medicine case under his arm, and was putting on his gloves as he came. When he saw the little boy he stopped and looked down at him.

"Are you lost?" he said, "or are you waiting for someone?"

"No, sir," Jamie replied, swallowing a lump in his throat. "I've come to get some medicine for Tom, he has had a fit. He is run 'round and 'round and nobody couldn't ketch him."

There was a typewriter girl in the office who, when he held up the cat, put her handkerchief to her mouth and left the room.

"She needn't be afraid," said the little boy, contemptuously, "they ain't ketchin'. Me and Annetta has played with Tom for weeks and weeks, and we ain't never had any."

"How many has your cat had?" asked the old man.

"He ain't my cat," Jamie explained, "he is Annetta's cat, and I am taking care of him until she gets well. She is the little girl that lives beside of me and she is awful sick. I 'spect she's goin' to die. She has got the scarlet fever, and is ist as speckled all over," and Jamie waved his arms to show how completely the dire disease had laid hold of Annetta. The doctor looked into the little boy's anxious face for a moment, and a queer look came over his own kind face as he turned quickly and went into his private office. Presently he returned with some powders done into a neat little parcel.

"You're to give him one of these," he said, "if he shows any signs of being sick again. Let him drink all the milk he wants and I think your cat will be all right."

Jamie took the powders in his hand, and worked himself down off the chair. "I haven't any money to pay you for this now," he said, "for me and Annetta spent all our money for a rabbit, but I will have a quarter Christmas, and I will bring you that. Annetta will have a quarter, too, and I 'spect I could get that for you too."

"I usually do a cash business," said the old gentleman, stroking his chin, "but under the circumstances we will let it go. It's always a good thing to have money coming in at Christmas time." "Wait," he called, as the little boy started out the door, "I'm going to drive home, and if you will show me where you live, I will put you out there."

Jamie could hardly believe that he heard aright, and it was not until he and his cat had been lifted into the doctor's rubber-tired road cart that he gave himself up to the pleasure of the situation. He leaned far back in the cushioned seat, with his little feet straight out in front of him. And all the way he kept his hand on Tom's nose, lest the excitement should recall the trouble of the morning. And what a ride that was. How skillfully the old man guided his high stepping horse through the crowded streets, going just close enough to other vehicles to make things exciting, but not close enough to cause any accidents.

Jamie hoped that the owner of the rabbit might be in a position to see his triumph, and the effect produced upon this young man came up to his highest expectations. It was getting dark now, the lights were beginning to wink in all the shop windows; and, as they turned into the little street where Jamie lived, he saw his mother walking anxiously up and down the sidewalk. And at last Jamie was helped out, still grasping the precious medicine in his little sweaty fist.

"And now," said the doctor briskly, "where does the little girl live?" and before Jamie had time to answer, he had caught sight of

the yellow flag, and was taking himself, his high hat and his little brass-bound medicine case straight up the path, and was knocking at Annetta's door.

When Annetta's mother opened the door, he went in and closed it very softly behind him. If the neighbors in that little street were surprised to see the great doctor's turnout before Annetta's house, they had better be getting over it, for it appeared there again and again, and at last the hateful flag was taken down, and there came the joyful news that Annetta was very much better, and would soon be able to resume her work up in the mud-pie bakery, which she meant to enlarge and carry on upon a more improved scale than ever.

Then, one happy day, Jamie's mother told him if he would be very good, he might go over in the morning and see Annetta. He and Tom were up very early that morning. The little boy smoothed the cat's rough fur and fastened a bow of green tissue paper around his neck, so that he might look very smart and well cared for.

Then he polished up a piece of blue glass he had found in the alley and wrapped it in a little piece of newspaper. This gem he meant to present to Annetta to look at the sun through, and when all was finished he sat down and folded his little hands in quiet joy until the time would come to go. And when at last it did come, he found Annetta sitting in her rocking chair beside the window. She thanked him for his present, and greeted him very kindly; but in a lofty and dignified manner befitting a little girl who has just recovered from the scarlet fever; and while he was standing before her, feeling a little bit strange and awkward, the kitchen door opened and Annetta's mother came in.

She had been busy washing, for she had her sleeves rolled up, and was wiping her hands on her apron. She didn't say a word but just knelt down and took the little boy and the big cat in her arms, and she kissed Jamie a great many times, yes, and she kissed Tom too, and looked so funny, that for a moment Jamie thought she was going to cry, but upon reflection he decided that this was a mistake, for you know there was nothing to cry about now, here Annetta was cured, and Tom, I have heard, has been perfectly well from that day to this.

SCHOOL REUNION AT WALWORTH, WIS.

The Big-Foot Academy Reunion gathered together about four hundred on the old Academy grounds, Aug. 9. Social times from 10 to 2 o'clock. At twelve, dinner was served by the Seventh-day Baptist and Congregational churches. All were pleased with that, and all hunger was well satisfied. At 2 o'clock P. M. the program was opened by music by the Walworth Cornet Band; Rev. M. N. Clarke invoked the divine blessing; President C. H. Burdick, Lake Geneva, gave the Address of Welcome; response by C. W. Conklin, of Tekamah, Neb.; Music by Male Quartet, Geo. Crandall, H. E. Walters, E. E. Campbell, Will Van Schaick, all of Walworth; History of Big-Foot Academy by Amos H. Hitchcock, Sr.; John B. Kaye, Calmer, Iowa, the poet lawyer, contributed and read a beautiful and touching poem, entitled "To-morrow—Yesterday," which we append to this report; Prof. H. M. Soper, of Soper Oratory School, Chicago, Ill., gave a talk on old school-days, and closed his remarks by rendering a reunion poem, "We Boys," by Dr. O. W. Holmes; Prof. W. J. Blodgett, Principal of the High School, gave a reading, "Little Jim"; Prof. S. P. Ballard, of Sharon, Wis., made brief remarks about old school-life. Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Ballard

were the only teachers of the Academy present.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were: Charles S. Cooper, Walworth, President; Carlos S. Douglass, Fontana, Vice-President; Josie Higbee, Walworth, Secretary and Treasurer. There is a growing interest and enthusiasm in the annual gatherings, and all present said this was the happiest and best of the reunions.

JOSIE HIGBEE, Sec.

To-morrow—Yesterday.

BY JOHN B. KAYE.

Ah, friends, our meeting of to day
Is good. It brings us strength and cheer,
As coming days shall pass away,
We shall rejoice that we are here
Once more to press each other's hand,
Once more to count our little band,
Still left from yesterday.

This gray old pile where some of us met
And toiled together, long ago,
Seems smiling on the few who yet
Are left to see the seasons flow
On time's swift current, hurrying by;
Great wrongs, great men, were doomed to die
Since that far yesterday.

Our land was dark and troubled then,
By murky war-clouds overcast—
Wild threats and mutterings of men;
The fierce storm gathered, burst and passed;
Some of its martyrs hailed from here;
We tell their fate without a tear,
Fame has no yesterday.

Since then half of life's span has passed;
We then were young, now we are gray,
Then hope her roseate halo cast,
And lighted up our future way;
Now, memory's search-light beacon shines
And shows those queer, contrasting lines,
To-morrow—yesterday.

Then fame stood waiting at our door,
And bowing fortune seemed to smile;
Hope promised us a goodly store
Of all that each had to beguile;
But now we take a backward glance,
Like wounded Knight with broken lance—
Unhorsed by yesterday.

Where the future, where the fame,
The coming morn then unborn,
Omened for breath that found our name?
Dissolved to naught in pitty scorn
Of circumstance, a trivial jest,
A dream, undreamt before the test
That fell on yesterday.

And it is well; youth's trusting soul
Enjoys the secrets her dreams portray;
But as we near life's noontide goal,
We win our trophies in the fray,
Or not at all, and will it so;
Our victories came by blow for blow,
To-day, so yesterday.

The joy of conflict, the keen greed
To beat our fellow-men alas;
Where many fail to quite succeed
To overcome, subdue, surpass,
For these we enter in the strife,
These shape our course and direct our life
To-day, as yesterday.

What matter though most of us fail?
We sight the game, enjoy the chase,
And losing still we tell the tale
How for a time we set the pace,
Anticipating, we enjoyed,
And still enjoy, while winners cloyed
Fell back from yesterday.

The joy of being is to act,
To plan, to reason, to advance,
To prove some doubted good a fact,
To win by striving, not by chance,
To push this busy world along
By love, by labor, thought or song,
To-day, as every day.

The greatest fortune life can give
Is to be able still to do,—
Just to abide, to merely live,
With neither labor, love, nor rue,
Can scarce be deemed to live at all,
For shadows then begin to fall,—
All's gone but yesterday.

All gone? Not all, the aged and worn
Look not to life for further gifts,
But now to that bright coming morn,
Promised thro' evening's crimsoned rifts;
They see it breaking in the strand
In glory o'er the Promised Land,—
To-morrow—yesterday.

Hail, and farewell! We've met to part
Again before we reach the ford;
Be brave of spirit, stout of hearts;
Hope's our best prayer to the Lord,
To work is still to worship him,
And fill our life-cup to the brim,
Ere all be yesterday.

Our Reading Room.

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

RICHBURG, N. Y.—On the evening after the Sabbath, August 19, a small company gathered in the home of Mrs. Flora E. Cartwright, for a social to help the people of West Africa.

After an opportunity had been given to identify the baby pictures of some of those present, the company were arranged in couples by means of divided proverbs, and refreshments were served.

Miss Cartwright gave an explanation of the purpose of the social, and read some letters from the brethren in Gold Coast.

Although it was supposed to be a dime social, the people were told that there was no wish to limit their generosity, and the sum of three dollars and twenty-five cents was the result.

The prizes in the picture contest were then awarded, and an impromptu musical program of guitar, organ and voices closed a very pleasant evening. K.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.—From Cumberland church, N. C. Blessed be the name of the Lord! "He forgetteth not the cry of the humble." In his goodness and mercy he has remembered us and granted us a gracious outpouring of his Holy Spirit. Our pastor, Rev. D. N. Newton, assisted by Rev. J. H. Biggs, a licentiate of the church, held a series of meetings in July, which continued eight days, and another in this month, which continued four days. Six young people, children of Sabbath-keepers, knelt for prayers. During the meetings four of them expressed a hope that they were regenerated, and were received for baptism, and three of them were baptized last Sabbath, the 12th inst. This is the first addition of young people to our church. The Lord grant there may be others in due time. Never have we seen young people appear more deeply in earnest. The four received for membership are from thirteen to seventeen years of age.

From fifty to sixty persons were present at the baptismal and preaching services on Sabbath, the largest number that was present at any time during the meetings, and the most that have ever attended services here on the Sabbath. All the services except one were held in the daytime, and the attendance was usually rather small, but the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost were especially felt from the beginning to the close of the eight days' meetings. On the last day of that meeting our pastor spoke from Mark 2:27, 28. His theme was "Holy Time." The brethren and sisters expressed themselves as well pleased with the discourse.

EMILY P. NEWTON.

AUGUST 17, 1899.

WYNNE, ARK.—The time will soon be up for the brethren from different points to start for another Conference. The Lord be with them from start to return, and the Holy Spirit be the ever-abiding Companion with all the workers at the Conference and at home. Beloved brethren, it seems good to the Lord that I cannot be present with you, but my heart is in the work. My prayers go up for it, and I ask you all to send up special prayer

for the South-Western Association. I desire very much to be with you at Conference. It would help me much in learning the customs of the Seventh-day Baptists, and enable me to enjoy a grand feast with brethren and sisters from east, west, north and south, rejoicing in the Name of him who so freely gives good things to them that ask him. The choice blessings of God be upon the General Conference, and all the meetings to advance the cause of Christ.

Bro. Fitz-Randolph was with us three weeks ago, and did some earnest work for the Master here. He is a worker up-to-date. We had a feast of joy that Bro. Fitz-Randolph could remember us, and we are sure not to forget him. We welcome him as our evangelist, and shall welcome his family, who will come in September or October. God bless them and their work for the uplifting of the people of the Southwest, and the giving of light in darkness concerning the true Sabbath and the Word of God.

It is encouraging to have able help. Many are the obstacles to be overcome by our people in the Southwest. The field is rough and hard, but there are places of rest where a man may at times lay his head. It is sweet to know that we are abiding in Christ in spirit, though the outer man perishes day by day. It would not be much like Christ if we had nothing to overcome. It is like Christ to be able to overcome the things that oppose the Word of God.

I would like to have some good family of Sabbath-keepers move on to a place I have contracted for, to be a partner if suited.

The Lord bless you all. W. H. GODSEY.
AUGUST 13, 1899.

WORK FOR THE MASTER.

BY SENEX.

Let no one stand idle,
For the laborers are few,
And the Master has work
For all of us to do.

Let us be up and doing,
And labor with our might
To gather in the harvest
Before the coming night.

"Go tell the glad story,"
Is our Lord's command,
Unfurl the gospel Banner,
Let it float in every land.

All the world as harvest-field
Is embraced in this command,
And his promise—"I'll be with you,"
Firm as rock shall ever stand.

Go, then; teach to every nation,
Is commanded by the Lord,
Disciple and baptize them
According to his Word.

O'er all the wide, extended field
Go tell them what I say,
And lo, with you, I ever am
Throughout the gospel day.

WITH THE MERRY WARBLERS.

BY EMILY TOLMAN.

When the anemone nods on its slender stem and the violet blooms in the meadow and the willows by the watercourses are beginning to look like green mist, the wood warblers return to us from the far South, some to tarry only a few days on their way to their distant Northern home, others looking about for a nesting place. Now is a more favorable time to make their acquaintance than later, when the thick foliage will afford them easy concealment.

The wood warblers constitute a separate family of birds known only to America. When the amateur ornithologist is told that seventy different species visit the United States he is liable to be discouraged, but he may

take heart again on learning that in any one locality he will find the number much reduced. While it is a great delight to a bird lover to see a rare migrant, one who has but little time for this interesting pursuit may enjoy much in the acquaintance of a few common warblers which remain with us all summer.

One of the most conspicuous of these is the yellow warbler, or summer yellowbird, sometimes called wild canary. Nearly every one who spends any time in the country must have seen this bright little tenant of our orchards, looking somewhat like a daffodil on the wing. Like all warblers, he lives on insects and is furnished with a slender, pointed bill, very different from the short, thick bill of the goldfinch, for which he is often strangely mistaken. This warbler is with us from the first of May to the last of September and is most common near the habitations of man, often building his pretty nest of fine grasses and plant-down in our pear or apple trees or in the shrubbery of our lawns. I have found one of these dainty nests in the crotch of a willow tree and another in a barberry bush, low enough for me to see the little spotted eggs. The simple but pleasing song of the yellow warbler may be heard all through May and June. Summer would lose one of its charms without the presence of this sunny little bird. He is, too, an invaluable ally of the fruit grower on account of the great quantities of insects he consumes.

Quite as conspicuous for his gay plumage and sprightly manners is that "brilliant little meteor," the redstart. Mr. Chapman tells us that in Cuba, where most warblers are known as *Mariposas*—butterflies—the redstart is called *Candelita*—the little torch. He darts hither and thither among the leaves of the orchard or forest in pursuit of his insect prey with such swiftness as to give us only a confused impression of red and black; but if we can see him before the foliage appears we shall discover that his upper parts, throat and breast, are shining black, and that there are dashes of salmon red on the wings and tail and sides of the breast. The markings of the female are similar, but the colors much less brilliant. The redstarts are so numerous no one need fail of their acquaintance. Their song resembles that of the yellow warbler, being, perhaps, a little shorter and more abrupt. Audubon gives it as "teetee-weetee-weetee-weetee."

A third warbler which is easy to identify, and which sometimes visits our orchards and gardens, though more numerous in the woods, is the black and white creeper, as he has been called from his habit of creeping, woodpecker fashion, along the branches or trunks of trees as he searches for his food. He is a dapper little fellow, all in black and white stripes, and frequently utters his rather weak song, "See-see-see-see," or, as it is sometimes translated, "Busy-busy-busy-busy-busy-biz." Those of us who wander by marshes or shady streams have doubtless seen a warbler with an olive-green back, yellow throat and black cheeks:

A living sunbeam tipped with wings,
A spark of light that shines and sings,
"Witchery-witchery-witchery."

One writer affirms that the Maryland yellowthroat is the most abundant of all our warblers; another says that this is one of the first acquaintances we shall make when we begin to study birds. I knew many warblers before I met this sprightly little songster, but that

may be because he is rarely found on high lands, for which I have decided preference. I know a thicket near a reedy marsh, much frequented by red-winged blackbirds, where almost any summer day I may hear

A voice that seems to say,
Now near at hand, now far away,
"Witchery-witchery-witchery."

Quite different in habit and appearance from the Maryland yellow-throat is that dweller in the upper branches of our forest trees, the black-throated green warbler. Hunting for him with an opera glass is neck-breaking work; but one feels repaid by a sight of his beautiful olive green back, bright yellow cheeks and black throat and breast. The two white wing bars and large amount of white in the tail will help to identify him. He has a characteristic song, which once learned is not likely to be forgotten. "It seems," says Mr. Chapman, "to voice the restfulness of a midsummer day."

One of the most common bird songs heard in the woods is a loud, insistent, "Teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher," each note being a little louder and more emphatic than the preceding. One may follow the song from tree to tree, and yet fail of a glimpse of the singer. Possibly, if he give up the search and sit down to rest, he may see an olive green bird with a heavily streaked breast walking leisurely over the ground. Most birds hop like the robin; few walk, as does the ovenbird. He is larger than most warblers, and has been erroneously called golden-crowned thrush. The name ovenbird was given to him from the shape of his nest, which is built on the ground, with the entrance at the side. The often repeated, "Teacher, teacher, teacher," is not his only vocal effort. He has a rare and beautiful song which he occasionally pours forth when the evening shades are falling. I was fortunate enough to hear it once while walking through a park after sunset. He began by repeating the familiar "teacher" twice; and ended in a rapturous and indescribable burst of melody.

An acquaintance with all our wood warblers would require close attention to them for many seasons; but some knowledge of these few will be a good introduction to this fascinating family and will lend a new charm to country life.—*Congregationalist*.

DEPEW ON TOBACCO.

The experience of Chauncey Depew is very interesting:

"I used to smoke twenty cigars a day, and I continued it until I became worn out. I didn't know what was the matter with me, and physicians that I applied to did not mention tobacco. I used to go to bed at two o'clock in the morning and wake at five or six. I had no appetite and was dyspeptic. I was in the habit of smoking at my desk, and thought that I derived material assistance in my work from it. After a time I found that I couldn't do any work without tobacco. I couldn't prepare a brief or an argument without smoking, but still I was harassed by feeling that something was amiss and the result was not up to the mark. I also found that I was incapable of doing any quantity of work; my power of concentration was greatly weakened, and I could not think well without a lighted cigar in my mouth. Now it is perfectly clear that without this power of concentration a man is incapable of doing many things.

It is this which enables him to attend to various and multifarious affairs, to drop one absolutely and take up another and give it full attention.

"Well, one night I went to bed at two o'clock. I was not feverish but I could not sleep. I got up in the morning with no appetite, a bad taste in my mouth, and a tired and worn-out feeling. I drank a cup of coffee and went out and bought a Partega cigar. That was the favorite then—I paid twenty-five cents for it. I lit it with a feeling of pleasure which is only possible to the devotee. I smoked only a few inches and then I took it out of my mouth and looked at it. I said to it, 'My friend and bosom companion, you have always been dearer to me than gold or woman. To you I have ever been devoted, yet you are the cause of all my ills. You have played me false. The time has come when we must part.'

"I gazed sadly and longingly at the cigar and threw it into the street. I had become convinced that tobacco was ruining me. For three months thereafter I underwent the most awful agony. I never expect to suffer more in this world or the next. I didn't go to any physician, or endeavor in any way to palliate my sufferings. Possibly a physician might have given me something to soften the torture. Neither did I break my vow. I had made up my mind that I must forever abandon tobacco, or I would be ruined by it. At the end of three months, my longing for it abated. I gained twenty-five pounds in weight. I slept well for seven or eight hours every night. I require that amount because of my excessive cerebration. When I don't get it, I am liable to rheumatism or siatica. I have never smoked from that day to this, and while no one knows better than I the pleasures to be derived from tobacco, I am still well content to forgo them, knowing their effect."—*Exchange*.

SWALLOWING DIRT.

The humorist, Bob Burdette, gives this receipt for swallowing dirt. We hope that no reader of the RECORDER needs the warning this receipt contains. But you may know of some one to whom this should be read:

"My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You may say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of a farmer, but you have never been able to get money enough to buy a farm. But there is where you are mistaken. For some years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out for yourself. An acre of land contains 43,650 feet; estimating, for convenience, the land at \$43.56 an acre, you will see that it brings the land to just one mill per square foot. Now pour down the fiery dose, and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that 500-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day and see how long it will take you to swallow a pasture land to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there is dirt in it—three hundred feet of good, rich dirt worth \$43.56 per acre."—*Exchange*.

God alone must judge—for God alone shall guide.—*Charles Kingsley*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The session, on Aug. 24, at Rennes, of the Dreyfus court martial case, was marked by one of the most exciting scenes of the trial. The proceedings opened with a skirmish entirely favorable to the defence over Colonel Maurel, President of the court martial of 1894, who admitted reading one of the secret documents to the court which had not been seen by the defence. He protested that only one document was looked at, alleging that this sufficed to enable him to form a conviction that could not be shaken. This protest made matters worse, because, as M. Labori pointed out, if he perused one it was his bounden duty to peruse all. M. Labori announced that he would summon Captain Freystatter, another member of the tribunal of 1894, and get his version of what then passed behind the backs of the counsel for the defence. Colonel Maurel felt his position keenly, and continually hesitated before replying to Labori's questions. All this, however, was only preliminary to a fierce battle that ensued between M. Labori and General Mercier. M. Labori took General Mercier over the whole ground of his previous deposition. This led to several sharp passages at arms between the advocate and Colonel Jouaust, who upheld Mercier in refusing to reply to several questions. General Mercier faced Labori's fire with callous demeanor, standing on the platform, his hands behind his back and his face only half turned toward his questioner. Once or twice a savage look in the eyes, an elevation in the tone and a swaying to and fro of the body revealed the inner fires of resentment. As the case proceeds facts point to the innocency of Captain Dreyfus, and the guilt of Esterhazy. The physical condition of M. Labori is rapidly improving.—The Transvaal situation is one of unsettled rest. Large forces of troops and quantities of war supplies are being sent to South Africa by Great Britain.—Admiral Dewey returned official visits at Villefranche, receiving an ovation from the populace while passing through Nice. He will reach New York on Sept 28.—General Bates has concluded a treaty with the Sultan of Sulu, the latter recognizing American sovereignty; two transports sailed from Manila for San Francisco with returning soldiers.—Colonel Shepherd, Commandant of the Soldiers' Home, Bath, N. Y., has flatly refused to resign at the request of the trustees.

DR. PITCAIRN, being in a church in Edinburgh where the preacher was not only emphatic, but shed tears copiously, was moved to inquire of a countryman, who sat by him, what it was all about. "What makes him greet?" was the inquiry. "Faith," said the man, slowly, turning round, "ye had may be greet yoursel', if ye was up there and had as little to say."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

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Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1899.

THIRD QUARTER.

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LESSON XI.—ENCOURAGING THE BUILDERS.

For Sabbath-day, Sept. 9, 1899.

LESSON TEXT.—Hag. 2: 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Be strong all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work, for I am with you.—Hag. 2: 4.

INTRODUCTION.

The work upon the temple was discontinued almost as soon as it was begun, as we noticed in last week's lesson. The people seemed to have grown indifferent in regard to the completion of the sacred work. After about fifteen years arose two prophets, Haggai and Zechariah, who by their preaching aroused the people to their duty. It may have been really impossible for the people to continue the work at the time that it was abandoned; but there was certainly no excuse for them to remain quiet for so many years, not even making an attempt to build the house of Jehovah while they made for themselves costly houses.

Cyrus the Great died in 529. He was succeeded by Cambyses who in turn was followed by Pseudo-Smerdis, or Pseudo-Bardes. Darius was one of the conspirators who made insurrection against the last mentioned king. In the early part of his reign Darius had several formidable rebellions to put down. He could not then be giving particular attention to the affairs of the small Jewish colony at the western extremity of his empire. The prophets saw the favorable opportunity for the people of Israel to act; and urged on the work of building the temple. What mattered it that a king long ago had ordered the work to cease! The people continued in poverty, because they were indifferent to the great work which Jehovah had intrusted to them. He had afflicted them with drought, blight and mildew.

The people at once took to heart the admonition of Haggai, and resumed the work of rebuilding the temple on the twenty-fourth day of the sixth month of the second year of Darius.

There were many difficulties to be encountered in this work. After the work had been started for three or four weeks Haggai again spoke to the people, this time by way of encouragement to them in their good work. These words are the passage which has been chosen for our lesson.

NOTES.

1. *In the seventh month, in the one and twentieth day of the month.* That is, upon the seventh day of the Feast of Tabernacles. The work had already made some progress; but the people needed encouragement, because they could not but realize how far short of the former temple was their work. *Came the word of the Lord.* Literally, "was the word of Jehovah." This is the ordinary phrase in regard to a prophet's divine commission. We do not know how the word came, but it is certain that the prophet was absolutely sure of the divine origin of his message.

2. *Speak now to Zerubbabel, etc.* Zerubbabel was the political leader of the people. He was the heir to the throne in the line of David, and was also the governor of the Jewish colony at Jerusalem by appointment of the Persian king. *Joshua the high priest.* His name is spelled *Jeshua* in the Book of Ezra. *And unto the residue of the people.* The message of God is not only for the leaders, but also for all the people.

3. *Who is left among you that saw this house in her first glory?* Better as in the R. V., "in its former glory." The English neuter possessive pronoun "its" was little in use in 1611, when the A. V. was made. It was now sixty-six years since the temple had been destroyed. Some of the old men present could doubtless remember it. Many have supposed that Haggai was himself among the number of these old men. *Is it not in your eyes in comparison of it as nothing?* The prophet

wishes them to realize how deplorable the situation is before he begins his words of encouragement.

4. *Yet now be strong.* The same word of encouragement which was addressed over and over again to Joshua the son of Nun. *Work.* This is the important word in the message. They were to manifest their strength in work upon the temple. *For I am with you.* A declaration which certainly should bring encouragement. *The Lord of hosts.* Much better *Jehovah Sabaoth.* The word, צבאות, Sabaoth, rendered "of hosts" is better transferred literally into English rather than translated, for it is a part of the proper name of God as he was revealed to his people, Jehovah Hosts. Compare Rom. 9: 29; James 5: 4. Some have thought that the word "hosts" refers to the armies of Israel; others, to the heavenly hosts. The reference may be, however, to the fact that Jehovah is himself *hosts*, and so all-powerful.

5. *According to the word that I covenanted with you when ye came out of Egypt.* This clause is omitted by the Septuagint. It is very likely an explanatory remark of some copyist. *So my spirit remaineth among you.* This is parallel with the phrase "I am with you" in the previous verse. *Fear ye not.* This reminds us also of the message to Joshua, the son of Nun.

6. *Yet once, etc.* Very soon. It is of the nature of prophecy to represent as impending whatever is about to take place. *I will shake the heavens, etc.* There is to be a violent overturning of present conditions.

7. *And the desire of all nations shall come.* This has often been taken as a Messianic prophecy referring definitely to Christ; but from the context the more probable translation seems to be, "and the desirable things of all nations shall come." That is, the valued possession suitable for the adornment of the temple, or for use in the temple service.

8. *The silver is mine, and the gold is mine.* Two of the desirable things are expressly mentioned.

9. *The glory of this latter house shall be greater.* The adjective "latter" probably belongs with the word "glory" as in the R. V. This prophecy found its fulfillment, not in the external magnificence of the temple, but in the coming of all nations and in the advent of the Messianic time. Compare Jer. 3: 17. Some have looked for a more material fulfillment of this prophecy from the fact that the specifications for this temple as given in Ezra are for a much larger building than Solomon's temple. But it is not at all certain that it was made as large as the plans directed; and it is certain that the costly materials of the former structure did not have their counterpart in this. This temple was built in four years by the few poor colonists who had returned from exile. Solomon's temple was built by one of the richest kings that ever lived, and took seven and a half years. *And I will give peace.* Peace is one of the blessings which is repeatedly promised in the Messianic prophecies.

THE CASE FOR SUNDAY IN BRITAIN.

BY WILLIAM C. DALAND, D. D.

"The British Sabbath Society" has found an ally. It is said that the unexpected always happens, and an aid in the dissemination of light in regard to the Sabbath has appeared in what would seem an unlikely quarter. It is no less a personage than *Mr. Punch* who has come to the front with the truth on the Sabbath question! For in the columns of that ancient and world renowned journal, no less a purveyor of truth than of fun and jollity, has appeared the declaration that the Seventh-day and not Sunday is the Sabbath. Whether this somewhat startling announcement will have much effect on either Anglican or Non-Conformist adherents of the "British Sunday" may perhaps be doubted, but the declaration itself, coming from so impartial a witness, is more than interesting, although to us Sabbath-keepers it rather lacks the charm of novelty. But the way the testimony has been given makes it look as though it were a new idea to some minds. Not to the mind of *Mr. Punch*, of course, for he is wise with all the wisdom of the ancients. But he clearly saw he was uttering what would strike his readers with all the force of a brand new joke!

It happened on this wise. A meeting was

held protesting against the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sunday, and a letter in *Punch* for the week ending July 29 raises the question of the true inwardness of the opposition. In the midst of the letter occurs the following passage:

"Is it a question of 'desecrating the Sabbath'? Certainly not; especially as 'the Sabbath' is the Seventh-day, *i. e.*, Saturday."

This may be a pearl cast before swine so far as any result in affecting the religious public of London is concerned. Indeed it may be questioned whether London's pious population ever look into the pages of *Punch*. They might as well do so, however, and learn many a wholesome lesson. *Mr. Punch* is to be commended for one thing. He is independent and doesn't care whom he hits. In that he will rank above many exalted teachers of truth who would despise his comicalities as beneath the dignity of their cloth. If the clergymen and ministers would be perfectly brave and honest and tell all they know and think on this question, their congregations would soon find a way to keep the Sabbath. The lone Christian coming out on the Sabbath platform has a hard time of it. The moral support of the ministry would make it easier for him. But, as it is, the last man to tell the truth is the minister.

But the "British Sunday" is still at the front as a question of the day. It has not died down even since the triumph of popular sentiment which caused the failure of those enterprising papers which wanted to start Sunday editions. Two reviews in July, the *Nineteenth Century* and the *National Review*, have valuable and interesting articles on this subject, the one in the former by a Jesuit Father and that in the latter by a strict English Churchman. Clearly the attempt to publish daily papers on Sunday did not catch the popular idea. In fact the breeze was all the other way, and so strong as to be an astonishment to those of us who are fond of saying that the regard for Sunday is going. This reverence for Sunday is, of course, decaying, and the apparent revival of Sunday-keeping which effectually stopped these Sunday papers was due, as the Anglican writer in the *National Review* points out, to a surprising alliance of incongruous forces all making for the one and the same end. It was certainly "a fact extraordinary and potent" that the high Anglican hierarchy, the Non-Conformist conscience, (or the sentiment of ordinary Christian Sunday-keepers of the pious variety,) and the socialistic labor leaders, atheistic or whatever, all united together to demand that these Sunday papers be put down.

The result of this incongruous alliance and the various and contrary arguments put forward in behalf of the better observance of Sunday has been a large increase in the amount of information and enlightenment prevailing on the subject.

The article in the *National Review* is correct in the main in its statement of facts, and presents about the best claim that can be put forward for the modern ecclesiastical view of Sunday-observance. The writer treats the view of the divine enactment of the Sabbath and of the ecclesiastical enactment of Sunday as theories, to be brought to the test of practical utilitarianism. He deplors on the one hand the giving up of the idea of

the divine origin of the Sabbath and rejoices on the other in the more practical idea of the ecclesiastical origin of Sunday. His conclusion is that the "British Sunday" survives. "It survives," he writes, "in a dilapidated condition amid unkindly surroundings; but it survives; the question is, ought it to be jealously protected and preserved, or ought it rather to be cleared away as an outworn fashion, nay, in antique imposture cumbering the ground?"

This question he proceeds to answer by going over the practical benefits of a day of rest religiously observed and the harm which comes from laxity and a disregard of sacred things, and concludes with an expressed hope that the "decline of the British Sunday" may be arrested.

The Jesuit Father's article in the *Nineteenth Century* is a very interesting antiquarian research into the way Sunday was observed in the Middle Ages, and displays a remarkable amount of reading in curious old books. The whole is to show how excellent is the Roman Catholic theory of Sunday as a day on which we perform certain religious duties and get them soon over and then have a good time. He begins his article by saying: "In condemning the seven-day newspaper, and in maintaining equivalently the seven-day concert, the public opinion of this country has drawn a rather delicate distinction, but one which, I venture to think, would have commended itself alike to the wisdom and to the religious feeling of our forefathers." He rejoices that the opinion of the people in general is coming nearer to the Roman Catholic position. This he states as follows: "It was by public worship in the church, offered to God especially at the parish Mass, in the service of early matins, and at afternoon vespers, that the day was to be sanctified. With the discharge of this duty no amusement could be permitted to interfere; but if this were fulfilled the canonists dealt indulgently with all other reasonable employment. . . . The praise of God must occupy the first place, but, that being secured, the Church thought next of man's physical and moral well-being—rest of body, peace of soul, and all that makes for charity and good-will between class and class."

It is remarkable that the extremes of secularists and ecclesiastics, as well as the middle moderate religious people (except the few who may be called Sunday Sabbatarians) all unite in this weak and easy going idea, uniting to secure a kind of respect for religion, a prohibition of hard work, and an allowance of pleasure on the Sunday. This is the condition of things in Britain just now. Neither the Puritan theory, nor the ecclesiastical theory, nor the holiday theory has prevailed, but the advocates of all have united to fight the encroachment of hard labor on the "rest" of the Sunday that remains.

LONDON, Eng.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, Our blessed Heavenly Father has deemed it best in his infinite wisdom to take unto himself our dear sister, a worthy member of our Woman's Benevolent Society, Mrs. Anna P. Olin; therefore,

Resolved, That while we reverently acknowledge his supreme right to do as seemeth to him best, we deeply mourn her loss.

Resolved, That we, as a Society, strive to emulate her Christian virtues, and to appreciate her efforts to elevate and assist in every good word and work.

Resolved, That we tenderly sympathize with the bereaved family, and share with them the hope that we may meet where partings are no more.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the sorrowing family; that they be recorded in the Secretary's book of the Woman's Benevolent Society, and a copy be sent to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

In behalf of the Society,

LULU B. ELLIS, Secretary.

DODGE CENTRE, Minn., July 15, 1899.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Wireless Telegraphy.

Telegraphing through the atmosphere has been accomplished to the extent of crossing the Channel between England and France. Inventors in this country have only thus far secured shorter distances. A Mr. Clarke has invented a system which he is testing, that bids fair to extend to greater distances. On Tuesday of last week, tests were made and they are being continued at the Lighthouse, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., under the supervision of Mr. Clarke. The instrument used confined them to the transmission of signals, as it was made for army use.

The transmitting instrument was placed and the vertical wires erected on shore. The receiver was placed on the lighthouse tender, which then sailed from the depot at St. George to the mouth of the Hudson. At the distance of three and one-half miles, the signals were perfectly received; they were distinct until a distance of five miles was reached, when the distinctness began to wane; this was attributed to the transmitting vertical wires not having been erected to a sufficient height; however, the test of the new system was considered highly satisfactory.

Heretofore, the greatest distance reached in this country has been from one to two miles; this test, therefore, shows that lightning is still "marching on." Wonderful, wonderful is this unknown. . . . !!!

Let us hold on to our patience. Another Edison, or Tesla or Clarke, or Richard Roe, will appear and send a streak over to light the Paris exhibition; 1900 we think will produce some very remarkable results in more ways than ONE.

MARRIAGES.

NORTON-FISHER.—In Scott, N. Y., July 3, 1899, by Rev. B. F. Rogers, Mr. Frank S. Norton, of Marietta, N. Y., and Miss Anna Fisher, of Spafford, N. Y.

YOUNGS-GRAVES.—In Independence, N. Y., July 23, 1899, by Eld. J. Kenyon, at his home, George W. Youngs and Susan S. Graves, all of Hallsport, N. Y.

BARNES-SINNETTE.—In Utopia, N. Y., August 8, 1899, by Eld. J. Kenyon, at the home of L. R. Kenyon, John M. Barnes, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Louisa M. Sinnette, of Utopia, N. Y.

STILLMAN-STARR.—In Hornellsville, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1899, by Rev. I. L. Cottrell, Mr. Stanley C. Stillman and Miss Jessie E. Starr, both of Hornellsville.

DEATHS.

RICH.—In Hartsville, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1899, Wilma, daughter of Charles A. and Laura B. Rich, of Wisconsin, aged 5 years, 5 months and 19 days, after about 30 hours' sickness,—dysentery.

Wilma, with her mother and younger sister, were visiting relatives when death came so unexpectedly. The family have the sympathy of the whole community in this hour of sorrow. They, with Wilma's remains, started for home Aug. 16. I. L. C.

GREEN.—In Scott, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1899, of a lingering illness, Francis B. Green, in the 74th year of his age.

The deceased was the son of George S. and Amelia M. Green. He was never married and, since the death of his parents, had resided in the family of his brother Lora, where he was kindly cared for. He is survived by two brothers, Lora J., of Scott, General Oliver D., of San Francisco, Cal., and Mrs. Josephine Stanton, of Cazenovia, N. Y. His funeral was held at the home of his brother, Aug. 14, services conducted by the writer, and his remains laid at rest in the Union cemetery. B. F. R.

GREEN.—At Richburg, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1899, Mrs. Keziah Noble Green, aged 83 years, 2 months and 7 days.

When five years old she came with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Noble, from New Jersey to Friendship, N. Y. In 1837 she was married to Dr. Sheffield W. Green, son of Eld. John Green. To them were born four children, the only son dying in the service. Mrs. Green was formerly a member of the Nile church, but for a number of years has not been keeping the Sabbath. Brief burial services were held at the home by the pastor of the Nile Seventh-day Baptist church. W. D. B.

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- Seventh-day Baptist Register, Vol. 1, No. 4.
- Sabbath Visitor, Vol. I., No. 29.
- Vol. III., Nos. 28, 51.
- Vol. IV., Nos. 48, 44.
- Vol. V., Nos. 26, 38, 40, 42, 49.
- Vol. VI., No. 50.
- Vol. XI., No. 44.
- Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XVI., Nos. 37, 51.
- Vol. XVII., No. 27.
- Vol. XVIII., No. 22.
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Special Notices.

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 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. C. 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.

THE next session of the Ministerial Conference and Quarterly Meeting of the Chicago and Southern Wisconsin Seventh-day Baptist churches, will be held with the church at Albion, Sept. 22-24, 1899, beginning with the Ministerial Conference on Sixth-day, the 22d, at 10.30 A. M., for which the following program has been arranged:

1. How may the interest in our Bible-school work be increased? W. B. West.
2. What is the Bible doctrine of dietetics? W. D. Tickner.
3. What improvement, if any, can we, as churches, make in our present methods of work and worship? G. W. Burdick.
4. Exposition of Ezekiel, chapters 40-48. S. L. Maxson.
5. The place and character of personal work in the labors of the pastor. G. J. Crandall.
6. How can we increase the attendance and efficiency of our prayer and conference-meetings? Mrs. B. H. Stillman. S. H. BABCOCK, Sec.



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 And when it is finished and you suppose
 It is done exactly brown,
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