

# THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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

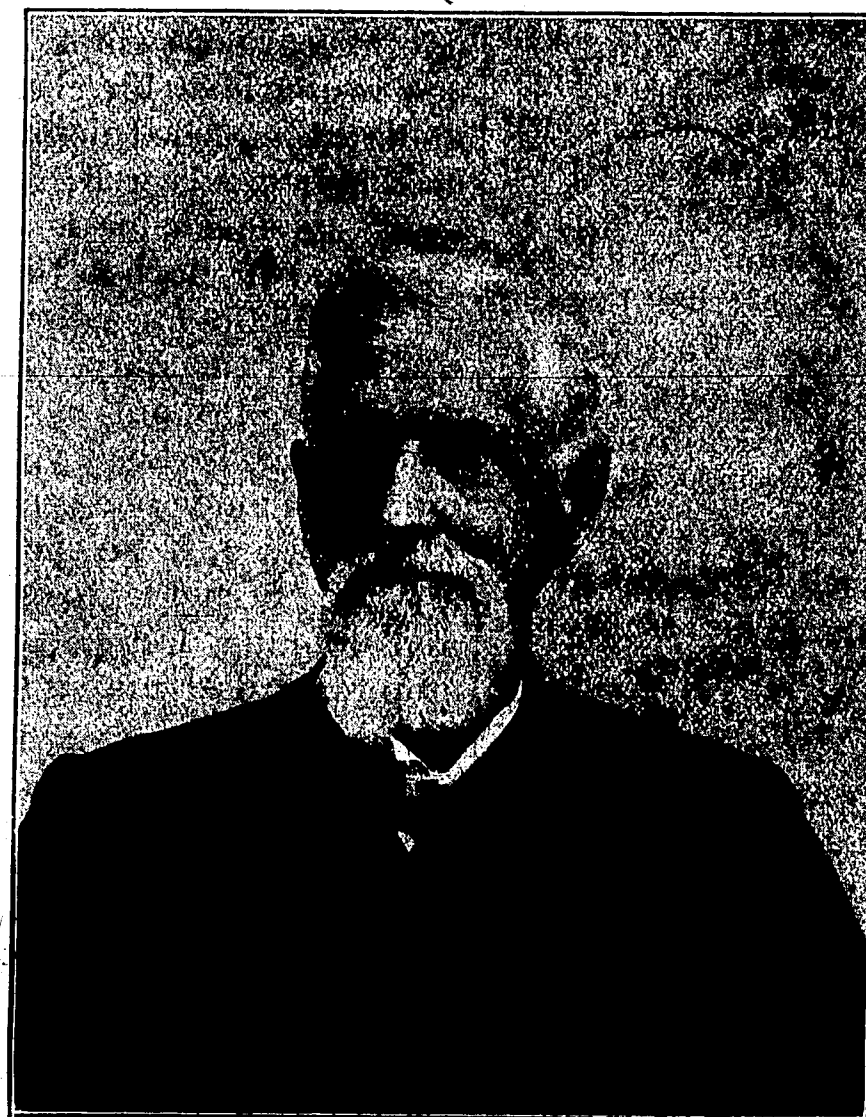
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DAVID WARREN CARTWRIGHT.

\$2.00 A YEAR

PLAINFIELD N. J.

## Sabbath Recorder.

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

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### THIS NEW YEAR.

The date of this number of the SABBATH RECORDER begins the epitaph of a century, which, in many respects, surpasses all modern centuries in importance. To write 1900 A. D. moves the soul as when one knows that the beginning of the end has come. Seen from one side, the end of any one year is truly "A time for memory and for tears," but the end of a century is far more so. In one sense, the end of a year or a century is only an imaginary line. Time, the work of life, and the sweep of events in history go on in endless, restless flow. Nevertheless, way-marks and monuments are an essential part of human experience. If the flow of events does not cease, we need to stop from time to time upon the bank of the stream to listen and think, to take note of time from its loss, to review failures and mistakes, to stand uncovered beside the graves of our lost and buried hopes, and pray for strength and wisdom for coming days and duties.

THIS is well. If men are not hopelessly thoughtless and indifferent, they are made better by such retrospect. The lessons which experience teaches surpass all others in thoroughness and value. No man can know himself, much less his fellows, except through the testing of experience. Theories and creeds concerning truth and duty can be judged as to worth and strength only when God has written his verdict in history. When Christ said: "By their fruits ye shall know them," he voiced an universal law, and paid the highest tribute to the imperativeness of the historic argument. Questions which are never settled by debate are settled beyond question by the passing years. We tinker at great issues with the baby fingers of our logic, and with noisy words. We invent new methods of settling off-recurring disputes, and clearing up returning doubts, but the final settlement comes when God's purposes are wrought out in history. This truth has crystalized into that bit of wisdom which says: "Man proposes, but God disposes."

PAST, present, and future are so nearly one—forming the trinity of God's ever-present now, that the essential character of a new period is settled, in many particulars, before men write the first date of that period. By this law the general character of the next twenty-five or fifty years is fixed already. The events of nineteen hundred and fifty will be determined in no small degree by the forces active or latent, in 1900, A. D. The purposes which fill the hearts of the men and women who were born in 1880, will determine their history for the next fifty years. Those more marked stages in history which we call "Revolutions," and which seem to rush in suddenly, are the product of under-flowing currents, good or bad, or of unheeded conflicts. They are in full accord with the philosophy of history, here suggested.

It will be a valuable and helpful experience if you will sit down, at the opening of this last year of the century, and thoroughly analyze the purposes, aims, and tendencies of your life. Your destiny is involved in them.

Make this examination in the light of experience, your own and that of others, and of those universal truths embodied in the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. Do not stop with secondary causes, and temporary results. Go deep, and lay your life bare along the line of permanent results and resistless influences. A few days ago a man said to me, concerning a bad habit: "I have got where I cannot stop." That is not true of a bad habit if one turns and clings to God. It is true of every bad habit if men do not turn thus. Fixedness in character comes rapidly. Thoughtless men increase in more destructive thoughtlessness. The world-loving man grows more worldly. The up-looking man rises. The man with the dirt-gathering muck-rake grows more and more indifferent to the crown an angel holds above him. What is true of individuals is true of men in larger groups, communities, churches, nations; hence one may stand at the opening of a new year and outline much of human life without the gift of prophecy, or the fear of failure.

### THE NEW YEAR AND YOURSELF.

"What is the New Year to me?" That question ought to be asked by every reader. Each one owes it to himself to ask that question. It is wrong to pass any epoch, any valuable occasion, without such an inquiry. You owe more to yourself than you are likely to realize. Your destiny is the highest treasure that ever came to your hands. That destiny is determined, in part, by each event in your life, and especially by each choice you make.

New Year's Day is a just time for making new resolutions, for cherishing new plans; for undertaking new things. To do that in business matters is well; to do it in all things touching character is infinitely better. In the long run, both in this life and the next, what you do for yourself, that is for your soul life, is the only thing of permanent importance. Do not shrink from making new resolutions, because you have failed to carry out those made one year ago. You have not wholly failed, if so be you have honestly striven. Struggle to avoid failure is gain, and longing for better things is the first step toward attaining them.

You must not say, "It will do no good to try again." On the contrary, all highest good is gained only at the end of a long series of retrials. The imperfections of life, and the need of trying again, are the promise of final success. Refusal to make new resolutions is a sure road to permanent failure. We inspire pupils and apprentices to renewed effort by the song:

"If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try again.

\* \* \*  
If you only persevere,  
You will conquer, never fear,  
Try, try again."

The same law holds good in character making, in destiny making. Let this New Year find the walls of your soul written over with new resolves. Let new inscriptions of hope cover the record of past failures. God, and all things good, wait to help you in searching for new truth, in gaining new strength, and climbing to higher attainments. Arouse your soul to the joy which follows when new opportunities are accepted in faith, hope and obedience. Thank God for new obligations, take courage and push ahead.

### THE NATIONS IN 1900 A. D.

The RECORDER has no desire to assume the position of prophet, but there are some features in the relations of Great Nations toward each other which cannot be overlooked—on this New Year.

### THE UNITED STATES.

In our own country, the somewhat tangled problem of our new possessions is full in hand, and its solution must be continued. All things considered, it is progressing in the right direction, but not a few unknown or untested factors are in sight. One general principal underlies the whole situation, and this must be kept in view at every step in the coming solution, namely, the United States must secure to each new dependency, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, forms of self-government, as far and as fast as possible. Whether this shall be done along Colonial or Territorial lines is the first important question. It seems to us that the two ideas can be blended to fit the various situations and occasions. In either case the men who are placed in power over these new dependencies should be men of high ability, and still higher moral characters and manliness. "Carpet-baggers" should be kept at home. The door should be slammed in the face of men who have an "itching palm" for gold, and who seek office and power for personal ends. Political preferment, in the ordinary sense, should play no part in the choice of those who go to the new lands to represent the Republic. The RECORDER joins in the demand for high-minded and capable men, who fear God and love humanity. Such only should be placed in power over those to whom we are bound to bring forms of government such as a Christian republic ought to devise in such a year as 1900 A. D.

### ENGLAND.

The unexpected has happened so many times since the war between England and the Dutch Free States of South Africa began, that one wonders what is to be the next development. We hope it will be swift-coming peace. If it is not, if the counsels which make for war continue, unthought of possibilities may be recorded as history before this year closes. Abyssinia, no mean foe as Italy has learned, is a strong factor in African affairs, and, as "grudges" go, she has some to settle with England. France rejoices in everything that works to the disadvantage of England. Russia has pushed her way southward toward English territory in India until she is dangerously near to points where quick and strong blows might make England stagger. Possible complications and combinations are in sight which would reduce England to a second or third rate power within the first decade of the next century. When Kruger, President of the Transvaal Republic, said he would make England pay a price that would astonish the world, his words may have been greater than he knew. Even now the fate of the British Empire seems hanging in the balance, and it is wiser to wait than to prophesy in haste.

### RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

Influences have been working toward a culmination, with little noise, but with gathering momentum, which make armed collision between Russia and Japan probable, at an early day. These influences center in the peninsula of Korea. Russia wrested this ter-

ritory from Japan when the latter deemed it her natural and just prize at the close of the China-Japan conflict. Each nation desires Korea, and each seems determined to have it. The great Siberian Railroad, which Russia is pushing to completion, is an important factor in the Korean issue. Japan has strengthened her navy, with almost incredible swiftness and success. China is by no means an eliminated factor in the struggle, the more so because England, Germany and France have acquired such interests in China, all of which will come into consideration, if not into action, should Russia and Japan come to blows. The position which the United States has taken concerning the "Open Door" in China would also be affected. Should Japan see any chance for success looking southward, the Philippines would offer a tempting prize.

DIPLOMACY.

Looking over this field of possibilities, the RECORDER hopes that genuine, wise and Christian diplomacy and arbitration will come to the front, "full high advanced," should any of these complications arise. Sad as we are over the fact that war broke out in South Africa, before the music of the "Peace Congress" at the Hague had died away, we still have both hope and faith in the triumph of diplomacy as against bayonets. The friends of peace must not be discouraged because the highest ideals are not reached at once. Conflicts between nations, and the terrible records of war, form a prominent part of the world's history. The best things, and especially that embodiment of the gospel of peace which shall forbid nations to "learn war any more" must come slowly, all too slowly. But since this must be, it is best that the friends of peace hold fast in hope and faith, thankful for all that is gained though it be so much less than we wish.

EVANGELISTIC WORK BY PASTORS.

The question of evangelistic work by pastors is fully opened by the letter from M. B. Kelly, and the extracts he gives from the letters of pastors to him. These extracts indicate a gratifying unanimity of opinion as to the necessity and desirability of such a movement. The actual amount of work that will be done, and the success of the movement, will depend mainly on the pastors themselves. The habits of the past are so strong that churches will be more apt to object to the plan than to urge the going of their pastors. That great good will come, in so far as the plan is carried out, there can be no question. Under our present system, churches with popular and successful pastors are almost certain to neglect latent "gifts," on the part of unordained men. So far as preaching is concerned, the "Licentiate" has passed almost entirely out of our polity, and weakness has resulted from this passing. With us, as among Protestants generally, the smaller churches usually furnish the candidates for the ministry. This is due to the fact that pastorless churches cultivate "the best gifts."

But the greatest good which ought to come from the proposed movement, and the one which the RECORDER believes is most needed, is the development of a vigorous, Seventh-day Baptist denominational spirit, and an enthusiastic devotion such as the times demand. We are willing to grant that the

stubborn fight for existence Seventh-day Baptists have made during more than two centuries has fulfilled past demands in a fair degree, but that a new conception of our place and work is needed now is beyond all question. That conception must carry us outside of ourselves. We must not be content to remain as a beleaguered garrison, able only to be secure when within our "works." Henceforth our task is to compel the attention of men to the demands of the truth we have been commissioned to proclaim. Our main work is not to secure new members, so much as it is to call men to a new consideration of the claims of God's Law, God's Book and God's Sabbath. The proposed movement for evangelistic work will be a right step in this direction. But if it shall be left to turn mainly on securing converts, and adding members to the churches without deepening and strengthening the true denominational, that is, the true Sabbath Reform Spirit and purpose, it will be of little value. Under the proposed movement, no pastor going out to work, whether with another Seventh-day Baptist church than his own, or into a field where Seventh-day Baptists are not known, will do what he ought to do unless he leaves the field where he labors more strongly Seventh-day Baptist than he finds it. "Bringing men to Christ," as that term goes, is not to be spoken of lightly, but the popular conception of that work is superficial, and it does not build up Seventh-day Baptist churches to convert men into some other denomination, or into none, by the easy-going standards which prevail. Here is a point of no little danger to the new movement. So far as the work of building churches is concerned, we are to build Seventh-day Baptist churches, and ten good Seventh-day Baptist converts build up more than twenty do who scatter everywhere, or nowhere.

But more important than gaining members is the work of developing spiritual power and consecration for our distinctive work, in the churches we have already. The RECORDER hails the proposed movement with hearty acclaim. We will aid it gladly. We trust that the pastors, the churches, and all our work will be made "Strong in the Lord and in the power of his strength," through this proposed movement. To this end it must not be a temporary experiment. It must become a settled part of our polity and our plans for work. It must include the systematic development of the churches and the special "gifts" in them, because the pastor is absent. It must be planned in harmony with our Missionary Board and be carried forward in unity of purpose.

Above all, it must be born and developed under the conviction that we are here to do a special work as Seventh-day Baptist Christians and reformers. Higher standards in Christian living and higher attainments in spiritual life must be sought in order that we may be able the better to herald the neglected truth for which we stand. Without this enlarged conception of our place and mission, and this deeper and stronger spiritual life, our future will be written: "failure." Weak men make weak churches, and neither weak men nor weak churches can stand the strain that is near at hand in the matter of Sabbath Reform. Push the work, pastors, and God grant you strength and guidance.

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

When Dwight L. Moody was buried at Northfield, Mass., on Tuesday, Dec. 26, 1899, the earth received the dust of a man than whom few, if any one, have been more prominent in the religious world for the last quarter of a century. We say religious world rather than theological, for Mr. Moody was not a theologian in the usual sense of that word. He went to Chicago and engaged in business, as a young man, and soon became active in church work. In 1860 he gave up business, commenced preaching at once, and soon became the leading revivalist of the last part of the century just closing. His work and his fame were world-wide, although the larger share of his labor was in the United States. He was a man of strong physical presence. He was always "in dead earnest." He had great faith, was fertile in resources, and wise in methods. He had sanctified common sense in dealing with men. He knew how to choose able helpers, and to marshal his forces with the skill of a great general. This same element entered into his oratory and his arguments. His logic outgeneraled the doubts of his hearers and destroyed their objections. His appeals rushed to victory like an invincible bayonet charge or a cavalry raid. He had great love for the Bible and he pressed its claims with the vehemence of unwavering conviction and unflinching purpose. He spent little time with abstractions or knotty questions, especially with those advanced by caviling critics. Toward honest doubt he was the embodiment of sympathy. Here is an example of his dealings with cavilers, told in his own words:

A man came to me with a difficult passage in the Bible the other day and said: "Mr. Moody, what do you do with that?"

"I do not do anything with it."

"How do you understand it?"

"I do not understand it."

"How do you explain it?"

"I do not explain it."

"What do you do with it?"

"I do not do anything."

"You do not believe it, do you?"

"Oh, yes, I believe it."

"There are lots of things I do not understand, but I believe them. I do not know anything about higher mathematics, but I believe in them. I do not understand astronomy, but I believe in astronomy. Can you tell me why the same kind of food turns into flesh, fish, hair, feathers, hoofs, finger nails, according as it is eaten by one animal or another? A man told me awhile ago he could not believe a thing he had never seen. I said, 'Man, did you ever see your brain?' Did you ever notice that the things men cavil most about are the very things to which Christ has set his seal?"

It is not easy to compare Mr. Moody with other great preachers of his age. He was not so broad-viewed and versatile as Beecher. He had not the eloquence of Spurgeon, nor the culture of Phillips Brooks, but he had much in common with each of these men. He dealt mainly with the non-church-going masses, and the keynote of his message was akin to that of John the Baptist, "Repent!" The culturing of men, after repentance, he left to the churches. Mr. Moody was well-born as to fiber of conscience, from good old Puritan stock. His ordination began before he was born. Mr. Moody's theological notions were crude, sometimes, and his diction was not always faultless, but these minor points were lost in his sublime faith, his vehement earnestness, and the reality which pervaded his words and work. Going home at an early age, falling on the field from over-work, he leaves thousands of hearts sad and ten

thousands of lives brighter, richer and holier because of his work.

Mr. Moody died on Friday, Dec. 22, and his body was buried as stated above. The farewell services were such as befitted a victorious death. There were no signs of mourning about the house, no crape, no curtained windows. The coffin was carried to the church, half a mile from the Moody home, by thirty-two students of the Mount Hermon School, headed by the officiating clergymen and followed by Ira D. Sankey, Mr. Moody's associate for nearly thirty years, trustees of the Northfield School and other intimate friends. Christmas greens festooned the galleries of the church, while on the coffin and about it were appropriate floral tributes. At the head was a pillow, in which a crown had been worked in white, with a purple ribbon, on which Mr. Moody's last words were seen, "God is calling me." An open Bible, with "Victory. 1 Corinthians 15: 55-57" on the left side, and "2 Timothy 4: 7, 8" on the other, rested at the foot. Palms, ferns, laurel, violets, cut flowers and callas were placed about the pulpit.

The services, under the direction of Rev. Dr. Scofield, of the Congregational church at Northfield, consisted of music, Scripture lessons and brief addresses. The principal speakers were Dr. Scofield, Pres. H. G. Weston, of Crozier Theological Seminary, Rev. Dr. Torrey, Bishop Mallalieu, Dr. J. W. Chapman, Dr. Whorton, and John Wannamaker. Memorial services were held in New York, and at other places at the same hour.

The appearance of Mrs. Moody and her family well became the faith in which he lived and died. She seemed to think more of his joy than of her sorrow. His daughter said: "I hope no one will think of me as fatherless." The eldest son, upon whom comes the main responsibility connected with the school at Northfield, rose at the conclusion of the service, and paid a loving tribute to his father. All in all the service was such an one as ought to form the last earthly tribute to a soldier, who has gotten a glorious victory. Much is gained for our Christian faith when we rise above the mourning and the symbols of grief which tell more of the hopelessness of Pagan fear of death than they do of the faith which sees death from the holy mount of the "Transfiguration."

#### C. E. TOPIC CARDS.

Booklets for 1900 are ready for distribution. Through the kindness of the United Society, we are permitted to use the topics and references as arranged by them, making only the necessary changes to adapt them to the use of ourselves as a denomination. We hope all our C. E. Societies will make their orders for the entire year, as the book covers the period from January, 1900, to January, 1901. Following are the prices:

100 copies.....	\$1.50
75 ".....	1.15
50 ".....	1.00
25 ".....	.50
Single copies.....	.03

Societies wishing the names of their officers, or any special announcements, to appear on the Booklets which they may order, can be accommodated at a slight advance in price. Any information bearing on this will be cheerfully furnished by the Publishing House.

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.—*Samuel Johnson.*

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

No change of importance has taken place in the situation in South Africa. The British forces are holding their fortified camps, unable to make any advance, and waiting for reinforcements. The general feeling that the English Generals have not been equal to their task grows in England and elsewhere. Meanwhile, the Boers are strengthening their positions, improving their discipline and making it certain that fierce fighting must yet ensue, unless wiser counsels on both sides secure peace.

Rumors of secret understanding between England, Germany and Portugal are still rife, although semi-officially denied by the German press. But that the occupation of Delagoa Bay by either the Boers or England is a matter of great moment to both parties, there can be no doubt. Such a movement, attempted by either party, would precipitate other results that would be likely to involve a great Continental upheaval, in which Russia would take a leading part.

Little fighting has occurred in the Philippines during the week. The opening of those seaports which represent the hemp trade is ordered, and steps toward opening up general commercial relations are in progress. President McKinley hopes to secure plenty of hemp for use in the United States before the coming wheat harvest.

The observance of Christmas last week was marked by an unusually large trade in Christmas gifts, and almost universal services in connection with churches, benevolent institutions, etc.

General Wood, the new Governor of Cuba, is justifying the expectations of his friends, that he would move promptly along all lines for the peace and the general good of the island. The late declarations by the President and the Secretary of War in regard to Cuba have been welcomed by the Cubans.

#### CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

##### Revival at Welton.

The meetings began Dec. 6, closing Christmas Eve. The attendance was good throughout and the interest healthy. Eight candidates were received into the membership of the church by baptism. Two others await the ordinance. The new baptistery was given its dedicatory use on the eve of the next to the last Sabbath of the year. Nine new members were received by letter. Several whose voices have long been silent are now joining heartily in the service of God. The last two testimony meetings in particular were rich in blessing. Oh, these voices for which the heart listens—night after night, week after week, year after year—and how the soul thrills and fills with grateful joy when the prayer is answered!

##### A Strong Church.

Welton is properly classed among the smaller churches, with a membership falling considerably short of one hundred; but it is far from being a weak church. It presents evidences of strength which many larger bodies might covet earnestly. Two of these have especially impressed us; its self-reliance in the absence of a pastor, and its fruit of young men for the ministry. During the closing three months of 1899 the church has been without a resident minister, and the aggregate stay

of visiting preachers has been less than a month. On its own resources two-thirds of the time, the church has yet moved forward. Arriving at Welton, we found that the people's prayer and labor in anticipation of a revival were already bearing fruit. Of the candidates whom it was our pleasure to receive into the fellowship of the church, nearly every one represented the ripening of a harvest which was already well grown. An evangelist must always feel the force of Christ's reminder, "Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors;" but the words seemed especially applicable here.

This self-reliant church activity, this disposition to do personal work, that aliens from God may be won and wanderers brought back, is closely connected with the second item. In the past ten years Welton has sent forth five young men to prepare for the gospel ministry. You are not surprised that these men are all soul-winners when you see the training-school out of which they came. On an invisible tablet over the pulpit are inscribed the names, James Hurley, Theodore VanHorn, Eli Loofboro, Charley Sayre, Edgar VanHorn—and the space is not yet full. Proud record for a church to bear in its memory! Happy privilege of a people to see their own boys heralding the glad tidings, and to bear them up before the throne of God in prayer! "And of Zion it shall be said, This man and that man was born there."

##### Half Way.

Simply and quietly, as I would wish it to be, the year's work closed—and with the year an era of life; for the new year brings in its hand a new field, new surroundings, a new trust. Half the allotted time is gone, and while the thirty-fifth mile-post recedes in the distance, other land-marks also pass from sight. Next week, as the train speeds along the track, the rising sun shining full upon its headlight, the Great West, whose child I am, will fade from view. But memory is far-sighted and love is stronger than death. Walworth, Milton, Chicago—and the rest with whom heart and life have been bound—none the less dear though years pass, still mine, though the wintry hills close them from sight. God bless them; God bless them.

Heavenly Father, forgive the sins, the willfulness, the neglect. So many things, if human arm were but long enough, that I would reach back into the past and wipe out! So small the service of these thirty-five years! So little to carry before the great white throne!

"But Heaven is nearer  
And Christ is dearer  
Than yesterday to me."

The transgressions and mistakes are under the cleansing blood of the Saviour. Only their memory will abide to keep me humble and dependent at the foot of the cross. The good which has been done—God knoweth. "For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever. Amen."

##### Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's catarrh cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## History and Biography.

By W. C. WHITFORD, Milton, Wis.

### DAVID WARREN CARTWRIGHT.

The death of "Uncle David," as he was familiarly called, occurred at Cartwright, Chippewa county, Wis., on Monday morning, Nov. 6, 1899, at the home of Mrs. Martha A. Cartwright, a daughter-in-law. He was 85 years, 7 months and 25 days of age. His final illness, a stomach trouble induced by the general debility of advanced life, lasted only about a week and a half. He was convinced from the first that he would not recover; and he endured with great fortitude his physical sufferings, which were at times very intense and pitiful. His mind was clear and forcible in action almost to the last, and his resignation to the "inevitable hour" awaiting him exhibited a calm and trustful Christian spirit. Truly he was a shock of corn fully ripe. He experienced, three months before, a similar attack caused by indigestion attended with heart difficulty; but from this he rallied in a large measure, so much so as to attend to his usual duties and to visit friends for a period at Chippewa Falls and Menomonie, Wis. Three weeks before his decease he accompanied a party into the woods several miles from home on a hunting and fishing expedition, and camped with them for a few days, enjoying heartily the recreation in the wild, native scenery, such as had very often and for weeks at a time greeted his eyes from young manhood.

The funeral services were, according to his request, conducted by President W. C. Whitford, of Milton College, who was assisted by Edwin A. Babcock, a student evangelist now residing at Cartwright. They were largely attended by his sons, daughters-in-law, several grandchildren, other relatives, principal citizens of the village, and esteemed acquaintances from the cities of Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire and Menomonie. The sermon reviewed briefly the main points in the labors and character of Mr. Cartwright, and was based on Psa. 91: 16, "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." It was shown that the scores of years allotted to some persons are often the direct reward of the faithful observance of the commandments of God, and of the cheerful and implicit reliance on Christ for redemption from sin. This fact appears to have been exemplified in the career now so recently closed, it having been spent at times in numerous adventures with wild animals in dense forests, on treeless plains, and in mountain ranges; and many have been the instances in which it seemingly was guarded in sudden and perilous emergencies by the interposition of the divine hand. Still a higher and more enduring result is conferred by righteousness, and is experienced in the cheerfulness, felicity, and strength of mind when the bodily powers decay in old age. An apostle says, "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

The family to which Mr. Cartwright belonged have traced their lineage for over a thousand years. The earlier, as well as the later, members had a composite origin. In mediæval and in modern times Hebrew blood by intermarriages in several countries of Europe flowed in their veins. The main stock is the vigorous Norman combined later with the staunch English. All these ances-

tors impressed their leading traits of character upon their posterity, even to the latest. On their earliest shields was wrought the French Lily, and on their oldest coat of arms was engraved a waterfowl, the Coot, which, in the heraldry of England, indicates an ancient family. Two brothers, Auffroy and Mangier de Cartrait, have their names written on the celebrated Roll of the Battle Abbey, as accompanying William the Conqueror in his invasion of England, and participating Oct. 14, 1066, in the Battle of Hastings, in which Harold, the King of the Anglo-Saxons, was defeated and slain, his domain passing under the control of the Norman sovereign. Alliances of this family were formed after this event with other powerful ones in France and England. In the latter country since at least the middle of the sixteenth century, distinguished men with their surname spelled Cartwright have appeared in nearly every generation. They have been numbered with the archbishops and other clergymen of the established church, puritan divines, parliamentary reformers, naval officers, inventors, jurists, newspaper correspondents and statesmen.

The subject of this sketch belonged to the northern branch of the family that settled in America. Its head was evidently the immigrant, Edward Cartwright, born in 1640 in England, and a resident twenty-four years later on Nantucket Island annexed to Massachusetts. It was doubtless his son, of the same name, born in 1683 on this Island, who united by baptism, June 27, 1717, with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Newport, R. I., under its second pastor, Eld. William Gibson. During the century following at least five others of this family name became members of this church. One of these was Bryant Cartwright, born in 1708 on Nantucket, living afterwards in Rhode Island, and received by the church in 1743. Abigail, a daughter of his, residing in Tisbury, on Martha's Vineyard, "was baptized and passed under hands" in 1764. He had for associates in the church John Tanner and Job Bennett, both prominent deacons; Henry Collins, an enterprising merchant, a public-spirited citizen of Newport and a cultured gentleman; Richard Ward, a son of Hon. Thomas Ward, also a member, a great grandson of Roger Williams, and a Governor of Rhode Island; and William Bliss, subsequently an efficient pastor of the church. A Dorothy Cartwright, when only twelve years of age, was received on baptism in 1758, at the same time that the wife and the son Jonathan of Elder John Maxson, the pastor, united with the church. The record of a minister in the Second Baptist church of Newport contains an account of the marriage of a Paul Cartwright in 1774. This northern branch became also connected with the celebrated Polger, Coffin and Mitchell families at Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. The last named family formed, in 1731, a union with the daughter of a Jewish physician, from whom Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, was descended.

Bryant Cartwright, Second, of Rhode Island, born in 1738, was admitted July 30, 1780, as a member of the First Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist church. He was a Revolutionary soldier and the father of eleven children. "Uncle David," named after his father, was the only son of the youngest of these who was born in 1785 in Rhode

Island. His mother was Abigail Warren, born in Stephentown, Rensselaer county, N. Y., her father being Nathaniel Warren, also a Revolutionary soldier and belonging to the New England families of the last name. We have had no opportunity to ascertain whether this grandfather was a descendant of Richard Warren, the Pilgrim father, who came to Plymouth, Mass., in the Mayflower. David's birth occurred March 11, 1814, in the town of Berlin in the above named county, when the family were living on leased lands at the head of Lee Valley, adjoining Stephentown and west of Macumber mountain, said to be the highest peak in that region, and four miles distant from the farm. The sun did not shine upon the house until the middle of the forenoon. This boy had three own sisters, two older and one younger than himself. When he was three years of age his father died with lingering consumption, and left the family in a rude and lonely home, on unproductive lands, and in considerable debt for rent. The struggles of the mother to support the children were heroic. Mr. Cartwright in his last days often recalled, with tears running down his face, the sight of her going with the two youngest to a neighbor to earn by washing, bread for them to eat and clothing for them to wear. The lease of the farm had to be abandoned, and all their stock and improvements on it were sold to meet obligations incurred in their distresses. When he was six years old, his mother moved with her children to Williamsport, Mass., five miles from the old home, with the view of bettering her condition and keeping the family together. In the year of her residence at that place, David attended school for three months, the only instruction of the kind he ever received. In the spring of 1820, she returned to the town of Berlin, and staid the next three years in a house near her former home.

In this time she married again, and the husband moved with her and the children in 1823 onto a high slope of Macumber Mountain. Here David's work, when only ten years of age, was exceedingly severe. Materials for the farm and the household could be hauled with great difficulty by a team up the steep mountain side; and so he "sometimes with his mother and sometimes alone," would carry home from a deep valley below the needed articles packed on his back. The following two years were spent by them all on the old Cartwright farm, tilling it on shares, and at another place farther down the Lee Valley. At the end of this time, David and his next older sister left the family, on account of the cruel usage they received from their step-father, and they never went back to live with it again. To the mother this separation was a grief almost heartrending; and in prayer and floods of tears, she would plead that God would lighten her cares and troubles. To her son life was a serious and sad affair in every respect. In his boyhood he never attended any public place of amusement, except General Trainings, when on visits at his uncle Jonathan's home in the village of Berlin; nor did he own any toys for play as did other children. With a fish-hook, usually made of a common pin, he was occasionally permitted to angle for trout in a small stream in the valley of his birth. An inborn passion to roam in the woods in pursuit of small animals, such as squirrel and the fox, was sometimes gratified. When fifteen years old he was bound out to learn the blacksmith trade of a man who operated a shop and cultivated cleared land at the same time. Being kept almost constantly at labor on the latter, and having no chance to work with a bellows and on an anvil, besides being miserably clothed, he became desperate and ran away, after enduring this unjust treatment nearly two years. Shortly afterwards he returned to this master, who employed him as a farm hand for three years with regular wages and most kindly cared for him in other ways.

(Continued.)

## Missions.

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

One of the most important lines of work of our people is evangelism. It is by this work we are to receive our largest increase in spiritual life and power and in numbers. As a people we must be aroused to greater interest and enthusiasm in this kind of work. Our pastors, our missionaries, our laymen should be more deeply permeated with its spirit, purpose and activity. There should be more workers engaged in it and more money given to carry it on. We are short in evangelists. The pastors and missionary pastors must help make up the lack. Pastors of neighboring churches can work together in holding revival meetings in their churches. They can hold meetings in the neighboring school-houses and the surrounding needy places. One of the greatest revivals in the First Brookfield church and surrounding country was started by Eld. C. M. Lewis in a school-house. Again, pastors can go some distance on invitation and hold evangelistic meetings or aid in them. It will do churches good to spare their pastors a month or two in such work and keep up the salary during the time. The good received in the reflex influence of such a sending out of the pastor will more than pay the sparing of their pastor to such blessed work. The fire the pastor will bring back to them and his increased spiritual power will do the church great good. It has been a standing rule of the Missionary Board that if churches will thus let their pastors go out into such work, and if the pastors will go, the Board will gladly pay the traveling expenses if needed. The Missionary Secretary has not only suggested but urged each year this method of doing more revival work among us as a people. These pastors can call to their aid some already organized quartet, or organize a quartet where they are laboring, to aid them in the work. The Evangelistic Committee has been and is striving to fill up the number of evangelists, but the work is so important, the demands so great, and the season on hand, it seems to us that the pastors must come to the rescue.

### LETTER FROM MRS. SARA G. DAVIS.

SHANGHAI, China, Nov. 20, 1899.

You will not be surprised when I tell you that Oct. 24 was a red letter day for your missionaries in China. It was one of those lovely autumn mornings which we so appreciate here in China after the trying summer. We were all astir unusually early so as to accomplish as much as possible of the day's duties before twelve o'clock, when we desired to take the launch going from Shanghai fifteen miles down the river to Oo-Sung, which was to bring back the passengers from the "Coptic."

The launch left promptly on time. One hour and a half brought us down opposite the Tsong-Ming Islands where the large steamers usually lie; but no "Coptic" in sight. We knew however that she must be just outside, for a telegram had been received at the office in Shanghai before we left, announcing her arrival. The tide had not yet risen sufficiently for her to cross the bar. There were several friends with us, on the same mission as ourselves, full of hope and expectancy in the prospect of greeting dear ones from our own home land, and we tried to pass the waiting moments as patiently as

our excited nerves would allow. Theodore having his camera, took our photographs; then we borrowed the captain's glass, and in about one hour had the joy of seeing the ship come in sight, then nearer and nearer until the great anchors went down only a short distance away. Our captain steamed up to the side of the good old ship. You can imagine how eagerly we scanned the faces of the many passengers who had gathered on deck, and were also anxiously looking to see who was to welcome them to this strange land.

We did not at first discover our friends, but before we could reach the gangway to go on board, one of our numbers called out, "There is Mr. Crofoot and his wife." Our hearts beat quickly and am sure we all felt if we did not say, "Praise the Lord!" In another moment we were able to grasp their hands and give some expression to the welcome which our hearts prompted. We were thankful indeed to find they had stood the voyage so well. In a very short time the passengers and baggage were transferred, and our miniature steamer turned toward Shanghai. Another two hours brought us safely to the mission home just as the shades of twilight were gathering about us.

Before time for our evening meal, George Fryer, hearing of their arrival, came in to welcome them and receive the message they had for him from his far-away friends. It was a happy company who gathered around our table that evening, and we were all rejoicing that, although they had crossed an unusually "stormy" sea the Father's tender, loving care had followed them all the way.

Our hearts go out in gratitude to Him and the dear people in the homeland who have made it possible for us to welcome these dear workers, and we know from our own experience that you will not forget to pray that the comforting, guiding presence of our blessed Master may abide with them continually as they study this difficult language and enter into the joys and sorrows which will come to them in their new work. They arrived here on Tuesday evening, and the next Sunday morning commenced with a teacher the study of the language. Among the many surprises one meets is the announcement that a new name must be given them, not exactly to take the place of the old one, but one suited to this land of their adoption and the people for whom they are to labor. After not a little consultation and advice from the natives it was thought that a name had been decided upon when, about a week after their arrival, Mr. Crofoot accompanied me one morning to listen to the recitation of the classes studying English. One of the older boys came to me with a paper on which was written two names, also some other characters expressing the thought that one of these names must surely be the right one. I explained it to Mr. Crofoot and it was decided a very appropriate thing for his future pupils to give him the new name, so with a little alteration the suggestions of these boys were received, and Huh-Loo-Foh was settled upon as coming most nearly to the sound of the English name and also having a good meaning.

The first Sabbath a reception service was held. Dzaui Si Sang spoke in behalf of the church, and Tong-Si-Sang, teacher in the boys' school, in behalf of the school. The services seemed to be much enjoyed by all.

The boys were quite enthusiastic in welcoming the new teacher.

There are twenty-five boarders in the school this term. If we had accommodation there might just as well be one hundred.

Twenty-five years ago the only way for missionaries to procure pupils in their schools was to take them from the poorer classes, whose parents were unable to educate them, and provide everything for them in the school. The better classes would not place their sons in mission schools. Now the schools are all crowded to their fullest capacity and the Chinese are only too glad to pay for the education of their boys even in mission schools, where they know they receive daily instruction regarding the doctrine of Jesus Christ. How long this will last we cannot foresee, but it now seems to be one of the things working together for the enlightening and christianizing of this people. The other evening we were invited to dine at a friend's in company with Dr. Walter Lambuth, of the Methodist Mission, South, whom you may remember of meeting last year in New York City, at the Conference of Foreign Mission Boards and Societies. Twenty years ago when he came here he was working in and near Shanghai, was afterward sent to Japan to assist in opening up work for their Board in that land, but for some years now has been acting as home secretary, and was sent to China this Autumn in place of the Bishop to attend the Annual Conference; since then has been spending a little time among the native churches. It was indeed a pleasure to us to meet him again not only because of the friendship of other years, but to get his opinion of the progress of the work and what he considers the hopefulness for the future. Knowing the language, he could enter more fully into the life and spirit of the native Christians, and he gave a most encouraging account of what he considered most hopeful indications of a deep spiritual awakening among the people in this part of China.

This evening at our union missionary prayer-meeting we heard a most interesting account of the work in progress in Kwang-Si Province, Southwest China, which has been brought about through persecution of the people by the Catholics, which is now taking place in so many parts. In one city, where this brother, Mr. Nichols, is working, three years ago it was almost impossible to get into the city, and he could enter only as they were escorted by an attachment of soldiers from the Chinese Yaman. Now he has a church of two thousand members and probationers, with four thousand inquirers. During the past year the native Christians have raised six thousand dollars for building churches and other purposes. The members are from the poorest up to the highest classes, many of them strong, earnest Christians.

In the same meeting Mr. Olinger, of the same mission, arose to say that twenty-five years ago he made a most earnest effort to establish work in that city, but without success. He praised God for the now open door, if it must come through Catholic persecution. A few weeks ago the Bishop and others of the same mission from Foo Chow, South China, were in attendance at this meeting telling of the wonderful work going on there; how a few years ago there were only a few thousand Christians in the whole province; now in their one mission there were twenty-

five thousand communicants, and two other missions working in the same province with equal success. Surely God is working among this people and it cannot be said these are "rice Christians," and there can be no mercenary spirit prompting these people to accept the gospel.

These missionaries labored many long years in that province before they saw a single convert. One of the speakers compared our faith with that of the apostles when praying for the release of Peter. They did not believe it possible for him to be released, even though they were praying for it, as shown by their incredulity when told that he was just outside the gate. He said that he believed that the want of success in our work was largely due to the lack of faith on the part of those who are praying for the conversion of China.

Now, we do know that the Holy Spirit is able to convert this people, and that our Heavenly Father desires their salvation, and that he has called his followers to be the messengers of this blessed gospel. Oh, let us pray more earnestly, and with greater faith, that this people may come to realize that where the Spirit of the Lord is there is true liberty. Freedom from their own besetting sins. Freedom from superstition. Freedom from the fear of man, and will you not pray that your missionaries and the people in our churches at home may be imbued with that faith which takes no denial, and that the Holy Spirit may abide in us and work through us continually.

Before closing my letter I desire to tell you that during the early hours of this morning we welcomed another new arrival in our mission home, which brings joy to us all, but more especially to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Crofoot. They have a lovely little boy, and I am sure their many friends in the home land will rejoice with them in this new joy.

FROM F. J. BAKKER.

Under date of Oct. 24, 1899, Bro. Bakker writes to Mrs. Wardner, of Milton Junction, Wis., concerning his work in Rotterdam, Holland, from which letter we are permitted to make the following synopsis. He speaks with thankfulness of the recovery of Bro. Velthuysen, of Haarlem, and of the joy all people who know him find in that he is able to take his place in religious and reformatory work in Holland. Great sympathy for Bro. Velthuysen had been expressed by those not Seventh-day Baptists, and much special prayer had been offered for his recovery. Mr. Bakker also expresses the hope that Mr. Velthuysen henceforth may be able to work under less strain, and that, ceasing to attempt too much for his strength, he may be able to remain many years to bless Holland by his persuasive voice and able pen. The RECORDER joins in this hope and prayer.

Mr. Bakker reports his health good and his work abundant during the last quarter of the year, in calls for religious conversation, in visiting the sick, in distributing religious and Sabbath Reform literature in seventeen languages, besides the Dutch, on board ships, at homes, etc., etc. He gives special attention to the steamships of the Holland-American lines. He had also held many special meetings for preaching, "Bible readings," and the like, during the quarter. He expresses deep interest in the work of Mr. Booth in Africa, and in the work of Sister Jansz in Java.

## Woman's Work.

By Mrs. R. T. ROGERS, Alfred, N. Y.

### WONDERFUL.

BY JULIAN S. CUTLER.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think  
How the creeping grasses grow,  
High on the mountain's rocky brink,  
In the valley down below?  
A common thing is a grass blade small,  
Crushed by the feet that pass,  
But all the dwarfs and giants tall,  
Working till doomsday shadows fall,  
Can't make a blade of grass.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think  
How a little seed, asleep,  
Out of the earth new life will drink,  
And carefully upward creep?  
A seed, we say, is a simple thing,  
The germ of a flower or weed—  
But all earth's workmen laboring,  
With all the help that wealth could bring,  
Never could make a seed.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think  
How the wild bird sings his song,  
Weaving melodies, link by link,  
The whole sweet summer long?  
Commonplace is a bird alway,  
Everywhere seen and heard—  
But all the engines of earth, I say,  
Working on till the judgment-day,  
Never could make a bird.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think  
How a little baby grows,  
From his big, round eyes that wink and blink,  
Down to his tiny toes?  
Common thing is a baby, though,  
All play the baby's part—  
But all the whirring wheels that go  
Flying round while the ages flow  
Can't make a baby's heart.

—Jewish Comment.

THE life of faith is just this, being a child in the Father's house.

In a letter from Mrs. Crofoot, just received, she asks me to thank, through our RECORDER Page those who so kindly remembered them by steamer letters. She says: "It was a source of strength and comfort to us to know there were so many interested in us and in our welfare, and that so many prayers were daily ascending for us. Surely God did bless us on our voyage." She would be glad to reply to each one, but time and strength will not permit.

THE recent death of Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, Superintendent of the Women's Prison at Sherborn, Mass., recalls an incident in illustration of her tactful methods of discipline. Among the prisoners at one time was a woman who resisted every appeal to her better nature. Presently a calf was born on the farm, and Mrs. Johnson placed the little creature in the care of the incorrigible prisoner. Somehow it awakened her maternal instincts, and she promised to do whatever was asked, providing her pet should not be taken away. She became one of the best dairy women in the institution, and after she left, filled a responsible position elsewhere in dairy service. Mrs. Johnson was wonderfully fertile in using animals as a moral fulcrum. Another woman was reclaimed by her interest in rearing chickens. Another, violent and passionate, was subdued by culture of silk worms.—*Congregationalist*.

WHEN Mr. Duff began work in Calcutta, he found that a cow had more rights and higher rank than a woman, and he said that to try to educate women in India was as vain as to attempt to "scale a wall five hundred yards high." To-day, in the Province of Bengal alone, one hundred thousand women and girls are under instruction, and India's most gifted daughters are laying hold of the treasures of the higher education. Zenana doors have been unlocked by the gentle hand of

Christian womanhood, and a transformation is already accomplished, which centuries of merely human wisdom and power could not even have begun.—*Dr. A. T. Pierson*.

MISS ANNIE M. McLEAN, who has accepted a chair in the Department of Sociology in the Royal Victoria College, Montreal, enters her work not only with the knowledge of the student, but with the practical experience of a shop girl. In order to understand the actual condition of women and children employed in large department stores, she joined their ranks during holiday time, and became No. 424 in a cheap Chicago shop, where she worked under the most trying conditions. Few women would have the courage or the self-denial for such an apprenticeship in sociology.—*Congregationalist*.

### A MISSIONARY TEA, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MRS. J. W. MOULTON.

Nellie Kingsley had just come in from the Christian Endeavor prayer-meeting. The subject had been "Proportionate Giving." Aside from the earnest words of the pastor, the meeting had been slow, long-paused, and uninteresting, as is only possible where little is known of the need of the gospel in home or foreign lands. She had repeated in the meeting, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" with little thought of its meaning, except that it fitted the subject. She was an only child, an orphan, surrounded by friends, all the comforts of life and many of its luxuries. Since leaving school her aim seemed to have been pleasure. As an active member of the Christian Endeavor Society, she had always served faithfully on the committees.

She glanced around the room, slowly repeating, "For all his benefits towards me." Well, what are my benefits? The open piano, the beautiful pictures of her own making, the rare taste displayed in the arrangement of every article in the room, the open fire on the grate, the choicest books—all seemed to echo, "for all his benefits toward me." She still held in her hand the topic card. As she glanced over the names of the leaders, she saw her name opposite this subject, "The Lord's Benefits Toward Us." She looked at the names of the different committees. "But! what is this? Missionary committee; Nellie Kingsley, Dora Thorn, Harry Stedman? Why," thought she, "I don't know the least thing about missions and missionaries, and I don't believe Dora or Harry do."

For a long time she sat in silence. At last she arose and said, "Well, if I'm on that committee, I'm there to serve. I'll see Dora and Harry." The next evening found the three in Nellie's pleasant sitting-room, and as she took up the topic card she asked them if they had seen the new ones. They replied, "No; why?"

"Guess, then," said Nellie, "who is on the missionary committee." They gave the names of several whom they thought were fitted for that committee. They named some associate members. Still Nellie shook her head.

"You can never guess," said Nellie, "so just listen: Nellie Kingsley, Dora Thorn, Harry Stedman."

"Why," said Dora, "I am only an associate member, and don't know a missionary from a Turk."

"I am no better off than Dora," said

Harry; "but if you girls want mission work, just raise some money for our baseball team. 'C-h-a-r-i-t-y begins at home,' so Deacon Trumbel says."

"But," said Nellie, proudly, "we are Endeavorers. The nominating committee have seen fit to add a new committee, and have honored us (?) by putting our names on that committee. I am sure I don't know what they were thinking of. But we must do something. I have thought and thought, and the only thing that suggests itself to me is a missionary tea. For, of course, all the missionary needs is money."

"Yes," said Dora, laughing, "Harry's baseball team is the heathen, you the missionary after them; and I? Well, I'll go with you and look after the money. But, Nellie, dear, plan something that will give us lots of fun, and you may count on me."

"As for a missionary concert or a missionary social," said Nellie, "I do not know how to arrange for them. A missionary tea is the only thing we can have and not expose too much ignorance."

In another half hour the plans were laid. Three days later the invitations appeared. Very dainty they were, printed in gilt on green paper, capital T's. The evening arrived, and by eight o'clock Nellie's beautiful parlors were well filled. If time would permit, I would like to tell you of the first missionary tea in Westwood.

It was a unique affair, a complete success; and the money—well, they found the next day they had cleared twenty-three dollars and sixty-three cents. This committee also found they did not know what to do with money now they had it. The active members of the Christian Endeavor Society decided the evening before that it should be given to foreign missions. How vague and far off those two words, "foreign missions," sounded to Nellie and Dora, as they sat wondering what to do next.

"You are driven to, Nell," said Dora; "you have just got to go to our pastor, and tell him honestly that you don't know anything about foreign missions, and I'll tell him I should be happy to meet some of them, for I have twenty-three dollars and sixty cents for them."

"O, Dora, I feel so humiliated! I'll just know something the next time our society drinks to the health of foreign missions."

The pastor received them kindly, and explained to them the work and needs of the American Board. This he did in a feeling manner and much earnestness, for he had a brother toiling in India and a sister fitting herself for the work. He found after a little talk with them that, as Dora had said when she came in, "they didn't know where foreign missions were," and but little of the work in the home land. He gave them a brief account of the work being done by denominational societies. They left the money with him to send to the American Board.

After the girls had left the parsonage, Mr. Leonard called his wife to his study and told her of what had passed, and said: "Is it possible that our young people are so ignorant of missionary work? They seem as a rule well informed on other subjects."

"I am afraid it is true," replied his wife. "I have been amused, surprised and saddened at the questions found in the question-box at our missionary meetings. And I

heard at the county meeting, the other day, this incident: A young minister, a graduate of Yale, wanted to start a missionary society among his boys. He went to a lady much interested in mission work and told her his plan, but said, 'I don't know anything about the work.' She kindly explained, and gave him leaflets of the work. In a few days he returned them, and said: 'Have you any more of those leaflets? I have found them very interesting reading, very. But why haven't I known of the work long ago? Some things I never heard of before, and I am sure I knew as much as the other young people of our church.' What are the churches thinking of, to let their young people grow up so ignorant of missionary work?"

"If this is true," said Mr. Leonard, "then again thank God for the Christian Endeavor movement."

After a few minutes of thoughtful silence, he said: "We must begin at once to teach them. We have but lately come among them, you know, and must act with caution, and pray God to give us the best methods to reach them. We will quietly circulate books and leaflets calculated to arouse their interest and at the same time instruct. We will continue our monthly concerts, asking the younger members to take part. We will hold a social for the young people on the Friday evening preceding the concert, and try to confine ourselves to missionary subjects. Above all, let us pray God that he will make us as wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

At the close of the Christian Endeavor meeting on the following Sabbath, Mr. Leonard said: "I have a book in two volumes, entitled John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides. There are two other copies in the place, which I will get for any who want them. I have also a few leaflets for any who wish. Within the next three months I would like to have every active member of this society read the books. Remember this, my dear young friends, a thorough education in any particular line of work often results in a consecration to that work."

Time passed. The monthly concerts became helpful and interesting on account of young voices. The missionary socials were a success. There seemed to be a deeper feeling in the Christian Endeavor prayer-meeting. Nearly all the active members were now praying for those in the darkened lands; at the same time earnest prayers were offered for the associate members.

The evening for Nellie Kingsley to lead had come. An unusual stillness pervaded the room. No one had been more enthusiastic in reading books, magazines and leaflets than Nellie. It was already known that she would soon leave them to take a medical course, in order to better fit herself for her chosen work among the women of India.

She arose, and in a few chosen words spoke of her feelings upon first seeing her name opposite this subject, "The Lord's benefits toward us." Her surprise to find her name on the missionary committee. How she had been led in the past weeks to see herself in a new light. "God has been showing me that I have been making pleasure my chief aim. It shall be my aim in the future, but, with his help, it shall be the pleasure of the Lord. I have consecrated myself and my all to the Master. He will find me ready to go anywhere in his name."

These are but a few of the thoughts she gave; but the Holy Spirit was with her, as was shown in the prayers that followed.

The pastor's statement was proving itself true. A thorough education in any particular line of work often results in a consecration to that work.—*Life and Light.*

## OUR REST CORNER.

"Come ye apart and rest a while."

### GOD'S TO-MORROW.

BY MABELLE P. CLAPP.

On the level stretches of dusty road,  
Plodding along 'neath the weary load  
Of every-day cares, and doubts, and fears,  
'Tis hard to be brave, yet the mist of tears,  
By a resolute will kept bravely back,  
Though blotting and blurring the onward track,  
Pierced by the sunbeams of hope, may follow  
The beautiful colors of God's to-morrow.

Be patient, dear, when the hands grow weak,  
And the words of cheer that the lips would speak  
Falter and die in a voiceless prayer:  
For a blossom is folded in every care,  
And hidden deep in each doubt of thine,  
A dew drop of truth doth glimmer and shine,  
Waiting the light that shall surely follow  
The flush of the dawn of God's to-morrow.

To-day may be long and hard to bear,  
But God will answer thy yearning prayer.  
Each feeble struggle toward nobler life,  
Now choked by the weeds of passion and strife,  
Each helpful impulse, each lofty thought,  
To a glad fruition shall be brought,  
When the angels, whom thou hast called pain and  
sorrow,  
Shall gently awake thee in God's to-morrow.

—*Christian Register.*

### WHAT WE THINK.

It is very evident that Seventh-day Baptists are not an aggressive people. Without aggressive work it is equally evident that we shall not grow as a people. By merely striving to hold our own, we shall die.

This conviction has grown upon the Chicago church, till at a recent meeting the pastor was requested to write to the pastors of the denomination to ascertain if possible, if they would be willing to make a special united effort to extend Seventh-day Baptist principles beyond their own fields of labor. The answers received were certainly inspiring, as well as remarkable in their unanimity of sentiment. And now, with the hope of arousing our people to a united and energetic effort, I am asked to request the publication in the SABBATH RECORDER of the circular letter with brief extracts from replies received. The letter is as follows:

5455 MONROE AVE., Chicago, Ill., November, 1899.

Dear Brother:—I have, for a long time, had a deep conviction that we pastors should make a special and united effort to extend Seventh-day Baptist principles beyond the circle of our own parishes. I think such an effort, under God, would result in an increase of spiritual and denominational life. Earnestly desiring to ascertain your opinion in regard to this matter, I append the following questions:

1. Do you not believe that if each pastor in the denomination should spend four to eight weeks per year in special evangelistic and Sabbath Reform work outside of his church, reporting all such to our Boards, our churches would receive a new religious impulse, our denomination be aroused, our Boards encouraged, the cause for which we stand as a people advanced, and God's name glorified thereby?
2. Would you as a servant of Jesus Christ be willing to do such special work?
3. Do you think your church would aid in such work by giving you that much time?
4. Could you have the assistance of a volunteer quartet, or other help?
5. So far as your church is concerned, do you think this work would best be done through the Y. P. S. C. E., or by the church direct?
6. Kindly give any other suggestions you may think helpful.

Please give me your opinion freely.

Yours fraternally,

M. B. KELLY,

President Young Peoples' Perm. Com.

Would space permit, the answers entire would furnish exceedingly interesting and profitable reading, but the following brief excerpts will suffice to show what the pastors think:



I heartily endorse the movement.—J. T. Davis.  
 No. 1. Yes, yes most emphatically. . . . I wish such work could be done by every pastor.—S. R. Wheeler.  
 1. I do, just in proportion as these pastors are qualified to do this work. . . . I would like to see such a scheme put on foot.—G. W. Lewis.  
 1st. Yes. I do not hesitate to say that some, perhaps all, the results named would follow.—L. F. Randolph.  
 Yes, I certainly do. . . . I hope you will succeed in arousing all our people to a greater work for the Master, and the interests of the down-trodden Sabbath of Jehovah.—A. G. Crofoot.  
 The quotation selected from E. A. Witter's letter, by oversight is not at hand, but he said substantially that he was heartily in favor of the plan, and that both pastor and people were ready to do all they can to aid it.  
 I am strongly in favor of evangelistic work by pastors, under the direction of our established boards, and shall gladly enter such work as opportunity comes.—S. H. Davis.  
 To your first question will say, Yes. . . . I, with you, feel that if we could get more sympathy and work out of the larger and more able churches, our cause would be much advanced.—Geo. W. Hills.  
 There are usually localities near the church where the pastor can do evangelistic work, and supply his own pulpit. It is a special privilege Seventh-day Baptist ministers possess, and I prize it more as the years go by.—L. D. Seager.  
 Yes. . . . I think however, that I can work to advantage winters by preaching on Sundays at the different school-houses.—G. M. Cottrell.  
 I am heartily in sympathy with your plans and suggestions. Yes, it seems very reasonable to have any pastor go out and work in outside places.—M. G. Stillman.  
 It seems to me the desirable ends named might be reached to a greater or less degree by the means you suggest.—R. Lewis.  
 I certainly do. . . . I would be glad to see a united effort, such as you suggest. I shall endeavor to do some of this work outside the Nile church.—W. D. Burdick.  
 To No. 1, I say emphatically, yes. . . . I think for every pastor to sign an agreement of his willingness to do this, and then every church vote on it and go on record on this question before the denomination and world, would do us good.—E. B. Saunders.  
 I do. . . . My only suggestion is, that we have some very able preachers who have not the ability nor strength to do the work suggested, but who should be sent to the pulpits of men who are able and willing to do outside work.—Geo. B. Shaw.  
 I am much in favor of the plan, and will do what I can to forward it without sacrificing the interests of this church. . . . Providence permitting, and if agreeable to this church, I shall be very glad to give a month of my time to this work.—D. B. Coon.  
 Perhaps I have come to the point in my work here, where I must take upon myself the odium of working for the despised Bible truth, against the great church of the present day popular Christianity. . . . I have been thinking this city would be a good place to work. . . . Yes if all the people as well as pastors are interested in it.—I. L. Cottrell.  
 Your letter received, and I have presented it to the members of our Advisory Committee. They believe with you that each pastor ought to go out in evangelistic and Sabbath Reform work. As pastors, we have been too fearful of reaching outside, for fear of offending someone with the Sabbath question.—J. H. Hurley.  
 Yes. . . . It would depend very much upon what kind of evangelistic work was wanted done whether I could do it or not. . . . If the desire was to bring men to Christ, or to the Sabbath by the power and influence of the truth, I think I might be of some use as a worker for such an end.—G. J. Crandall.  
 I most heartily concur in the proposition. . . . I most sincerely believe that the work suggested by your letter is the one thing above all others that is absolutely necessary to the life and growth of our churches.—S. H. Babcock.  
 I feel quite sure that if the pastors should do as you suggest, it would be greatly to the advantage of Sabbath Reform, and the cause of religion in general. I would do all in my power to make this possible. . . . One thing is certain, and that is, we must carry Sabbath truth into new fields if our denomination is to be enlarged.—A. McLearn.  
 I think the suggestion a good one, that pastors make a special, united effort to extend Seventh-day Baptist principles beyond the circle of their own parishes. From

four to eight weeks in each year of such work is none too much.—F. E. Peterson.  
 I am not in favor of our pastors who seem to be fitted to do evangelistic work always remaining at home, preaching but one sermon a week, and spending all their time and talent in behalf of their own church and community. Of course there is need enough in his own community for all the work that he can do, but I think with his labors given largely to his own field, and partly to another, or others, he can do a great deal more good.—M. Sindall.  
 Replying to yours of the 4th inst., will say, that I concur in your plans. . . . It has been my opinion that as a people, and as a ministry there has been too great effort to please the world, and be on good terms with popular churches at the cost of loyalty to the Sabbath, and other great truths. . . . 1. Yes, emphatically.—H. D. Clarke.  
 If the condition of the church will warrant the pastor's absence, and there are opportunities within reach for such work, no doubt much good could be done for the cause and our denomination.—A. B. Prentice.  
 I have no doubt that if each of the pastors of the denomination could and would spend from two to four or more weeks in evangelistic work outside their churches, during each year, it would bring to them spiritual uplift and additional power in the Master's work, increase the interest of the membership of the church, and bring them in more direct connection with the work of Christ's kingdom.—Stephen Burdick.  
 I have no doubt but that our churches would be much strengthened if the work was done as you suggest. I do think that it would be a great means of strength to us as a people if all our pastors to whom talent in this way has been given should do this work. . . . I pray God's blessing upon your effort to awaken our people to the great work.—Clayton A. Burdick.  
 Yes. . . . Wishing you and your work fullest success, I am sincerely and fraternally yours.—J. L. Gamble.  
 It gives me great pleasure to reply to yours of Nov. 28, because I can respond with a hearty "aye" to most of your questions. I have felt the conviction you refer to, that "we pastors should make a special and united effort to extend Seventh-day Baptist principles beyond the circle of our own parishes," and, I would add, to warmly encourage a more vigorous growth of those principles within that circle. . . . Only as pastors and churches take an intense interest in such work can we hope to even hold our own against the odds against us, but with such interest, and God on our side, what may we not expect.—T. J. Van Horn.  
 I do believe in just the kind of work you suggest. . . . I greatly long to see our churches thoroughly aroused to their opportunities and responsibilities, and taking hold of the work along the whole front. God's harvest certainly awaits faithful reapers. I am anxious to do all I can, but I fear it will have to be the more quiet home work, while younger and stronger men take to the open fields. God guide and bless you.—L. A. Platts.  
 The general principle I heartily indorse. . . . For the churches to do so little evangelistic work, seems to me all wrong.—A. E. Main.  
 I do. I believe you have struck an important matter, the very key to different instruments.—G. Seeley.  
 Yes. . . . We must do this kind of work, or we shall maintain only a doubtful existence. Aggression against the forms of evil, especially the greatest of evils—the dominance of tradition, of which the Sunday error is the chief—is the demand of the age.—M. Harry.  
 My dear brethren in the ministry, I have taken the liberty to quote from your letters over your names, that you may all see how each other feels, and that all the people may know how we regard the situation; I may be censured for so doing, and possibly my motives may be impugned, but this matters little to me if only my action may accomplish the end desired. There *must be something done*.  
 Look over the statistics of our churches for the last year as to total gain or loss, and then with earnest pleading with the Almighty One for wisdom and guidance, let us make the greatest effort of our lives to glorify God with consecrated service. In the name of my blessed Master I appeal to you pastors to reach out in this special work.—If there are no localities near you where such work can be done to advantage, then get in touch with

the Evangelistic Committee of the Missionary Society, who will be glad to assist and direct in this work. I appeal to you churches to encourage your pastors in this matter, and if there are no openings near by, vote him several weeks in which he may do such work in another field. I appeal to you young people to throw your young lives into this work by assisting in every way possible; let us cease to squander so much of our powers on the trivial things of life, and let us put them where they will count for God and humanity. I appeal to all the people of the denomination, that we all awake out of sleep and take a very active, and personal interest in the advancement of truth and righteousness. The times are urgent.  
 We pastors can assist each other, and those who are located close together might organize for systematic work, and it will be well to keep in close touch with the Evangelistic Committee, that the work may all be done in sweet harmony and intelligent co-operation. Praying that the Lord may arouse and direct us to take hold and push the work along the whole front, I am,  
 Your brother in the gospel,  
 M. B. KELLY.

EXODUS.

The second book of the Law, which will this week be read again in the traditional cycle in the synagogue, has significance apart from its historical and legislative character. We are far from accepting what our Christian friends term foreshadowings in Scripture, types that point toward their interpretation of line and chapter. But it does seem as if more of Jewish history is foreshadowed in the story of Israel's childhood and youth than is usually held.  
 What is the Jews' history but an Exodus, from Abraham's wandering to the latest landslide of immigrants who chose Cyprus, the Argentine, Palestine, South Africa, or the United States? Could there be a more startling model of the wandering Jew than the handful of people who entered Egypt to dwell there for a time and then begin their apparently endless migration from land to land and sea to sea? A migration which still continues and bids fair to continue while humanity remains the same.  
 This Exodus, however, has not been wholly a misfortune. It has given the Jew a world instead of a bit of soil in a corner of the Orient. It has saved him from stagnation. It has made him everywhere at home and developed his adaptiveness. It has vitalized his energies and strengthened his stamina and endowed him with a giant's power of resistance.  
 He needed to know that God's universe was larger than Egypt, Syria, the isles of the sea; that his purposes were wider than the schools of the East could foresee; that even as Abraham could only attain spiritual truth by abandoning his home and birthplace, so it would be better for the Jew when he left Zion, with all its associations, and entered a new world, its problems and struggles. He would not cease to be a Jew, but his religion was to undergo development that would adapt it to every fresh environment. And the promised land that was finally to be his was not to be one wherein he could dwell but for a time—it was to be a new heavens and a new earth, this great world itself redeemed by justice, mercy, and peace as one common humanity under one God.—*Jewish Messenger*.

## Children's Page.

### DOLLS THAT I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

My first recollection of a doll was when I was four years old. No doubt I had had dolls before that time, but the first one that made a lasting impression upon my memory was one our old English nurse made for me. My mother was very ill and it was necessary for the children to be kept very quiet. Probably up to that time I had had "ragdolls" made of a small roll of cloth, with a piece of calico tied around the waist line for a dress. Dolls were not plenty and cheap as they are now, and breakage was something not to be allowed, so I delighted myself with these handy make-shifts. I am sure it was our English nurse who made me the first sewed doll that I can remember. She took a small roll of cotton cloth and sewed it up in the back and sewed a smaller roll up for arms and put them on the back, leaving room enough for the head. The doll had no feet, but it was easy in those days to "make believe" she had. Nurse made a dress of Turkey red calico for her and a black silk apron to tie around her waist. How well I remember that black silk apron! It was trimmed with lace, like the one my mother wore. The part of the roll that represented the face was marked with ink to designate the eyes and nose and mouth, and straight daubs of ink were drawn across the sides of the forehead for hair. I was happy indeed when I took this beautiful dolly in my arms and sat in my little wooden rocking-chair to sing her to sleep. I handled her as carefully as if she had been a real live baby like my little brother in the cradle.

My next dolly was also made of cloth and was called a rag doll, but it deserved a better sounding name. A young lady who lived neighbor to us was a deft hand at making rag dolls and painting their faces. She made my sister and me each one for a Christmas present. I remember just how they looked as they hung on the side of our well-filled stockings by the chimney—they were too large to be put inside of the stockings. My sister's doll had on a blue and white calico dress and my doll's was pink and white. Both dolls had brown linen aprons feather-stitched in red worsted, like the little girls wore at that time. Their dresses were made with low necks and short sleeves like those we wore, and they had on embroidered pantalettes like our best ones. Both dolls had on slat sunbonnets made of blue and white checked gingham.

So much did we love those dolls that I remember to this day their faces as perfectly as the faces of many of those dear ones in the home circle at that time, who have long since passed away. Those home-made dolls filled our lives. We were not ashamed to take them in our arms when we went walking through the Capitol Park of old Albany where we lived, and when we went to grandpa's farm in the summer the dolls went with us.

Well do I remember driving in the carryall with father and mother to grandpa's one hot summer day, and how, coming down the mountain, the horse fell down, and threw me, with my precious doll, out over his head. I was on the front seat with father. Fortunately, neither of us was hurt. My doll's name was Arabella and my sister's Isabella. They were named for some very fine ladies

grandmamma used to tell us about, who were young when she was.

Happy days with those dearly loved dollies! Beautiful times with them in the old garret at home and beautiful times in the big out of doors on grandpa's farm, when we had little tea parties out on the rock in the pasture, by the pretty little brook.

Our next dolls were store dolls. Our dear mother went to New York with father, and she promised if we would be very good children while she was gone, she would bring us something very nice.

We wondered what it would be. It seemed such a long week while she was gone; we had never been without mother before—and then she was not only coming back herself, but she was going to bring us something nice. It was a great event to look forward to, for children did not have such a multiplicity of toys and books as they have now; something was something.

When the two-wheeled cab backed up to the front door, bringing mother and her big traveling basket and carpet-bag from the steamboat our joy knew no bounds. Mother brought in the traveling basket. It had covers on the top opening toward the handle in the middle. She sat that basket down on the table, took off her bonnet and pelisse, opened it and took out two lovely wax dolls. One had black eyes and dark hair and the other had flaxen hair and blue eyes. The dark haired doll was given me and the flaxen haired one to my sister. Mine was dressed in pink silk and my sister's in blue silk. My mother took occasion to explain that those dolls could be played with only on state occasions; they were to be kept in the upper drawer of the bureau in the spare room. Our little brother stood by and looked on, admiring the dolls as much as we did, but when mother put a Noah's ark in his hands he quite forgot the fascinations of the new wax dollies.

Well, our new treasures were put in the bureau drawer up stairs, but every day we used to go in and open the drawer and look at them and sometimes when nice, careful company children came, we were allowed to take them out and play with them awhile. Uncle Tom's Cabin had just been published, and we had been so infatuated with the little girl Eva that we both wanted to name our dolls Eva. We did have quite a little dispute over it, as we both felt that the two dolls should not have the same name. But as I was the older and the one to set a good example to the younger, I gave up all right and title to the name of Eva and called my doll after my dear mother—Eliza. It was not such a pretty name for a doll, but it was mother's name, and she was so pleased that I had chosen it that I scored quite a success. In fact, my sister said in a moment of humiliation and confidence that she was willing to change names. But I said, No—I did not believe in giving names and changing them afterwards; parents did not do that way with their children.

Our little curly-headed brother was the dearest, sweetest little brother in the whole world, but he had a special partiality for wax. In every work-basket in those days there were pieces of wax to wax thread with, to make it stronger as well as smoother. In every piece of mother's wax there were tiny prints of little brother's teeth. He would

nibble at the wax, even though mother had forbidden him to do it, time and time again. Oh! the pity of it! One day when we were at school he got into the spare room, climbed up by a chair and opened that drawer and ate the wax off from those dollies' faces!

O, how my sister and I cried when we found it out. Before my sister stopped to think, she had grabbed the little brother and had left the impress of her teeth in his arm, asking him how he liked being bitten like that.

Mother did her best to repair damages, and made the dolls fairly presentable, but they were not kept for show after that; we played with them every day and loved them, notwithstanding the disfiguration of their pretty faces.

After that I had jointed dolls—Dutch dolls—they used to call them. They were wooden dolls with joints in their limbs and they could sit down and fold their arms together and hold things. I learned to sew making clothes for them. When I was twelve years old, my mother's aunt came to visit us, and she said I was too old to play with dolls—she thought I ought to spend my time in learning to be useful. These words of my great aunt made me in a conscientious moment give my dolls to my sister, but after she had gone, I wanted them all back again, and sister magnanimously gave them to me. After giving them away and then taking them back two or three times, I concluded that I really was too old and too big to play with dolls any more, and I gave them to her for good. But to this day I love to think of the doll-time of my life, and my heart goes out to the little girls who love their dollies, and take comfort with them, and when any mishap comes to them I know how to give them real heartfelt sympathy.—*Evangelist.*

### "JEST LET IT HURT"!

BY CHARLES FREDERIC GROSS, D. D.

We were hunting among the Tennessee Mountains and came upon a log cabin on a sunny southern slope. The only evidences of prosperity were to be found in a brood of tow-headed little children who were scampering about the door-yard. The oldest was a sturdy lad of twelve or thirteen. He told us his own name in answer to our query, and then we asked him that of a little shaver of five or six, who was tagging him around like a shadow.

"His name? He ain't got no name. We just call him Monkey. That's his name—jest Monkey, and he's mean!"

"What does he do?"

"Bothers! Bothers dad and mam and all the young ones and me. He bothers me when I work and when I play."

"Do you have to work?"

"Work? Well, I should say. I cut all the wood that's cut fer this here place."

He was a worker, sure enough; but when he heard the guns go off, he went off with them! He followed us over hill and vale, through forest and clearing, through stubble fields and bramble patches. As he emerged from one of those tangled masses of black-berry bushes which are so common in that region, I noticed that his little bare shins from his knee to his ankle were just streaming with blood.

"Whew!" said I sympathetically.

"That's nothin!"

"Don't it hurt?"

"Hurt? You bet it hurts!"

"What you going to do about it?"  
 "Do? I ain't a goin' to do nothin' but jest let it hurt!"

Now that is the kind of stuff that makes men! "Jest let it hurt." Don't squeal; don't kick; don't put up your lip; but "jest let it hurt." It is not such a bad education as some others, for a boy to go stumbling bare-footed around a farm or through a country village. I pity the boy who has never done it. Some of the little shavers one sees around our city streets almost seem to have been born with their shoes on! The thumps and scratches which bare-footed boys have to take are good things for them in the long run, although they are no fun at the time. When a little fellow is out after quail or speckled trout, and gets about five miles from his mother and her arnica, and then tears the hide off his legs or knocks the nail off his toe, the very best thing he can do is to "jest let it hurt."

And for that matter, it is the best thing a boy, after he has grown to be a man and come to wear \$7 shoes can do, in most of the troubles of life. There are just about so many stones and bramble patches lying along the pathway of every man's life, and whoever he is, he must go through them bare-footed! At least I have never heard of any kind of protector that is stone proof and bramble proof, although I have been looking for them industriously ever since I lost the first toe nail! And the sharpest and most careful man cannot dodge them all! Emergencies will come, when he who has been used to creeping carefully around the thorny places, will have to plunge recklessly through, and he who has been always looking down for stones, will have to just look up and wildly take his chances! Scratched and bruised he will be, and the only question of importance is, how is he going to take it?

Some of us set up a mighty howl of complaint. Some of us settle down into a state of sullen and silent rebellion. Some of us go whining around for other people's court plaster and arnica.

But now and then you see some little Spartan like my Tennessee mountaineer grown to manhood, who straightens himself up; puts on a cheerful smile, and "jest lets her hurt!"

Those are the kind of people we admire and love and tie to! It will be many a day before I forget the sight of those bleeding legs and the stern, set, but cheerful, face of the little Tennesseean.—*Evangelist.*

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY REV. J. L. GAMBLE, PH. D.

NO. IV.

What are its attractions and suggestions? Error would soon fall if not supported by some element of truth. It is held to be "an axiom that no system of belief can have power over the hearts and minds of men, except it have within it elements of truth from which it proceeds by wrong methods and false deductions to mistaken conclusions." There must therefore be a kernel of truth which gives this system vitality; and if we can discover this, we may learn something from it. For error has its warnings, and may make valuable suggestions as we study the elements that give it power over mind.

1. A writer who has examined the system candidly and exposed its errors, yet regards it as "an emphatic protest against the gross materialism of the age in which we live, when men need to be reminded, as never before, that 'The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.'" Though the Christian Scientist has refined this truth too far, even to a denial

of the reality of material things, we should take the suggestion and be wise enough to learn that we need in the true sense to detach ourselves from our gross dependence upon the world of sense; and fix our minds upon the eternal verities of God. The Christian religion, based upon the Bible, does not deny or contradict the testimony of our senses, but teaches us that unseen realities are of greatest importance, and ever warns us of the danger of becoming attached to material things to the neglect of the spiritual. Hence it is written, "Set your mind on the things that are above, not on the things that are upon the earth." Col. 3: 2. While Christian Science, with this element of truth as a basis, has built up a false system to deceive and lead into gross errors, Christian believers should as fondly cherish and as wholly follow the truth as they heartily abhor and promptly denounce the error.

2. Again, Christian Science, although false in its premises and erroneous and misleading in many of its conclusions, is yet an indication of the innate longing of the human mind and heart after a better realization of God's presence. Although their God is not as our God, and notwithstanding the extreme mysticism of this system, it teaches constantly that God is our life, and that in him we live and move and have our being. Upon this much, truth, and a great truth it is, upon this need and hunger of the soul, the evil one has built a wrong philosophy and a false Christianity. A truth is cunningly used, but used to decoy and to lead away from the true God instead of leading to him. But let us note particularly that the error acquires its power over human minds just because and in proportion as it is based upon an element of truth and a real hunger of the human soul. Learning then this need and this hunger, following it up, and giving it due prominence, will best advance the truth, build up a true Christianity, and save men from falling into gross and insidious error. A writer in *Literary Digest*, while deploring the errors of Christian Science, yet gives it credit for calling our attention to the true doctrine of "the immanence of God in his world." Not all things are God, as this system teaches; but the human mind needs to know and the Christian heart longs to realize fully that God is in all things, that he is everywhere present in nature, that from him all things have their being and by him are constantly sustained in being. This is an important and precious teaching of Holy Scripture which we need to consider and emphasize more frequently. Let souls hungry for conscious realization of God's nearness and presence with them, know that God is in all things, while they avoid the fatal error of getting further away from the true God through the false belief that all things are God. Nothing can exist without him, yet nothing is what he is. But let Christians believe, and live as though they believed, that God, their heavenly Father, is with them constantly.

3. But again, one of the strongest attractions Christian Science offers is the victory it promises over worry and anxiety. This is a world of care and sorrow; no one is exempt. Let it be noted that the statement is made that the ranks of this organization are filled up mainly from among agnostics and those who do not read the Bible for themselves. Christian Science seems to them to offer some-

thing that is not offered to them by the Christian religion as they see it set forth by its representatives. A recent Christian writer says, "The average Christian Scientist does have a victory over fear and care that is not achieved by the average orthodox Christian. To the average church member, Christianity is the acceptance of a series of doctrines and historical facts, and the acceptance of a forensic transaction of 1800 years ago, in consequence of which acceptance he hopes for heaven beyond. But he is a worried and fretted and fearful man; afraid of himself and his propensities, afraid of colds and fevers, afraid of treading on serpents, or drinking deadly things, as the apostles of Christ were not. The average Christian Scientist—and in this respect he is like the Keswick disciples—has put all anxiety and fretting under his feet." Here are three things to be noted: First, there is in the human heart, care-burdened, a longing for rest. Second, Christian Science recognizes this human longing, and by its teachings seems to bring the desired relief. This cannot be doubted or denied. But at what cost? It is a remedy applied to the symptoms while the dreadful disease of sin, unhealed and covered up, ignored and denied, is left to break out by and by in irreparable and eternal misery. Third, so far as the statement by the writer referred to is true, what a rebuke to Christians. The Bible is plain, and if we do not receive its truths and so live them as to be faithful representatives of true Christianity; and if others by our failure to hold forth in our lives the sovereign balm for every wound, the cordial for every fear, are, so to speak, driven off to a false and fatal system of misbelief resulting in their final discomfiture and everlasting sorrow—how shall we answer in the day when the righteous Judge comes to reckon with his servants? Oh what need there is of happy, contented, cheerful, joyful Christian lives full of the Holy Spirit. It has been truly said, referring to Christian Science, "More than all, this system furnishes men and women with an incentive to do what the Christian religion, rightly understood, always enables them to do; namely, to live with a quiet mind, without worry, and without anxiety. And here," he says, "I believe is the real secret of his power. If only Christians were faithful, and believed the promises of their Master, Jesus Christ, and lived according to his precepts; if only they would take the gospel for their rule of life, all Christians would cast out of their hearts the evil spirits of fear and anger, and live calm and cheerful and rational lives. If only we had faith in God, and belief in his power and willingness to help us, we should live without that anxiety and fretful worry which is the great curse and despoiler of human life."

Is it not strange that some men will more readily believe error, and seem to get more help from it than many Bible believers seem to get from the truth itself! "Be not anxious for the morrow," said the Saviour; "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid;" "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." But we are disquieted and anxious, because we have not faith; our lives are soured and spoiled, we become peevish and fretful; we are hypochondriacs and invalids when God would have us strong and cheerful and well.

"The secret of godliness is the secret of health and contentment as well; and Christian Science, although it ignores the great fact that God employs the discipline of suffering and the alchemy of sorrow to lead men to him, and to train and develop character; although it forgets that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth; it yet points us to the fact that cheerfulness and contentment are among the primary and essential Christian virtues—and that sickness and sin are very closely related one to the other." Ex. 15: 26; Deut. 28: 58-61; Psa. 91: 9, 10; 103: 3; 107: 17-20; Matt. 8: 16, 17; John 5: 14; James 5: 16.

## 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.

LINCKLEAN, N. Y. — Secretary Whitford's visit to this field will be remembered with pleasure. His sermons and his cheerful words were a source of strength and of real encouragement to the membership and the friends of the cause. Dea. York, Choirister of the De Ruyter church, carried him from the morning service to Lincklean Centre, for a meeting at 2 o'clock P. M. There were about thirty present. Bro. Whitford's sermon was instructive and truly edifying. The friends showed their interest in it by their good attention. The plans of the Board for this field were presented by the Secretary to the satisfaction of all present. L. M. C.

DECEMBER 24, 1899.

NEW MARKET, N. J. — Our church was favored recently by the presence of Rev. George B. Shaw, of the New York City church, who gave us a sermon in verse. It is composed entirely of hymns, each hymn having its proper position as related to the others, and, altogether, it is a pleasing production. It was given from memory. Christmas is over. Like many other communities, we have had a "merry" time, a good program, numerous presents, and appropriate services. The three weeks' revival effort, conducted by the pastor, closed with a discourse on "Why I am a Seventh-day Baptist." The church and community have been blessed in these services, and we hope it is only the beginning of a glorious work yet to be done. That all of our churches may have the happiest and best year in their existence during 1900 is the wish of your fellow-worker.

MARTIN SINDALL, *Pastor.*

DECEMBER 27, 1899.

OSWAYO, PA.—The enclosed dollar is for the Sabbath Tract Society. I only wish I could do more for the cause. I am alone, and doing business for five days in the week. I attend no Sabbath services, and seldom meet a Sabbath-keeper; but I am a Seventh-day Baptist through and through. Though alone, the Sabbath is never tiresome or lonely to me.

[Thus writes a sister who finds joy and peace in keeping the commandments of God. She did not write the above for your eyes, but we are sure it will do you good to read it. "Great peace have they who love thy law."]

### THE TERRITORIAL SYSTEM OF OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

BY H. K. CARROLL, LL.D.

United States Commissioner to Porto Rico

The question of the kind of government to be provided for Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines must soon engage the attention of Congress. The first thought of the American people when these islands came into our possession seemed to turn to the English colonial rather than to the American territorial system.

If we want a colonial system, let us take that of England, by all means; but why not take our own territorial system? This is the second thought of those who have given most attention to the matter. It is doubtful if the colonial system has a single advantage over the territorial. The latter is, according to precedent, the first step to statehood.

Some said, We do not want to encourage Hawaii, Porto Rico, or the Philippines to hope for statehood, therefore let us not make them territories. But the danger of statehood is not obviated by making them colonies; nor is that other difficulty of maintaining a tariff against their tobacco and sugar avoided. Congress has the power to make states, and there is no Constitutional bar to making states from colonies as well as from territories. The Constitution simply says that Congress may admit new states; and there is nothing to prevent Alaska from being admitted equally with Oklahoma or New Mexico. The maintenance of customs duties between our ports and those of our new possessions does not depend upon their being made colonies instead of territories, but upon the interpretation of the clause of the Constitution which requires that "all duties, imports, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." If these islands become part of the United States, there can be no tariff between their ports and ours. Indeed, their ports will be ours. I suppose that Congress, under the provision of the second paragraph of Section 3, Article IV, of the Constitution, giving that body "power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States," could fix the status of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands so that they would not be Constitutionally a part of the United States. It could establish protectorates over them, or make them practically independent, holding some such relation to them as England held to the Transvaal under the Convention of 1881; but protectorates are a source of trouble to those bound to give protection, and of no very great advantage to those protected, as witness the war between England and the Transvaal, and the long-continued disagreement between France and Madagascar, to say nothing of the tripartite protectorate over Samoa. We ought not to establish protectorates over our new possessions—certainly not over Hawaii and Porto Rico.

We need not fear that our markets will be violently affected by the free admission of Hawaiian and Porto Rican products. Hawaiian sugar already comes in free. Our consumption of refined sugar is constantly increasing, and so is our export. The West Indian tobacco is unlike any we raise, and will not come into competition with it. Even if it did, there would be a compensation. Porto Rico will be a better market for our manufactured goods than the United States will be for Porto Rican products; and if we want to sell in that market, we must buy there. As to the possibility of statehood, why should it be denied either to Hawaii or Porto Rico? We have kept New Mexico out forty-nine years, Arizona thirty-seven years; the islands can be kept out until everybody agrees that they ought to be admitted. Congress would not abuse the confidence of the people.

Let us, by all means, make our new possessions territories. The territorial system is an old and tried one. We understand it, because it is of our own development, and fits into our plan of republican government and harmonizes with our institutions. Our control of near-by and distant islands will be a safer experiment with it than with the colo-

nial system, which we would have to borrow, study, and adapt. We have governed Spanish populations and have had no trouble, and we have none to fear in Porto Rico or Hawaii.

The territorial is an admirably balanced system. While conceding a large measure of home rule to the people of the territories, it retains ample power of control to the Federal Government. The President appoints and the Senate confirms the Governor, Secretary, Surveyor-General, Attorney, Marshal and Judges of the Supreme Court, and these officers, excepting the Judges, are removable by the President. The people of the territory elect members of the two houses of Territorial Legislature and their county and municipal officers; also a delegate to Congress, who has a voice in the House of Representatives, but no vote. The Legislature may legislate on all subjects consistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States, but must send copies of its legislative acts to the President, the Secretary of the Interior, the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The act creating the territory of New Mexico also provided that any legislative act disapproved by Congress should be null and void. The danger of unwise legislation was therefore carefully guarded against; first, by a veto of the Governor, requiring a two-thirds vote of each house to overcome; second, by Congressional revision. Citizens of the territories, like those of the District of Columbia, are deprived of the privilege of participation in Presidential elections and, unlike those of the various states, have no vote for Governor and other territorial officers. Formerly governors for the territories were generally citizens of states; but in late years the practice has been to select citizens of territories for this office.

As applied to Porto Rico, the territorial system will be much more liberal than the old Spanish or even the autonomist plan. Under the former, Spain named the Governor-General, who appointed the members of his ministry and nearly all other insular officers. There was no legislative body, and the people only elected municipal councilmen, members of the Provincial Deputation, which had oversight over certain insular matters, and of the Cortes in Madrid. The autonomist plan gave them a legislature, and restricted the powers of the Governor-General. The territorial system would carry autonomic decentralization somewhat further, enlarging the scope of legislative power, particularly concerning the government of municipalities, and giving a much larger measure of home rule to the island. Most important of all, it would separate the executive, legislative, and judicial departments, making these powers co-ordinate, whereas, under the old system, the Governor-General was the government and the government was the Governor-General. He controlled everything, and even appointed the *alcaldes* or mayors of cities when he saw fit. The difference between that system and our territorial organization is the difference between despotism and republicanism.

If Porto Rico becomes a territory, its financial burdens will be considerably lightened. While the Federal Government would have the income from customs duties and internal revenue, it would use it to pay the salaries and expenses of the Governor and other insular officers, members of the Legislature, judges and attaches of the Supreme and District

Courts, etc. Under the Spanish administration nearly every conceivable form of taxation was employed to supply the insular treasury. There were, first, the customs dues, including special cargo taxes, additional taxes on petroleum, matches, etc.; second, royal dues on conveyances of property; third, income from sale of stamped paper, which had to be used for all legal purposes; fourth, proceeds of a state lottery; fifth, four per cent income tax on commercial, industrial and agricultural pursuits, from which no one, not even the day-laborer, escaped. The total from these several sources, about \$5,000,000, was all expended on the island, except about \$500,000, which was sent to Madrid. Half of the whole sum, nearly, was required to support the military and naval forces. Spain saw that Porto Rico paid fully its own way, and that it was never a charge on the home exchequer, but, on the contrary, was always a constant contributor to it. As the Federal Treasury will pay the bulk of the expenses of the territory, the taxes levied for the support of schools and other general purposes will not need to be very heavy. This will be a boon to the groaning taxpayer, who had to pay annually 12½ per cent insular and municipal tax on his income; also to the municipalities, which find it very difficult now to raise enough money to pay their most necessary bills, for since American occupation their share of the income tax has been reduced from one and a half times that of the state to an equal amount, and the *consumo* tax, by which they collected considerable amounts on foods, drinks, and fuels brought into their cities for sale, has been abolished.

By giving our islands the territorial system, they will learn our plan of government in essence, and will live under our Constitution and our general laws, so far as the latter may be applied to them. They may be allowed to retain their own codes, with such modifications as may be necessary; but they will be the better for acceptance of our system of judicial organization and administration.

If we want these new populations to become good and loyal Americans, we must not put barriers between them and us, but take them into our confidence and draw them as near to the heart of the nation as possible. The Porto Ricans are a proud, sensitive, and intelligent people, and will quickly discover whether we mean to treat them as equals or inferiors. We need to be careful not to legislate too much or too minutely for them. I recall as pertinent to the occasion the words of General Benjamin Harrison, when he was in the United States Senate and the bill for civil government in Alaska was pending: "We are legislating," he said, "about a people in regard to whom we know very little. . . . We cannot, in legislating at this long range, be too careful not to substitute some other person's rights for the rights of those born on the soil and to whom we are bound, or ought to be bound, at least, by ties of sympathy and by ties of justice."—*The Outlook*.

BURNBRAE'S PRAYER.

BY SIMPSON ELY.

Oor dear Faither Almichty,  
Frae thy gude throne above,  
In thy gude hert o' kindness,  
An' thy ain tender love,  
Oh, receive an' forgive us,  
Puir sinfu' bairns to-day,  
Tho' we wearied o' thy hame,  
An' gaed sae far awa'.

Forgive us, Faither, we pray,  
For sure we did na' ken  
The sure hert we gave to thee,  
Oor dear lovin' frien';  
Nor knew what we were leavin',  
For the sin an' the shame,  
When we wandered far awa',  
Frae oor ane Faither's hame.

It was hard and weary wark,  
Tae abide wi' oor sin;  
But we would na, have come back  
If it had never been  
For oor lovin' elder Brither,  
The blessed Son of God,  
Who cam' a lang, weary road,  
Tae save us wi' his blood.

An' a sair travail he had,  
Thet he nicht set us free  
Frae oor sins an' oor sorrows,  
And bring us to thee.  
May he keep a firm hand o' us,  
An' niver let us go;  
For a heavy charge we've been,  
An' this we weel do know.

Bring us back gin we wander,  
Far awa' frae oor home;  
Tell us a' thet we need know,  
Till thew gloamin' shall come,  
An' safely gither us in,  
Wi' a' thet we love,  
Wi' niver a bairn missin'  
Frae thy gude hoose above.

—*Christian Standard*.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Eunice Permelia (Babcock) Cottrell was the daughter of Luke and Betsey Main Babcock. This branch of the Babcock family was descended from Samuel and Tacy Hubbard who were the first converts to the Sabbath in this country, so far as known; and were constituent members of the Newport Seventh-day Baptist church organized in 1671. Mrs. Cottrell was born in Leyden, Mass., March 22, 1808, and died Dec. 18, 1899. She was one of a family of eleven children, and is survived only by her youngest sister, Mrs. Elvira Sibley Crane, of Franklin, Penn.

Mrs. Cottrell, when a young woman, came to Scott, where she was married to John Boardman Cottrell Dec. 31, 1827. Here for some years her husband was engaged in teaching, in mercantile business, and in milling. In the spring of 1842, with a family of six girls, they moved into the town of Wirt, Allegany Co., N. Y., near Richburg, on the farm which has been in the family ever since, and the home where ten children, seven girls and three boys, were reared to maturity and sent forth to be useful and honored members of society and of the Church of Christ—two of the sons being able ministers of the gospel of the Son of God. Four of the children have passed on before the mother; the survivors are: Mrs. Emma Main of Madison Wis., Mrs. Augusta Carter and Hon. A. B. Cottrell of Alfred N. Y., Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell of Hornellsville N. Y., Rev. G. M. Cottrell of Hammond La., and Mrs. Flora C. Mosher of Plainfield, N. J.

Sister Cottrell, when nine years old, was baptized and joined the church. She became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Scott, while living there, and afterwards removed her membership to Richburg, where she remained a highly esteemed member to the end of her long life. She was a woman of marked intelligence, refined manners and

queenly spirit. During her active life she was very devoted to her family, to the church, and to the interests of the community in which she lived. The friendless and homeless found in her a friend and sympathizer; and in her zeal to help others she forgot herself. She was gentle, forbearing and yielding to others, and yet staunch in adherence to principle and scrupulously conscientious in all things. She was bitterly opposed to intemperance, and was unfavorable to the use of alcohol even as a medicine. She was ambitious for the education of her family, and always a loyal supporter of Alfred University and higher education—most, if not all, of her children having been students in this institution of higher learning. Her zeal for true education was surpassed only by her abiding interest in religious and spiritual things.

In 1873 her husband died in the 71st year of his age, since which time she has lived with her children. For the past few years she has gradually failed, fading away like the beautiful autumn leaves, coming down to the end like a sheaf of corn that is fully ripe and ready for the harvest; without disease or suffering, cheerfully and uncomplainingly, she approached the end of life, until the evening of the 18th inst., when, being gently raised from her pillow by her eldest son, for the purpose of giving her nourishment, the light of life faded, and like one "who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams," she peacefully fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. Her record is written in the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs.

Funeral services were held Wednesday, Dec. 20, 2 P. M., at the home of her son, Hon. A. B. Cottrell, conducted by Pastor Gamble and Pres. Davis. Interment in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, In the merciful providence of God, he has seen fit to call to the other life our friend and brother, Wallace M. Simpson, we, as a committee in behalf of the Sabbath-school, of which he was a scholar and its faithful Assistant Superintendent for many years, present the following resolutions of our esteem and sympathy:

*Resolved*, That we as a Sabbath-school deeply feel the loss of one whose life will long be remembered for good.

*Resolved*, That we extend our sympathy to the bereaved wife and children, and commend them to God, with the prayer that he may be with them through the Holy Spirit of comfort.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that this token of our esteem be placed upon the records of our Sabbath-school, and that we also request their publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

H. C. STEWART,  
E. E. HAKES,  
G. F. POTTER. } *Com.*

WEST HALLOCK, Ill., Dec. 20, 1899.

HE that puts his confidence in God only is neither overjoyed in any great good things of this life, nor sorrowful for a little thing.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

A THOROUGH-GOING friend that understands a hint is worth a million.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

THE MESSAGE OF THE NEW YEAR.

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,  
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet.  
I asked and paused; he answered soft and low:  
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year?" I cried,  
And ere the question into silence died  
The answer came, "Nay; but remember too,  
"God's will to do."

Once more I asked, "Is there no more to tell?"  
And once again the answer softly fell:  
"Yes; this one thing, all other things above:  
God's will to love."

—*Independent*.

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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, 1900.

#### FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 6.	The Birth of Jesus.....	Luke 2: 1-16
Jan. 13.	The Child Jesus Visits Jerusalem.....	Luke 2: 41-52
Jan. 20.	The Preaching of John the Baptist.....	Luke 3: 1-17
Jan. 27.	The Baptism and Temptation of Jesus.....	Luke 3: 1-17
Feb. 3.	The First Disciples of Jesus.....	Matt. 3: 13 to 4: 11
Feb. 10.	Jesus and Nicodemus.....	John 1: 35-46
Feb. 17.	Jesus at Jacob's Well.....	John 4: 1-18
Feb. 24.	Jesus ejected at Nazareth.....	John 4: 5-26
Mar. 3.	Jesus Healing in Capernaum.....	Luke 4: 16-30
Mar. 10.	The Paralytic Healed.....	Mark 1: 21-34
Mar. 17.	Jesus at Matthew's House.....	Mark 2: 1-12
Mar. 24.	Review.....	Mark 2: 13-22

### LESSON II.—THE CHILD JESUS VISITS JERUSALEM.

For Sabbath-day, Jan. 13, 1900.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 2: 41-52.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.—Luke 2: 52.

#### INTRODUCTION.

A few days after his birth the infant Jesus was formally presented in the temple as a firstborn son; the Magi came to offer their homage. Then Joseph, warned of God in a dream, took the young child and his mother and fled into Egypt to escape the jealousy of Herod. Upon the return of this family to Palestine after the death of Herod, they made their home, not in Bethlehem, but in Nazareth. Here our Lord spent most of the time until he was thirty years of age. We know almost nothing concerning this period of his life. The curtain is lifted but once; in the passage for our study this week we have a glimpse of the boyhood of Jesus. We could wish to know more of this wonderful child; but we must be content with the few words which Luke gives us.

We can imagine that to a casual observer the life of Jesus was very similar to that of the other children of the village. There was however, always a manifestation of love toward others, and that freedom from sin which must have characterized this divine One.

His parents also must have remembered the wonders that accompanied his birth, the adoration of the Magi, and the prophetic words of the aged Simeon and of Anna, the prophetess, when the infant Jesus was brought into the temple. They did not understand his mission, but they must have had great hopes for the future of this promising child.

TIME.—A. D. 9, at Passover time, about the second week of April.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

PERSONS.—Jesus, and Mary, and Joseph; the doctors of the law.

#### OUTLINE:

1. The Boy Jesus Lost at the Feast. v. 41-45.
2. The Boy Jesus Found in the Temple. v. 46-50.
3. The Boy Jesus at Home. v. 51, 52.

#### NOTES.

41. Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover. The law did not require the women to make the journey to Jerusalem to attend the feasts. It was not, however, unusual for many women to attend. Many men excused themselves from going up to Jerusalem. We may infer from their going every year that Mary and Joseph were devoted to the service of God.

42. And when he was twelve years old. At the age of twelve years a Jewish boy is considered of age so far as religious matters are concerned. He is called a *son of the law*. He is now obliged to fulfill the religious obligations of a man.

43. And when they had fulfilled the days. The reference is probably to the first two days of the feast, after which it was permitted for any one who desired to return home. It was upon the third and following days of the feast that the doctors of the law

sat in the porch of the temple to teach the people. The child Jesus. Better, "the boy Jesus." **Tarried behind in Jerusalem, etc.** We are not to charge the parents with carelessness for not knowing the whereabouts of the boy Jesus; nor are we to think of him as wilfully running away. We may imagine that he was moved by a divine impulse, the dawn of an awakening consciousness of his great mission.

44. **Supposing him to have been in the company.** Better as in the Revised Version "to be in the company." There were, no doubt, circumstances which made this a reasonable supposition. **A day's journey.** The first day's journey of a large party traveling together was always a short one. **And they sought him.** When they stopped for the night.

45. **They turned back again.** No doubt, with great anxiety.

46. **After three days.** In this reckoning, the day of the departure is perhaps counted as the first, the day of the return the second, and the day of the recovery of the missing one, the third. **Sitting in the midst of the doctors.** The "doctors" were the teachers of the law. They were also probably members of the Sanhedrin, and thus combined the functions of education and of dispensing justice. Any one could ask questions of them. There is then nothing particularly surprising about Jesus' presence here, except that he was so young.

47. **Were astonished at his understanding and answers.** It is not necessary to infer that Jesus showed more than human wisdom. They may have been surprised simply because he showed a greater apprehension of the law than was usual for one of his years.

48. **Amazed.** This is a stronger word than "astonished" in the previous verse. They were amazed to find him talking with the doctors of the law, and amazed at his ability in discussing the law. **Son, why hast thou dealt thus with us, etc.** The word here translated "Son" is literally "child." It is as here used, a term of affection. Mary gently admonishes her son for the anxiety that he has caused.

49. **How is it that ye sought me?** It is impossible to say positively whether Jesus had before this time any real consciousness of his intimate relation with God and of his great work for the world. If he had not such knowledge his surprise at their anxious search may be explained upon the hypothesis that with this revelation of his mission came the thought that his earthly parents must know already what he is to do and to be. **Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?** Compare the translation of the Revised Version, "in my Father's house." There are strong arguments for both renderings; but King James' Version is probably the better. That Jesus should refer to the certainty of their finding him in the temple is hardly a sufficient explanation of his surprise at their search. He is rather explaining his seeming lack in the matter of filial duty to his earthly parents by referring to his higher duty to God, of which, as it seems to him, they must be already aware. Compare the application of this principle during his active ministry. Mark 3: 31-35.

50. **And they understood not the saying, etc.** In spite of their knowledge of the many wonderful circumstances in the life of this child, they could not comprehend the meaning of these words. This lack of understanding is, however, not at all surprising.

51. **And was subject unto them.** Our Lord was as truly human as he was divine. Notwithstanding his developing consciousness of his Father's business, his present duty as a human child was to continue under the guidance of his parents. **But his mother kept all these sayings, etc.** Many have thought that Luke was indebted to Mary herself for the contents of these first two chapters of his gospel.

52. **And Jesus increased in wisdom, etc.** This verse also lays emphasis upon the humanity of Jesus. As a human child he developed intellectually and physically. As regards his spiritual nature, he could not of course become more sinless; but there was a development also in this part of his character—a deepening; so that he was not only more pleasing to the heavenly Father, but also became more attractive to his fellow-men.

## Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

### Wireless Telegraph Once More.

Mr. Marconi, the inventor of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy, came to this country and operated his system during the races between the Shamrock and Columbia, last September, sending messages from the vessel, while sailing several miles off Sandy Hook, to a place on shore on Staten Island. When the races were over, Mr. Marconi gave exhibitions of his discovery to our government, showing that messages could be sent in any direction desired within certain distances.

His invention consisted chiefly in what might be termed a sensitive receiver for catching the electrical wave or current. Mr. Marconi had succeeded in producing an instrument, that he named a "coherer," by which he received a message sent through the atmosphere a distance of ninety miles.

Our government was so well satisfied of its utility that they made arrangements for its use in connection with our army and navy. Mr. Marconi's exhibits heretofore had been performed in Europe, about which we have spoken in a former article, but now being in America where Yankees reside, his instruments were closely observed, and his illustrations carefully watched; when, no sooner were they performed, than science engaged a couple of gentlemen, and they took the matter in hand. They adopted the principles by which telegraphing heretofore had been extended and through which the long distance telephone had been made available and set themselves at work to invent a more sensitive "coherer," and thus extend to a greater distance the reception of a message.

The two gentlemen referred to were none other than Professor Reginald A. Fessenden and Professor Kintner, both of the Western University of Pennsylvania. Being professors in the Electrical Department of the University, they were well qualified to undertake the task. Far sooner than expected, they have succeeded in accomplishing remarkable results. We are informed that they have produced a receiver 2 000 times more sensitive than the one invented by Mr. Marconi. Another fact seems to be pretty well settled, that for sending messages to any distance, the elevation of the sending and receiving instruments do not require poles extending two hundred feet in height.

Professor Fessenden says, "We realize that we have not yet begun to see the limit. It should at least be possible to send messages across the Atlantic." We are assured that neither high winds nor severe storms affect in the least the working of the wireless telegraph between England and France, across the Straits of Dover.

These later revelations of electrical phenomena are truly mind-confusing and wonderful. Why should we wonder? Why not expect that during the Paris Exhibition the coming summer, messages will be constantly passing between flag-staffs on the tops of skyscrapers in New York, Paris, London and Berlin, going and returning thicker and faster, without in the least conflicting with each other?

We see no reason why Mr. Nicola Tesla could not, by placing a sending apparatus on the east side of the flag-staff on the *Tribune* building, and a receiver on the west side of the staff, then, by using his vibratory force-collecting-current machine—send a message eastward, over Brooklyn, and instantly have the message caught by the receiver, coming from over Jersey City, having gone around the world. We know of only one veritable material, though unseen, that can actually outstrip lightning, in any distance, and deliver its message first. That material is *thought*.

Of all the qualities we assign to the Author and Director of Nature, by far the most enviable is to be able "to wipe away all tears from all eyes."—*Robert Burns*.

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### MARRIAGES.

**MARSH—PIZIE.**—In the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, 511 Central Avenue, Dec. 24, 1899, by Pastor Arthur E. Main, Mr. Franklin T. Marsh, of Plainfield, N. J., and Miss Emma L. Pizie, of New Market, N. J.

**WILLIAMS—COX.**—At Jackson Centre, Ohio, Dec. 14, 1899, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. L. M. Millison, by Rev. A. G. Crofoot, Frank W. Williams and Winona B. Cox.

**MILLS—GARLOCK.**—At the home of the grandfather of the groom, Mr. J. S. Mills, Milton Junction, Wis., by Rev. Geo. W. Rurdick, Mr. W. C. Mills, and Miss Nellie M. Garlock, both of Janesville, Wis.

**SMITH—CASTERLINE.**—At the home of the bride, Milton Junction, Wis., Dec. 23, 1899, by Rev. Geo. W. Rurdick, Mr. Sylvanus C. Smith, of Farina, Ill., and Mrs. Lois Burdick Casterline.

### DEATHS.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angels  
Have evil wrought.  
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel,  
The good die not.

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

**COTTRELL.**—At Alfred N. Y., Dec. 18, 1899, Mrs. Eunice Permella Babcock Cottrell, in her 92d year.  
Fuller notice in another column.

**STERLING.**—Polly Drusilla, daughter of John and Esther Burdick Dye, and wife of Myers Sterling, was born in Lincklaen N. Y., April 26, 1837, and died in DeRuyter, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1899.

In early life she made a profession of religion and joined at Lincklaen, and when she made her home in DeRuyter she united with this church. For many years she had suffered with valvular contraction of the heart, but she suffered patiently till the Master said "Come up higher," then peacefully passed into rest. L. R. S.

**BOAZ.**—Deacon James Boaz died near Watterville, Oregon, Nov. 17, 1899, aged 77 years, 8 months and 24 days.

Bro. Boaz was born in Campbell County, Va., and moved from thence to the state of Ohio, and later to Illinois and from Illinois to Wisconsin. Sept. 18, 1845, he was married to Miss Lydia Coon, of Albion. A few years later they moved to Freeborn County, Minn., where they labored faithfully with others to build up a Sabbath society, where was organized what used to be known as the Carlston Seventh-day Baptist church, by which he was ordained deacon, the duties of which office he faithfully performed. He was ready and offered his services in time of the Rebellion to help lift the burden that rested upon the colored people of the South. About 1874, he emigrated to Nebraska and located at Calamus in Valley County, where he and his devoted wife labored faithfully for the cause of Christ. In June, 1894, she was called to the home of the blest by death. They had no children except an adopted son, Chas. B. Hutchins, of whose family Bro. Boaz became a member after the death of his wife, and with whom he came to Oregon, and by whom he was cared for tenderly until the angel of death called him to join those gone before. Bro. Boaz

was taught when a boy that Sunday was the Sabbath; but when he came to maturer age, being convinced of the error, he at once embraced the true Sabbath to which he has always been faithful. He leaves two brothers, and other near relatives and many friends to mourn their loss which is his gain. The funeral sermon was preached by Eld. Dixon, a Methodist brother, and he was laid at rest in the Camp Creek Cemetery.

S. L. R. M.

**ST. JOHN.**—In Leonardsville, N. Y., on Sabbath morning, Dec. 16, 1899, of a complication of diseases, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Milton W. St. John, aged 76 years, 10 months and 23 days.

She was born and had spent her entire life in this immediate vicinity, with the exception of two somewhat extended visits with her children, Mrs. Albert N. Crandall, of Westerly, R. I., and DeValois, her son, of Plainfield, N. J. She was married May 16, 1847, to Milton W. St. John, a prominent machinist and business man of Leonardsville, who was at one time the Treasurer of the American Sabbath Tract Society. She was baptized in February, 1858, by my brother, Elder C. M. Lewis, and became a member of the First Seventh-day Baptist church of Brookfield. She was a devoted Christian, faithfully filling her mission as such, more especially in her family and in the private walks of life rendering assistance to the needy and comfort to the afflicted, rather than in the more public forms of service. The result is that now many "Rise up to call her blessed." She returned to her home here from Plainfield, N. J., only a few months since, to be cared for by her younger son, William. Such was the severity of her difficulties, affecting the heart and other vital organs, that she passed quietly and serenely to her heavenly home, after five and one-half days of suffering. Her funeral was largely attended at her late home, when the writer based his remarks on Luke 10:42. "Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her," which we fully believe is the case with the Mary of this notice. H. B. L.

### Literary Notes.

**THE MORAL EVOLUTION, LENTEN SERMONS ON SIN AND ITS REMEDY,** by Judson Titworth, Minister of Plymouth church, Milwaukee, Wis., 1899. 5x7 inches, 114 pp. Paper.

Judged by the Westminster standards, these sermons will appear somewhat "unorthodox." By later opinions, a different judgment would be given. They show that the ground has been thought over with care, and the literary character is excellent. Every one who is interested in the philosophy of human experience touching sin, forgiveness, redemption and righteousness will gain good from these sermons. Fundamental truths are well set forth. For example, sin comes through the choices of man, acting in view of moral responsibility. There can be no sin where there is no law. God's purpose is to free men from condemnation and from sinning through which condemnation comes. Note the following from page 60: "The aphesis of sin, the remission of sin, the true New Testament idea, is the sending away of sin, the getting rid of it. When God deals with sin effectually, saves men from it, he does not pardon

sin, cover it up, forget it, ignore it, but he rids men of it, gets them clear of it."

On page 71, the relation between law and love is set forth beautifully and accurately in the following words: "Meanwhile, let no one suspect that all this is emphasis upon the law rather than upon the love of God. God is love. He not simply loves, but is love, and always was. There are no two administrations in God's government, as if God himself were converted midway between the beginning and the end of his administration of man's affairs, converted by Christ's atonement from a belief in and a use of law to a belief in and use of love; but God has always governed by love. He created man by love, loved him infinitely when he sinned; loves him no less, no more, in his gift of Christ for his redemption."

On page 12, we find this:

"The real goal of the moral evolution of man, then, is in the establishment, in humanity, of a kingdom of God, in which the power of not sinning shall be the victory of the faith of Jesus in man's relations to man, a victory won by that love which is the fulfilling of the whole law of God. The law of the Spirit of Life is love. This is the energy of God's holiness, of Christ's sinlessness. Love is the will of God, which it was Christ's delight to do. To the degree that men learn to delight in the law of love, learn to seek the highest good in the most perfect fellowship with Jesus in doing the loving will of God, Christ has come in his kingdom; to that degree have the kingdoms of the world become the kingdom of the Lord and of his Christ."

These extracts must suffice to create a wish in the mind of the reader to see the booklet here noticed. No publisher is announced in the copy on our table, but we presume copies may be secured by addressing the author, as above.

### Special Notices.

#### North-Western Tract Depository.

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

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

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

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of 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 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

I. L. COTTRELL, Pastor.  
201 Canisteo St.

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

GEO. B. SHAW, Pastor,  
1279 Union Avenue.

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.

GEN. LEE AND HIS FRUITFUL HEN.

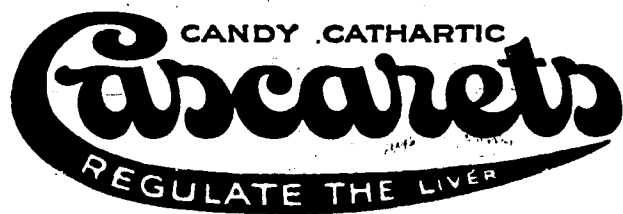
It was Gen. Lee's custom to leave his tent door open in the morning for a sprightly hen that had gone into the egg business promptly and thus had saved her head. When she stepped in, Gen. Lee would put aside his work and walk post deferentially upon the outside until her cackle announced the mysteries of egg-laying at an end. She roosted and rode in his wagon, was an eye-witness of the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and was finally sacrificed upon the altar of hospitality at Orange Court House, in 1864.—Ladies' Home Journal.

WHEN I choose my friend, I will not stay till I have received a hindness; but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them. But I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser, and which make me better.—Jeremy Taylor.

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GENIUS and virtue, like diamonds, are best plain set.—R. W. Emerson.



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