

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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

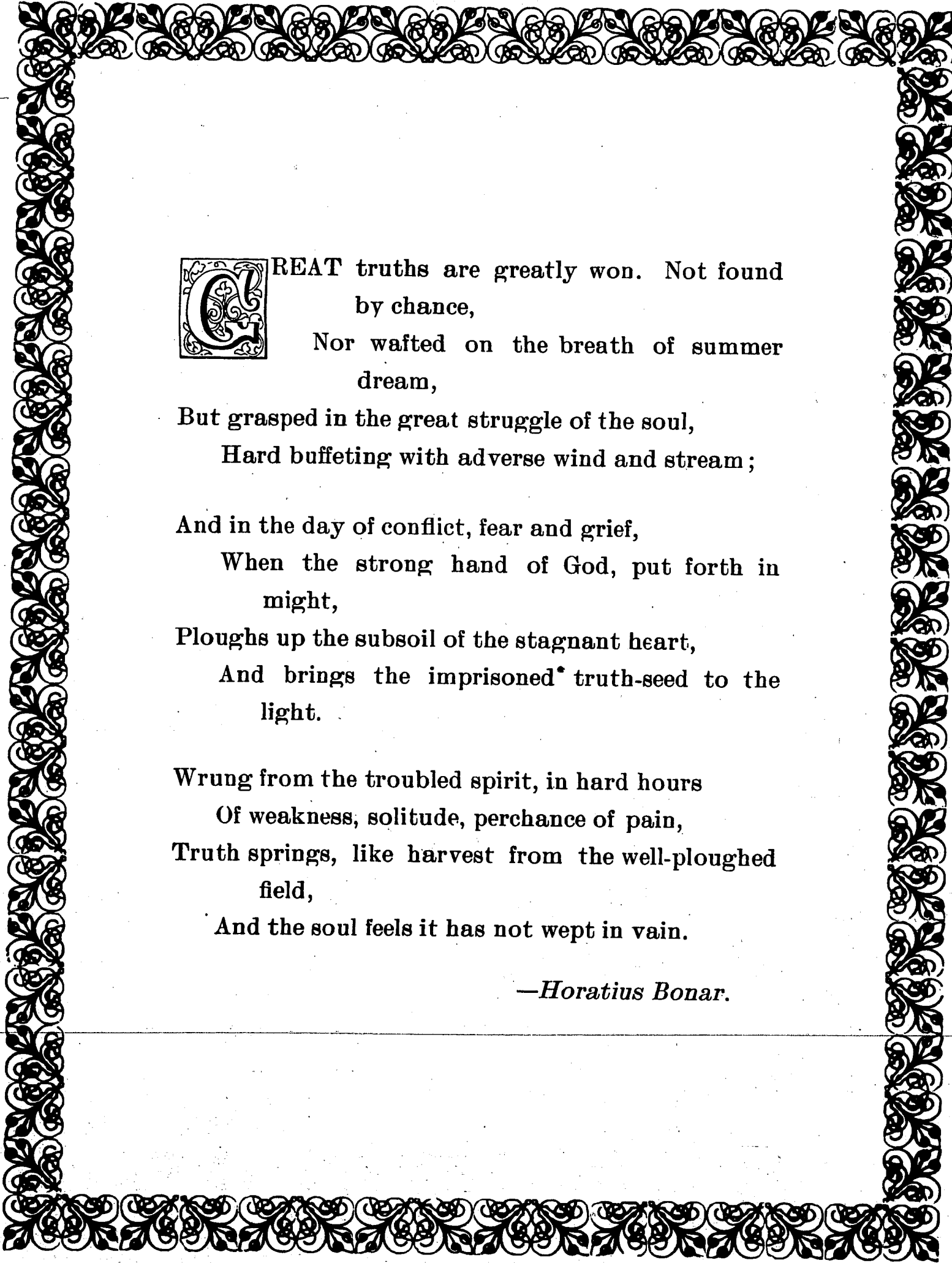
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GREAT truths are greatly won. Not found
by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer
dream,
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream;
And in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in
might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned* truth-seed to the
light.
Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest from the well-ploughed
field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

—Horatius Bonar.

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Sabbath Recorder.

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J. P. MOSHER, - - - - - Business Manager.

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ONE most encouraging sign of the times is the revival of interest in the instruction of children in matters religious. The opinions which obtained fifty years ago, that children must pass well on toward manhood and womanhood before they were old enough to understand the mysteries of religious experience, and, therefore, old enough to be converted, have passed away. This is well. In turning attention to the early Christian nurture of children, the church is meeting a demand vital to its own existence, and also coming into a better knowledge of Christ's kingdom, and of his teachings concerning children. He said distinctly and repeatedly, speaking of children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

This advance on the part of Christian people, both as to doctrine and practice, promises good for the future. Every student of child-life knows that the first religious age comes with the consciousness of the power of choice. Roughly stated, this first period is between the ages of eight and twelve. Children born in Christian homes, and trained according to the teachings of Christ, will come to an open profession of faith in him at this early age, by a healthful and natural law of soul development. Their experience will be quite unlike the experience of those who have sown wild oats, played the prodigal, and are forced to come back over mountains of unbelief, and through storms of conviction. But the more quiet experience of properly trained children will be quite as genuine, and the resultant religious life will be more healthful and permanent. We commend this view of Christ's words concerning children to the attention of all parents and teachers.

DO NOT mistake tendencies of evil, if they appear in childhood, for inherited guilt. Taint and weakness may be inherited. Equally so may right choice, and conscientious regard for authority. Guilt can never be transmitted; hence divine love accepts innocent childhood, as Christ asserted. The duty of parents and teachers is to train children according to the truth expressed by Christ, and so prepare them for the voluntary assumption of the duties which come with the age of responsibility.

If any one in whose memory thoughts linger of the old-time theology and of the doctrine of original sin, shrinks from this higher conception, we urge that it is based upon the statements of Christ, and is fully supported by experience. Our observation demonstrates the fact that the most reliable members in the kingdom of Christ, as a general rule, are those who have been brought into the kingdom in accordance with the suggestions expressed above, and have made public profession of their faith, in childhood. Those who have passed on to later years, and have been brought into the kingdom after great struggles with the power of evil, are comparatively weak, and more likely to fall under stress of temptation. The developments which are coming, through the work of Christian Endeavor Societies, and

Sabbath-schools, illustrate and confirm all we have said in this connection. A just appreciation of these truths on the part of parents and teachers will make them doubly careful as to influences and methods, when they deal with children. They will also be blest by the consciousness that their work is doubly important, since they are dealing with immortal life and destiny.

WE should never forget the past in such a way as to lose its lessons. It is not helpful to mourn over sins which have been forgiven. It is wise to remember them as a warning, that we sin not again: A morbid conscience will continue to mourn over what has been forgiven, thus checking growth, and clouding faith. We are not to doubt the love of God expressed in forgiveness, however dark may have been the sins forgiven. The practical point to be gained is this: Remember the mistakes and failures of the past, in so far as such memory will help to avoid like mistakes in the future. Do not hinder growth by dwelling upon past failures. Do not distrust the forgiving love of God by wondering whether he has really forgiven that of which you have truly repented. Look up, and not down. Look out, more than you look in. Keep the past in memory as a power for pushing yourself forward to something better.

THE firm belief that you can improve upon the past lies at the foundation of real improvement. Discouragement, because of the past, prevents success in the future. We never do the thing which we believe we cannot do. We never gain victory by putting forth feeble efforts, under the conviction that they will be futile. F-a-i-t-h is but another way of spelling success. This thought applies to undeveloped powers, and untested resources, intellectual and spiritual. To believe that a difficult problem can be mastered is half the work of mastering it. To believe that we cannot solve a problem makes failure doubly certain. Scores of men and women go through life with latent powers untouched, because they do not believe in the existence of such powers, or have not the bravery to attempt their development. Failure in this direction, in religious and spiritual things, is far greater than failure elsewhere. The ground for faith in such things is abundant, because the divine help is assured to every one who strives in faith. Whatever thing is possible from the human standpoint, if it ought to be done, attempt it instantly, determine to gain that one possibility. If it seems impossible from the human standpoint, go forward in faith that divine help will overcome human impossibility. "All things are possible with God;" faith ought to accept that statement as applying to the help God gives those who struggle to do his will.

A FEW weeks since we spoke of the probable rupture between Russia and Japan. The evidences of a strong tension of feeling increase. It has been reported lately that Japan has placed an order for 100,000 winter uniforms for its army. The strength of the Japanese navy is well known, and the shipping interests of the country are being strengthened. Japan is clearly determined to regain its rights, or what it deems to be its rights, in China, of which it was defrauded by the interference of Russia, in the late Japan-China war.

A PICTURE of the eyes of a great horned owl which had been taken in a trap, and which, as a mere child, I was permitted to see, remains in my mind with great clearness. Those eyes seemed to have supernatural characteristics, which my boyish fancy enlarged upon with great vividness. The scientific study of birds is revealing the fact that the eyes of the owl are covered with a white membrane which practically protects the sight while the eyelids are still wide open. It is said that birds which fly among bushes have the same protection, and that the eagle, rising into the brighter sunlight, shuts out the glare by drawing such a curtain. This curtain, when not in use, folds back into the corner of the eye. Another peculiarity connected with the eyes of those birds of prey which see their quarry on the ground, from a great height in the air, enables the eye to pass from a state of far-sightedness into one of near-sightedness almost instantly. This result is secured by a folded membrane called marsupium, which affects the lense of the eye and so gives the rapid changes as to convexity, making the bird at one moment far-sighted, and as it nears its prey with a swift downward flight, making it near-sighted, so that the success of its attack is assured.

It is said that thousands of little apple trees are found growing on the shores of Mull and Lona Islands, on the west coast of Scotland. These seedlings have grown from apples cast ashore when the steamer Labrador was wrecked there last autumn. Surely, if this is not bread cast upon the waters, it illustrates the great truth that life, in whatever form, overcomes the most difficult of surroundings and keeps on its work of bearing fruit.

WE have all heard of the baker's dozen; that is, thirteen. It is said that there was an old law which compelled cobblers to put twelve nails in the heel of each shoe. In time it came about that the cobblers drove the thirteenth nail in the center of the heel for good luck. So we have also a cobbler's dozen, made up of thirteen.

ALTHOUGH the paper on "Student Evangelism in the Early Seventies," from the pen of President Gardiner, is not completed in this issue, we are sure that our readers will enjoy it all the more. Read it with care.

SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG PASTORS.

Among the most important duties which your new relation puts upon you is that of visiting and caring for the sick. Christianity, as exemplified by Christ, and as developed along its better lines, is pre-eminently a religion for the suffering and unfortunate. To be fitted to visit the sick, one needs, not only tenderness of soul and insight into spiritual conditions, but a somewhat extended knowledge concerning disease, remedies, and the best influences for the sick room. President Allen used to say: "My model for a preacher is at least a year's study in medicine, a year in law, a full college course, and all the theology he can contain."

The presence of the pastor in the sick room, and the general influence of his brief visits are one of the first and more important features of his work. You are expected to know your patient, and to have in mind constantly his physical and spiritual good. All efforts to secure these must depend largely upon the

character of the sickness, and the circumstances which surround the case. However grave any given case may be, you must carry quietude and confidence into the sick room. Your coming must be like sunshine. Your stay, as a usual thing, should be brief. Many patients are injured by too long calls and too much conversation on the part of their friends. Patients are usually inclined to talk mainly of their disease, and, in not a few instances, the disease is aggravated, unless the conversation be skillfully carried forward on your part, and always turned aside from the consideration of such subjects as will give the patient anxiety. You are not to falsify, nor to deceive; on the other hand, you must not aggravate nor increase the difficulties which surround the patient. Quiet and cheerfulness, hearty co-operation with the physician in charge in whatever you may say or do, are very essential. With this end in view, make yourself familiar with all the physicians who practice among your parishioners. Become intelligent enough concerning diseases and remedies so that physicians will have confidence in your judgment, and will speak freely to you concerning the state of their patients and of what they hope to attain. In this way only can you co-operate with the physician as you ought to do. You need to be specially well informed on minor points, as to hygiene, in order to give proper counsel and aid in those families—of whom there are likely to be some in every parish—where the want of such knowledge may tend to thwart the purpose of the physician and imperil the best interests of the patient.

Do not go to the sick room as a theologian. Never go to the sick room with a long face, or a discouraged air. If the case is grave, and you must speak of the gravity, do it with cheerfulness. If a man is prepared to go to heaven, and you feel assured he is to go within a few days, do not bemoan it, nor talk of it as a misfortune.

We have already suggested that your visits to the sick room should be brief. Respect for you as pastor, may prevent friends and nurses from telling you that you ought to leave when you are likely to overstay proper limits, and to weary the patient with useless talk. It is far better, as a general rule, to spend less than five minutes in the sick room, if the case is serious, than to exceed that time. In many instances, a quiet entrance, a gentle hand-grasp, a half-dozen words of comfort, and a cheerful good-bye, indicate the best type of visit to the sick. As to religious exercises, Scripture reading, prayer, etc., it is best that the patient, or the patient's friends indicate when these are desired. A proposition for them on your part might not be rejected, when, from the standpoint of the physician and nurse, it might be very undesirable. Cases are rare wherein you can prepare a man for heaven in the midst of a serious illness. Still, each case must decide what is best to be done. In general, you are to watch for those who are sick, to express sympathy and interest, to call frequently—refusing to go to the sick room, if the case be serious—but letting the patient be assured that, as the representative of Christ and his church, you are always near at hand, waiting to give whatever aid or comfort you may be able, in the name of your holy calling.

The true worth of a man is to be measured by the objects he pursues.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

THE OLD SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST NUNNERY.

Interest in the German Seventh-day Baptists of Eastern Pennsylvania has been re-awakened by the fact that the state of Pennsylvania has entered upon a legal process to secure possession of the nunnery, and the land connected therewith, of the German Seventh-day Baptists, of Snow Hill, Franklin County. Our readers will remember that this nunnery was established about 1795. Religious meetings have been held on the grounds since 1775, and perhaps earlier. The most prosperous period in the history of the Snow Hill Institution was during the present century, say from 1820-1840. The school connected with the nunnery was at that time prosperous and efficient. The old building at Snow Hill, and a similar one at Ephrata, Lancaster County, are said to be the only two representatives of a monastic order founded by Protestants, in the United States.

The state claims the property under a general law, since there are no direct heirs. It is not certain, however, but that the trustees who have the property in charge will make defense in the courts, and attempt to preserve the property in the interest of the German Seventh-day Baptists of Pennsylvania. The founding of these monastic orders arose from a peculiar combination in the faith of the early German Seventh-day Baptists. They were a deeply religious and spiritual-minded people, and their mysticism led to the idea that solitary life, and monastic practices would help to insure that higher development in spiritual things, for which they longed. The outward peculiarities of such a people often bring criticism from the superficial, but those who look deeper discover in such movements, and in the purposes of such people, much that is highest and best. They were industrious, frugal, deeply religious, highly educated, and given to works of mercy and charity. Their record is a choice legacy for those of like precious faith.

WHAT OF THE NEGRO?

The years which have passed since the Civil War have added intense meaning to all questions touching the future of the Negro in the United States. He was not responsible for the situation in which the Civil War found him. He was not fit for many of the responsibilities which came upon him after the war. Seen from some standpoints, the granting of the elective franchise to the Negro was a serious mistake. But the problem was difficult, and that may have been the best solution. In his case, then as now, the real question was not so much what rights the Negro should have, as what should be done to develop in him the character and ability to take higher ground and assume more important obligations. Men cannot be legislated into higher life, nor deposed from it by an act of Parliament. The real question in the Negro problem is, What character shall the Negro attain? That question, applied to the people who formerly enslaved the Negro, means, what shall they do in helping him to attain such character and position as will fit him for a better place and higher work.

Schools, churches, educational, social and religious development; these are the features which stand out in the Negro problem. The Negro has a right to demand opportunity and help, but these must be graduated, and applied in ways best calculated to develop character and bring permanent spiritual

enlargement and growth. The difference between the races is so strongly marked, in many particulars, that it will never disappear. It is not best that it should disappear. It is best, and under the higher behests of duty it is imperative, that the whites, North and South, the civil government, in so far as legislation can help, and the church, as the representative of divine love and help, should extend to the Negro every possible opportunity and agency for such uplifting and development as we have suggested. Booker T. Washington has done much, perhaps more than any other individual, to aid his own people, and to place before the country a proper conception of the nation's duty to the Negro. Much has been done; much remains to be done.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A few years since, the writer spent a number of weeks very pleasantly at work in the Library of the British Museum. It is the largest and best working library in the world. The basis for the Museum was well laid by gifts and by purchase previous to 1753. In 1759 it was opened with eighty thousand volumes of printed books and pamphlets. Among these were many originals, charts and manuscripts of great value. This original material embodies the most important elements of early English history. Royal libraries and gifts from wealthy private collectors have been added from time to time. During the twelve years, from 1823 to 1835, it is estimated that the gifts amounted to two million dollars, and the income for the purchase of books at the present time, aside from gifts, amounts to ten thousand pounds per year, or more.

During the period when the writer was at work there—the summer of 1889—the average number of readers per day was six hundred and forty. These represented almost every part of the world, and almost every subject was included in their investigations. One appreciates the value of the printed page when considering the worth of such libraries, and soon comes to feel that its value cannot be estimated easily, much less over-estimated. Besides the books which the Museum contains, the various departments, archaeological and scientific, present corresponding sources of wealth to students in every department. The English Government makes liberal provisions for the growth and enriching of the Museum, and year by year the world of scholars is laid under renewed obligations to this government for the material which is gathered there.

The wanton destruction of the great Alexandrian Library in Egypt annihilated the sources of information and the threads of history to a degree which has made the world poorer ever since. The little we are now obtaining by excavations and searching in Egypt, Palestine and Babylonia only increases the grief one must feel that so rich a source of information as the Alexandrian Library was destroyed. Happy will it be for the world if the great libraries now being built up in all lands shall be preserved and enlarged as the centuries go by. Considering such a theme, one is better able to understand the German adage, which says: "He who has neither written a book nor begotten a son has lived in vain." Those who have attempted to deal with primary sources of information in history, or elsewhere, appreciate, in some good degree, the value of accurate records, and of their preservation.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Alfred, N. Y.

"As His Custom Was."

Jesus, "as his custom was, went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day." It is a good custom for any man, young or old. There is a strong tendency toward the entertainment idea in religious services to-day. "Who is to speak?" or "What special music will there be?" is the question. There are church-members in this last year of the Nineteenth Century (never mind, call it the first year of the Twentieth, if you want to) who languidly sit on the question whether it is worth while to attend church this time, and capriciously decide it.

Now, the chief purpose of going to the synagogue on the Sabbath-day is to worship. Between the person who goes in the spirit of prayer and reverence and the finical sight-seer, there is a great gulf. Happily it is not fixed; for it is better to go to church from lower motives than not to go at all. Let everybody come, and may the influence of the old Gospel, applied in the power of the Spirit, awaken cold hearts to a new life and motive.

The Right Instrument.

I spent half an hour the other day trying to accomplish a homespun purpose—all in vain. Then I sent over to the Deacon's for the proper tool, and in the twinkling of an eye the thing was done.

Do not we Christians fool away a good deal of time trying to do our work without the proper tools? We work and strive and struggle along and look back afterward on what seem barren efforts. There are tools, and there is power, let us not doubt it. The great Master Mechanic has not left us alone. The armory is full. The chest is equipped for every kind of work. The preparation on that counts for more than the work. Let us come reverently to God's throne and to his book for the wisdom and power that are from above.

Along the Line of Every-day Life.

The following observations from a young missionary pastor have food for thought. They present another side of the problem of evangelism, which often lies on the heart of the evangelist. The steady, continuous, all-the-year-round work is what counts best.

"I find the work in these places is not at all evangelistic. They have had plenty of that. Each time after a series of meetings the people have been left without any one to take the lead among them, and they have grown cold. In fact, they have been subjected so often to this heating and cooling process that *the temper is almost gone.*"

"I have entered into the every-day life of the people and spent my time to good advantage in getting acquainted. The farmers have large dairies, and I found no trouble in being allowed to milk from three to six cows wherever I was stopping. I helped sometimes with the dishes, drew log and ice one day, one forenoon helped to kill and dress a sheep."

This young missionary feels that he does not know enough to preach yet, "is all too poorly prepared for that kind of work," but intends by God's help to give them faithful, steady pastoral care. One man testifies that their minister is "the most like folks for an elder that he has seen for some time."

It was at the tent-maker's bench, as Paul and Aquila worked side by side, that the fugitive Jew was converted. The gospel was the power behind Paul's needle. It is the distinction of the religion of the Bible that it finds people where they live.

Student Evangelistic Prospects.

It may be that you noticed a slight rumble at 10 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 28. It was the contributing editor saying "Amen" to Brother Parker's article of last week. Read it if you haven't. If you have, read it again. Of course there is only one C. U. P., and he has his personal equation. But, modifying his streak of pessimism with Dr. Lewis' reassuring salt, it must be acknowledged that Brother Parker hit the subject several times squarely between the eyes.

For instance:

"General contributions will never increase while we are cold and indifferent."

"Preach, pray and practice tithing."

"Student evangelistic work combines all three (missions, Sabbath Reform and education) in one harmonious whole."

"We have the machinery and the steam. Unite them and put this gospel chariot in motion."

It is, indeed, most cheering to see the growing enthusiasm for evangelistic work by our young people. The prospect appears bright at Alfred for sending out several more young men than were sent last summer. There are about a dozen here who are understood to be looking toward the ministry. Personally, your contributor is strongly in favor of sending one quartet to Hornellsville, where Bro. Cottrell is doing such splendid work. We predict a strong church for this city under continued, wise and faithful labor.

And now how about quartets of young women? We have been thinking about this for some time, and Brother Shaw's item brings it up afresh. What plans has anyone along this line? What can you offer from experience or observation? What do the young women themselves think of the practicability of going out for gospel campaigns?

"A Love Letter."

You may be interested to know that the "love letter" which Brother Shaw mentioned in the last RECORDER came in answer to a beautiful one of his own. The recipient has permitted me to make an extract from it as a further suggestion for "the genial art of writing letters."

Dear Friend:—How the years go by! It seems but the other day that we were almost inseparable chums in college, and now you may stop several times in Milton and I know nothing of it until I see a notice of the visit in the local papers. Such is life. I think as much of you as I ever did, and I presume you do of me, but our work, while in the same general line is in detail so different, and we are both so busy and so absorbed in our own special work, that when you are here you have hardly a moment left to renew memories of old times. But this is not what I started to write when I stood up to begin this letter. I wanted to send you a message, not alone of congratulation for the good which you have already done, but a message bearing my earnest prayer for God's blessing upon you in all your work in the future. God has seen good to smile upon your labors already in bringing out many visible, tangible results of your efforts, to say nothing of that which can be revealed only in eternity. May you continue to be in his hands an instrument of great power in bringing up the kingdom of heaven on earth.

Would that we could take more time for these letters which, having no errand to run,

are written just "because I love you." One such, from a friend of by-gone days, is like the refrain of a song old and unused, but familiar as ever when some one starts to hum the air, and wondrous sweet it is to the ear. Yet, even if we cannot have communication as often as we should like, our friends are still a presence with us. It reassures and strengthens us to know they are there, even though we may not see them face to face or through the characters of their hand.

"HYMNOLOGY RUN MAD."

The *Evangelist*, under the above head, publishes several specimens of poetry, which appeared in the early part of this century, and earlier, which is in strong contrast with that which our readers are accustomed to sing. We reproduce a part of the paper from the *Evangelist*, that our music-loving readers may appreciate better the poetry by which they are accustomed to enrich the public services in God's house.

Some of the old psalms ran to the opposite extreme of joy, carried almost to the point of jollity, as in this which we owe, not to Watts, but I think to Tate and Brady:

"Behold how good it is,
And how it pleaseth well,
For brethren e'en in unity
Together so to dwell.
'Tis like the choice ointment
Down Aaron's beard did go,
Down Aaron's beard that downward went,
His garment's skirts unto."

Such celestial strains "married to immortal verse," were not confined to stalwart Presbyterians.

My informer, to whom I am indebted for the little I know, writes again of the treasures to be found in Baptist Hymnology, of which he has a rare specimen in his library, "The General Baptist Hymn Book," published in 1852, by the compiler, at Louisville, Kentucky. Of course its loftiest strains would be given to the foremost doctrine in their creed, as illustrated in the baptism of our Lord himself, thus:

"The holy Jesus did demand
His right to be baptized then;
The Baptist gave consent,
On Jordan's banks they did appear,
The Baptist and his Master dear;
Then down the bank they went."

Here the sweet strains of music and poetry are united to give joy to the marriage service:

"Brides, they take the husband's name,
Nor would he sanction any other.
Why should we not do the same?
What say you contending brother?"

Recent converts are stiffened in the warfare against the evil one by such a defiance as this:

"When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then bravely meet him with these lines:
*Jesus our Lord hath took the field
And we're determined not to yield.*"

Here is a blast like the sound of a trumpet, to stir young soldiers to the Christian warfare:

"I've listed in the holy war,
Content with suffering soldier's fare.
The banner o'er my head is love;
I draw my rations from above."

Other, and even more grotesque quotations might be added, but I forbear. It is but fair, however, to say that the "Baptist Hymn Book" embodies very many of the Standard Hymns found in every recent publication.

"But," my informer continues, "if Baptists in the backwoods of Kentucky fell into such absurdities and monstrosities, what shall be thought of this from the pen of F. W. Faber, the favorite hymnist of the Church of England?"

"Ah grace! into *unlikeliest* hearts
It is thy boast to come."

"How can they live, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have *not* got the light of faith,
The courage of belief?"

"But," adds our gentle critic, who is himself the very soul of "sweetness and light," "it is not pleasant to criticise the words of an author so deservedly popular, but such infelicities of expression indicate the lack of an ear exquisitely sensitive to perfect rhythm, and show that the fervor of his piety sometimes makes him forget the harmony of the lines that are to be sung," to which we add a parting benediction: "Wherefore, let us all seek the best things, and no one despise his brother."

BIRD NEWS FROM THE ROCKIES.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

To study the birds in the Rocky Mountains,—that had long been my cherished desire, and at last, in the spring of 1899, fortune smiled upon me in her cheeriest way, and I found myself rambling through the deep canons and climbing the alpine heights in pursuit of feathered rarities.

In this brief article I dare not venture into details; else it will not be brief, but will simply call attention to a few general facts relative to the avicular life of the Rockies. The presence of these towering elevations has, as might be expected, a modifying influence upon the movements of the winged tenants, some of it of a truly unique character. For example, there is here what might be called a vertical migration, besides the usual avian movements north and south which are known to the more level portions of North America.

These migratory journeys up and down the mountains occur with a regularity that amounts to a system, although each species must be studied for itself, as each has manners that are all its own. In the more level parts of our country many birds must hie to the far North to find the proper climatic conditions for raising their broods and spending the summer vacation, going at least to what are known as the subarctic regions. How different among the sublime heights of the Rockies! Here they need to make a journey only a few miles—say from five to seventy-five, according to the locality chosen,—up the defiles and canons or over the ridges, to find the conditions as to temperature, food, etc., that are precisely to their taste. The wind blowing down to their haunts from the snow-mantled summits carries on its wings the same tangy coolness that they would find if they went to British America, where the breezes would descend from the regions of snow and ice beyond the arctic circle.

It will add a little spice of detail if we take a concrete case. There is the handsome and lyrical white-crowned sparrow. In my native state of Ohio this bird is only a migrant, passing for the summer far up into Canada to court his mate and rear his family. Now, remember that Colorado is in the same latitude as Ohio; but the Buckeye State, famous as it is for furnishing Presidents, has no Rocky Mountains, and therefore no white-crowns as summer dwellers. However, Colorado may claim this honor, as well as that of producing silver and gold and furnishing some of the sublimest scenery on the earth; for on Pike's Peak, in a green, well-watered valley just below the timber-line, I was thrown into transports—this is no hyperbole—to find the white-crowns, and listen to their rhythmic choruses, and discover their grass-lined nests by the side of the babbling mountain brook. Altitude accomplishes for these birds what latitude does for their brothers and sisters of eastern North America.

There is almost endless variety in the avian life of the Rockies. Some species bred far above timber-line, in the presence of perpetual snow, ranging over the loftiest peaks in summer at an altitude of fourteen thousand feet and more. Among these alpine residents may be mentioned the brown-capped rosy finches, which are about the size of the well-known song-sparrows.

Then, there are species that have repre-

sentatives as summer tenants both on the stretching plains and far up in the mountain parks and valleys. One species that I observed with intense interest was the desert horned lark, which breeds on the treeless plains of Eastern Colorado, and also, oddly enough, on the treeless slopes and acclivities above timber-line in the mountains, avoiding, at least in the breeding season, the timbered and canon-rived regions lying between. These unique little birds I found in the latter part of June on the very summit of Pike's Peak, 14,147 feet above the sea-level, giving many evidences of having begun the work of nest-construction.

In this wonderful country there is every style of migratory habit. A two-fold migrating current must be observed. While there is a movement up and down the mountain heights, there is at the same time the ordinary north and south movement, making the migratory system a perfect network of lines of travel. Look at these complicated movements. Some species summer in the mountains and winter on the plains; others summer in the mountains, pass down to the plains in the autumn, and then wing their way farther south—into New Mexico, Mexico, Central America, and even South America, where they spend the winter, and then reverse this order on their return in the spring to the north; others simply pass through this region in their vernal and autumnal pilgrimages, spending neither the summer nor the winter in this latitude; still others come from the far north on the approach of autumn, and winter in this state, either on the plains or in the more sheltered ravines of the mountains, and then return to the north in the spring; and, lastly, there are species that remain here all the year round, some of them in the mountains, others on the plains, and others again in both localities. There are a number of hardy birds—genuine feathered Vikings, one is tempted to call them—which brave the Arctic winters of the upper mountain regions, fairly reveling in the swirling snow-storms. It must be a terrific tempest, indeed, that will be severe enough to drive them far down toward the plains.

Does the avi-fauna of the Rocky Mountain regions differ widely from that of our Eastern States? The reply must be made in the affirmative. First, there are the western sub-species and varieties, which differ in some respects, though not very materially, from their eastern cousins; for instance, the western meadow-lark, the western bluebird, the western robin and the western chipping sparrow. Besides, the intermediate forms are to be met with and classified, the eastern types shading off in a very interesting process into the western. It would be impossible for any one but a systematist with the birds in hand to determine where the intermediate forms become either typical easterners or typical westerners.

But most interesting of all to the bird student is the fact that there are so many species that are peculiar to the West, so that he must be continually on the alert and have frequent recourse to his bird manuals. In Colorado the jays are different from our solitary eastern form; and, more than that, there are seven different species over against our common blue malapert of the East; the woodpeckers are different, with one excep-

tion, and so are the flycatchers, the grosbeaks, the orioles, the tanagers, the humming-birds, and many of the sparrows. Instead of the purple grackle, the Rockies boast of Brewer's blackbird, whose habits are not as prosaic as his name. "Jim Crow," shuns the mountains, but not so the magpie, the raven, and that mischief-maker, Clarke's crow. All of which keeps the bird-lover from the East in an ecstasy of surprises.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

TRUST IN GOD.

Urgent calls are heard to spread the truth as it appears on the printed page, and by evangelists. We are urged to unite our efforts, to consecrate our money, and give our lives in prompt and patient doing for the Master. Bro. Sindall advises us to stand together and not scatter our strength and money by investing too much in organizations which claim to be better than the church, because they aid men in sickness, and give benefits to their families, provided their "dues are paid."

The cause of truth calls for money and for consecrated lives to serve him who gave life for us, and it is wrong when Christians spend time and money for other things, and give a little to the cause of Christ, if they have anything left. Such a course seems to be trusting in men rather than in God. When a stone can swim, then a true Christian may distrust God. The cause of truth is likely to be neglected when men give so much of their lives and efforts to earthly things.

My heart is yet thrilled by the inspiring words of truth which we heard from the lips of our beloved Field Secretary, at Milton, last autumn. As he scans the field, discovers the camp of the enemy, marks the picket line, and points out the many dangers which threaten us, we ought to heed, and give quick response. He toils early and late, to the full extent of his ability, to keep the fires of truth burning against error. We ought to heed the call, "Every man to the front," knowing that when any soldier falls, or when one is captured by the enemy, a gap is left, and the ranks must be closed up. Our forces are widely scattered, and we must act in harmony and concert, if the cause of truth is advanced. They who would win must trust God in everything. A life given wholly to the service of truth can stand in the front ranks, and though such ones fall, they are yet conquerors through him in whom they trust.

The greatest of opportunities and possibilities are before us. Each one may have a full equipment, and find strength sufficient for the work which the Master demands. No one else can take your place, or use the equipments which God offers you. Christ is so near that we can call to him in every emergency. We can give him only our finite resources, but his infinite love gives to us "all things."

FRANK.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally, in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
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Missions.

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

It was our privilege and pleasure to spend a few days at Alfred. Pastor L. C. Randolph and family were in the parsonage, and were getting settled. He was holding meetings two or three evenings in the week in the neighboring school-houses, assisted by the young people. Dr. J. L. Gamble was preaching in the Alfred church, every other Sabbath, to enable Pastor Randolph to get settled, visit his parishioners, and do some outside work. A number of young men in the church and college are drilling in quartet singing, getting ready for evangelistic work next summer's vacation. There is a good attendance of students in Alfred University. It was a great pleasure to us to attend chapel service in the Academic department, one morning, and in the college another morning. President Davis was away in the interests of the University. He is a broad and earnest worker, and he is building up the institution in every possible way. It did our eyes good to see so many students in the seats in the two chapels, and we hope the time is not far distant when all the seats will be filled. The faculty are doing excellent work, and are giving strength and character to the school. The students are not one whit behind them in their effort to give influence and success to Alfred University. Our second Sabbath in this trip was spent with the Andover church. Rev. Stephen Burdick is the pastor, and he has been called to serve the church another year. He supplies the Wellsville and Scio churches with preaching in alternation Sabbath afternoons. Bro. Burdick is holding well his mental and physical powers, and is the same strong, sound and logical sermonizer. We received a hearty welcome, and presented to a good congregation our missionary interests and the monthly pledge-card system of raising funds for the support of our missions and evangelistic work. The most of the week following the Sabbath was spent in calling upon our families in Andover and Wellsville. The income for our missions was considerably increased. The third Sabbath we were at Independence. Because of sickness and death, the congregation was small. The weather was also unfavorable. Pastor W. L. Burdick gave us a hearty reception. He seems to have entirely recovered from his long and serious illness, and appears to have usual health and vigor. He is very much beloved by his people, and in the whole community. On the Sabbath we outlined in detail all of our missions at home and abroad, and all of our evangelistic efforts, and the congregation seemed to be much interested. The Independence church uses the weekly-envelope system of raising funds for the Missionary and Tract Societies, and our effort here was to make its adoption and use more general by our people. The church, young people, and the whole community were in deep sorrow because of the death of Miss Ella May, the eldest daughter of Bro. Maxson A. Crandall. She had been in poor health for nearly six years, and at several times it seemed her death was at hand. This young woman was a devout Christian, a noble, consecrated worker, of a sweet, loving spirit, beloved by all, and will be greatly missed by the church, Sabbath-school, Young People's Society, and all of her associates.

In traveling among our people and in coming in contact with them, we meet with some things hard to understand. Why it is that so many are indifferent to the cause of the Master and to our mission, as a people. Why it is so many do not know what we are doing, or are trying to do, as a denomination, and do not even take our denominational paper that they may know. Why it is that there are so many who are considered by their neighbors to be in good circumstances, financially, but from various excuses, give nothing at all for the support and advancement of our denominational lines of work; and if some are induced to give, dole it out in mere pittances. Why it is that so many who read their Bibles, are saved by Jesus Christ, whose dying love and atoning sacrifice was as broad as humanity and as wide as the whole world; who died not merely for them, but for all men, black or white, bond or free; who called men to be apostles to the Gentiles, should declare that they do not believe in foreign missions, and will not give anything for their support. Why it is that there are so many who keep the Sabbath, are subject to the many inconveniences and disadvantages, in every way, as they claim, in keeping it, and will argue loud and long for the Sabbath, and yet say they do not believe in Sabbath Reform work, and will not give anything for its support and advancement in the world. Thank God, these classes among us are not the majority. There are a great many, many more, who are deeply interested in these things, are praying, doing and giving for the advancement and success of our cause. But why is it that these others are not with them? The above things stated are some of the things we do not yet understand. We are trying hard to understand them and solve the difficult problems. But ye wiser ones, will you not help us to understand and to solve the problem? Come, ye wiser ones, who have a deeper insight of human nature, a clearer vision of the spiritual condition and workings of the human heart, will you arise and speak? Who will be the first?

GENERAL REPORT OF ELEVEN AND A HALF YEARS OF MISSIONARY LABORS.

BY E. H. SOCWELL.
(Continued.)

PRAYER MEETINGS.

Since July 13, 1890, 579 prayer-meetings have been attended in the various places where labor has been performed. The largest number attended in any one quarter was 48, and the smallest number was 7.

VISITS MADE.

Since July 13, 1890, 2 523 visits have been made, of which number 544 have been made at Welton, 419 at Garwin, 474 at Grand Junction, and the remainder upon the field at large. The greatest number of visits made in any one quarter was 130, and the smallest number was 28.

MARRIAGES.

Since we have but three small churches in Iowa, the number of marriages among our own people has not been as large as in some other locations. Twenty-eight marriages have been solemnized upon the field, of which number 15 were at Garwin, 8 at Welton, 2 at Delmar, 1 at Des Moines, 2 at Grand Junction. Our young people have been such loyal Seventh-day Baptists, and so intent upon

having their weddings solemnized by a clergyman of our own faith, that I have been called to points over 200 miles distant, several times, upon such occasions.

GROWTH OF CHURCHES.

During the five and one-fourth years spent at Garwin, 35 members were added to our church, 15 of whom united by baptism. This five and one-fourth years spent at Garwin constitutes the longest pastorate this church has ever experienced, and the salary for the last year of this period was the largest the church has ever paid. At the close of this pleasant pastorate the church had attained its largest number of members since its organization and was in excellent spiritual condition.

The pastorate at Welton extended over five and one-third years, at the close of which time seven months were spent with the church as supply, making in all six years with the Welton church. During this period 20 members were added to the church, 10 of whom united by baptism. Although this church has suffered depletion by deaths and removals, yet, during these six years, it made a net gain of 12 in membership, and at least nine others among our young had been taking an active part in prayer-meetings, and, had the parents co-operated heartily in the matter, nearly all of them would have been baptized into the fellowship of the church. I trust they will all soon be gathered into the church.

The pastorate at Grand Junction began with the organization of the church in 1888, and continued during the entire time spent on the Iowa field. The membership of this church was increased from 10 members—the number at the time of organization—to 47 members. The high rents, high prices of land and hard times caused several persons to leave this vicinity, till the number of members has been greatly reduced—the present membership numbering 38. During the time spent with the Grand Junction church, 43 members were received into the church—12 by baptism.

The limited amount of evangelistic labor performed among other churches resulted in the addition of 34 members, 21 by baptism, making the total number received into the various churches where labor has been performed 132, of which number 58 received baptism.

FUNERALS.

The conducting of funerals has been no prominent part of my labor. Thirty-one funerals have been conducted during these eleven years. Of this number 13 were at Garwin, 14 at Welton, 1 at Gladbrook, 1 at Marion, 1 at Rock Creek, 1 at New Auburn.

MILES OF TRAVEL.

In the performance of varied duties devolving upon the general missionary, I have traveled 62 767 miles by railway, of which amount 40,979 miles have been through 80 counties in Iowa, 21,788 miles through 29 other states, and 280 miles by steamship line along the Atlantic coast—making the total amount of 63,047 miles traveled during the 11 years and 5 months. In this travel not a meal has been eaten in a dining-car, and passage in a sleeping-car has been taken but once; though, upon more than one occasion, three consecutive nights have been spent in a common day-coach, while in the performance of missionary duty.

Traveling expenses have been reduced to the lowest possible point; and when at the end of the quarter they have appeared quite large, I have paid part of the amount rather than report it. In this way the traveling expenses have always been kept below \$25 per quarter.

Woman's Work.

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

THE WORKERS AND THE WORK.

BY M. B. CLARKE.

One by one the workers fall,
One by one they hear the call,
"Come up higher, thou hast won
Guerdon for the task well done."

Some have reached well-earned renown,
Age has placed a silver crown
On the foreheads marked by pain,
And their hands are filled with grain.

Some, unlimited by time,
In the strength of manhood's prime,
Battling bravely for the right,
Fall with faces toward the light.

Some, with eager heart of youth,
Burning zeal and lips of truth,
Fitted for all high emprise
Early sleep with death-sealed eyes.

Thus the workers, one by one,
Morning, noon or set of sun,
Work from nerveless hands let fall,
As they hear the Master's call.

Must the work be left to die?
"Nay," ten thousand voices cry,
"Lo, we come to do thy will,
All life's mission to fulfill."

Truth speeds on this golden age,
God's Word shines on every page,
And earth's forces well combine
To express the heavenly wine.

Distant lands have met each other,
Man to man is friend and brother,
Earth and air and sea and sky
Haste God's messages to fly.

For each hero fallen low,
As the spires of grass, shall grow
An uncounted, eager throng,
Speeding God's good work along.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

As the Ecumenical or "world-embracing" Conference of Foreign Missions will be held in New York City, April 21 to May 1, 1900, and as one day, Thursday, April 26, will be given entirely to women, it may be well to review the Conference that was held in New York City little more than a year ago, or January 11, 12, 1899. It was called Third Conference of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions in the United States and Canada, similar Conferences having been held in 1897 and 1898. It was said by those who attended the three, that this Conference showed growth in members and in value.

Mrs. Judson Smith, of Boston, President of the Congregational Woman's Board, presided at each of the five sessions. We wish to refer to a few of the excellent papers presented, and the helpful suggestions brought out by their discussion.

In discussing the topic, "The Forward Movement," the fact was prominent that all Missionary Boards face similar conditions, namely, the wide open door in every land, and the need in the home land of greater knowledge of missions, need of prayer for the work and the workers, and *great need* of systematic giving.

A plea for higher education for native girls in foreign schools was forcibly presented by Mrs. J. R. Mott, who, with her husband, is widely known in connection with the Student Volunteer movement. She advised: 1. Giving the girls the highest intellectual, moral and spiritual culture they were capable of receiving, so that through them there could be provided well ordered Christian homes. 2. Education will enable them to reach classes of natives not otherwise accessible to the gospel. 3. To provide Christian teachers in schools, and to train for Christian leadership wherever needed. One native daughter, such as Rami Bai, could do more for the people

than many of the best trained foreign teachers. When asked what influences are going out from mission schools, and what results are apparent, Mrs. Mott replied: "They are Christian centers from which Christian teachers go out, this fact being true that the majority of the girls go out Christian women. In a school in Ceylon, of which Eliza Aganew was the head for forty-one years, six hundred and sixty girls were graduated, and every one a professed Christian."

A paper by Miss Kate G. Lamson on "The Kindergarten in Missionary Work," was most interesting. She said if money could be furnished to establish Kindergartens, thousands of pupils could be easily obtained. It seems to interest all classes, and parents are not afraid of religious influences on the little ones. It is wonderful how much better pupils they make who have had this training.

Dr. Grace N. Kimball, of Vassar College, presented a paper on "The Development of the Missionary Spirit in the Woman's Colleges of America." She said the development of this spirit in a college cannot be separated from the spirit which led to its founding. We must ask when and by whom was the college founded. Oberlin, Holyoke, Wellesley and Vassar were each the outgrowth of the deep, spiritual missionary purpose of the founder. She said boards can do much to help college missionary societies by bringing their work more prominently to the attention of the students, by supplying the colleges with the various missionary magazines.

A very unique paper by Miss Susan Hayes Ward on "Our Lord's Ideal of Christian Service," closed the sessions, which were remarkable for unity of purpose, Christian charity and abounding faith in the Christianization of the world.

H. V. P. B.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

God has always required a high standard of life in his people. Under the old Mosaic dispensation, the priests and Levites could not minister before the Lord if they were in any way unclean. If any did come to minister before the Lord with such uncleanness upon him, he was to be cut off from the presence of the Lord. Isaiah says: "Touch no unclean thing, go ye out of the midst of her, be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." Under the Christian dispensation, we are all to be priests unto our God. "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." God wants his children to be just as clean and to guard the sacred trust he has placed in their hands just as carefully to-day as he did in the days of Aaron or Isaiah. Every Christian is entrusted with the divine message from God to a dying, sin-cursed world.

Paul reminds Timothy of this when he says: "That good thing which was committed unto thee, keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us." If God was displeased with the ancient Israel because they were disobedient to his expressed will, how much more will he require of us who live in this age of Gospel light? He wants us to separate ourselves unto him in a holy priesthood. "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch no unclean thing, and I will receive you." If, then, God has laid upon us such responsibilities and

given us such great promises, let us examine our hearts, and find whether we are cleansed and fitted to bear the sacred name of Jesus before the world. Have we crucified the "old man"? Have we "put away wickedness and all guile, and hypocrisies and envies, and all evil-speakings"? Have we also "put off all these, anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth?" From all these things we must be separate and clean.

How many of us have tried to get rid of some of these unclean things, and yet we find they will cling to us? We can only cast ourselves fully upon Christ, saying, I want to be free from this uncleanness. "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" and we must, in our hearts, at once, and for all time, set our wills against it, and he who bids us "ask and ye shall receive," will surely take away the inclination to sin, or give us the power to overcome it.

The trouble with us many times in trying to live the overcoming life is, that when we find we have sinned, or some weight is hindering us in the Christian life (for we have *sins* and there are also *weights* that we *must lay aside*), we do not absolutely set our wills against that thing, whatever it may be. You remember how it was with the man out of whom Christ cast the devil. He did not fill his heart with good thoughts and motives, but left it empty, ready for the same old spirit to find entrance with greater power than before. We cannot drive out the evil, except with the good seed of truth.

Hungering after righteousness, we have the promise that we shall be filled; "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him," not for the eternal home only, but even here, in this present time, if we are "rooted and built up in him," and our life "hid with Christ in God." There is a beautiful life before us, a consciousness of peace with God, a freedom from known sin; our wills are at one with his will, which brings us joy unspeakable, and, as David said, "our peace floweth like a river," deep and full.

Soul-winning is the real work of every Christian. Do we stop to think, each morning, that to-day we are priests of the Most High God? Every day we come into the presence of God to plead for man, and then we come away to talk with men, trying to persuade them to receive the divine message sent to them from God. Oh! how far short we have come from God's plans for us. How unworthy we are to carry this blessed Gospel of *Love*. As we search our hearts, with the Holy Spirit holding up the word of truth before us, we do not wonder that the old prophet exclaimed: "Woe is me! for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips." Oh, that the angel might touch *our lips* with a live coal from the altar, that we might be fitted to carry this message to the world.

M. M. S.

LITTLE THINGS.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter,
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleetier;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender.
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart
His dawning gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

—Anonymous.

STUDENT EVANGELISM IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES.

BY PRES. THEO. L. GARDINER, D. D.

Having been urged to write an account of the students' evangelistic work of thirty years ago, it has come to seem my duty to comply with the request.

This is true, partly because no other person now living could write the particulars concerning much of that work, and partly because much of it was volunteer work, which was never reported to any denominational board, and therefore has no place, as yet, in the written history of our people. In regard to much of the work, my data is so meager as to particulars, that the history must needs be incomplete. It must be written from memory largely; but fortunately the experiences were so precious, and the scenes were so impressive, that they never can be forgotten.

The one thing that gave several of the boys such a strong spirit of evangelism was undoubtedly the great revival in Alfred University during the latter part of the winter and spring of 1868. It broke out in the students' meetings, held in the bell room. There were two quite extensive revivals in the school within two or three years, but this one was known as the great revival. It was characterized by wonderful power of the Spirit from the very first, and soon overflowed into the chapel, where, for several weeks, every night witnessed crowded meetings, that stirred the hearts of the most stolid.

President Allen, filled with the spirit of the hour, came to our aid, and I can see his grand and inspiring form as he stood before us night after night, and calmly, hopefully, wonderfully, sometimes, led those meetings. After the great meeting was dismissed, workers among the students would start for the bell room as though moved by one impulse, taking with them all who were under conviction, and there hold the after-meeting. Here many souls found the Saviour. The power of these after-meetings was simply irresistible, and no one whose heart was set to resist the Spirit would allow himself to be drawn into them. The boys felt almost sure of the conversion of any one who would go with them into the bell-room meeting. The revival soon overflowed into the village, and the best homes in Alfred were thrown open for cottage prayer meetings, where the melting power of the Spirit was wonderfully felt. Even the old hotel was the scene of several powerful meetings, and wherever a few students could get together in a student's room they would be found holding a prayer meeting. The boys went, two by two, out into the homes surrounding the village, to talk and pray with the people. One of the brightest days in our memory was spent in this way with Bro. D. H. Davis, now in China, for a companion. Ever after this revival, the theological boys were enthusiastic in evangelistic work. Each Sabbath would find certain ones headed for Five Corners, McHenry Valley, East Valley or Goose Pasture to hold afternoon Sabbath-schools.

In the spring of 1869, while on one of his preaching trips, Bro. J. L. Huffman made an appointment for meetings at the "Head of the Plank"—now Allentown, eight miles from Scio, toward Bolivar. There were a few indifferent Sabbath-keepers living near, whom he wanted to help; indeed, the entire town in those days was in sore need of some Christianizing power to transform its people.

There was no church near them, and all meetings were held in the school-house. God blessed Bro. Huffman's efforts with a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit; and a wonderful revival, with some seventy-five conversions, was the result. This was his first great revival. Out of it was organized a Baptist church, which built a good house of worship; and Bro. Huffman rallied the Seventh-day Baptists for regular worship in the school-house. He also held revival meetings in Scio; after which he made regular trips to these two points every two weeks during the school year, preaching Sabbaths in both places. In November, 1870, the writer engaged to care for the little flock at Head of Plank, and visited them each week for eight months, until the close of the school year. In May, 1871, they were organized into a branch of the Scio church.

On these trips we frequently filled appointments at Nile's Hill on the way home. The mission work of those days was under the auspices of the Executive Board of the Western Association, which had not then turned its work over to the General Missionary Board.

In the summer of 1870, while the writer was working in Sherman's mill at Alfred, having left school for a term to earn means with which to go on, this board engaged him to go on mission work to the church in Hebron, Pa. The 14th of July found him there, with the work begun. He had never preached but one sermon at that time, and only those who have been in similar circumstances can know what a burden of soul he endured. What an awakening to the real situation came, when, seated with a good company of invited friends to meet the new preacher, around the tea-table of good old Deacon Hydorn, the lady of the house said: Elder, is your tea out? This was repeated two or three times; but the writer never dreamed that the remark was intended for him. Soon there came a silence that could be felt, and the boy preacher awoke from his dreaming to find all eyes fixed on him, while the question came once again: Elder, is your tea out?

He does not remember at this writing whether it was or not, but he does remember what a relief it was when the clatter of knives and forks was again resumed, and how good the fresh out-door air seemed when he got away from the supper table.

Of the tremblings and misgivings, the anxieties and heart-struggles of those eight weeks we need not speak. Every one in the ministry can remember similar experiences, and no other person can be made to understand them. One thing is certain, if the trees of those magnificent Potter county forests had been men, many of them might have been converted that summer, as the heart-burdened boy preacher practiced the sermons over which he had been praying and working, in view of coming Sabbaths. Little did the good people who filled the houses know what a struggle the sermons had cost before they heard them.

The time was divided between the church at Crandall Hill and the Greenman Settlement three miles away. When the day of parting came, it was sad indeed, and many were the expressions of regret that the isolated ones must again be left alone. We promised that we would persuade some of the student friends to return with us ^{for the} winter vacation,

and hold revival meetings. The matter was laid upon the hearts of the boys at a students' prayer-meeting near the close of the term, and four of us agreed to go on our own account, and spend vacation with the Hebron people. The members of this self-constituted Quartet were J. L. Huffman, W. D. Williams, G. M. Cottrell; and the writer. It was not a quartet of singers, as you well know. One could not carry a part alone, to save his life, another could not sing a tune through, poor fellow; yet he was foud of music; but the other two were good singers.

In some of his last meetings, Bro. Williams would move his audience to tears, and melt all hearts, singing alone. It was worth a trip to East Valley to hear him, when moved by the Spirit, sing "The far away home of the soul," which was so popular in those days. Dear boy, that home of the soul was not so far away after all, and he passed over the river to enjoy its sunshine a year or two later.

The last week in December, 1870, found us under way with meetings at the Greenman Settlement, three miles east of the church at Crandall Hill. Bro. Huffman had preached a few more times than any of the rest, so we leaned a little heavy on him, and he did a greater share of the regular preaching, while the other three took hold in good earnest in the after meetings. During the day we would all go about the neighborhood, talking with the people concerning salvation. Bro. Williams had a special gift for this line of service. One day as we were traveling together, calling at the homes, we heard the ring of a woodman's axe in the forest, and Bro. Williams started straight for the chopper. Guided by the sound, we soon saw the man; and there, standing in the deep snow, pleading as for eternity, Bro. Williams held him by the hand and sought to reach his heart, until the man was melted to tears. Almost from the beginning, sinners began to seek the Saviour, and wanderers to return. The meetings were carried to the church at Crandall Hill, at the beginning of the second week, and great crowds were in attendance. The Boys were in excellent spirits and full of hope, and those who had been blessed in the meetings at Lamont followed us here. There had been quite serious trouble over disturbances in meetings at a previous time, and several young men had been fined in the courts. This made a serious breach between them and the church leaders. For a day or two the ice seemed hard to break, and a great burden of soul came upon the workers. They besought the Lord mightily for the outpouring of the Spirit to melt the hardened hearts. The answer came in such abundant measure as to exceed our highest hopes. After one of Bro. Huffman's searching sermons, while the people were responding in the spirit of humble confession, all at once the overpowering presence of the Spirit seemed to melt all hearts. The one song which had come to be very popular during the meetings, was, "Alas and did my Saviour bleed," with the chorus, "And when thou sittest on thy throne, dear Lord, remember me."

One of the leaders among the young men, in a group on the back seat, was an excellent singer, and he enjoyed joining in this chorus; but right in the midst of it that night, his face grew pale as death, and his head fell upon his arms on the desk before him. When

the song died away, the sobs and groans of this stricken soul were heard by every one in the house. Soon he was upon his feet giving his heart to God. He was followed in quick succession by every one in that group, seven or eight, as my memory serves me. The last one was a man over sixty years of age.

The scenes that followed are given to men to witness but seldom in a life time. When these young men and the old brethren with whom they had had trouble came together with tears and sobs, and embraced, confessed and forgave, the scene was enough to melt hearts of stone. Each day saw new conversions, both in the meetings and in private work in the homes; and the end of vacation came all too soon. While some of us were obliged to return to school, it was thought best for part to stay and attend to the organization of a church at Hebron Centre. Some of the converts lived in that vicinity, and there were a few brethren at that point with whom these could join to make a church. Bro. Huffman remained until this work was perfected. Eld. Herbert E. Babcock, who had recently accepted the pastorate of Hebron, did the baptizing, and he cared for these churches while his pastorate lasted.

(Concluded next week.)

FROM MRS. TOWNSEND.

DENVER, COLORADO,
En route for North Loup, Neb.,
Feb. 23, 1900.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER.

I have been so busy in the blessed work for Christ and the church that I could not take the time to write all I wanted to say, and so have let you glean from my letters to the Missionary Board, concerning the work at Boulder, as best you could. You have already learned of Pastor Wheeler's illness on my arrival, and of his somewhat slow recovery. I am glad to state that near the close of the meetings he said: "I feel like myself again." There was not the large ingathering of numbers to the church we desired, but the four who came in were earnest men and women, and understood the requirements of God pertaining to Sabbath-keeping. They showed by word and life their trust and consecration. One was reclaimed, and others rose for prayers and testified to the consciousness of forgiven sins and acceptance with God; but they waited to unite with the church until others of their families could do so. The last week of the meetings a Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, which had become extinct, was revived and reorganized, and its corps of officers was installed. The last evening of my stay some helpful suggestions were given to the Sabbath-school officers, which will be put in practice in the near future.

The pastors of the different churches came and took part in our meetings, and I was invited to speak in their churches, on different subjects, which I did. The W. C. T. U. desired my help, which I gave them on one afternoon. A very pleasant reception was given me at the Seventh-day Baptist church the day preceding my departure, and about twenty accompanied me to the train on the day I left. No more whole-hearted young people exist than those belonging to the Boulder congregation; and, together with the older ones, everything was done for my comfort and enjoyment. They will be held ever in the tenderest recollection.

The meeting-house of the Boulder church,

built of beautiful colored stone, is situated at the corner of Twelfth and Arapahoe, one of the most charming streets in the city, not only because of its beauty as a street, but of its western view of Arapahoe Mountain, snow-capped the year around, covered with every tint during the sunrising glow. The walks and steps in front of the church are of wide stone. It is heated by a furnace. In the basement is the kitchen, and a large room besides, in which the infant department of the Sabbath-school meets. The auditorium is cozy and nicely equipped with electric lights, organ, upholstery; and all without a penny of indebtedness. The rentals paid by the Friends' Society, which uses the church every Sunday, meet all its incidental expenses, and, altogether, it is as good a place for worship as any people could desire. Although the church membership is small, the Young People's Society, just organized, and a thriving Sabbath-school, possessing a large class of growing youth, will soon be able to fill vacancies made by death and removals. It is too good an outlook for the church at large to lose sight of.

Boulder is a growing city, the gateway to the Pacific slope, a beautiful resort, where many come to spend a year or two for health and restoration in the exhilarating atmosphere. Our church in Boulder ought to be strengthened, that it may give home-like welcome and a place of rest to those of our faith. Evangelistic aid should be given to it every year. Evangelists will meet a right royal welcome and hearty co-operation. Souls will be kept in the service of the Lord, and others will find a Bethel of peace.

A BIT OF THE OLD SOUTH.

A real bit of the old South, though, as one sees it in Washington, is the old black mammy who trundles to and fro a little baby carriage with its load of laundry work, but who tells you, with manifest pride, "yes, suh, I has nussed, off'n on, mo'n a dozen chillun of de X fambly, an' some of de men dat's ginuls now er in Cong'ess was jes nachully raised up off'n me." But she, like so many others, came to Washington when it was indeed the Mecca for colored people, where lay all their hopes of protection, of freedom and of advancement. Perhaps in the old days, when labor brought better rewards, she saved something and laid it by in the ill-fated Freedman's Savings Bank. But the story of that is known; so the old woman walks the streets to-day penniless, trundling her baby carriage, an historic but pathetic figure.

Some such relic of the past, more prosperous withal, is the old woman who leans over the counter of a tiny and dingy restaurant on Capitol Hill and dispenses coffee and rolls and fried pork to her colored customers. She wears upon her head the inevitable turban or handkerchief in which artists delight to paint the old mammies of the South. She keeps unwavering the deep religious instincts of her race, and is mighty in her activities on behalf of one or the other of the colored churches. Under her little counter she always has a contribution book, and not a customer, white or black, high or low, who is not levied upon to "he'p de chu'ch outen hits 'stress." But one who has sat and listened to her, as, leaning chin on hand, she recounted one of her weird superstitious stories of the night doctors and their doings, or the "awful judgement on a sannah man," is not unwilling to be put at some expense for his pleasure.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY?

CAROLINA, R. I., Feb. 21, 1900.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

Dear Sir:—Having listened to an argument regarding the commencement of the Twentieth Century, the disputants agreed to accept the decision of the SABBATH RECORDER, if, at my request, the Editor would condescend to settle the question by an item in its columns. I therefore write the query in the form directed:

"When does the Twentieth Century begin, at the commencement of 1900 or on January 1, 1901?"

Respectfully yours,

ANNIE L. HOLBERTON.

ANSWER.

The RECORDER may not be able to prevent further discussion concerning the oft-repeated inquiry, when does the Twentieth Century begin, but it has no difficulty in reaching the following conclusions: It takes one hundred years to make a century. It takes nineteen hundred years to make nineteen centuries; therefore, the Nineteenth Century will not be complete until the present year is finished. The Twentieth Century will begin with the first year after 1900, that is 1901. Nineteen hundred and one analyzed means that 1900 years of the Christian era have passed, and the first year of the Twentieth Century has begun. In the ordinary language of the calendar we call that first year of the Twentieth Century 1901. So it seems to the RECORDER.

THE BOBOLINK'S VALUE TO THE FARMER.

The bobolink's food is chiefly the grubs and other destructive insects of the fields and meadows, and therefore the bird must be very beneficial to agriculturists. Suppose that a pair of bobolinks arriving in the Empire State on the 5th of May remain until the 5th of September before returning to the South; and that by the 5th of June their brood of four young break from the egg-shells to tarry with us until their parents depart. Let us suppose further that the birds are awake each day, or mainly interested about securing food, from five o'clock in the morning until six in the afternoon—thirteen hours. At the very lowest average each bird will require one insect every six minutes, or ten per hour, which gives us 130 for the day. Granting that much, both old birds would destroy 260 insects in one day; and for the 120 days they abide with us the total amounts to 31,200. Providing that the four young disposed of no more food than the parents—which is a most doubtful truth—during the ninety days they are present the brood would require 46,800 insects, which, added to that of the old birds, makes a total of 78,000. Now, if each insect is a menace to vegetation to the extent of half a cent, one family of six bobolinks would in four months benefit agriculture just \$390. Let us carry the thought still farther. Imagine that a county contains 400 square miles, which on the average sustains a pair of bobolinks and their family of four for every square mile, and that each family while in the North destroys 78,000 insects. Then the 400 families within the county would slay in the same time 31,200,000 pests of agriculture. Financially, if every insect represents a half cent of destruction, the bobolinks of that county would in a third of a year be worth \$15,600, while if my estimate was more precise the sum would doubtless be nearer \$30,000. This is merely a representation of the economical value of one of that county's insectivorous birds; and the figures presented will surely furnish thought for whoever belittles the worth of the feathered throng.—*Self Culture.*

SLEEP VERSE TO A GUEST.

A large summer hotel put these charming lines in each guest's chamber this season:

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'r thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart;
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill.
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glaring light;
The stars are watching over thee;
Sleep sweetly, then—Good Night.

WISDOM is oft-times nearer when we stoop,
than when we soar.—*William Wordsworth.*

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

MAIDEN FANCIES.

BY M. L. P.

Little dreaming maiden,
Whither have you strayed?
Are you lost in fancy's forest,
Or on heights where birdling soarest;
Are your gliding thoughts light laden?
With the mischief you have made?

Thinking, are you, maiden,
Of those golden curls
Softly 'round your fair throat clinging
In a way so wondrous winning
That some laddie's smile you'll gladden
More than other bright-haired girls?

Childhood, are you gliding
Into future days,
Where you see a sweet reflection,
Grace and beauty and perfection,
Smiling shyly, as if hiding
From a world of love and praise?

Do you dream, dear maiden,
Of a happy day
When to you will come the pleasure
To be mistress in a measure;
When you'll share dear mother's burden,
And her sweetest comfort be?

Fairest dreams, dear maiden,
Are these that you share,
And may life prove even brighter
And your light heart be e'en lighter
When with duties you are laden
From the store of busy care.

But, my little maiden,
Leave your dreaming now:
There are duties that need doing;
Even now they're gently wooing;
Let them ne'er your bright facesadden,
And bring shadows o'er your brow.

Castles you are building
Let unfinished lie;
Do the duty that lies nearest
If you'd live those dreams the surest,
For the time of happy dreaming
Is more often "by-and-by."

—Milton College Review.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

Notes.

THE new officers of the Young People's Union of the churches of Southern Wisconsin and Chicago, for the year 1900, are: Carl U. Parker, of Chicago, President; Edgar Van Horn, of Rock River, Vice-President, and Miss Bertha Lawton, of Milton Junction, Secretary.

Miss Mizpah Sherburne, the Corresponding Secretary of the Young People's Permanent Committee, prepared an excellent paper for the Young People's Hour of the Quarterly Meeting recently held at Milton Junction. She was not able to attend, and the paper was read by Mrs. Geo. W. Burdick.

The Milton College Evangelistic Glee Club, consisting of eight young men, furnished part of the music at the session mentioned above. The following is an item from the local paper in reference to the singing of this Club at a late concert: "An especially attractive feature was the singing of the male quartet. The boys have been carefully drilled by Dr. Stillman. The result is one of the best quartets Milton has had for a long time. They appeared on the program three times, and were vociferously encored each time."

Mrs. Nettie M. West, the retiring President of the Union, is to be complimented for the work she has done in the past year in making the sessions so helpful and interesting. These sessions always close with a consecration service. The last one was led by Jesse Hutchins, of North Loup.

The reports from the Societies were encouraging on the whole, with the one exception, which is so common, an indication of carelessness in keeping the records of the work during the year, and of neglect in making out reports accurately and promptly.

Miss Abbie Babcock, of Albion, presented

an interesting paper on "What was the original purpose of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, and has it been accomplished?" A question box was conducted by Edwin Shaw for fifteen minutes, and the Standing Committee to correspond with and keep a list of lone Sabbath-keepers in Southern Wisconsin and Northern Illinois gave a report of progress. As usual, the hour yielded a great deal of encouragement.

THE VISION MY FRIEND HAD OF THE "MANY MANSIONS."

BY A. H. LEWIS.

I repeat it as memory retains the picture. My friend is a man of few words, but of strong faith. He is ready to go hence when the Master calls him, trusting confidently in divine love. This is what he told me:

"While sleeping, without any thought of death or that anything unusual had occurred, I found myself in a building more beautiful than any I had ever seen. I compared it at once to the National Library building at Washington, which is the most beautiful building I have ever seen. Delicate arches, pillars beautiful in symmetry, ceilings indescribable as to architecture and harmony of color, floors as white as purest marble, and great crowds of happy people. They all looked alike, and all seemed alike happy, only there were adults and children mingling promiscuously. Expressions of joy and good-will were everywhere. People were dancing, gliding about or leaping up with expressions such as we associate with the highest physical strength and happiness.

"A man, large as to stature and of noble mein, was surrounded by people who were conversing with him, and asking questions, to answer which questions seemed his special delight. I felt sure that this was heaven. Joining the group which pressed around the man whom I have described, I came near and said to him, 'When on earth, I used to think that the first one whom I should meet in heaven would be St. Peter.' He smiled, and said, 'That is my name.' He added, 'I am not compelled to stay in this place, but I most enjoy it, since these newcomers, like yourself, need someone to answer their many questions and to direct them in this their new home.' Continuing, he said, 'As you come in here your clothing comes to you as though it were a part of your being. It is given of God, and he makes no mistakes. Therefore, as you see, everybody is clothed alike and beautifully. You will remain in this mansion for 25 years. You will not be conscious of the length of time, for time is not measured in heaven as you have been accustomed to measure it on earth. Your clothing will be as new at the end of the 25 years as now, for there is neither dust nor wear. Everything is eternally new. You will know nothing of fatigue or pain. You will neither eat nor drink, for life is sustained at full tide without any such nourishment.

"Note the voices of the people. They all have voices, eyes and ears. Each has power to see, feel, speak and enjoy. Each voice is perfect as to harmony. Everyone sings, and each one equally well. The music of which you hear so much is all in perfect harmony, and they who sing are moved by one impulse, to begin as one voice, and to end in the same way. Weariness, pain, sorrow, disappointment, are unknown. This is the first stage of your existence in heaven."

"At the end of 25 years you will pass to a second mansion, which will be more beautiful than this, exceeding it in the elements of delight and glory. You will find no children there, for those who are children here will have passed on to adult life. Childhood in heaven does not extend beyond this first mansion. As time goes by, or what we call periods, after the manner of speaking with which you were familiar on earth, you will, after 25 years, pass to the second mansion and so on through 25 succeeding mansions, each more beautiful than this. In each of these mansions you will spend a period equal to 25 years. Leaving the 25th mansion you will pass through a series of 25 mansions more, in each of which you will spend a brief period equivalent to one year of time on earth. Having reached that point you will be prepared for full entrance into eternity in which there is neither memory of periods nor of time, but where all is endless, and where happiness finds perfection. Life in these mansions is the gradual preparation of each redeemed one, coming from earth. Passing through them he becomes fitted for perfected immortal life.

"You will not care to seek after your friends as you did on earth, and yet your communion with them will be complete and satisfying, in all that makes for joy, purity and peace."

My friend told me this story of his dream, prefacing it with this remark, "The question of heaven is all clear to me now. I have seen it and am content." I sought to learn if any special experience, as of conversation or reading had immediately preceded the time of this vision. My friend was temporarily ill, but there had been no special reason why his mind should have turned in this direction. He had been much accustomed to think of heaven, to find pleasure in the pictures which appear in the Bible telling of the bliss which awaits the redeemed. He is a man of all others most unlikely to be moved by a fancy. He is in no sense sentimental. He has none of those superficial traits which are associated with wild ecstasy or "gush." My explanation of the case is simple. The Master, finding his soul in such a state as made it easy to reveal, through the vision, truths concerning the joys that await him and all who believe in Christ, gave him this experience to strengthen faith and fulfill, in part, even now, the hopes which grasp things yet to be revealed.

We walk closer to the borderland, whether in health or in sickness, than we are wont to realize; and when the spiritual vision is made clear, the spiritual hearing acute and the soul sensitive to influences from the other side, sometimes in what we call day dreams, and again in visions of the night, we catch glimpses of the future, akin to the revelations which came to the beloved disciples on the mount of transfiguration. My friend told me the story of this vision an hour ago. His face lighted up with joy as though he lived again in that mansion where weariness and earth stains are all unknown. He is recovering from the temporary illness in connection with which this vision came, and soon will go back to daily duties. But I am sure that his spiritual life will never lose that uplifting and blessing which came to him as he slept, and surely my own life will be enriched from this time forward, as I recall the satisfaction that was echoed in every word, and the peace of soul which seemed to attend while my friend told, in simple way, how the Master had thus revealed to him a glimpse of the "many mansions" which He has gone to prepare for his children.

PLAINFIELD, Feb. 28, 1900.

Children's Page.

TOMMY AND THE GUM DROPS.

Farmer Pritchard took little Tommy, four years old, no father or mother, from the poor-house, on trial. "He's bright," said the farmer, "but I don't know whether he's honest. That's the thing on my mind."

Tommy had been there a week—one week of sunshine—when the black cloud came.

Farmer Pritchard had a cough at night, and on the bureau, near the head of the bed, he kept a few gum drops, which he could reach out to get to soothe his throat. One forenoon, chancing to go into the bedroom, his eye fell on the little paper bag, and he saw there was not a gum drop left.

"Tommy has been here," he said.

"I know there were five or six there when I went to bed last night, and I did not take one. Tommy! Look here! Have you been getting my gum drops?"

Tommy, who was playing in the door, looked up brightly and said:

"No, I did not."

"Did you take them, Lucy?" asked the farmer, turning to his wife.

Mrs. Pritchard had not touched them, and her heart sank as she said so, for who was there left to do it but little Tommy? Her husband's face grew grave.

"Tommy," said he, "you need not be afraid of the truth! Did you take the gum drops?"

"No, I didn't," replied Tommy.

"Oh, yes, you did, Tommy. Now tell the truth."

"No, I didn't."

"This is very bad, very bad, indeed," said Mr. Pritchard, sternly. "This is what I have been afraid of."

"Oh, Tommy!" pleaded Mrs. Pritchard, if you took them, do say so." "If he took them!" repeated her husband. "Why, it's as clear as daylight."

Tommy had been running in and out all the morning. But Tommy denied, although the farmer commanded and his wife implored. Mr. Pritchard's face grew ominous.

"I'll give you till noon to tell the truth," he said, "and then if you don't confess, why, I'll have nothing to do with a boy who lies. We'll ride back to the poor-farm this afternoon."

"Oh, Joseph!" said Mrs. Pritchard, following her husband into the entry, "he is little. Give him one more trial."

"Lucy," he said, firmly, "when a youngster tells a falsehood like that with so calm a face, he is ready to tell a dozen. I tell you it's in the blood. I'll have nothing to do with a boy that lies."

He went out to his work, and Mrs. Pritchard returned to Tommy and talked with him a long while very kindly and persuasively, but all to no effect. He replied that he had not touched the gum drops.

At noon farmer Pritchard went into the house and they had dinner. After dinner, he called Tommy.

"Tommy," he asked, "did you take the gum drops?"

"No, I didn't," said Tommy.

"Very well," said the farmer. "My horse is harnessed. Lucy, put the boy's cap on. I shall carry him back to the poor-house, because he will not tell the truth."

"I don't want to go back," said Tommy; but still he denied taking the gum drops.

Mr. Pritchard told his wife to get the boy ready. She cried as she brought out his little coat and cap, and put them on.

But Tommy did not cry. He comprehended that an injustice was done, and he knit his baby brow, and held his little lips tight.

The horse was brought round. Mr. Pritchard came for the boy. I think he believed up to the last Tommy would confess, but the little fellow stood steadfast.

He was lifted into the wagon. Such a little boy he looked, as they drove away. He thought of the cold house to which he was returning; the helpless old women, the jeering boys, the nights of terror—all these he thought of, when, with pale face and blue lips, he was taken down from the wagon and went up to the poor-house.

Farmer Pritchard watched him as he went up the steps. He went in. The master came out for an explanation. It was given and the farmer drove away. The farmer laid a fresh stock of gum drops on the bureau that night, and thought grimly that these were safe. He retired early, but his sleep was broken. Mrs. Pritchard could not sleep at all. The tears stole through her eyelids long after the candle was out. She was thinking of the little boy, perhaps cowering in his cold bed with terror. Suddenly, a curious small sound attracted her attention. It was repeated again and again, and now and then there was a tiny rustle of the paper. The sound came from the bureau. She listened and her heart beat with excitement. She knew the sound.

"Joseph!" she whispered, "Joseph!"

"What, Lucy!" said her husband. He, too, had been lying awake.

"Did you hear that noise, Joseph?" It's mice!"

"I know it."

"It's mice, Joseph, and they're after your gum drops."

"Good gracious, Lucy!" groaned farmer Pritchard upon his pillow.

It flashed upon him instantly. He, and not Tommy, was the sinner. The noise stopped. The little depredators were frightened, but soon began again. A rare feast they made. It seemed as if the night would never end. The farmer heard every hour the clock struck, and at five o'clock he got up and made a fire in the kitchen. His wife arose at the same time and began to get breakfast.

"I won't wait for breakfast," he said. "You can have it ready when we get back. I'll harness and start now."

In a few moments the wheels rolled over the frosty ground, and away drove Mr. Pritchard in the morning starlight.

Mrs. Pritchard brought out the child's top and primer, and made the kitchen look its cheerfulest. Then she got breakfast. She baked potatoes and fried chicken and made fritters. She put the nicest syrup on the table, and a plate of jellies and tarts. She laid Tommy's knife and fork in their place and set up his chair. The sun had risen, and the bright beams fell across the table.

As they drove into the yard they stopped at the door, the wondering, smiling, little Tommy was lifted down in Mrs. Pritchard's eager arms. She held him very tight.

"Lucy, let's have breakfast now," said the farmer. "He's our boy now, Lucy. He's never going away again."

Do not be too ready to trust or distrust children. Remember this story and the little mice who took the gum drops.—*Selected.*

PETER PEACOCK.

Tommy was sitting on the back porch, in the sunshine. With his elbow on his knee and his chin in his hand, Tommy smiled lazily at Peter's mincing manner as he tiptoed back and forth on the stone walk.

Peter was Aunt Lizzie's pet peacock, and a most beautiful object to behold. Just now, with his gorgeous tail fullspread, he was wondering why Tommy didn't toss him bits of bread, as people generally did who sat on the porch, and he continued to step back and forth, back and forth, expecting that Tommy would throw the bread.

Tommy thought Peter acted like a sentry in uniform on duty, pacing his beat, and when Aunt Lizzie came to the door she agreed with Tommy that Peter Peacock made a very magnificent sentinel.

"And he acts as if he felt proud of himself, doesn't he?" said Tommy. "I wonder if he knows how handsome he is! I wish Peter could see himself."

"We might let him have a look," said Aunt Lizzie, as she went into the house and brought out a mirror. She placed it on the ground, leaning it against the churn, which was standing in the sun to dry. It was quite a tall mirror, one in which Peter could see himself full length. Then Aunt Lizzie sat down beside Tommy.

Peter came mincing slowly up to see what the shining object might be. Peter was always much interested to examine anything new.

As he came nearer and nearer, Peter lowered his crested head, stretched out his neck, and at last put his face close to the glass. With great surprise he saw a peacock, with lowered head and outstretched neck, gazing at him.

Aunt Lizzie and Tommy could see that Peter thought he had discovered an intruder in his yard; also that he thought it depended on his smartness and quickness to catch him and put him out.

Darting around back of the churn, he stopped in astonishment not to find him there. Raising his head, he looked sharply all about the yard to see where the other peacock had gone.

Three times did Peter come back in front of the mirror and assure himself that another peacock really was there. Each of the three times he darted back of the churn to pounce upon him—only to be too late.

At last Peter Peacock stood still, and thought for as much as a minute.

Once more he came back. This time he looked long and carefully at his gorgeous enemy, all green and blue and bronze. Then, with a quick spring, he leaped straight up right at the mirror, and came down on the other side with an air which plainly said: "This time, my boy, I have you!"

Aunt Lizzie sprang, too, but too late. The sudden flirt of Peter Peacock's long, silken tail had knocked down both mirror and churn. But the crashing glass and rolling churn did not disturb Peter. He seemed to think that his enemy was buried under the ruins. Spreading his tail and settling his head down into his shoulders after the fashion of all Peter Peacocks, he gave two or three piercing war-whoops of victory, and minced daintily away.—*Little Folks.*

THEY never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think.

—Matthew Prior.

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.

HOPKINTON CITY, R. I.—We find much pleasure in the Reading Room department of the RECORDER, though our contributions to it are few and far between. There is much sickness in the community; no cases fatal recently. A singing-class, under the supervision of the church, is being held in the meeting-house. The class is doing well and gives promise of permanent good results. An Easter concert is planned. The Sixth-day evening prayer-meeting is largely attended. The young people, especially, are very faithful to this appointment. Some of the more aged ones attend, often under very unfavorable circumstances. We are hoping for a continual study in the future, as in the past, of the Bible in the Sabbath-school, under the superintendence of John Kenyon, a young man, recently chosen superintendent. The church has recently made the eighteenth annual engagement with the present incumbent to serve as pastor another year. Our meeting-house has recently been newly shingled and is now being painted; when finished, will make a fine appearance to the passer-by. A number of our young people are away, attending either High School or College. With these, and many others, we hope to take some part in the arduous and God-given work of life. We are expecting additions to the church in the near future. Do not fail to read Bro. Daland's correspondence. Do not put the RECORDER in the waste-basket till you have read it thoroughly. If you should keep it on file, you may be glad some day. L. F. R.

FEBRUARY 28, 1900.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.—Evangelist J. G. Burdick has been with us nearly three weeks. Through his energetic preaching the church is awakening to a sense of her responsibility and privileges. We are realizing, we trust, as never before, the joy and blessedness of consecrated service for Christ and the church. There has been a steady growth of interest from the first meeting, Wednesday evening, Feb. 7, and gradually the Christian people are falling into line ready for better service. We are beginning to realize more clearly the magnitude and importance of the work we have to do. The cottage prayer-meetings in the afternoon are seasons of deep religious enjoyment. Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon, the Christian Endeavorers conducted seven such meetings at as many different homes in the village, without the evangelist or pastor. The oft-repeated message of this evangelist to the churches is, the unconverted will come when the churches are fully prepared to receive them. The excellent work done at West Edmeston is shown by the ringing testimonies for Christ, which some of the converts from that place give in our meetings here. With renewed hopefulness and courage we press forward in this work. Lord, give us the victory, we pray, and thine shall be the praise. T. J. V.

FEBRUARY 26, 1900.

DAYTONA, FLA.—We are asked the question so often, "Do you Sabbath-keepers in Daytona have services?" that it may be well to state that the Sabbatarians here meet at the

homes, in turn, on Sabbath afternoon, for Bible study, and we find it not only profitable but pleasant. Miss Amelia Potter is Superintendent. The usual attendance is about two dozen, generally a number of Sunday people and occasionally pastors of the churches here come in and take part in the study of the Word. Rev. J. Hendrick, pastor of the Baptist church, is a frequent visitor. He taught school at Alfred Station fifty-nine years ago, and was well acquainted with our people in that vicinity, at that time. One visitor said, last Sabbath, that she often entertained Seventh-day ministers at her home in the North, and that some person was kind enough to send her the SABBATH RECORDER, for which she was very thankful, especially for the Sabbath Number.

The wife of a neighbor of long standing, said to the writer, a few days since, "I have been thinking for some time, and now am decided to keep the Seventh-day as the Sabbath, but I shall have opposition in my family." My reply was, "If your heart is right in this matter, and you look to the Lord, he will open up the way that you may do his will; but he may allow you to be tested, to show you how much you mean what you say."

D. D. R.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Since the first of January we have had seven extra public meetings, six Sunday night preaching services and one Sabbath night prayer-meeting. Dr. Lewis preached four times, Rev. Mr. Goodrich, of the Congregational church, once, and the pastor once. But we have been thinking, talking, teaching, preaching, praying and working, with reference to "Decision Day," February 24; and the Superintendent, Dr. Lewis, Sabbath-school and Endeavor workers, parents and others, have co-operated with the pastor. The subject of the prayer-meeting, Friday night, February 23, was "Ourselves and our Children;" on Sabbath morning Dr. Lewis and the pastor spoke upon the relation of children to the kingdom and church of Christ; and the Sabbath-school, preceded by a teacher's counsel and prayer-meeting, was a decision day, prayer and testimony service. Special invitations to attend these three meetings had been sent out, and we are very grateful to be able to say that the Holy Spirit has warmed the hearts of many Christians, and that twenty-six persons have decided for Christ, confessing their love and faith for the Saviour and their purpose to obediently follow him. On Friday evening, March 2, six were baptized, who, on Sabbath morning, after the laying on of hands and prayer, received the right hand of welcome and fellowship, together with three others, who presented church letters. PASTOR MAIN.

MARCH 4, 1900.

MADE TO BE WORN OUT.

BY C. F. GOSS, D. D.

He was breaking stone on the Paddock road, a coal-black Negro, stoop-shouldered, dressed in a cotton shirt and a pair of blue overalls. Something or other in his attitude or manner (some elective affinity, I suppose), drew out my heart toward him, and so, to make conversation and exchange that electric spark of sympathy that trembled to pass between two spirits making a common journey across the stage of life, I said: "You have broken the handle of your hammer."

"Yes, dey doan las long here."

"How long?"

"Not mohn a week."

"How long will the hammer itself last?"

"De hammer? Lord! Boss, dat hammah made of de bes steel. I reckon dat hammah'll ware out de bes man ebber lived."

"Whew! Seems kind of hard to think that a lifeless piece of steel will wear out a living man with all his powers of happiness and usefulness. Don't you think so?"

"Dunno bout dat, Boss. Reckon we all just put heah to be worn out."

I had just been reading Markham's "Man with a Hoe," and what he said struck me hard. The poet had pictured by his imagination, a laborer crushed down and embruted by his toil, inwardly chafing against his conditions and soon to rise in brute power and smash the existing order. Here I saw a genuine laborer, right out of every-day life itself, quietly and uncomplainingly asserting that he thought we were all put here "just to be worn out!"

"Don't that seem hard?" I asked.

"Maybe so, Boss. But it don do no good to object."

"Don't you get embittered by it?"

"No use in dat. Everything wears out in time; men, hammahs, stones, de ole arth himself. Don de Scriptue say de firmament hisself gwine melt with fervent heat? De hammah wear me out; Ise gwine ter build dis yere road! My life ain gwine ter be all los! I reckon wese all made to jes be worn out!"

"I do not say that the "conditions" of the modern laborer ought not to be and cannot be changed for the better. I say they can. But I do say that no scheme and no revolution will ever alter the fundamental principle enunciated by this black Socrates. "We are all made to be worn out in service for the whole human race!" This is the unalterable decree of life. We must wear out or rust out, one of the two; "out" we shall go! And a man is a fool who chafes his heart to pieces fighting against this inevitable decree of heaven. And yet what multitudes of people there are who are embittered and maddened by it!

Here is the father of a family, for example, whose health is poor and whose business is unsuccessful. Day by day he feels that the very fountain of his life is being dried up. He measures the candle as it burns down toward the socket, often with a trembling and enraged heart. "Why is it," he says, bitterly, to himself, "that I have got to be consumed at this stake to which I have been tied. I love life! No one is more sensitive to all its myriad pleasures! But here I am steadily wearing out for others. It's hard. It's wrong."

Now and then, when he feels as if he cannot stand it for another moment, he tells his wife that he thinks he has almost reached the end of his rope, and imagines that she will break down and tell him that it must not be, that they will leave the city and go out on a farm, where she and the children will earn the living, and he can sit out on the front porch and do nothing but drink in the warm sunshine. Not she! She just tells him that he has got another fit of the blues and that he must brace up and be a man!

"Idiot for ever thinking that I can get sympathy in this accursed world!" he says bitterly to himself, and setting his teeth goes back to his tread-mill.

But a few hours go by, and the poor old

fellow "comes to himself." "Mary was right," he says. "What on earth is the use of grumbling? I am here to be worn out! A man can't live forever. He has his work to do. Let him do it. It is the law of life. What is the use of chafing against the inevitable? The candle does not mourn because it is burning to the socket. The watch does not complain because its spring gets weak and its wheel-teeth ground off. I guess I will quit my grumbling. I won't be hinting around for sympathy. I will do my work and do it cheerfully." A man is not like the handle of the old negro's hammer nor like the hammer itself. His body is like the shell of the bird's egg, which has to be broken to let the true life out. We think that the destruction of the body comes from attrition from the outside. Perhaps it is the soul wearing itself out, from the inside.—*Evangelist.*

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Suggested by Holman Hunt's Picture, "The Light of the World."

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!
Who is there?
'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before;—
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder
Undo the door.

No! that door is hard to open;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken,
Bid Him go.
Wherefore with that knocking dreary
Scare the sleep from one so weary?
Say Him—no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?
What! Still there?
O sweet soul but once behold Him
With the glory-crowned hair;
And those eyes, so strange and tender,
Waiting there;
Open! Open! Once behold Him—
Him, so fair!

Did she open? Doth she? Will she?
So, as wondering we behold,
Grows the picture to a sign,
Pressed upon your soul and mine;
For in every breast that liveth
Is that strange, mysterious door;—
The forsaken and betangled,
Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,
Dusty, rusty, and forgotten,—
There the pierced hand still knocketh,
And with ever patient watching,
With the sad eyes true and tender,
With the glory-crowned hair,—
Still a God is waiting there.

THE BIBLE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The Rev. Jay C. Goodrich, of Manila, the first Agent there of the American Bible Society, New York, arrived there Nov. 26, 1899. He and his wife took an abundant stock of Bibles and Testaments, not only in Spanish and English, but in some of the unnumbered languages and dialects that scholars must grapple with, translations into Tagalog, Visayan, and Pangasinan having been begun. He has forwarded to the American Bible Society an account of his first experiences. "Our first impressions of the chief harbor of Luzon," he writes, "were very pleasant. In the background lofty and wooded mountains seemed like sentinels guarding the fifteen or twenty miles of fertile, low-lying lands covered with tropical vegetation which lie beyond the city along the Pasig. This whole valley is a veritable garden of beauty." It is well that the Bible Society should hasten its work for righteousness in these new and needy possessions.

A MOMENT'S insight is sometimes worth a life's experience.—*O. W. Holmes.*

For those who love, the world is wide,
But not for those who hate.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

NEARING THE GOAL.

BY LESTER COURTLAND ROGERS.

A strange, sweet vision fills my soul,
A glimpse of glory and of God;
Am I not near life's final goal?
My feet scarce touch this mortal sod.

The zephyrs blow divinely sweet,
With fragrance fill the balmy air;
Are heaven and earth about to meet?
Who can this vision bright declare?

I hear the notes of seraph song,
The rustle of an angel's wing;
Do signs like these to earth belong?
Do men and angels meet to sing?

Life's journey seems about complete;
I can it well, yet know not why.
My heart with longings is replete,
And yet I do not long to die.

A holy calm my bosom fills,
And silence like the hush of morn;
Such joy through all my being thrills
As swept men's hearts when Christ was born.

Amid the crowds I look around
To see who bear love's fragrant flower;
I fain would walk on holy ground
Made sacred by the Spirit's power.

God has the keeping of my ways,
His laws I reverence and obey;
My prayers seem almost turned to praise,
And yet I cannot cease to pray.

If this is death, I do not dread
To lay me down in peace to die,—
To be with all the sainted dead,
Far, far beyond the arching sky.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The opening of the Lenten season has brought special religious services in the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian churches, throughout the country, and has quickened, somewhat, the religious sentiment in general.

The Presbytery of New York has decided, wisely, to throw the case of heresy against Prof. McGiffert out of court. Dr. Birch, who entered the complaint, will make appeal to the General Assembly.

A commendable movement has been inaugurated, to be known as the Berkshire Industrial Farm, at Canaan, N. Y. Boys from 7 to 16 years of age, who have marked criminal tendencies, but have not yet become professional criminals, are to be sent there for instruction and reform. The treatment to be adopted is borrowed from a similar French school at Mettry, France, and the German school, Ranhe Haus, near Hamburg. Work, recreation, sound physical health, and instruction in some simple trade, together with moral and religious influences and judicious treatment, will form the basis on which the new enterprise is to proceed. There will be no restraint by way of bolts and bars, but the roll-call will be frequent, and members will be placed upon their honor, in so far as possible. A system of grades will be established, through which boys will be advanced, according to good behavior and attainment. Family and cottage systems will be used in dividing the boys and locating them in homes.

The most important news from Congress, for the week, has been the discussion of the Tariff Bill for Puerto Rico, and its final passage. A majority of eleven in favor of the bill was secured, not wholly on party lines, although the friends of the Administration are the main supporters of the bill. It provides a modified tariff for two years, the receipts from which are to be devoted to internal improvements on the island. It is claimed that this is one of the best ways of opening up and advancing the business interests. Opposition to the bill seems to have been mainly on the part of those who desired to entangle the Government in technical questions con-

cerning our new possessions. The debate during the week was sharp, and some very able speeches were made.

Upon the passage of this bill, President McKinley sent a message to Congress, March 2, 1900, recommending that an amount of money—over two million dollars—equal to all the duties collected on imports from Puerto Rico since Spanish dominion ceased, be appropriated for the relief of the island, in the establishment of schools, opening of roads, etc. A bill to this effect was passed by the House, after forty minutes of debate. Great good will follow this action.

The change of situation in South Africa, which our report of last week foreshadowed, has gone forward rapidly. The Boer forces, under General Cronje, were compelled to surrender, after holding out for more than a week under circumstances which were marked with persistent bravery, seldom, if ever surpassed, and not often equaled, by any people. It was practically the fight of four or five thousand men against the main British forces in South Africa. The surrender was unconditional, but the prisoners were treated liberally. The relief of Ladysmith followed as a natural result, since the Boer forces were drawn from Ladysmith; these have been massed in front of Lord Roberts, to contest his advance toward the capital of the Orange Free State. The beleaguered garrison in Ladysmith were in serious straits, both as to food and health, when relief came. These movements indicate the beginning of the end of the South African trouble, unless foreign interference should follow. The Boers will still maintain their ground, persistently, and great loss of life may yet ensue before the war is ended. The whole scene is pitiful, and makes us long more eagerly for peace between these little republics and the greatest empire on earth. Great Britain rejoices on the one hand, and weeps on the other, whenever "report of casualties" comes in, since these victories have been gained through terrible loss of life.

The latest advices indicate that the Boers are planning for vigorous opposition. At the same time rumors are afloat that the Boers are considering the question of seeking peace. All probabilities point to their final defeat, and if honor for bravery and patriotism be considered, they have gained it in a large degree, from the world. We hope for an early peace.

Affairs in the Philippines are improving steadily. General Otis reports that since the recent opening of the island ports to commerce, 13 thousand tons of hemp and 70 thousand bales of tobacco have been received at Manila.

Fierce storms of snow, and low temperature, have been reported from the Northwest to the Atlantic coast, during the week. Railroad traffic has been much interfered with.

On March first the Senate passed the Hawaiian Territorial Bill. Legislation concerning the new territory is practically unanimous, and political issues do not seem to appear in connection with it.

Agreement on the Currency Bill is being reached, through consultation, and the final vote in the Senate is likely to occur on Tuesday, March 6, 1900.

On the third of March, at a dinner of the Ohio Society in New York City, President McKinley spoke upon the question of "Imperialism." He declared that imperialism is impossible even if the government were foolish enough to desire it.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

A New Way of Baling Cotton.

Heretofore, for transportation, cotton has been pressed into bales having an oblong form, of about four feet in length, three in width, and two in thickness, containing about four hundred pounds. The bales of cotton were such, that if the vessel sprung a leak, and water reached the bales, the cotton became saturated and damaged; or, if by chance, the cotton took fire, it became almost impossible to extinguish the fire without scuttling the vessel, thus entailing great loss.

A new device has been invented, by which the bales will not occupy over one-third the space of the oblong bale. This bale will be about the same length, but cylindrical in form, and less than two feet in diameter, yet weighing four hundred pounds. The cotton is compressed to that degree that it becomes impervious to water, and if fibers were picked from an end left open, and then set on fire, it would only burn the loose particles, and go out of itself, since the fire cannot penetrate to the interior of a bale.

The machine by which this compression is secured is composed of heavy steel rollers, acting in concert under a powerful pressure, thus depriving the cotton of all elasticity, and obviating the necessity of binding, and requiring only a light cloth for a covering.

The solidity of the bales renders them secure against being operated upon by thieves, while in transit, and allows greater facility in handling, and much less space is occupied; these are items greatly in favor of the new packing device.

We see no reason why all bulky articles, capable of having the moisture extracted, might not be reduced the same as cotton, thus facilitating their exportation.

Science in War.

In common parlance, it may be said that England has bit a mouthful out of South Africa larger than she will be able to chew, at least for the present, as the Boers, or Dutch cooks, are seasoning it with unsavory sauce. One serious difficulty appears to be that the landscape is hilly; some hills are high and precipitous, and most of them are quite irregular.

The British, in order to reach one of these knobs quickly with war material, have gotten up what may be called a siege railroad, with locomotives, cars, batteries, and other war paraphernalia.

The War Office, on the 18th of November last, gave a London firm an urgent order for rails sufficient to make five miles of straight, and one mile of curved road, two locomotives, twenty-four freight-cars, fifteen cars for carrying soldiers, also cars for carrying ammunition, provisions, etc., and in four days a large proportion of this order was ready for shipment.

Here is a new scientific idea: A railroad, a train carrying soldiers, with siege guns, ammunition, provisions, and hospital accommodations, having a locomotive at each end. All this, like a mushroom, springing up in a night, five miles away from the enemy, behind a hill but, by break of day, moving at railroad speed, straight for the knob, then circling around its base to the front, and discharging volleys, and as quickly disappearing from sight and danger. This new mode of warfare, evidently, will soon appear in action, when we shall watch for its availability, and report.

HAVE faith in God, and have it handy; that is the point. Faith is like a shield. Do not let it hang up in the armory. Take it, strap it on your arm, and, instead of running away, up with your shield. According to the Scriptures, faith is a breastplate. What does the Word say we are to do with it? "Putting on the breastplate of faith and love." Shall we call faith an anchor? Well, you know the story of the Dutchman's anchor, which was no good to him, for he kept it at home. That is what some people do with their faith. Oh, take it out to sea with you.—*Thomas Spurgeon.*

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: 18 to 4: 11
Feb. 3.	The First Disciples of Christ.....	John 1: 35-46
Feb. 10.	Jesus and Nicodemus.....	John 3: 1-18
Feb. 17.	Jesus at Jacob's Well.....	John 4: 5-26
Feb. 24.	Jesus Preaching at Nazareth.....	Luke 4: 16-30
Mar. 3.	Jesus Healing in Capernaum.....	Mark 1: 21-34
Mar. 10.	The Paralytic Healed.....	Mark 2: 1-12
Mar. 17.	Jesus at Matthew's House.....	Mark 2: 13-22
Mar. 24.	Review.....	

LESSON XI.—JESUS AT MATTHEW'S HOUSE.

For Sabbath-day, March 17, 1900.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 2: 13-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He said unto him, follow me.—Luke 5: 27.

INTRODUCTION.

The call of Matthew occurred very soon after the healing of the paralytic. It is very probable also that the feast given by Matthew, and our Lord's teaching in regard to fasting, followed very shortly after the call of this disciple. In taking this view of the chronology of this period we have to follow the order of Mark and Luke and neglect that of Matthew. For Matthew connects the discourse concerning fasting with the healing of Jairus' daughter, which was certainly several months later than the time of the healing of the paralytic, after the sermon on the mount and after Jesus had crossed the Sea of Galilee and returned. See in Matt. 9: 18, "While he spake these things." Matthew certainly did not give as careful attention to the order of events as the others. We may also explain this seeming discrepancy on the theory that our Lord repeated his teaching about fasting, and Matthew records it in connection with this repetition.

Mark and Luke speak of the call of a publican by the name of Levi; Matthew tells of the call of the publican, Matthew. There can be scarcely any doubt that the three evangelists refer to the same incident. It was very common for people to have two names. In the list of the twelve as given in Matthew's Gospel we find the explanation, "the publican" added to the name of Matthew. In the lists of the twelve in the other Gospels and in the Acts we find also the name *Matthew*; and in none of the lists *Levi*. In all three of the accounts of the call of the publican, it is mentioned that he made a feast and that the Pharisees found fault with Jesus for associating with publicans and sinners.

TIME.—A few days or weeks after our last week's lesson, in the winter or early spring of the year 28.

PLACE.—For the earlier part of the lesson the place is in and near Capernaum; the discourse concerning fasting may have been given in Capernaum; but possibly elsewhere in Galilee.

PERSONS.—Jesus and his disciples; Levi [also called Matthew]; publicans and sinners; certain scribes.

OUTLINE:

1. The Call of Levi. v. 13, 14.
2. The Criticism of the Scribes. v. 15-17.
3. Jesus Teaching about Fasting. v. 18-22.

NOTES.

13. **And he went forth again by the seaside.** That is, from Capernaum. He had, at a former time, called Peter, Andrew, James and John by the seaside. **And all the multitude resorted unto him.** The verb in the Greek implies continued action. The people kept coming unto him, and he was teaching them.

14. **Levi, the son of Alphaeus.** Almost certainly the same as Matthew. See Introduction. There is no reason for identifying this Alphaeus with the father of James the Less. **Sitting at the receipt of custom.** That is, at the tax-office. The taxes were indirect and were levied in a great variety of ways. Levi may have had his office by the seaside for convenience in collecting the tax upon shipping or upon fish brought to mar-

ket. Pedestrians coming to the city may also have passed this place. The Jews had great dislike for the publicans, not only because they were the representatives of the hateful foreign government, but also because of the many vexatious exactions of these tax-collectors. The publicans frequently took advantage of their position to oppress the people. **And he said unto him, Follow me.** We may imagine that Levi had heard the teaching of Jesus, and had seen his miracles, and had come to believe on him already in his heart. Jesus saw in him true penitence and readiness to live up to his faith. The Jewish rabbis could scarcely believe that a publican could repent and would not have such a one as a disciple. **And he arose and followed him.** As the fishermen left their nets, so the publican left his office and became a close follower of Jesus.

15. **And it came to pass that as Jesus sat at meat in his house.** There has been some dispute among interpreters as to whose house is meant. In Luke 5: 29 we are told that Levi made a great reception in his house. Jesus was then eating in the house of Levi soon after the call mentioned in the preceding verse. **And many publicans and sinners sat also together with Jesus.** Levi had invited his friends to meet Jesus. The word *sinners* is here coupled with *publicans* as the words *scribes* and *Pharisees* are frequently associated. The publicans were regarded as grievous sinners, and they were, no doubt, really sinners, although perhaps not often as wicked as they were thought to be. **For they were many, etc.** This is an explanation of the preceding statement. As the publicans were attracted by the preaching of John the Baptist, so now great numbers of them were beginning to listen to the teaching of Jesus.

16. **And when the scribes and Pharisees, etc.** The Revised Version following the better manuscript authority renders "the scribes of the Pharisees." Not all Pharisees were scribes; but the scribes from their devotion to the study of the law would naturally belong to the sect or party of the Pharisees whose distinctive tenet was a strict adherence to the law of Moses. **They said unto his disciples, etc.** Probably they did not have courage to find fault with him to his face. Perhaps they made this remark in order to induce those of Jesus' followers who were particular about the observance of rabbinic precepts to leave their new Master. **How is it that he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners?** This is not a question of obedience to the law, but of propriety. Surely this man cannot be a great teacher if he does not follow the custom of refraining from friendly intercourse with those who do not keep the law.

17. **They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick, etc.** This verse is not meant to teach that the scribes and Pharisees did not need the salvation through Jesus Christ, nor that Jesus did not come for them; but especially to teach that Jesus came for those who are in need. Since he came to save the needy ones it was appropriate that he associate with publicans and sinners, and thereby lead them in the way everlasting. **The righteous.** It is not necessary to infer that this word is used to designate the self-righteous Pharisees or to think that there was a class of truly righteous people not needing redemption. The word is used here to make the word *sinners* more emphatic. He came for sinners; not for any other class, even if it so be that there is any other class.

18. **And John's disciples and the Pharisees were fasting.** That is, they were in the habit of fasting. This teaching in regard to fasting may have occurred at the same time and place as the feast of Matthew; but more likely a few days later under different circumstances. **And they come.** That is, certain of John's disciples and of the Pharisees. **Why do the disciples of John and of the Pharisees fast, but thy disciples fast not?** Although it is possible that this question was asked simply for information, it seems more likely it was intended as a remonstrance against the practice of Jesus. They virtually said, "Why don't you conform to the usages of other religious people?"

19. **Can the children of the bride-chamber fast while the bridegroom is with them?** Our Lord replies that it is inappropriate for his disciples to fast. Fasting is a sign of mourning, and of supplication

for the favor of God. As it is absurd for the friends of the bridegroom to fast, or show any other sign of mourning while at the wedding feast, so it is absurd for the disciples of Christ to fast while he is present with them.

20. But the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken away, etc. There will come a time, however, when they will be in sorrow at the loss of their Master; then it will be appropriate for them to show their sorrow by fasting. It is probable that all through his ministry Jesus had in his thoughts the tragic end of his earthly life. This saying of Jesus is not a command to fast often; but a prediction that his disciples would fast once. In the last line of this verse will is to be preferred to shall, and days should be replaced by day. "Then will they fast in that day."

21. No man also seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment, etc. This illustration and that of the next verse are intended as arguments to show that men do not ordinarily do that which is inappropriate. For the disciples of Jesus to follow the formal customs of outward righteousness, which the Pharisees made use of, would be as ridiculous as to patch an old garment with new cloth, or to put new wine into old wine-skins. To get the force of the illustration we must bear in mind that the new cloth was unshrunk, and would doubtless become damp and shrink after the garment had been worn a little while. A new wine-skin would stretch with the fermentation of the wine; but an old wine-skin would be incapable of further stretching, and so would burst when filled with new wine.

MARRIAGES.

STEPHENS-ROGERS.—At the Seventh-day Baptist church, Leonardsville, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1900, by Rev. T. J. VanHorn, Mr. Emmett C. Stephens, of Edmeston, and Nellie J. Rogers, of Leonardsville.

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.

CRANDALL.—In Independence, N. Y., Feb. 24, Ella May Crandall, aged 24 years, 11 months and 4 days.

A fuller statement will be furnished later.

W. L. B.

BURDICK.—Joel W. Burdick, son of William D. and Hannah Burdick, was born in the town of Hornellsville, now Hartsville, N. Y., Jan. 25, 1829, and died in Hornellsville, Feb. 12, 1900.

In early life he united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Hartsville. June 10, 1857, he was married to Miss Lavinda Beard, daughter of Dea. Horace Beard, of Neenah, Wis. Mr. Burdick leaves a wife and three children. Funeral services were conducted on the 14th inst. by Rev. I. L. Cottrell, pastor of the Hornellsville church, assisted by Rev. H. P. Burdick, of Hartsville. A large congregation of friends and neighbors were present.

I. L. C.

BURCH.—At her home, near South Brookfield, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1900, after a lingering illness, Edith C. Burch, in the 26th year of her age.

Edith was a lovely girl, greatly esteemed by all who knew her. The last two years of her life were years of great physical suffering, but through all this trying ordeal she was forgetful of self and ever mindful of the happiness of others. With a character doubly refined by the painful disease which wasted her body, she was ready for the change which came. Brief funeral exercises were held at the home on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 24, conducted by the writer, assisted by the Rev. Madison Harry, of West Edmeston, where a large circle of friends and relatives met to pay their last tribute of love to the departed.

T. J. V.

BURDICK.—Charles R. Burdick was born in Alfred, N. Y., February 26, 1828, and died in Hornellsville, N. Y., February 14, 1900.

He was the son of Asa and Luana (Coon) Burdick. He attended school at Alfred for some time. At 19 years of age he went to Westerly, R. I., where he learned the harness-maker's trade. He was married to Miss Nancy Taylor, of Westerly, and later moved to Norwich, Conn. About forty years ago he entered the United States mail service as postal clerk, and ran on the New England roads. He continued in this service thirty-three years. More than six years since he severed his connection with this service on account of failing health and came to Hornellsville, where he made his home with a niece, Mrs. Oscar Remington, and her family. In early life he joined the First Seventh-day

Baptist church of Alfred. He was a careful and conscientious man in the discharge of his duties in public life. He had an elegant solid gold watch and chain, which were presented to him, bearing the following inscription:

"Presented to Charles R. Burdick as a token of universal esteem, won by years of faithful public service Norwich, May 15, 1873."

He was mindful and considerate of his friends, solicitous for their welfare and appreciative of kindness. He had no children. His wife died some years before he came to Hornellsville. He leaves three brothers, Deacon A. C. Burdick, of Alfred; O. L. Burdick, of Ocala, Fla.; Ira D. Burdick, of Janesville, Wis. Funeral services were held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Remington, in Hornellsville, and interment was at Alfred. I. L. C.

Literary Notes.

In the March number of McClure's Magazine, Mr. Walter Wellman will tell another story from his recent extraordinary experiences in the Arctic. He will also give the conclusions from his own experience regarding the only feasible way to reach the Pole, telling what it is and what it involves.

The calling of the disciples and the beginning of the ministry will be the special themes of "The Life of the Master," by Dr. Watson ("Ian Maclaren") in the same number.

THE recent death of Rev. Dr. L. C. Rogers naturally calls attention to his last volume of poems, "The Golden Link and Other Poems." The book was favorably noticed in the RECORDER at the time of its publication, but we are glad to call attention to its merits again, now that the author has passed on to where the golden links draw redeemed souls together in the land of rest. Mrs. Rogers, Westerly, R. I., has some copies of the book yet in hand, and will promptly attend to orders, or arrange with canvassers who may desire to undertake the sale of the book upon commission. In another column will be found a selection from the volume, "Nearing the Goal," the reading of which, we trust, will awaken desires for further acquaintance with the poems. That poem shows the triumphant faith of the author, and its sweet restfulness will find response in the hearts of those who love the Master.

Kipling's New Stories.

Rudyard Kipling's first piece of sustained work since his illness last year turns out to be a series of humorous animal stories which are said to show all the freshness and zest of a man who has had a long rest. Kipling loves to write an animal story better than anything else, and when his physician allowed him to return to work he instinctively turned to this series which he had had in mind for years. There are nine stories, and each one is supposed to tell the origin of the most conspicuous part of the animal portrayed. Thus, in "The Elephant's Child" he tells a most droll story of how the elephant happened to get a trunk, and in "The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo" he gives a history of how the Kangaroo got his long legs, for, Mr. Kipling says, there was a time when elephants had no trunks, and kangaroo's legs were not as long as they are now. The stories, it is said, show Mr. Kipling at his very best. They are expressively funny and have that rare quality of appealing to old as well as young. The author has sent the entire series to the Ladies' Home Journal, and that magazine will begin their publication in its next issue.

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

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

THE Semi-Annual Convention of the churches of the Western Association will meet with the Richburg church, March 9-11. The following program has been prepared by the Executive Committee:

FRIDAY.

- 2 P. M. Paper, "Spiritual Life," W. L. Burdick. Discussion of the above paper. Paper, Stephen Burdick. Discussion of the above paper.
- 7 P. M. Prayer and Conference Meeting led by I. L. Cottrell.

SABBATH-DAY.

- 11 A. M. Sermon, J. L. Gamble.
 - 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school, conducted by W. L. Brown.
 - 3.30. Y. P. S. C. E. Prayer-meeting, led by T. B. Burdick. Junior C. E. Meeting, conducted by Miss Edna Hall.
 - 7 P. M. Young People's Session, conducted by Miss Eva St. C. Champlin.
- SUNDAY.
- 10 A. M. Laymen's Hour, Discussion of Methods of Church Work, conducted by Dr. O. E. Burdick.
 - 11.30. Sermon, F. E. Peterson.
 - 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school Work, I. L. Cottrell.
 - 7.30. Praise Service, W. D. Burdick. Sermon, L. C. Randolph.

SABBATH-SCHOOL INSTITUTE.

Nile, N. Y., March 13, 14, 1900.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, 2 P. M.

- Praise Service.
- Welcome, Pastor W. D. Burdick.
- Response, Mrs. E. A. Lyon.
- The Importance of the Sabbath-school, Rev. L. C. Randolph.
- Open Parliament.—How to awaken an interest in the Sabbath-school, Miss Mary E. Bowler.

EVENING SESSION.

- Opening Service.
- House to House Work, Rev. I. L. Cottrell.
- Sabbath-school Music, Mrs. W. D. Burdick.
- Conference—How to get Scholars to Prepare their Lessons, Mrs. Evelyn Clarke.

WEDNESDAY, 10 A. M.

- Devotional Services.
- How to Prepare a Bible Lesson, Rev. J. L. Gamble.
- Music.
- How to Teach a Bible Lesson, Rev. W. C. Whitford.
- The Superintendent, Rev. F. E. Peterson.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

- Opening Exercises.
- Symposium.—The Needs of our Sabbath-schools, by General Superintendents.
- The Sabbath-school Library, Miss Eva St. C. Champlin.
- Music.
- Primary Lesson, taught by Mrs. Mary Whitford.
- Decision Day and Illustrated Talk to Children, Rev. I. L. Cottrell.

It is hoped that it will be possible for the village school children to attend the last session from three to four o'clock.

The Home Department work is to be presented at the Semi-Annual Meeting, in the Sabbath-school Session, and some time may be given at the Institute both for the Home Department and for Cradle Class. "Graded Sabbath-schools" will also be treated at the above mentioned time.

We hope there will be a large and enthusiastic gathering, both at the Institute and at the Semi-Annual Meeting at Richburg, March 9-11.

I. L. C.

ENGLAND and America are bound together by a tie which they did not forge and cannot separate.—S. B. Capen.

BACK to Christ means back to the gospel as it is in Christ and his redeeming death.—Dr. Forsyth.

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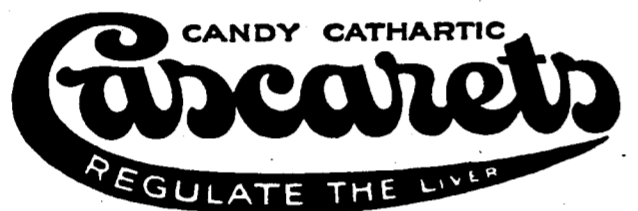
GREAT truths are generally bought, not found by chance.—John Milton.

EVOLUTION does not take away our Bible, but enlarges its scope.—Rev. Alexander Gosmen.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave \$10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 6874 B, The Nicholson Institute, 780, Eighth Avenue, New York.

SYMPATHY is the golden key that unlocks the heart of others.—Samuel Smiles.

RELIGION is the right relation of the total man to God and humanity.—Rev. Dr. C. R. Brown.



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