

# THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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## MY COMFORT.

**G**OD holds the key of all unknown,  
And I am glad.  
If other hands should hold the key,  
Or if He trusted it to me,  
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's care were here,  
Without the rest?

'Tis better to unlock the day,  
And as the hours swing open say  
"Thy will is best."

The very dimness of my sight  
Makes me secure.

For, groping in my misty way,  
I feel His hand, I hear Him say,  
"My help is sure."

I cannot read His future plan,  
But this I know:

I have the smiling of His face,  
And all the refuge of His grace,  
While here below.

Enough. This covers all my want,  
And so I rest.

For what I cannot, He can see,  
And in His care I sure shall be,  
Forever blest.

—Anon.

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PLAINFIELD N. J.



## Sabbath Recorder.

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It were well if we recognized the presence of Christ in little things more than we do. Stirring thoughts, bright suggestions, happy anticipations, and all the better side of Christian experiences, indicate the presence of Christ by his Spirit. We shrink from acknowledging this, sometimes, because it seems too great a blessing. We fear to accept fully those words of John which say, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be." It is a high honor and a measureless blessing to enter into such sonship and to all that follows it. To the loving child, the Father will constantly reveal himself, not in great and overwhelming ways, but in common-place and effective ways. Teach yourself that Christ is not far from you, and that the revelations of his love are found in all your better thoughts, your sweeter meditations, and in the higher aspirations of your soul. Better have a faith as child-like as that which believes that dolls and picture-books are the gifts of Christ—as they really are, at the hands of loving friends—than to feel that Christ is too far away, and that the Father in heaven is too little interested in everyday life to have any part in bringing us common blessings. The consciousness that he is thus near strengthens while it comforts, and guides while it drives away doubt. Cultivate it. Believe above all things in the nearness of the Divine love.

FARMERS have learned some lessons which moralists and reformers are slow to recognize. Every wise farmer takes great care in the preparation of the soil, in springtime, and equally great care in the selection of seed. Having put the two together, he goes about other duties, expecting no harvest immediately, but planning to care for the plants, while he waits for the seed to sprout. Planting in May, he has no thought of a harvest before September. It would be well if all who seek to forward the cause of truth, and especially those who labor in reforms, could appreciate more fully the value of planting-time, and the necessity for preparing the soil and choosing seed with wisdom and care. While it is true that good results, either actual or promised, attend every effort of wisdom, it is also true that final harvests are long delayed, as men measure. It is better to spend many weeks in preparing the soil than to leave it half-prepared, and, as a result, destroy entirely, or comparatively, the best seed that can be found. Patience is a large factor in reformatory work, as is consecration.

ONE can only mourn over the decline of keen, clean humor into so-called humorous and illustrated papers. There is a type of humor, and a field for just sarcasm, with pencil and pen, which is both helpful and desirable. So little of this appears in what is now rated as humorous literature, and especially in the illustrated papers like *Puck* and *Judge*, that the loss is saddening, and what is presented is mainly disgusting. Scarcely an illustration has any element beyond exaggeration. No evidence of artistic ability,

no creation of thought, no deftness with pencil, can atone for the coarse and debasing exaggeration which appears in faces and forms, in choice of subject, and in details. We do not know of an illustrated paper which claims to be humorous that is fit to be placed before children. Speaking from the standpoint of art alone, it is a pitiful degrading of what might be a helpful and useful element in the education of society and in dealing with great questions as they come before the public mind.

WE stood one day upon the banks of the great reservoir which supplies the city of Philadelphia with water. A gate had just been opened and the water in the reservoir was rising toward the high-water mark. During this process the agitation was great, extending throughout the reservoir, and being doubly noticeable at the point where the water entered. As the incoming stream spread and the water reached the prescribed limit, the agitation disappeared. When the reservoir was full the water was at peace. The scene illustrates the statement of the Apostle James, that perfect love casteth out fear. When our love for God falters, fears disturb on every hand. When that love fills the life, the disturbance of fear ceases, and we realize the blessed truth that where love abides in fullness fears dare not come.

THE Apostle James speaks of the law of God as a mirror, looking into which a man may learn his true proportions and be sure as to whether he is, or is not, conforming to that law. Men usually shrink from such tests. We are quite ready to compare ourselves with others, especially when we think we are better than they; but, according to James, it is not safe to compare one's self with anything less than the Divine standard. He who makes a very good appearance when compared with some other man, may be found sadly wanting when measured by the law of God. We shrink from such measurement, as though it were an evil thing. On the contrary, to be justly measured, is not only a safe thing to do, but is a sure road to higher and better things. He has little inducement, and less anxiety, to strive for perfection who is not well aware of his imperfections. A face may be unsightly, and sadly in need of cleansing, but its owner will be wholly unconscious of the fact until he comes before an accurate mirror. So the soul learns its true status only when it looks into the perfect law of liberty.

It is easy to tear down. A worthless fellow can destroy, over night, more good brick wall than ten skilled masons can build in a day. The cause of truth and righteousness is not served, often, by merely tearing down. Since it is so much easier to tear down than to construct, many men think themselves reformers and champions of righteousness when they are able to repeat the stories of evil that exist, and find fault with the wickedness which is in the world. As a matter of fact, all this is far removed from making for righteousness, or accomplishing permanent reform. What the world needs is constructive criticism, not destructive; building, not tearing down. So far as evil may be removed, the tearing-down process has a place; but it is not removed, unless something more than the tearing-down process is brought in.

Be careful that your words and actions make for building up. Truth and righteousness drive evil out, as they are exalted, and evil flees of its own accord, in a great degree, when confronted by right. A coward can tear down, at least, in words, and can substitute noise for actual attainment. Only the brave and patient man can build wisely and permanently, for God and righteousness.

THE final report of the United States Senate Committee concerning the Clark bribery charges is not yet made, but the summary of the evidence shows that at least fifteen members of the Legislature of Montana were paid money for their votes by Mr. Clark's agents. It is also shown that at least nine others were offered money for their votes, and that the total amounts offered aggregate \$175,000. It is also in evidence that \$100,000 was offered by a friend of Mr. Clark to bribe the Attorney General of Montana, and another \$100,000 was offered to Justice Hunt, of the Supreme Court, of Montana, with the hope of securing a decision favorable to Mr. Clark. If this testimony cannot be set aside, the most severe punishment should follow. To refuse Mr. Clark a seat in the Senate would be as nothing compared with what he and his lieutenants deserve.

THE *Indianapolis Journal* is credited with the suggestion made by one church-member to another concerning the securing of a new pastor. The first member said: "We ought to be very careful in our choice of a new clergyman." The second replied, "Have you had any trouble?" To which this answer came: "Yes. If we get an energetic man he works us to death, and if we get one without energy we have to work ourselves to death." We have often seen the statement that he is the best pastor who secures the greatest amount of work from his people. We have noted also that he who secures work from others must be a great worker himself.

WE print another letter from Dr. Daland to-day, and have two more in hand. He reached Liverpool, on his return, March 22. The RECORDER sends greetings to the new church at Ayan Maim, and welcome to the pastor, Rev. Joseph Ammookoo. May the Lord build the church in strength and holiness, and make it the bearer of light and truth to Western Africa.

ALL preachers are advised to read the article on another page, entitled "The Pew as Seen From the Pulpit." Those who are not preachers should not read the article unless they want to see what Robert J. Burdette says about some folks who are not preachers.

THE United States is now producing about one-quarter of the world's wheat crop. Russia, France, British India and Austria-Hungary are our leading competitors, in the order named here.

### TO OUR MUSIC-LOVING READERS.

Those who are interested in music—as all ought to be—will note with pleasure the fact that the famous "Mass in B Minor," written by Johann Sebastian Bach two hundred and fifty years ago, was rendered, for the first time in America, in the Moravian church at Bethlehem, Pa., on the 27th of March, 1900. This rendering was by a choir of eighty voices, assisted by an orchestra of thirty-one



pieces. The Mass was divided into two parts. The first occupied an hour and a half, the second something more than two hours.

Bach was born at Eisenach, Upper Saxony, in 1685, and began life as a soprano singer in a boy choir. He became totally blind, and his death took place in 1750. Without being a critic in musical matters, we venture to suggest that he had no rival, unless it was Handel, and that his compositions for the organ have a deservedly high reputation. They may be too elaborate to become popular, but the character of the music, and the depth of thought it expresses, will find increasing recognition in the minds of all lovers of music. Bach's religious ideas were closely allied to those of the Moravians, and the rendering of this wonderful piece by them was most appropriate. In common with the cultured Germans of Pennsylvania, the Moravians have made great attainments in music. In passing, it is worth while to notice that the early Seventh-day Baptists, at Ephrata, led both in the composing and in the rendering of music, in the early history of provincial Pennsylvania, and many important facts are on record which show that they occupied a leading place in musical circles in the New World.

It is said that the Moravians celebrate the going of a soul to its eternal home by rendering three Chorales by a trombone choir from the cupola which surmounts their church. On the 27th of March, previous to the rendering of the Mass, such a choir ascended to the roof and rendered two beautiful chorales: "Vater Unser in Himmel-Reich," and "Sei Lob und Ech dem Hoehsten Gott." The choir then descended to the loft of the church, so that the music could be heard within the building, while they were unseen, and played the old Lutheran battle-hymn, "Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott," closing with the key of B Minor. As the last note of this hymn, so long enshrined in the hearts of all Germans, sounded, the choir below burst with a mighty chorus of the opening Kyrie. This tame description gives no adequate conception of the magnificence and glory of the opening scene which preceded the beginning of the Mass.

The seating capacity of the Moravian church is fifteen hundred, and every seat was filled during the singing of the Mass. We trust that, as the spiritual life of the church rises, interest in this type of music will increase, and that ordinary religious worship may be enriched by the rendering of portions of such music as may be found appropriate. Religion has much to gain, yet, along the lines of musical service, and rich sources of spiritual life are found in almost every strain of such compositions as these of Bach.

#### EDITING AS THE DEVIL WOULD.

It is reported from Bloomington, Indiana, that the Bloomington *Star* proposes to bring out a special issue, edited as nearly as possible as the Devil would do it. Such folly would be in keeping with the tendency to create cheap sensationalism and secure momentary attention. If such an effort were undertaken, there are plenty of suggestions in the newspaper world already as to how such editing should be edited. We are inclined to agree with the New York *Tribune* that "the Devil's paper will be a failure. It fills no long-felt want and has no mission."

Surely, if the hunting up of all sorts of scandal is pleasing to the Devil, there are plenty of newspapers which please him now. Publishing disgusting notices and more disgusting pictures in the interest of patent medicines must certainly please the Devil, and there are plenty of object-lessons in that direction. If sneering at Christianity, and taking every opportunity to thrust at purity and righteousness, would please his Satanic Majesty, there is no special need for a new venture in journalism for that purpose. In a word, while the upper half of the newspaper world represents much that is highest and best in human life, and, while many papers, secular and religious, embody the fundamental principles of righteousness, and in every issue set in motion strong influences for reform, the commercial element, which enters so largely into newspaper-making, tends to drag down and disgrace the columns of too many journals. We trust that the report from Indiana is only a foolish canard; while we continue to mourn over the existence of so much in the newspaper world that seems to be promoted by influences from below.

#### THE FUTURE OF METHODISTISM.

The Twenty-third Delegated General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church will hold its next quadrennial session in Chicago, early in May, 1900. This is the largest of the Protestant ecclesiastical bodies, and the apparent reverses which have come to Methodism within the last two or three years add interest to the coming session. The growth of Methodism in the United States has been phenomenal, and, as we suggested two or three weeks since, such rapid growth insures corresponding reaction, or re-adjustment, or both. At the beginning of this century there were 288 Methodist preachers, local and general. At present there are 17,583 preachers and 14,289 local preachers. In 1800 the membership was 64,894. In 1900 it is 2,871,949. The decrease in membership during the past year amounted, in round numbers, to 24,000, while during the last four years the general increase aggregated over 100,000. Although the church has raised a large amount of money for missionary purposes, it is said that the Methodists, though more than four times as numerous as the Congregationalists, raised in 1899 only about the same amount of money as did the Congregationalists. The question of Lay Delegation, that is, admitting men not clergymen to a seat in the Conference, has engrossed much attention since 1872, and the numerical equality of the delegates, though it has been strongly resisted, will probably prevail in the near future. The next Conference may settle it. Whether women shall be permitted to act as delegates has also been a somewhat burning question within the last eight years. It is yet unsettled.

Another question, which will have much to do with the polity of the church, is under agitation, concerning the time-limit of pastorates. In the cities, there is a strong feeling against any time-limit. This time-limit, as a feature of the itineracy, has been a strong factor in the mission work of the Methodists. It indicates that in the older sections of the country, and particularly in the cities, the time-limit has many disadvantages.

A prohibitory rule, which was introduced in 1872, touching questions of amusements and other points which had been left, previously, to the individual conscience, is likely to come up at the next session. Possibly, also, something like a heresy trial will appear in connection with Boston University and the teachings of Prof. Mitchell. But the most important and fundamental issue which can engross the attention of the Conference will be the reason for the marked decline in membership, and the comparatively small amount of gifts for the Lord's treasury, which have appeared within the last year or two. Outside of Methodist circles, all Protestants are interested in these questions, and especially since the decline in membership appears in other circles than the Methodists.

### THE BROTHERHOOD.

#### HOW TO TEACH A BIBLE LESSON.

Read before the Sabbath-School Institute at Nile, N. Y., March 14, 1900, by Rev. Wm. C. Whitford, of Alfred.

[Concluded from last week.]

But the teacher of a Bible lesson must always have in mind the doctrines to be learned and the practical applications to be drawn from the text assigned for study. He cannot hope to exhaust the lesson and teach all that is to be taught; so he must make a selection of the practical applications, and a selection of the truths of doctrine to which the lesson refers. If some of the members of the class are not confessed followers of Christ, the teacher must ever bear this fact in mind and be seeking for means to bring to their minds the necessity of turning to Jesus with penitence and faith. He must not forget also to bring to light those truths most necessary in the development of Christian character for those who have already given their allegiance to Christ as Lord and Master.

Now as to the precise way in which the teacher is to carry out his plan of making plain the scripture, and fixing in the hearts of the pupils the most appropriate lessons and applications, it is absurd to say that one particular way is best for all classes and all times. There are, however, some ways that are always bad, and many that are almost always bad. For example, that teacher who expects to teach the members of his class merely by telling them what he thinks that they ought to know, is almost sure to make a failure. It is surprising how little some people who have listened to preaching all their lives, know of the simple truths of the Bible. I am not ready to advocate the abolishment of the sermon, but I certainly do think that the Sabbath-school teacher should, as far as practicable, avoid the method of lecturing. It is to be hoped that every member of the school has already listened to a sermon before he came to Sabbath-school. That method of instruction has been tried; now is the time for another. I do not mean that the teacher should never give information to his class. He may be obliged to do so under some circumstances; but he should bend his energies to the task of making his pupils think and acquire the information for themselves and do the talking in the class.

Another method of conducting the class exercise which has nothing to be said in its favor, may be called the "poll-parrot" method. The teacher reads the questions out of his book, and the pupil reads the answer from his. It is possible that some one may acquire



knowledge in this way, but if he does, it will be by accident. None of our schools so far as I know are using this method at the present time. I speak of it especially that we may be warned not to approach it. I think I may say without giving offense that it will be much better for teachers to formulate questions of their own than to use the questions given in the *Helping Hand*. He should think out his questions while he is studying his lesson, and commit them to memory. He should have no lesson paper in his hand when he stands before his class; and should encourage his class to make their preparation before the lesson-hour rather than after a question is asked. Some would go so far as to say that even Bibles should be closed during the recitation hour. But who does not delight to see a teacher with the Bible in his hand before the members of his class, each with a Bible in hand? The teacher ought not, however, to accept as a satisfactory answer, the reading of a verse containing the material from which the answer may be deduced easily. He must make his pupils think and express their thoughts. For example, if the teacher should ask "By whom was Jesus tempted?" he should expect a more concise answer than, "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." Matt. 4:1.

Probably the best way of bringing out the lesson is by the question and answer method. The questions should be, as already suggested, thought out beforehand; but the teacher should continue his thinking and planning during the lesson-hour. It will often happen that he must frame a new question in view of an unexpected answer. If the answer is not quite right, accept it as far as it goes, and ask another question to bring out the answer that you had in mind. Beware of rejecting answers just because they are not the answer that you wanted. It is very likely that the fault is in the way that your question was put. The questions should be adapted to individuals. If there is a dull member of your class, do not discourage him by always asking him questions that he cannot answer. Ask him something easy. Perhaps his dullness is due in great measure to diffidence. He will be encouraged by his success in answering one question to try to answer others. Ask easy questions of others also, so that the dull or diffident one will not think that you are condescending to him. Speaking of easy questions reminds me to say that nearly all questions should be easy for one who has studied the lesson. You are not trying to overcome your pupils in a contest in which their part is to answer any question that you can ask and your part is to ask some question that they can't answer. The aim of the questioning is (1) to refer to matters already known, in order to fix them more definitely in memory; (2) to find out what the pupils don't know; (3) to set them to thinking. We are told in Acts 10 that Cornelius was the centurion of the Italian band. It may be possible that some one thinks that he was the leader of an Italian band of musicians. It is well to find out and clear up misapprehensions.

It will often happen that it will be of advantage to assign some questions to members of the class a week in advance, and let them look up the answers and report before the class. If the teacher can get his pupils to

write out answers for a week's questions assigned for that purpose, he may be very sure that they are studying.

The successful teacher will secure and retain the attention of his class. He will be on the lookout to draw some wanderer back to thoughts of the lesson, and thus maintain the interest of all. If a member of the class asks a question, give respectful attention, and answer it even if it does not directly bear upon the lesson. If it concerns some application of the lesson, it may be profitable to ask several members of the class to give their opinions, and have a free discussion. Beware of repelling questions by some such remark as "That has nothing to do with the lesson, and we will have to leave it for this time." Questions asked by the members of the class are signs of interest, and should be fostered with great care. One of the prime requisites for successful teaching is that the pupils should be interested in the work.

The teacher should note the time that he has at his disposal, and plan accordingly. It is not wise to use all the time in considering the connection with last week's lesson or other matters of introduction. The teacher has to be careful that the class does not fall into profitless discussion and does not turn aside to consider some theme entirely foreign to the lesson.

In addition to the method of question and answer the teacher should have ready many supplementary methods of making plain the lesson and enforcing its truths. Some teachers follow the analytic method and make out a plan of the lesson, and help their pupils in logical analysis. Others enforce truths by means of pictures or by illustrations in words.

The work is great; the responsibility is great. Who is sufficient for these things? We are tempted to resign and let some one else undertake to teach in our place. But our sufficiency is of God. He will help us to accomplish a work that seems beyond our earthly ability. The same Saviour who said, "Go make disciples of all nations," added also, "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

#### THE PEW AS SEEN FROM THE PULPIT.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

And when you have made saint and sinner as comfortable as ever they were made in any opera house, then, as you preach the Word, cast your eyes round about upon the congregation, and you will observe there, sitting under your able ministry, these sundry and divers regular attendants upon stated worship:

#### THE SLEEPER.

It may be that he resteth his chin upon the head of his cane, and when the moment of deep sleep cometh upon him, his chin slippeth and the bang of his head against the back of the other pew awaketh him and startleth the congregation. Howbeit, the bang upon his wife's head no man can hear, yet all the same it is there.

Or, peradventure he sleepeth with his head bolt upright, and noddeth the same in time with his deep breathing, each nod more violent and far-reaching than the one that went before it, and at last as he smiteth his breast with his chin he awaketh right suddenly and fixes a reproachful gaze upon you from half-open eyes, as though he should say, "Don't you push me that way again."

Or, if it be so that he letteth his head decline backward twenty-five degrees, seeking

rest that is not there, until the lid of his head seemeth about to fall off, and his mouth is open like unto the bill of a young robin when it crieth for food, and he playeth fantastic tunes with his nose, whereat the boys in the gallery make merry, and the congregation is much scandalized. And when it shall be that the wife of his bosom shall smite him under the fifth rib with her two-edged elbow that he lifteth up his head and openeth his eyes wide and glareth around upon the congregation as one who shall say, "He that sayeth I was asleep the same is a weather prophet and the truth dwelleth not in him." But if he foldeth his handkerchief upon the back of his brother's pew, and devoutly boweth his head upon the same as you pronounce the words of the text, then will that sleeper disturb no one, but will slumber calmly on until the time of the benediction is come; and he will awaken refreshed and smiling, and he will clasp hands with the brethren and greatly extol the preacher, and with a loud voice magnify the sermon.

#### THE FIDGET.

When he sits down he assumes an attitude as bolt upright as though he had swallowed a hoe-handle. He hooks his shoulder-blades over the back of the pew, and there is a look of grim determination on his face that assures you he is going to sit still that Sabbath if it kills him. Then he immediately kicks over the hassock. He unhooks his shoulder-blades and puts a hymn book behind his back to lean against. Then he bends forward and lets the book go thumping down during the long prayer. He turns half way around, and planting his elbow on the high back of the pew, tries to lift his disappointed chin up into the palm of his inaccessible hand. Then he faces around and extends both arms out along the back of the pew as though they were wings and he was getting ready to fly away and keep still ten minutes. Then he reaches for the hassock with his feet, picks it up with them, drops it and in a frantic effort to recover it sends it crashing against the pew in front. This spoils the best point in your sermon; if you are reading, it makes you lose your place; and if you are speaking extempore, you forget what you said last and what comes next. You are so glad. But you don't show it.

Then the Fidget braces up and hooks his elbows over the back of the pew and you wonder if he is going to throw himself clear over, like an athlete on a hurdle bar. He changes his mind and position, and slides down until he can plant both knees firmly against the back of the pew next in front. Ah, comfort! For thirty seconds. In his effort to unwedge his knees and struggle into an upright position again he clutches the cushion, shakes a couple of Sabbath-school books off on the floor, and both his feet come down with a dull thud on the crown of his best hat, and the children laugh. By this time everybody in his neighborhood is as nervous as himself, and as he beats a rapid but muffled tattoo on the floor with his heels, making the pew quiver from end to end, he wisher he were dead. So do other people—wisher they were dead—sometimes. But they never mean it.

#### THE WATCHER.

His head is set on a ball socket, and can turn three ways at once. If the window opens, he turns around; if the door moves, noiseless-



ly, he looks up. He watches the fidget with one eye, and the parson and congregation with both. He sees you lose a page of your manuscript. He sees that Deacon Slowboy has put on only one cuff. He sees in the basket the quarter with a hole in it, and he saw young Mr. Slyboots drop it in, too. He sees Brother Lightpay feel in every one of his pockets for something smaller than a nickel. Back in the lonely seats, under the shadow of the distant gallery, he sees Brother Badboy furtively take a quid of the inhibited fine-cut. In vain in the choir does the tenor attempt to smuggle a little note to the soprano. Between the leaves of the hymn book the Watcher sees that note, nor would it be a great wonder if he also sees what is in it. All things that somebody, and some things that nobody wants him to see he sees. He sees so much he has no time to listen to anything.

#### THE TIME-KEEPER.

As you announce your text this brother pulls his watch upon you—and I do believe, when I am punishing an audience, I had rather see a man draw a revolver than a watch. He gets the time to a second, and shuts his watch with a snap that sounds like the "go!" from the judges' stand at the agricultural horse trot; something of which you are profoundly ignorant. And with that brother sitting before you, his eye on you and his hand on his watch, as though he feared you might steal it, you preach like an express engine; you feel that you are running on schedule time, you have just so far to go and just so many minutes to get there in, and you must haul that entire congregation with you. Oft as the Time-keeper looks at his watch, you give yourself a little more steam, and rush along regardless of signals, orders, flag-stops or crossings.

Bye-and-bye, when you have been preaching only a short twenty-five minutes, the Time-keeper suddenly looks at his watch, starts, looks at you with an expression of voiceless amazement; you can see his eyes saying, "Man, alive, do you know what time it is?" Then he turns and looks at the clock on the gallery, to assure himself that his watch has not been stopped ever since last Sunday. But no; it is the awful truth; you have been preaching nearly half an hour. The Time-keeper glances away from the clock to cast a despairing smile toward a brother across the aisle. He holds his hands a little higher so the brother behind him may see the time. Then he glances at the watch again, looks around him feebly, makes a movement to close the timepiece and return it to his pocket, but checks himself to take one more long, lingering look to see if he must not be mistaken; and, at last, with a sigh that breathes the final agony of patient, human endurance, he shuts the watch with a warning snap and replaces it.

If the Time-keeper, when he is feeling usually accurate, cannot utterly destroy the closing passages of the best sermon you will ever preach, you are proof against human annoyance. And you will be, you must be, superior to annoyance, my dear young brother, else you can't preach. Because it is against the law to slay the Time-keeper.

#### THE SQUEAKER.

He comes a little late, and he weareth the shoes that are sacred to the sanctuary, the boots that remember the Sabbath-day to

keep it noisy. His pew is away down in front, close to the pulpit, and squee-squaw, he tramps discordantly down the long aisle. If he walks flat-footed, the dismal thump of his heels mingles dejectedly with the shrill dissonance of the squeaking sole. And if he endeavors to improve matters by teetering along on his toes, the result is a stridulous horror of squeak and grumble that even frightens the most hardened squeaker. When he reaches his pew, there are strangers sitting there. The Squeaker is the soul of hospitality, and he wouldn't disturb a stranger for a hat full of money; so, modestly ignoring all the pew-doors held open for him, he squeaks all the way back to a retired seat under the gallery. Then he remembers that he has a notice for the pastor to read. He squeaks up to the pulpit, hands the minister the wrong notice, and doesn't discover his mistake until he is half-way down the aisle again, and back to the pulpit he goes. And the more smiling grows the rest of the congregation, the more impressively solemn looks the Squeaker. He is invariably a good man, too; one of the best men in your church; so good, you cannot endure to reprove him on account of his boots, which are essentially pedo-baptists in their economical use of water, and their loud protests against immersion as an ordinance of efficacy.

#### THE TRAVELER.

This brother is also a Talker. Moreover he is usually a sister. She comes to church early, and is careful and troubled about all the unfinished and projected missionary and sewing-circle business of the week. Save by accident or mistake, she never goes immediately to her own pew. She heads directly for a sister in some remote and lonely part of the room, and fills in the quiet that precedes the service, and all the time the congregation is assembling, with much sibilant buzzing. From the first sister she flits to a second, and again to another and another. You will observe that she talks with her head turning this way and that, on the lookout for another committee. And buzz, buzz, buzz, she keeps it up. You become accustomed to the sound in this corner, when there is a rustle as of Sunday drapery and the once-a-week silk, and lo, the buzz breaks out in another place. And when the heads of the congregation are bowed, and the minister rises for prayer, she occupies the time of the invocation in rustling back to her own seat. And then, espying on the other side of the church a sister whom she had been unable to include in her itinerant caucus, she says some noiseless words at her with a voiceless mouth, which she opens and shuts and expands and contracts a few times in such extravagant and frightful pantomime that you hold your breath and look to see the good sister fall down in a fit.

#### HOPEFUL, THE WORSHIPER.

It rests your soul to turn toward this pleasant companion of a toilsome pilgrimage. His face shines up at you from the pew and his soul looks at you through his eyes. Now the kindly face kindles with your enthusiasm, and now the eyes are misty when some touch of pathos in your words or manner plash the waters into them. Sometimes an assuring nod of the head carries to the pulpit the warm approval of the pew, and sometimes the knitted brow asks you to say that again, and say it slow, and by this you know how

closely Hopeful is following you, because you are not quite certain yourself that you know just exactly what you intended to mean in that sentence. His is always the first hand reached out to you, and never lifted against you. He comes to you when you need him and knows when to leave you alone. You always look for him and always you find him, and, looking down into his face as you open the Book, you forget the Time-keeper, you cannot see the Sleeper, the Traveler is still, and the sound of the Squeaker blends into the closing strains of the hymn in sweet accord; and your heart is strong and light. Be of good cheer, my young brother, there are more Hopefuls than bosses in the church, and one Hopeful is of more value than many Fidgets.—*Standard.*

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Cable dispatches from South Africa tell of sharp fighting on Tuesday in the neighborhood of Mafeking. A sortie was made by the besieged garrison, and Plumer's cavalry attacked the Boers; but both attacks were repulsed, with considerable British losses in killed and captured, the casualties including several officers. The burghers' losses are said to be small. A dispatch from Cape Town announces the departure for the front of the second contingent of Canadian Mounted Infantry. Detached bodies of Boer horse, numbering from 500 to 1,000 each, have appeared at several places to the southward and eastward of Bloemfontein, threatening the railroad, but communication is not yet affected. Explanations by the British War Office as to why Lord Roberts is inactive are that there has been a lack of horses for remounts, but new horses are arriving by train-loads hourly. The sickness among the Boer prisoners at Simons Town continues to increase and five men died on Tuesday. The prisoners have been transferred to the shore, and unless the sickness abates it is not likely that more prisoners will be sent to St. Helena.

In the United States Senate, Mr. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, on April 5, presented an argument against the seating of M. S. Quay as a Senator from Pennsylvania. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty was considered in executive session.

The House did not finish the bill to provide territorial government for Hawaii. When the hour fixed for taking a vote arrived, less than half the bill had been covered, and so many amendments remained that it was agreed to continue the consideration of the bill under the five-minute rule until it was finished. One of the amendments agreed to was one prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in saloons.

Senator Gear has introduced an amendment to the Postoffice Appropriation Bill, fixing eight hours as the length of the working-day for clerks in postoffices, and providing for extra pay for additional hours.

Dispatches from Ponce and San Juan, Puerto Rico, announces that hundreds of sick and starving people have flocked into those cities from the country districts in search of relief.

Governor Roosevelt will deliver an address at Galena, Illinois, on April 27, at exercises to be held in honor of the anniversary of the birth of General Grant.

HAVE a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.—*Charles Dickens.*



## Missions.

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

WHILE ON a trip in the Central Association, last December, word came to me of the death of W. F. Place. I felt that I had lost a dear friend. He was an inmate in our family at two different times, at Farina, Ill., where he taught a select school, and right after his marriage, when he came to Walworth, Wis., to take charge of the Walworth Academy. I have been looking for a biographical sketch of Mr. Place in the SABBATH RECORDER. Not having the data for writing one myself, even at this late date, I wish to give my tribute of love for him and my estimate of his character and worth. As a friend, he was genial and true, and a pleasant man in the home. He was fond of children, and had the power of winning their confidence and love, and knew how to interest them. Mr. Place was a great reader, and read the up-to-date books on theological and religious subjects, upon economical, political and scientific questions. He was also fond of English literature. He digested well what he read, and made it a prominent topic in conversation. His breadth of reading, and the thinking over what he read, made him a well-posted and ready man on the living questions of the day.

He was an interesting writer. There were freshness and point in what he wrote, conciseness and clearness in expression, candor in thought and spirit. I always read his articles in the RECORDER with much interest. No one regretted more than myself his leaving us in his religious views and in his denominational and church affiliations. We had many a warm and earnest discussion upon those religious and doctrinal views which he was investigating and which he finally adopted, and led him to accept the Unitarian faith. He was honest, wanted to know the truth, and was conscientious and firm in accepting what he believed to be the truth. I had the utmost faith in his honesty, and confidence in his goodness and Christian character. He had a warm place in his heart for us as a people, for his old teachers, for our schools, and his old schoolmates and friends. He was considered among the people with whom he labored a scholarly and able preacher, and was beloved by his parishioners. The last four or five years of his life he was in poor health, and his physical ills disabled him for service for the last year, and brought him to his final sickness. His people were very kind and helpful to him and his family in his sickness and death. He was ready for the great change, and died happy. He leaves a devoted wife and six bright and helpful children to mourn the loss of a kind and loving husband and father. They have the sympathy and earnest prayers of many old students who loved him and his family, and of the old schoolmates and friends of his early days.

### MEDICAL WORK.

The Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, which meets in New York in April, will give a prominent place to the discussion of Medical Missions, and it is confidently predicted that all who follow what is there said will know as never before how truly medical mission work is the exemplification of the Christ work.

Jesus himself is the model medical missionary. When John the Baptist sent to inquire

whether this was really he for whom he had prepared the way, Jesus said to his questioners: "Go your way and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached." Healing and preaching went hand in hand.

The same manner of work that Christ did, our medical missionaries are doing today.

The need of skilled medical and surgical attendance in heathen lands is open to no doubt. A Chinese work on Anatomy says: "There are three pulses in each wrist. A man's strongest pulse is in his left wrist, a woman's in her right. . . . In the left hand are located the pulses showing the diseases of the heart, the liver and the kidneys, while the right hand pulses indicate the diseases of the lungs, the spleen and other organs." The story is told of a Chinaman, who came to the mission hospital suffering from stomach trouble. He had already taken as a remedy over sixty pounds of powdered-stone, about forty pounds of cinnamon, besides many pounds of unmentionably filthy concoctions; and he was "none the better, and rather grew worse." The wonder is that he was still alive.

Under such conditions, it is easy to see how medical missions have opened doors that would otherwise have remained closed to missionary labor. The medical missionary most readily of all his brothers dispels prejudice, and through his medical knowledge wins the love and respect of the people and gains a permanent foothold in places which had at first been peremptorily refused to him. The natives of heathen countries are naturally suspicious. They cannot understand why a man should leave country, friends and home just to teach them his religion. They seek some secret purpose which, in their rude minds, is often magnified to horrors inconceivable. They tell their children that the missionaries are alluring them into their schools only to boil and eat them. Among such people, the labors of the medical missionary must prove a powerful agency in the spread of the Gospel. The character of the physician has always been highly honored in the East, because of its semi-religious nature, and when a man comes among them with the express purpose of administering to their bodies, as well as to their souls, they can understand it, and suspicion is disarmed. As a result, the foreign doctor wins his way in the hearts and homes of the high and the low, the rich and the poor, in a truly marvelous way; he is *persona grata* even in palaces and halls of state. "What we dread," said a Hindu, a few years ago, "is the presence of your Christian women, for they are winning our homes; and your Christian physicians, for they are winning our hearts."

In his book on "Medical Missions," Dr. John Lowe tells a story illustrative of this pioneer power of medical missions. It was by his medical skill exercised in the successful treatment of the Ranee—wife of the Maharajah—that Dr. Colin Valentine gained access both for himself and his brother missionaries to Jeypore. During the course of a journey, Dr. Valentine, while passing through Jeypore, made a visit upon the Maharajah there, who told him that one of his favorite Ranees was very ill. The native doctors could do nothing for her, and he

would be very glad if the foreign doctor would see her. Under very difficult circumstances, Dr. Valentine succeeded in diagnosing the Ranee's illness and in restoring her to health. Previously no missionary had been allowed to settle in that native state. Now overtures were made to Dr. Valentine to remain in Jeypore as his Highness's physician; he at once told the Maharajah that he was a missionary, and that unless he were allowed to carry on missionary work without let or hindrance, however high the position, he could not possibly accept it. The condition was accepted, and Dr. Valentine remained in Jeypore for fourteen years. In that city the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland has now a prosperous mission.

In the pioneer agency of medical missions lies one great source of its usefulness. But in its power as an evangelistic agency its value is no less indisputable. The mind of one who has been saved from bodily infirmities is in a peculiarly receptive condition to listen to those truths which save from spiritual infirmities. There has been an object-lesson presented of the very love and brotherhood of Christ that is taught, which helps mightily to prepare the soul for belief and obedience.

The first medical missionary who set foot in India was Mr. Thomas. For a long time he labored with apparently no success, when one day he was called to attend a person named Kristno, one of whose arms was dislocated. He set the arm, and then "spoke very seriously to the sufferer of salvation—so that he even wept and sobbed aloud." A few days afterward Kristno returned to the mission house for instruction; for, he declared that Mr. Thomas had not only cured his arm, but had told him also the cure for sin. This same Kristno became the first Hindu preacher.

### RESOLUTIONS.

On the death of Charles Potter, of Plainfield, New Jersey, by the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society:

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father has called from earthly labor to his rest and reward, our beloved brother, Charles Potter, who for many years has been a member of this Board; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we express our high estimate of the character, the worth, and the services of our departed brother. His presence among us was ever an inspiration. His words were words of faith, of hope, and of cheer. His counsels were wise. His prayers were fervent, and his loyalty to God and his truth emphatic. His contributions were large and unceasing.

*Resolved*, We feel that by his death his family, the Board, and the world have met with a seeming irreparable loss; but, we would bow with meekness before the Divine Will, knowing that our Father doeth all things well, and that he doth not willingly afflict, and who will from the sorrows of the night bring the gladness of the morning.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be put on the records of the Board, and also that they be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

S. H. DAVIS, }  
A. McLEARN, } Com.  
O. D. SHERMAN, }

On the death of Jonathan Maxson, of Westerly, R. I., by the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Board:

WHEREAS, In his righteous Providence, God has called from the councils of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Board, our beloved brother, Jonathan Maxson, who for more than forty years has been one of its most faithful and valued members; therefore,

*Resolved*, That the Board expresses its very high estimate of his noble Christian character, his unwavering devotion to duty, his generous benevolence, his untiring



zeal for the cause of missions, and his rare wisdom in planning for the spread of the Gospel.

*Resolved*, That by his death the Board has lost a conscientious and able adviser, the Society a warm-hearted and liberal supporter, and the denomination a consecrated champion, whose influence for truth and righteousness is inestimable.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Board, and that a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased.

S. H. DAVIS,  
A. McLEARN,  
O. D. SHERMAN, } *Com.*

**TREASURER'S REPORT.**

For the Month of March, 1900.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer.

In account with  
THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

<i>Dr.</i>	
Cash in the Treasury, March 1, 1900.....	\$1,146 17
<b>Churches:</b>	
North Loup, Neb.....	11 85
Hornellsville, N. Y.....	10 65
Walworth, Wis.....	20 43
Chicago, Ill.....	10 00
Attalla, Ala.....	75
West Hallock, Ill.....	10 00
Richburg, N. Y.....	2 42
Shiloh, N. J., General Fund, \$31.86; China Mission, \$8.56	40 42
Plainfield, N. J.....	44 66
Jackson Centre, Ohio.....	1 45
First Aft ed, Alfred, N. Y., Boy's School, China, \$1.75; General Fund, \$48.65.....	50 40
Milton, Wis.....	8 31
Boulder, Col.....	6 30
Second Brookfield, N. Y., Evangelistic work, \$26.36; General Fund, \$5.18.....	31 54
Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I.....	35 25
Albion, Wis.....	10 00
First Genesee, N. Y.....	25 30
Junior Society, Christian Endeavor, Andover, N. Y.....	1 00
Edwin Hazeltine, Hitesville, N. Y.....	2 00
Stephen S. Clark, Independence, N. Y.....	5 00
Phineas A. Shaw, Alfred, N. Y.....	12 00
Mrs. E. R. Hoye, Ogden, Utah.....	40
J. W. Looftboro, Welton, Iowa.....	5 00
<b>Sabbath-Schools:</b>	
North Loup, Neb.....	1 42
Plainfield, N. J., General Fund, \$15.40; Mission School, \$10.96.....	26 36
Ethel A. Haven, Leonardsville, N. Y., Life Member.....	20 00
Latham Stillman, Westerly, R. I., Birthday offering.....	5 00
Cash, Dodge Centre, Minn.....	2 09
Bertha Babcock, Welton, Iowa.....	2 50
J. O. Babcock, Welton, Iowa.....	2 50
"H. M." Bridgeville, Del.....	2 00
J. G. Burdick, Evangelistic work.....	1 00
<b>Per Evangelistic Committee:</b>	
Balance from Collection at Albion.....	\$ 7 00
<b>Per Mrs. Townsend:</b>	
Congregational Church Collection, Boulder.....	\$ 1 00
Seventh-day Baptist Church Collection, Boulder.....	4 00
Collections, Boulder.....	2 79
Sale of Hymn Books.....	4 43—12 22
North Loup, Neb., Collection.....	9 60
Grand Junction, Iowa, Collection.....	3 05
Garwin, Iowa, Collection.....	1 55
	14 20
Less expense of draft.....	12—14 08
Sale of Hymn Books.....	10 05—
	43 35
	\$1,597 43
<i>Cr.</i>	
Church at Garwin, Iowa, quarter ending Dec. 31, 1899.....	\$ 25 00
Orders Evangelistic Committee, Nos. 173, 174.....	112 00
Loan.....	350 00
<b>Cash in Treasury:</b>	
To re-enforce China Mission.....	\$320 22
Reduction of debt.....	19 00
Available for current expense.....	771 21—
	1,110 43
	\$1,597 43
E. & O. E.	GEO. H. UTTER, Treas.

**DR. DALAND IN AFRICA.**

AYAN MAIM,  
Gold Coast Colony, West Africa,  
14th February, 1900.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

You and your readers will, no doubt, desire to hear about the second Sabbath I have spent with the church in this village. During the week preceding it we continued our daily meetings. The custom of the friends here is to have a prayer-meeting at sunrise and sunset every day excepting Tuesdays and Thursdays. On those days we have held councils or meetings relative to the work here and its prospects. At the Wednesday evening service I have preached a sermon and the congregation has been increased by many of the town people.

Last Friday morning, Feb. 9, at half-past nine, we went to the river, where we had a most solemn and impressive baptismal service.

I first arranged the candidates on the bank, and after a hymn and Scripture sentences relating to baptism, prayer was offered. Then all those to be baptized made a confession of Christ, in answer to my question, with

uplifted hand. I then led into the water Bro. Joseph Ammokoo, the revered minister, and immersed him, and after him fourteen others. We then returned to the house and I laid hands upon them and prayed that the Lord might defend them by his grace that they might continue his forever, and daily increase in his Holy Spirit more and more till they come to his everlasting kingdom.

At the service on the eve of the Sabbath we had with us Bro. Charles Ammokoo, a man also of advanced age, a brother of Bro. Joseph Ammokoo. He came from a distant village and could not be present in the morning. I chose the Epistle to the Ephesians as the theme of the meeting, and exalted the church of Christ as the body of Christ, the building of God, and the glory of God, exhorting all to loyalty to Jesus our Lord and his church.

Sabbath morning at sunrise we had the 24th Psalm as our subject. The meeting was a blessed one.

At ten o'clock was held the regular morning service, at which we had for lessons Mal. 2 and 1 Tim. 3. The central feature of the service was the ordination of Bro. Joseph Ammokoo, whom I set apart to the work of the ministry in the usual way, delivering a discourse on the work of the pastor and giving a solemn charge to both minister and people. Although the circumstances are somewhat peculiar, I felt led of God to do this in his name, and I feel sure if you could be with this servant of God as I have been for the last ten days or more, you would recognize that he possesses the ordination of the Holy Ghost. I therefore deemed it an honor to welcome him into the ranks of our ministry.

At 3 o'clock we had the Sabbath-school, using the lesson for Jan. 6, on the Birth of Christ. They will hereafter follow on in order thus a month late, as they have the RECORDER with the lesson notes. We learned one new hymn, and all the children committed to memory the Golden Text.

At 5 o'clock we went again to the river and three more persons were baptized, making a total of 18 members of the church. One of these was Bro. Charles Ammokoo, already mentioned. The last one baptized was a little girl who had no name except her native one. As is their custom a scriptural name was chosen for her. Being a "little woman" and having believed in circumstances similar to those described in Acts 17, the name selected was Damaris. So the baptism of little Damaris Quansah completed the number of 18 constituent members of the church, one more than the number reported in the Conference statistics.

At 6 o'clock we held an impressive service. First the two deacons, Bro. Charles and Bro. James Ammokoo, were ordained. Then the church voted to grant licenses to preach the Gospel in the case of three sons of the pastor, James, the deacon, Samuel and Ebenezer.

After this the Lord's Supper was observed, the two deacons serving, one the bread and the other the wine, all the 18 members partaking. Thus closed a Sabbath which, I am sure, will long be remembered by all who had the privilege of being present at these services.

Of the outlook here and the prospects of work space will not permit me to write at length. I shall try to write somewhat fully

to the officers of the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association, but to tell all that might be told is impossible until in God's merciful Providence I shall be permitted to speak to your readers face to face.

But what I wrote when on my way hither has only been confirmed by what I have seen. The opportunities for work here are vast and the results certain to follow. An expenditure of men and means equal to what is done by other Christian bodies is certain to be followed by results commensurate therewith, and there is much in our favor. This Ayan district is favorable in many ways. This village has nearly 1,000 people. The Wesleyans have about 30 members and perhaps 50 or more adherents. Their cause has been more prosperous, but is now in a disorganized condition. We have 18 members and perhaps 10 others in sympathy with us. But many others are inclined toward our people. If a school and a mission under white control were begun by Seventh-day-Baptists it would immediately secure a large following. Two kings and more than one chief are anxious for us to do this, and their influence is great with the people. Work here in this country is real work with heathen people and is not in competition with other denominations to the extent that it would be in a coast town. But the truth is sure to spread thither, as it has even now. The fame of my arrival and my doings here has spread to Cape Coast Castle, and the heads of the Wesleyan bodies are apprehensive that some hostile power is here! This place is higher and more healthful than one directly on the coast. All these considerations, and many others, point to a call to our people, especially in view of what the friends here desire, which is that a mission and a school, partly industrial, should be started and maintained by American Sabbath-keepers.

What I also wrote in regard to leaving the church here to itself is more than confirmed. To leave them now to themselves is simply to leave them to destruction—humanly speaking. God can preserve them and give them success, but it is his way to work through means. Of the reasons for the danger in leaving them without white supervision I may not write, but they are clear and cogent. The fact that there was a Wesleyan church of more than one hundred members here, and that now they have but thirty, and these under illiterate leaders, is an illustration of the working of a law which is universal in the present state of society in this country. Of details I may not write, but to leave these people to work out their own salvation is to doom them. This opinion would be confirmed by three classes of people in West Africa, missionaries, traders, and the natives themselves, albeit they would take different views of the desirability of success or failure of such an enterprise as that upon which these people here have embarked.

I have visited and inspected a large piece of land, a hill northeast from this village, distant less than half a mile. The hill is known as Onyaawonsu Kwukwadu, which might be translated "Cottonwood Hill." This the Ammokoo family are willing to give for a mission station, house, school and church, with sufficient space around them. It is higher than Ayan Maim, open and desirable in every way. I saw there growing papaws, bananas, maize, cassada and many other plants. There is also another larger piece of land at Eibum, more than ten miles from here, which could be acquired by the mission, but not without purchase, suitable for a coffee or cocoa farm or any other agricultural enterprise. The members of the church are all poor people, and the Ammokoo family are also poor except for the possession of considerable land. But they bear an excellent reputation in the neighborhood.

Faithfully yours,  
WILLIAM C. DALAND.



## Woman's Work.

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

WE give this week a little glimpse of the home-life of one of our missionaries in Shanghai, China, written by Mrs. Cossum to her sister, Mrs. T. R. Williams. She has been stopping with them for a few weeks. The letter was written in February.

You see I am still in Shanghai. We have been taking our meals with Crofoot, Burdick and Palmborg company since Monday. I put the Crofoot name first because they have the largest family. Then, too, Mrs. Crofoot is housekeeper this month.

Alfred Crofoot is a most charming little baby. He has blue eyes, and his hair is going to curl when it gets long enough. He is about the brightest, happiest little fellow I ever saw. That is, he responds with a smile whenever you speak to him, and he tells more stories (of the goo-goo variety) than our Robert ever did. However, I shall not trade Robert for any baby I have seen yet.

Mr. Crofoot is doing very nicely, it seems to me, with the language. He read out of his character-Bible at prayers, the other night. He prepares the lesson beforehand and hesitates some, of course. But, the fact that he attempts to read at all, at this early stage, is proof that he means business. Mrs. Crofoot is studying some.

We had a baby party here Tuesday. Mrs. Crofoot invited three mothers and their babes to join herself and me, and our babes, in a cup of four o'clock tea. Each mother went to bed that night with a deep sense of satisfaction in her own offspring. I suppose I can speak for Mrs. Crofoot and myself, anyway. Miss Burdick made some delicious candy in honor of the occasion.

We go back to the Davis side of the house to-night for supper.

It was very cold here when we arrived, but it is very spring-like now. On Washington's Birthday the children and I went out for a walk, with Robert in Baby Crofoot's carriage. We wore no wraps and carried umbrellas to keep off the sun. The birds are chirping merrily.

### OUR PRAYER CALENDAR.

Already there have been many testimonies received from our sisters, expressing their gratitude for the little messenger which has come into their homes, calling them to daily earnest prayer. On the other hand, a few have hesitated to accept them until they can know "the purpose and object of the Calendars"—"what the money is for." (Your Editor begs pardon for not announcing at an earlier date the purpose for which the Prayer Calendar has been prepared.)

Perhaps we cannot better explain our object in issuing the Calendar than by giving a brief history of the Prayer Calendar which is being used by one of our sister denominations. Several years ago our attention was called to the wonderful results growing out of the use of the First-day Baptist Prayer Calendar. The little booklet sent out by our Sister Mary Bailey, in 1880, was the outgrowth of our correspondence with her at that time. The fact that it did not meet with favor, except with a very few of the sisters, discouraged us, and we were not then situated so as to place the matter before our women.

Since coming to make a home again among our own people, we have had an inexpressible longing that our women should rise to a higher estimate of the possibilities of service. Our workers are calling for sympathy and support. Often no other help than prayer can avail, the distance is so great; but our feeblest petition to the All-Wise Father can set in motion those agencies which can supply health, strength, safety and manifold blessings. Therefore, by the help and the co-operation of the Evangelical Society of Alfred, we have issued this call to prayer—

prayer for our workers, by name—prayer every day.

It is said that "more than any other instrumentality, the Prayer Calendar has quickened the Baptist woman's work in this direction, for, from the oppressive loneliness of one of their workers the work began." Broken in health, she was forced to return to America for rest. While in the home-land she attended a meeting of the Baptist women at Saratoga. They were soon to send out new missionaries. She had been speaking for them, and in closing she made this request: "That all in the audience would rise, who would pledge themselves at the twilight hour to pray for missionaries on the other side of the globe, for whom a new day would begin at that hour. It had been a grandly-inspiring day, and this was a fitting close. When in the gray dusk and solemn hush which fell upon the assembly, so many stood to record that vow, while the blessing of the God of Missions was invoked upon them." For three years this plan was continued, and in 1887 the Calendar first appeared, to insure the promise, "where two or three are agreed as touching anything it shall be done."

In the face of great discouragement, and hampered in many ways, a sister dared prepare only an inexpensive "block," each leaf containing the name of a missionary, and, in order of appointment, their helpers, their schools, and Bible women, appropriate Scripture accompanying each name. They had not yet a sufficient number of missionaries in the field for each day in the year; but, although cheap in make-up, and unattractive in form, such was the welcome given to the effort, such answers to prayers were granted, such deliverances and encouragements came to light, that in 1888 the Woman's Society published the second Calendar, seeking the co-operation of those who had used the first. The demand had become so great that the committee were justified in issuing a more attractive Calendar, and they were sold to 5,000 persons, including the missionaries. This number did not include the Calendars hanging in school-rooms and places of business, where these remembrancers silently pled the wonderful promises of God.

Testimonies accumulated as to blessings resulting from their use. All the strength and comfort derived from seeing their names on its pages, when some trial or affliction burdened the hearts of the missionaries, will never be known.

"A missionary wife and mother was embarking for America from Burma, with a sick husband, a sick child, and two other little ones. The responsibility of departure and breaking up a home, with torturing anxiety for her invalids, and the absolute certainty of sea-sickness for herself—all this bearing cruelly upon her—seemed lifted at a glance. For her, that very day, a host was praying."

"Another missionary, preaching under difficulties, suddenly experienced an accession of power, his assistant also, speaking as never before, while conviction resulted in many conversions then and there. At home, special prayer at that very hour was being offered with unusual fervor."

"A Bible woman joyfully reported to her teacher unusual success. She led her teacher to the Calendar, pointing to her own name, and all gave thanks for this confirmation of her faith in prayer."

"In Rhode Island, the workers, in accepting an apportionment of the largest pledge made to the Board, formulated this prayer: 'Oh Lord, incline our hearts so to give, that Thou mayest be able to pour us out a blessing!' This was their chief concern. Upon the returns being made known and the money raised, it appeared that in their small state, six hundred had been baptized, and the number baptized upon mission ground averaged one for each hour of the day and night the year through! In averaging the money raised and expended in travel, repairs and construction of edifices, as well as for direct evangelistic work, it was found that these converts had cost (?) \$37.64 each. What a grand investment!"

These few instances, given to your Editor several years ago, must suffice. We can gather from these the close connection between faithful praying, giving, and the blessings sure to follow. Had all the tithes been brought in, what mighty results must have followed, not only to those for whom they were praying, but for those who offered the fervent, effectual prayer.

Sisters, that we may be thus helped and blessed, we have issued our little "Prayer Calendar." Do you remember one sentence in a letter from Mrs. Davis, not many months since? "If we had the building, we might just as well have one hundred boys as twenty-five." And in Miss Susie's letter of Jan. 30, found in the issue of March 26, speaking of the school in the Native City, where boys and girls are together, she says: "I have for a long time felt sure that it would be better to divide this school, putting the boys in a room over the street chapel, and we have been praying much about it."

Read again Mrs. Randolph's paper in the RECORDER of July 10, 1899, and let us pray that we may have willing hearts and hands for this work God is giving us to do.

While it did not seem practicable to our committee to begin now to give a day to each member of our Boards, and to each individual pastor, and other workers, it was our united prayer that this small beginning of enlarged opportunities might lead us up to the spirit of more fervent, constant prayer, of increased interest in our work, of larger gifts, and, as a result, of an increase in our number of workers at home and in foreign fields. We did not suggest a certain hour for prayer, but left it to each sister to decide for herself when she would pray each day.

The Calendars have been sent out, because we have faith in our women, because many of us do not realize the greatness of our work and of our needs. Sisters, they have been sent out to bless you in your homes, to unite us more closely to each other, and to our Heavenly Father. May the time soon come when our people shall see the need of the Prayer Calendar, which has done so much for other denominations in assuring an unbroken circuit of prayer for all lines of work.

Then we shall realize how close the connection between faithful praying, giving, and the revival blessing; then our workers will have the assurance that for each one, on a particular day, "a host is praying."

THE business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercises of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation.—Samuel Johnson.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The "flush of pink on the orchard bare," the pervasive fragrance of the orange blossom, and the velvety carpet of delicate flowers, brightened here and there by a stretch of the flaming gold of the poppy, which nature has suddenly thrown over every spot she still claims from man as her own, are the only tokens that spring has come in a land where the days are so alike that the calendar, rather than the thermometer, must tell the seasons. Throughout the winter the temperature has frequently ranged above 80°, while strawberries have been unharmed by frost, and the vegetable man has not failed to bring the tender lettuce, peas and tomatoes from his gardens. A fact which has been better appreciated by tourists and health-seekers than by the ranchero, is that it has been the driest season since records have been kept, the precipitation so far having been only five inches. There have been but seven years in thirty in which the rain-fall was less than ten inches, and four of these seven have been since 1895. The free investment of the capital and the indomitable energy of the orchardists have surmounted this great obstacle which the heavens have so smilingly thrown in their path, and turned what threatened disaster to a country almost a desert without rain into unparalleled prosperity. By boring wells, running tunnels and sinking shafts, as many inches of water have been developed from beneath the surface as were previously available from natural sources.

Redlands, depending entirely upon the mountain snows, has probably suffered more than any other section, yet the faith of her five thousand citizens is practically shown in the one million dollars' worth of permanent improvements made within the year. Noticeable among these is the thirty thousand dollar library, built in the modified mission style, and roofed with the beautiful terra cotta tiling from Alfred, New York, the gift to the city of Mr. A. K. Smiley.

One of the penalties Californians must pay for living in so perfect a climate is the exposure to the danger resulting from the migration of those suffering from tuberculosis to this section. There are said to be 20,000 strangers in Southern California this winter, and the number of those with pale faces and lingering steps, the tell-tale marks of suffering read at a glance, is so rapidly multiplying that it has become to be a serious question how to protect ourselves against the infection, and not through our selfishness merit the condemnation, "I was sick, and ye took me not in." A clergyman, who is also a member of the Board of Trustees, said at a recent meeting that he would rather bring up his family among saloons than in Redlands, which seems to be the mecca for these sufferers, but his remarks quickly called out protests from other members. In all the larger towns great care is enforced in regard to disinfecting rooms, library books, etc., used by invalids; fines are imposed for expectoration on sidewalks and in public places; and sanitariums are being built for their exclusive use, but it is thought that measures to prevent the spread of the disease must be educational rather than restrictive, for it is not the educated and conscientious consumptive who is the source of danger. When all realize the duties they owe to those among whom they

live, and the comparatively little care necessary to prevent contagion, a long step will have been taken toward the solution of this important problem.

An unusual interest is being taken in mining properties throughout the state. Until recently, ore that would assay less than \$20 per ton has been thrown away as unprofitable, but the magnitude of the low-grade ore industry is being forced upon mine owners, and those seeking investments, who, by the cyanide process or with concentrators, can convert the millions of tons of ore or tailings already out of the ground into money at small expense, while thousands of veins hitherto considered of too low grade to work may be developed, giving employment to an army of miners and laborers.

Great excitement is also felt in the southern counties over the development of coal oil, some rich veins having been struck. Mr. C. B. Hull, of Chicago, who now controls the water plant at Colony Heights, promises to have water on all the Colony lands within a year. If he is able to do this it will mean rapid building up of the colony. One has only to glance at the inquiries constantly coming from all parts of the denomination to realize how much a Seventh-day Baptist colony here is demanded. It will be a misfortune if all those who come cannot be gathered into one strong church and community.

The church services are still cared for by the members, though they were fortunate in having Mr. Davis preach for them during his vacation between his New Auburn and Scott pastorates.

Miss Rosa Davis is teaching at Lakeview, and Mr. Chas. D. Coon has the Colony school, numbering about twenty, thus bringing another family into the Colony. Other new people are: Mrs. C. B. Hull and family; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Smith, of Chicago; and Mrs. Silas Randolph and daughter from Farina, Ill. A Ladies' Society has been organized. The community has so far outgrown the school-house, in which all meetings are held, that a church-building is a demand of the near future. In the meantime they are doing what they can to improve the site.

Though the grain crop, on which all depend more or less, will not be large, this has in other ways been the most prosperous year in the history of the Colony, and we are encouraged for the future.

ELIZABETH B. CARPENTER.

REDLANDS, Cal., March, 1900.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Receipts in March, 1900.

Churches:	
Shiloh, N. J.	\$ 3 45
Plainfield, N. J.	44 65
West Hallock, Ill.	10 00
Jack-on Centre, Ohio	1 06
Second Brookfield, Brookfield, N. Y.	4 72
Milton, Wis.	8 31
Boulder, Col.	2 85
Albion, Wis.	3 70
Sabbath-school, Plainfield, N. J., \$14.77; Boodschpper, \$6.95.	21 72
Wm. D. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.	1 00
A. W. Vars, Dunellen, N. J.	10 00
Stephen S. Clarke, Independence, N. Y.	5 00
Mrs. Mary A. Babcock, Phoenix, R. I.	1 00
Miss Josephine Stillman, Phoenix, R. I.	1 00
C. Latham Stillman, Westerly, R. I.	5 00
Rev. N. M. Mills, Westerly, R. I.	2 40
D. N. Newton, Fayetteville, N. C.	3 50
"H. M.," bridgeville, Del.	2 00
Miss Bertha Babcock, Welton, Iowa.	2 50
J. O. Babcock, Welton, Iowa.	2 50
	\$136 36

E. & O. E.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 3, 1900.

J. D. SPIORR, Treasurer.

NO WRECK of friendship can destroy its high ideals, or take from him who was true in it the gain to his own soul of unselfishly striving to be a friend.—H. Clay Trumbull.

INDUSTRIAL MISSION IN GEORGIA.

I read with a great deal of interest what Bro. Ashurst wrote in the RECORDER of March 19, about establishing an Industrial Mission in Georgia, and as I was raised in that state, and only last fall returned from there, after a year of successful farming, I would like to be one of those who are willing to study carefully the feasibility of such a movement. There are many things to oppose this movement. Let us consider some of them. First, Georgia has a strict Sunday law. Only last summer an Adventist was fined \$10 and cost for quietly hoeing corn on Sunday, at Rome. Work could not be carried on on Sunday without the person doing it being subject to the power of an unchristian law. It is true some work might be done. I did not keep one Sunday while there, I found indoor work and laid my plans to have work of some kind every Sunday that would not attract notice; but there are always some who will be disposed to oppose, and who would gladly report one to the authorities. There is also the question of the excessive pressure of the hard times in Georgia. Men are working for 50 cents per day and boarding themselves. The land is almost all badly run down, ruined by cotton. It takes years of hard work and the best of management to build it up. My father has a large farm that cost, 17 years ago, \$2,500, 565 acres. It has cost more than \$2,500 to improve it, and it is not considered worth over \$4,000 now, although it is in a very desirable section, and is well situated. All this I have written not to discourage any one with regard to this good work, but because these are facts, not theories.

But on the other hand, if a man of experience should be put in charge of it, a man who could farm and preach and make a success of both, it is possible, and to my mind very probable, that it can be made to succeed. I think, with Dr. Lewis, that the day is near at hand when this method of work will be used far more than now. Adventists have established a Sanitarium at Rome, and have distributed tracts and other papers in the surrounding country. There are several men, good friends of mine, near Rome who would keep the Sabbath if they could get work to do. My plan would be to get a farm large enough to give several families work. Then a school might be opened, a small church soon be organized, and in this way give work to some of those who would join us. I know of a farm large enough to support six medium sized families, on a railroad one and one-half miles from a station, nine miles from a city, good location, good water, which can be had for two-thirds what it is worth. There are two families which I am very sure would be only too well pleased to be with us. The head of one of them says he will keep any day but the Sabbath, and the other, his father, who is a First-day Baptist minister, believes the seventh day is the Sabbath. This farm is one of the best in that country, much improved and a very desirable place, all things considered. If we will set our wits to work and weigh this question carefully, I am sure we can do this work, and establish a mission somewhere in the state. Let us work and pray over it, and God will not forsake us or suffer our efforts to fall to the ground.

C. H. PALMER.

ALFRED, N. Y., March 26, 1900.



## Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

DURING the winter term of Milton College, the Christian Association has been doing its usual work. The membership has been increased by the addition of fifteen new names, making a total of fifty-eight active members. The average attendance at the Friday night prayer-meeting has been sixty. Four persons have made a start in Christian work. Several of the active workers will not be in school during the spring term, but they hope to return next fall or winter. The Association continues to be, as it always has been, one of the strongest factors in the College for character building.

### ARE WE FULFILLING OUR MISSION?

BY LENA S. MONROE.

Read at a Convention at Richburg, N. Y., March 9, 1900, and requested for publication.

Do we not often think that because there is not some great work lying at our door there is nothing for us to do? Have we an idea that God, in his wisdom, has created man without giving him a work to do? Has he not given each of us a mission, a heavenly mission? The question which we shall ask ourselves is, Are we fulfilling that mission? Perhaps we have not been given an opportunity to do any great work, but is there any doubt in our minds as to whether or not we can do something for our Master, however small or humble it may be?

It is a little thing to speak a kind word to those whom we meet, or to let them know that we are interested in their soul's welfare, or to do hundreds of other little things as we have opportunity. But perhaps this is our part of the Lord's work, and who can tell what the harvest may be? We are promised a blessing if we but give a cup of cold water in his name, and we cannot afford to miss both the opportunity and the blessing. Many lives have been changed for all time by a kind word or a loving deed. We can realize something of the importance of little things, when we think of the mighty ocean or the vast desert, one composed of little drops of water, the other of tiny grains of sand. Possibly when our records are read "up yonder," the little things which we have done here will appear to us as a vast ocean of goodness. Little things have been spoken of very nicely in the following lines:

"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 somewhat,  
His dawnlight gladness voicing.  
God gives us all some small, sweet way  
To set the world rejoicing."

Perhaps just as much effort, yes, even more sometimes, may be required to do the small things as is required to do the greater ones. We naturally desire to do a work great enough so that we can feel that we have done something; but let us do just the work that comes to us, trusting God for the harvest which will surely come in his own good time. Are we to be rewarded for the greatness of our deeds or for the faithful performance of each deed, however humble or exalted a place it may have in the eyes of men? God desires, and is pleased with willing, loving, obedient service.

We may sometimes try to excuse ourselves from performing some act which duty may demand on the plea that we have not the ability to do it. True, we are not required to do anything far beyond our power, thus making a failure of it; but are we sure that we have not the faculty lying latent within us? It is believed by the writer that each of us is given the faculty, if we will but use it, which will help in the advancement of the world. Goethe has advised that "each man ask himself with which of his faculties he can and will somehow influence the world." We may feel that we have no faculties from which to choose, but surely we must have at least one talent; and if only one, let us so improve that talent that we shall hear the "well done" of our Lord.

Have we not noticed that among young people, especially, there is often a feeling of inability to do much, and an inclination to let the older ones, or those who we feel have more ability than we have, do the work that perhaps is ours to do, or let it go undone?

"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."

Shall we wait until we feel that we are as capable as those whom, perhaps, we almost envy? No, indeed; this is the time for us to work while we are young and active and full of energy. Perhaps we can accomplish more now than at any other time in our lives; and if it costs a little courage, why, never mind that, for God is pleased with service that costs something, even if nothing more than an effort. If we wish to gain a great victory, we must not go into battle with a rusty armor, but with a bright and shining one. One of the grandest things about the Junior Christian Endeavor Society is that the children are taught to cultivate and to use their faculties from childhood. Our strongest Societies are found where the Juniors have come in and taken hold of the work. I think there have been times when some of us have felt quite ashamed of the work of our C. E. Society as we have been into a meeting of the Juniors, and have seen with how much more enthusiasm they are working than some of us are. It sometimes seems that we have not now, or never have had, the enthusiasm we need to do efficient work in our Master's vineyard. Knowing that Ruskin spoke truthfully when he said: "Work is only well done when it is done with a will," let us arouse ourselves, dear young people, and work with a will, expecting a bountiful harvest. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

How often we seem to hear the words of our Master echoing down through the ages, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." How much help these words should give us as we are reminded of the zeal with which Christ did his Father's work while he had the opportunity. They also remind us of the approaching night, which shall come to each of us, and, perhaps, all too soon. Then let us hasten to complete our work before the day closes, and we shall come before our Judge empty handed, "bearing no precious sheaves."

What we need is a complete consecration, so if we hear the words of the Father, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard," we can quickly respond, "Here, Lord, am I, send me."

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,  
Over mountain or plain or sea;  
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,  
I'll be what you want me to be."

If we endeavor faithfully to perform every duty, thus fulfilling our mission, we shall be able to say when we feel the hand of death upon us: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

### SEMI-ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The Semi-Annual Convention of Seventh-day Baptist churches of the Western Association met at Richburg March 9-11.

On Sixth-day afternoon, two very helpful papers were presented, one by Rev. W. L. Burdick, on "Spiritual Life," and one by Rev. W. D. Burdick, on "The Place Which General Literature Shall Have in a Minister's Reading."

The Sabbath-evening service of praise, prayer and testimony, led by Rev. I. L. Cottrell, was well attended, and many took part.

On Sabbath morning, the Rev. J. L. Gamble preached a very inspiring and helpful sermon from Acts 2:38. The evening session for young people was filled with helpful papers and spiritual songs. W. S. Brown made an address of welcome; Clayton Green, of Independence, presented a paper on "Bible Study;" Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Burdick sang a duet, "Pilot of Galilee;" a paper was presented by Mrs. Evelyn Clark, of Nile, on "What Would Jesus do?" the Alfred University Evangelistic Quartet sang, "Nothing Shall Ever Grow Old;" Miss Lena Monroe read a paper on "Are We Fulfilling Our Mission?" a mixed quartet sang "Marching On." President Davis, of Alfred University, made an eloquent address along the line of self-denial and education, and the evening closed after another song from the Alfred Quartet, and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Mahoney.

The Laymen's Hour, on Sunday morning, was full of good things. A paper on "Giving" was presented by Oscar Burdick; a paper on "How to Raise Church Funds," by Dr. Ayers; a paper on "Reading, Good Books, Libraries, and Their Relation to Church Work," by Dr. Horace Hulett, of Al-lentown; with a song from the Alfred Quartet, and a solo by W. D. Burdick, made up the program.

Following the Laymen's Hour, the Rev. F. E. Peterson preached upon the theme, "The Silence of Jesus," or "What Makes the Bible a Closed Book to Many."

Sunday afternoon was occupied by the Sabbath-school hour, conducted by I. L. Cottrell, during which a paper was presented by I. L. Cottrell, on "The Home Department;" "Graded Schools" was presented by W. D. Burdick; "Our Sabbath-school Helps," by Elder Mahoney; and an open parliament on "What Can We Do For Our Sabbath-schools?" conducted by D. B. Coon. In the evening a praise service was conducted by W. D. Burdick; a male quartet sang "Launch Away." After the reading of Scripture and prayer, the Rev. L. C. Randolph preached from I Cor. 3:3, "Carnal Christians." Following the sermon, many took part in a closing conference meeting.

The Convention at Richburg was generally voted the "best yet held," and a most pleasant and profitable season was enjoyed by all.

F. E. P.



## Children's Page.

### A POOR TOWN TO LIVE IN.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

There's a queer little town,—I wonder if you've seen it,—

"Let-some-one-else-do-it," 's the name of the place,  
And all of the people, who've lived there for ages,  
Their family tree from the Wearies can trace!

The streets of this town, so ill-kept and untidy,  
And almost deserted from morning till noon,  
Are, "In-just-a-minute,"—you'll see on the lamp-post,—  
"Oh-well-there's-no-hurry," and "Yes-pretty-soon."

The principal work that they do in this hamlet  
(There isn't a person who thinks it a crime)  
Is loafing and dozing, but most of the people  
Are engaged in the traffic of *just-killing-time*.

I pray you, don't dwell in this town overcrowded;  
There are others near by it most wondrous fair.  
The roads that lead to them—and each one is open—  
Are "Push," "Pluck," and "Ready," "This-minute,"  
and "Dare." —S. S. Times.

### THE TWINS' APRIL FOOL.

BY ELIZABETH PRICE.

The twins' birthday was the twenty-fifth of March, and there was quite a celebration in their honor. But the thing which pleased them most was Uncle Harvey's gift, a big round silver dollar for each boy, done up in tissue paper in a little box.

Uncle Harvey laughed when he saw their dancing eyes, and said, "You little shavers are to spend it just as you like."

Almost a week had passed and the money was not spent; many plans had been discussed, from the purchase of a bicycle down to a pocket knife apiece, but the coins still lay in their boxes in the top dresser drawer, while the twins grew more important discussing "our money."

On the thirtieth day of March mamma wanted a note left at Mrs. Morehout's, so Will and Phil went around to take it on their way to the kindergarten.

They delivered the note, got a sugar cookie apiece, then trudged down the long streets looking about for new sights. Two or three squares from Mrs. Morehout's pretty house stood an old house with broken, dilapidated shutters.

"Looks like it needs somebody to 'tend to it," observed Will, sagely.

Just then somebody looked out of the door—somebody with a shock of tangled red hair and cross eyes.

"It's Tom Ryan!" exclaimed the twins in a breath. "That must be where he lives."

Then the face in the window twisted itself into horrid shapes really quite frightful to behold, and the twins' leather leggings twinkled down the street as fast as they could go.

"He always makes faces," pouted Will as they stopped to rest at a short distance away.

"Should think he was ugly enough if he didn't," declared Phil. "Don't let's ever go by there again, he's so horrid."

It was just then they passed the candy store where mamma sometimes bought bon-bons, and Will said:

"Oh, how good those chocolates look, wish we had some!"

"We could buy a lot if we'd brought our money," said Phil. "Let's come down after school and get some."

"Let's do," assented Will. "Oh, see those pretty ones in a box. What's on that card? 'F-o-r-for, A-p-r-i-l—April, f-o-o-l—fool.' I'm going to ask Mr. Dean about 'em."

When he came out of the candy store his face was shining.

"They've got pepper and stuff in 'em. They're just a purpose to fool folks. Day after to-morrow is April Fool's Day, you know, and let's buy a box and send 'em to Tom Ryan. He teases us every chance he gets, and that'll just pay him up."

"All right, we will," agreed Phil. "And a box of nice ones for Miss May. We can fool her, too, 'cause she'll think it's some kind of a joke."

"I guess she will," giggled Will. "Have we got money enough?"

"Why, yes, goosie. Don't you see they're marked? The nice ones forty cents a pound, and the others twenty-five. Well, forty and twenty-five ain't two dollars, is it?"

"Course not," murmured Will, and away they scampered.

That afternoon with a silver dollar in each blouse pocket they walked down to Mr. Dean's again. They hadn't confided in mamma—in fact, she was away from home—but in their secret hearts they were rather glad, for they were conscious of an uneasy feeling which might have been troubled conscience if it had been encouraged; but it wasn't, and the purchases were made.

Tom Ryan's box of April fools were wrapped as daintily as Miss May's goodies, and Mr. Dean tied a blue cord around one and a pink one around the other so the twins wouldn't get them mixed, "'cause that would be awful," declared Phil.

A square away from the candy store who should they meet but Miss May herself. She saw them first and murmured, "Bless their hearts, they look exactly alike, even to the bundles under their arms," then she bowed, and in an instant two fat hands grasped two jersey caps, and two curly heads were bare. "Dear little gentlemen! I don't believe they could be rude," she thought as she passed on, while Will asked uneasily,

"Do you s'pose she noticed?"

"Course not," declared Phil, stoutly, but before they had time to say any more Tom Ryan appeared, almost bumping against them as he glared and made another face.

Phil grasped the box with blue cord tightly as he ran.

"I hope they'r awful peppery," he gasped.

"So do I," pouted Will, glancing over his shoulder to see if they were followed.

The first of April dawned bright and clear. John, the hired man, had been bribed by the twins to leave the box of April fools at Tom's house very early that morning.

The other box they were to take themselves, and put it on Miss May's table before she came—perhaps she'd open it before them all and they could share in her pleasure.

Their plan worked well, and when Miss May came in she spied the neat package at once, but she didn't so much as think of April Fool.

She remembered having seen it before under a blue sleeve down on Broad street. She slowly united the pink cord, trying to look quite unconscious of the four bright eyes intently watching. She lifted the lid and said, "Oh, how lovely!"

But, oh my! the dimples in her cheeks disappeared a moment later as Miss May ran for water to cool her burning tongue. You can imagine how the twins felt when she faced them again and there were tears in her eyes.

Of course they told her that it was all an awful mistake, and that they didn't know it could have happened.

Of course Miss May forgave them, but she still looked grave as she said quietly,

"Perhaps if you never had any one to teach you to do right you might be as rude as poor Tom. As for his hair and eyes, it was God who gave them to him, not Tom who chose them.

"Since pepper candy was bought I am glad it was I who received it, for I don't believe Tom ever had anybody do a really kind thing for him in his life."

The twins were very quiet all the morning. Their teacher watched them pityingly, longing to comfort them, but wisely waiting for the lesson to take effect.

When they left school Tom was waiting for them outside.

"I say, fellers, it was jolly good of you to send me that candy when I haven't treated you square. I know it was you. I saw you carrying the box the other day, and I know your hired man, besides. I won't make faces at you any more, an' if I see anybody else imposin' on you they'll wish they hadn't. Here's some willow whistles, I made 'em for you this morning."

The twins looked at each other shamefacedly as Tom whisked around the corner.

"His hair ain't so very red, is it?" asked Will.

"And his eyes are real blue if they are crossed," added Phil.

Silence for awhile, then Will said,

"We meant to fool Tom and we did it; and we meant to fool Miss May an'—an' we did. But I think we're the very worst April fools ourselves"; and Will agreed. — *Christian Work*.

### CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the veteran abolitionist, soldier, lecturer, and writer, has a golden word of advice for young men in the March issue of *Success*:

"The danger of being too changeable is especially apt to predominate in a country like ours, where things are more in a state of flux, less fixed and settled than in older countries, and where there are more opportunities to branch out into new fields. In England, for instance, if one starts in some particular line, it is very difficult to get out of it, but here it is a comparatively easy matter.

"I should, therefore, say to young people: 'Beware of the temptation to persist in following an occupation or profession, merely because you have started in that, when once you find that you are utterly unadapted to it; and still more beware of the temptation to fly from one thing to another, to be constantly fluctuating in your choice, for this will surely lead to failure and disappointment—an incomplete life.'"

### ON BOTH KNEES.

William Dawson once told this story to illustrate how humble the soul must be before it can find peace. He said that at a revival meeting a little lad who was used to Methodist ways went home to his mother and said: "Mother, John So-and-So is under conviction and seeking for peace, but he will not find it to-night, mother." "Why, William?" said she. "Because he is only down on one knee, mother, and he will never get peace until he is down on both knees." Until conviction of sin brings us down on both knees, until we are completely humbled, until we have no hope in ourselves left, we cannot find the Saviour.—*D. L. Moody*.



## 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.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.—An additional word with reference to the work at Brookfield is due those who have so kindly and earnestly remembered us in special prayer during the meetings conducted by Evangelist Burdick. Many non-resident members will also be glad to have assurance that their prayers solicited for the Holy Spirit's working at this time was not in vain. The interest was not so general as we hoped to see, but within a narrower circle a deeper work of grace was done. About twenty professed to have found Christ during the revival, which closed with a full house and deep interest Sunday night, March 18. On Sabbath-day, March 10, the occasion of the regular covenant and communion service of the church, eight presented themselves for membership, seven of whom were baptized, all receiving the right-hand of fellowship at that time. The results of such earnest Christian work, and such forcible preaching on the part of the evangelist, cannot easily be tabulated, and it is to be hoped that the passing months and years will reveal a more bountiful harvest from the seed so faithfully sown.

Vigorous life in Brookfield is shown in various ways. On Wednesday evening, March 28, occurred the annual donation for the benefit of the pastor. Besides being a pleasant social affair, participated in not alone by members of our own society, the family purse at the parsonage was liberally replenished and other necessities supplied. We make grateful acknowledgment.

The new parsonage came recently into the church's possession, almost free from debt, and will soon be occupied by the new incumbent.

A spicy entertainment by the Young People's Missionary Society has been advertised for Wednesday evening, April 11.

Two outside appointments are arranged for in needy neighborhoods, to be sustained by the young people of the church. With hopefulness and courage we look forward, trusting the Lord for strength and wisdom to do well the work at hand. T. J. V.

SHILOH, N. J.—Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Brooks celebrated their fiftieth year of married life on Sixth-day, March 30, 1900. About eighty relatives and friends were the guests of their home. Two were present who witnessed their marriage, by Eld. Clawson. Some substantial tokens of friendship were presented to them. The bride's cake was a ten-pounder, and she cut it with less embarrassment than the one fifty years ago, no doubt. Mrs. Brooks wore here mother's wedding pin, a key, ninety years old. Mr. and Mrs. Dea. Bond Davis were present at the anniversary, he being a brother of the bride.

We will not give names of the guests, but hope they are all recorded in the Book of Life. God bless the bride and groom.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

SALEMVILLE, PA.—Face to face, many of the readers of the RECORDER are unknown, still there is a tie that binds us. Though miles are many that sever us, the love of a

kind, loving, Heavenly Father reigns over us. And, though we cannot always speak face to face, it is a blessing that we have this means of sharing each other's joys and comforting words.

A few weeks ago we tried to express through the RECORDER our heartfelt thanks and love for those who are remembering the Salemville people in their devotion to God. We feel that we are not alone in the world. We are together with you in the battles of life, burdened with trials and temptations, and without a human teacher. But, with loving faith in Jesus, we can see that beyond the cloud, richer blessings await us in glory. Then happy may we sing:

Oh, to walk and talk with Jesus,  
'Tis a blessed thought to me;  
With what joy my heart runs over,  
As I think he died for me.

We have just closed a series of meetings, which proved that Jesus was in our midst. Sometimes the congregation was small, the least number being ten, who came through snow and storm to hear the Word of God, under the labors of Rily G. Davis, for about nine days. Two young girls, about the age of ten years, took a stand for Jesus. They went to the baptismal stream in earnest faith in their Lord. As they went down into the stream the congregation sang, "Shall we gather at the river?" The following evening they were received in church-membership by a warm and Christian reception. This life means obedience to the law of God, to keep the Sabbath with heart and soul.

Dear friends, there is a bright hope pending for a strong Seventh-day Baptist church here in the future. The society here in Salemville, though without any pastor, is holding fast, in the name of Jesus, hoping that a better day may come, that we may all fall into line, to the glory of Christ and the building up of the church. God is able to bring the faithful ones out of fears and trials of the enemy, and unite our hearts in loyal and loving service. Oh, the happiness that comes to us in living for Jesus. He heals our wounds, calms our fears, carries our burdens, and makes his abode with us.

Bro. Davis gave us a pleasant visit; his sermons were spiritual. After the farewell sermon, the congregation gave him a good-bye singing, "God be with you till we meet again." Bless the Lord for these blessings. Who will be the next to visit Salemville? May the Lord keep us all faithful until we meet to part no more. A. D. WOLFE.

MILTON, WIS.—The Milton College Evangelistic Glee Club, accompanied by Dr. Platts, has just made a little tour in Iowa. They report an excellent time. Two concerts were given, with appreciative and good-paying audiences; Dr. Platts preached five times—once in Calamus, and four times in Welton—and visited some points with reference to possible fields for evangelistic work next summer. The boys sang at the public school in Calamus, and sang and otherwise aided at a number of gospel meetings in Welton. Besides the impetus given to the Evangelistic work, for which the club is organized, the trip was a good advertisement for the College. Through the kind offices of Agent Cole, at Milton Junction, the North-Western fast train from Chicago to the West was halted at Calamus to let the company off. It was

an unheard-of thing, and the whole town was on the tip-toe of curiosity as to what it meant. When the explanation was made, more than one man was heard to affirm that if those College boys could stop the "Denver Flyer," they could do almost anything; and when they heard them sing and play, the verdict stood confirmed. The week's vacation has quickly gone, and College work is again resumed.

L. A. P.

### MAPLE SUGAR AND SYRUP.

In pioneer days, maple sugar was manufactured as a household necessity and not as a luxury, as at present. "Boughten" sugar could not be indulged in to any great extent, and the maple-tree was made to furnish the household "sweetening" from year to year. In localities where sugar-maple trees were scarce the little that was made was supplemented by a thick syrup made by boiling down the juice of sweet apples, when they were to be had.

"Maple drip" was greatly appreciated, and was made by packing the sugar in kegs or wooden buckets, with holes in the bottom to allow the unevaporated or uncongealed sap to drip away. These drippings were seldom used, but the sugar became more condensed and lighter in color and was called "maple drip." It was considered first-class sweetening for most purposes, tea and coffee excepted on account of the flavor imparted by the sugar.

It has been estimated that the average product of sugar per tree is about three pounds, though a yield of forty pounds of sugar has been claimed for a single maple. When it is remembered that from fifteen to twenty quarts of sap are required to produce one pound of sugar, the flow of sap to supply such a yield must be enormous.

The Indians tapped the trees by cutting a V-shaped notch with their hatchets in each tree and inserting a hollowed-out chip to conduct the sap into some vessel below. In time this notching process killed the trees. The early settlers bored holes in the trees with an augur, and inserted alder spiles instead of notching the tree as the Indians had done. They also made troughs by cutting logs two or three feet long, splitting them in halves, and chopping out the middle portion, thus furnishing a receptacle that would hold three or four gallons.

At the present time the trees are tapped by means of a bit; a galvanized iron spile is inserted; and upon the end of the spile is hung a pail, closely covered, except for an opening large enough to receive the drippings of sap. In some instances sheet-iron pans are still used for boiling down the sap, but they are partitioned off, and the different pans are connected by gas-pipe couplings, the syrup making its journey from the storage tank to the warming pan, and passing to the front pan on the arch, on the same principle as an evaporator is operated. Most large orchards have evaporators and all appliances for rendering the making of maple-sugar rapid and easy. Substantial sugar-houses are built in the grove in which the boiling-down is done.

When the sap reaches the syruping pan it is soon thick enough for use. As it becomes thick enough to weigh eleven pounds to the gallon it is drawn out of the syruping pan, carefully strained, and allowed to cool and settle, when it is ready to can and ship.—*Self Culture.*



**A WAR DICTIONARY.**

The following list will be found useful by readers of the war news from South Africa. The meaning of the more difficult words is given:

- Afrikander.—A white man born in South Africa, of European stock.
- Berg.—A mountain.
- Biltong.—Boer provender. Dried meat.
- Boer.—A peasant,
- Burgher.—Males over sixteen years old possessing the franchise.
- Commandant.—Commander.
- Commando.—A body of Boers.
- Commandeer.—To mobilize; to requisition.
- Dam.—An artificial lake.
- Disselboom.—A pole of an ox wagon.
- Donga.—A water hole or deep ditch.
- Dop.—Boer brandy.
- Dopper.—The Puritanical Lutheran Boer.
- Drift.—A ford.
- Klip.—A stone.
- Kloof.—A ravine.
- Kopje.—A hillock.
- Kraal.—A cattle pound, or collection of native huts.
- Krantz.—A cleft between hills.
- Laager.—A Boer camp.
- Mealies.—Indian corn; staple food of natives, and much grown and used by the Boers for bread, etc.
- Nek.—The saddle connecting two hills.
- Pan.—A sheet of water.
- Pont.—A ferry.
- Poort.—A pass between or over the mountains.
- Sluit.—A dry ditch.
- Spruit.—A small stream.
- Taal.—Boer low-Dutch language.
- Trek.—Traveling by ox wagon.
- Uitlander.—A non-burgher of the Transvaal.
- Veldt.—The South African prairie.
- Vierkleur.—The four-colored Boer flag, red, white, blue and green.
- Vlei.—A small lake.
- Voorlooper.—The boy leading the first span of ox team.
- Voortrekker.—The older generation of Boers who took part in the Great Trek of 1837.
- Zarp.—A Boer policeman.

**FEELING.**

BY JOHN IRLAND WARD.

You do not believe that you are saved because you do not feel it. You do not feel that you bought and paid for those books yesterday, but you know that you did so. Some one has told you that you are given land in another state which you have never seen. You do not feel any richer, but you know that you are. St. Paul did not say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt feel that thou art saved," but "thou art saved." "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life," not "shall feel that he has everlasting life." "Whoso believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God," "believeth, not feels, that he is the Son of God." "God dwelleth in him and he in God." Suppose we read that we have to feel that God dwells in us, and unless we do feel it there can be no union. Few there would be indeed who would have this indwelling. There is no such word as feeling in any of these assurances. The Bible is not built upon feeling, but upon facts. The desire to feel and the reluctance in taking the Lord at his word is what stands between many repentant sinner and a joyful life of great service. It stands between us often and a full indwelling of Christ. He wants to come and "sup with" us, to enter in and dwell with us; but as long as we cannot feel that we are his, we turn away all unsatisfied, losing the great blessing he longs to give.

Martin Luther was once asked, "Do you feel as if your sins were forgiven?" "No," he returned, stoutly. "I don't feel that they are forgiven, but I know that they are, because God says so in his Word."—*Christian Work.*

**MY TREASURE SHIPS.**

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOCWELL.

I walk by the broad, blue ocean,  
Living the past again,  
Singing soft to my listening heart  
Many a dear old strain.  
But alas! the shore is lonely,  
Once so brilliant and gay,  
Not one is left of the joyous throng,  
And I walk alone to-day.

Then over the sun-light billows  
Proud ships went sailing free,  
Laden with treasures gold cannot buy,  
And all of them sailed for me.  
But now I stand idly gazing  
Over the lonely sea,  
The billows are bright, the wind is fair,  
But no ship sails there for me.

The sea sings its solemn anthem  
As grandly as of yore,  
But the voices that gave it a human thrill  
Can echo its chorus no more.  
Then I heard only the triumph  
That rings thro' its sounding tones,  
Now I hear but the shivering thrill  
Of its sad, complaining tones.

Then my feet danced gaily  
After the sweeping waves,  
Now I walk softly along the sands—  
They are full of holy graves.  
Alas! can I never leave it,  
This lonely ocean shore,  
Must I now wander among these graves  
And hear that mournful roar?

Sometimes, when the tide is ebbing,  
A little boat, frail and lone,  
Will float away thro' the solemn night  
Into the rest unknown.  
And afar tho' the starry darkness  
The gleam of sails I shall see,  
And I shall go to the treasure-ships  
That never can come to me.

**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.

PARKE.—Suddenly, at Lowell, Mass., March 7, 1900, Agnes Dunn, wife of Harry Parke, and daughter of the late William and Hannah Dunn, of Plainfield, N. J. O. B. L.

BURDICK.—In Lincklaen, N. Y., March 24, 1900, Everett Erlow, infant son of Alfred W. and Inez D. Burdick, aged 8 months and 20 days.

Funeral services at the home, conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. L. M. Cottrell. W. D. W.

HARRY.—At St. Luke's Hospital, Utica, N. Y., Miss Ethel Gertrude Harry, aged 21 years, 1 month and 14 days.

She was born at Loveland, Colorado, Feb. 8, 1879, and experienced the new birth at Bourbon, Ill., about three and a half years ago. At the time of her death, and for some months preceding, she seemed very much in earnest to serve and please her Lord. In the recent meetings at West Edmeston, Ethel took a very decided stand for Christ, expressing regret for back sliding, and a determined purpose to serve Christ faithfully. She expressed a wish to unite with the church at West Edmeston, and was soon to have done so. Her father, Rev. M. Harry, one sister, Mrs. Maxson, and seven brothers are left to mourn her loss. Funeral services were conducted at the church at West Edmeston, on Sabbath afternoon, March 24, by the undersigned, assisted by Rev. T. J. Van Horn, of Brookfield. J. G. B.

JAQUES.—Hannah R. Shaw was born in Alfred, N. Y., Sept. 16, 1833, and passed to the other life March 22, 1900.

She was the daughter of Phineas K. and Malissa Sweet Shaw. On June 22, 1868, she was married to Warren Jaques. Since her marriage they have resided in Little Genesee, N. Y., except one year, which was spent in Alfred. She leaves a husband and two sons, Charles and Delos. When 13 years of age, she was baptized by Elder James H. Cockran, and united with the Second Alfred Seventh-day Baptist church. In 1884 she removed her membership to the First Genesee church. From the first of her sickness, a few weeks before her death, she longed to go to her heavenly home. It seemed very hard for the church and community to spare her; but she felt that her work here on earth was

done. When told that death was near she said, "I'm so glad, so glad." She had been a loving mother, a faithful friend, a kind neighbor and a staunch supporter of the church in all its work. Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, at the home, March 23, and by Pastor Peterson in the Second Alfred church, Sabbath afternoon, March 24. Burial took place at Alfred.

D. B. C.

PALMITER.—At her home in Columbus, N. Y., of consumption, March 11, 1900, Mrs. Viola Palmiter, aged 24 years, 2 months and 2 days.

Mrs. Palmiter was the fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Almon McIntyre. June 19, 1894, she was married to Arthur Palmiter, of West Edmeston. Besides a husband and one little boy of two years, she leaves a father and mother, four sisters and two brothers. She was the second break in the family circle, one sister, Mrs. Rosamond Larabee, having died four years previous with consumption. The funeral services were conducted, at the Seventh-day Baptist church, by the writer, assisted by Evangelist J. G. Burdick. T. J. V.

STILLMAN.—Mrs. Rose Stillman, at her home in Nortonville, Kansas, March 13, 1900, after a very brief illness of a complication of diseases.

She was the daughter of Thompson and Nancy Wheeler Burdick. She was born at Scott, N. Y., August 2, 1832. On November 11, 1852, she was married to Nelson R. Stillman, at DeRuyter, N. Y. They soon moved to Albion, Wis., and later to West Hallock, Ill. At the latter place she accepted her Saviour and became a member of the West Hallock Seventh-day Baptist church by baptism. Subsequently they lived in Sibley County, Minnesota, and at Farina, Ill. In 1878, they came to Kansas. She transferred her membership to the Nortonville Seventh-day Baptist church, of which she was a member at the time of her death. Her husband, one son and one daughter and a large circle of other relatives remain in bereavement. A loving wife and kind mother has gone to her reward. G. W. H.

PALMITER.—Jennie Goodwin Palmiter, at Alfred Station, N. Y., March 25, 1900, aged 30 years, 10 months and 7 days.

Mrs. Palmiter, the only daughter of Franklin and Cyrena Goodwin, was born May 19, 1869. Jan. 8, 1890, she was married to Fred S. Palmiter. To them four children were born, one dying in infancy. She leaves a husband, three children, a father, mother and three brothers. At the age of 16 she was baptized by Elder N. V. Hull, and united with the First Alfred church. Nine years later she united with the Second Alfred church, of which she was a faithful member at the time of her death. She was a devoted wife and mother, a dutiful daughter, a kind friend, and died in the triumphs of the Christian's hope; almost her last breath being that of prayer and praise. Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, March 27. Text, Rev. 14: 13. F. E. P.

HALL.—At his home in Atlantic City, N. J., March 24, 1900, Lewis Hall, aged 78 years, 10 months and 20 days.

January 17, 1845, Bro. Hall was married to Miss Prudence Ann Ayers, by Elder Solomon Carpenter, who baptized him also Oct. 11 of the same year, when he united with the Shiloh church, of which he has continued a faithful and worthy member ever since. Four children were born to them. Three of them are still living. While they were small he moved West, living near Farmington, Ill. Here Mrs. Hall sickened and died. Sept. 11, 1860, he married Miss Losadia M. Ayers. After seven years spent in the West, he returned to Shiloh, N. J., about which place he has since lived. Five children were born to them, all of whom are living. The remains were brought to Shiloh, and the funeral held at the home of the daughter, Mrs. Wm. Ayers. The Pastor preached from 1 Cor. 15: 26, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." He was assisted by Elder Burdick, pastor at Marlboro, where the wives have been members, and also by Elder Loyal, of Atlantic City. Bro. Hall was a kind, spiritual man, a faithful and affectionate husband and father. He leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss. E. B. S.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,** as mercury will destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physician, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.



## 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.

#### SECOND QUARTER.

Mar. 31.	The Beatitudes.....	Matt. 4: 25 to 5: 12
April 7.	Precepts and Promises.....	Matt. 7: 1-14
April 14.	The Daughter of Jairus Raised.....	Mark 5: 22-24; 35-43
April 21.	The Centurion's Servant Healed.....	Luke 7: 1-10
April 28.	Jesus and John the Baptist.....	Luke 7: 18-28
May 5.	Jesus Warning and Inviting.....	Matt. 11: 20-30
May 12.	Jesus at the Pharisee's House.....	Luke 7: 36-50
May 19.	The Parable of the Sower.....	Matt. 13: 1-8; 18-23
May 26.	Parables of the Kingdom.....	Matt. 13: 24-33
June 2.	The Twelve Sent Forth.....	Matt. 9: 35 to 10: 8
June 9.	The Death of John the Baptist.....	Mark 6: 14-29
June 16.	The Feeding of the Five Thousand.....	John 6: 5-14
June 23.	Review.....	

### LESSON IV.—THE CENTURION'S SERVANT HEALED.

For Sabbath-day, April 21, 1900.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 7: 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.—Psa. 103: 13.

#### INTRODUCTION.

The incident of our lesson followed almost immediately after the Sermon on the Mount. This miracle is in many respects similar to the healing of the nobleman's son, recorded in John 4: 46-54. Many writers have indeed regarded the records of these miracles as slightly divergent accounts of the same event. In both cases there is the healing of a young man at a distance from the Saviour upon the application of some one deeply interested in the invalid. But here the similarity ceases. In the one case the young man was a son, in the other a servant. The centurion suggests that the healing be done without the coming of the Saviour; the nobleman says, "Come down ere my child die." In the one case Jesus was at Cana, and the miracle is reckoned as the second wrought in Galilee; in the other Jesus is at Capernaum, and has already done many miracles.

It is worthy of notice that the five centurions particularly mentioned in the New Testament were men of good character, susceptible to religious influence, treating with kindness and courtesy those with whom they came in contact. Compare Matt. 8: 5; 27: 54; Acts 10: 1; 22: 25; 27: 1.

TIME.—In the summer of . D. 28, shortly after the Sermon on the Mount.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

PERSONS.—Jesus, the centurion, certain elders of the Jews.

#### OUTLINE:

1. The Request on Behalf of the Centurion. v. 1-5.
2. The Great Faith of the Centurion. v. 4-9.
3. The Cure of the Servant. v. 10-13.

#### NOTES.

1. **Now when he had ended all his sayings in the audience of the people.** Thus Luke refers to the close of the formal discourse called the Sermon on the Plain or the Sermon on the Mount. The word translated "ended" implies that this sermon is to be regarded not as a disorderly collection of some of our Lord's teachings; but as a well ordered discourse embodying the general principles of right conduct. **He entered into Capernaum.** The great sermon was delivered as we have noticed, not far from Capernaum.

2. **A certain centurion's servant.** We may think of this man as a trusted friend, although he is here referred to by the Greek word often translated *slave*. **Was sick.** Matthew tells us that he was a paralytic. **Ready to die.** The application to Jesus is made in time of extremest need.

3. **And when he heard of Jesus.** That is, of his wonderful ability to heal, and his

readiness to bless any that came unto him. **He sent to him the elders of the Jews.** The article is not written with the word "elders" in the original. He sent some of the elders, not all of them. The elders referred to were probably not rulers of the synagogue, but rather the chief men of the city who acted as judges and as administrators of public affairs not under the charge of the Roman government. Matthew gives us the impression that the centurion made his request in person; but Matthew's account is briefer. Whatever is done by an agent may be said to be done by the one who employs the agent.

4. **They besought him instantly.** Better, "They asked him earnestly." This was no merely formal service which the elders did for the centurion. **Saying, that he was worthy for whom he should do this.** This is much better as a direct quotation as in the Revised version. The ground for this affirmation of worthiness is given in the next verse. There is no sufficient reason to suppose however that the centurion had become a proselyte to Judaism.

5. **For he loveth our nation.** This love may have been shown in other ways, but particularly by building the synagogue. Capernaum, no doubt, had many synagogues. One of them was built through the generosity of this Gentile.

6. **Then Jesus went with them.** He readily accedes to their request. It is possible that the centurion thought that Jesus would not be likely to grant his request because he was not a Jew, and therefore sent the elders on his behalf. They also may have expected reluctance on the part of Jesus, and so were ready to urge the worthiness of the one for whom they interceded. It is to be noted that up to this time there is no record of Jesus' performing miracles of healing for others than those of the Jewish race.

**The centurion sent his friends to him.** These are another set of messengers, not the elders. **Lord.** That is, *Sir*. It is hardly to be supposed that the centurion uses this word as expressing his belief in Jesus as the Divine Messiah. **Trouble not thyself,** etc. The centurion suggests that Jesus should not inconvenience himself by coming all the way to the house. It is probable, also, that the centurion had in mind that a Jew rendered himself ceremonially unclean by entering the house of a Gentile, and was anxious to save his benefactor from anything that would be disagreeable to a devout Jew.

7. **Wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee.** Out of this same motive of consideration for Jesus, the great teacher and healer, the meek centurion had not come into his presence. **But say in a word and my servant shall be healed.** Thus the centurion shows his great faith. He believed that Jesus could heal without coming near the suffering one.

8. **For I also am a man set under authority,** etc. This verse is an explanation to show in some sense how the centurion had such faith, or is perhaps also an argument to show why it might be reasonably expected that Jesus could heal by a word. If a centurion had such authority vested in him that he could command men to go and come, and expect that they should obey, it is not illogical to suppose that there is such authority vested in Jesus that he could command diseases.

9. **When Jesus heard these things he marvelled at him,** etc. Jesus was surprised at the faith of this Gentile, and remarks upon it to the bystanders. In the parallel passage Matthew gives Jesus' words in regard to many Gentiles showing themselves true children of Abraham, and many Jews showing themselves unworthy of the inheritance of eternal life.

10. **And they that were sent.** Evidently the friends mentioned in verse 6. **Found the servant whole that had been sick.** He was not recovering, but well. Jesus was abundantly able to do even as the centurion believed that he could do.

## Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

War! War!! War!!!

There appears to be no end to scientific inventions for killing each other. It would seem that the more death-dealing the guns or other instruments, the less would be the desire to engage in the deadly conflict; and, therefore, as between nations and peoples, in consequence of its great danger, war as now carried on would become unpopular and soon be abandoned.

The danger of being instantly killed appears not to enter into the calculation at all, nor of being seriously wounded. Soldiers who have been in battle tell us that when in action they do not think of danger. If a comrade before them falls, they instantly step forward and close the file, and proceed to kill some one in front as soon as possible.

We started out to notice a new rapid-firing gun, of small caliber, mounted on an automobile carriage, the invention of Major Davidson, of Chicago, Ill., which is designed to fill the place in artillery practice as the bicycle has in the infantry. This automobile carriage is made to carry a gun mounted and ready for action, with from 2,500 to 5,000 rounds of ammunition. It has a six-horse power gasoline engine and a tank holding fuel for 200 miles; also a windlass by which it can be readily hauled over bad places, or up steep banks where horses could not stand; it also carries tents, blankets, two lamps, and with its complement of three men, can travel at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour over a good, common country road.

The gun is of a Colt's automatic rapid-firing pattern, using smokeless powder, firing 480 shots in a minute, having a range of a full half circle right and left, and can kill a man at a distance of 2,000 yards. It is said that this gun can be used to deploy, and can keep in company with infantry on bicycles, thus becoming a very effective arm of the service.

Whenever a number of mighty, big guns and a horde of little rapid-firing shooting irons have been collected, and arranged in position for killing, then comes the "tug of war," and almost instantly the whole world is notified that a great battle has been fought, a tremendous slaughter has taken place, that the dead and wounded strewed the fields, the enemy was routed and fled, the victors have taken forty cannon, a thousand stand of arms and a number of prisoners. No matter which side has killed the greatest number, a great rejoicing goes up from the nation that was victorious, and a glorification takes place among the populace.

Here and there among them perchance a father, a mother, a wife, a sister or brother were anxious to learn the fate of a son, a husband or brother, still trying to comfort themselves with the thought that if slain, they died fighting gallantly as a brave soldier. Cold comfort, we would say.

Here is about the size of the whole business of war:

"Dead to the acclamations,  
Dead when the fight was done!  
The pedestals of nations  
Rest on the ground they won.

Their valor ours for buying?  
The price we blush to own,  
Their recompense for dying  
Was but a numbered stone."

#### South Pole Expedition Return.

We are advised that the steamer, Southern Cross, reached New Zealand on April 1. This South Pole expedition was fitted out by Sir George Newnes, of London, Eng., and sailed in 1898. We called attention to this expedition in the RECORDER at the time of its fitting out. It will be remembered that it left Hobart in Tasmania, on Dec. 19, 1898, and reached Adair, Victoria Land, the last of February, 1899. Here the ship left them to pursue their researches and returned home. It was arranged to have the ship meet them again early in the Southern summer of 1900. Hence they reached



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Cape Town, New Zeland, the 1st inst., on their return home. Of the ten men of the party all returned but Mr. Hansen, the Zoologist, who died on the return voyage.

Of course it is too early to get information in detail. We understand, however, that their explorations have been quite successful. They report to have located the magnetic pole. We shall have to content ourselves with present information until they arrive at home and make a full report. This must of course be exceedingly interesting, as these ten men formed the first party that ever penetrated inland to explore this unknown Antarctic part of our world. We shall anxiously await further news.

#### FROM THE LAND OF SUNFLOWERS.

A very unassuming, plain-appearing Congregational minister of Topeka, Kansas, is, perhaps, the most thoroughly-discussed and severely-criticised man of the day, and his recent Christain daily is the most extensively commented upon of any paper in the world, although its existence was of but six days' duration. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," is a very original thinker and an extensive writer, as is well known. He does not appear to strive for notoriety, yet he has touched a chord in the hearts of religiously-inclined readers that has brought his writings and himself into great prominence. "In His Steps" has had the greatest sale of any book in existence, excepting the Bible, its

number exceeding a million and a quarter copies. The "Sheldon edition" of the *Topeka Capital* reached nearly four hundred thousand copies.

Many were disappointed in the paper. No doubt they had outlined, in their minds, a plan for him to follow, but he followed his own, which, to them, was not so good. Some thought his censorship on certain lines, such as crimes and other black social spots, was too severe. The wealthy taxpayers, who pay taxes on but a small fraction of their property, and those who lease their buildings for impure and questionable purposes, especially, think his paper a failure. But all unprejudiced people, acquainted with him and his paper, think him thoroughly sincere in his statements and effort.

Many people spend much of their lives in riding "hobbies," regardless of saddle galls, or the dust they throw in their fellow-travelers' faces, and as Mr. Sheldon did not, even once, mount their scrawny little hobby, of course his paper went flat. The scrambling trickster, who wants office, and will use any means, in order that, by hook or by crook, or any other process, he may be enabled to gain the nibble at the public crib, looks cross-eyed at Mr. Sheldon's way, and says: "Maybe he can preach, but he can't run a paper, for he don't understand politics."

Many newspapers look upon it as a shrewd

advertising scheme for the *Topeka Capital*. Some even stooped so low as to publish counter-irritants in the form of infidel articles, scoffing at the church, the Bible and the Christian faith, and all else that is considered by the better classes as sacred, divine and eternal. One of them purloined the name of "Lay Sermons" for its ridiculous articles, which, notwithstanding the name, are a reproach to the American press, and not worthy of a place in any respectable home or among the young people of any class.

On the other hand, many are highly pleased at the degree of success reached by the paper, under such great disadvantages, and would be glad if it could be continued as a permanent enterprise. But, think of it as we may, Mr. Sheldon has proven that a great percentage of the better classes of the readers of the land have a taste and a desire for something purer and higher in tone than the average American daily affords. Possibly, no great advantage has been gained by the Sheldon Edition, of itself, as some contend; yet, all right-minded and thoughtful people, no doubt, are willing to admit that a chord has been struck, an influence put in motion, and a thought suggested, that will, in due time, demand that which is higher, purer and more elevating in the character of the newspapers that enter the homes of the land to lead the thinking of its people, and to aid in molding the lives and character of the youth who hold in their keeping the weal or woe of the nation and of all we hold dear.

GEO. W. HILLS.

MARCH 29, 1900.

#### Special Notices.

##### WANTED.

Copy of the Minutes of the S. D. B. Publishing Society for 1864, for the purpose of completing a bound volume. RECORDER OFFICE.

##### 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.

☞ SABBATH-KEEPERS in Utica, N. Y., meet the third Sabbath in each month at 2 P. M., at the home of Dr. S. C. Maxson, 22 Grant St. Preaching by Rev. G. W. Lewis, of Verona Mills. Other Sabbaths, the Bible-class alternates with the various Sabbath-keepers in the city. All are cordially invited.

☞ THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. M. B. Kelly, 5455 Monroe Ave.

☞ SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST SERVICES are held, regularly, in Rochester, N. Y., every Sabbath, at 3 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Irving Saunders, 516 Monroe Avenue, conducted by Rev. S. S. Powell, whose address is 4 Sycamore Street. All Sabbath-keepers, and others, visiting in the city, are cordially invited to these services.

☞ THE Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services at the Judson Memorial Church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. The preaching service is at 11.30 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.

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

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

I. L. COTTRELL, *Pastor*,  
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It is a blessed thing to have fellow-travelers to the New Jerusalem. If you cannot find any, you must make them; for none can travel that road alone.—John Wesley.

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BOOKS are preserved souls, if sweet and wholesome, but pickled souls, if acrid and pessimistic.—Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

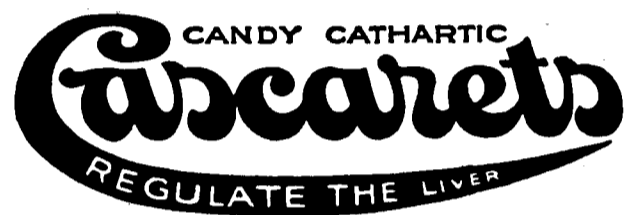
THE best way to bear crosses is to consecrate them all in the silence of God.—Fletcher.

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.

THE world can never feed the soul of a man who has once known Christ.—D. L. Moody.

THE press confined to truth needs no other restraint.—Thomas Jefferson.

RIGHT wrongs no one.—Antoine Godeau.



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