

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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LIFE'S PROBLEM.

BY ANNIE L. HOLBERTON.

LORD, give us strength from day to day
To bear the trials on our way!
Patience to bear the little ills,
The common care that each day fills,
Until we pause and ask,
Where is the grand design of life,
When trammelled with its petty strife
That jars and crowds the good half wrought,
And higher aim the soul has sought,
Beyond this weary task?

The toil of swift receding years,
The happiness dissolved in tears,
Seem fruitless, and of less avail
The fondly cherished hopes that fail,
While wintry days draw near.
What might have been, yet will not be,
The yearning heart some day may see
Why a wise Providence denied
The gifts for which the soul has sighed,
The wishes held so dear.

The prayers we raise in mute appeal,
A clearer light may yet reveal
Their answer from Almighty hand,
In ways we do not understand,
While Heaven's record holds
The tracing of our best resolves,
Eternity the problem solves,
The world's injustice to requite,
All that was shadowed bring to light,
When God life's page unfolds.

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Sabbath Recorder.

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

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WE have seen, somewhere, an essay on "The Advantage of Being a Sponge." Among the advantages named were these: The sponge has no lungs, and therefore cannot have pneumonia. A sponge has no stomach, and therefore cannot have dyspepsia. A sponge has no intestines, and therefore cannot have appendicitis, or Asiatic cholera. A sponge has no nervous system, and therefore cannot have nervous prostration, hysteria, nor the blues. A sponge never sends for a doctor, and therefore never quarrels with a neighbor about the value of different schools of medicine. A sponge is necessarily a hydropathist; he is a great drinker, but never gets full, after the manner of some men.

THESE characteristics may seem to be an advantage, if one has only a low standard of living, but he who has aspirations for something better, had rather take the chances and be subject to the possibilities of all those things which the sponge avoids, for the sake of being something more than a sponge. To be fixed on some rock and accept what comes, with little choice and no sensation, is misery to the soul inspired and awakened by truth, and anxious for high endeavor. Better run the risk of nervous prostration, than be unable to receive inspiration from great ideas, or to be thrilled by the in-coming of great purposes. Better suffer with hunger, than be unable to long for the unattained until the hungry soul outleaps its boundaries, determined to gain what God puts before it. Fill out the points and intensify the contrasts in your own mind, and learn to hate that lazy, indefinite, indifferent, pointless sort of existence in which the sponge glories. Write it down, not to be forgotten: Do not be a sponge.

THE Psalmist says, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Philosophy has worn itself out trying to find God. Speculation has proved its practical imbecility in trying to reduce the Divine One to the terms of philosophy, and to explain the mystery of his power and existence. It was well asked by the author of Job: "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Every effort which science and philosophy have made have been answered in the negative. On the other hand, those who have sought him through faith and love have found him, even under the most forbidding circumstances. Finding God, Abraham was led out of the land of idolaters. Sold into slavery, Joseph found him in Egypt. Waiting in a den of lions, Daniel found him in Babylon. Throughout the world, whenever and wherever hearts have opened to his in-coming, through love; wherever hands have been lifted to him, appealing for help; wherever doubt, crying out of the depth of despair, has sought light, God has been found. In so far as our lives need to know him, God has no secrets from those who love him. It was Browning who said:

"Earth is crammed with heaven,
And every bush aflame with God,
But only those who see
Take off their shoes."

It was thus that Moses saw him in the Arabian desert. All souls see and know him, who walk with unsandaled feet in the divine presence.

THOSE who listen to sermons are not likely to realize how much their opinions have to do with the pulpit. Without designing it, they often require that of the preacher which they would not put into words. Their excellent attention when subjects are treated superficially, or when pathetic anecdotes and happy illustrations abound, and the lack of similar attention when deeper thoughts are presented, brings great influence to bear upon the man in the pulpit. Even if he is not conscious of it, it is actual, and his preaching is affected by it unless he be a man unusually brave and strong. It often happens that the pew creates types of preaching of which it complains in the end. It invites results which it shrinks from when the full fruitage appears. The art of being a good listener goes far beyond what is called respectful attention. If an audience lacks in hunger for sound thinking, the pulpit will feel this influence and will aim to adjust itself to the desires of the people. The ancient adage might well be reversed, and in many things it would be safe to say, "like people, like priest."

SOME people wonder why their pastor's sermons do not accomplish more in making people good. They say, he preaches well, but it has little effect upon the neighbors and there must be some fault in him. If all the facts were known, the fault may be with the man who makes the complaint; for it is true that the congregation preaches louder on six days of the week than any man can in a half hour on one day. The indifference which some professed Christians evince concerning the interests of the church to which they belong, reacts with killing force upon the best preaching that the pulpit can offer. When you feel like complaining because the pulpit has no greater power over men, be sure that your own preaching, day by day, is not such as tends to neutralize what your friends and neighbors hear from the pulpit.

SOME Christians remind one of an old clock, the spring of which is cracked or wholly broken. If you push the pendulum there will be a few faint ticks, followed by an oppressive and continued silence. Richard Baxter called that sort of thing "wheelbarrow religion;" something which never moved unless it was pushed from behind. Perhaps it is cause for thankfulness that some men can be made to move when pushed, but, like an old wheelbarrow, the bearings of which are dry and rusty, there is likely to be a good deal of creaking and scolding whenever the wheelbarrow is urged into anything like decent pace.

WU TING-FANG, the Chinese Minister, is one of the most interesting characters in Washington. He is an Oriental to his fingertips, although he pares his nails, the only concession he makes to the conventionalities of Western civilization. His dress is the flowing silk and brocade robe, with the curious, thick-soled, high and loose silken boots, and the round brimless hat of China. He speaks English with hardly any accent. His politeness is of an order better than the Chesterfieldian. It is sincere and natural. Persons who interview him often find the tables quietly turned upon themselves. When he has answered the questions propounded to him, he takes it for granted that he should have a turn. He is very shrewd. His inquiries are incisive. His public addresses, to which we have referred from time to time, rank among the best from our own statesmen.

REFUSING to do is often the worst kind of sinning. There may be less hatred in the heart, but the results which follow neglecting what one ought to do are quite as great in evil consequences as any which come otherwise. Men commit this sin most readily by failing, through word or deed or silent influence, to struggle against sin in those with whom they are closely associated. One of the most intense and incisive of Christ's parables presents wrong-doing in the phrase, "Inasmuch as ye did it not," etc. Neglecting to do the right is essentially positive wrong-doing. Neglecting to speak the truth may often be direct falsehood, with far-reaching influences. Do not content yourself with the thought that you have not done open wrong. The greater question is, have you done, and are you doing, that which right requires.

THE RECORDER hastens to correct a mistake for which it is responsible, with reference to the time between Adams Centre and Thousand Island Park. In our issue of April 23, we stated that the time was about six hours each way. It should have been about two hours each way; so that our friends who may be planning with reference to visiting the Park in connection with the Conference can subtract four hours from the time necessary to make the trip, and charge the mistake to the Editor of the RECORDER, not to the pastor of the church at Adams Centre.

AIMING RIGHT.

People waste much time and hinder their progress in Christian living by measuring their actions. Purpose is the first thing in Christian living. Right aims are more important than measured attainments. By purpose we do not mean wish. By aim we do not mean lazy desire. If your face is set toward Zion, though your pathway may be crowded with obstacles, though you are hindered, and, for the time being, may seem to be checked as to progress, there is no cause for despair or doubt. One purpose fills your heart; that is to reach heaven. Every struggle of your life points in that direction. Hence it is that in a good sense you are reaching heaven at every struggle, though the highest attainment may be far away. A steamer from New York to Liverpool is often baffled by contrary winds and opposing currents. Under these influences its progress is checked, its course is deflected, and in fierce storms, for the time, it may be compelled to turn backward; but the heart of the captain and the purpose of every man connected with the ship are set on reaching Liverpool. In spite of storms and tides, the day comes when that ship casts anchor inside the haven. This picture is a fair one, and the analogies are true when applied to Christian living. Hindrances may fill the pathway, and passion sometimes may turn the feet aside; but he who holds to the one sanctified and all-increasing purpose of being a child of God, cannot fail. His highest aspirations may be delayed as to attainment, and the richest enjoyment may sometimes give way to deepest trouble. Sorrow may come where joy is sought, and weaknesses may appear where strength is desired. Over all these changes God watches, and his judgment as to our lives turns upon the purpose toward which he sees us struggling.

It were well if sometimes we came to the Lord with a prayer like the following:

"Father, Thou knowest that I desire Thee and Thy love above all things. Thou knowest how the weaknesses of my heart come between Thee and my best aspirations. Thou knowest how temptations assail. Confessing all this unto Thee, and holding to the hand of Thy love, my soul cries out for Divine help, that the purposes of my heart may be fulfilled." No soul, though overwhelmed by temptation, can thus pray without rising to new life, with all holy purposes strengthened and all higher attainments made more sure.

HORSE SENSE.

The *Interior* tells the story of a horse, and draws from it some excellent lessons. The writer represents his horse as being very intelligent and having an unusual number of virtues, with only one fault: "Nearly every morning she complains because I will not turn her out to kick up her heels and roll, and seems unable to understand why I do not enjoy the grooming as much as she. On one point she has always been unreasonable and insistent, that she be permitted to go about free from restraint." As time went on this intelligent mare developed more and more of the desire to be free from restraint. She chafed under the harness, and insisted that to be kept always between the shafts was unworthy of a horse born for freedom. Indeed, if a horse can be said to ride a hobby, she became a hobby-rider. Neither argument nor persuasion could turn her aside. One day, when her master was driving, she became frightened, and as he attempted to restrain her from running away, she grew more impatient, and refused to listen when the driver insisted that he must control her for her own good. While the discussion was going on between them, the cutter to which she was hitched came in collision with a sled, and she broke loose. Finding herself free, she rushed away with great delight, running a dozen blocks or more with the cross-bar of the shafts banging her heels at every jump, and at last was caught, floundering in a snow-bank. When caught, she said to the driver: "I was glad to be caught; I got to going and could not stop with this banging my hind legs, and I guess I was a bit frightened and perhaps a little hurt." She was a good deal injured, but submitted to the dressing of her wounds, and to the medicine which she was compelled to take, with quiet patience. That night, as her owner was making her comfortable, she said in a confidential way: "I have had a taste of freedom, and I guess it will last me as long as I live."

The writer of this article makes application, by way of a parable, to those church-members who are always fretting because of the restraint which their obligations as Christians put upon them. He makes special application in the line of dancing, and other forms of amusement, of the liberty to stay away from church and prayer-meeting, and the like. "Sister Brown is of the opinion that she ought to be allowed to attend card parties at pleasure, and is irritated when some of her church sisters are not enthusiastic when she wins the head prize." In short, under this parable of the runaway horse, the writer suggests several excellent sermons concerning the blessedness of obligation. A larger application of this principle in these days would show that the obligations which the law of God and the spirit of obedience put upon men are the highest form of blessings. The

spirit of this age spurns restraint, as that foolish mare did when she sought to find freedom for her instincts, against the restraint of wisdom. The readers of the RECORDER are not beyond the reach of temptation along these lines, and the more so since the lawless spirit which pervades even the religious world talks loud and long concerning Christian freedom, the folly of "legalism," and the nonsense of being held in the grasp of obligation. Already has the church suffered more than can be told in words from this spirit of running away from restraint. As childhood finds the greatest blessing in the restraint which a wise home throws about it, so the church of Christ, and each individual life, finds greatest blessing in glad submission to the restraints which God places upon us. In the whirl of excitement that comes with momentary freedom, or when the heart has been schooled to think lightly of obligation, there is a gush of enjoyment much like that which the runaway horse felt for the first two or three minutes after she was freed from her load. But the freedom turns quickly to punishment, bruised limbs, and the evil results which follow breaking away from restraint. These soon change freedom into bitterest slavery. Individuals and churches are governed by the same law, and he who talks lightly of obligations, or exalts Christian liberty until it includes that which self-protection makes necessary, opens the way for endless evil. The card party, the dancing room and all similar lines of amusement, defended as they may be by certain forms of logic, usually result in bruised souls, wounded conscience, and weakened spiritual life.

Deeper and more disastrous are those false notions of freedom which push the law of God away as antiquated, and the words of Scripture as meaningless, except in some general way. If the evils which come with false notions of freedom could cease with the moment when we turn back, there would be less cause for sorrow than there now is. This horse, freed from restraint, turned back to days of suffering and to the slavery that followed. Souls turning back, if not too late for recovery, find only bitterness and failure. Learn to see every obligation which God places upon you as the germ of still greater blessings, and know that restraint is the only safe road to larger liberty. Impulse, unguided by conscience and untaught by the Word of God, often becomes the fire which disregard and disobedience light to the consuming of all that is best in our lives.

PROTESTANTISM IN THE PHILIPPINES.

It is evident that the work of Protestant denominations in the Philippine Islands will meet with unusual difficulties, for some time to come. The grade of civilization, and the experience of the people in connection with Christianity, unfit them for that independence of thought and that appreciation of truth which is necessary to anything like successful Protestantism. That the Filipinos hate the Roman friars is true; but they yet love and believe in the Roman church. The forms of church government which are necessary to Protestant ideas would find little or no fitness in the Filipino character. The traditional discipline and development which three hundred years have given, under despotic civil government, and the Romish church, has left little soil in which individual

freedom of thought can grow. Education, in a general way, carrying with it as far as possible the better elements of religious thought, must precede any permanent establishment of Protestantism in the Philippines. There, as elsewhere, it must be recognized that changes can come but slowly; and the general uplifting of the people in social and religious matters is a step toward definite and successful church work. Protestants who seek to extend their views in the Philippines must work patiently, and look for fruitage at some time far in the future, as compared with immediate results.

PURIFYING THE PRESS.

A friend who mingles much with the business world, speaking of Mr. Sheldon's attempt at newspaper making, says: "Before Mr. Sheldon attempted to publish the Topeka paper for a week, I know of at least two publishers who had notified certain advertisers that after their contracts expired the texts of their advertisements must be changed, or the advertisements would be declined for another contract. In one case, to my certain knowledge, contracts were declined amounting to over \$150,000 per year. When this was made public, it was my privilege to write to that publisher saying that I thought his method of purifying the press beat 'Sheldonizing' it all to pieces. No doubt Mr. Sheldon was honest in his intentions, but his zeal ran away with his judgment, in my opinion."

This from a thoughtful man, who, familiar with the newspaper world, reveals a side of the situation for which too little credit is given. While evil, through the payment of money, debases newspapers by advertisements which are fit only to be burned, there are not a few men conducting secular newspapers who have conscience, and, as in this case, who set aside commercial interest for the sake of principle. The main value of Mr. Sheldon's experiment will be in what it suggests rather than in what it has accomplished. The cases reported by our friend also show that men who have a larger knowledge of the situation than Mr. Sheldon could have, aim to check the difficulty and to lift the tone of the newspaper world. They deserve full credit, and such efforts cannot fail to produce lasting benefit.

The controlling idea in the commercial world is to produce something which the world desires to purchase. Ordinarily, he is praised as being wise and successful who bends all his energies to meet a given demand. Taking advantage of this element in commerce, evil, in the guise of various advertisements, has sought the influence of the newspapers under the same law that just and legitimate business does. The reaction which has already set in divides clean journalism from what is well called "yellow." There are many newspapers to which a man would not appeal who seeks a place to advertise evil. There are others to which he would turn, knowing that his money could purchase whatever space is needed, if the evil be sufficiently disguised to escape arrest at the hands of the law. When religious journals will follow the highest standards in regard to advertising, there will be an increasing influence in the same direction, shown in the conducting of secular papers. It is wise to refrain from sweeping denunciation; and equally unwise to conclude that the newspaper world is

wholly in the grasp of evil men, or that it will not rise in character in proportion as public sentiment is lifted along all lines.

For these many reasons we are glad that Mr. Sheldon attempted to run a paper after a higher ideal; which ideal is to be commended in its purpose more than in the method of execution which he adopted.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Some sharp fighting has occurred in the Philippines during the last ten days. The irregular warfare by roving bands rises and falls as to activity, with final defeat for the rebels in every case. The report that Aguinaldo is dead, killed by the Igorottis, gains credence. Bishop Potter, of New York, who has visited the Philippines lately, bears high testimony to the character of the American soldiers. He says that the reports concerning their intemperance are greatly exaggerated.

Secretary Allen has been inaugurated as Governor of Puerto Rico. Relief measures and the details of civil government will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

The great daily papers of New York have given much space to the doings of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference. The *Times* furnished special features. The cause of missions has reasons for gratitude because of the position taken by the secular press.

A strike among railroad men at Buffalo, N. Y., threatened serious results at the opening of the week, but an amicable adjustment was secured on the 2d of May.

The Hepburn Nicaragua Canal Bill passed the House of Representatives on the 2d of May by an overwhelming vote of 225 to 35. The final debate was vigorous and acrid. It may not pass the Senate, but the vote indicates the popular feeling.

Large quantities of coal are being sent to England from the United States. The supply in England has decreased for several years, and it is no longer a foolish thing to "carry coals to Newcastle."

The M. E. Conference opened in Chicago on the 2d of May. At the opening session a motion prevailed granting equal delegation to laymen. This settles a question which has troubled Methodists for several years. It is a long step toward more democratic methods in the polity of the M. E. church in the United State. One woman who was a delegate withdrew, so that the question was relieved of that phase of the struggle.

The Hallock Bill, for the protection of song birds has become a law, during the past week, by the signature of Governor Roosevelt. This is a triumph of good sense and Christianity over the cruelty of hunters, and the folly of women and milliners.

News from South Africa has been meager and conflicting all the week. The British forces moved forward early in the week and soon engaged the enemy, strongly entrenched. Out of the confused reports, it is evident that there has been some severe fighting in the sections of Brandfort and Thaba N'Chu; that the Boers have been driven from some of their entrenchments, and that the British have suffered by loss and fatigue, so that at this writing—May 4—they have suspended active operations. Lord Roberts sends but little news, and the public in England and elsewhere has little information as to the exact situation. It is reported that an envoy of the Boer Government has sailed for the United

States, seeking help to secure peace. There is abundant evidence that the British forces are not finding easy work nor rapid success.

Two hundred and twenty-five bodies have been recovered from the coal mines in Utah, where a terrible explosion occurred a few days since. The cause of the disaster was the explosion of a large quantity of giant powder, stored in the mine. To what or whom this explosion was due will never be known. Latest, May 6—Official news from Lord Roberts announces that the British forces have occupied Brandfort, with little opposition; the Boers retreating northward. This event has been expected by military critics, and the main significance is that the advance toward Pretoria is begun after a long delay. If the Boers contend the ground as they have done hitherto, the road to Pretoria will be a long one at the best. Everything conspires to intensify the wish and hope that peace may hasten, through some means.

The late Ecumenical Conference on Missions closed on the first day of May. The highest anticipations as to its success have been realized.

SABBATH-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

BY EVA ST. CLAIR CHAMPLIN.

A paper presented at the Sabbath-school Institute, at Nile, New York, in March, 1900, and published by request of the Conductor of the Institute.

(Concluded from last week.)

How shall we protect these books and make them of as great service as possible? In the first place there must be some sort of shelf-order or classification. One will prefer fixed location, another relative; one an expansive system modeled after the Boston Athenæans; another, some combination of the fixed and relative. And, perhaps, there will be the same difference of opinion with regard to book-plates and cards, shelf-list, catalogue. After all is said, whose opinion shall we credit if not that of him who has had experience? After six years' experience in various libraries in various places and observations in many more, one has come to some conclusions, which are embodied in the following system for Sabbath-school libraries.

Perhaps a word with regard to binding. A good, serviceable binding is what your library requires. Cloth, I believe, answers this requirement, and especially should *duck* be recommended. When you have secured well-bound, good books, they are surely worth being well cared for. Keep books erect on shelves! This requires plenty of room between shelves. If your shelves are not adjustable, have them made far enough apart to admit any book. Up-to-date libraries have book-supports or dummies to put where a book is removed. This prevents the leaning, and consequently the deformity of the books. A good book—is it not sacred? Think of its influence in the world! And a book needs to stand erect as well as you and I. How misshapen our lives become when bent by cruel circumstances. It is so with books. Give them a fair chance to do their publishers justice.

A Pittsburg Sunday-school library has a case with glass in front of shelves so that the books may be observed but not handled by readers. There is a pigeon-hole for each volume numbered to correspond with it. The librarian has access to the books from behind. This plan certainly does the book justice in the way of protection; whether it does the reader justice is the question.

In our library we shall probably have simply the shelves. These should be numbered to

correspond with the class of books on the shelf. For we shall divide our library into classes. We will let:

100	represent	Philosophy, Ethics, Temperance.
200	"	Religion, Bible, Missions, Didactic.
300	"	Sociology, Labor, Education, Self-culture.
400	"	Natural Science, Nature Stories and Talks.
500	"	Arts, Useful and Fine.
600	"	Poetry.
700	"	Fiction.
800	"	Biography.
900	"	History.
950	"	Travel.
000	"	Reference Books, Dictionaries, Atlases, etc.

This classification we can work out with fixed numbers, which is perhaps simpler, or with decimals, which makes it always possible to interpolate and to place a new book just where its author and subject require. I have used both fixed and relative shelf numbers, and have found the latter much more satisfactory. When the books are classified they must receive the label and book-plate, and perhaps the rules are to be pasted in the front. In these details simplicity should be the watch-word. There should be a book-card, and a reader's-card duplicated in another color for the reader's use. These keep a record of the use of the library.

Now, we come to the shelf-list, which is a kind of subject catalogue, and serves that end in libraries not able to have a complete dictionary or classed catalogue. The shelf-list is a list of all the books according to their shelf-order, which in our scheme is also a list of the books according to subjects. This list may be small sheets to be placed in a self-binder, or on cards.

Last, and of greatest importance, is the catalogue. There are many ways of cataloguing. The ideal thing in a Sabbath-school library is to have a printed catalogue of titles arranged alphabetically. This may be done with small expense. In the library, I would have, if possible, an author catalogue on card, arranged alphabetically by the author's names. This catalogue is valuable to the librarian and may be made so to the readers. It tells all about the book, its author, title, shelf-number, where it was published, when and by whom. It also tells just how many books by a certain author are in the library, and which ones. In case a book is lost, it can be easily supplied by referring to the catalogue.

When our library is catalogued, it is ready for service. Now, the librarian and the teachers of the school must work together for its advancement. And they have the assurance that the power of a good book over a young heart is without measure. Their duty in this part of the Sabbath-school work, well performed, will put many a jewel in their future crowns of righteousness. For all reading is a means to an end, and that end truly work for God and our fellows. "Remember," says the noted author of a most excellent book for the young, "in all you do, that as the earth, in all its heights, and valleys, and stretching plains, has the great sky everywhere over it, so life is rounded by God."

[The RECORDER commends the idea that the teacher should aid younger pupils in selecting books. The teacher ought to know better than the child what ought to be read.]

THOUGH GONE, HE SPEAKS AGAIN.

REDLANDS, Cal., April 10, 1900.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

Dear Brother:—I have been so interested and grateful to read Mr. Titsworth's letter to another troubled girl, that I am going to send you one on quite a different subject, selected from some that he wrote me after he went South from Alfred—never to return. I wish all pastors could make their children love them as we did him. It has been a pleasure to copy his words; so if you think best not to print another letter, I shall not feel that the time has been misspent on my part.

Sincerely,

ELIZABETH CARPENTER.

HAMMOND, La., March 19, 1889.

My Dear E—:—I have not answered your letter right away, because I wished to think over the matter of which you ask, so as to give you an answer honestly representing my thoughts on the matter.

There are some things that make dancing wrong just as they make anything wrong though it may of itself be innocent. It would be wrong for you to dance if thereby you were to wound the feelings of your father and mother by disregarding their wishes and judgment in the matter; if you were to become so infatuated with what is, and only can be, an amusement that you could not think or talk of anything else much, and your attention so taken up by it that you forgot and had no relish for the serious and real and common duties of life.

It would be wrong for you to dance in bad or questionable company, to do it on the sly, to keep late hours, to allow dancing to interfere with the good order and discipline of the school or your studies, or with your exercises as a Christian disciple. It would, in my opinion, be wrong for you to dance the "round dances," so-called, in any form. And I do not think I need give you any reasons for thinking so, as they are plain.

For dancing to be proper for young Christians, it must be entirely subject to the good judgment of those who have a right to their obedience because responsible to God for leading them aright. If your dancing is according to the judgment of those who are older and have had more experiences of life than yourselves; if as to time and place and frequency, you consult not your own impulses but the judgment of older persons; if you violate no law of good and pure society, good manners, good health and Christian conduct, and you are thoroughly conscientious in making it a recreation simply and not a pursuit of life, I do not see any objection to it. It is a much simpler, heartier, more enjoyable recreation than the kissing games so often played by young people, which, in my opinion, are as objectionable as the worst features of dancing of the worst kind.

My answers so far have been upon a foundation of general principles. There are some things I would not do if I were you. I would never dance in a home where any objection is made to it; I would not introduce dancing where there are young people who are opposed to it, and cannot share in it without a feeling that they are doing wrong. I would never allow dancing, or any other recreation, for that matter, to keep me away from a place where I ought to be, e. g., from a literary society or a meeting of the church. Dancing must be conscientiously held to its place, and it is difficult for young people to do this. It is infatuating and exciting, and a very little is all that one should allow himself, for against such dancing there are very good physiological reasons, and a young girl may easily dance herself into ill health for the remainder of life. But there is no recreation in which there is no danger. So far as my wishes are concerned, I may say this: Nothing would give me so much pain as to have our community go to excess, go wild with uncontrolled excitement in the matter of dancing. Nothing would sooner affect the school and church than this. I do not speak of this because I do not trust you, for I have the completest confidence in you, but because there are some of us who have to carry the whole community on our minds and hearts. I am perfectly willing to leave the matter to the consciences of yourself and the young Christians like yourself among the boys and girls there. I believe you will do right in the matter.

I have written you quite a letter—I hope you can read it. I would much like to say more, but will not take the time, because the gist of what I would say is here.

I was glad to get your letter, and would be glad to hear from you again.

No one wishes to have me back in Alfred more than I wish to be there, and I hope the time will pass quickly so that I shall soon be there.

Your pastor,

W. C. TITSWORTH.

IN MEMORIAM.

SOPHRONIA WELLS STILLMAN.

Entered peacefully into rest at her home in DeRuyter, N. Y., March 6, 1900, Sophronia H. Wells, wife of Barton G. Stillman, aged 80 years and 4 months. For five weary weeks she suffered patiently, eager for the summons that should call her home; and, with the comforting words upon her lips, "We shall meet beyond the river," her sweet spirit took its flight.

She was the eldest daughter of Matthew and Weltha Wells, in a family of eight sons and four daughters, all born on the Wells homestead, three miles north of DeRuyter. In early womanhood she was a student in DeRuyter Institute, and later taught school for a time.

At the age of 20 years she married Barton G. Stillman, Nov. 19, 1839, and they founded the home which was theirs for more than sixty years, the hospitable doors of which stood wide open, where friend and traveler found a hearty welcome. It was a place where children loved to gather, sure that her motherly heart would grant them many a privilege which another would have denied, because she loved to see them happy.

Seven children came to gladden her heart, all but one of whom grew to mature years under her loving care. The eldest, Welcome E. Stillman, preceded her by ten years. The remaining members of the family circle are Mrs. T. R. Williams, of DeRuyter; Barton G. Stillman, Jr., of Brookfield; P. M. Stillman, of Rome, N. Y.; George A. Stillman, of DeRuyter; and Mrs. William H. Cossam, now in Doug-si, China.

Hers was a busy, happy life, unselfish, and thoughtful for others to the last degree; broad in her sympathies and always loyal to what she believed to be right. She was a faithful member of the Woman's Benevolent Society and of the W. C. T. U., and was a regular attendant at their sessions as long as health and strength would permit. There came a time when a serious heart trouble incapacitated her for the active duties she had so much enjoyed, but she yielded without a murmur, and with scarcely an expressed regret, though she felt a lively interest in all benevolent and reformatory work, to the last.

In early life she publicly professed faith in Christ and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of DeRuyter, of which she remained a valued and faithful member during her long life, adorning her profession by a consistent and efficient service, and by many beautiful Christian graces.

But it was in her home where the sweetest fragrance of her beautiful life was distilled, a fragrance that will last while life endures.

The last tributes to her memory were paid in the church she loved so well, where the service was conducted by her pastor. With beautiful flowers and with tears, with sorrow and with thankfulness, and with an undimmed hope, her precious dust was laid away. Blessed, indeed, are the dead who die in the Lord. Their works do follow them to comfort and to bless, while the strains of their rejoicing float down to us from their heavenly choir, as they join the song of the redeemed.

L. R. S.

DEARLY beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.—Rom. 12: 19.

THE MORNING WATCH.

Mighty men of God have always been men of prayer. It has been a common practice among the heroes of the faith to arise early to study God's Word and to commune with him. Probably most have the practice of daily Bible reading and prayer. Shall we not give it the place of honor among the day's duties, placing it first of all? At many a nightfall we feel that the day has been fritted away. We scarcely know whither it is gone or what we have to show for it. Perhaps our hearts have not been right in the sight of God. Perhaps we worked to disadvantage, because our plans were hasty and haphazard.

I am persuaded that if we would enter the day, listening to his voice, well-poised, alert, calm and systematic, the fruitage would be far greater at the set of sun. Sometimes we do a good deal, but it has little significance. We fuss and fret at the details of duty while the grand issues of life remain almost untouched. When God worketh in us both to will and do of his good pleasure, we shall accomplish more of the real results which affect character in five minutes than in a whole day's aimless endeavor.

L. C. RANDOLPH.

THINK how often you have been mistaken; how often you may be mistaken yet again. Think how, in the warmth of your own better feelings, your hard and cold heart has melted, and you may fairly hope and believe that the same genial warmth will spread toward whom it is directed; and many a proud spirit that would have long met scorn with scorn, and hate with hate, will be bowed down to the dust by one kind word; many a hard heart will be melted down by the morsel of bread and the cup of cold water, that would have resisted a whole furnace of angry invectives. This is the true Christian vengeance, the true Christian victory over those who wrong or offend us. Charity no less than honesty is the best policy, and also the noblest revenge.—Dean Stanley.

MANY persons seem to think that they are to enter into the misery of the Lord when they become Christians, instead of the joy of the Lord.—D. L. Moody.

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Conference Minutes, 1807-1855.

Seventh-day Baptist Register, Vol. 1, No. 4.

Sabbath Visitor, Vol. I., No. 20.

" Vol. III., Nos. 28, 51.

" Vol. IV., Nos. 48, 44.

" Vol. V., Nos. 28, 38, 40, 42, 49.

" Vol. VI., No. 50.

" Vol. XI., No. 44.

Sabbath Recorder, Vol. XVI., Nos. 37, 51.

" Vol. XVII., No. 27.

" Vol. XVIII., No. 22.

" Vol. XIX., No. 21.

" Vol. XX., Nos. 28, 26, 31, 35.

" Vol. XXI., Nos. 1, 51, 52.

" Vols. XXII-XLVI., entire.

Missions.

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

THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

It will be impossible to give an elaborate report or account of the great Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions just held in New York City. It was too immense. It no doubt was the greatest and most distinguished Missionary Conference ever held in the history of the Christian Church. We can give the readers of the RECORDER but a faint glimpse of it. The Conference was held in Carnegie Hall, on the corner of 57th street and 7th avenue. The main auditorium will seat, platform and all, about 3,500 people. Perhaps 4,000 people could be crowded into it by extra seats and by standing, but this was not allowed at any of the meetings of the Conference. The overflowing crowds were sent to the neighboring churches and smaller audience rooms in the Hall, where meetings were being held. The great auditorium, filled from the platform to the top-most balcony, lighted by electric lights, the vast audience dressed in apparel of different hues and colors, all presented a most brilliant and magnificent sight. It was such a presence as to either awe, or to inspire with magnetic power, one who addressed such an assembly.

In this great Conference there were represented about 200 Missionary Boards and Societies from the United States and Canada, Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Australia, Finland, New Zealand, Jamaica, and other lands. There were in attendance over 2,000 delegates, and over 600 missionaries, men and women, from all lands, some of whom were retired, but the great majority of them in active service. These missionaries were from China, Japan, India, Persia, Egypt, Turkey, Korea, Madagascar, Burma, Congo, Spain, Italy, Mexico, South America, Eastern, Central and Western Africa, Australia, Hawaii, Assam, Costa Rica, Syria, Bulgaria, New Hebrides, Ceylon, Borneo, Austria, West Indies, Philippines, Palestine, and other lands, and of the isles of the sea, which we have neither time nor space to mention. There were present also some 200 honorary members of the Conference, and hundreds of distinguished clergymen, noted laymen, and business men interested in missions.

The Young People's Societies of various names and in all parts of the world were largely represented. There were Presidents and Vice-Presidents, Home and Foreign Missionary Secretaries, Treasurers and various officials of Societies and Boards present to swell the vast gathering. What a concourse of God's people, wise, good, consecrated men and women, veterans and warriors, old and young, so many right from the mission fields, with gathered wisdom and experience, all in the interests and for the advancement of world-wide evangelization! It was the opportunity of a lifetime, one never to be forgotten, to behold and be a part of such an assembly of God's people.

Only one conversant with missions and missionary matters could think that there are so many important and vital questions coming out of missions and connected with them to be considered and discussed. There are many, many phases of thought, fact,

necessity, method and action connected with and springing from the operation of foreign missions. The following are some of the general topics and themes discussed at this Conference: Authority and Purpose of Missions; Survey of Fields; A Century of Missions; The Mission, its Administrative Problems; The Missionary Staff; Wider Relations of Missions; Missions and Governments; Comity and Division of Fields; Self-Support by Mission Churches; Missionary Boards and Societies; Non-Christian Religions; Social Progress and Peace; Outlook and Demands; Evangelistic Work; Educational Work; Medical Work; Translations of the Bible; Mission Presses; Bible Societies; Missionary Literature for Home Churches; Home Work and Home Churches' Support of Missions; Industrial Support of Missions; Students' and Other Young People's Work in Missions; Woman's Work. These general topics of the program were subdivided into many subjects and questions. These were first treated in papers or addresses by persons chosen from all lands, and then followed by general discussion. Those who opened up the question or topic by paper or address usually had from twenty to thirty minutes; those who participated in the general discussion had five minutes. Any one could speak in the general discussion by sending up his name on a slip of paper provided, giving his name, address, to what Missionary Society or mission he belonged. The opening papers and addresses were presented by noted and distinguished missionary officers, workers and missionaries, men and women, and the general discussion was participated in largely by missionaries fresh from the mission fields. This made the discussion very interesting and instructive.

There were three meetings a day, morning, afternoon and evening, in the large auditorium of Carnegie Hall, and at the same time usually four sectional meetings were held in the neighboring churches, where divisions of the same general topic were presented and discussed. Each meeting was presided over by some noted man or woman, known in the work of missions. The Ecumenical Conference had a stenographer at every meeting. There were reporters from almost every newspaper of the city at these meetings. The sessions of the Conference held in Carnegie Hall were the largest attended, because, as a rule, the weightiest subjects and questions were presented and discussed there. The sectional meetings treated special subjects, and those interested in those specialties attended them, sometimes filling full the church. A report of all the doings and sayings of this great Ecumenical Conference is to be published, consisting of two volumes, which will be very valuable for instruction and reference.

A list of the names of the delegates, missionaries, missionary officers and honorary members of the Conference in attendance, with their address and the Missionary Society they represent, was published for the benefit of those in attendance. We cannot give you this list on our Missionary page, but it will be of interest to you to give a few of the leaders of the Conference. Rev. Judson Smith, D. D., Chairman of the General Committee of the Conference; Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D., General Secretary of the Conference; W. Henry Grant, Assistant General

Secretary. To these three men we owe the most for having this great Conference on Foreign Missions. Their labors have been very great. Dr. Baldwin broke down under it and was stricken with nervous prostration, so that he could not attend a meeting of the Conference. Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, Secretary of the London Missionary Society; Mr. Eugene Stock, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, London; Rev. Canon W. J. Edmonds, Exeter, England; Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, China; Dr. Harry Guinness, London; Right Rev. Bishop Ridley, British Columbia; Rev. A. Schrieber, D. D.; Rev. A. Merensky, D. D., Germany; Rev. W. Ashmore, D. D., Veteran Missionary from China; Rev. J. G. Paton, an aged and distinguished missionary among the cannibals of New Hebrides; Bishop J. M. Thoburn, of India; Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, a veteran medical missionary in India; Dr. F. Howard Taylor, son of J. Hudson Taylor, medical missionary of Inland China; Rev. George Washburn, D. D., President of Roberts College, Constantinople; Rev. Charles Phillips, of Johannesburg, South Africa; Rev. J. L. Dealing, President of the Baptist Theological Seminary in Yokohama, Japan; Rev. J. Soper, D. D., Japan; Rev. Joseph King, D. D., South Seas; Rev. Dr. J. Daly, Scotland; Rev. Alex. Sutherland, D. D., Canada; Miss Lilavati Singh, a native missionary worker from the Rajput-Hindu Caste, India; Mrs. A. J. Gordon, Boston; Miss A. B. Child, Boston; Mrs. J. T. Gracey, Rochester; Mrs. Judson Smith, Boston; Miss Isabella Thoburn, India; Mrs. Joseph Cook, Boston; Hon. William T. Harris, LL. D., Washington; Governor Northen, of Georgia; Ex-President Benjamin Harrison; Hon. James B. Angell, LL. D., President of Michigan University. These are but a few of the distinguished names of those constituting the Conference, but we mention these as they came to our attention.

Different Denominational Boards and Missionary Societies, and some citizens of New York, gave receptions to foreign delegates and missionaries, and also to some home delegates and missionary representatives. These were very enjoyable social events. Mrs. P. J. B. Wait, M. D., gave a royal reception on Sabbath-night, April 28, at her home, to the Seventh-day Baptist delegates and visitors in attendance at the Conference, and to the members of our church and the various friends in New York. It was just like Dr. Wait to give us all this very enjoyable social opportunity. School-mates and friends, who had not met for years, were in this way permitted to see each other again and give the hearty hand-shake and learn of the way-marks in life's history. There were seventy at this reception. Quite a number who could not, because of sickness and other causes, attend this reception, were deprived of a fine social privilege. Many thanks to Dr. Wait. May she live long to gladden many hearts.

FROM G. H. F. RANDOLPH.

I started on my anticipated visit to Texas Friday evening, March 9. The Sabbath was spent in Texarkana, filling my usual monthly appointment. Sunday night, at 9 o'clock, the "Cotton Belt" train left for Central Texas, and I with it. When daylight appeared, we were passing through as fine country as one need ask to see. By the way, Texas is as fine a state as I ever had the privilege of seeing; and the people of the

state made a very favorable impression on me, too. Indeed, I was surprised in both the country and people. At 1 P. M. the train reached Gatesville, having gone a distance of 304 miles. Here Bro. H. S. Witt met me with team and took me out about five miles to his home among the hills. Bro. and Sister Witt and their family of little children are all the Sabbath-keepers living in this vicinity. They are not very "well off" in this world's goods, but they are rich in faith and earnest in good works. An announcement was made for preaching the same night I arrived. There was a pleasant little gathering, considering the short notice, and the people were very attentive. The next night the congregation was somewhat larger. The reception met in this community was very encouraging, and the courage and comfort the visit gave these "lone Sabbath-keepers" is reason sufficient for such effort.

Wednesday found me moving on again, this time south, about 275 miles, to Berclair. There was a great deal of changing cars and delay on this trip. However, the hearty reception I received here from Elder M. F. Whatley and his son, Dr. Whatley, and the royal entertainment from Dr. Whatley's kind lady and daughter, more than made up for delays and lack of comfort on the way. The weather was unfavorable for services here. It gave opportunity for a quiet Sabbath rest, though. We had preaching night after Sabbath, Sunday morning and Sunday night. The congregations were not large, but the services seemed to be profitable occasions. The young people of the place had just secured an organ and placed it in the school-house, and they helped us very much with music for our meetings. The Brothers Whatley are leaders in every good work here.

Early Monday morning I started on my way to Port Lavacca, where Bro. D. S. Allen lives. This point is about 70 miles southeast of Berclair. Bro. Allen, with his usual thoughtfulness, came up to Victoria, a distance of 27 miles, to meet me. These seven and one-half hours we waited here for train connections were spent in getting dinner at the home of Bro. Allen's daughter, and hustling about town meeting old friends of his. We got into Port Lavacca in time for supper and to attend revival services at the Methodist church. But these meetings closed that same night owing to the prevalence of small-pox in town. The weather was also unfavorable again. But arrangements were made for holding services at the court-house the next night, Bro. Allen going to the expense of having bills printed, and distributed from house to house. The attendance was fairly good, and we decided to try the next night also. The attendance the second night was not as large, owing, doubtless, to the rainy weather. But I was glad of this privilege, even under such unfavorable circumstances, of preaching at this point. Then my visit is one long to be remembered for other reasons. That bracing Gulf wind! The invigorating atmosphere! and Sister Allen's great oyster pie! No, I shall not soon forget the pleasure and profit of this short visit.

Thursday morning I started to visit the friends around Eagle Lake, about 150 miles north. Most of these friends are children of the late lamented Bro. Wilson. The first I visited was the second daughter, Mrs. Lola Smith, who lives at Borden, about 25 miles

from Eagle Lake. The people at this place had never seen a Seventh-day Baptist minister, nor any one of that persuasion till Mrs. Smith moved there recently. My stay here was only from Friday afternoon till Sunday. But during this time, in spite of rain, we had two preaching services at the school-house, with good attendance and interest. I believe this is a favorable place for extra work.

My next stop was with Sister Estella (Wilson) Lammes, the eldest daughter of Bro. Wilson's family. She lives about six miles from Eagle Lake. Her brother Watson, the youngest child of the family, lives with Mrs. Lammes. This brother, now about 19 years of age, is faithfully striving to live a Christian life. He will, doubtless, be baptized and unite with the church soon. It was so rainy while here that it was impossible to hold any public service. But our visit was very pleasant, and our little song and prayer services were precious occasions. The rain held up long enough for Watson and I to drive down to Alleyton, about three miles, to call on the family of the former Deacon Peikert, of the Eagle Lake church. Bro. Peikert works on Sabbath-day now. He does not keep Sunday, but claims it is impossible to make a living and keep the Sabbath. Sister Peikert and her mother, Sister Lyons, are faithful Sabbath-keepers.

My last visit was at Cheetham, where Sister Minnie (Wilson) Smith lives. This point is about 20 miles from Eagle Lake, in another direction. I had only about 24 hours to stay here, owing to a delay of 23 hours on the way. There were two appointments for me to preach, but we tried as nearly as possible to unite them into one. We had a large congregation. There was much interest manifested in seeing a Seventh-day Baptist here, too. Many of the people did not know that any such people existed. I was sorry not to have had at least one more day with these kind friends. But I was compelled to hasten away so as to reach Fouke before the Sabbath, and be there to fill my regular appointment. As it was, I came into Fouke on Friday evening, on the same train by which I left just three weeks before.

FOUKE, Ark., April 11, 1900.

WISCONSIN LETTER.

President Gardiner's letter, in a late RECORDER, describing the student evangelistic work in Pennsylvania, many years ago, awakens memories which have long been slumbering. Your Wisconsin correspondent preached his first sermons to those same stately trees when as yet Bro. Gardiner never dreamed of being a preacher. There were no evangelistic quartets in those days, and Moody had not yet found his Sankey to sing the Gospel message to hearts unmoved by the preacher's words. Imagine, then, an awkward, bashful boy, going alone among entire strangers, with not so much as a sermon outline in his pocket, and expected to preach two sermons every Sabbath, besides visiting from house to house, and attending various prayer-meeting appointments during the week! It was a comfort to go out and preach to the graceful beech and maple trees. They seemed so attentive and sympathetic! I am not so certain of the effect upon the trees, but one dear old pine stump was converted—I can see it now—into a pulpit, upon which I laid my Bible and the rough outlines of the sermons I tried to make. Alas, like all other merely man-made conversions, I fear it has long since gone back to the "weak and beggarly elements of the world." Whatever else may have come of it, that summer's

work, with the kind and sympathetic forbearance of the good people of Hebron, did the boy good.

How often do we think and speak of ourselves as so small a people that no one knows anything about us away from our own doors. A few examples of experience that one often meets with will show how far from true this is. About a year ago, riding in a railway car from Milwaukee to Racine, I took a seat with a stranger. The fact that we each had clerical tickets served as an introduction; and when, in answer to his query as to my "connection," I told him that I was a Seventh-day Baptist, to my surprise, he began to speak familiarly of certain of our churches and ministers in New York state, concerning whom he inquired with much interest. I was more surprised still when, of his own accord, he said, "your people are right," and expressed the wish that everybody could see the way to keep the Sabbath. Two or three weeks ago I preached on a Sunday morning in a Presbyterian church in a little city of Northern Wisconsin. I supposed, of course, a live Seventh-day Baptist, except for two or three familiar specimens, would be something of a curiosity. I was not quite prepared to hear a young woman, to whom I was introduced, say that her mother was once an inmate in the family of Darwin E. Maxson, and a student of Alfred University; or to hear a young man in professional life say he was a grand-nephew of Prof. D. D. Pickett, of the same institution. Still another man to whom I was introduced, asked if I could tell him what ever became of A. B. Prentice, once of Albion; and another inquired concerning the health and work of President Whitford, of Milton College. I was not so much surprised at this, for President Whitford's work as State Superintendent of Public Instruction for two terms, some years ago, and his frequent public addresses upon historical as well as educational subjects throughout the state, have given him a wide acquaintance with the teachers, preachers and statesmen of Wisconsin; but I was surprised when a business man, until that moment an entire stranger to me, said, "Do you know that your college down there at Milton has furnished more State Superintendents for Wisconsin than any other institution in the state?" I did know it, although I had never before heard it stated in that way. On looking the matter over since, I find that nearly one-half of all the terms of service in that office since Wisconsin came to statehood have been filled by Milton men; or, in other words, Milton has furnished the state almost as much service in that high office as all the other institutions of the state combined. The present incumbent, Prof. L. Dow Harvey, a Milton man, at the National Teachers' Association, held in Chicago, a month ago, was honored by a unanimous election to the presidency of that organization. All of which goes to show that our public men, our churches, our institutions, our work and our faith are more widely known than we ourselves sometimes think. Might we not make it all mean vastly more than it now does toward the advancement of God's truth in the world? Suppose the name "Seventh-day Baptist" whether applied to individuals, or to churches, or to the denomination as a whole, wherever spoken, should become the synonym of purity, of good-will to men, of earnest purpose to bless and save men, of love to God and loyalty to his Word, would not God set his seal upon that name, and clothe it with mighty power? Who doubts it?

L. A. PLATTS.

MILTON, April 20, 1900.

Woman's Work.

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

WE are indebted to our sister, Dr. P. J. B. Wait, for a series of papers on the Ecumenical Conference, which will appear in *Woman's Page*, beginning with the issue of April 30.

BEFORE this issue of the RECORDER reaches our readers, the Ecumenical Conference will be a thing of the past. Those of us who have not had the privilege of attending the meetings have missed some of the greatest testimonies to the truth of the revelation of God's glory which is being revealed among the nations. But we trust the brief glimpses that shall come to us from those who have been in attendance will inspire us all, and draw us into closer sympathy with God's purposes for the whole world.

THE evangelistic, educational and medical problems, as well as the methods for training our young people and children, and literature, or systematic study of missions, are the most prominent subjects that were to be represented. This free interchange of ideas, and the abundance of information given by such a variety of workers, as to methods of work, must convince all who are interested in helping to bring the world to Christ, of the necessity for, and of the blessing which comes, from Christian missions. We shall welcome any and all information which our sisters in attendance can give us.

THE Ecumenical Conference for which plans were first made in Jan. 1896, met in Carnegie Hall, New York City, April 21, 1900. One thousand, six hundred and sixty-six delegates, 750 missionaries and representatives of various societies, making a total of fully 2,500, with thousands of interested people, daily fill the hall to its utmost capacity. To most of those in attendance it is the opportunity of a life-time. This marvelous gathering of earnest, cultured, enthusiastic men and women cannot but hasten on the coming of the kingdom of our Lord. No person or paper can possibly report it in its entirety, but it is hoped that for weeks and months, yes, years, we shall receive the priceless gems of thought, in items or reports, which shall fill us with gratitude to him who rules over the destinies of nations. E. A. W.

THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

Reported for the Woman's Board.

Your delegate went last evening—Sunday—to see and hear probably the most interesting figure in the Conference, Rev. John G. Paton, who spoke to an immense congregation in the Fifth Avenue Collegiate church. This church itself is interesting, as it claims the proud distinction of being the first Protestant church organized in America, and has an unbroken succession of ministers since 1628. The bell hanging in the belfry of the present church edifice was cast in Amsterdam in 1728, and has been in use ever since.

Dr. Paton is Scotch and speaks with considerable accent, which one soon forgets under the influence of his discourse. In early life he was, for two years, a city missionary in Glasgow; but, fired with zeal for foreign work, his heart turned toward the islands in the far-away Pacific, and forty-two years ago he sailed for the New Hebrides where there was a nation of wild savages whose only use for missionaries was to cook and eat them;

five missionaries having shared that fate previous to Dr. Paton's venture. He is a man to remember; not over tall but with a strong, kindly face and luxuriant hair and beard, white as wool. You should hear his story of privation, hair-breadth escapes, wonderful providences, and finally, as if by miracle, how he discovered a key to the language, from a beginning so slight that it rivals in wonder the revelations of the Rosetta stone. From this beginning he created a written language and has translated the Bible into twenty-two—dialects it would appear—though he calls them languages. He told of eighteen thousand Christians converted under his preaching, and said that while, among the eighty thousand inhabitants of those islands, there are some not yet brought under the gospel, and who yet remain cannibal in practice, they are all being rapidly won to Christ.

The collection of the evening was for Dr. Paton's work, and the plates were flowing over with crisp greenbacks from people whose hearts had been moved by his story. Rev. Dr. Mackay, pastor of the church, spoke feelingly of his pleasure in having Dr. Paton occupy the pulpit, as his own father had succeeded the Doctor in Glasgow, where he labored until one year ago when he was called up higher.

At the Broadway Tabernacle meeting, Monday afternoon, the "Island World" drew out an audience almost equal to the capacity of the church, sixteen hundred, though an April shower from two to three o'clock probably kept a few indoors. One can hardly afford to miss any of these meetings, even at the risk of spoiling a new spring bonnet. Upon each side of the speaker's platform the church was hung with maps showing the islands of the sea under missionary teaching, while from the vaulted ceiling, and covering the front of the great organ, hung "old glory, our own red, white and blue." Years ago we heard a doting grandfather ask, "Do you think this child is really so much prettier than other children or is it because, belonging to us, we think so?" This idea comes to us again and again when looking at that flag. Is our flag really so much handsomer than any other, or is it the prejudice of American eyes? Looking at the one in the church on Monday, which seemed not alone to insure our own well-being, but to brood over the dark corners of the earth, as though proffering the light of the gospel, our heart throbbed with emotion, and tears unbidden came. Presently the organ sounded and more than a thousand voices together sang:

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O, Salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
'Til earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name."

We ask ourselves, are not the remotest nations now being taught Messiah's name, and is it not this fact which has made this Ecumenical Conference the success it is to-day? The first speaker gave a history of both when and where missionary work had been undertaken in the islands of the sea, a story which you would all be glad to hear, but which becomes utterly impossible within the limits of a column in the RECORDER. Indeed, when the *Tribune* and other daily papers devoted almost a page each morning to reports of this

Conference, and we contrast our little column once a week, we are more than ever impressed with the need of forbearance on the part of those we attempt to serve.

Mention was made by one speaker of Dr. Williams who, in 1848, went from England to one of the New Hebrides group of islands and who died there in 1872. Upon his headstone is inscribed, "When he came here there were no Christians; when he died there were no heathen." What greater tribute could be paid to the memory of any man?

All shades of thought, of course, are represented in this great gathering, and many of the men leave us with the impression that they are hobby-riders; we notice the educational hobby, the industrial hobby, the medical hobby and the literature hobby, but far away in the lead, the evangelistic hobby is sweeping on and doing wonderful work; but it is willing to utilize all the rest to accomplish its great purpose. At one meeting a Baptist missionary from Central Africa, who has spent twenty-five years on the field, told of his experience on that dark continent. Reaching Lake Nganza, where he settled, after a tedious and oftentimes perilous journey inland, he was "weeks and weeks distant" from any other missionary upon the east, west or north; and at the end of nine years he had baptized nine converts. A few years later he baptized ten times nine in one day, and three other men each baptized an equal number. At present they have schools with twenty-two thousand scholars, churches, industries and mission stations scattered all about, although he described the parishes as covering a hundred square miles apiece, and territory enough left to give a parish to every person within sound of his voice, probably fifteen hundred. One thing which claims attention at these meetings is the presence of so many policemen. One of them to whom we spoke told us that twenty-five were detailed daily to be constantly at Carnegie Hall, so much is it necessary to look out for the pocket books and other convenient valuables of our visiting friends. It seems a little incongruous to establish a cordon of police to maintain order at a missionary Conference; perhaps it may be an effort on the part of the city to Christianize the force. The weather is everything which can be asked for, a little dusty to be sure, but light cloaks and overcoats are burdensome during the day, and open cars are running upon all street lines. Altogether New York is being seen at her very best. P. J. B. W.

"I WISH it was in my power to convey my experience to those people—often well-meaning people—who speak about the inefficacy of foreign missions. I think if they really could realize but a tenth part of the work that is being done and the work that has been done, they would realize that no more practical work, no work more productive of fruit for civilization, could exist than that work being carried on by the men and women who give their lives to preach the gospel of Christ to mankind—the men and women who not only have preached, but have done; who have made action follow pledge, performance square with promise."—Roosevelt.

A MAN has a very bad chance for happiness in that state, unless he marries a woman of very strong and fixed principles of religion.—Samuel Johnson.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY LIFE.

The following recipe for a happy life, said to have been written by Margaret of Navarre, was found some years ago in a chest in the French National Library. It is as follows:

“Three ounces are necessary, first of patience,
Then of repose and peace; of conscience

A pound entire is needful;

Of pastimes, of all sorts, too,

Should be gathered as much as the hand can hold;
Of pleasant memory and of hope three good drachms
There must be at least. But they should moistened be
With a liquor made from true pleasures which rejoice the
heart.

Then of love's magic drops a few—

But use them sparingly, for they may bring a flame

Which naught but tears can drown.

Grind the whole and mix therewith of merriment an
ounce

To even. Yet all this may not bring happiness

Except in your orisons you lift your voice

To him who holds the gift of health.”

THE PARSON'S BABY, THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN.

BY J. BENSON HAMILTON, D. D.

A prominent manufacturer in a bustling little Western city took me to lunch with him during the session of the Methodist Conference which I was visiting. He was proud of the enterprise and beauty of the city, and had much to say of its early history. I imagined from the zest of his recitals that he had been a principal character in many of the stirring scenes he portrayed. He never tired talking of the Methodist minister who founded the first church. The bravery and eloquence of this first parson were the subjects of unending eulogy. The beauty, sweetness and courage of the parson's young wife were topics concerning which the old gentleman spoke with deep and affectionate feeling. He was in the midst of a loving panegyric of the little woman when I interrupted him a little banteringly:

“You speak as if you had loved the parson, but had worshiped the parson's wife.”

“I have the best reason in the world for worshiping her,” he replied earnestly. “I owe everything I have in this world and everything I hope to have in the next world to her. I was a wicked wretch who had only escaped the gallows, which I richly deserved, by a streak of good luck. I was on the road to eternal ruin and was dragging down with me scores of others, when her little white hand stopped me and turned me about face.” He was completely overwhelmed with emotion for a moment. After a short silence, he fervently but softly said: “God bless her little heart.”

“Tell me something about the parson's wife,” I said.

After a few moments' thought he began to smile and then laughed softly to himself.

“How would you like to hear the story of the parson's baby, when it was the only one in town?”

As my silence gave consent, he proceeded:

“The parson's baby was the first baby born in our town. It received a welcome equal to the Fourth of July. Every bell was rung, and every shop and store was decorated in honor of the arrival of the new citizen. It seems childish now, but it seemed very proper and fitting then. The whole town was illuminated, and a torchlight procession marched through all of the principal streets. The Fourth of July was nowhere. As soon as the parson's wife was able to sit up, she was placed in the front room and sat there for hours, singing to her baby. She was a cunning little woman. She knew the boys were wild to see the baby and she sat by the window, where all who walked by could

look in. One of the fellows who had been hanging around for several days hoping to get the first peep at the baby was rewarded that morning by seeing the little woman carried close to the window and seated in a chair.

“I was the fellow. Like a great fool, I stopped and looked in. She just smiled and shook her finger at me, and then held up the baby for me to see. I bowed and threw the baby a kiss and was off like a shot. I told a hundred fellows what I had seen. Would you believe it? Hundreds had an errand that day that took them by the parsonage. I'll be blessed if it didn't set the town almost crazy. If you have ever seen a pack of school children run to see an elephant you can imagine how the boys hustled to see that baby. The happy little mother knew how hungry we rough men were for the sight of a baby's sweet face. She did not resent our curiosity, but took pains to let every one have a good peep at the chubby little creature.

“You would have laughed to have seen the presents that poured in for that youngster. The boys got to speaking of it as ‘our baby.’ All began to wonder when it would make its first appearance in public. We clubbed together and sent off for a baby-carriage. I was appointed as the one to present it. About twenty fellows went along with me. As we wheeled the empty carriage through the streets we had cheers from every corner. I went into the parsonage. The others stood on the sidewalk and looked in the window. The parson's wife accepted the carriage with smiles and tears and made me kiss the baby as my reward. She promised that I should wheel it out for its first ride in the new carriage.

“It was several days before I received word that the baby needed a ride in the open air. I put on my best clothes and told everybody I met that if they would be on the lookout they could see ‘our baby.’ Before the little woman gave me her baby she asked me if I was safe company for her little one. I knew she was not joking. I felt hot all over. I knew I was not fit company for anything good or pure, and I started for the door as I said:

“Madame, I am not worthy to be trusted with your baby. I am a wicked man and ought to be ashamed to even look you in the face.”

“Her blue eyes were swimming in tears and her lips trembled as she said:

“Jack, you were once a pure baby yourself. Your good, sweet mother loved you as I love my child. It would have broken her heart to have known that you would grow up and become a wicked man. I would rather bury my baby than to have him become a man like you. I am going to pray for you while you are giving my baby a ride. I wish you would pray for yourself. If you will ask God he will make you as clean and pure as you were when your mother held you in her arms. Go, now, and take good care of my darling.”

“Although I was so awkward in starting that the parson's wife laughed like a school-girl at my clumsiness, I managed to get going without upsetting the carriage. I found every man in town on the lookout. I went up one street and down another. I found crowds everywhere. Everybody was happy.

Some shouted and cheered and some bitterly cried. The roughest toughs in town seemed to be the heartiest in their cheers, and some of them cried the hardest. One bloated old bummer, who hardly ever drew a sober breath, got right down on his knees and took the hem of the carriage robe in his trembling hands and kissed it and wept like a whipped school-boy. He sobbed out:

“I had a baby like that once. It died and its mother died; I broke her heart. I wish I had died before I had ever come to this.”

“I had listened to many sermons by the parson and had laughed at the little talks of the parson's wife, but I could not get away from the silent preaching of that baby. As I pushed the carriage along I saw my own sweet mother as she held me in her arms and rocked me and sang lullabies to me. I saw her face as plainly as if it had been but yesterday that I had rested my head upon her breast. I heard her voice as she sang to me. The words all came back to me, and the tune, and I found myself humming:

‘Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.’

“I was so blinded with tears that I had to stop and wipe my eyes, and to conceal my weakness I pretended to tuck the clothes about the little one. The baby looked up into my face and cooed and gurgled and caught my finger in its chubby little fist. The touch of the little hand and the trustful look from the baby-eyes did more for me than all the preaching and praying of a lifetime. I found myself praying as I wheeled the carriage. I became a new man while giving the baby its first ride. When I took it back to its mother I said:

“Madame, your prayers have been answered. Your baby has done for me what neither you nor the parson have been able to do. I am going to begin a new life.”

“We had some kind of a celebration in the Methodist church, and the parson's wife and baby made their first public appearance. As the little woman walked in, the men cheered and clapped their hands. She smiled and blushed, but did not seem to be offended. During the exercises the brass band played a selection. They had hardly begun when the baby, frightened at the blare of the horns, and the crash of the drums, broke out into a shrill cry of terror. It could not be quieted. The horns blew louder and the drums pounded harder and the baby tried to cry louder and louder. At last one big fellow jumped up, marched down the aisle, and, seizing the leader of the band by the collar, gave him a savage jerk and shouted:

“Stop the racket of this band, and give ‘our baby’ a chance.”

“The band stopped instantly, but the baby kept right on. It cried for a minute at the very top of its voice. When it ceased, round after round of applause filled the house and scores of voices shouted, ‘Encore! Encore!’ The man who had stopped the band stood up on a seat and cried:

“Three cheers for the parson's wife, and a tiger for ‘our baby.’”

“That let pandemonium loose for several minutes. The baby had got over its scare and seemed to like the roar of the crowd. It crowed and cooed and tried to clap its little chubby hands. The cheering only ceased when the crowd was exhausted. The leader in the interruption of the program now shouted:

“You can go on with this show now, unless ‘our baby’ wants another chance.”—
The Independent.

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

I LIKE to see a boy leave a game of ball to go home to supper, not because he is hungry, but because it will make extra work for his mother if he is late at his meals.

I LIKE to see a girl close a very interesting book within ten pages of the end in order to go to prayer-meeting, not because she is tired of reading, but because the time needed to finish the book would make her late at the church.

A COMPANY of young men from Chicago recently went to the Transvaal with the avowed purpose of working in the hospitals, caring for the sick and wounded. It is reported that half of the company, when offered rifles, promptly tore off their Red Cross badges and took up arms against England. Such actions cannot be too severely censured; for either this was their plan from the beginning, or else they were very easily persuaded to abandon a laudable undertaking; they either practiced a premeditated deception, or they manifested a weakness in character by yielding to impulse and the excitement of the moment.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS, OR "DID'NT SAY NOFFIN BACK."

All of us have been preached to enough, heaven knows, about the things we say. The tongue has been esteemed ever an unruly member, particularly where women are concerned, and if we transgress in the matter of idle gossip, or scandal-monging, or bearing false witness against our neighbor, it is not because we have not been warned against the heinousness of those sins. What we are not warned against, however, are the things we do not say—the tender word of sympathy that is not uttered though it would be balm to an aching heart, the silence when we might give encouragement to some soldier who is fighting the hard battle of life, the boorish withholding of the speech that would show our appreciation of some courtesy. Be sure that there are deadly sins of omission as well as commission in speaking.

A funny little story that was not without its touch of pathos, and that in a way illustrated this, was told the other day by a mother who was describing how her little girl, a little kindergarten tot, made a wondrous folded paper gift for her uncle. It had cost many weary hours of labor for the clumsy little fingers, and the little one took it herself with great excitement to present it in person. An hour later, with quivering lips, she returned home and flung herself in her mother's arms. "I div it to him," she sobbed, "and he didn't say noffin back." All the pleasure was gone, and the poor little baby-heart learned for the first time the bitter disappointment that comes of lack of gratitude and appreciation, of doing things for people who never say anything back.

After all, we never get wise enough or philosophical enough to get much beyond the child's point of view. It is always the thing that was said back—the retort, courteous or discourteous, that counts. There is no work that seems hard, if the one we do it for always stands ready with generous appreciation of our effort. It becomes a labor of love that glorifies the meanest drudgery and lends

swiftness to our feet and cunning to our hands, and we are paid for it a thousand times by the loving things "that are said back." The reverse of this is equally true, and, perhaps, none of us realize how heavy we make the burden of life for those about us by our lack of sympathetic appreciation of the little sacrifices and efforts they make that our lot may be more pleasant. Surely the husband who toils all day that his family may live in luxury; surely the mother and wife, whose whole life is devoted to the comfort and welfare of those about her hearthstone, would like, now and then, for some acknowledgment of what they have done to be "said back."

In a social way, no gift is better worth cultivating. We like no woman so well as the one who has the gracious tact to always say back the right thing to us—the little, kindly speech that betrays some remembrance of our whims, our likes and dislikes, and makes us feel of importance in the world. Such a woman never neglects the small amenities of life. She writes the little note of thanks to the hard-worked professional man or woman who have put themselves to trouble to try and serve her. She is not guilty of the rudeness of never answering a letter, or of returning thanks for a gift in so dilatory a manner it bespeaks her lack of gratitude in clarion tones. Always and under all circumstances, she knows that the test of a real lady is appreciativeness—the art of at least "saying something back" for favors received.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

OUR MIRROR.

THE President of the Pawcatuck Christian Endeavor Society, at Westerly, R. I., Charles B. Andrews, who was recently elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Emma S. Langworthy, suffered a severe attack of appendicitis April 7, and has since undergone a most successful operation for that disease. He has been missed from his accustomed place in the meetings, but it is hoped that he will be with us again in a short time. The duties of the President have been faithfully looked after by the Vice-President, John H. Austin. The last missionary meeting of the Society was led by the Secretary, Miss Grace E. Clawson, and the Secretary of the Missionary Society, Rev. O. U. Whitford, gave an interesting talk on the work in China.

MAY 3, 1900.

R. A. TORRY AND THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The arraignment of Mr. Torry, of Moody Bible Institute and of Sunday-school fame, concerning Sabbath-keepers, noticed by Bro. Kelly in the RECORDER, might come under the head of criticism from "imperfect knowledge," but more likely "unkind and prejudiced," as Editor Lewis describes it in his first editorial of April 23. What does Mr. Torry know of Seventh-day Baptists as individuals or communities? Has he visited our colleges where the evangelistic spirit runs at high-water mark all the time? Is he acquainted with our ministry? Has he even a personal acquaintance with the Chicago Seventh-day Baptist church? Probably none of these. He is writing in his zeal on the Sunday question. He is stirred over the trouble Sabbath-keepers give the conscience of men who have the Sabbath question brought to their at-

tention, hence his fling at Seventh-day Baptists based on imperfect knowledge and prejudice. Bible students who have for years read Mr. Torry's "applications" on Sunday-School lessons, in the *International Evangel*, will wonder how the Holy Spirit can have much to do with his many unscriptural, and historically false, statements. Does Mr. Torry, as a scholar and teacher of national fame, really believe that Nehemiah closed the gates of Jerusalem on Sunday? and that Jesus and his disciples went through the corn fields plucking the grain on Sunday, being reproved by the Pharisee? Can he tell honest Bible students why the *Evangel* has had so much of that kind of teaching, misleading the youth, all these years? Does the Holy Spirit have anything to do with it?

Now Mr. Torry knows nothing of the writer, and will never see this article, much less be convinced of his errors, if he should, but Seventh-day Baptists are well taught that the Holy Spirit and the Word agree. Mr. Torry does not agree with the Word on some vital questions, therefore the Holy Spirit does not agree with him when he writes that which is untrue. Seventh-day Baptists know that so far as they accept and teach the truth, the Holy Spirit honors them. The popular conception of the work of the Holy Spirit is strong in that good feeling, emotion; a glory-hallelulah time is evidence of the Holy Spirit's presence. Men go into ecstasies over their errors. Men are very zealous in their superstitions and superficial sentimental labors, and they call it "Holy Ghost religion," or a "Holy Spirit meeting." But that is no manifestation of freedom and potency in the Holy Spirit. That is no proof of "Holy Ghost experience and power."

He has the Holy Spirit, its true freedom and manifestation, who obeys the truth as far as he knows it and seeks to know more that he may walk in it. Something may deprive us as a people of a great measure of the Spirit's power. That is a matter we would better look into. If Mr. Torry's arraignment will lead us to self-examination and greater consecration, then some good can be brought out of his evil, and the wrath of man will praise the Lord.

If we are worldly-minded, though we have the truth in doctrine; if we are disloyal to our great trust, and trying to run "a scrub-race for smartness and show" with other denominations, then Mr. Torry's arraignment may have many grains of truth in it, and we need to accept his reproof with humility, and purpose to return wholly to the Lord.

Will Bro. Kelly tell us how to best demonstrate spiritual power to the world?

H. D. CLARKE.

GARWIN, Iowa.

LIKE the ancients, we too find a deity in each of the objects we pursue; we follow wealth till we worship Mammon; love till we see a Venus; are ambitious till our hands are stained with the bloody rites of Mars. While in the physical world we are waging by our railroads and engines a war of utter extermination against time and space, we forget that it is these very things, as motives, that urge us on. We are exhibiting the folly of kingdoms divided against themselves; for, while in the physical world we are driving to annihilation time and space, it is for the sake of the things of time and sense that we do it.—*Jones Very.*

Children's Page.

THE TREE'S BABIES.

BY EMMA L. DORR.

High in the tree-tops, in little brown cradles,
Some babies were sleeping the whole winter long;
Rocked on the branches, and lulled by the breezes,
They were waiting to hear the birdies' first song.

The cradles rocked slower,
The breezes hummed lower:—

"Rock-a-bye, lullaby, mother is near;
Rock-a-bye, lullaby, nothing to fear;
Snowflakes may flutter, snowflakes may fly,
You're safe in your cradles, mother is nigh;
Soon will go winter, soon will come spring,
Soon will go snowflakes—then birdies will sing."

High in the tree-tops, in little brown cradles,
The babies slept sweetly and dreamed of the spring;
Roused by the raindrops, and warmed by the sun-
beams,

They heard the first bird songs, so clearly they sing.

The cradles still swinging,
The birdies are singing:—

"Rock-a-bye, lullaby, mother is near;
Rock-a-bye, lullaby, springtime is here;
Raindrops will patter, raindrops will fall."
"Wake up, dear babies," sunbeams will call,
"Winter has left us, springtime has come,
Snowflakes have melted—come out in the sun."

In the brown cradles, high in the tree-tops,
Something has happened, something so queer;
Though fast to the branches the cradles are open,
The babies are peeping, and waiting to hear.

The branches are swinging,
The mother-tree's singing:—

"Wake up, my babies, the sunshine is bright,
Mother will dress you so dainty and light;
Sunbeams may shimmer, raindrops may come,
You are safe in my branches, dear babies, each one.
Summer is coming, springtime will go,
Creep from your cradles—babies must grow."

—Child-Garden.

TWO CONTENTED BOYS.

A BOYS' STORY.

BY ELLEN M. HURLL.

"Isn't this grand? Isn't this fine?" exclaimed little Neddie Phillips to his older brother Rob. His rosy cheeks and bright eyes emphasized his words, as the two coasted erratically down the hill in front of their home, while mother stood at the window watching them with smiling eyes.

"Dear little lads," she said, "I hope they will always be as easily satisfied."

The sled was curiously constructed out of an old broken cradle, while the two rockers fastened lengthwise underneath served as runners.

"This is fun!" responded Rob. "We don't care if it isn't a new sled like Joe Carleton's, do we? We can have just as good a time with this, and even better," he added, as he picked himself out of a snowdrift, into which a sudden lurch of the sled had thrown them, "for Joe's would go straight down the hill, and we should lose all the fun of getting into the snowdrifts, so I think ours is the best, don't you?"

Rob was so occupied in getting the sled started down the hill again he did not notice that his little brother's response was less enthusiastic than usual, so he continued, as they sped on once more, "Yes, this is much better than Joe's; and if he should come this minute and offer me his sled I would not take it, would you?"

A rather faint "No" from Neddie was lost in the excitement of arriving, with a grand flourish, at the bottom of the hill. The truth was Rob's words had awakened in his brother's mind visions of a lovely red and green sled which he had seen and admired the day before, and he was conscious of a wish to possess just such a delightful treasure himself, but he was loyal to his more contented brother, and whatever Rob wanted he wanted. So, ashamed of his rebellious thoughts, he

called out loudly, as they tumbled off into the snow, "No, we don't want Joe's sled—this is much better."

At this moment a burst of laughter from the top of the hill attracted the boys' attention, and, turning around, they discovered Joe Carleton, convulsed with merriment, holding the identical new sled of which they had just been speaking.

"Hello, boys! What you got there?" he shouted, as soon as he could speak. "Noah's ark? What do you call it anyhow?" and another burst came down the hill to where the two boys stood, mute with surprise and dismay at the sudden appearance of the very one they had been talking about.

Rob was the first to recover himself and shouted back, defiantly, "You may laugh all you want to; we don't care, we are having a good time, and our sled is as good as yours, now."

But Neddie was silent, for the sight of the red and green beauty had again awakened his envy. He kept his eyes on the ground and trudged along beside his brother, wishing, in spite of what he had just said, that he could have one ride on the beautiful sled, but, in loyalty to Rob, he tried faithfully to put the desire away from him.

Now Joe was really a kind-hearted boy, although he made fun of the primitive affair which the boys called a sled. And as he watched them toiling up the hill, dragging the clumsy thing after them, he felt sorry for them, and determined to give them a treat.

"I say, boys," said he, as they joined him and he saw Neddie's eyes eagerly fastened upon his sled, "let's change places. I'll take Noah's ark for a while and you try my new sled; it goes fine."

This was surprise number two for Neddie and Rob, and nearly took their breath away. Rob was on his dignity, however, and could not forget in a moment that they had been ridiculed.

"No, thanks," he answered, loftily, "Noah's ark is good enough for us," though deep in his heart he had the same desire as his brother to try the new sled.

"O, come now, don't be foolish! I didn't mean any harm in laughing. I couldn't help it, you looked so funny. See Neddie, he wants to try it," for Joe had discovered his secret in his eager face. "You will have to take him down anyway."

"Well," said Rob, slowly descending from his dignity, "if Neddie wants to go that settles it. I will go to please him."

Neddie glanced ruefully at Rob, as if asking pardon for desiring anything that his brother did not wish, but he saw something in Rob's face which quieted his scruples and made him think that the pleasure was not wholly on his side. He took his place on the sled and the magic runners under Rob's skillful management took them swiftly down the hill. When they reached the bottom the boys' faces were radiant with happiness.

"I say," said conscientious Rob, "this beats ours all to nothing, doesn't it?"

"O, yes!" said Neddie, enthusiastically.

"But," continued Rob, sturdily, "ours is the best when we can't get anything better."

"Yes, indeed, when we can't get anything better," echoed Neddie, as they tramped happily up the hill together.—*Congregationalist.*

THE HEPATICA BABIES.

BY LAURA C. AUSTIN.

The winds of Spring in gladness sing,
And pipe thro' reed and bushes;
The wind flowers wake for robin's sake,
And the warm sun brings the thrushes.

The Spring was just waking up. The warm rain had carried off all the snow. One fine, warm day Mother Hepatica thought she would venture out and see if it was warm enough to bring out her babies.

So she sent up a stalk and partly opened her eye. She dared not go too high for fear the sharp wind would come along and chill her through. But she met only the sun who smiled at her in friendly fashion.

"Surely," thought she, "I need have no fear for my babies in this warm sunshine." So she called softly to the Hepatica babies under the ground, and they came one by one until they were all out, and every day they opened more and more to the kindly sun.

All this time the wind had been mild and gentle. One morning he felt very boisterous. He blustered and tore around the corners and made a great noise. Mother Hepatica heard him coming and knew he would be very sharp.

"My poor little babies," she said, "I fear the wind will be too rough this morning. Close your eyes and cuddle close to me."

The babies did as their mamma told them, and when the wind got to them he found them folded closely to their mamma.

"Hello, Dame Hepatica," he shouted as he came near. "Wake up the babies, I want to have a frolic with them."

"Go away," said she. "You are too rough."

"Indeed I will not go away," he answered. "I mean to play with them whether you let me or not."

Mother Hepatica shivered as the wind began to blow roughly about her babies. But the babies cuddled so close together that blow as hard as he could he could only rustle their leaves.

At last he took himself off. The sun that had been behind a cloud all the morning, came out warm and bright, to the delight of the chilled little Hepatica babies, who uncurled themselves and were warmed and strengthened by the warm rays of the sun.—*Child-Garden.*

ABOUT CHILDREN.

DR. ENDS: "There is nothing serious the matter with Freddy, Mrs. Blakly. I think a little soap and water will do him as much good as anything." Mrs. Blakly: "Yes, doctor, an' will I give it to him before or after his meals?"

"You must let the baby have one cow's milk to drink every day," said the doctor. "Very well, if you say so, doctor," said the perplexed young mother, "but I really don't see how he is going to hold it all."

LITTLE BOY: "Phew! It's awful hot for just spring." LITTLE GIRL: "You ought to be thankful it's no worse. S'pose we lived in Iceland! Wouldn't that be awful?" "Iceland! Why?" "You better study your g'ography lessons. The g'ography says Iceland is famous for its hot springs."

BE TRUE.

Listen, my boy, I've a word for you,
And this is the word, "Be true! be true!"
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

List, little girl, I've a word for you,
'Tis the very same, "Be true! be true!"
For truth is the sun, and falsehood the night,
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.

—Selected.

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.

WESTERLY, R. I.—At the Communion Sabbath last month, April 7, the Pawcatuck church was gladdened by the reception of sixteen new members, twelve young people who had recently been baptized, and four married ladies who brought letters from other churches. The attendance at the Sabbath-evening prayer-meetings not having been as full as might be desired, Pastor Davis announced that he would take an expression as to the interest in the social meetings of the church by asking all who were interested in these meetings to make a special effort to attend the service April 27, and if it were not possible for them to be present to send him a note. The result was an unusually large attendance at the meeting and a number of messages. It is hoped that the hearts of the pastor and the regular attendants may be cheered by the continued presence of those who have thus shown their interest.

The choir of the church are preparing for their annual concert to be given next month, under the direction of Prof. Jules Jordan, of Providence.

At the annual meeting of the church, April 1, the sum of \$200 was appropriated for music for the ensuing year, to be used in hiring an organist, purchasing new music, and securing instruction for the choir. The following officers were re-elected: President, A. R. Stillman; Clerk, J. I. Maxson; Treasurer, I. B. Crandall; Trustees, A. H. Langworthy, Charles P. Cottrell; Auditor, C. C. Maxson; Chorister, J. H. Tanner, Jr.; Ushers, Carey A. Main and five assistants.

Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Davis, Rev. and Mrs. O. U. Whitford, and others from this town, have been in attendance at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York.

The vote in the town on the license question resulted in a victory for no-license, though by a smaller majority than last year.

W.

MAY 2, 1900.

DERUYTER, N. Y.—Bro. W. D. Wilcox preached an excellent sermon here last Sabbath, and then filled his appointment in Lincklaen in the afternoon. He is doing an acceptable and much-needed work in all the smaller churches except Cuyler Hill, where we hope to have an appointment next week.

The Quarterly Meeting at Scott was waived on account of the repairs going on in the church edifice before the coming Association, which begins May 31.

L. R. S.

ALBION, Wis.—Albion has entered upon the year 1900 with favorable prospects for growth and material prosperity. Three new dwellings are to be erected during the season, and modern improvements to be added to one or two more. Spring is opening auspiciously for farming interests, and those who are engaged in mechanical or mercantile pursuits are finding plenty to do. The religious interests of the community are receiving a fair degree of attention. The attendance at the different appointments of the church is quite good. The Sabbath-school has increased somewhat in numbers and interest during the past year. We have no railroad prospects or electric light plant in sight to "boom" our quiet little village, but anyone desiring a pleasant place for a home can find it here.

S. H. B.

BOOTY, ARK.—This part of the country has been having a plague of roseola, measles and small-pox, or at least it goes by the name of small-pox. The measles are still with us. I have not heard of any new cases of small-pox for three or four weeks. The plague was so prevalent that holding meetings has been out of the question; but I expect Eld. Randolph here to-day, and we await a feast. Spring is late and very wet.

J. L. HULL.

APRIL 27, 1900.

MARRIAGES.

CRONK—HARMON.—In Independence, N. Y., April 29, 1900, by Elder J. Kenyon, at his home, Fred Cronk, of Greenwood, N. Y., and Miss Bertha H. Harmon, of Andover, N. Y.

WILLIAMS—HEAD.—At the home of the bride's parents, in Albion, Wis., by Pastor Babcock, April 25, 1900, Mr. Edward Glen Williams and Miss Mary Bernice Head, all of Albion.

CLEMENT—CRAFT.—At the home of the bride's mother, March 25, 1900, by Rev. E. A. Witter, Mr. James B. Clement and Miss Louise D. Craft, both of North Loup, Neb.

DEATHS.

HENDRICKS.—Jacob Hendricks was born in Allegany County, N. Y., March, 1818, and died in Edgerton, Wis., April 5, 1900.

While a young man he was married to Maria Judith Coon, who died some twenty years ago. He had no children, but was cared for in his last illness by his nephew, Mr. G. W. Doty. Funeral services were held at the home of the latter and at the Seventh-day Baptist church at Albion, on Sabbath-day, April 7, conducted by the pastor.

S. H. B.

RANDOLPH.—Harriet Jane Pope was born in New Market, N. J., Dec. 16, 1822, and died in Albion, Wis., April 16, 1900.

At an early age she experienced religion, was baptized and united with the Plainfield, N. J., Seventh-day Baptist church. After coming West, and during the pastorate of Elder James Summerbell, she, with her husband, united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Albion, Wis. Dec. 25, 1847, she was married to Elias F. Randolph, and in the following spring they came to Milton, Wis. Two years later they purchased a farm near Newville, Rock County. Here they lived for seventeen years, after which, having purchased a farm near Albion, they moved there. Here Mr. Randolph died in May, 1881. One year later Mrs. Randolph moved to the village of Albion, where she has resided since. She was the mother of four children, three sons and one daughter. One of the sons died when a young man. The other two and the daughter, survive her. Funeral services were held in her late home, April 18. Interment in the Edgerton cemetery.

S. H. B.

BABCOCK.—At the home of her daughter, Miss Marcella Babcock, April 22, 1900, Mrs. Susannah Babcock, in the 79th year of her age.

She was the youngest of twelve children of Patten and Lois Babcock Fitch, two of whom, James M. Fitch, of Ionia, Mich., and Elliott G. Fitch, of Brookfield, N. Y., survive her. She was married Feb. 3, 1845, to Oliver P. Babcock. Three daughters, Misses Marcella and Rocelia Babcock, and Mrs. Annette Stillman, wife of Barton G. Stillman, Jr., survive her. In early life she came to Christ. In 1873 she united with the Second Seventh-day Baptist church of Brookfield, of which she has been a consistent member. By her daily walk and conversation she gave positive proof that "there are charms of life and character that age does not dim nor care corrode." This is the testimony of one who has observed her life for many years. A few days before her death the writer, calling, found her assisting in the work of the home in her quiet and beautiful way. The funeral was largely attended at the residence, April 24, conducted by the pastor, assisted by her former pastor, Rev. J. M. Todd.

T. J. V.

BURCH.—At the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Abbie Burdick, Unadilla Forks, N. Y., April 23, 1900, John Henry Burch, in the 86th year of his age.

He was married to Phebe U. Hinkley in 1836. Two sisters, Mrs. Dewitt C. Coon and Mrs. Silas Whitford, and two brothers, Nathan and Paul Burch, have preceded him to the future life. Three sons, A. Estee Burch, of Leonardsville; David H. Burch and Nathan Burch, of South Brookfield, and one daughter, Mrs. Morton Burdick, of Unadilla Forks, are left. In early life he gave his heart to Christ and united with the Third Seventh-day Baptist church of Brookfield, of which he has ever since been an earnest and faithful member. He was identified, during his long life, with

all the material and social interests of his native town of Brookfield, and was a tower of strength in every moral reform. A large circle of relatives and friends was in attendance at the funeral, held at the home of Mr. Burdick, at Unadilla Forks, April 26. "His children rise up and call him blessed." He came to his grave as a shock of corn fully ripe.

T. J. V.

PATRICK.—At the home of her son, George Patrick, of Waterville, N. Y., Wednesday morning, April 4, 1900, Betsy Maria Patrick, in the 79th year of her age.

She was born at Sangerfield, N. Y., April 30, 1821, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Green. In 1859 she was married to Jesse Patrick. She was a member of the Second Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist church, which she joined in 1852. Although opposed in her Sabbath-keeping practice, yet she remained true to her faith to the last. The esteem in which she was held was shown by the large company of neighbors present at her funeral.

T. J. V.

MEES.—In New York City, April 24, 1900, of pneumonia, Susan Christine, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mees, aged 8 months.

She was a granddaughter of Mr. and Mr. W. T. Howell, of Alfred, N. Y. Funeral services were conducted in New York, and burial services at Alfred, by the writer.

L. C. R.

BURDICK.—Benjamin Stillman Burdick was born in Lincklaen, N. Y., March 14, 1811, and died in Fabius, N. Y., April 20, 1900.

In early life he made a profession of religion and was a constituent member of the Lincklaen Seventh-day Baptist church in 1831, and is believed to be the last of the original members. In September, 1841, he was married to Esther Spicer, who died April 29, 1846, and their only child, Harriet H., cared for her father during his last days. On Dec. 29, 1847, he married Luanna Burdick, who died Dec. 9, 1893. His home has been an asylum for the afflicted, and his loving heart sympathized with the sorrowing. He took a motherless child, Charles Nelson Justice, and reared him up to manhood. For years he has conscientiously accepted the Adventist belief, and was a worthy deacon in that church.

L. R. S.

DRAKE.—Ellen Warner Drake, daughter of Edson and Esther Warner, was born August 22, 1860, and died April 11, 1900.

She was married in August, 1878 to Willard F. McNamire, and after his death to John W. Drake in 1895. She leaves a large circle of friends to mourn their loss. Funeral services were held at Shingle House, Pa., on April 12. Rev. G. P. Kenyon preached the sermon from Revelation 14: 13, "Right blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

BURDICK.—In McHenry Valley, Almond, N. Y., near Alfred, April 28, 1900, of pneumonia, Caroline R. Ayers Burdick.

She was born in the town of Wirt, June 2, 1838, a daughter of Josiah and Phoebe Ayers. April 9, 1857, she was married to Martin V. Burdick. To them were born six children, three of whom survive her. In young womanhood she accepted Christ and united with the Nile Seventh-day Baptist church, of which church she remained a consistent member until death. She was a devoted Christian, always bearing her burdens without complaint, and always ready to sacrifice her own pleasure for the sake of others. She was much beloved and will be greatly missed by her family, neighbors and circle of friends. A large company of people gathered at the home to pay tribute to her memory. The pastor of the First Alfred church spoke from Rev. 14: 13.

L. C. R.

CHESTER.—At the home of her daughter, in Westerly, R. I., April 28, 1900, Mrs. Emeline Merritt Chester, wife of John H. Chester, in her 77th year.

Mrs. Chester was born in North Stonington, Conn., May 21, 1823. In early life she accepted Christ and united with the First Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist church. Later, removing with her husband to New York, she united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of that city, continuing her membership there until God called her to her rest and reward. She was ever an earnest and exemplary Christian, a faithful companion and a devoted mother. During the last seven years of her life she was greatly afflicted, and much of the time called to endure severe pain. Yet in all her weary years of suffering she was patient and thoughtful for those about her, and though she oftentimes longed to be at rest, she trustingly waited for the Master's call. The funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the Pawcatuck church, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. Courtland Barber, and the interment was at Ashaway. Her husband, a daughter and two sons, together with a large circle of relatives and friends, will ever cherish her memory.

S. H. D.

STILLMAN.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., March 6, 1900, Mrs. Eophronia H., wife of B. G. Stillman, aged 80 years and 4 months.

Literary Notes.

HISTORY OF DOGMA, by Dr. Adolph Harnack, Ordinary Professor of Church History in the University, and Fellow of the Royal Academy of Science, Berlin. Translated from the third German edition by Neil Buchanan. Vol. 1. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. 1899. pp. xxii-364. Price, \$2.50.

Although not first to appear in English, this volume just issued represents the beginning of the most valuable work upon the history of Christian doctrine that has yet been made accessible to English readers. Aided by opportunity, by natural love for his work, and by the widest and most scholarly investigation, Prof. Harnack has no superior, if any equal, in the department represented by this book. It is the first of a series of seven volumes.

It is not possible, in an ordinary review, to give any complete description of such a volume. Among the characteristics which ought to be noted, are thoroughness of investigation, which leaves little new material now known to the world unconsidered. This investigation covers the field antedating Christian History, and examines with care those lines of influence from Hebrew sources, from Oriental religions and from Egypt, which culminated in the earlier years of Christian history. Dr. Harnack notes with care how these influences, mingling with Greek and Roman thought, conspired to strengthen Christianity in some points, to weaken and deprave it in others. The breadth of the field investigated is an important element of merit in this book. Another element of merit is the rigidity with which the author holds himself in hand as a historian. He is controlled by the idea that the historian is to find and set in order facts. That the theologian, metaphysician, and philosopher must not come in to supersede the historian, or to turn him aside. If he does not agree with the facts as he finds them, he must present them in their order and in their just bearings.

It was the good fortune of the writer to visit Prof. Harnack in Berlin in 1889, before his famous work was translated into English, and to become deeply interested in the first German volume. These interviews prepared us better to understand the value of the work as it now appears within the reach of all English readers. It is not too much to say that no student of church history who cares to reach the bottom facts and the primary influences which entered into the formation of early Christian history, can afford to remain unfamiliar with these volumes. The copiousness of the foot-notes prevents hasty or superficial reading by the honest student, and in so much more do they enrich the pages, by giving not only the facts as embodied by Dr. Harnack, but the sources from whence these are drawn. Familiarity with Greek writers of the early time, and with German literature, are essential to the highest success in reading these works. Nevertheless, the man who reads English only has a mine of incalculable worth in these volumes.

The fact that Prof. Harnack has lately given expression to opinions concerning the date of the New Testament books, which coincide so nearly with the traditional dates, serves to heighten the interest all our readers will have in the volume of which this one now noted is first in the series. All the volumes are now available. We had various pages marked, from which to make quotations in connection with this notice. Their number is so great, and the value of the points marked so essential, that it seems impossible to keep this notice within proper limits without giving up that intention. A single brief paragraph on pages 106-7 must answer. He is speaking of the power and influence of the simple early Christian preaching, and of the tendency under the circumstances which surrounded the earliest church, to develop new facts, and to mingle with these, the fancies and notions of enthusiastic persons and ecstatic moods. He says:

"Moreover, if we consider the conditions, outer and inner, in which the preaching of Christ in the first decades was placed, conditions which in every way threatened the gospel with extravagance, we shall only see cause to wonder that it continued to shine forth amid all its wrappings. We can still, out of the strangest fulfillments, legends and mythological ideas, read the religious conviction that the aim and goal of history is disclosed in the history of Christ, and that the divine has now entered into history in a pure form." Other volumes will be noted later.

There is a sparkle about the May number of *Success* which literary connoisseurs will thoroughly appreciate, and which will serve to emphasize more than ever the serious purpose of the magazine, the giving of inspiration and help along success lines. The editors have cast their nets into prolific waters, drawing forth such shining "catches" as Senator Foraker and Congressman Littlefield, who vigorously take issue over the proposition that young men should be trained for public life; Hall Caine, who tells the story of his first book; Hudson Maxim, on the horseless city; Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Major Watrous, U. S. A., Elizabeth Grannis, "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, Dr. Felix Adler, A. Conan Doyle, John C.

Eames, Assistant District Attorney Osborne, who convicted Molineaux; Edward E. Higgins, editor of the *Street Railway Journal*; Max O'Rell, and that veteran of the quill, William Dean Howells.

THE EDITOR IN THE PULPIT. A twentieth century parable by J. Benson Hamilton, D. D., 466 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., pp. 16. Price 5 cents.

Dr. Hamilton is always a vigorous writer. He combines fact and fancy, giving a vigorous style, and even dull hearers are moved by what he writes. This parable has some excellent characteristics. An editor, who is also a business man, occupies a pulpit for a few weeks. He tells some of the imperfections of church, and of mission work: presenting both facts and results in a clear, sharp way. One must read the whole parable to appreciate its power. The pastor whose pulpit is thus occupied by the editor, takes the place of the editor and runs the newspaper during the same period. Preachers will obtain good points by reading this parable, and those who are not preachers will be doubly interested in seeing how the editor puts things. Secure a copy of the pamphlet.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND THE TWENTIETH, 24 pages. American Bible Society, New York. Secured on application.

This is a paper prepared for the late Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions by Edward W. Gillman, D. D., one of the Secretaries of the American Bible Society. It is crowded with important facts concerning the work of the Bible Society and the extent to which the Holy Scriptures are circulated. The twentieth century will receive from the hands of the nineteenth the divine Word "in about 400 languages, as a part of the equipment with which the work of evangelization is to be carried on in the years to come." The facts presented in the pamphlet, and the vigorous religious thought which pervades it, make it valuable for the preacher, and scarcely less so for the common reader.

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.

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

WILL Delegates, and others, who are to attend the Eastern Association please notify the undersigned at as early a date as possible.

ARTHUR E. GREEN,
Chairman of Reception Committee,
Berlin, New York.

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.

THE next Semi-Annual Meeting of the churches of Minnesota will be held with the church at New Auburn, beginning Friday, June 1, 1900, at 2 o'clock P. M. Rev. O. S. Mills is to preach the Introductory Sermon, Rev. E. H. Socwell alternate. Miss Nellie Conn, of New Auburn, and Miss Anna Wells, of Dodge Centre, are requested to present essays.

D. T. ROUNSEVILLE, Com.

THE Quarterly Meeting of the Hebron, Hebron Centre, Shingle House and Portville churches will be held with the First Hebron church, beginning Sixth-day evening, May 12, 1900, and continuing over Sabbath-day and Sunday. Rev. B. F. Rogers and Rev. William L. Burdick are expected; others have been invited.

By order of the church.

I. H. DINGMAN, Clerk.

THE Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist 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 next session of the Ministerial Conference of the Chicago and Southern Wisconsin Seventh-day Baptist churches, will convene at Milton on Sixth-day, May, 25, 1900, at 10.30 A. M. The following program has been arranged:

1. What is the greatest hindrance to the success of the gospel? Edwin Shaw.
2. What is the most important characteristic necessary to the success of the gospel? W. J. Loofboro.
3. Are Seventh-day Baptists occupying the place designed for them in the plan of God? L. A. Platts.
4. What can I do to make available the influence of the life and character of Christ in securing for myself and for others a purer character and a diviner life? Phebe S. Coon.
5. Seventh-day Baptists as reformers. W. B. West.
6. Why the need of Christ's advocacy with the Father? S. H. Babcock. S. H. BABCOCK, Sec.

THE next Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches will be held with the church at Milton, beginning on Sixth-day, May 25, and continuing through Sabbath and Sunday. The following general program has been prepared, subject to possible modifications:

Sixth-day. 10.30 A. M. and 2.30 P. M., Ministerial Conference. (See separate program.)

Sabbath Eve. Missionary Service, conducted by E. D. Van Horn, Rock River.

Sabbath. 10 A. M. Sabbath-school, Prof. Edwin Shaw, Superintendent; 11 A. M. Sermon, G. J. Crandall, Milton Junction; 3.30 P. M. Endeavor Prayer-meeting.

Sunday. 10.30 A. M. Sermon, S. H. Babcock, Albion, followed by business; 2.30 P. M. Young People's Union, Mizpah Sherburne, Chicago, President; 7.30 P. M. Sermon, M. B. Kelly, Chicago.

The Evangelistic Quartets, both men and women, will sing at different sessions during the meetings. Let us come together in the spirit and power of the gospel.

L. A. PLATTS, Pastor.

PROGRAM for South-Eastern Association, at Lost Creek, W. Va., May 17-20, 1900.

FIFTH-DAY—MORNING.

- 10.00. Devotional Service.
- 10.15. Address by Moderator, Roy Randolph.
- 10.30. Introductory Sermon, D. W. Leath.
- 11.30. Report of Executive Committee, Communications from Churches.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.00. Communications from Sister Associations, Report of Delegate to the Associations, Appointment of Standing Committees.
- 3.00. Sabbath-School Hour, M. K. Van Horn.

EVENING.

- 7.45. Praise Service.
- 8.00. Sermon, Delegate from Eastern Association.

SIXTH-DAY—MORNING.

- 9.45. Devotional Service.
- 10.00. Address, Dr. H. C. Brown.
- 11.00. Missionary Hour, O. U. Whitford.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.00. Reports of Committees.
- 2.30. Essays, S. O. Bond, Miss Ora Van Horn, Miss Dora Gardiner.
- 3.00. Sermon, Rev. J. G. Mahoney.

EVENING.

- 7.45. Prayer and Conference Meeting, led by D. C. Lippincott.

SABBATH—MORNING.

- 10.00. Sabbath-School, conducted by M. B. Davis.
- 11.00. Sermon, S. L. Maxson.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.00. Woman's Hour, conducted by M. Marcella Stillman.
- 3.00. Tract Society Hour, A. H. Lewis.

EVENING.

- 7.45. Praise Service.
- 8.00. Sermon, B. C. Davis.

FIRST-DAY—MORNING.

- 9.00. Business, Reports.
- 10.00. Education Hour, conducted by T. L. Gardiner.
- 11.00. Sermon, A. H. Lewis.

AFTERNOON.

- 1.30. Unfinished Business.
- 2.00. Tithers' Union, A. J. C. Bond.
- 2.30. Young People's Program.

ROY RANDOLPH, Moderator.

XENIA BOND, Secretary.

The Terra Cotta Works at Alfred

have been rebuilt, and are now in operation. Steady employment is offered to men of Seventh-day Baptist belief, who will move there.

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Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1900

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 VIII.—THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

For Sabbath-day, May 19, 1900.

LESSON TEXT—Matt 13: 1-8; 18-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The seed is the Word of God.—Luke 8: 2.

INTRODUCTION.

Of those who saw these miracles of Jesus and heard his teachings there were many who did not give particular heed to these teachings. They were deaf to the loving words of the Gracious Teacher. They rejoiced in the healing of physical infirmities and delighted in the miracles as exhibitions of power, but were unmoved by the exhortations to repentance. They were not disposed to become the followers of this new Teacher. We may imagine that our Saviour as a man was bitterly disappointed that the Sermon on the Mount did not bring greater results. However, if one style of teaching did not avail, he was ready to try another.

Our present lesson is an example of our Lord's teaching by parable. This method of teaching serves the two-fold purpose of hiding the truth from the negligent, and preserving it for the diligent. Jesus explains to the disciples that by the teaching in parables the curse of Isa. 6: 9, 10 is fulfilled. But far be it from us to think that the Saviour arbitrarily chose to proclaim the truth in a way that could not be understood, or that Jehovah commissioned Isaiah to deliver a message of derisive mockery to Israel. The dark way of declaring the truth under the veil of parable was a necessity on account of the wilful rejection of the plain truth. We may hope also that this method of teaching proved to some a blessing in disguise, and that the external form of the truth treasured in the heart at length revealed the hidden lesson when the ground was prepared to receive it.

The chief lessons of this parable and of the others are so manifest to us that we can hardly realize that they were not evident to all. We ought to be thankful to God for enlightened consciences, and to determine that they shall never be darkened by any wilful turning away on our part from the light.

TIME.—In the summer of the year 28.

PLACE.—By the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum.

PERSONS.—Jesus and his disciples, and the multitudes.

OUTLINE:

1. The Parable of the Sower. v. 1-8.
2. The Explanation of the Parable. v. 18-23.

NOTES.

1. **The same day.** Evidently referring to the day in which his mother and brethren came seeking him. **The house.** By this is probably meant the house in which Jesus resided at Capernaum.

2. **Great multitudes.** Literally, "many multitudes." So that he went into a ship and sat. His object was evidently to escape too close contact with the crowd, and yet to be near enough to speak to them. "The ship" was one of the fishing boats, perhaps that of Peter. **And the whole multitude stood on the shore.** They arranged themselves in suitable position to hear. The verb does not require us to think that they remained standing.

3. **And he spake many things unto them in parables.** It is not likely that nearly all the parables of our Lord are recorded for us. **Behold, a sower went forth to sow.** Our Lord has in mind the Oriental farmer, who scatters the seed broadcast.

4. **Some seeds fell by the wayside.** That is, upon the hard-beaten path crossing

the field or by the side of it. We need not suppose that the sower was careless. If he sowed the seed close to the edge of the field it would be natural that some would be scattered in the path. **And the fowls came and devoured them up.** Those which fell upon the prepared ground were covered up by the harrowing; but those upon the path were easily seen by the birds, and picked up.

5. **Some fell upon stony places.** Rather "the rocky ground," that is, earth an inch or so in depth upon a rock, *shallow ground.* **And forthwith they sprung up.** The very shallowness of the soil hastened the growth.

6. **They were scorched, etc.** All the shoots of grain had the burning heat of the sun upon them, but these, quickly grown and lacking well-developed roots, readily succumbed under the heat, and withered away.

7. **And some fell among thorns.** By this is to be understood good, rich soil which had been plowed, but which was already thickly sown with the seeds of the thorns. **And the thorns sprung up and choked them.** The thorns started earlier and were of ranker growth, and thus crowded and overshadowed the struggling shoot of grain, preventing it entirely from bearing fruit.

8. **Good ground.** The rich, mellow earth prepared for the seed. Even in this soil there were found different grades of receptivity, and the seed yielded varying proportions of increase.

After an explanation of the reason for our Lord's speaking in parables to which allusion has been made in the Introduction, we find his exposition of this parable.

18. **Hear ye therefore the parable of the sower.** That is, understand it.

19. **When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, etc.** In Luke's gospel we have the direct statement, "The seed is the word of God." It is that message of God whose tendency is to bring men into the kingdom of heaven, and to make them good citizens of that kingdom. This Parable of the Sower, or as it has been aptly styled, the Parable of the Four Kinds of Soil, is the first of a series of seven parables descriptive of some features of the kingdom of heaven. The wayside hearers are those to whom the message has come only in an external way. They have not understood it. They have heard the gospel preached, but before the message has made an impression upon them the devil has removed it from their thought. It is very likely that the great majority of the people to whom Jesus was speaking as well as many of to-day belong to this class.

20. **But he that received the seed into stony places.** Much better, "rocky ground" as in the Revised Version. **Anon with joy receiveth it.** This class immediately and gladly accept the message of the kingdom of heaven. They are emotional people. They are mentally intelligent and spiritually discerning.

21. **Yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for awhile.** He has no stability and is only a temporary member of the kingdom. **Tribulation or persecution.** *Persecution* is an example of the general class, *tribulation*. These hearers are sometimes called fair-weather Christians. **By-and-by he is offended.** Much better as in the Revised Version, "Straightway he stumbleth." There are many such Christians now-a-days, who by their ready acceptance of the gospel give promise of a steadfast life of usefulness.

22. **He also that received seed among the thorns.** This class is also large. Many who have received the good seed and cherished it, allow something else to have chief place in their hearts. While we may hesitate to deny that they are Christians, their lives are not bearing fruit for Christ. The thorns which choke the word must be rooted out, or this ground will be just as unprofitable as the wayside or the rocky ground. **The care of this world.** That is, anxious thoughts in regard to temporal affairs. **The deceitfulness of riches.** This phrase suggests a personification of riches, who lead men astray by their enticements. **He becometh unfruitful.** That is, the soil, not the Word.

23. **And understandeth it.** We are not to infer that the *good soil* are those of greater intellectual ability, but rather those characterized by readiness to receive the truth, and earnestness of purpose to retain what they have received. **Beareth fruit.** The natural result of this receiving is fruit, which, of course, varies in quantity in accordance with the character of the man.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

A New Substitute for Rubber.

Our bicycle and automobile friends will be glad to learn that a cheaper and better article for tires is on the way for their benefit. It is a native of South America, the land from whence most of our rubber is obtained. A Mr. William Prampolini, of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, informs us that he has succeeded in obtaining a composition having the elasticity of rubber, and capable of being vulcanized. It is better than rubber, because it is free from all impurities, and needs not to be ground and washed. The gum is obtained from a shrub called "piguhite," which abounds in that country. This gummy substance is obtained by the use of hydrocarbons, such as benzine, gasoline, etc., and is cheaply formed into a mass ready for manufacturing into useful articles.

It really seems, that when any needful article grows scarce for any purpose, science at once comes forward and shows us that God has provided an abundance in nature to supply all the necessary demands for the comfort and happiness of his children. Witness the change in a few things since our remembrance:

First, iron, now steel, for mold-boards for planes, in place of those made from wood of winding oak trees, as the wood became scarce.

Petroleum manufactured into kerosene oil for lights and fuel, when whale oil was becoming scarce for lamps, and tallow was wanting for candles.

Anthracite and bituminous coals for fuel, when long before this day our entire forests would have entirely disappeared, had the timber been taken to create heat for warming apartments and making steam for power, that has been employed in our factories and in navigation and locomotion.

There have been discovered mines of soda, that have supplied the demand caused by the loss of material for making pot and pearl ashes.

The use of Bessemer steel for making bridges, beams, column arches, and entire frames for our large ten, twelve and fourteen-story buildings, thus relieving the timber, yet making them more durable and stronger than timber could.

The large ocean steamers, also the vessels for the navy, are now constructed of steel. These were formerly made of white-oak, which has now nearly all been consumed.

Within the last sixty years the changes, both in material and manufacture, have been very great, and yet the substitution is still going on; since when any one material fails, science points the way for another, more prolific, to take its place.

The Plagues of the World.

Science reveals the fact that the human family, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, the grass, the grain, the fruit and forest trees are subject to disease.

History informs us that nearly all diseases have their origin in Asia Minor; that these travel westward along the lines of commerce.

In early times they were called plagues; and in some instances, evidently, the people were punished for their disobedience by Divine permission, as in case of the Ark of the Covenant, at Ashdod, and at Ekvon (see 1 Samuel 4: 6), and the people of Egypt.

Almost everything, animate and inanimate, seems to have its enemy, which, for its own existence, or pleasure, seeks to destroy. The insects have their foes, the animals theirs, among themselves, from the smallest even to the largest. The fowls of the air can claim no exemption. The scale attacks the vine, and the weevil the wheat; all vegetation suffers; even the lofty pine and the sturdy oak meet their doom, and are laid low, at the behest of tiny insects.

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from foes without and foes within than the fishes; evidently more in number of these suffer and die in infancy than of any other class. As for the human family, they seem to meet defeat at every turn from the cradle to the grave.

The traveling diseases above alluded to, such as leprosy, small-pox, cholera, yellow fever, the bubonic plague, now on its way here, together with our home-born typhoid, and other fevers, pneumonia, consumption, and various other troubles, are terrible, indeed; yet, after all, and more destructive, causing more suffering and deaths than all others combined, is the animal called man, when he makes and deals in WHISKY.

MY FIRST LITERARY BABY.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

My first book was a collection of poems which had been published in an Indian paper on which I held the position of sub-editor. This book was a lean, oblong docket, wire-stitched to imitate a department order envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of twenty year's service.

Of these books we made some hundreds, and there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to hand. I took reply post-cards, printed the news of the birth of the

book on one side, the blank order form on the other, and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore, and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commissions, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees, and was transferred from the publisher, the left hand pocket, direct to the author, the right hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember it, has since prevented me from injuring my health by sympathizing with publishers who talk of risks and advertisements.

The down-country papers complained of the form of the thing. The wire binding cut the pages, and the red tape tore the covers. This was not intentional, but heaven helps those who help themselves. Consequently, there arose a demand for a new edition, and this time I exchanged the pleasure of taking in money over the counter for that of seeing a real publisher's imprint on the title-page. More verses were taken out and put in, and some of that edition traveled as far as Hong-kong on the map, and each edition grew a little tatter, and, at last, the book came to London with a gilt top and stiff back, and was advertised in the publisher's poetry department.

But I loved it best when it was a little brown baby with a pink string around its stomach; a child's child, ignorant that it was afflicted with all the most modern ailments; and before people had learned, beyond doubt, how its author lay awake of nights, in India, plotting and scheming to write something that would "take" with the English-speaking people.—*Success.*

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A Critical History of the Sabbath and the Sunday in the Christian Church. pp. viii.-383. Price \$1.25.

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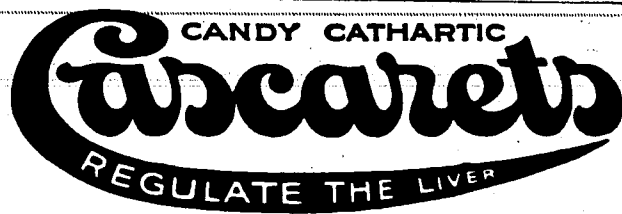
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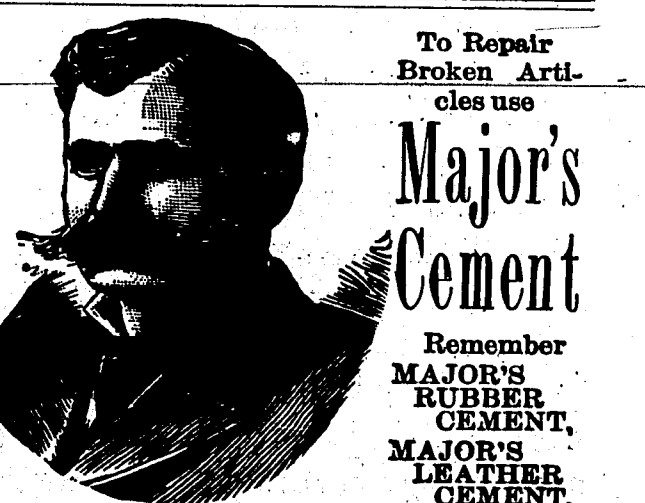
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