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COLD OR HOT.

COLD or hot, my friend? Feel your spiritual pulse and see. Put the Bible thermometer under your tongue. Search your heart and see how much love for Christ is left there. If after such an honest examination you find that the temperature has run low, very low—what then? Should you quit the church and throw up your Christian profession? No! a thousand times, no! The Holy Spirit's message to you is, "Be zealous, therefore, and repent." The only way to repent of sin is to quit it; the only way to warm a chilled frame is not to throw yourself into a snow-bank, but to hasten to the fire. Come back to a deserted Saviour! Instead of erasing your blurred name from the church registry, seek a re-conversion.

Simon Peter's best work was done after he was reconverted. Do not stop with lamenting your neglect of the place of prayer. Open again the door of devotion and go in and throw yourself down at the Master's feet, and cry out, "I have sinned. I am no more worthy to be called thy servant." Set up again your altar, and on it lay the sacrifice of a contrite heart. At the earliest moment lay hold of some blood-stirring Christian work; it will warm you up. It may take some time to get the blood into full, free circulation again, and to recover your lost ground and lost tone of health. But when you do get a fresh glow of his likeness on your countenance you will feel as Lazarus must have felt when he shook off the grave clothes and leaped into life again.

—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

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Sabbath Recorder.

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THIS morning, July 6, finds the editor of the RECORDER at his desk, for the first time in several weeks. The tour of the Associations has been accomplished, pleasantly and successfully, including a week or more for repairs in connection with a case of "Pink Eye." Meantime the RECORDER has proven that its department editors and correspondents, together with its excellent and reliable force at the Publisting House, enable it to go forward successfully without immediate contact with the editor. We trust that our readers will continue to appreciate the fact that every member of the force at the Publishing House, and the members of the Board on whom the denomination has placed the responsibility of carrying on the interests of the Tract Society, are always diligent and devoted in efforts to serve the readers of the RECORDER. On the other hand, the expressions of interest and regard for the RECORDER and its influence, which have come to us during the recent Associations, and which often come by letter, are highly appreciated by all those who have it in charge. We have one wish and purpose to make the RECORDER more valuable and attractive each year.

THERE are two great centers around which individual lives revolve: self and God. He whose life centers around self runs in a constantly narrowing circle. He is comfortless, and powerless to give comfort to others. On the other hand, if one's life revolves around the idea of God and duty, it is called out from self constantly; to help others, to learn more of God, to rise in higher attainment are its constant experience. Thus enlargement and enriching come with everyday's existence. If you are conscious of lacking in the sweeter and more helpful influences of life, re-examine the center around which your life revolves. Few things bring greater blessing than an ever-enlarging horizon of duty and opportunity. Be careful how you define duty. Never think of it as burdensome. Never think of it as put upon you from without. The highest standard is not found when the soul says "God requires this of me." The highest standard is approached when, learning what God requires, the soul answers, "I ought, I must, and I will do what God requires of me, and it shall be a loving service."

MORE SOUL-CULTURE.

Our system of education, which is almost wholly intellectual, is seriously onesided and imperfect. In the matter of right-doing, and especially in helping each other, we need that culture of heart through which affection, sentiment and sympathy are developed and made strong. Even the pulpit gives comparatively little culture along this line; while our schools are constantly dealing with the intellect. It therefore happens that the man of culture is the man of intellect, but often so undeveloped as to affection, sentiment and sympathy as to be practically valueless in the struggles which touch the world's highest needs. Men with withered intellects, undeveloped thinking powers, and imperfect judgment present a sad picture; but men with withered hearts, affectionless, wanting

in sympathy, and therefore comparatively powerless to help the world in its greater need, are double failures. This is the more apparent since all the higher development of religion is found in the realm of sentiment and affection, rather than in the world of intellect. It were well indeed, if some form of education, some system of school or university were devised in which souls could be developed, as intellects are now developed, by ordinary methods of education. The sermon, the prayer-meeting, the Sabbath-school and the Christian Endeavor are four points at which this cultivation of the heart ought to find fullest development. That such development may be successful, it must be deeper than mere emotion. It must be warmer than logic, and more life-giving than intellectual discussion, metaphysical disputation, or fine-spun theories about life. The most helpful men and women are those who, knowing much, feel more. To know a great truth intellectually is something. To transmute that truth by personal experience into actual life until all that is good in it can be carried into other lives, is far greater attainment than the highest intellectual culture. Heart culture is the crying want in the church, and the same may be said of the home. In spite of the blessings which parental love brings, and which filial love reciprocates, there is still wanting that deeper and higher development of affections and sympathies, in the family circle, which prepares the child for still larger development in connection with the church and the world. Not a more acute intellectualism, but a warmer, deeper and higher heart-life is the imperative want of these days.

THE BIBLE IN LITERATURE AND JURISPRUDENCE.

Men who are but ill informed, and are opinionated because ignorant concerning the Bible, often talk loudly concerning its little value to human life in general. They represent it as a comparatively worthless book, belonging only to the narrow circle of organized Christian communities. The contrary is true; and that truth is illustrated in almost endless ways. The influence, direct and indirect, of the moral code laid down in the Ten Commandments, and developed in various ways in both the Old and New Testaments runs through all the higher jurisprudence of the civilized world. From the time of Alfred the Great, under whom the germs of the common and constitutional law of England were first developed, down to the present time, this has been true. The primary source of the principles which he formulated into law was the Ten Commandments.

The influence of the Bible upon literature is so great that if it were possible to withdraw that influence direct and indirect, upon our literature, very little of value would remain. Shakespeare's models as to character, and the highest discussions of ethical questions as they appear in his plays, would all be eliminated if the influence of the Bible were withdrawn. The best poetry of the modern world springs from the inspiration furnished by the Word of God. The case is too plain to need argument, and it is scarcely necessary to repeat the facts which every thoughtful man must know. In point of numbers, the greatest novels of the age have but a meager sale compared with the number of Bibles circulated. As to permanency of influence, and immortality, no book in the world can

be compared with the Bible. In spite of all changes, it has made its way, steadily, until it fills a place larger than that occupied by any hundred other books.

But its greatest value is not in the number of copies that are sold and circulated, but in the influence upon human life, of what is contained therein. No other book opens the pathway to the future life as does the Bible. No other book presents such models of character, such standards of action. Nowhere else is the law of self-forgetfulness taught, and the question of sacrifice for others, as in the Bible. When the psalmist asks, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways?" and answers the question in the same breath, saying: "By taking heed thereto according to thy Word," he indicates the largest and most important field of blessed influences which flow from the Bible. The purifying and uplifting of human life follow where a practical knowledge of the Bible attains. The great Ecumenical Missionary Conference, held in April last in the city of New York, engaged the attention of the world as few other conventions or gatherings could have done. The secular press, with almost one voice, commended the spirit of the meeting, and acknowledged the high and noble purpose of the men and women represented in the missionary work. Educators were glad to lift their voices in favor of Christian missions, because they tend to quicken the intellect of savage nations, and to open the way for fuller development in civilization. In a word, if out from our literature and our system of jurisprudence, if out from the hearts and hopes of men, everything could be taken which owes its source to the Bible, life would hang like a ruined fabric, from which both warp and woof had been taken until little remained beyond the ruin telling of lost greatness. A book, still unknown as to the depth of its wisdom, and yet well known to every loving heart, which has wrought out such a history among men, may defy opposition and challenge to combat all earthly influences; not the noisy combat of argument, but that silent trial of strength in which principles of righteousness and peace, resistless as to the power of God himself, move on from conquering to conquering.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM.

The *New York Sun* has lately denied the charge that some of its able religious editorials were written by a Roman Catholic. In commenting upon the charge brought against it, the *Sun* remarks: "That the church of Rome assuredly has neither abandoned nor in any degree lessened its claims; it still offers to Protestantism no possibility of unity with it except on condition of yielding to its authority and rendering allegiance to the papal supremacy." This statement of the case is valuable from every point of view. Happy as it may be that bitterness and opposition between the two great representatives of Christianity, the Roman Catholic church and the Protestant churches, has disappeared, no thoughtful man can disregard the fact that the differences between them are radical and vital. While it is hopeful that co-operation, so far as is possible, may continue to increase, it must not be forgotten that the two systems are diametrically opposed to each other. It must also be remembered that Roman Catholicism has by no means accepted the Protestant movement

as being permanent or final. On the contrary, it does not expect that it will be either. Firm in the faith of its own superiority and in its right and duty to attain supremacy as the only representative of true Christianity, the Roman church makes its plans with the expectation of such success, and with the corresponding expectation that Protestantism will fail, finally. No gush of sentiment can cover this fact, and no theories, however beautiful, concerning Christian union can turn aside the truth that a struggle, fierce and continued, is yet to come between these two bodies. Such a struggle cannot be avoided unless one or the other yields the vital issues involved in its existence.

The thoughtful Romanist expects Protestantism to lose power and pass out of the field as an antagonist, by two processes: one, a return to the Catholic fold, the other a drifting into agnosticism, non-religion and open infidelity. This last result would seem more probable than the other, as indications now are. Whether conscious of it or not, Protestants are being forced toward one or the other of these conclusions, and the ongoing of history will be likely to increase rather than diminish the pressure.

That new phases of this warfare between these two representatives of Christianity may come because of our new possessions, remains to be seen. We have annexed many millions of half-savage and undisciplined Roman Catholics. Taken at their best, they represent a low type of Catholicism, and the struggle which is certain to appear between Protestant and Catholic missionaries may develop unexpected phases and complications. We should be glad to believe that genuine Christian charity and the absence of partisan feeling will modify, if not obliterate, many troublesome features of the problems, rather than otherwise; but at the best one cannot be blind to the fact that sooner or later Protestantism must yield its fundamental position concerning the Bible and church authority, or the battle between it and Catholicism must be renewed. The attitude of Protestants concerning the Sabbath question, and concerning the Bible as a whole, gives ground to fear that the tendency to yield its fundamental position is already setting forward, strongly. The strength of the Catholic organization, although assailed by various influences, continues to be, as it has been in the past, the wonder of history; and the element of organization is yet to play an important part in its history. We do not care to discuss the issues that now appear in detail, at this time, nor to prophesy concerning what will appear next. We are anxious to hold before our readers the truth that deep and vital differences separate the Roman Catholic church from the Protestant churches. Protestantism revolted from the Catholic faith, and practically declared war upon the fundamental doctrines of the Roman Catholic church; and although the battle fell into comparative quiet after half a century, skirmishing has never ceased. Unfortunately, also, many of the efforts on the part of Protestants to oppose Catholicism have been superficial, the product of temporary sentiment or of political aspirations. These have done little more than to prove their futility. Meanwhile the Catholic church, true to the traditions of centuries, goes forward, strengthening itself in a quiet way, and

seeking by quiet influence rather than by direct attack to control public sentiment, political, and otherwise. The first need on the part of Protestantism generally toward wisely sustaining their position, is a better understanding of what that position involves and a more intelligent understanding of the Catholic position, and of the reasons for which the Protestant revolt began. So far as organized Christianity is concerned, few issues are now greater than the fundamental ones which separate these two bodies.

POWER OF AN IDEA.

Thought is eternal force. Ideas are ever-present and efficient powers in human society. They control life and destiny. An idea may seem of little account to-day, but the destiny of the man who holds the idea hangs upon its right development. What is true of men is true of churches and of nations.

By idea we mean a truth embodied in such brief form as can be grasped. It is as the seed which, dropped into the ground, developed, drawing nourishment from every source, and producing a beautiful tree or a rich harvest. Unfolding ideas are resistless. Beyond a certain point they sweep men whithersoever they will, like an incoming tide or like a swollen stream. If an idea be in accord with truth, the onswEEPing which its development brings is the glow of righteousness and all things good. Hence the supreme value of right selection as to ideas, by teachers and parents. An illustration is at hand from personal experience. When about eight years of age, the writer, coming home one day from the old district school-house in Central New York, was compelled to report a failure in the examinations of that day. It was a trifle; the failure of a boy who had not yet grasped the idea of education nor of its deeper meaning. I remember nothing of the conversation which followed beyond this: father said, "I shall have no money to leave to you, my boy, but I am anxious that you should become thoroughly and well educated." I could not then grasp the full meaning of what my father said. There was something in the manner in which it was said, something in the deep anxiety that lay back of it, which made not only a lasting impression, but planted the germ of a desire which is practically controlling now, a half century later, in every thought and purpose of life. That one idea gave me a restless eagerness to know. Such eagerness pushes the soul forward and becomes the source of constant, persistent and tireless effort. So far as earth is concerned, that father has been at rest for many years; but the idea dropped into the unfolding life of a boy of eight years, under the roof of an old log house in Central New York, rises to-day and beckons forward with the growing hope that over in eternity the privilege to learn and the power to know will eclipse all things that earth can offer, until somewhere, down in the ages to come, the writer may attain to a partial knowledge of what it is to be well educated.

This introduction of a personal factor is permissible only that we may impress upon parents the value of right ideas planted in young hearts. Your child's destiny is linked closely with the ideas which the specific experiences of early childhood bring. Perchance the sense of humiliation which followed my boyish failure gave the most promising soil for the idea my father dropped; though

memory says that the grave, earnest manner through which his words carried both rebuke and inspiration, was the largest factor in the growth of the idea. These words are written for both warning and comfort, written for parents and teachers and friends. The source of these higher ideas must be found in your own heart. Grant only the highest and best a place. No parent can give to his child that which he has not. No teacher can impart that which has not already entered into his own life. It is true, under God's blessing, that some ideas are so great and rich that though they be clothed in any words they will find a resting place in the hearts of those who hear. But when the parent or teacher feels that which he attempts to impart, knows that of which he speaks, has experienced that which he tries to explain, then power goes with the idea, in a double sense. It is worth your while, parent or teacher, to spend a greater part of your efforts in making the highest ideas and ideals your own, until, in thought and action, as in words, these will always go forth from you with such force and molding power as life and truth alone can give.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE IN LITERATURE.

The value of personal experience on the part of the writer who attempts to treat any subject is receiving no little attention at the present time. Concerning the value of such experience there can be no doubt. The *New York Times* publishes on Sabbath-day of each week a literary supplement, devoted to the review of books, art, etc. A study of that supplement from week to week, or even of a single number, emphasizes the fact which is embodied in the head of this article. The popularity of certain magazine articles and books, which have appeared within the last year or two, concerning the Civil War of thirty years ago, and the late Spanish War, is due to the fact that the articles have been prepared by men who were factors in that which they described. Modern books of travel, if they are successful, owe their value and success to the same element.

The time is past when any one can do well at descriptive writing who does not take a definite and active part in that which is described. This principle applies to those who may be called creators of literature, as well as to descriptive writers. No one can set forth a given line of experience, who has not passed through that experience. Dreams and fancies are not experience. Hence it is that men write theoretically concerning religion and religious experience, whose lives have not known that of which they write. Their work is colorless and comparatively powerless. The best writing of this class springs from the deepest experiences. Such writing has power, though it may lack literary finish. We venture a suggestion to all those who seek to write for the press. Become familiar with some given theme before you begin. If it be descriptive writing, study every detail before you write. Avoid inventing that which ought to be determined by actual observation. If you attempt creative writing, confine yourself strictly to what you have experienced. What you have observed may aid you in reaching experience, but you cannot write well touching any theme which involves deeper experience, until you have passed through such experience. If you have known but little sorrow, it will be impossible

for you to write as one can, over whose life the billows of grief have rolled. Not a little of the material rejected from editorial desks is rejected because the men who write, either have not mastered the facts involved, or have had so little experience that whatever they say lies upon the surface, thin and colorless. The trained eye and mind of the editor discovers, instantly, whether the man who writes—a poem, for example—has ever known that of which he writes in any degree by personal experience. To string a few airy nothings together, in a pleasant garb of words, is not poetry. Scarcely a week passes, even in an office like ours, but that some one, young or old, sends a poetic effusion, which has neither depth nor vigor, because the writer's soul has never been touched by that which he attempts to embody in poetry. This fault is almost as great, if not greater, than the fault of imperfect rhetoric. Souls that have been deeply touched, though they may put their experience in imperfect language, and the literary side of their work may be imperfect, its power and attractiveness will be great. A few touches of the editorial pen can make amends for such defects, but no editing can put thought and experience into a poem or an essay which is not the product of soul-experience, reaching deeper than fancy and gush, or any apparent power which rhetoric can create.

ANALOGY BETWEEN SOUL LIFE AND THE LIFE OF THE BODY.

The analogy which exists between life spiritual and what we call life physical ought to be better understood. For example, life always implies growth and development. Life always indicates power to do. Life is always irrepressible. It does not wait invitations to unfold. It insists on unfolding without invitation. Certain stages of this development are rapid. The growth of the body from the period of ten to sixteen years usually surpasses expectation. We say of a child at that age: he outgrows himself. The same feature is seen in the changes which appear in the intellectual and spiritual life of the child. If these do not appear, something is wrong. Write it down, not to be forgotten, that growth is the essential evidence of life.

Life and growth presuppose an abundance of food. We say of growing children: They are always hungry. They ought to be. Life is always hungry. Life is never satisfied. It enjoys hunger, since the food which hunger seeks brings results in which life revels. The right kind of food is essential to life. Equally true is it that certain kinds of food are best fitted for certain stages of life. This is true also as to the amount of food. Consulting a gardener, the other day, relative to the destruction of certain fibrous roots that were spoiling our lawn, we were told to dig a trench around the trees and fill it with lime. He said: You must put in a large quantity, since a small amount acts as a fertilizer. In small proportions, lime is a plant food. In greater proportion, it destroys life. Here the analogy is good. Some things may be given to young life without harm, if the amount be proportionate to the need. Through greater amounts life is destroyed. Write it down, never to be forgotten: Life must have food in abundance.

Cleanliness is a part of genuine life. Cleanliness demands constant watchfulness and effort. The child whose face and hands were

washed when the morning toilet was made may be wholly unrepresentable two hours later. Washing must be renewed. Soul life is not unlike physical life in this respect. Earth's experiences bring temptations. Things that blacken the soul are quite as common as those which soil the hands. Hence parents and teachers, friends and nurses, must care for soul cleanliness with vigor and consecrated persistency. Write it down, never to be forgotten: Souls must be kept clean, if life would be preserved.

One analogy remains: life loves work. It must have something to do. It longs for purpose. It rejoices in effort. It grows weak without effort. Life welcomes obstacles, and grows strong in overcoming them. Herein is the philosophy as well as the wisdom of the Divine Father, in putting us in a world where difficulties and temptations abound. Souls grow powerless and pulpy without struggle in doing. The consciousness of personal power is awakened only when work is given. The strength which comes with victory is lost when work is wanting. Work, tasks, duties, obligations—choose whatever word you will—all these are essential to life. Life is robbed when these are taken from it. Life is weakened when these things are refused it. Write it down, not to be forgotten: Life must have something to do.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

At this writing, July 6, the news from China is heavy with fear and full of choking doubt. While it is not certain, beyond any question, that all foreigners in Pekin have been foully and barbarously murdered, all known facts point to that conclusion. The attempt to relieve Pekin has been abandoned, since the allied forces are inadequate to cope with the Chinese army, which has been reinforced daily. If what now seems so nearly certain as to leave only the shadow of hope for anything better shall be confirmed, the century will close on a scene of baseness and barbarism which will equal the French Revolution. The revolting Prince, Tuan, has compelled the young Emperor, Kwang-Su, and the Empress Dowager to choose between death by the sword and poison. The Emperor chose poison and died in a few hours; the Empress took poison and is insane therefrom, but not dead, at last accounts. At the beginning, Tuan made friends with the Empress against the Emperor. Evidently she was too conservative to suit his purposes. Thus, Northern China at least, is wholly in the hands of the enemies of foreigners, and months, if not years, will be needed to secure peace and justice. The anti-foreign movement seems to be spreading southward, and it is difficult to foretell what is yet to come. Our mission at Shanghai is still safe, but it is not possible to say how long quiet may continue. Our readers know, already, that the Missionary Board has given Mr. Davis orders to use his judgment as to the work, should there be cause for giving it up. The causes which lie back of the present state of anarchy in China are deep and far-reaching. The central struggle is between conservatism, which seeks to exclude reforms, and the introduction of Western ideas, including Christian missions, and radicalism, which seeks to introduce new methods and reforms in matters national. At present, conservatism, anarchy and barbarism are in the ascendancy. Foreign

interference must come. What form this will take cannot be told, now. We fear that rivalry between the Great Powers—Russia, Japan, Germany and England—may complicate the situation and delay the best results. But too little is known to enable us to speak wisely as to what can be accomplished. One thing is certain, the China that has been will never be again. How far dismemberment of the Great Empire will be accomplished must be told hereafter. That the cause of Christianity and of civilization will gain in the end, we believe, even though the possibility of better things comes along the blood-stained path of revolution.

The battle-ship Oregon has been floated, and will go to a Japanese port for repairs.

There is little war news from South Africa or from the Philippines. Measures toward peace and stable government are being pushed at Manila.

A terrible fire occurred at Hoboken, N. J., on the night of Sabbath, June 30. It started in a bale of cotton on the wharf of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company. Three ocean steamships were burned, and millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed. The loss of life among laborers and seamen was appalling. One hundred and two bodies were buried at one funeral on July 5. More bodies are being recovered. The first accounts placed the loss at nearly three hundred men.

Lightning struck the oil-refining works at Constable Hook, N. J., on the night of July 4. Many tanks of crude oil exploded from time to time, and the whole region is flooded with burning oil at this date, July 6.

On the 4th of July, the Democratic National Convention, in session at Kansas City, Mo., nominated William Jennings Bryan as candidate for President of the United States on a platform dictated by him. The main features of the platform are anti-imperialism and the coinage of silver at 16 to 1. Ex-Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson was nominated for second place. The struggle between gold Democrats and free silverites was sharp, and the free silver gained the field by two votes in the committee.

CHEERFULNESS.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

"How came you here?" said the visitor to a prisoner in the penitentiary.

"I was brought here by my convictions," was the firmly spoken reply.

A LITTLE girl was sitting at a table opposite to a gentleman with a waxed mustache. After gazing at him for several moments, she exclaimed: "My kitty has got smellers, too!"

EVERY bore thinks the people he annoys are fond of him.

WHY DID GOD PERMIT SIN TO ENTER INTO THE WORLD?

BY W. D. TICKNER.

When God created the world and all things therein, he had a purpose to accomplish. To have created a world without first having determined the laws of its existence, would have been impossible. To have created it without circumscribing its motion would have been hazardous in the extreme, unworthy the character of him who had power to originate law. This world became the abode of living beings, fowls to fly in the air, fish to swim in the rivers, lakes and sea. Animals of varied characteristics inhabited the land. All these were subject to inexorable laws, laws of growth and development, of transmission to progeny of peculiar characteristics, of death and decay. Even the inanimate portions were not exempt from law. Law was determined, governing solids, liquids and gases. Law governed sight, taste, sound. Law was upon everything, in everything. When man first stepped upon the stage of action, law governed his entire being. Power was given him to walk, to think, to talk. Made in the image of God, he was endowed by his Creator with powers not conferred upon any other creation. He was not made equal with God, and yet he possessed some of the attributes of Deity.

To have given him all power unlimited in time and space, coupled with infinite wisdom, would have been to create a God, an equal, with whom he must necessarily have shared all honor and government. This God never intended. He never intended that man should be equal with himself. Not being equal with God, law must control his voluntary as well as his involuntary acts. His mission only God knew. Why he was created at all, was known only to him who fashioned him out of the dust of the earth. He was not created simply because God could think of nothing else to do. In the mind of God there was a plan. Everything from first to last was in harmony with that divine ideal.

Step by step, as creation proceeded, God beheld his work and saw that it was good. It was all as he had planned it, all in harmony with the divine concept. Man was the crowning act of creation week. He walked abroad with head upright. He communed with God. Spotless, the man and his wife worshiped and adored their divine Master. As inferior to him, his will must be to them a law. Their wills must be in submission to his will. Created as they were with faculties of reason, they had the power to will, to do or not to do. To will to do as God desired, was their duty. It was God's plan to be in all things supreme. Anything less than that would be a blot upon the pages of eternal history. To instill into their minds the necessity of submission to his will was therefore of first importance. Knowing the weakness of the nature that he had created, that it was not endowed with omniscience, and was therefore liable to fail, he gave to them one of the simplest commands.

"Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it." A command easily kept, but the breaking of which would not entail an absolute, eternal loss. In this we see love mingled with justice. He was unwilling to leave the consequences dependent entirely upon their actions, but he

had beforehand provided a means by which, in case of failure on their part, which he foresaw was certain although not necessary, they might be restored to favor. He knew that voluntary service was the only service that could accomplish the purposes of man's being. Inanimate nature obeys his commands by virtue of the laws inherent within it. Fire and water, cold and heat, light and darkness, were subservient to him, but without volition. They reflected simply his power and majesty. He desired more, a service of love, a service willingly rendered, even amid surroundings that made such service difficult.

To have excluded the devil from the world, would have been to allow man a knowledge of only one side of the great controversy between good and evil, between God and Satan. Obedience to the commands of God would, under such conditions, be of little value. Man was therefore allowed to see for himself both good and evil, and for himself decide whom he would serve. Such service was what God desired. Such service alone could accomplish the object sought in the creation and development of man.

Satan appeals to man's earthly nature; God appeals to his spiritual nature. Those only who are willing to make the physical subservient to the spiritual, and thus come into communion and fellowship with their Creator, can accomplish the work for which God designed them. What that work is we know but little. We are here in training for it. The grand and wonderful mission is yet known only to God, but the awakening will come. Then shall we see and know why it was necessary to undergo this training. Our real life will then just begin.

THE MAN WITH A HOE.

He is not Professor Markham's man. He is another man, the man who "hoes his own row." He does not "lean upon his hoe;" he uses it. Nor is "the emptiness of ages in his face;" but grit, grip, enterprise, push, ambition, eagerness. He is not "stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox," but the liveliest piece of flesh and blood in the world. He intends to do something and be something, and he goes at it with might and main. America is full of him and always has been. He has pushed his way from the bottom to the top along every way and walk of life. He has chopped and grubbed and hoed in the wilderness; he has followed the plow and read while the horses rested, and studied at night. He has gone behind the counter at a dollar and fifty cents a week and made himself a merchant prince. He has worked his way through college, doing chores, pushing wheelbarrows, milking cows, chopping wood, making fires, taking care of horses, digging gardens, anything, everything, to get on. A judge who has been on the bench of the Supreme Court of Illinois twenty-seven years dug post holes for six cents an hour when in college. A United States Senator used to drive an ox team.

But it is useless to mention instances, for four out of every five of the men of success the country over began with nothing or next to it, and have worked their way up. They have made themselves, and in making themselves have made the country. Without them the America of to-day would not be. With them it has eclipsed all dreams.

As an object lesson this man who hoes his own row is worth ten thousand times as

much as the man who is "dead to rapture and despair, a thing that grieves not and never hopes." The "dead" man is not our kind; he does not belong to America's free air, or to the stir and impulse of her mighty life. Of all things the young man must not think that he is in the grip of the invincible, that "on his back is the burden of the world," and that he can only be a pack-horse to the proud and the mighty. He must hold fast to the fact that the hardest thing to put down, keep down, and crush, is a man, a man with the stuff in him, a will to do and be.

If the young men of the country believe that the system of things is closing in upon them, they must not whine or creep down into their boots, but fight the system. "Quit you like men," is a cry that has been ringing across the world since the days of Moses. That resolute Jew wrested himself and his people out of the hands of the Pharaohs. If the spirit of the Pharaohs is creeping in upon the land, and the mighty man is becoming an oppressor, let the spirit of Moses come upon the young men. They are voters, the rising power, the makers and owners of the future. There is not an oppression which they cannot end, nor an oppressor whom they cannot crush at the polls. The hideous greed, the perversion of power, the encroachments of the plutocracy and all the rising dangers of the hour, are things that they can sweep from public place, and keep America in the future what it was in the past, the freest and best place in the world for the man with a hoe.

What we want, what the times demand, is, not a man leaning upon his hoe and looking hopelessly upon the ground, but a young man with the old fire in his eye, the old spirit in his heart, and the mighty resolve that conquers.—*The Advance*.

IN GOD'S OUT-OF-DOORS.

To spend as much time as you can, with body and spirit, in "God's out-of-doors"—this is one of Henry van Dyke's "little guideposts on the foot-path of peace." Certainly at this season of the year it is nothing short of a duty to get out into the country, to breathe in the fresh odor of upturned soil and trace the progress of spring in meadow and wood; to welcome with joy the arriving birds, to hunt for the first hepaticas and arbutus, or loiter by some singing, green-edged brook. Besides these occupations spring house-cleaning and summer dressmaking are of small importance. It is an unfortunate arrangement which requires a housewife to spend the golden hours indoors over such ephemeral tasks when out-of-doors are to be found joy and health and memories lasting for all time.

"I am sorry for any man," writes Mr. Howard Pyle, in a private letter, "who, in his mature life, when he finds his hair beginning to grow gray and his body to feel heavy, has not sweet, delectable memories of woods and fields and singing birds and growing things to fall back upon—memories of sedgy meadows and cool, brown streams that flow so deliciously through the still, rustling woods, silent with multitudinous mysteries of life. These are the things to which a man's mind falls back through the long stretch of years." And those of us whom stern duty confines in houses and cities must get comfort out of such memories, live over again in imagination past happy days in the open, and refresh tired souls with a bit of nature poetry, a few pages from Thoreau or Torrey or Seton-Thompson, or the author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden and the Solitary Summer. None of us but may spend much time with *spirit*, if not with *body*, in God's out-of-doors.—*Congregationalist*.

Missions.

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

OUR ride from Grand Junction, Iowa, to Dell Rapids, So. Dak., was a very warm and dusty one. There was the pleasant experience of waiting at one station two hours for a train. At Sioux City, Ia., the trains did not connect, so we had to tarry in the city over night. It was a hot night—the temperature in the day had been to 92°, and the night did not cool it off much. The next morning the sun shone clear and hot. A breeze—a prairie breeze—sprang up and made the ride more comfortable; but ah! the awful and fearful dust—alkali dust—that just made our flesh smart. At Sioux Falls, Evangelist J. G. Burdick and Singer C. C. Van Horn came aboard the train, on their way to Dell Rapids. There was some lively chatting until the arrival at the station. Elder N. P. Nelson and son met us. Soon we were on our way to his pleasant and hospitable home. What a fine ride of seven miles over a beautiful prairie, with a stiff, strong prairie breeze, so cooling and refreshing, we enjoyed. It was like getting out of an oven into a cool room to get out of that hot, stifling car into that breeze. The next day all hands put up the gospel tent, which had come, and that evening the Missionary Secretary had the privilege of preaching the opening sermon to a very attentive audience of about thirty-five persons. Good singing by the congregation and by Evangelist Burdick and Bro. VanHorn. Most of the congregation were young people. After the sermon and singing, nearly every one testified of their love of Christ and a desire to work for him. It was an auspicious opening. The evening was pleasant and cool. The next evening there was a larger audience and a good interest.

On Sixth-day afternoon the Yearly Meeting of the South Dakota Seventh-day Baptist churches convened. The session was a business one. Elder Peter Ring, of Big Springs, was the Moderator, and Christian Swensen, of Viborg, was the Secretary. The session was taken up with discussion and consideration of the needs of the South Dakota field and what should and could be done to meet them. The Missionary Secretary was cordially welcomed and invited to counsel with them in their deliberations. It was decided in this session to make an effort to secure a joint missionary pastor for the four churches on this field, and he to serve as a missionary evangelist as well as a pastor.

Sixth-day evening, after a short sermon by the Missionary Secretary upon "Growth in Grace," the meeting was devoted to praise, prayer and conference. Many took part, men, women, young people and children, in the meeting.

Sabbath-day was filled full with religious services. Nearly all of our young people from Smyth, about fifteen miles away, came to the meetings. At 8.30 A. M., a prayer-meeting was held and well attended. At 10 o'clock a praise service was conducted by C. C. VanHorn. Quite an orchestra was improvised by the young people to assist in the praise services. There were three horns, two violins and a violincello, to aid Evangelist Burdick with his "baby" organ, which the New York church gave to the Missionary Society for him to use in evangelistic work. We had good music. At 10.30 Bro. Burdick

preached a good sermon upon Abiding in Christ. Text, John 15: 4. At noon the congregation lunched in the tent. At 2 o'clock there was a praise and prayer service, which was followed by a sermon by Secretary Whitford upon "Consecration." Text, 2 Thess. 5: 23: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly." This sermon was immediately followed by a sermon in the Swedish tongue, preached by Elder Peter Ring, from Titus 2: 14. This sermon was an excellent one, I was told by one who understood the language, and certainly it was greatly enjoyed by the older people. At 5 P. M. there was a good prayer-meeting, led by Miss Carrie Nelson. At 8 P. M. there was a praise service, followed by a sermon by Evangelist Burdick, upon "A Lively Hope." Ps. 42: 5: "Hope thou in God."

On First-day the attendance was not quite as large. In the morning there was a prayer service, and before the sermon there was a service of praise. Secretary Whitford preached upon theme, "Keeping Ourselves in the Love of God." Text, Jude 21. The people lunched in the tent at noon, as they did the day before. In the afternoon, after a praise service, Evangelist J. G. Burdick preached another sermon on Hope, using for his text Romans 8: 24, 25. He was followed by Elder Ring, upon the same subject, in the Swedish language. After a prayer and praise service in the evening, Secretary Whitford preached the closing sermon of this Yearly Meeting. Theme, Preparation to Meet God. Text, Amos 4: 12: "Prepare to meet thy God." There was a good audience in the evening, though the weather was very warm and oppressive. After the sermon, Elders Ring, Swenson, Nelson, and others, made closing remarks upon how much enjoyment and spiritual good the Yearly Meeting had brought to them. After the benediction, there was shaking of hands and good-byes. Thus closed a most excellent Yearly Meeting of our Scandinavian brethren, which from beginning to end was blessed by the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit. Elder N. P. Nelson and his lovely family were inexhaustible in hospitality and kindness in caring for man and beast during the meeting, for which he had the unqualified thanks of all.

SYSTEMATIC giving is gaining ground among our people. We made it a point in the round of the Associations to call the pastors together and inquire whether systematic giving was making progress in their churches and congregations, and what could be done to make it more universal and successful. Some churches are making that method of raising funds for their own expenses and for denominational lines of work quite general, nearly all the members adopting it. In other churches it is only partially adopted. They are finding, especially those using the weekly or monthly card and envelop system, that it is the easiest and most successful way of raising funds and meeting expenses. The churches find that at the end of each month there is money in the treasury to pay the monthly installment of the pastor's salary, which is a good and desirable thing for him, and also to meet the month's running expenses of the church. These churches also find at the end of the year the pastor's salary and the running expenses are all paid, there is not a deficit of one or two hundred dollars on the pastor's salary, and fifty or a hundred dol-

lars behind on other expenses, and, therefore, there is not a spasmodic hustling to make up the deficit. Our denominational boards and societies find that when our churches use this systematic method that there are funds in their treasuries to meet the month's or quarter's expenses, and they are relieved of hiring money at the bank, and of a great deal of anxiety. Again, these societies, when the churches are using the systematic method, can know more definitely the amount of money upon which they can base their appropriations for the ensuing year for the work in hand and for the enlargement of their work. How much better and more successful is this systematic effort of raising funds, for all interests concerned, than is the method of special subscription and canvass whenever a board or a society makes an appeal for funds. It is not infrequent in this latter method that a church may be inflicted with several agents or committees canvassing at the same time for as many interests, and that to the detriment of them all. In the systematic method there is but one canvass, which should be thorough, and pledges are made for all our interests. Why not adopt this method, and make it universal in all of our churches and homes? It is flexible, and can be, and is, adapted to each one's financial ability and convenience. Some say: "It is too much bother to put our weekly or monthly pledge in an envelop and hand it in, or put it into the collection basket." Whatever is worth doing well, or is needed to meet the wants of God's work well, is worthy of painstaking care. Some say: "We do not believe in taking collections on the Sabbath. It is doing business." But when the ushers take in the envelopes and collection as a part of the Sabbath's service, and the baskets are presented at the altar and the pastor invokes God's blessing on the offerings, that they may advance his kingdom in the earth; which is it, business or worship? Yet if any one who has conscientious scruples about putting his envelop in the collection basket on the Sabbath-day, he need not reject the systematic method, for he can hand it to the church treasurer at his convenience. There are some churches among us that have not adopted the systematic method of giving. We most earnestly appeal to them to adopt it for their own good and for the good of the denomination. We have heard of one church that will not adopt it, and it has voted to discontinue any collections on the Sabbath-day; and it is a strong church, financially. We tremble for the spiritual life and growth of that church, or any other church adopting such a course. It might and should be afraid of spiritual poverty and decay. "There is that withholdeth more than it meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

LIFE MORE ABUNDANTLY.

Life is sweet. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." The evil one is the author of this sentiment, yet it is almost the truth. But life is not sweet to all. Many loath life and curse the day of their birth. To thousands life is a bitter portion. Every day is a day of agony, and almost every thought and feeling a painful experience. To most men life is quite unsatisfactory. How narrow, shallow, base and worthless the lives of the multitude!

It is not because they are poor and afflicted that men live such poor lives. "A man's life

consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." One may have wealth, honor, position, and power, and yet live a low and worthless life. Some of the poorest and most obscure persons have lived the richest and grandest lives. Outward conditions can neither make nor mar the life of man.

Jesus said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." He is the Life. Let anyone unite himself to Christ, and his life shall become glorious. What sort of a life did Simon Peter live before he came to Jesus? It was a narrow, selfish, empty life. His highest aim was to support himself and his family by catching fish. There was nothing in his life to bless or elevate the community in which he lived. But when Simon became a disciple of Jesus, a great change occurred. He began to have broader views, higher aims, nobler purposes. He became a fisher of men. He let down the net of the Gospel into the sea of the world, and inclosed a great multitude on the day of Pentecost. A new force entered into his life, which was destined to elevate and bless many generations. He wrote those short epistles which bear his name and which contain great thoughts for all time. The flood of life which Jesus poured into the soul of Simon is still rolling on, touching all continents and all families of men, and blessing all it touches. Jesus gave him "life more abundantly."

Nor is this a solitary example. Thomas Olivers was a wicked young man, going about doing harm. His life was worse than worthless. One day he heard Mr. Whitefield preach a sermon on the text, "A brand plucked from the burning," and saw in himself the brand almost consumed by sin. Instantly he turned about both in heart and life and began to live. Contact with Christ gave him new desires, new purposes, new principles, a new heart. He began to pay the debts he had contracted in his riotous career, to do good where he had done so much harm, and to preach the Christ whom he had blasphemed. Slumbering genius awoke within his enlightened mind, and he began to write Christian hymns, and this is what he wrote: "The God of Abraham Praise," "O Thou God of My Salvation," and others. Some of these hymns are found in the hymnals of all the great Protestant Christian denominations, and will continue to be sung by the saints of the Most High for ages. That poor, miserable, low life which was not worth keeping was transformed into a rich, happy, broad, glorious life which still goes on after a hundred years have passed away, blessing the church and the world.

Jesus is able to give life more abundantly. He is the Fountain of life. Let any one who is sick of life and ready to cast it away in despair come to Jesus, and his life shall become glorious and everlasting. He shall say with Paul, "For to me to live is Christ."—*The Christian Advocate.*

THERE is an impression among some people that a man is a better man after having tasted sin, after knowing evil experience, then repenting, being forgiven and restored. This is a mistaken impression. Innocence is far better than penitence. Penitence is infinitely better than despair, but a life is never so beautiful after sin's fires have swept over it as it would have been if it had been kept untarnished and had realized God's first thought for it.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

For the month of June, 1900.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer.

In account with

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

DR.

Balance in the Treasury June 1.....	\$ 943 83
Churches:	
North Loup, Neb.....	13 80
Milton Junction.....	38 42
First Westerly, R. I.....	8 29
Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I.....	35 98
Aztala, Wis.....	52
Milton, Wis.....	16 29
Plainfield, N. J.....	26 44
Garwin, Iowa.....	13 30
Berlin, N. Y.....	4 50
Dodge Centre, Minn.....	10 00
Mill Yard, London, Eng.....	51 95
First Alfred, N. Y., China Mission, \$2; General Fund, \$25.91.....	27 91
Andover, N. Y.....	13 00
Albion, Wis.....	12 00
Nortonville, Kan.....	51 04
Chicago, Ill.....	8 25
Rockville, R. I.....	13 20
Waterford, Conn.....	28 25
First Genesee, N. Y.....	17 10
Wellsville, N. Y.....	8 05
New Market, N. J.....	21 72
Sabbath-schools:	
Welton, Iowa.....	10 00
Ashaway, R. I.....	10 00
North Loup, Neb.....	3 40
One Cent Society, Alfred, N. Y., Boys' School.....	4 90
One-half collection at Eastern Association, Berlin, N. Y.....	33 48
Susie M. Burdick, Shanghai, China.....	5 00
Ladies' Aid Society, Ashaway, R. I.....	10 00
One-third collection at Western Association.....	22 68
In Memory of John Congdon, Newport, R. I.....	10 00
A. W. Vars, Dunellen, N. J.....	5 00
Income from Permanent Fund.....	517 00
Envelope found in Pawcatuck church collection, marked "For debt.".....	25 00
Woman's Executive Board:	
Miss Burdick's salary.....	\$130 87
General Fund.....	71 94
Reduction of Debt.....	392 18
Native Chinese Helpers.....	13 30
Boys' School, Shanghai.....	6 30
China Mission.....	2 00
Evangelistic Committee:	
Balance of collection at Welton, Iowa.....	\$ 33 67
W. B. West & Son, support of Rev. Mr. Threlkeld on Illinois field.....	75 00
	108 67
	\$2,745 57
CR.	
W. D. Wilcox, quarter ending March 31, 1900.....	\$ 12 50
D. W. Leath, quarter ending March 31, 1900.....	37 50
W. C. Daland, cartage, etc., in returning from London, Eng. to New York.....	36 25
Evangelistic Committee—Orders Nos. 184, 185.....	86 00
Cablegrams to D. H. Davis, Shanghai, China.....	21 59
Loan.....	500 00
Cash in Treasury, July 1, 1900:	
To re-enforce China Mission.....	\$320 22
Reduction of debt.....	441 18
Available for current expenses.....	1,290 33
	2,051 73
	\$2,745 57
E. & O. E.	GEO. H. UTTER, Treas.

WISCONSIN LETTER.

Some of us remember when objection was made to the proposition to change the form of the SABBATH RECORDER from the old-fashioned blanket sheet to the eight-page, and still more to the present convenient sixteen-page form, because the paper would not be so nice to cover the pantry shelves. Perhaps none of us thought that they might also be used as wall-paper. Yet this has been done by a lady in Nebraska, as we have recently learned. Possibly there may be other cases of similar uses. If with similar results, we could wish they might be indefinitely multiplied. It was this way. A faithful Sabbath-keeping woman who was able to take the RECORDER, but who was not able to decorate the one or two rooms of her house with the paper sold at ten cents a roll for that purpose, covered her walls with the back numbers of the dear old paper. After a time the family moved to a new home, and strangers, not Sabbath-keepers, came to take their place. The old RECORDERS bore their silent testimony to the truth, and now there is, in consequence, another faithful Sabbath-keeping family in that community. Moral: As Dr. Lewis would say, "Subscribe for the RECORDER," even if you can't buy wall-paper for your best rooms; and when you have carefully read it paste it up, or post it off, where it will bless others as it has blessed you.

The death of Col. John G. McMinn, which occurred a few weeks ago at Madison, removes a man who has occupied an important place in the educational work of Wisconsin. Nearly forty years ago he was in some way connected with the Board of Examiners for the

state, where his reputation for thoroughness and his soldier-like demand for attention to details, made him a terror to timid aspirants for a state certificate. But when he gave a credit, it was won by the recipient, and the winning was worth more, in the long run, than the certificate itself. The admirable system of public schools, for which this state is noted—including its normal schools, its high schools, its graded village schools, as well as its country district schools—owes more to Colonel McMinn than to any other person. The same insistence upon thoroughness, upon attention to details, upon completeness of work, which characterized his early labors, is clearly visible in this his great work. His thought was to give the state a system by which all work preparatory to college entrance could be done in the district, graded and high schools; by which teachers for these preparatory schools could be trained in the state normal schools, and by which college and university training could be obtained to any desirable extent in the State University. It will be seen that so comprehensive a scheme as this, when completely realized, would necessarily seriously cripple, if it did not wholly destroy, the private academies and small or denominational colleges of the state, of which there were not a few doing noble work. Some of these yielded to the inevitable, some were converted into high schools or normal schools, while a few survived the ordeal, maintaining their original constitutions and doing the work for which they were organized.

Our own College at Milton has suffered much from the draft which has been made upon its college preparatory students by the high schools, and upon the attendance of those preparing to teach, by the normal schools. The draft by the State University under the new system, as compared with the old, is comparatively light. While the changes in the character of the schools of the state were thus taking place, strong efforts were made to convert Milton College into a normal school, with promise of enlarged buildings and facilities, and the patronage of all the southern portion of the state. Flattering as these proposals and promises were, the Faculty and Trustees, after long and careful deliberation, decided that Milton College had a work to do that no state institution would, or could, do, and that it should be sacredly held to that work. And thus, to-day, instead of a state normal school, with its five hundred to a thousand students annually, and its liberal participation in the educational funds of the state, Milton still has its college, with its patronage limited very largely to the young people of our own families in the West, and its income far below the magnitude of the work it is doing; but, with the loss it has thus sustained from the material point of view, it has escaped the secularizing influences that must inevitably have come with such a change, and is, with increasing efficiency, still fitting young men and women for the holiest work God ever gave a people to do. We are justly proud of our Wisconsin state school system, for which we are under great obligations to Col. McMinn. But our people of the Northwest, and of the entire denomination, have great reason to be grateful that the Faculty and Trustees of Milton College had the courage, the clear-headedness, and the consecration to the cause for which the institution was founded, to refuse all offers for the enlargement of the school which would turn it aside from its denominational character and usefulness.

L. A. PLATTS.

MILTON, June 29, 1900.

Woman's Work.

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

A CRUSHING sorrow has come into our lives by the sudden death of our daughter, Mrs. F. T. Rogers, of Providence, R. I., who, but three days before her tragic death, went out from our home so bright and hopeful for the future. We can only bow in silent submission to the loving Father, and pray that he will comfort and bless the dear ones who have been so suddenly bereft.

No one knew our Carrie but to love her; she was so pure and unselfish in all her ways. May the precious memories of her life as wife and mother and daughter soften and sweeten the sorrow into which we are plunged.

The following account of the accident appeared in the *Providence News*:

The accident that cost Mrs. Frederick T. Rogers, wife of the well-known physician, her life in Schenectady, N. Y., Monday evening was a marvelous combination of circumstances. It seems almost impossible that there should have been any loss of life.

According to Dr. Rogers, who returned with his wife's remains at 6 o'clock last evening, Mrs. Rogers and her six-year-old daughter, Louise, Mrs. Robert J. Langdon and daughter and Mrs. Jacob W. Clute went to ride in a low surrey.

Mrs. Rogers and daughter and Mrs. Clute were on the rear seat. Mrs. Langdon and daughter and the driver occupied the front seat.

The horses were just jogging along Washington Ave., when they took slight fright at a pile of building material. That caused no alarm, but a few seconds later the animals shied at another pile and the driver yanked on the reins, with the result that one of the reins broke.

The horses were going so very slowly that the driver jumped out, believing that he could stop the horses. He made a mistep, however, and failed in his purpose.

Mrs. Rogers became scared and cried to little Louise to jump. Before the girl did so Mrs. Clute jumped, sustaining injuries from which she died shortly afterward.

Directly after Mrs. Clute jumped Louise did likewise, and about 100 feet farther on Mrs. Rogers jumped. As stated in *The News*, she struck on her head, a fractured skull and broken jaw resulting.

The accident happened in front of the home of a classmate of Dr. Rogers, and he lent what aid he could. Mrs. Rogers only lived about ten minutes.

A short distance beyond where Mrs. Rogers jumped were some trees, and toward these, with the help of the remaining rein, Mrs. Langdon succeeded in directing the horses, where they stopped. Mrs. Langdon then alighted and lifted out her child.

THE HABITS AND CONDITION OF THE BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICAN WOMEN.

BY MRS. GEO. H. BABCOCK.

Only about fifteen months, since we first were introduced to the African mission work in British Central Africa. As a people we knew nothing of especial interest to us in that great and uncivilized land.

Our China mission had been our sick child, held and kept in our arms until, as a denomination, we had become almost too greatly accustomed to its call for help, and, in a sense, dormant to its great needs. Some have even said, "Let it go or die." "It is no use to keep it." "It will turn against us when it is older."

God, in his great wisdom, saw and knew our indifference and awakened us from this lethargy by bringing to us a greater and heavier burden. We tried to oppose it. We even dared to tell our Creator that we could not accept it. Yet he would not listen to us, and we were, in a sense, forced to receive it from his hands, with the promise that if we would accept it and work with him, he would give us help and strength, according to our needs. What has been done by us as a denomination, you have already heard and know.

We had not overcome the first shock when

we were again aroused to a greater activity, because we were pressed, to meet at once, what we had planned to meet in four years.

Is this God's call to awaken our interests in his great work?

Our child in China has now sent a request, urging us to let it try to show its growth and strength by taking another home.

Is this not God's call, showing the mother that the first child must not be neglected for the needs of the second, and that the second must be carefully held and provided for in its infancy; that this work and help for both children must come with tender love for both, from the heart of the whole denomination, as the true mother holds in her heart the pure love for each child in her own household?

It is now our pleasure to study the habits and characteristics of the new care.

Let us try to learn something about the women in Central Africa, who are an important part of this new mission work. They are black. Yes, they are as decidedly black as any human skin can be, but their souls may be "washed whiter than snow." If any of them have a lighter colored skin, they are admired by their own, for we are told that the wives of some of the chiefs have been pointed out for special notice. This shows us that they may be trained to distinguish the beautiful. The women's voices are usually low and melodious. These voices can be trained to sing praises to God, and who knows how far he in his wisdom will scatter his truth by the influence of those voices cultivated in Christian love?

Their custom of living is in a nude state, and they will remain for weeks on the top of high mountains, where the temperature may be 40° in the day time and 29° at night, and yet wear nothing but the usual loin cloth in the day time, and consider themselves well shielded by a thin covering of calico at night, provided they can light a fire and go to sleep with their feet toward the blaze.

"In the Zambezi Valley and on the lower Shire, where the climate is hottest, they are apparently more sensitive to night chills. In this region they weave curious bags or cases of matting, which is called M-fumbai. They creep into this at night and look like so many bales done up in matting."

The women have great muscular development, owing to the hard work to which they are put from childhood. Little girls soon begin to help their mothers in preparing work and garden food.

For their houses a wooden frame is formed in a circle made of strong poles. Around these, split bamboos are bound crosswise and tied tightly, by wetted bark-rope, on either side of the pole they clasp. The bamboo ribs are close together, and the structure appears like the beginning of a huge hamper. In between the split bamboo, mud is squeezed. This mud is made by the women carefully puddling it with their feet, and the mudding is nearly always done by women. Joined to the house there is a yard, enclosed by a reed fence about six feet high and connected with the verandah. In this yard the women do most of their cooking.

They are early risers. At 4 o'clock in the morning, women can be seen hurrying to a fountain hoping to find water before the others come and get it all. This they carry in large earthen pots on their heads. The women gather fire-wood, pound the maize in a wood-

en mortar, grind it into flour; also she finds the green herbs which are used in place of meats. That, with the stiff maize porridge is the chief food. In the rainy season she has to work in the garden in addition to her household duties.

In trying to learn their social life, I find it so base in its vileness that, with your permission, I will read from the book, "Among the Wild Ngoni," instead of trying to write it:

Often have I heard Dr. Elmslie speak of the awful customs of the Tumbuka, but the actual sight of some of these gave a shock and horror that will not leave one. The atmosphere seems charged with vice. It is the only thing that runs through songs, and games, and dances. Here surely is the very seat of Satan.

It is the gloaming. You hear the ringing laughter of little children who are playing before their mothers. They are such little tots you want to smile with them, and you draw near; but you quickly turn aside, shivering with horror. These little girls are making a game of obscenity, and their mothers are laughing.

The moon has risen. The sound of boys and girls singing in chorus and the clapping of hands tell of village sport. You turn out to the village square to see the lads and girls at play. They are dancing; but every act is awful in its shamelessness, and an old grandmother, bent and withered, has entered the circle to incite the boys and girls to more loathsome dancing. You go back to your tent bowed with an awful shame, to hide yourself. But from that village, and that other, the same choruses are rising, and you know that under the clear moon God is seeing wickedness that cannot be named, and there is no blush in those who practice it.

Next morning the village is gathered together to see your carriers at worship, and to hear the news of the white stranger. You improve the occasion, and stand, ashamed to speak of what you saw. The same boys and girls are there, the same old grandmothers. But clear eyes look up, and there is no look of shame anywhere. It is hard to speak of such things, but you alone are ashamed that day; and when you are gone, the same horror is practiced under the same clear moon.

No; I cannot yet speak of the bitterness of heathenism, only of its horror. True, there were hags there who were only middle-aged women, and there were men bowed, scarred, dull-eyed, with furrowed faces. But when these speak or sing or dance, there seems to be no alloy in their merriment. The children are happy as only children can be. They laugh and sing, and show bright eyes and shining teeth all day long. But what of that? Made in God's image, to be his pure dwelling-place, they have become the devotees of passion.

From early childhood they are taught impurity; but notwithstanding this, we learn from all historic records that when taught the love of God and Christianity, this vileness leaves them, and they are as strongly moral and as pure as they have been in impurity and vice.

Polygamy is one of their greatest evils. The rich hold the power to purchase the greater number of wives. A certain number of cattle will purchase one wife. "Women are often bargained for by their parents before they have entered their teens." If her husband should drive her away by his cruelty, she could claim these cattle as her own. We are told that it is no uncommon thing to find grey-headed men, with half a score of wives already, choosing, bidding for and securing, without the women's consent, the young girls of the tribe. These are often cruelly treated by the older wives, and their lives are one continuous quarrel and jealousy, followed by the most cruel treatment that only the uncivilized could think to practice. The husband may have several villages where these wives live, as many as his riches may allow.

Their most powerful belief is witchcraft. If a person is sick the main question is, who has bewitched him? If his plans have failed to mature, what evil spirit has been working against him?

The witch-doctor lives upon the fear of the

people, and his power for evil over the people is unlimited. Wicked men and chiefs make use of him, and for punishment he can remove any person who is disliked or accused.

The poison ordeal which Mrs. Booth told us about is the final and often sequel to accusations. On these occasions the whole community turn out. The women are the mainstay of this horrible practice, and most often make use of it because of their jealousies of one another. I think Mrs. Booth said they were arranged in a semi-circle, the poison cup is passed to the one whom the people or witch-doctor suspects, and she is made to drink the poison. If she vomits the poison that proves her innocence, but if it takes effect in the quivering and collapse of the patient, wild jeering and cursing of the dying is the result. The body is then cast into the nearest ravine to be food for the hyenas at night, or mutilated in a horrible manner, and sometimes burned.

This poison ordeal is an outgrowth of their belief in the power of something greater than themselves to judge the case. Their witch-doctor they believe to be the agent between them and their ancestral spirits, whom they believe in and worship, and whom they think gives him power.

The knowledge of medicine is considered to be an heirloom. Each house has a family spirit to whom they sacrifice, but the itshanus, or witch-doctor, must be first consulted.

They believe in hades. Women are often found wandering about the country smeared with white clay and fantastically dressed, calling themselves "chiefs of hades." They are greatly feared for the natives believe that they can change themselves to lions and other wild beasts, who can devour anyone who may not treat them well.

Much more could be written from the helps which I have received, but time will not allow.

Reading these horrible things are so heart-rending to us; how much more dreadful to know that they exist. God has sent a messenger, who is holding the door open and bidding us enter and work. Turn not a deaf ear; but obey the call of the Master, for these are his own, made after his image, snatched by Satan and carried deep into the depths of sin.

If we allow this call to be unheard, or in our indifference neglect these calls to work in the vineyards of the Lord, we may well hide ourselves with fear and shame, if we can find a place to hide. It is not man's work, it is not simply the words of men; but surely a call from our Father in Heaven, from our Saviour, whose voice comes to us from the cross. "Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Brothers, sisters, will you heed this call and come and help us now?

WESTERN NEW YORK LETTER.

The Student Evangelists are hard at work. Quartet No. 1, composed of Henry Jordan, Alvah Davis, Clarence Clarke and Paul Titsworth are at Preston. There are very few Christians in the community, and the Sabbath-keepers especially are widely scattered. The harvest of souls has also to meet the competition of the harvest of hay; but the boys are taking hold of the work bravely. They are soon to go to Otselic, then to Scott. Eld. J. T. Davis and Wayland Wilcox will assist in the work. Quartet No. 2,

Walter Greene, Herbert Cottrell, John Wolff and Robert Jones are at Main Settlement. They write that if the people would only treat the Lord as well as they do the quartet boys, they would have a great work of grace among them. They have had some precious meetings, and already nine have expressed the desire to be Christians. Three are ready for baptism. Quartet No. 3, Rev. W. D. Burdick, George Ellis, William Davis and Rev. F. E. Peterson are at Scio. There are many difficulties to meet, but the attendance and interest are increasing. Quartet No. 2 expects to spend its second month at Shingle House with Rev. D. B. Coon. Quartet No. 3, it is expected, will exchange its first and last member during the second month for Prof. F. S. Place and Rev. L. C. Randolph. It is not yet decided where it will hold meetings. It is expected that all the quartets will be at the Conference in August.

The interest in the quartet work may be suggested by the fact that over two hundred dollars was pledged in one Sabbath morning service at Alfred. The pledges were made upon cards promising a certain sum a week for ten weeks. Anyone desiring to use these blank cards may secure them by applying to the First Alfred pastor. About one hundred dollars was pledged at the Association at Little Genesee on Sabbath morning after the collection had been taken for the Tract, Missionary and Education Societies. Expenses are heavy, however, and all contributions will be thankfully received and faithfully used.

Alfred has just passed through a very successful Commencement season. The impression is growing throughout Western New York, as well as in more remote sections that Alfred is pushing to the front. There have been numerous complimentary and congratulatory editorials and items in the newspapers. A large part of this impression of course comes from the recognition of the University by the state this year. The location of the State School of Clay Working and Ceramics marks an era in the history of the institution. The school is destined to be one of importance in the development of state industries. The forests are nearly gone, but inexhaustible supplies of building material lie in these Alleghany hills, and we have only begun to see the forms of usefulness and beauty into which they may be shaped. But, apart from the clay school, Alfred is pushing forward, and the outside world is beginning to realize that it is a strong institution. Its faculty are the peers of their contemporaries in other schools; its religious and moral influences, and its opportunities for personal contact with teachers, place it in the front rank for the education of men and women who want to make the most of life.

The Association this year was a strong one. It offered solid and appetizing food, both to the outer and inner man, and its memory abides. Little Genesee did herself proud in the entertainment of the visitors. What a beautiful valley it is! Dr. Lewis found cause for gratification in the fact that Sabbath Reform work was reported by the Committee on the State of Religion; but then it was Dr. Lewis' coming into the Association to hold an Institute which was largely responsible for the fact.

Pray for us, brethren. We long for a great awakening, working quietly and steadily,

throughout the Association this coming year. In the churches, the school-house meetings, the schools, the homes, the shops, we want a gracious outpouring of the spirit. God bless the young man who at the school-house last night asked prayers that he become a Christian.

L. C. R.

LEARNING THE WAYS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

To understand life rightly it needs to be comprehended that the Holy Spirit has taken Christ's place as the guide and instructor of man; that the way in which we are to walk, if we are to do our duty to God, is the way which he points out and along which he guides and sustains. How to interpret the signs of his presence and authority, and to appreciate his tender friendliness and ever present care, are problems for each of us to solve. The study of Christian history is an important help. To ponder the dealings of Providence with the different races and nations is enlightening. The record is one of human sorrow and suffering and sin, but also of self-sacrifice, heroism and splendid achievement, and no thoughtful mind can study it without becoming convinced that the hand of God, that is, the Holy Spirit, is visible throughout.

Little by little he has led men on and upward to ever better and better things, elevating aims, methods and the quality of service, never interfering with freedom of action, but always so shaping events that out of evil good has come, and the glory of God has been revealed in the movements of society. And if we turn from the larger to the smaller sphere of observation and study the individual, the same thing is true. If we look back on our personal history, those of us who are endeavoring to do God's will, rarely can fail to see the Divine hand in the course of events in which we have participated. Here we have been guided, there guarded. On one day we were helped in some distress by a power which we felt was more than human. On another there came, for the solving of some harrowing doubt, a flash of divine light into the soul. In many ways we have experienced this. We have learned to trust the actual presence and benevolent interference of the Holy Spirit with our lives. This may be true of all men.

We learn the ways of the Holy Spirit also by meditation—studying what it is natural to expect of him, how it must be like such a being to concern himself with humanity and to interpose for its benefit. We learn what kind of influences to look for, and to recognize them when experienced. Such meditation is not unnoticed or neglected on high. By means of it the Holy Spirit imparts to us enlightenment, trust and courage, without which we often should fail. A willing spirit is essential. He who tries to stand apart from the sphere of the Spirit's influence and to analyze its workings in the critical spirit of an unconcerned outsider is not in the right frame of mind to receive such a revelation.

But, if there be an humble, reverent and willing disposition, a desire to be entered and controlled by God through his Spirit, a purpose to learn of him at first hand and to obey his teaching—this disposition not only is recognized, but is enriched by Divine influences to the largest degree. To learn the ways of the Holy Spirit it is necessary to believe in his existence and power, to realize our need of him, and to open the heart to his entrance that he may take charge of our lives.—*Congregationalist*.

Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

LOOK UP, AND NOT DOWN.

BY MISS HATTIE MUDGE.

We are often apt to feel a discouragement creeping into our lives on account of their seeming littleness. We gradually fall to looking upon the dark side of things. We look upon things as failures showing God's displeasure, when if we could only have patience to wait and trust, we could see his plans working to some end which is desirable.

Paul did not lose faith or become discouraged when his active labors were checked by his imprisonment, but went on doing his work as best he could. He knew that God was still over him, still watching, still caring for him, and using him to his honor and glory.

We are not capable of knowing God's ways. The future is hidden from us. Blessed arrangement it is. Could we see the future—see our lives to be—we might see what we would consider failure, and faint at once. Again, we might see success, fame, etc., and at once become joyful, enthusiastic, and stride forward to meet the future in our own strength, forgetting the one purpose of our lives; only thinking of our own pleasure and emolument. Do we wish for this? No. I think we are all thankful that the future is all one hidden mystery.

"Our present steps might hardened be,
Did we the future know."

Each day must bring its joys and cares. To the Christian, there is no day so dreary, so grief-laden, but must have some brightening rays of sunlight shed from the countless promises of our Saviour to all who are willing to accept them:

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask him in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.—James 1: 5, 6.

All these and many, many others.

Can we feel insignificant when we think of the widow's mite, or fear to venture some deed when we read Eccl. 11: 1: Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days. Will we feel ourselves too ill to be recipients of God's love, care, mercy and help, when we read: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance?

These promises should cheer and encourage us. We must realize that those who strive to live a Christian life have the best guide ever written. In this blessed Guide we find direction for procedure, cautions lest we go amiss, rebukes, have we gone amiss, and yet this is not all; we are given examples to show us the experiences of others who have tried this Christian life, and also those who have not. It is not a misleading guide, for it pictures both the pleasant and the serious sides of life.

Let us who may have become discouraged take heart again, remembering that to him who is faithful a crown of life is given. "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not." We

often expect the labor which we bestow upon others to show to the full extent, and are then disappointed, and think we have done no good, forgetting that the favors, encouragements which others have bestowed upon us, do not make us show to the world our true condition of heart. The good we do does not show the amount of labor, but it is there just the same. The fruits of some of our seed-sowing we may not see until eternity. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." Paul says: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Then let us cultivate our faith. Ask our Heavenly Father for it. Ask him for patience with ourselves, as well as others. But let us be persevering as the little child learning to walk. We must expect the mistakes. We must lean upon the Saviour for support; and, as an earthly parent patiently assists the little one in learning to walk, watching each effort with interest, rejoicing over each tiny achievement, so the Heavenly Father, with even greater patience, leads the Christian, who must take little, uncertain steps, until he gains confidence and independence, until his spiritual muscles become stronger and able to hold the body in place. We must become as a little child, willing to accept the help of the kind Heavenly Father, willing to take the little steps first. If we can but do this, the joy of the peace with the Father will in itself shed a silent influence which will be for good.

Some may say, "There is no work that I can do;" but there is. God does not put us here and expect us to use talents which we have not got. Little tokens of friendship, love or sympathy, a kind word, a smile, a song sung in the spirit of Christ, a prayer from the earnest heart (in secret or in public), are all worth doing.

The Father will not suffer the earnest seeker for light to sit in darkness always. Then let us press forward, onward and upwards, for Christ and the church.

IN THE C. E. PRAYER-MEETING.

How often we hear complaints regarding the Christian Endeavor prayer-meeting: it is so hard to find leaders: there are so many active members who are not at all active in the prayer-meeting; and things move along in the same old rut, which is so tiresome! Glancing over the programs for C. E. Conventions and all gatherings of a religious character where the interests of our Society are discussed, we find so many papers and discussions on topics such as "How may Our Prayer-meetings be Made More Helpful?" or "Lack of Interest; How May it be Remedied." Everywhere, always, the same trouble. Let us sum up an ordinary prayer-meeting and discover, if possible, the occasion for this lack of zeal.

Did you ever think how accurately you may judge of a meeting by the way the leader takes his seat? If he has been busy among the rest, discussing the topic and distributing questions and references; if at length he quietly announces his readiness to "call to order," the others will almost unconsciously follow him to the end of the church, and fill up the front seats, and there will be a good meeting. But if, on the other hand, the leader enters the room timidly, walks down the aisle without speaking to anyone, and sits turning over the leaves of his Bible wait-

ing for someone else to begin the meeting, be assured there will be a gulf of several rows of seats fixed between the leader and the led, and things will drag. But possibly these are extreme cases, and we were to deal with an ordinary prayer-meeting.

The leader finds he cannot get ready responses when he asks for thoughts on the topic, and there are so few voluntary prayers and testimonies. No one seems to have read or thought of the lesson before entering the church. The members wish the leader would not talk so long, and that he had a better way of saying what he thinks. Can they not see that their attitudes of indifference are showing him just how they feel; do they not know that at every idle glance at the clock a portion of his zeal wanes? The chorister is worried because the songs which are to him the most beautiful way of praising God are dragged out in such a lifeless way. It is no wonder to us that the authors of our pledge inserted the clause "Aside from singing," in the promise to take some part in every meeting. In the testimony meeting everyone waits for someone else. This is just a habit, but it is one that is more detrimental to our prayer-meeting than almost anything else. It needs but a few minutes of indifferent waiting to kill the enthusiasm which may have been aroused by a few earnest words of the leader or someone in the pews. I say we must rid ourselves of this habit of dragging the meeting.

We draw an involuntary sigh of relief when such a meeting is closed, and go away wondering why we do not feel better. As we think of the remarks of the leader, they seem to have been good, only we were not paying very good attention. The songs were well chosen, but we didn't feel like singing. To tell the truth, we were thinking of the work to be done to-morrow and wondering how much a hat in front of us cost. Now what was lacking in that prayer-meeting?

Let us think of another meeting—a meeting that will be well attended, for Christ is to lead. We would think and plan for it days and weeks beforehand; the pastor would joyfully announce it, and urge every one to be in attendance. The songs would be sung with surprising zeal, for who would miss praising God in the presence of his Son? Our singing would be with the spirit of a young man who went a long way just to say "Hurrah" where some great statesman could hear him. The prayers and testimonies would be so earnest that no one could doubt the presence of the Divine Leader. Responses showing careful study of the topic would be given promptly and gladly. Would we wait for one another then? Had there been victories over self, how glad we would be to tell of them; were there griefs or disappointments, what a relief to take them to Jesus; were there yearnings for another's welfare, what comfort in the Saviour's "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We would speak rapidly, one after another, wasting no time. There would be a ring of triumph and a note of love and joy in the voices which are so often listless. What a blessed privilege to attend such a meeting! What a Spirit of righteousness must prevail! If we could only attend—but stay! Can you not remember prayer-meetings which you know Christ attended? You can all recall times when you

knew the Spirit of Christ to be with you. Perhaps it was after a revival of zeal and love in the church; perhaps it was the leader who was full of the Spirit, and imparted it to others. But you know Christ was there.

Is not the lacking element in the prayer-meeting a realization of the presence of Christ? I say realization because he is there whether we heed the fact or not. He has promised to be present when two or three are gathered together in his name, and as Christian Endeavorers we certainly are gathered together in his name; but do we not often forget and ignore that presence? Can we laugh or sing or speak irreverently when we remember that the All-Seeing Eye is on us—with us?

Some societies have what they term "leaderless meetings." I wish they might be called instead, "Christ's meetings," and be conducted in as Christ-like manner as possible. But this is theorizing, and that was not my purpose, so let me close with the plea that you pray and prepare yourself for the Divine Leader in your next C. E. prayer-meeting.

ORA CRANDALL.

JUNE 17, 1900.

LIFE-ENRICHING LEISURE.

In the *Independent* of May 3, 1900, Maurice Thompson describes "An Idle Day," which he and his wife spent on the sea-coast in Florida "not long ago." The description has that delightful realness which enables the reader to enjoy the day as he reads. The enriching influence of such days is brought out in the last part of the article so finely that we reproduce it, hoping thus to aid our readers in securing similar experiences for their weary nerves. Such days are possible in almost every locality. Having described the day's experiences, Mr. Thompson says:

Now the notable thing about our day's experience, as I look back at it in the distance, is the fact that we did not study what was before us. We saw everything; we enjoyed the whole shifting, wavering, scintillating scene; but to us there were no details. We strolled for miles leisurely along the smooth sand, between rocky shallows and rocky bluff, taking as a large free gift whatever nature offered. Now and then I let go an arrow at a far-off mark—a bit of jetsam from a wreck, or a shining shell—and we watched the feathered missile curve high and drift sidewise with the wind until it struck down wide of its rightful destination, and stood aslant, shivering in the strong breeze-current. During the whole day we saw not a human being; we were as absolutely alone as if we had been on the wildest uninhabited island. Far out, two ships, stately and slow, went hull down, their crowded sails dark against the gray sky.

Well, what of it? Nothing but dreamy and sweet "inchoation" until many days had passed, and we had let a thousand miles slip between us and that memorable beach. From the low peninsula we sped up the long incline to the land of the sky and stayed for a while perched on a mountain peak. One day—it was Sunday, and the lightest of all snow blankets lay on the slopes—we stood on an airy rock, breathing deep of the bracing air and gazing away southward. Then, suddenly, we faced each other; for we both, with the eyes of imagination, had seen again the warm sea, the creaming surf, the wheeling birds and the drifting sails. We began to talk the delicious day over, and out came every detail. We could recall and describe each incident, almost enumerate our footsteps. Absence and distance had perfected the inchoate impression. We could read our experience as if some cunning literator had written it down, item by item, or, rather, we could look it over, as if some master artist had sketched every detail on the spot and we now had the leaves before us—nay, the very scenes and incidents were themselves vividly present—the whole somehow etherealized and yet doubly authenticated.

After all, is not this the secret of that enrichment which comes to one's life from new views of nature? We take in a liberal draught of freshness; but at the time we care for nothing save the immediate comfort received; it is like drinking from a new spring or eating a rare fruit. Afterward it is digested and assimilated; it is realized in our deepest veins of thought and pours its essence into our imagination.

Children's Page.

MY PICTURES.

I wonder why it is that when
I pictures draw of boys and men,
And horses, too, for my mamma,
She doesn't quite know what they are.

Sometimes I draw a big brick house,
Sometimes a cat and little mouse;
And then mamma will say to me,
"Why, yes, this is the mouse, I see."
When, really, what she's looking at,
I'm sure she must know, is the cat!

And, if I draw a butterfly,
That goes far up into the sky,
She thinks—I can't imagine how—
Perhaps it is the old red cow!

But when I draw, as best I can,
A picture of a big tall man,
Then clap my hands and shout, "Hurrah!"
She always knows it is papa!

—Harriet Johnson McLellan.

FOR THE SAKE OF HONOR.

John Randall stood for a moment leaning over the pasture bars, looking in the direction of the hills that rose between him and the Delaware.

It was in the troublous times of the War of Independence, and John and his mother and sister Betty remained on the little New Jersey farm. The boys and girls who have studied history know that New Jersey was marched across more than any other state.

John had seen the flying patriots hurrying along the highway more than once; and, too, he had seen the triumphant red-coats marching by.

It had not been an easy matter to make the family living during this time; and John, as the head of the family in his father's absence, felt the full responsibility of this. They gave freely from their stores for the patriots, and frequently what remained was taken by the red-coats without even so much as a "Thank you!"

John had kept one precious treasure through it all—his horse Beauty. If ever any horse deserved the name of Beauty, it was John's. Her black coat was carefully cared for, as if she had belonged to a king. She loved her master, and followed him about as a petted dog would. You may wonder how she escaped being captured by the red-coats. Well, there was a little hollow down in the woodland, where John concealed her at the first alarm. The soldiers were always in a hurry, and took anything they saw; but so far they had never searched nor asked questions.

"Mother," said John one day, "if the soldiers ever ask if I have a horse, it would be all right to say no, would it not? I couldn't let Beauty go. She is used to being petted so; and the soldiers would be cruel to her, I'm afraid."

"My son," said Mrs. Randall, "I know that many good people call it right and lawful to tell a falsehood to those thieving soldiers. But, John, your father would scorn to tell a lie to save his life; and I think he would like to know that his son loved truth above all else. However, use your own judgment, my son. It would indeed be a sore trial to lose Beauty, and I pray the good God not to put you to the test."

John thought for a moment, and then said: "If they ask me, I will tell the truth, because of my father and because it is right. But, nevertheless, I shall hide Beauty, so that they shall not find her unless they search long and well."

On this morning, as he stood looking toward the hills, he caught sight of a gleam of red passing through one of the defiles. He ran to the house as fast as he could. "The red-coats, mother!" he shouted. Then he turned to the pasture bars adjoining the yard, and called: "Come, Beauty! Come, Beauty!" Beauty came out of a clump of bushes, and raced across the pasture. She came up to her master, with arched neck and dainty, prancing steps, expecting a frolic, no doubt.

"No time to play to-day, my Beauty," said John, scrambling on her back. "Now away with you to the hollow!"

Beauty had never known the touch of a whip, and she scampered away down the lane at John's command.

When the soldiers rode up, they went straight to the barn. There were no horses there. They had been taken away long before. One of the men came to the door where John was standing.

"Boy, is there a horse any place about?"

John's heart was as heavy as lead at this question. He heard Betty give a sob in the kitchen back of him, for Betty loved Beauty as John did.

"Yes, sir," said John, bravely, at last.

"Oh, there is, is there?" said the soldier, surveying him with an incredulous air. "Perhaps you will tell us where it is or even get it for us."

"No, sir, I will not," said John.

Mrs. Randall held her breath for fear at the boldness of the answer; but the soldier turned away, laughing as if it were a huge joke.

"Major," he said, turning to the commanding officer, "will you send a couple of men to search the place, and bring that mythical horse out to the light of day?"

"Nonsense, lieutenant!" came the gruff answer. "We have no time to waste. There are no horses here, for they would not have had time to conceal them since we came in sight."

How John thanked his stars that he had seen that little gleam of red through the defile of the hills.

"As for that boy's story," the commander went on, "nothing would please him better than to have us spend our time on a wild-goose chase until the Yankees come up. Do you suppose he would have told us if he really had a horse? Let us ride on."

Then he turned to the soldiers, and shouted, "Fall in!" And in a few minutes the men were out of sight.

John stood in the doorway, dazed with surprise; while Betty danced around him, fairly shrieking with joy.

"Oh, they didn't take Beauty! They didn't believe you, John, because you told the truth!"

Betty entreated John to go at once and bring her pet up; but John said no, for more soldiers might be following that first battalion. So Betty put on her bonnet, and took a piece of bread, and went to visit Beauty in her exile.

More soldiers did follow that day, and after a time the patriots rode by. Then the tumult ceased, and Beauty was brought back to her own pasture and her bed in the barn.

"Are you sorry for telling the truth?" said Mrs. Randall.

"No, indeed, mother!" cried John. "I suppose, even if Beauty had been taken, I

would be comforted, because I did right. But she wasn't taken, and it seems too good to be true."

It was not very long after that that the horseman rode through, crying, "Cornwallis is taken!" And so the soldiers ceased to march, and Beauty lived in safety and peace to the end of her days.—*Christian Standard*.

A SECRET.

BY MIRA CLARKE PARSONS.

Dear old Mother Apple-tree
Told a secret once to me,
As I lay beneath her shade,
While the May wind round me played,
Tossing down with fingers light,
Dainty petals, pink and white.

Then old Mother Apple-tree
Whispered softly down to me:
"These are nature's fairy notes;
Every one that downward floats
Does a written promise hold,
Which her Autumn pays in gold."

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

"Oh! Auntie, Auntie, come here," called Mabel, "here's the funniest party—the kittens are entertaining a toad."

"Not entertaining him very much, I think," said Aunt Phoebe, "he seems to be rather an unwelcome visitor."

Poor Mr. Toad seemed to understand that something was amiss, and, after looking steadily at the kitten near him, took a mighty leap and landed on the other side of the pan with his hind legs in the milk.

The two kittens on that side darted away very much frightened by the active manners of their new acquaintance, while Mr. Toad pulled himself up out of the milk and hopped away under a leaf to get dry, leaving the remaining kitten in possession, and Mabel and Aunt Phoebe laughing heartily.

The next day Mabel saw the toad again. She noticed that his skin had a rent in the back.

"Poor fellow," said she, "I believe that jump has hurt you."

But suddenly the toad began to pull one of his legs, which came out of his skin. This was repeated with every one, and then he slipped the skin over his head, rolled it up in a ball and ate it!

Mabel ran to Aunt Phoebe in astonishment to tell her what had happened.

"All toads shed their skins at the proper time," said her aunt. "You will find that a new, brown coat has grown beneath the old one."

"But how greedy to eat up the old one!" said Mabel.

Aunt Phoebe only replied, "What else could you expect of a toad?"—*Morning Light*.

A NATURAL GROWLER.

"How do you like this weather?"

"Not much; I'm afraid it's going to rain."

"Well, how's times with you?"

"So, so; but they won't last."

"Folks all well?"

"Yes; but the measles are in the neighborhood."

"Well, you ought to be thankful you're alive."

"I reckon so; but we've all got to die."

"Pa," said Willie, on returning from school, "is Latin a dead language?"

"Yes, my son," replied Mr. Busyman.

"What did it die of pa?"

"I don't know, my son," said Mr. Busyman, with a sigh. "I fancy it was talked to death."

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.

ADAMS CENTRE, N. Y.—The death angel has been a frequent visitor in our society the past month. We buried five members of our church in the month of June. We missed the tried and faithful ones.

Six have been added to our number this season, five by baptism and one by letter. Others have also signified a purpose publicly to profess Christ by baptism.

Our arrangements for the coming Anniversaries are now well in hand. We have secured two tents, an audience tent 60 by 90, and a dining tent 45 by 110 feet. A Syracuse firm furnishes these tents, including a man to have charge of them while here, prepaying all transportation expenses, for \$140. This we regard as very reasonable. We shall be prepared to accommodate a large attendance, and shall be greatly disappointed if we do not have it. After all things are made ready, let none say, "Have me excused." Come to Conference. A. B. PRENTICE.

SEA BREEZE, FLORIDA.—This village has been quite wrought up, for the past month, through the removal of the post-office from the center to a remote part of the place, where the Mental Science people hold forth with their publishing house, etc. They claim that as they have about two-thirds of the mail matter that they should be accommodated accordingly and the Post-office Department seemed to be of that opinion. It was a novel sight to see the office slowly moving up the street and the post-mistress receiving and handing out the mail, enroute. These Mental Science people practice "absent treatment," using no medicine (except when sick themselves). They are preparing to erect a school of research to study hypnotism, etc., and have been employing a large force in various ways. Lectures are given frequently, and many of the church-members are in attendance usually. So that it needed the removal of the post-office at this time to show them the danger that they were in and the harm that they were doing. The lines are clear cut now, some of the citizens going two miles to Daytona for their mail. Three Post-office Inspectors have been here in as many weeks, and it looks at the present time as though Uncle Samuel might prohibit the Mental Scientists from using the mails. "All things work together for good," etc. D. D. R.

MILTON, WIS.—We have had baptism on two consecutive Sabbaths, the 23d and 30th of June. This was the result, in part, of religious work in the college done by the students during the year; one of the candidates was the daughter of Mrs. Townsend, who is moving her family to Milton, and another, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ing-ham.

The Commencement exercises of the college were very largely attended by alumni and old students. A full report will doubtless be furnished the RECORDER by another hand. The announcement that Prof. C. E. Crandall, of the Chicago University, is to take a place, during the year, upon the faculty of the college, that his wife is to have charge of the

German department, and that A. E. Whitford, who has been taking a graduate course in the Chicago University during the past year, is to become assistant to his father next winter term, will give great satisfaction to the friends of the institution.

The Evangelistic Quartet are planning to start out on their summer's work as soon as the smoke of the "Glorious Fourth" shall have cleared away. L. A. PLATTS.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—It is some time since anything has appeared in the RECORDER from here, and I am constrained to send a communication that all may know how much the Lord has blessed us.

This has been a pleasant and encouraging summer thus far. The prospects for good crops could not well be better at this season of the year than is seen all about us.

The Sabbath before Association we went to the river, and three young girls put on Christ by baptism. It was an impressive scene, and joy welled up in many hearts. As a church we had for sometime been seeking to make spiritual preparation for the coming of the Association. We prayed for a blessing, and of course we received it. They who came from sister churches and sister Associations came possessed of the Divine Spirit. By word of exhortation, instruction and personal conversation, they did much to inspire hope and give encouragement to many. The excellent sermons and inspiring devotional services left with us the after-glow much to be desired. The Associational gatherings are truly seasons for good cheer and inspiring hope.

The visits of Bros. G. J. Crandall and J. H. Hurley, former pastors of this church, were very much enjoyed, and were occasions of renewing old friendships.

Last Sabbath (June 30) we again visited the river, and two strong young men followed the dear Lord in the blessed service of baptism. Thus far the Lord has led and blessed us, and we feel to praise his holy name, while we pray that the light of divine love may illumine many a soul now shrouded in darkness. E. A. WITTER.

JULY 1, 1900.

A LITERARY CONFESSION.

BY HALL CAINE.

At twenty I wrote an autobiography for another person, and was paid ten pounds for it. At five-and-twenty, I came up to London with the manuscript of a critical work which I had written while at Liverpool. Somebody had recommended that I should submit it to a certain great publishing house, and I took it in person.

After waiting three torturing weeks for the decision of the publishers, I made bold to call again. At the same little box at the door of the office I had once more to fill out the same document. The boy took it in, and I was left to sit on his table, to look at the desk which he had been whittling away, to wait, and to tremble.

After a time, I heard a footstep returning. I thought it might be the publisher or the editor of the house. It was the boy back again. He had a pile of loose sheets of white paper in his hands. "The editor's compliments, sir, and, thank you," said the boy, and my manuscript went sprawling on the table. I gathered it up, tucked it as deep as possible under the wings of my Inverness cape, and went downstairs, ashamed, hu-

miliated, crushed and broken-spirited—not quite that, either, for I remember that, as I got to the fresh air at the door, my gorge rose within me, and I exclaimed in anger that I would compel better attention from that house before long; and I did.

The sequel is worth telling, though my triumph brought me a friend instead of an enemy.

That editor became my personal friend. Of course, he remembered nothing of this incident, and I never poisoned one hour of our intercourse by telling him how, when I was younger and a word would have buoyed me up, he made me drink the waters of Marah. Three times since that day the publishing-house I speak of has come to me, asking that I should write a book.

If literary confessions are worth anything, this one may, perhaps, be a seed that will somewhere find grateful soil. Keep a good heart, even if you have to knock in vain at many doors and kick about the back stairs of the house of letters. There is room enough inside.

Let me conclude with a few words that may be timely. Of all the literary cant that I despise and hate, the one I hate and despise the most is that which would have the world believe that greatly-gifted men who have become distinguished in literature, and are earning thousands a year by it, and have no public existence and no apology apart from it, hold it in pity as a profession and in contempt as an art. For my part, I have found the profession of letters a serious pursuit, of which in no company and in no country have I need to be ashamed. It has demanded all my powers, fired all my enthusiasm, developed my sympathies, enlarged my friendships, touched, amused, soothed and comforted me. If it has been hard work, it has been a constant inspiration, and I would not change it for all the glory and more than all the emoluments of the best-paid and most illustrious profession in the world.—*Success.*

HOW CONGRESS SPRING WAS NAMED.

When John Taylor Gilman, a member of Congress, visited the log houses which chiefly constituted Saratoga in its early history, he was accompanied one day on a hunting ramble by a young son of the woodsman with whom he boarded. When they returned to the cabin the boy enthusiastically shouted, "Oh, ma, we've found a new spring!" "Who found it?" he was asked. Turning to the distinguished lawmaker the little fellow admiringly exclaimed: "Why, the Congress!" And to this day the name has clung to one of the most celebrated of the springs which made the place a sanitary resort long before it became the seat of summer fashion.—*July Ladies' Home Journal.*

WHY THE UNSEEN FUTURE.

None of us really finish anything in our short life. We only begin things, and then leave them for others to take up and carry on. It is better, therefore, that we should work as for the longest life, though our days be but few. Hence it is better we should not know the time we are to live. It keeps in our hearts all the while the element of expectation and hope, for we may live to reach fourscore. At the same time it holds upon us perpetually the pressure of urgency and haste, for any day may be our last.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

MARRIAGES.

GREEN—TUCKER.—At Boulder, Colorado, Feb. 26, 1900, by the Rev. S. R. Wheeler, Mr. Willet H. Green and Mrs. Angie B. Tucker, daughter of Dea. A. G. Coon.

GAMBLE—STILLMAN.—June 27, 1900, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chester B. Stillman, by the Rev. J. L. Gamble, Ph. D., Mr. William Lee Gamble and Miss Hannah Elvira Stillman, both of Alfred, N. Y.

KING—LONG.—At Salem, W. Va., on June 21, 1900, by Rev. Theo. L. Gardiner, Mr. Simon E. King and Miss Elizabeth Long, both of Salemville, Pa.

STARR—BURDICK.—In New London, Conn., June 22, 1900, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Burdick, by the Rev. A. J. Potter, Mr. Richard Starr and Miss Lucie Alena Burdick, both of New London.

DEATHS.

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

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

GREEN.—At Boulder, Colorado, May 23, 1900, after several months of lingering sickness and pain, with cancer of the stomach, Mr. Willet H. Green, aged 59 years, 10 months and 6 days.

Bro. Green was a good man. This testimony comes from relatives and from various other sources. He was born in Allegany county, N. Y., July 17, 1840. In the spring of 1856 he confessed Christ, and was baptized by Rev. Geo. C. Babcock, at Dakota, Wis. He continued confessing Christ by word and act through all the years. During the two or more years here in Boulder he was ever ready to encourage both the church and pastor. He was a soldier in the war which crushed out slavery and saved the Union. In this he acted his part conscientiously and faithfully. He was anxious for recovery. He longed for home-life and domestic happiness, which had not been his for many years. It was a struggle to give up this and leave in sorrow the wife so recently married. But he always expressed resignation to God's will. He calmly gave up the hope of recovery. Then came the increasing desire to go to the heavenly home. In the last days he seemed to have an occasional joyous glimpse of scenes beyond the vale. The text for the funeral sermon was his own selection: Rev. 14: 13: "Blessed are the dead," etc. His was a blessed death. He leaves a much-loved sister, a son and a daughter by his first marriage about thirty years ago, and this newly-made wife and widow who deeply mourns his departure. S. R. W.

SATTERLEE.—Albert G. Satterlee was born in Peoria county, Illinois, Feb. 6, 1858, and died at Nortonville, Kansas, June 8, 1900, after a brief illness.

He was married to Miss Belle Strange, at West Hall, Illinois, in 1882. They came to Nortonville in 1888. His wife, four children, his aged mother and one brother mourn the departure of the dear one. G. W. H.

BAILEY.—Sophronia A. Stillman was born in the town of Rodman, N. Y., March 9, 1827, and died in the town of Lorraine, N. Y., June 27, 1900.

She was the youngest of ten children born to Benjamin and Mary (Maxson) Stillman. In Jan. 17, 1846, she was married to Caleb Bailey, who survives her. Having no children of their own, four dependent little ones were taken to her home and heart and received a mother's care and nurture. Three of these remain to call her blessed. She possessed a bright mind, was energetic and capable in business, of a social nature such as wins and holds friends, and of a devout Christian spirit. She had been for many years a faithful and valued member of the Adams Seventh-day Baptist church. During her decline from consumption she was trustful, and departed as a Christian dies. A. B. P.

LEWIS.—Eliza Adelaide Greene was born in the town of Adams, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1846, and died near Adams Centre, N. Y., June 27, 1900.

She was a daughter of Paul and Hannah (Jones) Greene. Oct. 8, 1863, she was married to Sherman R. Greene, who was killed in the battle before Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865. She was again married, Dec. 25, 1869, to Francis H. Lewis, son of the late Abel G. Lewis. After the death of her last husband, who died in Colorado, where they were then living, her home has been at Adams Centre. A son and a daughter live in the West, but the younger son was with, and tenderly cared for, his mother in her long illness. From early youth she had been a conscientious Christian and a loyal member of the Adams church. A. B. P.

SAUNDERS.—In the town of Milton, Wis., near Rock River, June 11, 1900, Miss Miranda L. Saunders, aged 69 years and 11 months.

Miss Saunders was the third of six daughters born to Christopher and Lydia Coon Saunders, in Almond, N. Y., McHenry Valley. The family moved to Milton in 1844, settling upon the farm which has ever since been the family home. The father, one sister, and the mother have passed on before her to the better land. The subject of this notice was baptized by Eld. Varnum Hull in 1851 and united with the church at Milton. When the Rock River church was organized, she became a constituent member, and continued in that fellowship till death. For twenty-three years she was a successful teacher in the public schools of Rock and Dane counties, having taught one or more terms in every district in the town of Milton. She was a woman of strong character, conscientious and sincere in all she said and did. Four sisters and a large circle of other relatives and friends mourn her departure. L. A. P.

SEVERAL sums paid to Rev. O. U. Whitford, Corresponding Secretary, for the Missionary Society, will be acknowledged in the report for July.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treas.

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

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

THE Sabbath-keepers in 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, with some one of the resident Sabbath-keepers.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corner of Church and Genesee streets, at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school following preaching service. A general invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath. I. L. COTTRELL, Pastor. 201 Canisteo St.

THE Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist church holds regular Sabbath services in the Welsh Baptist chapel, Eldon St., London, E. C., a few steps from the Broad St. Station. Services at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Church Secretary, C. B. Barber, address as above. Sabbath-keepers and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

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.

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

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

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

SABBATH LITERATURE and lectures on the Sabbath question may be secured in England by addressing the British Sabbath Society, Major T. W. Richardson, 31 Clarence Road, Wood Green, London, N.

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Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Precious Gems in the United States.

The twenty-first annual report of the United States Geological Survey, published, 1899, by the Department of the Interior, shows that precious gems are found in many sections of the United States, but not in sufficient quantities to engage the capitalist, or command universal attention.

DIAMONDS.

The most precious gem is the diamond; a few of these have been found in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Ohio; in all, seventeen are reported. One of them in Wisconsin weighed twenty-one carats; another in Ohio, very pure and brilliant, weighed six carats.

From eight localities where diamonds have been found, six of them are within an area of 200 miles square. These diamonds evidently were transported during the glacial period, from Greenland or Labrador; terminal moraines are found within that section, and there may have been many diamonds scattered in this way, which still remain in the debris where the ice melted.

Geologists have calculated that this diamond belt is about 600 miles long, by 200 miles wide, and that there may be many valuable stones in farm-houses and other collections, that are not known to be diamonds, but only as curious looking pebbles; that where one has been noticed and picked up, hundreds may yet remain scattered in the dirt and gravel.

Who knows but what our New Jersey is a diamond field, as we have evidence of glaciers as far south as Trenton. We ourselves have handled many pebbles that were never raised on Jersey soil; we never suspected that they were diamonds.

One diamond found in Tennessee, when cut, weighed a carat and a quarter, and sold for \$150; it must have been very pure to have brought that price.

In auriferous gravel in California, diamonds are occasionally found, but the largest ever discovered was valued at only \$250; one found last summer sold for \$75.

CORUNDUM

Is the oxid of the metal aluminum as found native in a crystalline state; in hardness it is next to the diamond; in colors they are blue, red, yellow, brown, gray, and white. The blue is called the sapphire, the violet the amethyst, the red the ruby, and the yellow the topaz; these are transparent gems.

These gems have been found in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, North and South Carolina, and in Chester, Massachusetts. Sapphires have been found in Montana for a number of years, and some of them are very brilliant.

Emery is an impure granulated Corundum, and is used for grinding and polishing iron and steel; it is found in many places.

BERYLS.

Beryl is a silicate of aluminum and glucinum; it is a bluish, pinkish, yellow, or green mineral. The most precious is the green beryl, or emerald. It is highly prized as a gem when having a peculiar shade of green which is due to the presence of a small amount of chromium. The emeralds are found in Alexander County, North Carolina, and at Grafton, New Hampshire. Beryls are also found at Pala, Cal., and near Bay City, Oregon, and during the past year at Merryall, Conn.

AMETHYST

Is a violet-blue, or purple variety of quartz, the color being due to the presence of the peroxid of iron. They are reported as being found by the gold hunters in the Yukon district, and at near Dawson City. Recently amethysts have been found at Cripple Creep, Col., Divide, Montana, and at Adair, Indian Territory.

(Continued on page 447, second column.)

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.

THIRD QUARTER.

June 30.	Jesus Walking on the Sea.....	Matt. 14: 22-33
July 7.	Jesus the Bread of Life.....	John 6: 22-40
July 14.	The Gentile Woman's Faith.....	Mark 7: 24-30
July 21.	Peter's Confession and Christ's Rebuke.....	Matt. 16: 13-26
July 28.	The Transfiguration.....	Luke 9: 28-36
Aug. 4.	Jesus and the Children.....	Matt. 18: 1-14
Aug. 11.	The Forgiving Spirit.....	Matt. 18: 21-35
Aug. 18.	The Man Born Blind.....	John 9: 1-17
Aug. 25.	Jesus the Good Shepherd.....	John 10: 1-16
Sept. 1.	The Seventy Sent Forth.....	Luke 10: 1-11; 17-20
Sept. 8.	The Good Samaritan.....	Luke 10: 25-37
Sept. 15.	The Rich Fool.....	Luke 12: 13-23
Sept. 22.	The Duty of Watchfulness.....	Luke 12: 35-46
Sept. 29.	Review.....	

LESSON IV.—PETER'S CONFESSION AND CHRIST'S REBUKE.

For Sabbath-day, July 21, 1900.

LESSON TEXT.—Matt. 16: 13-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.—Matt. 16: 24.

INTRODUCTION.

After healing the daughter of the Syrophenician woman, our Lord, by a long detour to the northward, went around to the southeastern side of the Sea of Galilee. Here he was well received by the half-beathen people of Decapolis, and performed many miracles of healing. When the people lacked food, he fed four thousand of them as he had fed the five thousand before from a few loaves and fishes. Crossing to the western side of the lake, he was met not by an appreciative multitude, but by his implacable enemies, the Pharisees, who, strange to say, were supported in their antagonism to Jesus by the Sadducees, who were their opponents in matters of religious belief and practice. These religious leaders demanded a sign of Jesus. But no sign was given; for as Jesus said the signs of the time were already plainer than the ordinary weather indications.

Jesus crossed the lake again with his disciples, going to the northeastern shore near the spot where he had fed the five thousand. How strange must it have seemed to his disciples when he warned them against the teaching of the Pharisees, who were most devout and careful in their observance of the law, seemingly the nearest to God of all the people! At first they misunderstood him; but he made his meaning plain.

At Bethsaida Jesus healed a blind man as recorded by Mark alone. He went on with his disciples about twenty miles to the north, and here again outside of the Holy Land, in the region of Cæsarea Philippi, he finds opportunity for a very important consideration. Our present lesson gives us another glimpse at the character of the disciples, and shows us that they had taken note of what Jesus had said and done, and that they were beginning to learn the lessons that he meant that they should learn. This passage shows also, to be sure, an imperfection in their comprehension of him; but we cannot doubt that Jesus was very much encouraged by their words.

TIME.—Summer of the year 29.

PLACE.—Near Cæsarea Philippi.

PERSONS.—Jesus and his disciples—particularly Peter.

OUTLINE:

1. Peter's Great Confession. v. 13-16.
2. Jesus' Reply to Peter. v. 17-20.
3. Jesus' Prediction of His Suffering. v. 21, 22.
4. The Rebuke of Peter. v. 23-26.

NOTES.

13. *The coasts.* That is, the regions or parts which go to make up a province or country. *Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?* Jesus makes this inquiry in order to test his disciples. Some have misinterpreted this question by taking the phrase "Son of man" as equivalent to "Christ," and thus making the question suggest the answer. But by a comparison with the parallel passages and especially with verse 15 of this chapter, it hardly seems possible that this question means more than "Who do men say that

I am?" The expression "Son of man" is often used by Jesus in speaking of himself. It serves to emphasize the true humanity of Jesus; and sometimes is evidently intended as an allusion to the Messianic prophecy of Dan. 7: 20. The Revised Version with greater grammatical accuracy translates "who" instead of "whom"; and following better manuscript authority gives the question in the third person omitting the personal pronoun.

14. *Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets.* We need not infer from these answers that the Jews really believed in the transmigration of souls. They knew of course that Jesus was a contemporary of John the Baptist. In Malachi 3 and 4 there is a reference to the coming of Elijah before the day of the Lord. There was a tradition also that Jeremias was to come before the Messiah; but that tradition was not based upon Old Testament Scripture. Those who said that he is one of the prophets, probably meant no more than to express an indefinite opinion that he was a prophet.

15. *But whom say ye that I am?* The ye is emphatic. Jesus evidently expected a different answer from them:

16. *And Simon Peter answered.* Peter was very aptly called by Chrysostom "the mouth of the twelve." He speaks here as the readiest one of the disciples. *Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.* This confession of Peter is the center and foundation of all subsequent confession of Christian faith. It is certain that Peter did not at this time have as full a conception of Christ as he did after the resurrection; but he was just as certainly, very far in advance of the religious thought of the Pharisees, or even of the temporary followers of Jesus. "The living God" is a phrase found frequently in the Old Testament, contrasting Jehovah with the dumb idols of the heathen.

17. *Blessed art thou, etc.* These words are not to be taken merely as words of praise; but rather as an appropriate response to this great confession, expressing the real felicity of one who was characterized by such a faith. *Simon Bar-Jona.* Simon the son of Jonah. Although the two names John and Jonah are not synonymous, they seem sometimes to have been used interchangeably. Simon is also called "son of John." See Revised Version of John 1: 42 and 21: 15. *For flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, etc.* This great thought—this comprehension of Jesus Christ—had not come to Peter through intercourse with his fellow-men; but was a direct revelation from God. This is not to say that Peter had not been watching Jesus as he performed miracles, listening to him as he taught; this is not to say that Peter had not from the very first shared the opinion of Philip that Jesus was the one concerning whom Moses and the prophets had written; but Peter had been thinking, and, as taught by God, he had risen far above the Jewish conception of a Messiah as a political leader, or a prophet like the Old Testament prophets.

18. *And I say also unto thee,* As Simon has made a declaration in regard to Jesus, now Jesus makes a declaration in regard to Simon. *That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church.* The precise meaning of this passage has been greatly in dispute. Some have thought that Jesus speaking to Peter, said, "Upon thee will I build my church." Interpreted thus, this verse has served as a proof-text for the establishment of the Papal hierarchy. Others seeking to remove every vestige of ground for the Roman Catholic position have inferred that Jesus pointed to himself as he spoke the word rock, thus saying "Upon myself I will build my church." But the true interpretation rests upon the fact that the words *πέτρος*, Peter, and *πέτρα*, rock, are similar but not identical. The foundation of the church is upon a rock-like confession of Peter; it is indeed upon Peter himself so far as he is true to the character expressed by his name, and the confession which he made. The word "church" here occurs for the first time in the New Testament. It means the company of the called-out believers in Jesus Christ. *And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.* It is better to read "Hades" instead of "hell," as the reference is to the abode of the departed spirits rather than to the place of Satan. The power of the kingdom of death, mighty as it is, shall not be able to overcome the church of Christ.

19. *And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. That is, the power of admitting to this kingdom or excluding from it. Peter is now likened to a steward to whom has been given the control over the house. This same power of the keys was afterwards given to all of the apostles. John 20: 22, 23. It was no arbitrary gift of power; but a gift of discernment which they were to exercise through the guidance of the Holy Spirit when they were really at one in thought and action with their Master, Jesus Christ. Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven. Their acts, when they were thus in accord with the mind of God, would be ratified in heaven. An example of Peter's loosing is shown in his preaching on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand converts were received and baptized; an instance of his binding is seen in the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, who perished through the power of the Holy Spirit at the word of Peter.*

20. *Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man, etc. The time was not yet ready for the declaration of his true Messiahship. The people could not understand it.*

21. *From that time forth began Jesus to show unto his disciples, etc. From the time that the fuller revelation of his personality began to be fully established in their minds—as they began to realize his absolute divinity—from that very time he began to teach them plainly of his humiliation and suffering. He had already spoken of his crucifixion (John 3: 14), but not so distinctly as now. It is to be noted that upon two occasions after this, Jesus spoke to his disciples of his sufferings and death, and at each of these times he spoke also of his resurrection. It is possible also that he spoke of these matters at other times of which there is no record. The third day. In the parallel passage in Mark we read "after three days," an equivalent expression.*

22. *Then Peter took him and began to rebuke him. Peter took our Lord aside. He had opportunity however only to begin his remonstrance; for Jesus promptly stopped him. Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee. He doubtless meant to express the inappropriateness of such a tragic fate for Christ who possessed such power and divinity.*

23. *Get thee behind me, Satan. It is evident that here was another temptation for Jesus to avoid the thorny way of the cross. He hears Satan speaking through the mouth of Simon. Thou art an offence unto me. Much more clearly as in the Revised Version, "a stumbling-block unto me." For thou savourest not the things that be of God. Thou art thinking of the desires of men, to have a Messiah as a prince of this earth, rather than of the plans of God by which redemption is to be accomplished.*

24. *If any man will come after me, etc. Jesus, by still further instruction, shows to his disciples the difference between his kingdom and the kingdoms of this world. In order to accept his leadership, a man must not, like Peter, seek to instruct his Master; but rather say, No! to his natural self, accept the difficulty that confronts him—even to death on the cross—and imitate the example of Christ.*

25. *For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, etc. The earthly life must be sacrificed for the eternal life. He who thinks that this present existence is of the greatest importance and bends all his energies toward the betterment of this life, loses that which is highest and noblest, and loses eternal happiness. The word here translated "life" is elsewhere rendered "soul," and might be well rendered "self" in this connection. That which we save or lose is not so much something connected with us, as our very selves.*

26. *For what is a man profited, etc. This verse is a proof of the foregoing. A man's soul—his very self—is of much more value than all that this world can offer.*

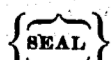
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