

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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The Eternal Cross.

BY GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, D. D.

CROSS Eternal, sign prophetic
Of the grace of God to win
Human life to life immortal;
Break o'er earth the spell of sin.

Cross in Nature, pain in travail,
Wreckage strown on endless strands;
Seers divine its mystic meaning,
Lo! the age-long symbol stands.

Cross inlaid on ancient altars,
Veiled in lambs and victims meek;
Priest and prophet tell its story,
Pledge secure to all who seek.

Cross of Christ, Love's power and passion,
Stooping low to lift our load;
Crown our common tasks with sainthood,
Lead the way to God's abode.

Cross, of human life the glory,
Laid wherever sin meets love,
Bearing it, up-borne upon it,
Rise we to Christ's joy above.

—The Congregationalist.

The Sabbath Recorder.

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

Entered as Second-Class mail matter at the Plainfield, (N. J.) Post-Office, March 12, 1895.

WE were talking of the study of English literature. The conversation awakened pleasant memories of boyhood. The bits of literature which we had learned by heart and which were oft repeated during the first ten years of life, now appear as great teachers of truth. A little poem—we could not have been eight years old when it was learned—yet remains in memory as a theological lesson concerning death, especially the death of children. It began thus:

It must be sweet in childhood to give the spirit back to
its Maker,
Before the feet have grown familiar with paths of sin—
Or sown to garner up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy whose feet had trod the blossoms of some
seven summers;
And when the eighth came round and called him out to
revel in its light,
He sought his chamber to lie down and die.

The rest of the poem told of his last requests made to his mother as death came on; out of it all there remains a calm, sweet, restful faith in the salvation of children. As a boy, we had no thought as to what the "piece" did mean, beyond a certain sadness that "one whose feet had trod the blossoms of some seven summers" should be called away from this pleasant world. Now, when half a century has gone since we learned the words they are a rich revelation of the Divine love for all of God's children.

PARENTS and teachers can little realize the worth of single stanzas, or stories, or descriptions which appear in the best of our literature, in molding the character of young children. That which they may repeat almost as a parrot does will enter into thoughts, purposes and destinies with great force. Herein lies the value of Scripture texts and Scripture stories. In childhood we take in far more than we can then assimilate, along all lines of truth. It is doubly unfortunate and sad if the child mind, always eager to be taking in, is not furnished with the best which our literature can provide, not so much for the moment as for the future life. If the boy be the father of the man, much more are the materials which the boy's mind and heart feed upon in the earlier years the creators of destiny as to purpose and character. Tired mother, waiting to hear the childish prayer, at times it seems to you that it is useless and that the utterances of your babe are unmeaning; but it is not so. All after years will be brighter and better because of the lisping words of worship, because the baby eyes were directed heavenward by the earthly mother. As the result of these same petitions uttered in days of early childhood, the child, when older grown, is often led to believe again in the watchcare and blessing of the Father's love, and drawn again to the One who cares for and keeps those whom he loves.

THE power of indifference under many circumstances is greater than any other force. The evils which rise and riot find their lease of life in the indifference of good men. The spiritual temptations which, undermining character, destroy manhood and corrupt society, find full sway because those who ought to be opposing them are indifferent. The indifferent man is an enemy of good. Negative goodness

has some merit, possibly, but it has no power to stem the tides of evil. Perhaps it is better to be negatively good than to be positively bad—but we doubt it. The crying need of these days in all lines of moral and religious reform is less indifference on the part of those who are not openly evil, and especially those who are professedly good. It would not be fair to lay all evil results to the charge of indifferent men; but it is fair and honest to attribute a large share of the world's troubles to the power of indifference. That this power is negative makes it all the worse. Evil is intensely active and cares most to be let alone. So long as indifference will leave evil free to make its plans, evil holds the field and gains constant success. God's estimate of indifference is seen in his message to the Laodiceans (Rev. 3:15-18) and the summary of that church estimate is in these words: "I would thou wert either cold or hot."

YOUNG man, when you want the place another man occupies, or a better one, you must do your work better than he does. This world is willing to pay for excellence; but it cares little and will pay no great price for mediocrity, or that which is below mediocrity. Above everything else, human success lies in doing good work. You say it costs too much. It may seem so to you; but that is not a true statement of the case. Excellence does cost—time, patience, labor, self-denial; there is no end to the cost of excellence. But, on the other hand, there is no end to what excellence may attain. Finished work remains to bless and beautify the earth; unfinished work crumbles into the dust and is forgotten. The Pyramids stand to greet the coming centuries, one after the other, because of the excellence of the work done in their building. Walls of sun-burnt brick crumble in a decade; ten thousand decades fall upon the Pyramids and leave no trace. The same thing is true in every department of human experience. If you desire to find higher place, greater strength, be willing to pay the price of preparation. It is useless to hope for your desire to be granted otherwise; neither brilliant genius nor earnest wishes can attain to great excellence, without the price which excellence demands. The same law holds good in spiritual experiences. Lives that have not known struggle; souls that have never grappled with temptation; hearts that have not dropped some blood upon the pathway of life, never attain to spiritual heights, to great excellence, to strong faith and to that hope which hopes against hope and compels victory out of defeat. The Master was made perfect through suffering, which is but another way of saying that his life paid all the price which divine greatness demanded of the one who was made flesh and dwelt among men that he might teach men the only true road to infinite riches and endless greatness.

It is sometimes said that "Saxon speech was born in the cloisters of England." All that is best in a language comes to birth in proportion as the thoughts of the people are high and noble. The English of the common version of the Bible is surpassing strong and beautiful, because it deals with great truths and great experiences. There is a psychological side to the study of language which we little appreciate. Religious thought throughout the history of the world has given birth to the richest and most beautiful forms of

expression. Poetry which deals with material things, landscapes, sunsets, ocean-storms and similar themes, is weak and ephemeral compared with any form of religious poetry. The Psalms of the Old Testament are gems of expression because they deal with high spiritual experiences; Milton's "Paradise Lost," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Dante's "Inferno," and all literature belonging to this class will live on when writings which deal only with earthly emotions and earth-born themes, will be buried in oblivion. For the sake of literary style alone, it is worth while to entertain only pure and lofty thoughts, and to study how these may be clothed in fitting language. That indescribable something we call "style" in literature indicates not only the degree of perfection with which the writer clothes his thought, but the character of his thought as well. Judged by the higher standards of truth and spiritual experiences, he who has learned to think upon great themes will have little trouble and need have no fear as to the style in which his thoughts will find expression.

WHEN the Anti-Canteen bill was passed, the brewers were greatly distressed because there would be no funds to supply the soldiers with comforts such as they had been supplied with by the profits from the sale of liquor in the canteens. "The syndicate that makes most of the beer solemnly assured the readers of all American papers that unless the boys in blue were permitted to blow in their pay at the canteen, there would be no more cinnamon and sugar for their cakes." They claimed that if the canteen were continued, out of every silver dollar the soldier spent for liquor there would be a profit of five cents, with which to supply him with chocolate bon bons and the like. Nevertheless, the Anti-Canteen bill was passed, and now the government has done wisely and well by appropriating \$700,000 for the purchase of all extras and delicatessen that a soldier needs. Thus, it comes about that a soldier will not be compelled to make himself drunk every night in order to have sugar in his coffee the next morning.

THE practical obligation and the Christian duty to help each other has found wide expression in Germany in the matter of insurance. Even though many influences connected with the movement may not be purely Christian, the result is commendable. For example, it is said as to common laborers in Germany that nine million of these are insured against accident; seventeen million against sickness and thirteen million against old age. The benefits of this protection can scarcely be overestimated. Between 1855 and 1900 it is said that forty million people were assisted through this form of insurance, at a gross expense of six hundred and three million dollars. It is also said that four million working-men are relieved each year at an aggregate expense of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars per day. Outside of the cost of administration, there has been contributed, by this magnificent system of insurance, two hundred and ninety-six million dollars by the working-men themselves, over two hundred and seventy-four by the underwriters, and over thirty-seven million dollars by the imperial government. The report for November, 1900, shows that these working-men have received three hundred and twelve millions of dollars more than they have paid

out in premiums. The system may have its imperfections; but surely it has its benefits, especially in relieving suffering and want on the part of women and children, which, otherwise, would be too heavy for life to bear.

REV. GEORGE SEELEY, late pastor at Berlin, N. Y., is now established in his work as manager of a branch in the American Sabbath Tract Society at Petitcodiac, N. Brunswick, Canada. In his last communication he speaks of the isolation which he and his wife now feel, so far removed from those of their own religious faith, and asks that they be remembered in the prayers of their brethren, that strength and wisdom may be granted for the new work now in hand. The winter has been severe, all lines of communication being blocked much by heavy snows. Brother Seeley is a man of strong faith, and the work undertaken by him—he also represents the Missionary Society in evangelistic work—we have no doubt will be pushed with earnestness, wisdom and faith. He has already reached large numbers of people with our literature, through the mail and otherwise, and the good seed is being sown far and wide.

WE regret to learn that Rev. F. F. Johnson, of Stone Fort, Ill., while on a recent visit to the state of Tennessee, had his right arm broken below the elbow by the kick of a vicious mule. The bone was badly shattered, and there is fear that the arm may never be of much use again. We learn from the same letter that during this visit to his childhood home in Tennessee, Mr. Johnson preached to large congregations on several occasions, and that in two different places he was called to preach upon the Sabbath question. He also distributed a large amount of Sabbath and evangelistic literature; thus much good seed was sown. Our readers will join in the expression of warm sympathy for Bro. Johnson, and trust that the broken arm may be restored more fully than he now fears.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS AND SUNDAY OPENING AT BUFFALO.

The RECORDER urges our young people to note with care the following facts when considering the question of joining in the petition and protest for the closing of the Pan-American Exposition on Sundays:

1. In refusing to join in this you do not interfere with the consciences of those who will visit the Exposition. All who are conscientious in the matter will stay away whether the Exposition is opened or closed.
2. If the managers are conscientious in the matter they will close the Exposition without your petition.
3. What you are asked to do is to petition the Managers to close the doors against those who are not conscientious as to Sunday, including Seventh-day Baptists, Seventh-day Adventists, and Sabbath-keeping Jews. You can have no conscientious scruples against visiting the Exposition on Sunday, hence you are asked to petition and protest against an act as though it were wrong when you do not believe it to be wrong. To do that is very close to the line where hypocrisy begins.
4. It is already announced that the failure of Congress to grant financial aid to the Managers has settled the question in favor of Sunday opening, showing that what the Buffalo papers said on the morning after the

proposition for aid was introduced at Washington is true, that the issue with the Managers is Cash, not Conscience.

5. If you ought to join in this petition, out of regard for those who are conscientious concerning Sunday, you ought also to join in petitions against all similar labor and recreation by railroads, and all other forms of business. There is no more reason why the Exposition should be closed on Sunday than there is why railroad stations, parks, libraries and museums be closed on that day. The warmest friends of Sunday, some of whom charge you with being un-Christian because you keep the Sabbath—as Mr. Hathaway, Secretary of the Society which asks you to join in this petition, has done—could ask no more, for in doing so you would yield, in theory, all that the friends of Sunday ask. Such a course is as illogical as it is disloyal to the Sabbath, whose claims and sacredness Sunday denies and seeks to put out of sight.

6. It is assumed by those who ask you thus to petition that it will be for the moral and religious good of the masses to close the Exposition on Sunday. But the Exposition is not to be a place of immorality or irreligion. It will have nothing in common with saloons and dance-houses. On the contrary, it is to be a place of instruction, rational enjoyment, and high-toned entertainment. Wherein then is it any more immoral or irreligious to open it on Sunday than on Wednesday? Manifestly for no reason except for sake of Sunday!! But according to the Bible, the fourth commandment and the example of Christ, there is no immorality in doing on Sunday what it is right and proper to do on any day. Upon the assumption that it is wrong to open on Sunday you are asked to join in a petition to have done that which the Bible, the example of Christ, and your faith as a Seventh-day Baptist denies!!

7. You cannot do this without weakening your own regard for the Sabbath and setting a snare for the feet of your own brethren, who are weak in faith. Not a few Seventh-day Baptist young people are pressed already close to the line of surrendering the Sabbath. If you join in this petition you say to them, Sunday is worthy of so much regard that devout Seventh-day Baptists join in petitioning that it be kept free from the demands of business and instructive entertainment, in the interest of religion and morality. He who is weak in faith as a Seventh-day Baptist will then be justified in saying: "It must be right for me to discard the Sabbath, and to go with the crowd to honor Sunday since my brethren join in upholding Sunday." If you are to have regard for anyone's conscience, it ought to be your own and that of your weaker Seventh-day Baptist brother. Charity and conscience both begin at home; take an example: A Seventh-day Baptist has but one week to attend the Exposition. Through the petitioning of his brethren it is closed on Sunday, but it will be open on the Sabbath. The closing of the doors on Sunday are a direct bribe and invitation to him to secure his full time by attending on the Sabbath, and especially as there is no Seventh-day Baptist church in Buffalo where he might attend service on the Sabbath. It seems to the RECORDER that a petition from a Seventh-day Baptist to close the Exposition on Sunday is an invitation to every wavering Sabbath-keeper to violate the Sabbath, on the plea that it is better to visit

the Exposition than to sit in a boarding-house, or "loaf" about the city.

7. For the irreligious and non-conscientious the Exposition will be preferable in every way to the saloons and pleasure resorts outside.

8. The question which our young people are called to meet in 1901 is not a new one. For half a century, Seventh-day Baptists, in one way and another, have been invited and urged to join in upholding Sunday, because the "Majority of good people believe in it." This plea was prominent at the time of the World's Fair in Chicago. The writer has met the question several times before committees of the National Congress, when the friends of Sunday failing to secure acquiescence on our part have denounced us as joining hands against Sunday, for evil. This plea, sent to our young people by the American Sabbath Union, whose Secretary denounces our obedience to the law of God as bigoted and un-Christian, is another of the many ways in which we are asked to become disloyal to the Sabbath, because other people want our aid in sustaining the failing fortunes of Sunday.

9. The position of the RECORDER is this: Leave the Managers of the Exposition to settle the question, influenced or uninfluenced by the friends of Sunday. But for Seventh-day Baptists to remain silent concerning the opening of the Exposition on the Sabbath, contrary to the law of God, and join in petitioning for closing it on Sunday, out of regard for the wishes of some men, and in view of the popular opinion concerning Sunday, is both unwise and wrong.

PERSISTENT PURPOSE.

We hear a great deal of talk about genius, talent, luck, chance, cleverness and fine manners playing a large part in one's success. Leaving out luck and chance, we grant that all these elements are important factors in the battle of life. Yet the possession of any or all of them, unaccompanied by a definite aim, a determined purpose, will not insure success. Whatever else may have been lacking in the giants of the race, the men who have been conspicuously successful, we shall find that they all had one characteristic in common—doggedness and persistence of purpose.

It does not matter how clever a youth may be, whether he leads his class at college or outshines all the other boys in his community, he will never succeed if he lacks this essential of determined persistence. Many men who might have made brilliant musicians, artists, teachers, lawyers, able physicians or surgeons, in spite of predictions to the contrary, have fallen short of success because they were deficient in this quality.

Persistency of purpose is a power. It creates confidence in others. Everybody believes in the determined man. When he undertakes anything his battle is half won, because not only he himself, but everyone who knows him, believes that he will accomplish whatever he sets out to do. People know that it is useless to oppose a man who uses his stumbling-blocks as stepping-stones; who is not afraid of defeat; who never, in spite of calumny or criticism, shrinks from his task; who never shirks responsibility; who always keeps his compass pointed to the north star of his purpose, no matter what storms may rage about him. What good would it do to

oppose such a man as Grant? One might as well attempt to snub the sun. There were many more brilliant men in the Northern army, but no other was so dogged, so persistent in purpose as Grant. He could see but one thing—the triumphant end. It did not matter how long it might take to reach that end. It must be fought out on that line “if it took all summer.”

Napoleon was much more brilliant than Wellington, but was not a match for him in dogged persistence. The iron duke could stick to a losing campaign with as much determination as to a winning one. He didn't know how to beat a retreat.

The persistent man never stops to consider whether he is succeeding or not. The only question with him is how to push ahead, to get a little further along, a little nearer his goal. Whether it lead over mountains, rivers or morasses, he must reach it. Every other consideration is sacrificed to this one dominant purpose.

The success of a dull or average youth and the failure of a brilliant one is a constant surprise in American history. But if the different cases are closely analyzed, we shall find that the explanation lies in the staying power of the seemingly dull boy, the ability to stand firm as a rock under all circumstances, to allow nothing to divert him from his purpose, while the brilliant but erratic boy, lacking the rudder of a firm purpose, neutralizes his power and wastes his energy by dissipating them in several directions.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Much is being said at the opening of the century concerning the necessity and privilege of greater unity of action among Christians. For many years the RECORDER has urged that those denominations of Christians whose polity and creed are essentially the same have no ground for the divisions which appear. That there should be so many families of Baptists is entirely indefensible, except in the case of the Seventh-day Baptists, who stand for a fundamental principle and not for a form or ceremony, as some incorrectly claim. That there should be so many kinds of Methodists is the result of personal opinions, rather than any fundamental difference in polity or creed: this is equally indefensible. Among the Presbyterians, where the divisions have reached a point of almost infinitesimal smallness, and where certain great truths and questions of polity are identical withal, the case seems most sad. It is certainly to be hoped, for the good of the cause of truth, and the advancement of righteousness, that the earlier years of the new century may see greater co-operation, if not organic unity, among these different branches of Christians. Of course, many of these divisions have come because of some disturbing question of doctrine not touching practical life. In matters intellectual and philosophical, opinions differ widely in minor matters, while heart experiences in matters of vital importance are closely allied. The best illustration of this is found in connection with church music.

Many people sing with great devoutness and unction hymns written by those with whom they could have little agreement in point of doctrine. For example, the world sings “Jesus, Lover of My Soul,” with great comfort; that was written by a Methodist.

“Blest Be the Tie that Binds” was written by a Baptist preacher, who, having resigned a given pastorate, and having packed his goods to leave the church in which he had been, was surrounded by his weeping congregation, whose tears and prayers broke his determination to leave them. Out of that experience he wrote that blessed hymn. “Hail to the Lord's Anointed” was written by a Moravian, representing a people most devout in mission work; but with strong doctrinal lines. More peculiar still is the fact that the devout Trinitarian rejoices in the sweet thoughts expressed in “Nearer My God to Thee,” forgetting that the hymn was written by a Unitarian. “Rock of Ages” was written by an Episcopalian; and “Lead Kindly Light” by one who was struggling in such soul experiences as carried him from the Episcopalian church into the Roman Catholic. Hence the hymn, “Lead kindly light amid the encircling gloom,” loved by Protestants everywhere is a product of Roman Catholicism.

If the church of Christ is to be brought into closer unity, the hymns from devout lips and consecrated hearts will play no unimportant part in securing that unity.

WHO HAS “THE PEARL”?

About the year 1854, Rev. H. H. Baker, now the editor of our Popular Science Column, issued a Scripture Commentary entitled “The Pearl.” It deals with the leading questions of Christian faith, which are treated in a very practical way. The writer, then a boy, secured a copy, and for some time it was his one commentary, even after he began preaching. The book was in sixteen small volumes, put up in a neat case. A few were bound in a single volume, with good leather binding. The Sub-committee of the Tract Society which has in charge the securing of files of all our publications, is anxious to secure a few copies of The Pearl, as a part of Seventh-day Baptist literature; therefore, this notice, in which we request those persons having copies of The Pearl, either in the sixteen volume set, or in the single volume, who are willing to part with them for the sake of our libraries, to communicate with Corliss F. Randolph at 185 North 9th Street, Newark, N. J.

ODE TO THE ROBIN'S JOURNEY NORTH.

The robin comes to welcome spring,
Her journey North has made,
To find her home, to sweetly sing,
And warble in the shade.

Who gave the gentle, lovely bird
Her chart, to find the way?
Or who, like her, has ever heard,
Almighty Wisdom say:

Go forth, my lovely trusting one,
I lead to regions fair
All who my confidence have won,
And seek my help in prayer.

No storm shall hinder on the way,
Or cruel fowler's scare;
Nor shall they on the journey stray,
The children of my care.

Secure from every earthly ill,
I lead to regions bright
All who obey my Holy Will
And battle for the right.

Then like the lovely trusting bird,
In confidence and love,
Give me the Spirit of Thy Word,
And home in heaven above.

DR. E. R. MAXSON,

818 Madison St., Syracuse, N. Y.

MARCH 20, 1901.

THE negative part of a conversation is often as important as is the positive.—*Theodore Winthrop.*

PERSONAL INQUIRY COLUMN.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

Why do the Seventh-day Baptists of to-day fight and laugh at any one using the terms “inbred sin,” “latent sin,” or “indwelling sin,” and at “sanctification;” when their forefathers recognized each, and wrote hymns deploring the first experience and imploring God for the second experience? For instance, the great Dr. Stennet finds that he has “latent sin” in his heart, and under poetic inspiration cries out in verse:

INDWELLING SIN LAMENTED.

How long, dear Saviour, shall I find
These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

Break, sov'reign grace, O, break the charm
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

Again, why are we denying what our forefathers wrote about, and believed in, and experienced and sought, and laughing and ridiculing these great worthies in the face for the terms they used? Have we advanced upon the faith of the early Waldensians, whose faith and spirit filled testimonies brought persecution from “the powers that be,” or are we drifting from the faith?

THEOPHILUS A. GILL.

Our correspondent quotes at length from Dr. Stennet and from Francis Bampfield to show that they believed in “inbred sin” and in “sanctification.” We have not space for more of these extracts, since they do not pertain directly to the question of our correspondent.

ANSWER.

So far as the RECORDER knows or believes, the intimation that Seventh-day Baptists have done or are doing that which the question of our correspondent implies, is wholly without foundation. Every generation, in a greater or less degree, restates its religious faith; and forms of expression change with such restatement. It is not, therefore, peculiar to Seventh-day Baptists, but an essential feature of all history that the terms used to express essentially the same ideas are modified by the passing of time. It is also certain that views concerning the same fundamental truths are modified more or less by the larger knowledge and increasing experience of each succeeding generation. Upon the question under consideration, nothing more than this has taken place in the history of Seventh-day Baptists. The RECORDER does not hesitate to express the opinion that neither officially nor unofficially have the Seventh-day Baptists ever laughed at or ridiculed either the faith of their forefathers, or of any of their brethren, or of others now living, in connection with the themes suggested. To charge them with this is most evident injustice. The charges implied by our esteemed correspondent must be due to some unfortunate private expression made by some one unknown to the RECORDER, or else they are due to his own over-excited feelings upon the subject. Seventh-day Baptists believe in the sinfulness of the human heart, in the need of forgiveness and regeneration through Jesus Christ, and in sanctification through the Holy Spirit. If they do not make the same technical definitions which our correspondent does, or use the forms of expression which their ancestors of three centuries ago did, they still have not departed from the fundamental faith of the gospel nor from a belief in all those spiritual experiences which the word of God sets forth. We trust that the knowledge of our correspondent concerning the history of Seventh-day Baptists, and his charges against them, will be such as the highest sanctification of life requires.

VOICES FROM THE OLDEN TIME.

The following letters have more than a passing interest as curiosities. They show how the two churches, then existing in New Jersey, sought and gave aid and counsel touching matters of difference and troubles which were incident to the experiences of those years. The superscription on the first is dim, but can be made out thus:

Mr. Nathan Ayers Minister
In Cumberland Co
Near Shiloh.

The Brethren and Sisters of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Christ in Piscataway unto Our Beloved Brethren and Sisters of the Same Order in the Gosple, who hold with Our Brother Nathan Ayers at Cohansy Send Greeting; Wishing all Grace mercy & peace may abound towards you thro the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ we Received Your Letter dated the thirty-first of March 1793, we acknowledge a neglect in that so longe a time has Elapsed since we Received the same and no answer but you are not Ignorant Brethren that we have Our Own Troubles. Dear Brethren when we wrote you the Letter by Brother Joshua Ayers Referred to in your Letter you will Remember it was at Request and understanding (from him and Elder Jerman at that time present) some of the Causes of difrence subsisting between the two parties we presumed to give our advice in the matter as we thought most likely to Reconcile you but acknowledge that we could have but a very Imperfect understanding of the causes of difrence amongst you and perhaps it would have been prudent in us not to have attempted the thing nor should we have thought of it if we had not been desired nor did we suppose it in the least Binding on Either party but merely advice and that little time for consideration as you observe, as to that part of it Respecting determining matters in the Church by a Unanimous Voice and not by a majority we acknowledge has not in all cases been a practice amongst us but we conceive that Unanimity is what we all ought to strive for as much as possible. Breathing we wish your Pears for us at the throne of Grace that we may be directed in all wisdom and Grace and preserved from Ever Error Either in principle or practice and that we may Injoy much of the Influence of his Holy Spirit to direct and guide us in our Christian cours for we have grate cause to lament the coldness and Barronness of Our Hearts in this time of great declenion in Religion and true Holiness. And so we conclude hoping that these lines may find you all in Real Helth both in Body and Sole and Spirit and the God of all grace mercy and peace dwele in you Richly by his grace & Spirit and make you perfect to Every good word and work to do his will.

Sgued by and in behalf of
the Church in Monthly meeting
February 7th, 1796.

Nathan Rogers Eldr.
Jacob Martin } Deacons.
Abraham Dunham }
Johnathan F. Randolph.
Joel Dunn.
Barzillar Randolph.
Nehemiah Fitz Randolph.
David Dunn.

This letter is addressed:

Reverend

Mr. Nathan Ayers Pastor
of the Sabatarian Church
at Cohansy

Cumberland County

Per favor

Mr. Caleb Ayers.

Piscataway October 24th 1788.

Dear Brethren we having received information that your Church purposes to endeavour to settle the differences which has so long subsisted among you and that there appears to be a disposition in both parties to come to an accomodation this news is very agreeable to us and we really and sincerely wish you success in so good a work and if we might be permitted to give advise we would recommend it to you to meet each other in the Love and fear of God and to intreat his aid and assistance that each one may be possessed of and influenced by a spirit of love meekness and regard for each other that you would bear with one another and be disposed to be of a forgiving spirit and cheerfully and unreservedly confess any fault which you may have been guilty of and sincerely ask forgiveness of God & each other and to remember that if we forgive not one another their Tresspasses neither will our heavenly

Father forgive us, but as we are apt to be partial to ourselves perhaps our requirements or acknowledgements may not be thought to be just or sufficient herein we would recommend it to you to be particularly tender of each other and to make every allowance in your power that is the party who may suppose themselves agrieved to accept of the least sincere acknowledgment and the party who may be supposed to have offended if in the least convinced thereof cheerfully to ask forgiveness and become reconciled to each other.

For Dear Brethren where there is strife and contention in a Church it tends to the dishonor of God and religion and if such breaches are not speedily healed it will cause rents and divisions for if we bite and devour one another we may take heed lest we be destroyed one of another. We should be extremely Sorry to hear that you should fail in your attempt of a reconciliation as perhaps it might tend to make the breach wider this is the common effect and should a Division take place among you both parties we conceived would have cause to repent it and it would tend greatly to the discredit of our Denomination we are almost the last of all the Churches and some of our sentiments and practices however Just and true are unpopular, and we conceive too much disregard by other Christians therefore we are under the highest obligation to be exemplary in our lives and thereby manifest to the world that we are the people we profess to be and we are to remember that when the Appostle Peter came to our Lord and asked how oft shall my Brother sin against me me and I forgive him till seven times Jesu saith unto him say not unto thee Untill seven times but untill seventy times seven. And it was the advice of the Appostle Paul to the Brethren that if a man be overtaken in a fault ye which are Spiritual to restore such an one in the Spirit of meekness Considering thyself lest thou also be tempted and to bear one anothers burdens and so to fulfill the Law of Christ and we are to manifest to the world that we are the disciples of our Lord by the love we have one to another.

Dear Brethren the peace and unity of your Church we have much at heart and we most ardently pray that God of his infinite mercy would bless and succeed your endeavours to establish it on the best foundation. Finally Brethren farewell be perfect be of good Comfort be of one mind live in peace and the God of love and peace shall be with you.

We subscribe ourselves Your affectionate Brethren
in the bonds of the Gospel
To the Church at Cohansy.

Nathan Rogers Eldr.
Thomas Fitz Randolph.
Jacob Martin.
A. Z. Dunham.
Samuel Dunham.
Johnathan Fitz Randolph.
David Dunham.
Nehemiah Fitz Randolph.
James Dunn.
Abraham Dunham.
David Dunn.
Nahum Dunn.
David Dunham Junior.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A serious riot is reported at St. Petersburg, Russia, on March 23. Five hundred workmen and eight hundred cossacks and policemen had an encounter. It is reported that a plot has been discovered against the life of the Czar, and that the Imperial Palace has been undermined. The political situation was so serious that Emperor Nicholas held a cabinet meeting on Sunday, the 24th. General unrest prevails.

A disastrous fire occurred at Glen Gardner, N. J., on Monday, March 25. The town is located in a narrow valley along one side of which runs the Central Railroad of New Jersey. A train of tank-cars loaded with coal oil was wrecked just opposite the town, and the oil taking fire flooded the streets, burning buildings and doing many thousand dollars worth of damage.

On the 25th of March a destructive tornado passed over the city of Birmingham, Alabama, causing great loss of property and of life. It traversed the whole county of Jefferson, of which Birmingham is the chief city, laying waste a wide extent of country. At least thirteen persons were killed in the city

of Birmingham, and several other persons were killed outside of the city. Thirty or forty persons were more or less injured. The storm came from the southwest and was not unlike those which lately devastated the state of Texas. At least two hundred houses were destroyed. Floods in Michigan, Wisconsin and Central New York and other places have been reported during the week.

It was reported on March 27 that the Chinese court had instructed its representative, Li Hung Chang, to inform the ministers of the various nations that China had refused to sign the Manchurian convention. What the real status of the case is, as between China and Russia, and between Russia and the other nations, is not clearly known. Meanwhile, the position of the United States has been clearly defined by the publication of the note sent by our government, in which all secret treaties with China are opposed, and the integrity of Chinese territory is strongly defended. It is not probable that China will be able to withstand the demands of Russia, and that the ultimate result will be the practical or actual annexation of Manchuria to Russia.

Contradictory reports continue concerning the situation in China, although it is certain that the agreement with Russia has not yet been signed. It is also reported that England has made a protest against the signing of the convention, following the lead of the United States in this matter. It is well understood that Japan not only protests, but is preparing to make definite opposition if China agrees to the demands of Russia. The present relations between England and Germany make it probable that Germany will follow the lead of England, and that thus four of the great powers will stand opposed to the concession on the part of China of that which Russia demands. If China does submit, it will be the first step toward national suicide. Such submission would practically cede Manchuria, Mongolia and Turkenstan to Russia. The next step would be the seizure of Fu-Kien by Japan; of Shan-Tung by Germany; of the Yangtse Valley and Thibet by Great Britain, and of Yun-Nan and the adjoining territory by France. At this writing, the case is more complicated than ever, and a possible war cloud is rising in the East involving several nations.

On March 28 it was reported that Gen. Funston had captured Aguinaldo, leader of the revolt in the Philippines. He was taken on the 23d of March in his hiding place in the Province of Isabela, Island of Luzon. The gunboat Vicksburg, commanded by E. B. Barry, having Gen. Funston and Aguinaldo on board, reached Manila March 28.

Gov. Odell, of New York, has taken a noble stand in vetoing a bill which Boss Platt has ordered through the Legislature. All lovers of good government will be glad to know that the Governor has thus asserted his official and manly right to be free from the dictation of a party boss.

A novel situation has been brought to mind by the opinion of Judge Blair, of Hoboken, N. J., who set aside the conviction of two prisoners by Recorder Stanton, of Hoboken, because they were condemned on Sunday. This decision is based upon the claim "that the old blue law prohibits a magistrate from holding court on Sunday, except for those who disturb church services, or those husbands who neglect their homes."

Missions.

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

IN the RECORDER of March 11 we published a paragraph on the Missionary Page in regard to churches among us without pastors and ministers among us unemployed. There were some pertinent questions asked pertaining thereto that we would like to see answered. In this paragraph we wish to urge the small churches, by combination when two or three churches are adjacent; or alone if there can be no joint effort, to settle pastors. The Evangelistic Committee of the Missionary Board has striven to strengthen the small churches by evangelistic work among them. But no church, small or large, can be strong, and make healthy growth, by evangelism alone. What our small churches need in order to maintain themselves, hold the fort, not go to decay and death, is a good settled pastor. They can never make a vigorous healthy growth by evangelistic spasms. The evangelist comes, and after his work is done he goes. Then of all times they should have right along regular steady Sabbath services and pastoral labor. These churches should have enough interest in their own spiritual life and growth, in having for themselves religious services and privileges; interest enough in the salvation and Christian culture of the young people among them; enough life, energy and push, to put forth strenuous efforts to have pastors. These churches must not be too fastidious in the choice and settlement of pastors. They may wish to have the strongest and ablest ministers among us, but they cannot have them. The large self-supporting churches will command them and have them. But shall the small churches do without pastors because they cannot have the strongest and best? Because they cannot have the minister they want, will they say we will have none at all? If a farmer needs a horse and wants a \$200 one, but is not able to have him, will he go without a horse when he can afford and get a \$100 one that will do him good service? Nay, verily. Why do not our small pastorless churches act on the same principle? There are enough unemployed ministers among us, good men, to supply our pastorless churches. Why then are there so many pastorless churches, and so many unemployed ministers?

FROM G. VETHUYSEN, SR.

Dear Brother:

"Good news from a far country," no doubt, is always welcome. So, with great pleasure and with thanks to God, I feel bound to tell you that Sabbath last four persons were added to our church. They live at Breskens, Zealand. I started off Sixth-day last week, early in the morning, to arrive there before the Sabbath-day broke on. After the candidates gave reason of their hope in Christ and their desire for baptism, they were immersed in the sea at ten o'clock at night, because of the tide. The following day they were received into the church with the laying on of hands and we sat down with them around the table of the Lord. Dear brother, that Sabbath being passed, we could not but testify, "Our cup did overflow of blessings, heavenly blessings!"

So the number of our church members at Breskens is now fourteen. I may say they are clever people, outspoken Christians, Seventh-day Baptists who are an honor to

Christ and his cause, although very poor in worldly goods. There is one youth of ten years of age among them; the rest are of fixed lifetime. Some of them were first gained for temperance and came afterwards to Christ, acknowledging the perpetuity of God's commands; and therefore sacrificing their livelihood on the altar of obedience. But their Heavenly Father fulfilled his promises, and in one accord they praise his goodness for giving them and their families what they want, even in this long and unprofitable wintertime. There are among them those who are fishermen, and who have lost by their Sabbath-keeping their position and livelihood. But they take hold of every kind of labor that is honest, and so, by the blessing of God, they became not ashamed. My prayer to God is that he will open the way that those Sabbath-keeping fishermen may acquire a boat, on the same conditions as every other one acquires it. As a rule the money is laid out; 10 per cent is yearly redeemed; usual rent is paid, and so poor fishermen are helped to gain their livelihood. Think of it, if it please God to answer this prayer and give the first fisherboat in Holland, that resembles those of the fishermen on the Lake of Galilee, manned by a crew, that, as disciples of Jesus of Nazareth, keep the Sabbath of the Lord, I am not without some expectation that the Lord of the Sabbath will change this prayer to thanksgiving, although my first effort in this direction did not succeed.

The church at Haarlem is in a good condition. We enjoy richly the ordinances of God's house, and live together in peace. During this season we have regularly four meetings on the Sabbath-day; first, study of the prophecies (Apocalypse); then prayer-meeting; third, sermon; finally, Sabbath-school; once a month the Lord's Supper. Although our circle is a small one, time and study required of me, as leader, to supply the intellectual and spiritual wants of the little flock, is, methinks, in no sense less than when my services concerned larger congregations. I dare not handle some biblical subjects without having it before me wholly transparent, and this gives particular cares with a view on the Apocalypse. Two times a year (at least) I call on each of the non-resident members, who are scattered through our country. This season I preached several times for First-day Baptists at Groningen, Workum and Makkum. At different places I presided over public temperance meetings, principally in Friesland. Every other Wednesday I gave lectures on Prophecy in Amsterdam in the Norwegian Seaman's church, which meeting-house we hired to that end. I came, not long ago, in some conflict with our bourge-master (mayor), because the Society for Sunday consecration made this winter-time unusual efforts in this town to promote its aim, and in the first place because it sent out, not less than eight men, every Sunday, with large and different tables or plates, showing the public what Sunday-keepers usually preach in behalf of their doctrine and practice. I felt moved and bound to send out a man, showing the Fourth Commandment, printed in big letters on a plate. But one of the brethren made the observation that a better way would be to place it on a certain pen or screen erected around a plot on which a house was to be built, that spot lying on one of the most lively points of our town. So we went to the

building master and hired six thousand squares of his plane from Dec. 20 till Jan. 2. A painter brought our message to the public on two tablets and we fixed them on the scaffold. Hundreds by hundreds—it was near the railway station—read the short sentences and often received a tract or *Boodschapper*. But on the sixth day I was invited to call on our mayor, who asked me to take away the tablets. I consented immediately, if I had done something unlawful by my publication. This the mayor could not say, so I went home. But immediately after this visit the bourge-master ordered the building-master to take away the tablets within an hour; if not, the scaffold would be put down by policemen within two hours. Of course the architect obeyed. But in the next session of our city council this affair caused a lively agitation, and the papers brought this news, to our great joy, through the country. The members of our city council who belong to the so-called Christian (anti-revolutionary) party were among our opponents. I got last week good tidings from Argentine. Again two disciples of Christ living there found by means of our Dutch monthly, *De Boedschapper*, the Bible doctrine of the Sabbath and baptism, and keep now the Sabbath, looking out for an opportunity to be baptized.

My daily correspondence is quite lively. On my journeys it happens often that people learn something new, new for them, concerning Biblical Christendom, and ask for more information. Then I send them lectures and now and then a few or more lines in order to keep up their attention. The Gospel-car was resting during the winter. First-day of this week Bro. Schouten took up again this work. Except some financial help of the church, he himself is responsible for that labor. He gets from me a number of copies of *De Boedschapper*. During the winter time the usual 2,000 copies were sent out by me; except some 225 copies, regularly used by Bro. Bakker at Rotterdam and a friend at Amsterdam. I should say I stand in great need of a helper. But I try to use all my time and my strength in my Master's service, and he certainly will give me what is good in his eyes.

I wrote much more than I expected. Excuse me if I took too much time. God bless every testimony by word and action for his truth and name!

HAARLEM, March 7, 1901.

THE OLD SELF AND THE NEW SELF.

Everybody finds it hard to tell what he means by himself. He thinks he knows until he tries to tell somebody. Then the best he can do is to use some words like soul and body, I and me, flesh and spirit. But ask again what he means by "I," and he will stop, puzzled. If any person ever should lose his identity it is doubtful if he could ever find it, for he would not know what to look for! I can easily tell the color of my eyes, the color of my hair, the shape of my face, and my height, but how can I describe my real self—my "I"? A number of strange, abnormal persons have been found who were two selves in one, two distinct natures, two wills, two names. We call this strange disease "double personality." But while it is a sad disease in its extreme form, yet most of us have some signs of it in milder form. The happy self is very different from the sad self, the victorious self from the defeated self, the self in the triumph of resisted temptation from the self in

the pangs of remorse. We sometimes say in all soberness, "I hardly know myself." Paul has much to say of this divided personality. It was the very thing which marked off his old life—the life he had come out of from his new self. There are two selves, two "I's," fighting within him for the mastery. Each has an empire and law of its own. That which "I" would not, "I" do. The first "I" is different from the second "I." Self number one sees the right, loves the good, chooses to live under the divine law. Self number two wants an immediate gratification, is a rash and stubborn self, and wants to live under the law of appetite and the pleasures of the flesh. How are these two divergent halves to be brought into one empire and under the sway of one law? This is Paul's problem. His answer to it is in the creation of a new self. He does not go to work to cut off the bad self, and to nourish and cultivate the good self. But he has found a way to become a new self altogether, so that he can say, it is no longer "I" that live!

If the poor little acorn, which gave up its independent life that a mighty oak might rise above the spot of its grave, could speak, it would say, "It is not I. I was only a point for the forces of life to work through, and I gave up my life to this great power of life which piled fibre on fibre, and wrought this new creation—this oak." So for Paul is the mystery of the new creation. The old self is the point through which the spirit of life in Christ Jesus works to make a new personality, which is no longer under the law of sin and death, and the old self goes as the new comes. The secret for him of the power of Christ unto such a salvation as this is in his appeal of love. Paul has no other explanation to offer for the death of the old self and the life of the new. "He loved me and gave himself for me." "We are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

Many of us have seen during the last few weeks a new star blaze out until it outshone every other star in the sky. It was, however, not a "new star"; it was only an old star with too little power of light to reach us, which had suddenly plunged into a swarm of star dust which fed it with the original stuff of creation into a new power of light. Our lives are poor and thin and shrunken; they are torn with the strife of a divided self, until they are brought into new creation by the original power of life.

"If thou couldst see the man God meant,
Thou nevermore couldst be the man thou art, content."

—The American Friend.

THE EAGLE AT NIAGARA.

A gentleman standing by Niagara saw an eagle swoop down upon a frozen lamb incased in a floating piece of ice. The eagle stood upon it as it was "drifting" on toward the rapids. Every now and again the eagle would proudly lift his head into the air to look around him, as much as to say: "I am 'drifting' on toward danger, but I know what I am doing; I will fly away and make good my escape before it is too late."

When he neared the falls he stooped and spread his powerful wings and leaped for his flight; but, alas! alas! while he was feasting on that dead carcass his feet had frozen to its fleece. He leaped and shrieked and beat upon the ice with his wings until the ice-frozen lamb and eagle went over the falls and down into the chasm and darkness below.

This is a graphic picture of the tippler, the sensualist, the embezzler, of any and every man who has begun to do evil, intending to stop before he goes too far.—Selected.

Woman's Work.

MRS. HENRY M. MAXSON, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.

"WHATEVER IS, IS BEST."

I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime punished,
Though the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer—
But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say as I look back earthward,
Whatever is, is best.

—Author Unknown.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of Milton Junction feel a deep sense of loss in the death of our sister, Mrs. James Pierce. She was a loyal and devoted member, always interested in every department of our work, and with liberal hand, giving cheerfully of her means to aid in every good work.

When circumstances premitted she was present at our meetings to help and encourage, but when not able to be present she would often ask for some work that she could do at her home. Her quiet, unassuming manner, her unselfish and faithful Christian life has been and ever will be an inspiration to us all.

Her memory is blessed. To her husband and family in their sorrow and loneliness, and to her sister who so tenderly ministered to her in her illness, and who is the last of her family, we extend our loving sympathy, commending them to our Father, who is the source of all comfort and who can sooth the aching heart as none other can.

We recommend that a copy of this tribute be presented to the family, be published in the Woman's Page of the RECORDER, and be recorded in the minutes of our Society.

MRS. G. J. CRANDALL,
MRS. W. B. WEST,
MRS. HANNAH BURDICK, } Com.

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis., March 15, 1901.

LINCOLN HELPED HER.

The death at the Rhode Island State Institution for the Insane of Nancy Scott, aged seventy years, which occurred during the last week of May, brings to memory a story of Abraham Lincoln which has never been published.

Way back in slavery days Nancy Scott and her husband were slaves on a Virginia plantation owned by one of the prominent and wealthy F. F. V.'s of the commonwealth. Nancy was the trusted housekeeper of the family. While young she was married to a young slave on the same plantation. Her marriage occurred about the beginning of the Civil War, and after the first few months of fighting her husband disclosed to her his intention of running away and working his way North, seeking a means of livelihood; he bade her remain where she was until he could communicate with her, and said that when he became established where he was sure of supporting her he would send for her to go to him.

Months went on until one day a dusky little one came to Nancy's arms. When the baby was a year old, Nancy decided to try and escape and travel North, hoping to hear some news of her baby's father. She left her cabin one night at nearly dawn, carrying her little one in her arms, and passed slowly across the country which was the fighting arena of more battles than any other territory in the South. She was trying to make her way to the Potomac River, and there, at some obscure landing, take a boat for Washington. Such a place she reached one hot day. When the boat arrived she went aboard, keeping as much out of the way of the passengers as she could. There was a group of men seated on the quarterdeck. Among them one whose lean, gaunt figure and dark, seamy face somewhat attracted her notice.

When the boat neared Washington she left her place below among the freight and timidly went up to the gangway. The steamer had arrived at her dock, and the passengers were leaving, but the group in which the dark, rugged man was seated had not yet dispersed.

Nancy Scott went forward toward the gang-plank, but before she had reached it the purser stepped forward, and said harshly:

"Here, you woman, where are you going? Where's your ticket?"

Paralyzed with fear, she hesitated.

"You're a runaway nigger, and you can't go ashore; you go below, and we'll see about you later."

But the dark, seamy-faced man, with the tired eyes, came up then and said quietly,

"What is the matter?"

The tears streamed down Nancy Scott's face as she said she only wanted to go ashore; that she was searching for her husband, her little one's father.

"Tell me your story," said the dark man.

In simple words she told him of her separation from her husband, the birth of her child, her weeks of weary waiting; and the eyes of the dark man grew soft with pity.

Turning to the purser, he said: "Let this woman go ashore." Then taking her by the arm he walked by her side until the street was reached. Giving her some money, he told her to find some decent colored family and make inquiries for her missing husband.

"Tell me your name, sir?" begged Nancy Scott.

"My name, my good woman, is plain Abraham Lincoln," said the man, and turning away he lifted his hat "just like I was a grand lady," and left her.

Nancy Scott, with the help of the pastor of a church for colored people, found her husband; he had vainly tried to communicate with her many times; he had not dared to go in search of her. He was employed in a hotel, and able to care for his little family comfortably.

Later he died, and Nancy found employment with the family of a Treasury clerk, with whose family she came North—*The Christian Work*.

IF MEN WERE WOMEN.

"If I were a woman," said a man worth quoting to a Southern correspondent, "I would think nothing better worth my while than first to have a good and liberal education. I do not mean by that I would be satisfied with nothing less than a college training, though that is good in its way, and I

would know history and geography and literature, with enough arithmetic to attend to my own accounts and business affairs, should occasion require. If I were a woman, I should consider myself very incompetent to take up the lines of household management without a good working knowledge of cooking and cleaning and sewing. If I were a woman, I would learn to do every bit of work that is generally conceded to lie within woman's domain."

"If I were a woman," says another man, both writers giving their views to the *Detriot Free Press*, "I would inform myself upon the topics of the times and current events. I would know something about the latest books, the latest plays, a little about music and a little about art, even if I could not know much about any of these things. Then when my husband or my children or my friends were ready for a half-hour's chat I could be counted on to be companionable. I would never discuss the servant question, and I would never tell about the little hitches in the domestic machinery."

This man's ideal woman stands out very clearly. She is the companionable woman.

CLIPPINGS FROM "GOOD CHEER."

Count that day really worse than lost,
You might have made divine,
Through which you scattered much of frost
And never a speck of shine.

Education costs less than ignorance.
Cheerfulness is sunshine on the inside.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

Oh brothers! are you asking how
The hills of happiness to find?
Then know they lie beyond this vow—
"God helping me, I will be kind?"

In lightening the burdens of others we are likely to make our own less heavy.

Whisky is trouble in a liquid form.
A cheerful face is an illustrated sermon.

Hands filled with wholesome toil have not
The time to fashion evil deeds;
It is the idle garden-plot
Wherein springs up a crop of weeds.

FROM 1851.

[The Sub-Committee on Files of our Publications have found that the Minutes of the North-Western Association were never printed, because some portion of the copy was lost. They are printed here, hoping that the material thus preserved may be made available in the work of the Committee.]

Minutes of the Fifth Anniversary of the Seventh-day Baptist North-Western Association.

Convened at Christiana, Fourth-day of this week, Oct. 1st, 1851, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The introductory discourse was preached by Eld. Samuel Davidson, of Farmington, Ill., from Ezra 43: 12; after which the Association was organized by choice of S. Davidson, Moderator; A. W. Coon, William Clark, Clerks. The Association adjourned to 1 o'clock P. M.

Prayer by V. Hull.

AFTERNOON.

Met pursuant to adjournment.

Prayer by J. M. Todd.

Letters from the churches were then read, from which were derived the following statistics:

Milton, added 78; rejected 0; deceased 3; dismissed 5; total 180. Constituted 1840.

Albion, added 0; rejected 1; dismissed 4; total 86.

Walworth, added 10; rejected 0; dismissed 0; total 34.

Farmington, added 10; rejected 0; dismissed 1; deceased 3; total 41.

Christiana, added 11; rejected 1; dismissed 0; deceased 0; total 52. Constituted 1850.

Berlin, added 5; rejected 2; dismissed 0; deceased 0; total 38. Constituted 1850.

Total, churches 6; added 122; rejected 4; dismissed 10; deceased 6; total 431.

LIST OF DELEGATES.

Milton.—S. Coon, D. Babcock, V. Hull, Wm. H. Redfield, A. W. Coon, J. Bond.

Albion.—J. H. Potter, Wm. Bentley, D. J. Green.

Walworth.—A. Maxson, H. M. Coon, Wm. Clark, Lucian Covey.

Farmington.—S. Davidson, D. Saunders.

Christiana.—Z. Campbell, A. P. Stillman, T. E. Maxson, C. A. Burdick, Z. Gilbert, W. H. H. Coon, E. M. Crandall, R. T. Green, B. S. Miller, H. F. Gear.

Berlin.—D. E. Lewis, F. B. Brown, J. M. Todd.

The committee appointed last year to revise the rules of order reported a revised code, which was adopted.

The following committees were then appointed, viz.:

On State of Religion.—S. Coon, Z. Campbell, V. Hull.

On Finance.—Z. Gilbert, W. H. H. Coon.

On Petitions.—D. Saunders, A. P. Stillman, F. C. Heritage.

On Resolutions.—S. Coon, V. Hull, D. E. Lewis.

On Preaching.—Benjamin Miller, A. Maxson, Perry Sweet.

S. Davidson was appointed to write the Corresponding Letter. Corresponding Secretary had no report.

Resolved, that Morris Crandall be our Recording Secretary the ensuing year, and S. Coon Corresponding Secretary. Treasurer's report called for. No report.

Tract Agent reported that he had on hand of tract money one dollar and fifty cents.

Prayer-meeting appointed to be held tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock.

Association adjourned to to-morrow morning 10 o'clock. Prayer by A. Maxson.

FIFTH-DAY, OCT. 2.

Met pursuant to adjournment. Prayer by A. W. Coon.

Minutes read of yesterday, and approved.

The Committee on the State of Religion reported the following, which was received and adopted:

The Committee on the State of Religion, reports that many tokens of grace and mercy have been manifested, not only in the revival of some of our churches, but also in the conversion of sinners. Our numbers have been increased the last year one hundred and twenty-two; which is a matter of encouragement. Still we regret that all have not been revived, and that there is too little ardent piety and self-consecration to the service of God among us. The subject of the Sabbath is attracting the attention of some of these, who are looking for truth: several have renounced the traditions of men since our last Anniversary, and embraced the Sabbath of the Bible. In conclusion, we remark that we have much to induce us all to renew our diligence and take courage, having the assurance that if we venture all on the promise of God, the cause in which we are engaged will finally triumph in spite of all that may oppose.

S. COON, *Chairman*.

Resolved, that the minutes of this meeting be printed, and that eight dollars be raised for that purpose and referred to the Committee on Finance for apportionment, according to the resident members of the churches reported.

Resolved, that A. W. Coon and Stillman Coon superintend the printing and distribution of the minutes.

The Committee on Petitions presented the following report:

That the next Annual Association be held with the church in Albion, to commence on the 2d day of October, 1852.

DENNIS SAUNDERS, *Chairman*.

Resolved, that the report be received and adopted.

Resolved, that when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet with the church in Albion on

the fourth day of the week before the first Sabbath in October, 1852, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Resolved, that we adjourn to one o'clock P. M.

Prayer by A. C. Spicer.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Met pursuant to adjournment, and after prayer by V. Hull, the Committee on Finance reported as follows, which was adopted:

Your Committee on Finance would respectfully report that we have apportioned the sum of eight dollars to the several churches as follows:

Milton church.....	\$3 37
Albion.....	1 61
Christiana.....	97
Farmington.....	75
Berlin.....	71
Walworth.....	59

\$8 00

Z. GILBERT, *Chairman*.

A motion was made by V. Hull that a committee be appointed to attend all conventions in the state, denominated "Sunday, Sabbath or Lord's Day Conventions," which was carried.

The ministers of the Association were appointed said committee.

The Committee on Preaching reported as follows:

Fifth-day morning, preaching by A. W. Coon.
Sixth-day, 10 o'clock A. M., by Stillman Coon, followed by V. Hull.

Sixth-day evening, by Zuriel Campbell.
Sabbath-day, 10 o'clock A. M., Samuel Davidson, followed by Varnum Hull.

Sabbath evening, by J. M. Todd.

The above report was received and adopted.

Moved by S. Coon that a committee of three be appointed to watch the movements of legislation in this state in regard to the Sabbath, and to draft, circulate and present to the Legislature remonstrances against the passage of any law conflicting with our privileges.

V. Hull, Z. Campbell, J. M. Todd were appointed said committee.

The Committee on Resolutions made their report, which was received.

The first and second resolutions were adopted, after able and interesting remarks by sundry brethren, when the remainder were laid on the table, and the Association adjourned until to-morrow at 10 o'clock A. M.

SIXTH-DAY, OCT. 3.

Association convened pursuant to adjournment, and after prayer by Wm. H. Redfield, the minutes of yesterday were read and approved.

Resolved, that Stillman Coon, Wm. H. Redfield, Varnum Hull, Alfred Maxson and Joseph A. Potter be a Missionary Board in this Association for the ensuing year.

S. Coon, V. Hull and Wm. H. Redfield were appointed to revise the Constitution of the Association, and report at the opening of the afternoon session.

Voted, that any delegate to this body, with our ministers, containing his name, who may be present at any Anniversary, General Meeting or Association of our Denomination, is considered our delegate.

Voted, that Eld. S. Coon be our delegate to the Anniversaries of our Denomination, to be held at Plainfield, N. J., on the first day following the second Sabbath in September, 1852, and that \$50.00 be raised to pay his expenses, and apportioned among the churches, according to the number of members reported. Adjourned for one hour.

Prayer by Dea. J. A. Potter.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Met agreeable to adjournment. Prayer by Eld. D. Babcock.

The Committee to revise the Constitution reported a revised code, which was adopted and ordered to be printed with the minutes.

Levi H. Bond was appointed Treasurer for the ensuing year, and a collection was taken up to the amount of \$10 33.

The third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh resolutions were severally spoken to by sundry brethren, and adopted.

The balance of the minutes of the North-Western Association were mislaid or lost, and we have not yet been able to recover them. We think, however, there is but little missing of this session.

An account of the meeting of the North-Western Association for 1851 can be found in the SABBATH RECORDER of Oct. 30, 1851, written by Eld. Samuel Davidson.

L. T. ROGERS, *Engrossing Clerk*,
Seventh-day Baptist North-Western Association.

WHEN WAS CHRIST CRUCIFIED?

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

I take the liberty of writing a few lines for your valuable paper, the RECORDER. I do not mean to raise an issue with Dr. Daland, but I am an Irishman by birth, and an American by adoption and practice. The Irish and the English, if I am rightly informed, are always contending; but that is not the spirit in which I pen these lines, but rather in the spirit of Christ and in behalf of the denomination to which I belong. I commenced to read at the wrong side of the RECORDER this week, and soon ran across the article by Dr. Daland. I had written what I now send before I saw the editorial in the same paper.

I feel my weakness, but God can bring some good through weak men, for the Word says, "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit." Joseph was but a slave and a prisoner in Egypt, but God made him useful to the king and the country. The little maid in the home of Naaman proved a blessing. The ravens fed the prophet; so it is not the messenger, but the message, that we are to pay attention to. If Dr. Daland will read the book called "Three Prophetic Days," written by William Frederick, of Clyde, Ohio, he will be all straight. Then he will abandon the Popish theory of Friday, two days and one night. Christ meant what he said, as recorded in Matt. 12: 40. He was too wise to be playing with words. I must confess that if I had read Dr. Daland's article when I was studying the Sabbath question I never should have become a Seventh-day Baptist. I think the resurrection of Christ is the climax of the plan of salvation.

The first fact to be noted is that the Bible nowhere states nor implies that Jesus was crucified and died on Friday. It says that Jesus was crucified on the day before the Sabbath (Mark 15: 34). As the weekly Sabbath came on Saturday, beginning at sunset the evening before, the conclusion is drawn that Jesus was crucified on Friday. But the Jews had other sabbaths besides the weekly Sabbath. The first day of the Passover, no matter what day of the week it came upon, was always a sabbath (Exod. 12: 16; Lev. 23: 7; Num. 28: 16-18). The question, therefore, arises whether the Sabbath which followed the day of Christ's crucifixion was the weekly Sabbath, Saturday, or the Passover sabbath, following on the 15th of Nisan (which

came that year on Thursday). We are not left to speculate about the fact, for John tells us in so many words (John 19:14) that the day on which Jesus was tried and crucified was the "preparation of the Passover," and not the day before the weekly Sabbath. The Gospel of John was written later than the other Gospels, and for a long time scholars have noticed that in various places there is an evident intention to correct the false impressions that one might get from reading the other Gospels. One of these false impressions is, that Jesus ate the Passover with his disciples at the regular time;—to correct this false impression, John teaches clearly that he ate it on the evening before, and that he himself died on the cross at the very moment when the Passover lambs were being slain, "between the two evenings" (Exod. 12: 6—Hebrew and R. V. margin), of the 14th of Nisan. God's real Paschal Lamb, Jesus, of whom all the other Paschal lambs were only types, therefore, was slain at the very time appointed by God. This shows that Jesus died on Wednesday, just as the next day was about to begin, at sunset. He was then buried, being placed in the sepulchre between 3 o'clock and sunset, on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. R. A. Torrey adds a part of the afternoon of Wednesday to the night, and calls it one day of twenty-four hours. He makes the day a little lengthy, and Dr. Daland makes it a little short, since two nights and one day do not make "three days and three nights." *Jesus Christ was a man of truth.*

The incidental proofs that it was on Wednesday and not on Friday that Jesus died are so numerous, that it would take a volume to expound them properly. The traditional theory that Jesus died on Friday, and that this was Passover-day, makes it necessary to conclude that Jesus took a long journey from Jericho to Bethany on the Sabbath, for John distinctly tells us that Jesus came to Bethany six days before the Passover (John 12: 1). If the traditional view is correct, the Passover came on Friday, and six days before was the Sabbath. Of course it was impossible for Jesus to take such a journey on the Sabbath. In reality, his triumphal entry into Jerusalem was on the Sabbath. This was altogether possible, for the Bible elsewhere tells us that Bethany was a Sabbath-day's journey from Jerusalem (Acts 1: 11; Luke 24: 50), but farther yet, John tells us in so many words that the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem was on the next day after his arrival at Bethany (John 12: 12). That Sabbath on which Jesus entered Jerusalem was the 10th of Nisan, the very day on which God commanded the Passover lamb should be taken up (Exod. 12: 3); therefore, upon the 10th of Nisan, the day on which the Pharisees rejected him as king, and practically set him apart for death, they unwittingly fulfilled the Scriptures just as God's Word had provided five hundred years before.

Your brother in Christ and for the truth of the Sabbath,
J. G. MAHONEY.

RICHBURG, N. Y., March 24, 1901.

IN MEMORIAM.

Dea. John Byron Whitford was born in Berlin, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1836, and died at Nile, N. Y., March 20, 1901.

His parents were Dea. John and Julia Whitford. Their other two children died in early life. His advanced education was secured at DeRuyter Institute and Alfred University.

When 21 years old his father died and he was called into active public business. Jan.

1, 1873, he was married to Mary F. Summerbell. To them were born six children, the oldest of whom died in infancy and was buried at Berlin. The second son, Frank, graduated at Alfred last year, and is now Principal of the school at Little Genesee. Fred and Ferris have been attending Alfred University this year, and Willie and Fannie have been at home. All were at home during the closing hours of their father's life.

Mr. Whitford was baptized in his youth and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Berlin. The church, recognizing his sterling manhood and his earnestness and zeal in all Christian work, asked him to serve as deacon, which he consented to do several years prior to his ordination to that office, Oct. 14, 1877.

When he removed from Berlin to Richburg he joined our church at that place, and when, in 1882, he removed to Nile he united with us, faithfully serving in the church as deacon and in other capacities for nearly 20 years. He was appointed Post-master at Nile during the administration of President Arthur, and retained the office till death. For several years he has been Justice of the Peace, and at the time of his death was an honored member of the Friendship Town Board. In early life Bro. Whitford taught a select school at Berlin, and frequently, as teacher or superintendent, served the Sabbath-schools with which he was connected. He was a scholarly man and a believer in higher education for all classes. He was high-minded and unselfish in disposition, and preferred to suffer injustice rather than appear to others to be harsh or severe.

During the last months of his earthly life, as we began to realize that Bro. Whitford was not to be with us long, we realized more and more what a strong Christian man he was, and how much he had done in his quiet way for the cause of righteousness. During these months of failing health his love for his family and for the church of God was frequently expressed. The influences and memories clustering about his life will continue with a large circle of acquaintances, helping them to live purer and more unselfish lives. Funeral services were held at the home on Thursday afternoon, his pastor speaking from Rev. 7: 14. That night the body was taken to Berlin, where it was laid at rest in the family lot in the village cemetery. W. D. BURDICK.

THE CONFERENCE ENTERTAINMENT PROBLEM.

The reader's attention is called to an article on this subject in the RECORDER for March 4, page 138, under the heading "The problem not yet solved," and to the request made in the closing paragraph. A meeting of the Committee will be called for Sunday, April 14, in the Plainfield church study, at 10 o'clock A. M. As many members as can possibly do so are urged to attend. All who cannot come, and all other interested persons, are earnestly asked to send to the Committee's Secretary, Frank J. Hubbard, 109 W. Fifth St., Plainfield, suggestions, opinions, information, etc., concerning the matter, by an early mail. It is desired to have something as definite as possible for the Associations to consider and report upon to the committee, if they will; and everybody must hope that this practical and really important and great question may be settled at the next Conference in a manner reasonably satisfactory to a large majority of our people and churches.

ARTHUR E. MAIN,
Chairman of Committee.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., March 28, 1901

Young People's Work.

Y. W. C. A. CONVENTION, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Read before the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., Alfred, N. Y., Feb. 24, 1901, by Bertha Elizabeth Langworthy, delegate.

(Concluded from last week.)

On Friday morning, after the opening exercises and singing of "Moment by Moment," which was the Convention hymn, Dr. Adam again preached a strong sermon—"The divine pattern in life." Hebrews 8:5. "Who serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things, as Moses was admonished of God when he was about to make the tabernacle, for see, saith he, that thou makest all things according to the pattern shewed unto thee in the mount." Moses was called up into the mountain to see the pattern for the tabernacle. This is a parable on our lives. Just as he had to go to see the pattern and wrest from the people the materials, then mix them together for the tabernacle, so in our lives we get our pattern from God and work it out. There is an individual pattern for each life. Ours is a God of endless variety. It is not meant as an imitation of any other life ever lived on earth. Your pattern is suited to your heredity, temperament, environment. Many people get Saul's armor on David, but God wants an armor suited to your form. Many people are discouraged because they cannot do as other people do. Beware of departing from your own pattern. It is the thing after the love of Christ that binds us to God.

It is an awful thing at the last moment to be saved by grace; to be standing here filling a little niche, when I might have been there in a larger, because I have been careless in finding out his plan.

When is it revealed? Every hour, in one sense. In another sense, the whole plan is revealed in a moment; perhaps at a great crisis, in sorrow, in reading a great book, in a great meeting. You cannot trifle with these hours. Years are pressed into moments.

Did you ever walk along a country road in the dark and wait for a flash of lightning to show the way, then walk on in the memory of that light? So in life we must walk in memory of the lightning flash of revelation. Whether we follow it or not, we cannot get away from it. Moses saw it. It was his to go down into the plain and work it out. There is a temptation to come down from the mount of vision and keep it apart from life. There is no such thing as sacred and secular.

Perhaps some of us have a difference, an absurdity between the vision and the life. Perhaps we say it is impracticable to live out the vision. Not so; we must not judge our own practicability in the light of another's experience. Or, you say, "It would be singular," yes, "unprecedented." The tabernacle was unprecedented. Moses succeeded in getting the things necessary and mixed the pattern. Look at the mixture in nature—the brook, the diamond,—a mixture of carbon and imprisoned sunlight—music, poetry—an imprisonment of thought in words. Art, the wondrous mixture of paint and canvass, Brooklyn bridge, a watch. Our lives are not truly Godlike from the amount of things we do. It is the mixture of what God has revealed with the common things of life. Compare art and mechanism—a hand organ to

the music of Paderewski. Some lives, good lives, may be worn out without getting God's minute idea into them. It is not the point of passing muster as a good woman.

RESULTS.

What is the result of all this? When we bring God's idea down into our daily lives.

1. Monotony ceases. What does monotony mean? No definite idea, no purpose.

2. It takes away imitation which makes us false to ourselves. Then we realize that God's pattern for us is best. Ability is paralyzed by fear. It is often not so much a question of power that troubles, but getting a grip on our powers. We are not to be singular for the sake of being odd, but we are not to confer with flesh and blood, when we know in our own heart and conscience a thing is right. Many a grand possibility has been spoiled because we have come down from the mount and conferred with flesh and blood. Moses might have said, "I'll forget it." Many people are trying to forget vision to live it down. Like the great symphony, whose billows of music bear us along with powerful inspiration, but we forget it. This working out of the pattern is the main line of Providence to us.

The problem to Moses was to go down and work it all out even unto the pegs and the hanging of the curtain. The test for us is not to have some things according to the pattern, but all things. All our lives have some things according to the pattern. How about our desks and the arrangement of papers on them. It comes down to that or nothing. What about the letters you have to answer? Are we writing to the lonely, hungry souls whom our letters would help so much? The trouble is we are Christian in spots. How are you using your spare hours, spare moments, your money? Reading, social conduct? Are they according to the pattern? The trouble is there is waste land in our lives that is not drained off. Closed chambers of the soul, which the Master has never entered. It is when we try to follow in all things that we are freed from the conventional sense of religion. How can we do it? By the spirit of God with us here to guide us. It is as wrong to pray for his down-coming as for the Scribes and Pharisees to pray for the coming of the Messiah. We have the Spirit in us. He will guide us according to our capacity to be guided, if we trust him. He teaches us the Bible. Many of us are as one in dark catacombs, lost without a guide. The Holy Spirit will give us light. The trouble with us is not lack of light, but lack of intense desire. We say our lives are common, colorless. The scene of Waterloo is a common field. Without a guide to tell us of the wonderful event that occurred there, we would not know it. So is the commonest life changed with the Holy Spirit as guide. A tempered union of God's will with common things transfigures life.

Sabbath morning Dr. Adam preached on "The life of service," from the text, Joshua 6:20, "So the people shouted when the priests blew with the trumpets, and it came to pass when the people heard the sound of the trumpet and the people shouted with a great shout that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city every man straight before him and they took the city." The land of Canaan typifies the work God would have us do. The walls of Jericho typify

our difficulties. It is a mistake to think that everything God means will be easy. It is one of the crying needs of the time for every Christian to believe that he is a minister of Christ. The gospel of Christ is the only regenerating work. Prof. Drummond failed in his college settlement work because he would not allow the men to talk of Christ there, and if anyone had the energy and magnetism to succeed in such work, if that alone could do it, it was Drummond.

People do not go into this work of soul-winning because they do not want to be committed to a higher Christian life. They go into organizations where everybody goes. It doesn't mean much. It doesn't commit them. We want to commit ourselves, burn the bridges behind us. We try to live lives of compromise. Begin to work, and you will hurry to prayer and the Bible. Try to win souls. 'Twill drive you back to the Word of God. The reflex influence of working for souls is prodigious. To win souls gives us a property right in the kingdom. What does soul-winning mean?

1. We are to live the Christian life. Living is not enough.

2. We must pray. There is a vast deal of unconscious transgression when we promise to pray for each other and don't do it.

3. We must speak for him. This is a lost art. It is not a matter of ability, but of divine power. We are always called above our ability. Moses was, and so all through the Bible people have been called to do things above their ability. Martin Luther was not a polished man. Catherine Booth was a timid woman. The method: "The people shouted and the walls fell." It was divine power that made them fall, but what was the human attitude? The only attitude to do anything for God is the sanguine attitude. Men and women do not fail from lack of ability, but lack of faith in the possibility of success. Golf players must be sanguine. Think you are going to make a good stroke or you will fail no matter how well you understand the game. There is too much of this small-pox of spiritual discouragement. Nothing is doing more harm than the pessimistic attitude of earnest, believing people. Christ is the greatest optimist the world ever saw. Not presumptuous faith, but faith in reality, resting on the Word of God. He has promised us the souls of men.

Browning says: "Faith greets the unseen with a cheer." They shouted before the walls fell. We must see the victory of winning souls before the victory comes. If I haven't faith in what I am doing, I have no power over my powers. A person who never loses heart can never be defeated. It is not difficulty, but discouragement, that defeats us. Discouragement dampens the gunpowder so it won't blaze. Men don't believe in the possibility of what they are doing. This optimistic attitude gives power with the world, too. Napoleon long succeeded by his very audacity, but we are in a winning cause. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon is ours; let us use it.

On the evening after the Sabbath the Binghamton Association tendered us a very delightful reception. It was given at the Lady Jane Grey's School, a noted boarding and day school for girls. The large house was originally the Brandywine Inn. It retains much of quaint and curious interest. Music

and refreshments were furnished, and Miss Price and Miss Barnes, Secretaries of the American Committee, spoke on views of our work.

Sunday evening we gathered in the farewell-meeting, but Miss Babcock said, "We are sure of meeting somewhere, so we will make it a thanks-meeting." I wish you might have heard the varied testimonies as to what had most benefitted each girl. Some time was spent in prayer for special meetings, which were to be held in different Associations. Miss Babcock closed her remarks by saying, impressively, "We know not the power that is in us until we just launch out with Him."

Then the beautiful Association circle was formed. All the delegates joined hands around the large room, and sang "Blest be the tie that binds." The words seemed fraught with new meaning, and while the strains of the song died away, and tears and smiles still rested on our faces, the Convention of 1901 was declared adjourned.

PRESS OUT THE WINE OF LIFE.

BY IDA F. VAUGHAN.

Dear friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious words benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine;

Come, visit us; and when dull work
Grows weary line on line,
Revive our souls and let us see
Life's waters turn to wine.

—James Freeman Clarke.

"Have you ordered the champagne, that you may be still merrier than usual at your New Year feast?" mockingly asked a rich pessimist of a neighbor of small means, on whom he rather looked down as a brainless ne'er-do-well, because, as he declared, he was "always grinning from ear to ear."

"I'm not obliged to order wine," was the reply. "We keep a press at our house, and make wine all the year round."

"H'm!" sneered the pessimist. "Perhaps that's what makes you so light-headed. But what do you mean, anyway?"

"Yes," answered the bright-faced man, "that's exactly what makes me so light-headed, and light-hearted, too. In fact, every member of my family is thoroughly intoxicated most of the time with the wine we produce."

"What kind of a press is it?" And what fruit do you use?" were the next questions.

"Well," came the reply, "the materials we use in building our press are faith in God, faith in and love for one another, love for our fellows, and a determination that, having done our best, nothing should or shall cause us to worry. The fruits we use are unselfishness, thoughtfulness, courtesy to all, our own and others alike, industry in working hours, rest and recreation in their seasons, and an absolute refusal to admit inharmony, irritability, or anything which tends to darken one hour of our days. There are different names for the beverage we thus make. Some call it joy; others, happiness; I call it the wine of life, and, as I have said, every member of my family is almost constantly intoxicated with it. Does your champagne, and the other costly things your wealth can buy, give you and yours this divine intoxication? If not, take my advice, and set up, as a New Year gift to your family, my kind of wine press. It will prove the best investment of your life."

The pessimist went home thinking he might have been mistaken in his bright-faced neighbor.—*Success.*

Children's Page.

AUNT MATILDA'S "AIGS."

BY BERTHA GERNEAUX WOODS.

It was early morning, and the great Center Market in Washington was a scene of busy life. Fish and meat-stalls, counters piled high with vegetables and fruits, were driving a flourishing business, and here and there, diffusing their refinement and grace amid these humbler necessities of life, were stalls piled with the florists' beauties.

Crouched outside against the market building were rows of lesser dealers, with wares piled upon rude, home-made stands or packed in baskets. Picturesque old colored women were among them, with the impress of slave times written on their wrinkled faces. Aunt Matilda's wool was growing thin and curled in curious little patches on her head, leaving wide intervals of bare brown surface, suggesting scant vegetation of an anomalous sort on an unfavorable soil.

"Befo' de wah" she had been one of many slaves on a big Georgia plantation. They had scattered widely in these years since "Massa Linkum's" fiat had bidden them be free, but sometimes Aunt Matilda's thought turned wistfully to the sunny South. "Yes, honey," she would say to the other sable dealers beside her, "those was good days, sho' enough. Massa an' Missis—sech a lady an' gen'lman as yo' don' see ev'y summah, an' my pretty Miss Blanche—jes' like a picture, an' as kind to this old niggah 's if she'd been white folks. I jes' remembers how she comes to de cabin when I had the toofache an' was jes' moanin' an' cryin' out with the pain. She brung me somethin' with her own pretty li'l white hands, an' set with me till I felt real—real qualified." Aunt Matilda sometimes ended her sentences with any word that sounded well at the moment, and her hearers nodded appreciatively. This particular morning she was all aquiver with pleasant excitement.

"I tells you what," she said, "that stockin' laig's gittin' heavy, an' befo' I knows it, I'll hav mos' 'nough to git me to Gawga. The hens has been layin' right smart—they's a dozen an' a half in this yer basket."

"Sho' now," said her next neighbor, removing her cob pipe from her mouth, "an' I'm right glad to hear it—I is so, but I expect yo'll fin' a heap o' change when yo' gits thar—yo' ain't so young as you wunst was yo'self, an' time makes a heap o' changes, Mis' Brown."

"Deed it do," assented Aunt Matilda readily, but with none of the delight fading out of her eyes.

She was arranging her wares on the cracker boxes that made her stall—the neatly tied bunches of late arbutus, bluets, and other wildwood treasures. The precious basket of eggs stood conspicuously at one side. It was a glorious April day, and many people sauntered leisurely by.

"Oh, look, Ruth," a girlish voice said low, "Don't I wish I had my kodak—and I'd take this group. I must stop and talk with that picturesque old creature in the red bandanna. Good morning, Auntie." The last words were the only ones that reached Aunt Matilda's ears, and she smiled up at the speaker, a tall, bright-eyed girl with a Northern accent, but it was her companion, who moved languidly and smiled sweetly as she said the few

words guiltless of any r's, that drew her most.

"Pretty posies?" she said inquiringly, as the girls' eyes wandered over the neatly tied bunches. "Bluets—some folks calls 'em fo'git-me-nots, 'butus?"

"How pretty they are!" said the girl with the Southern eyes and voice, "real little bunches of spring—I must have this one—and this."

"And I'll take these," said the Northern girl. "I suppose you have a good many customers, don't you Auntie?"

"Yes, honey, I has right smart 'o customers, I ain't got nothin' to complain of. Fo' a ole nigger women I'se right—right 'lectable." The girl's eyes danced as she made a note of this addition to her vocabulary.

Two boys bearing the uniform of the High School cadets came down the street a few moments later.

"Yes," one of them was saying, "you can't think how much fun you can get out of it—amuse a whole room full without half trying. I've got a book that tells how to do some of the funniest tricks that look awfully mysterious till you know how they're done. Say, come over here a minute. I'm going to have some fun with that old darkey's eggs. Oh, it'll be all fair, I'll pay her for 'em, and then you watch her eyes stick out. I'm going to play the trick Keller did when he was here a couple of years ago—or was it Hermann? Only he used a gold piece and gave it to the old woman afterward, and I haven't any to squander that way."

"Oh, I remember about it," said his friend. For the incident was one that had found its way into the Washington papers.

"Good morning, Auntie." It was at Aunt Matilda's place of business that the boys brought up. "Got some nice eggs there, haven't you?"

"Yas sah, real Plymuff rocks," said Aunt Matilda eagerly, "an' as fraish as kin be."

"Let's see—" carelessly, "I guess I'll take a few. How do you sell 'em?"

"Five cen's apiece, kase they's genooine Plymuff rock aigs," said Aunt Matilda, "or six fo' a qua'ter."

"Well, I'll take a couple of 'em. You're sure they're fresh, are you, Auntie?"

"Yas, sah, deed they is," said Aunt Matilda, taking out two of her brown treasures.

"It feels sort of heavy," said the customer in a loud voice aside to his friend, "it would be funny, wouldn't it, if—" He stopped short and abruptly broke the shell. "Did you ever?" he said triumphantly, holding up a half dollar. "Why, Auntie, your Plymouth rocks must be almost as good as the golden goose we read about."

Aunt Matilda's eyes were rolling in excitement and she clutched the basket at her side.

"Wonder if I'd have such luck this time?" said the boy. "I believe I'll risk it."

Crack went egg number two. "Only a quarter this time," he said, holding one up, "but still—I wouldn't mind buying you out at the same price I paid for these. Suppose you give me a dozen this time—" and he held out fifty cents. "What! You won't sell 'em? Why not? There might not be another such one in the lot, you know, and then you'll have 'em on your hands. Well then, good-bye."

He passed on with a careless nod, leaving Aunt Matilda shaking with excitement. The

old woman next to her was staring wide-eyed.

"Deed!" she burst out, "that's the mos' cur'os thing I ever seed. Why, Mis' Brown, if the rest of 'em's like that, you won't have to wait long befo' yo'll have money 'nuff to take you mos' anywhere."

"Mis' Jackson," said Aunt Matilda in tones of suppressed excitement, "will you watch dese yer flowahs fo' me tell I gits back? I'll be back right soon; 'f anybody comes, jes' sell 'em fo' what they'll pay."

Bluets and arbutus had grown suddenly insignificant in her eyes. A moment more and she was making her way as fast as her rheumatism and excitement would allow toward the Smithsonian grounds, the basket of eggs on one arm and an empty tin pail on the other. She hastily sought out one of the green benches in a sheltered corner of the park and glanced warily around as she took out an egg, very much as one of her "Plymuff rocks" would have done if it had found a quiet spot in which to devour some special delicacy.

Her fingers shook as she broke an egg into the pail; she scarcely dared to look at first, but listened expectantly for the clinking sound so pleasant to black ears and white, but none came. She looked around again, but still no one was in sight. There were only the light yellow masses of the forsythia bushes near by and the scarlet glow of the Japanese quince. She broke egg number two, and then another and another. Aunt Matilda in her prime had been more distinguished for her sweet temper and faithfulness than for her mental acumen, which had not increased with the years. So it was not strange, after all, that she sat on the green bench till her basket contained only broken shells, and that when she looked around again the yellow and scarlet blossoms shone through a peculiar mist. She did not hear a light step on the sandy walk, coming toward the green bench, nor look up when it stoped short. Then a soft hand touched her shoulder and a girlish voice spoke. "Why, Auntie, what's the matter?"

Aunt Matilda looked up startled, the voice had such a strangely familiar ring. It was the pretty Southerner who had bought her "bits of spring," and wore the bunch of bluets now in her belt, and her voice seemed to call up far-off memories.

And then the story came out brokenly, with little gasps of bewilderment mingled with the disappointment, for she could not understand yet how she had been tricked; the pretty girl exclaimed indignantly as she listened, with no trace now of the pretty Southern langour in her manner.

"It's too bad, Auntie, but don't cry—please don't cry."

"I—I 'spected to git to Gawga jes' as soon 's I could—an' I thought 'f de aigs had money in 'em I wouldn't have to wait much longah, an' now—" She broke off short, and her woolly head went down on her knees in an abandon of grief and disappointment.

"Georgia? Was that your home, Auntie?" said the pretty girl.

"Befo' de wah, it were honey, right near Atlanta," whispered Aunt Matilda, as if she could not quite trust herself to a louder tone, "an' this 'ole niggah jes' set her heart on seenin' de place again—massa an' missus an' Miss Blanche, oh, my pretty Miss Blanche,

not to say nuffin' 'bout Mas't George, an' him such a pleasant spoken young gen'l-man."

She was not looking now into the sweet girl face, if she had been she might have noticed an odd expression.

"Sech a pretty place," she went on, "an' all o' 'em so good to me, an'—"

"Now don't cry, Auntie," coaxed the sweet voice, and after a little more girl-witchery Aunt Matilda's tears were dried, and she was back at the stall which she had left so light-heartedly an hour before. The bluets looked droopy now, as if their spirit too had been shaken.

"Good-bye, Auntie," said the pretty girl, "I'll be back this way in a little while."

Very soon indeed she was back, and a tall, dark-eyed woman with her, the first sound of whose voice brought to Aunt Matilda's face a curious mixture of uncertainty and joy. The dark-eyed woman said something low to the pretty girl, and then, taking the black hand in a slim, gloved one, "Aunt Matilda, don't you know me?"

Aunt Matilda looked at her with her heart leaping, then love was quick enough to see through all the change the years had wrought.

"Miss Blanche!" she gasped.

There was the usual bustle and noise around them. The Maryland and Virginia farmers guarding their wagons outside the great, low building and shouting to their horses, market-men passing in and out of the doors, and an army of men and women entering with empty baskets and coming out with full ones—but Aunt Matilda hearing the soft Southern voices and looking into the two kind faces was deaf and blind to all besides. She had been so alone in the world just a few moments before, and now, somehow she was sure that she would never be friendless any more.

That very evening she stood in the airy, well-appointed kitchen of a house on Iowa Circle. There were other dusky faces there, moving about with an accustomed air, but she could look upon them with kindly condescension. They had not known their mistress befo' de wah when she was Aunt Matilda's own beautiful Miss Blanche. They had not the glorious prospect before them of being spirited off to the Georgia plantation before the next snow came to Washington. She carried her turbaned head with dignity, but her heart was singing all the time with childish delight.

"I reckon I'll make a custid of some of these yer aigs," she announced suddenly, as she took the cover from the shining tin pail that had witnessed her grief in the Smithsonian grounds that very morning, which seemed now so long ago. "The kind of custid Mis' Blanche used to say there couldn't no one make 's well as Aunt Matilda. I don't reckon she's lost the taste for 'em, an' Mis' Ruth'll like it too, an' her pa, for these yer ain't no common aigs—they's golden goose's aigs sho' nuff f'r this niggah."

With which enigmatical words Aunt Matilda set the egg-beater whirling to the tune of "Dixie."—*The Interior.*

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

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

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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.

ASHAWAY, R. I.—The latter part of the winter has been quite severe, and some of the lack of last year will not be felt the coming season. One thing, of which there will be a plenty, is ice, which in some places has been cut 18 inches in thickness, which is rather unusual in this section. Considerable sickness has been ours, especially for the past few weeks, and two deaths have made vacancies in the church and homes. There are others at present who are seriously ill, and yet we are not without hope for their recovery. There are several families moving from the vicinity of Potter Hill and Ashaway on account of the prospective stopping of the mill at the first named place, and the slackness in business in the mills at Ashaway. We are hopeful that the depression in business here will be short. The Ashaway Savings Bank, which closed its doors for a few weeks, is open again for business. During the winter a series of conferences for the study of the Gospel of John have been held at different places in the towns of Hopkinton and Richmond, which I think have been helpful to both pastors and people. The last one held at Ashaway was on Friday, March 22, at which the pastor gave a few thoughts upon the 10th chapter. The Rev. W. L. Swan of the First Baptist church of Westerly, gave an excellent exposition of the 11th chapter, and Prof. Frederic L. Anderson, of the Baptist Seminary at Newton Centre, Mass., gave a very interesting and scholarly exposition of the 12th chapter. We expect to continue these conferences until July.

Our Sabbath-school, under the efficient charge of Mr. Frank Hill, is doing good work. Financially, the school was never in better condition. All of our bills are paid up to the first of June, and we are devoting the collections in March to the Missionary Society, and expect those of April to go to the S. E. and I. Association, and of May to the Tract Society.

At the last session of our Ladies' Sewing Society a very interesting program was carried out, consisting of readings by W. D. Wilcox, violin solos by Miss Caroline Crandall, and piano duets and solos by some of our home talent. There was a large attendance, and the people were grateful to Mr. Wilcox and Miss Crandall for coming from Westerly to assist in the entertainment. C. A. B.

NORTONVILLE, Kan.—Scarlet fever among children, and La Grippe among all classes have had nearly full sway here during the past winter, and they have been arbitrary indeed and no respecter of persons.

Our Legislature passed some very valuable bills with reference to temperance-law enforcement during the session recently closed. Our Sabbath-school Superintendent, U. S. Griffin, who is a member of the Lower House, did much effective service in this and other lines of legislative activity.

It had been fondly hoped that Kansas might be creditably represented at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo the coming summer, but the Legislature was seized with a spasmodic feeling of economy, and failed to enact the necessary bills. Our brother L. F. Randolph, Editor of the *Nortonville News*,

was chairman of the committee appointed by the Governor to have charge of Kansas interests at the Pan-American.

At present we are in the midst of "beautiful spring." Farmers are busy and all are looking forward to rich returns for the labors of seedtime with bright hopes and anticipations.

On the second Sabbath of March we held our first regular service in our new church in town. It is pleasant indeed to have a place of worship of our own after being so long without one. Our old church was torn down last July, since which time, through the kindness of the Methodists and Presbyterians, we have used their buildings for our services.

Our parsonage is soon to be moved to our church grounds, a distance of about two and a quarter miles. Thus the prospect is that we shall be settled in due time under conditions more favorable for doing the Lord's work than at present.

The writer has been acquainted in several societies where new church buildings have been erected or old ones removed or remodeled, but in no case where the spiritual life and conditions of the membership received so little detrimental effect from such changes as here at Nortonville in the present case. We have a full congregation at our Sabbath morning service, which is immediately followed by a nearly ideal Sabbath-school. Two strong Endeavor Societies meet on Sabbath afternoon, a Junior and a Senior. We have a largely-attended, "live" prayer-meeting, where workers meet to secure spiritual power and uplift, where the pastor is not obliged to urge and coax his people to do their duty, but has been compelled to devise plans, out of the regular order, by which all may have opportunity to do their part in the time allotted for the meeting. All, from children—of whom a goodly number attend—to the oldest, feel at home and have an interest, and freely take part. These and other pleasant and encouraging conditions greatly cheer the heart of the Nortonville pastor.

GEO. W. HILLS.

S. E. AND I. A. THIRD PAYMENT ON STOCK DUE.

The third annual payment to the stock of the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association is now due, and members are requested to forward the amount of their subscription to their local agent, or send direct to Orra S. Rogers, Treasurer, Plainfield, N. J.

Those stockholders who subscribed one year ago are requested to pay their second installment.

Those who subscribed since our last Conference may forward their subscription during the summer.

In remitting, kindly state whether you are paying for your second, third or fourth series of stock, that the treasurer may check up his books with yours.

As the proceeds of the first year's coffee crop were used in reducing the indebtedness, the payment now called for is needed in paying running expenses.

We shall be glad to hear from those who have not had the pleasure of assisting in this great work. Subscription blanks and full information will be gladly sent for the asking.

SABBATH EVANGELIZING AND INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION.

THE world thinks more of condition than of character.—*Bushnell.*

DOUBLED BARRELED SHOTS.

BY UNCLE SIDNEY.

FATHERS AND SONS.

There are two sad sights in life. One is to see a son not walking in the steps of a good father. The other is to see a father who does not try to lead or train his son in righteousness.

To bring fathers and sons to understand each other and to bear each other's burdens is a consummation devoutly to be wished. To this end I bring a message

TO FATHERS

AND

TO SONS.

1. Be a father to your son,—to the whole of him. Provide for all his wants. Don't think you have done your duty when you have paid the meat and milk bill. If all there is of him is stomach, then you have not been a good father. But your boy is more than a stomach, more than a pocket-book, more than a palate, more than a brain. It is a poor farmer who hoes corn and leaves the lambs to die in the cold spring nights.

Your boy is, a god-child, and it is a poor father who feeds his stomach and cultivates his brain and neglects his soul. Too often the rule of our spending is dollars for the body, dimes for the mind, pennies for the soul. You are a father of your boy, *i. e.*, a protector. Be a father to the whole of him.

Care for him yourself. Do not farm him out to strangers. About the sneakingest thing one can do is to bring a child into the world and leave him, in a basket, on somebody's doorstep to be reared. It is equally sneaking for a father to delegate to other folks the care of his son. A large percentage of foundlings die. This is the reason so many sons turn out bad. Fathers are busy doing something, not half so important. Shut up your store, rather than neglect your own son.

2. Be interested in that in which you wish your son to be interested. Why is it that a son nearly always votes the same ticket that his father votes? The reason is not hard to find. The father talks his politics at the table, takes a party newspaper, attends the caucus, marches in the party processions and shouts at proper times for his party's candidates and bets a hat that his party will win.

You can't make your son a Christian, and be a hypocrite yourself. I have known a father to vote against the retention of his pastor, because the pastor wasn't reaching his son. The father was to blame. God had appointed him a priest over the spiritual life of his son, and he was spending all his time making money. A man must be interested in what he wishes his son to become. A son follows in the steps of his father, not after his unworked precepts.

If you want your boy to be a Christian, fill your house with Christian books and papers, and read them. Don't talk to your boy about reading the Bible unless it is daily bread to your own soul. Don't urge him to make Christ his Master, when you are yourself selfish and proud and unforgiving. Be a Christian yourself, then talk.

3. Be a chum to your son. Two things a father should strive to gain from his son: obedience and confidence.

A father who is a chum to his son will see his boy grow up at least as good as he is.

Chumship means entering into the life of another with the sympathy and affection of comradeship. It means patience and interest, real interest, not forced.

A chum knows the habits of his chum, goes swimming with him, opens his heart to him while sitting on a log, talks to him around the evening lamp.

Next in point of interest, the habits, and habits, and associations of a boy are fascinating. Then, when it is your boy— Better come to know him, than to study the habits of fishes, plants, politicians—or anything else in the heaven above and the earth beneath. A boy is more interesting than an angel or an animal; because he is both. At your table daily sits a being far more interesting than any animals that Ernest Seton-Thompson has met. Study him, know him, spend hours with him. It will save him, and you too.

Fathers and sons! We are marching along through life together—new recruits and old veterans. We have common enemies. Our interests are one. Patience, sympathy, obedience, love: may these abound!

1. I assure you of the good-will of your fathers. They are often very clumsy and don't know how to approach you, but no one will do more for you than father.

You get an idea into your heads that they are cross and tyrannical and like to boss it over you, and you feel like running away from home to get shed of them; but no one has your interests more at heart than they.

They work and save and plan to give you the best start in the world that is possible. They cry for joy and pride over your successes, and cry for sorrow over your failures. The report of your sins cuts into their hearts like a knife.

When you got up on the High School platform on graduation day, or when you made a good play in the game, there was one man in the audience who had a tear in his eye and a lump in his throat; it was your father. When I was in college one of my classmates was expelled. In a few days, a little gray-haired man got off the train, to see if he could help the expelled boy out of his trouble. He had left business, traveled miles—who was it? No one but a father would do it?

2. Remember, that the family honor is intrusted to you. You are ready, when the hour comes, to march out and fight and die for the honor of your country. Have you ever thought of your family's honor? When I was a boy, I often saw little fellows double up their fists and fight for all they were worth because some one had called their mother an evil name. I never blamed them much; for if any one ought to be whipped it is the one who smirched a mother's name.

But did you ever think of the family honor? This includes the honor of father, mother, forefathers for generations gone. How much that honor has cost, of blood, effort, sacrifice, and the honor of your family is handed over to you. Are you keeping it bright?

It is a great trust—the family honor, greater than country's honor, or school honor. "Honor thy father and thy mother," says God.

You take a nickel, get on a street-car, and are soon lost in the whirl of the great city. No one sees you, you say. You drink, you carouse, you gamble. You think you are doing it all by yourself.

You didn't think of that? Yes, but it is so, you are disgracing your family. Far better strike your mother and kick your father than drag their name through the filth and dishonor of your dissipation. It would be more humane, and they would choose it.

3. You are a debtor to your father. Every son starts out in the world a great debtor. Dollars and nerves and prayers have been spent upon him, not for one generation, but for thousands of years. I recently visited my grandfather's grave in Ohio. He was a good man. I also spent a day in Northampton, Mass., where in the seventeenth century my ancestor was ruling elder for forty years in the church. I also went to my native place and heard the people speak well of my father and mother. What a debtor I am to all these! Debtor for strength of body, mind, soul!

What a loud voice cries out to every son! Pay back! Pay back! But the fathers are dead! Pay back, by keeping your heritage intact, by increasing it, and leaving rich gifts to the children after. Our debts to the past can only be paid to the future. Let mere honesty—if nothing else—call you to a life of purity and righteousness.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1901.

SECOND QUARTER.

April 6.	The Resurrection of Jesus.....	Luke 24: 1-12
April 13.	Jesus Appears to Mary.....	John 20: 11-18
April 20.	The Walk to Emmaus.....	Luke 24: 13-35
April 27.	Jesus Appears to the Apostles.....	John 20: 19-29
May 4.	Jesus and Peter.....	John 21: 15-22
May 11.	The Great Commission.....	Matt. 28: 16-20
May 18.	Jesus Ascends Into Heaven.....	Matt. 28: 16-20
May 25.	The Holy Spirit Given.....	Luke 24: 44-53; Acts 1: 1-11
June 1.	Jesus our High Priest in Heaven.....	Acts 2: 1-11
June 8.	Jesus Appears to Paul.....	Heb. 9: 11-14; 24-28
June 15.	Jesus Appears to John.....	Acts 22: 6-16
June 22.	A New Heaven and a New Earth.....	Rev. 1: 9-20
June 29.	Review.....	Rev. 21: 1-7; 22-27

LESSON II.—JESUS APPEARS TO MARY.

For Sabbath-day, April 13, 1901.

LESSON TEXT.—John 20: 11-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Behold I am alive for evermore.—Rev. 1: 18.

INTRODUCTION.

When the woman had told the apostles of the empty tomb, Peter and John set out in hot haste to verify her words. They ran to the tomb and found there the linen cloths wrapped up, and the napkin that was about his head in a place by itself. The tomb had lost the charge committed to it; but this could not be the work of body-snatchers. The body had not been taken by the friends of Jesus to be placed in some other tomb, nor by his enemies to be cast out and dishonored; for here were the linen clothes laid carefully aside. The true solution of the mystery flashed into the mind of John. The grave clothes had been laid leisurely aside by one who had no longer use for them—the Lord was risen. The disciples went away to their homes. For them there was no occasion to search in the tombs, nor to protest to the governor against the violation of this sepulchre.

By the empty tomb and the vision of angels the way was prepared for the stronger proof of the resurrection life of Jesus. As the women had been first at the tomb and had received from the angels the first message of the risen Christ to his disciples, so to one of their number was accorded the privilege of the first sight of Jesus alive from the dead.

TIME.—In the early morning of the first day of the week, in the early part of April of the year 30.

PLACE.—In the garden in which was the tomb of our Lord, just outside the wall of Jerusalem.

PERSONS.—Jesus; Mary Magdalene.

OUTLINE:

1. Mary in Sorrow at the Tomb. v. 11-15.
2. The Sorrow Changed to Joy. v. 16-18.

NOTES.

11. **But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping.** She had evidently turned back toward the tomb as soon as she had informed the disciples that the body of Jesus was gone. Peter and John had run to the tomb and had spent but a few minutes there; so they were gone before Mary Magdalene arrived. We may imagine that she thought that the enemies of Jesus had carried the body of Jesus away, and that for this reason she was weeping. **She stooped down and looked into the sepulchre.** It is very likely that she was afraid to enter.

12. **And seeth two angels in white,** etc. John does not speak of an appearance of angels a little earlier in the morning, nor does he allude to the coming of other women than Mary Magdalene. In order to harmonize John's account of the earliest visit to the tomb with that of the other Evangelists, we may imagine that Mary saw with a glance that the body had been taken away and hastened at once to inform the disciples, while the other women tarried a few minutes and saw the angels and received their message before they started to carry the news.

13. **Woman, why weepest thou?** The form of address is respectful. Compare the words of Jesus to his mother while he hung upon the cross. John 19: 26. Their question is evidently not asked for information, but to prepare the way for explanation that would put an end to her weeping. **Because**

they have taken away my Lord, etc. Compare v. 2. There in speaking to the disciples she says "the Lord" and "we know not"; now in speaking to strangers "my Lord," and "I know not." It is worthy of notice that she identifies the body with the Lord himself.

14. **And when she had said thus she turned herself back,** etc. Why she turned is not manifest. The most plausible explanation is that she turned because of the rustle of Jesus' garments or his footsteps approaching. **And knew not that it was Jesus.** Perhaps because of a supernatural influence upon her perceptive faculties; but more probably from merely natural causes. Her eyes were dimmed with tears, and she did not at all expect to see Jesus.

15. **Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?** Jesus thus gently strives to calm the troubled woman, and to direct her thoughts in the way for the great act of faith for which she is so soon to be called upon. **Supposing him to be the gardener.** Evidently because it was more natural to expect to see the gardener there at that early hour rather than any one else. Some have imagined that Jesus was dressed in the clothing of a gardener; but that is absurd. **Sir, if thou have borne him hence.** The pronoun "thou" is emphatic. Mary has been thinking that the enemies of Jesus have stolen the body; but now the presence of the supposed gardener suggests a ray of hope; perhaps this man who has the charge of the garden or park in which the tomb is situated may have himself removed the body to some other place. **And I will take him away.** In her eagerness she takes no thought of her lack of strength nor of other obstacles in the way of her desire.

16. **Jesus saith unto her, Mary.** By this one word spoken to her in the familiar tones, past associations are brought to mind and she recognizes her Lord. **She turned herself.** She had no doubt turned back to the tomb while speaking to the supposed gardener. **And saith unto him.** "In Hebrew" is added by the Revised Version, supported by the best authorities. The language designated by this name was not precisely the language in which the Old Testament was written, but a kindred language, the Aramaic, which the Jewish people used at the time of Christ. *Rabboni* means literally "my great one," and is a still more reverential form of address than "Rabbi." John translates this title for the benefit of his non-Jewish readers.

17. **Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not,** etc. This warning has called forth a great variety of interpretations. It is especially difficult to understand in view of the fact that he invites his disciples to put their hands upon him to see that he had flesh, and to note the prints of the nails in his hands as a proof that he was the identical person who was crucified upon the cross. In Matt. 28: 9 we read also that the women held him by the feet and worshiped him. But Matthew's account is very brief, and a similar protest to that which we have in this passage may be understood there. It may be that Mary was clasping him by the feet as he spoke to her. **For I am not yet ascended to my Father.** This clause is evidently assigning a reason for declining the touch of Mary. The explanation is probably that Jesus would teach Mary that although he has come back in the bodily form, he has not come back to precisely the same relationship as before. He is to be just as close a Friend as before, just as near to his beloved disciples; but the old intimacy which is illustrated by the possibility of physical touch has now passed away and the new intimacy of heart-communion could not be established till after his ascension. **My brethren.** The loving fellowship with the disciples established on the common ground of filial relation to God is not dissolved by the new conditions of his life. They are still his brethren. **I ascend.** The present tense is used of the near and certain future. **My Father and your Father . . . My God and your God.** By the life, death, resurrection and ascension of Jesus, those who accept Christ as Master come into a closer relation with God than was ever before possible.

18. **Mary Magdalene.** That is, Mary of Magdala, a town on the western side of the Sea of Galilee. **Told the disciples.** Her words, like the report of the other women, doubtless seemed to the disciples like idle tales.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

The Planet Mars.

Inasmuch as the planet Mars is just leaving, to be absent for about two full years, it becomes us to speak well of "the ruddy planet" since it is our nearest neighbor in the galaxy of worlds.

At the present writing, the earth and Mars are only about thirty-five millions of miles apart, but as the orbit of Mars does not use the sun for its center, he will continue on his journey until at least thirty millions of miles more have been added to the distance between us.

In a former article we referred to, and gave a description of, the newly-discovered canals on Mars. During the planet's visit this winter, some of the astronomers have changed their opinions. Mr. Lowell believes that what were called canals are really streaks of dark vegetation, ranging from forty to fifty miles in width. Another astronomer calculates those canals are fissures in the crust on the surface; and still another that they are optical illusions.

Mr. Schiaparelli, who discovered those markings, and supposed they might be canals, still strictly adheres to the opinions then formed, and is backed up by Mr. Flammarion, who, perhaps, is the greatest observer in the world.

Mr. Schiaparelli made the discovery that at times these canals appeared to be double; this discovery was antagonized by Antoniadi, he claiming that the doubling could be produced by focussing the telescope. The telescope theory appeared not to be satisfactory because while some are double, others appear single, while it is claimed that the telescope should show the canals all double or all single.

These "canals" on Mars may yet cause astronomers to revise their conclusions as to land and water on that planet. Formerly that portion which appeared in orange and pink they called land, and the areas that looked gray or green and blue were believed to be oceans. Lately, it has been discovered that the canals appeared on what was believed to be seas, and the colors on the planet for some cause appear to be changing.

It has generally been considered that only a small portion of Mars is covered with water. Further and more minute discoveries may show that bodies of water are entirely wanting.

At the polar regions on Mars are seen white patches and then they would disappear; this suggested ice and snow, which at a proper season would melt, but as Mars was farther from the sun than our poles, and a much older world, that phenomenon of ice and snow could not scientifically take place. Some one suggested that which was seen was carbonic acid, being transformed from a liquid to a solid, and then back to a liquid again. To accomplish that would require a very different climate from that surrounding our poles, where is solid ice all the time, and our climate does not change so often as that of Mars.

Professor Campbell concludes that there is not much atmosphere on Mars, as no such dense clouds can be seen as on Venus. Intensely bright spots are sometimes seen on Mars for a few minutes and then disappear. These spots may be mountain peaks, on which there may be stations for wireless telegraphy, to meet those on our mountain peaks for establishing inter-communication.

Sir Robert Ball says, that the nearest point on Mars is at least thirty-five millions of miles from us, and the wireless telegraph men will have only till August 20 to catch the planet at that distance, as soon after it will add a million of miles a month to that distance.

Should it be deemed practicable to signal the people by a flag, the flag would have to be at least three hundred miles long and two hundred miles broad, and the flag-pole reach five hundred miles high; then with a good telescope the people of Mars might, on a very

clear day, both here and there, distinguish the flag floating on Pikes Peak, looking about one inch square.

Is it because the moon is dead as Julius Cæsar, and not inhabited, that our scientists and observers are not turning their attention to signaling, or telegraphing, "the man in the moon"? The moon is pretty close at hand, generally only about seven hundred and twenty thousand miles; that is not very far for lightning, when urged on by Niagara Falls.

MARRIAGES.

BABCOCK—NEWMAN.—At the home of the groom's parents, on March 13, 1901, by the Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Mr. Clarence R. Babcock and Miss Lottie F. Newman, all of Nortonville, Kan.

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.

WHITFORD—Dea. John Byron Whitford was born at Berlin, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1836, and died at his home in Nile, N. Y., March 20, 1901. A more extended notice elsewhere.

McDANIELS.—Grace Elizabeth, daughter of John Van-Benschoten, and wife of Charles McDaniels, was born Jan. 22, 1869, in Spafford, N. Y., and died in her native town March 19, 1901.

She was married to Charles McDaniels Feb. 14, 1900. She leaves a husband, an infant daughter, a father, two brothers and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her loss. Sermon by the writer from the text, "It is but a step between me and death." J. T. D.

CRANDALL.—In Ashaway, R. I., at the home of her father, Ethan Crandall, March 11, 1901, M. Estelle Crandall, in the 36th year of her age.

Once more the angel of death has called at Ashaway and taken one of the quiet, but earnest, ones from among us. A member of the church for a number of years, she was a strength to it, because of her faithfulness and trust. A member of the C. E. Society, she tried to perform her duties in that body in a cheerful and helpful manner, and both church and society will feel her loss. In the community she was recognized as one who was trying to live as her Saviour had commanded. For some two or three years her health had been failing, but as long as she could go at all, she kept about her daily duties. When she did give up, it was but a few days before she passed away. The sympathy of the community is with her aged parents, with whom she has always been, and with her brothers and sisters, who have lost, in her, a loving daughter and sister. Funeral services were held Wednesday, March 13, at 2 P. M. C. A. B.

BURDICK.—In Ashaway, R. I., March 14, 1901, Charles Franklin Burdick, in the 70th year of his age.

The deceased was a life-long resident in this vicinity, and for many years a member of the First Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist church, and known as a consistent Christian. He had been twice married, first to Tacy A. Palmer, and after her death to Ella F. Merritt. By the former he had two children, Daniel F. Burdick and Mrs. Charles Whitely, both of whom, with his second wife, survive him, and are residents of Ashaway. This brother was always of a happy disposition, one who was willing to take what the Lord sent without complaint. He had always been very robust in health, but was sick only about a week, his case having been from the very first considered hopeless. His trust through it all was in his God, whose rod and staff comforted him to the last. The funeral services were held Sunday, March 16, at 1.30 P. M. C. A. B.

HUMMEL.—Louise R. Hummel, wife of George Hummel, died in Shiloh, N. J., March 4, 1901, at the age of 58 years, 8 months and 14 days.

She was born in the City of Philadelphia, where she lived until two years after her marriage to Bro. Hummel, in March, 1863. In 1865 they removed to Shiloh, where they have since made it their home. Sister Hummel has been in poor health for some years. On the day before her death, while sweeping the house, she received a stroke of paralysis, became at once unconscious, and remained so until the end. She leaves a husband and two daughters to mourn their loss, besides a grandson, who, since his mother's death, has lived with them and

was very much attached to his grandparents. A kind neighbor and an affectionate wife and mother has entered into rest. The funeral was largely attended at the Shiloh church. Discourse from Psa. 35: 14. E. B. S.

Literary Notes.

THERE is before us Vol. 1, No. 2, of a magazine dated September, 1900, entitled, *The People, the Land and the Book*. It is an illustrated Hebrew-Christian Quarterly, treating of the old and historic people of Israel, of their native land, Palestine, and of the Book, the Bible, and Jewish traditions and literature. It is published at 436 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., at \$1 per year, or 25 cents a single copy. So far as we can judge from the copy before us, the special value of the magazine lies in the historic character of the work. The editor, Benjamin Alexander M. Schapiro, is a Hebrew-Christian, and ought to be able to treat the problems which arise in connection with the missionary work of Christians for Jews in a manner calculated to be interesting and advantageous to both parties. As we have often said, the lack of information on the part of Christians concerning the history of the Jews, what they have been, and what they now are, is a serious hindrance and a large factor in the comparative failure of efforts to convert them to Christianity. We notice that Dr. W. C. Daland, of Leonardsville, N. Y., is announced as one of the eminent contributors to the magazine.

THE April number of *Success* contains Governor Benjamin B. Odell, Junior's, first magazine article. That rising young statesman, who delivered ice from his father's wagons for a number of years in Newburg, N. Y., and who has now attained a rather formidable position in American politics, chooses for his *debut* in literature, the subject, "Politics and the Demands of Good Citizenship." This is a well-sustained argument in favor of active participation in current political movements by all young men: without regard to social status or business cares. The Governor argues that it is as much the duty of a young man to enter politics, in the sense of participating, as to go into business; but that he should not seek political office until after he has won success in business.

The Country of Sheridan's Ride.

The unique project of photographing the entire route of Sheridan's ride, from Winchester, Va., to Cedar Creek, as it is to-day, has been carried out by *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and the result will be shown in a picture story of fourteen photographs. Sheridan and his aides on horse-back, from historical pictures, have been introduced into each picture, so that the ride of 1864 is shown as if it were taken to-day through that country, which, in reality, has changed but little.



The writer has no claim on the large interrogation point which now appears for the second time over his name. The first interrogation met with enough success to warrant the appearance of another. I am so much interested in our isolated Sabbath-keepers that I would like to see them enjoy a certain special privilege at Conference; and to my mind it seems possible.

I would respectfully request the Executive Committee to consider the advisability of having the Communion Service as a part of our Anniversary program. Can it not be done? I ask this especially for the benefit of the lone Sabbath-keepers who attend the Conference, and who, at no other time during the year, have the privilege of partaking of the divine emblems with their brethren of "like faith and practice." We who are not isolated members would esteem it a privilege. Could we not devote a half hour or more, beginning at 9.30 Sabbath morning, to such a service? MARTIN SINDALL.
BERLIN, N. Y., March 27, 1901.

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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 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.

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.

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

THE Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services at the 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*,
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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.

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