

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS.

Paragraphs	402
The Duty and Privilege of Attending Conference.....	402
Pastor's Exchange Column.....	402
North-Western Association.....	402
News of the Week.....	404
Semi-Annual Meeting.....	404
Life-Time Hymns	404

MISSIONS.

Paragraphs	405
Letter from D. H. Davis	405
Walworth Seventh-day Baptist Church.....	406

WOMAN'S WORK.

A Blessed Opportunity.—Poetry.....	407
Report of the Woman's Hour.....	407
Opportunities and Responsibilities.....	407
Rocked in the Wind's Cradle.....	408

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

A Breeze from the North-West.....	411
Snap-Shots at Walworth	411
While I Think of It.....	411
Our Mirror—President's Letter.....	411

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Papa's Baby.—Poetry.....	411
The Little Brown Wrens.....	411
Some Courteous Children.....	412
Canadian Letter.....	412
In Memoriam	412
The Widow's Mite	413

SABBATH-SCHOOL.

Lesson for Sabbath-day, July 13, 1901—Beginning of Sin and Redemption.....	413
Unnecessary Martyrdom.....	414
A Son of God.....	414
Averse to Early Rising.....	414

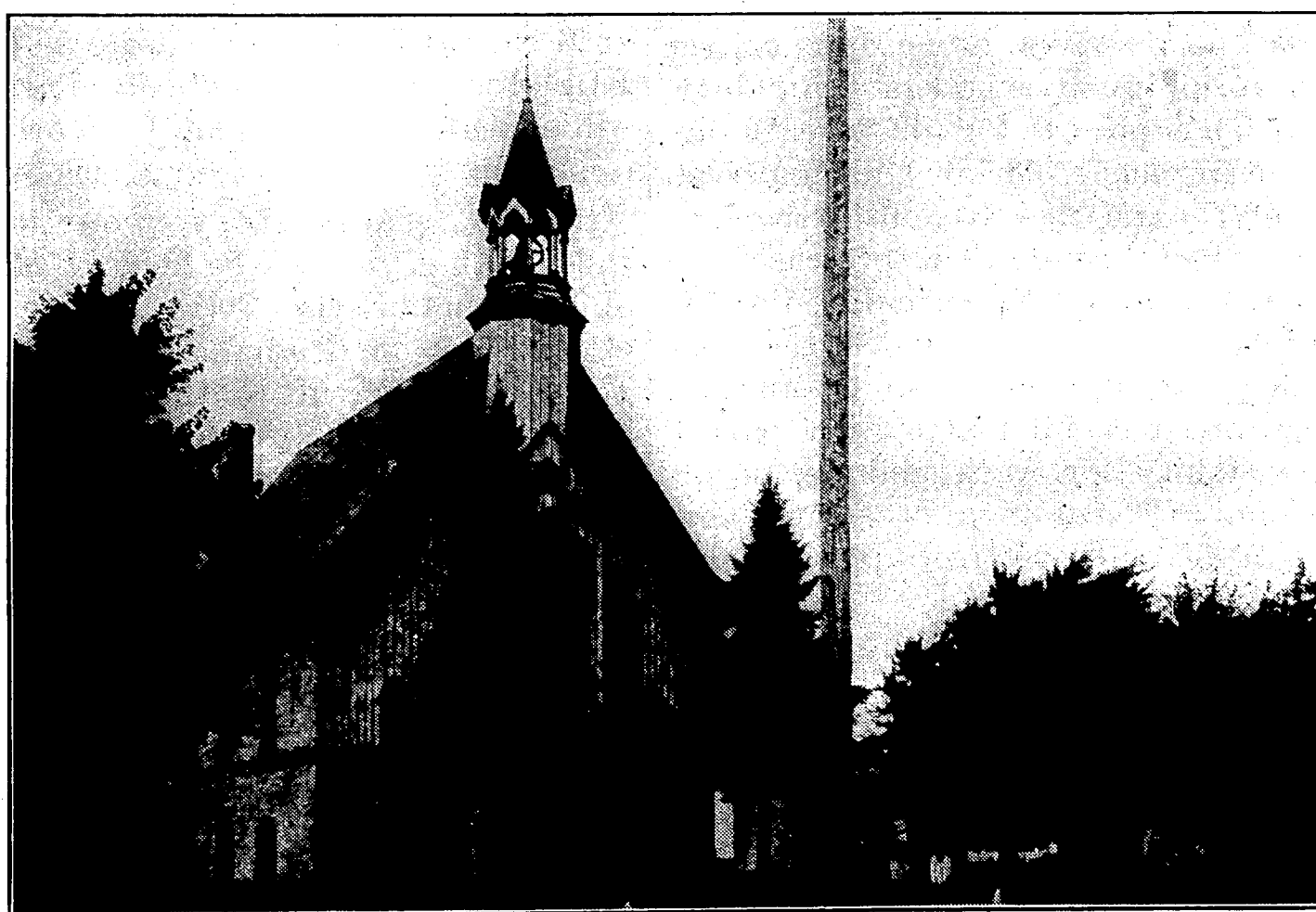
POPULAR SCIENCE.

Ramie	414
A Great Automobile Race in France.....	414

DEATHS..... 415

LITERARY NOTES..... 415

SPECIAL NOTICES..... 415



MEETING HOUSE OF THE WALWORTH SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST CHURCH, WALWORTH, WIS.

(See page 406.)

\$2.00 A YEAR

PLAINFIELD N J

The Sabbath Recorder.

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

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Post-Office, March 12, 1895.

A LETTER is just at hand asking for Sabbath literature to be used by Evangelistic Quartets in the Western Association, during the coming vacation. The literature asked for has been sent forward. This is a step so eminently in the right direction that the RECORDER is glad to make record of and to commend it. Few things are more important in connection with this new phase of evangelistic work than that the denominational character of the movement should be increased, and emphasized. We have already written touching places where this form of work ought to be done. This item further expresses the opinion of the RECORDER as to an important feature of the work wherever it is done.

REV. A. W. COON, of Dodge Centre, Minn., who is now in the 85th year of his age, claims to be the oldest living graduate of Alfred University.

THE DUTY AND PRIVILEGE OF ATTENDING CONFERENCE.

The RECORDER is anxious to increase the desire on the part of its readers to attend the coming Anniversaries. Too many people think that the matter of attending is one of choice or convenience. On the contrary, the duty of attending and taking part in these annual gatherings can not be over-estimated, easily. With the increasing demands upon us and the growing importance of our work, not to ourselves alone, but to the Christian world, it can be no less than duty, written with a capital D, for all Seventh-day Baptists, clergymen, official and unofficial members of the churches, to add strength to these gatherings through their presence and counsel. When every Seventh-day Baptist fills his place as is now demanded, the work will still be great, and much will be undone. Until every one does fill his place, a part of the responsibility for work undone, for denominational strength ungained, for the non-extension of the truth, will rest upon the man who thus fails.

While those who are officially connected with the work, and those who are pastors, may not be excused from such attendance, without the best of reasons, the same obligation, in kind, if not in degree, rests upon every other member of our churches. There are two elements of strength in such public gatherings, numbers and enthusiasm. At such a time numbers tell. The presence of many with like faith and like purposes, strengthen each one, and the general influence and power is much increased beyond the mere union of a given number of individuals. Each gives and gains something from his fellows, until a hundred men and women closely united, touching each other in voice, soul and purpose, easily count the strength of two hundred, when standing alone.

If at this point you raise the financial question, the matter of duty is not eliminated. In no other way can a part of the Lord's money, which is in your possession, be used better than by attendance upon the Anniversaries, with the right purpose and right spirit. If you attend only for the sake of an outing and free entertainment, it would be

better to stay at home; but it were far better for you to attend because you feel that a part of the work of the denomination rests upon you, and that a part of the worldly goods you possess, or may obtain, belongs to God, in this form of service.

PRIVILEGE.

Seen from the individual standpoint, the privilege is quite as great as the duty. Every feature of your religious life and of your spiritual experience will take on new meaning and new strength if you attend the Anniversaries with the purpose we have suggested above. The privilege of meeting, consulting and listening is, in a sense, sacred and quite equal to any ordinary religious privilege. Attending as you ought, spiritual strength will be gained, a larger field of knowledge will be opened, and you will be prepared better to do and enjoy whatever the next year may bring to you. No earnest servant of God and of the cause we stand for is at liberty to deprive himself of the help which attendance upon the Anniversaries will give. It is not enough to say that you have no official duties to perform there, and that you will take no part, beyond listening. The listener is an important factor in all such gatherings, but the most important item is that a privilege so great, neglected, reacts in a serious way upon your whole Christian life. Failing to attend when you might, you cultivate indifference to denominational interests and so to the whole matter of Christian living. One cannot be a true Seventh-day Baptist, in these days, and be indifferent to the mission and opportunities that await the people of whom he is one. Unless it is impossible—spell the word in capital letters—IMPOSSIBLE—for you to attend, staying at home will be neglecting duty, for duty, privilege and opportunity are all one, in a case like this.

If you are a parent, you owe it to your children that your life be kept at the highest and best in Christian living, and at the highest and best in denominational interest. If you are indifferent to these interests your children will be likely to follow your example; thus the neglect and evil which you begin will follow on for half a century.

We must urge that duty and the obligation to avail yourselves of the benefit which will certainly come, are both clear-voiced and trumpet-tongued at this time. We write this now that you may have time to think, plan and determine wisely. Pastors should supplement what is here said by personal appeals from the pulpit, and in private. What we said a few weeks ago concerning the duty of the churches to send their pastors is fully applicable, so far as the general principal is concerned, to every man in the church who is able to attend on his own account. Do not turn this matter aside as though it were trivial. A neglected duty is not escaped. A lost opportunity is not destroyed as to its results. The ghosts of neglected duties follow us, and graves of lost opportunities remain unclosed to trip the disobedient feet, which, soon or late, will stumble into them.

PASTORS' EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Those who have attended the Associations lately closed have been impressed with the surpassing value of what they have gained through interchange of opinion and attrition of thought with other men. That feature is one important item in all denominational

gatherings, for truth will take on new meaning and new coloring when considered where half a dozen minds come in contact, exchange views, create new impressions, and leave new suggestions for seed thoughts. It is this general result we seek in urging our readers, who are pastors, to give expression to their views even though they deem them to be common place. Each pastor is circumscribed as to the extent of his influences if he does no more than teach his own church. He must always be a wide reader and a vigorous thinker if he does not drop into ruts and grow thinner as to his thoughts and sermons, without the help of association with his brethren. We know some pastors who almost chafe under the inability to mingle with those of like precious faith, and to secure, by suggestions and influence, the help which comes in this way. While the printed page can never take the place of the living presence, we are sure that what the RECORDER proposes and urges, in the line of the Pastors' Exchange Column, can contribute much to the benefit of all concerned, and can overcome, in good degree, the loss which pastors otherwise suffer through comparative isolation and infrequent association with each other.

Our Inquiry Column has been suggested with the view of reaching the same ends in another way, and the RECORDER feels justified in urging the pastors toward a higher appreciation of the possibilities of good, both to themselves and to our readers, by giving more consideration and more practical recognition of the value, not to say the duty, of such an exchange of thoughts, purposes, wishes and aspirations.

NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

On the morning of June 13, under the rays of a burning sun, but in the cooling of a most delightful breeze, the bell of the Walworth church told to the people of Big Foot Prairie that the hour for opening the Fifty-fifth Session of the North-Western Association had arrived. A goodly number of delegates, principally from Milton and Milton Junction, with a few from more remote localities, joined with the good people of Walworth in the purpose of making the sessions seasons of spiritual upbuilding. A short season of prayer and testimony was held in the church on Wednesday night. This was in the nature of a preparation meeting, and the spiritual life pervading the entire sessions gave full evidence of the wisdom of that meeting.

At the call of the Moderator, Dr. Geo. W. Post, devotional services were held under the direction of Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, the singing being conducted by E. D. Van Horn. This hour was one of the most valuable seasons of the sessions. The realized presence of the Holy Spirit was the guiding influence that gave to this Association a precious season.

The Address of Welcome was given by the pastor, Rev. S. L. Maxson. At the close of his words, no doubts had place in the minds of visitors that the "welcome" was genuine and cordial.

Response was made to the Welcome by Moderator Post, who reviewed our work in general rather than by Associations, making a strong plea for a unity of labor for the good of all.

The Introductory Sermon was preached by Rev. S. H. Babcock. Rev. J. H. Hurley read

the Scriptures from Isa. 52, and offered prayer. The text chosen was from Matt. 28: 19, 20. Theme, "The mission of the church." The disciples were the first fruits of the gospel, were the foundation upon which the gospel church was built. The disciple who accepts Christ believes *on* him, rather than *in* him, as thereby he accepts *all* that Christ teaches. If we work otherwise than through full acceptance of Christ and his teachings, we fail in the end; our mission is lost. Unless we are willing to attest our loyalty to the extent of persecution, if need be, we fail. We must give the gospel with earnestness and humility.

Announcements were made, and the first session was adjourned.

AFTERNOON.

At the close of the dinner hour, and after an interval of social intercourse, the afternoon session was opened with singing and prayer, after which the Moderator announced the Standing Committees as follows:

On Resolutions.—E. A. Witter, E. B. Saunders, O. U. Whitford, Mrs. M. G. Townsend.

On Finance.—Charles C. Clark, Mrs. A. S. Maxson, W. J. Loolboro.

On Petitions.—S. L. Maxson, W. S. Clark, S. J. Clark, O. S. Mills.

On the State of Religion.—J. H. Hurley, Miss Nettie M. West, M. B. Kelly.

On Education.—L. A. Platts, C. E. Crandall, A. S. Maxson.

On Obituaries.—G. W. Burdick, S. H. Babcock.

On Nominations.—Ira J. Ordway, E. D. Van Horn, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Dayton B. Coon.

The business features of the hour were promptly attended to. Communications from the churches indicated a line of steady work throughout the Association, and a determination to hold up the banner of truth, as we believe it.

At the close of these business items, devotional services were conducted by Mrs. M. G. Townsend. Mrs. Townsend presented the words found in John 12, beginning at the 20th verse. The scenes of Jesus' last days with his disciples, leading to the evident need of the giving up of ourselves—our lives—for the salvation of our fellowmen. Precious thoughts, that we are in the keeping of the Father.

The Sabbath-school Hour, in the absence of Rev. H. D. Clarke, was presided over by Miss Josie Higbee. Topics for consideration were assigned as follows: "Our boys and girls; can we train them to be loyal to the faith, and to be proud to be known as Seventh-day Baptists," Rev. E. B. Saunders. "How can a young person best meet the temptation to be ashamed because he is a Seventh-day Baptist," Rev. L. A. Platts. "When, if ever, can a person graduate from the Sabbath-school?" Rev. S. H. Babcock. "How can the interest in general exercises of the Sabbath-school be increased?" Rev. I. L. Cottrell. These subjects brought forth words of warning as well as of encouragement, and the hour was well filled with deep interest.

Benediction by Rev. I. L. Cottrell, and adjournment to the session of the

EVENING,

at 7.30, which was opened with a praise and devotional service, conducted by Rev. E. A. Witter, after which the Scriptures, Luke 19: 1-27, were read and prayer offered by E. D. Van Horn, when M. H. Van Horn gave the address of the evening on "Citizenship of the heavenly kingdom." We hope to publish this paper, so will not attempt to report it.

At the close of the address, Rev. E. A. Witter again took charge of the meeting, and a most precious season of prayer and testimony was had.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, and the first day's session of the Association was closed with the Spirit of God resting upon many hearts.

FRIDAY MORNING.

The session was called to order by Rev. G. J. Crandall, acting Moderator, in the necessary absence of Dr. Post, and prayer was offered by Secretary Whitford.

The general line of business of the Association was transacted. One item of special interest was the action to double the number of delegates hereafter.

The Missionary Hour occupied the balance of the morning time, report of which hour is made in the Missionary Department by its Editor.

AFTERNOON.

The meeting was called to order at 2 o'clock, and after the dispatch of business items the Woman's Hour occupied the attention of the Association. Report of this hour will be given on the Woman's Page.

After singing by quartets, Rev. L. A. Platts, as representative of the Education Society, conducted the Education Society Hour. The conductor made strong comparisons between the present style of education and that of the times of our forefathers. The present is an acquisition of *facts*. Denominational schools are necessary to the life of a denomination and the church. The mind and the heart enriched by a college education, with facts concerning God's truths, is an heritage incorruptible. Secretary O. U. Whitford and Prof. N. W. Williams contributed much valuable aid to the hour.

After singing by the congregation, and the benediction by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, the session adjourned.

EVENING.

All had been looking forward to the Friday night prayer and conference meeting with hearts filled with faith that this meeting would be one of rich blessing, and that the visitations of God's Spirit would be abundant. At the hour for opening, a praise service was conducted by J. E. Hutchins. Rev. E. A. Witter conducted the devotional service, reading as the Scripture lesson Psa. 103: 1-5; 107: 1-3. The hopes entertained at the opening of the meeting were fully realized. It was indeed a meeting in which all hearts were drawn nearer the throne of Grace; one hundred and eighteen testimonies indexed the promptness of those taking part.

SABBATH DAY—MORNING.

A prayer-meeting at 6 o'clock A. M. prepared preacher and hearers for the services of the day.

At 10 o'clock the regular services were opened. Rev. O. U. Whitford read the Scriptures from 1 Timothy, and prayer was offered by Pastor S. L. Maxson. The text selected by Rev. E. B. Saunders (1 John 3: 2) was the basis of a sermon of rich thought and solid food.

A Sabbath-school session followed the preaching service. This was conducted by Superintendent W. R. Bonham. Topics bearing upon the lesson were treated as follows: "The Great Voice Speaking to John," Rev. J. H. Hurley. "The Character of the Divine One," R. B. Tolbert. "Instruction Given to

John," Herbert VanHorn. "Practical Lessons," Rev. Geo. W. Burdick.

At 2.45 o'clock, a praise service was conducted by Rev. S. H. Babcock, preceding a sermon by Secretary O. U. Whitford. Prayer was offered by R. B. Tolbert, and singing by the Ladies' Quartet followed. The text chosen by the speaker was Exod. 6: 7. "Our Mission as Seventh-day Baptists." We are here for a purpose; we offer no apology for being a denomination. Our work is that of evangelization and Sabbath Reform; a distinct people with a special work. The law and the gospel are inseparable; no Sabbath, no religion. Requisites, to be imbued with the spirit of missions; to be sanctified through spirituality, and made strong and useful through personal responsibility.

EVENING.

After a day of feasting on spiritual food, in which the leading of God's Spirit was strongly marked, at the hour of 7.15 P. M., a praise service was conducted by Miss Leo Coon and the Ladies' Quartet. Mrs. J. H. Babcock conducted a Scripture reading, responses being made by different ones in the congregation, by previous appointment.

At 7.45 a "discussion of practical church topics," was presented by the following persons, with their respective subjects: "Church Finances," Prof. C. E. Crandall; "Church Amusements," Mrs. M. G. Townsend. These papers were the occasion of a very spirited and lengthy consideration, and much valuable information was elicited.

After music by the Ladies' Quartet, the session was adjourned. The paper on "Church Finances" was voted for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

FIRST-DAY—MORNING.

The last day of the Association was opened with a prayer and conference meeting at 6 o'clock. It was God's meeting.

At 9 o'clock a business session was held, followed, at 10 o'clock, by a sermon by Rev. I. L. Cottrell. The Scriptures were read by Rev. J. H. Hurley, and prayer was offered by Rev. L. A. Platts. Text, Gen. 50: 20; Heb. 11: 22. Theme, "A Successful Life."

The salient points in the sermon were: Life of Joseph, resistance of temptation, courage to do right. True statesmanship—principle, wisdom, faithful and efficient activity. Forgiveness—simple trust and faith. Overruling providence. The sermon was closed with the poem by Doctor Norman Macleod on "Trust in God."

The interests of the Tract Society were presented by J. P. Mosher, assisted by Rev. L. A. Platts who considered the topic: "The Value of a Denominational Paper," Rev. G. J. Crandall spoke of "The RECORDER in the home;" Rev. S. L. Maxson, discussed "The value of the RECORDER in the Church."

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. M. B. Kelly, and the morning session was adjourned.

AFTERNOON.

After a rapid handling of the business items, a paper on "Church Music," was presented by Rev. L. A. Platts. We withhold any report of this paper as we hope to publish the same entire.

The Young People's Hour was conducted by Miss Nettie M. West, and will be reported in detail on the Young People's Page.

At 3.30, a sermon was delivered by Rev.

Geo. W. Lewis from 1 Cor. 5: 11; 2 Thess. 3: 6, 14, 15. Theme, "Why we are Seventh-day Baptists." The true church is based on three great principles. First, Mingling or associating with the people of God. Second, Unity or oneness. Third, Separation or division, (a) separation from the world; (b) separation from disorderly brethren and sisters. Application to us as a people in our relations to other denominations. Conclusive: We are a separate and distinct people, with the *whole* Scriptures as a basis. The session then adjourned to meet at 6.45.

EVENING.

During the recess, dark clouds gathered in the skies, and, according to the declarations of the "Westerner," one cloud of cyclone shape put in appearance. In distance, this cloud was said to be about three miles from Walworth, but to the timid, or uninitiated "Easterner," these three miles were altogether too short. A refreshing rain, which lasted for less than an hour, followed.

At the opening of the session, the business of the Association was taken up, and finished, after which a praise service was conducted by Mrs. Geo. B. Leach.

The closing sermon was preached by Rev. M. B. Kelly. The Scriptures were read by Rev. O. S. Mills, and prayer was offered by M. H. VanHorn. Theme, "Go thy way." The institution of Christ's work upon the earth. Persecution of Christ by Saul, followed by conversion, and the cry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Go thy way. Go *where* and *when* Jesus commands. God prepares the way, and leads to victory.

After the benediction, the session for 1901 of the North-Western Association adjourned to meet in 1901 with the Southampton church at West Hallock, Ill.

The Association just closed has been a great feast of spiritual things, not only for the churches composing it, but also for the visitors from afar. God's favors have rested most graciously upon this gathering, from beginning to finish.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Monday, June 24, it was reported that hundreds of lives had been lost and millions of dollars of property destroyed by floods in the Elkhorn River Valley, in the southwestern part of West Virginia. The scene was in the great Pocahontas coal field, and the freshet came from the severe storm, accompanied by a cloud-burst. It is thought that the flood and disaster will equal that of Johnstown, Pa., in 1889. Two million dollars are now given as the supposed loss of property. This includes the destruction of a tract of the Norfolk and Western Railroad. A report under date of June 25 says the full extent of the vast damage done by the flood cannot yet be accurately stated. Great relief is expressed at the announcement that the loss of life is not so great as at first believed. Many of the missing, who were mourned as dead by their friends, have turned up. It is now probable that few of the dead whose bodies are found at this late hour will ever be identified. The people of the storm-swept section appear terrorized, and their excitement is so intense that they are really helpless as far as work is concerned. The dead, as fast as found, are being hastily buried, and many times the spot is not marked.

Adelbert Stone Hay, son of the Secretary

of State, late Consul at Pretoria, South Africa, fell from the three-story window of a hotel in New Haven, Conn., about two o'clock on Sunday morning, June 23, and was instantly killed. He had fallen asleep in the window, where he had gone for the cool breezes. The young man was about twenty-five years of age. He deserves great praise for his management of national affairs in South Africa at the opening of the Boer War. He had gone to New Haven to attend the re-union of the triennial class, in which he graduated in 1898.

Lavish gifts to American universities are announced amid great rejoicings at the commencement exercises recently held. Harvard and Yale are most conspicuously remembered by the givers. J. Pierpont Morgan came forward at Cambridge with a message cabled from England in which he gave \$1,000,000 to complete three of the five proposed new buildings for the Harvard Medical School in Boston. The additional gifts to Harvard for the year were \$780,510. President Hadley, at Yale, announced the gift of \$100,000 from Matthew Borden, for the bi-centennial fund, completing the amount necessary for the new buildings to be erected. Among the individual gifts were \$100,000 each from Frederick Vanderbilt and James J. Hill.

The Seventh National Bank, of New York City, closed its doors June 27, a half hour after the opening of business. The suspension was directed by the Controller of the Currency, the directors having failed to give him required assurances that loans of Henry Marquand & Co., aggregating \$1,600,000, would be taken up and the money therefor be paid into the bank in due time; National Bank Examiner Raynor took charge of the bank.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.

The Semi-Annual Meeting of the Minnesota churches was held at New Auburn, Minn., June 7-9, 1901.

At 2 P. M. on Sixth-day, Rev. E. H. Socwell preached the Introductory Sermon from Job 1: 2.

After the sermon, Dea. Crosby, Moderator, called the meeting to order for business, and on motion Miss Elsie L. Richey was elected Recording Secretary.

It was voted that Bro. Bond, of Dodge Centre, Mrs. Cartwright, of Cartwright, Wis., and Mr. Bailey, of New Auburn, act as Committee on Program.

While the committee was arranging for program, Eld. Hurley gave an oral statement of the condition of the Dodge Centre church. After the report of committee, meeting was adjourned.

At 7.45 a praise service was conducted by P. E. Clement, followed by sermon by Rev. J. H. Hurley, from Matt. 26: 45, "Sleep on now, and take your rest," after which Eld. Hurley conducted the conference meeting.

Sabbath morning, after a short song service, Eld. Hurley again preached, using for his text Isaiah 60: 11, "Therefore thy gates shall be open continually," followed by Sabbath-school.

At 3.30 Sabbath afternoon, "Young People's Hour" was conducted by Mr. R. Wells, of Dodge Centre. Following this was read a very fine essay by George Truman, of New Auburn. Subject, "What will become of our

young people, or What will our young people become?"

Sabbath evening, at 8 o'clock, a short praise service was led by P. E. Clement, after which an essay, by P. E. Clement, was read; subject, "Promises." This, like the first, was very interesting. Following this was a sermon by Eld. Socwell. Text from Rom. 8: 9, "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

A business session was held Sunday morning at 10.30. Moved and carried that the report of the Program Committee be accepted and that they be discharged.

On motion, Eld. Hurley, Mrs. Richey, Mr. Henry Truman were appointed a Committee on Nominations. The following is the report of the Committee:

Moderator.—Andrew North, Jr.

Recording Secretary.—Lottie Langworthy.

Corresponding Secretary.—D. T. Rounsville.

Delegate to Iowa Meeting.—Rev. E. H. Socwell.

Report was accepted.

At 11 o'clock, Rev. J. H. Hurley again preached to us from Heb. 12: 1, 2, "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

This was followed by an essay from Miss Baxter, of Dodge Centre, read by Miss Nellie Coon.

At 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Rev. E. H. Socwell preached from Rev. 2: 10, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

On Sunday evening, after a short song service, Rev. J. H. Hurley preached from Hab. 3: 4, "And there was the hiding of his power." After the sermon, Eld. Socwell conducted a conference meeting. A goodly number took part. It was encouraging to hear the many testimonies.

The Moderator called a short business meeting, and it was voted to request the essayists to send their essays to the RECORDER office for publication. Meeting was then adjourned to meet at Dodge Centre, Minn., Sept. 27, 1901, at 2 o'clock P. M. SEC.

LIFE TIME HYMNS.

We have at last received favorable word from the publishers regarding an edition substituting the word Sabbath for Sunday. R. R. McCabe, formerly the head of the company, died recently, and his brother, Bishop C. C. McCabe, is now in charge. A letter is at hand from him from which I quote: "I want to put the word Sabbath for Sunday wherever it occurs."

I have turned the whole matter over into the hands of D. E. Titsworth, Plainfield, New Jersey. It will be remembered that he is Chairman of the Conference Committee on Denominational Hymn-books. With his practical knowledge of printing, his wide acquaintance with business people, and the admirable personal qualities of which his modesty would deprecate the mention, he will, no doubt, complete satisfactory arrangements for a denominational edition. Hold your orders, if you can, till Conference time, or until he makes his report.

L. C. RANDOLPH.

THERE is but one easy place in this world, and that is the grave.—H. W. Beecher.

Missions.

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

Of what benefit have our late Associations been to our people? Much every way. If not, then the trouble and expense of holding them have been in vain. We sum up some of the benefits and good resulting from them as follows:

1. Our people have learned through them more in detail what is being done in the various lines of denominational work. The various Hours held at these Associations serve that purpose and accomplish that end. Not only what is being done, but what needs to be done, is put before the people for thought and action.

2. At these Associations interest in our work as a people is aroused and deepened, and inspiration given. The missionary spirit is increased, the work of Sabbath Reform is strengthened, interest in our institutions of learning is enlarged, and the work of our young people is widened and established. One of the most hopeful features of our Associational gatherings is the large attendance of our young people. By their excellent papers and sweet singing as soloists or quartets, much inspiration is given to the meetings. There is great hope for our cause, when so many consecrated young people take hold of our work and push it along. It gives new strength and hope to the old warriors who have been fighting the battles so many years.

3. These Associations are awakening our people to a sense of their mission in the world. They are becoming more imbued by these gatherings with the spirit and the purpose of a mission. Indifference and apathy are being overcome and an interest in our cause is awakened and broadened, which will unite us in a more solid phalanx for service and in denominational effort.

4. Not the least of the benefits of these Associational gatherings is the social good and enjoyment the people receive. The young and the old from the various churches in the Association come together almost like a family gathering. They become better acquainted, learn to appreciate one another, and warm and lasting friendships are formed, and old acquaintance is renewed. There is a blessed fellowship in these meetings which greatly unify our people and make them a more compact body for service and for the accomplishment of the work for which they stand in the world. The family regard and affection which our people manifest toward each other in these meetings, and in the homes as host and guest are noted by those outside and become a subject of commendable remark.

5. Lastly and best of all was the spiritual uplift of these gatherings. There was hardly any business to take up the time; it was given up to preaching, papers and addresses on vital religious topics, to devotional services. It seemed to us that we never witnessed such a tenderness of feeling, such a quickening of soul, such an infilling and manifestation of the Holy Spirit as there was at our Associations this year. They were blessed meetings. There must result from them lasting spiritual good to those who were in attendance, and they will so carry that good to their homes and their churches that they all will receive a blessing. If these meetings could have been

followed up by evangelistic efforts on the part of pastors, evangelists and quartets, we believe there would have been a gracious out-pouring of the Holy Spirit upon the churches where they were held, and a wonderful gathering of precious souls into the fold of Christ.

WE call the attention of the readers of this page to the following clipping which we took from a Chicago daily—the *Chicago Record-Herald*. It shows whither the religious world is drifting and what the Bible and Christianity and the Church of Christ will have to meet in the battle which is already at hand. For one we stand on the old gospel and an entire Bible, for the making of the truest and highest Christian character, and for eternal life. We will ever “cling to the sanctions of authority and revelation,” which we find in the Word of God, rather than accept the theories and vagaries of noted teachers who, at best are but fallible men:

AFTER THE OLD RELIGION WHAT?

It is impressive testimony to a great religious change when three such men as Presidents Harper and Angell and Dr. Hirsch can speak as they did last Sunday. The authority of tradition and the church was waved aside by all of them. President Angell in his baccalaureate sermon at Ann Arbor justified the higher criticism of the Bible, the separation of the “pure truth” from the “dross,” and said of the doctrine of evolution that “it gives us, when stated with those reasonable limitations which scientific men of the highest repute are now setting, most exalted ideas of the method of divine procedure in respect to sentient beings, as well as to the lower forms of existence, and inspires us with new reverence for the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator.”

President Harper urged his students to adopt an individual religion broader than any church. He said: “The church is only the outer shell, which takes on a different form and can be destroyed, while religion is imperishable.” He spoke of the religion best adapted to the newer life of the world in these terms:

“It will be simple. It must be reasonable. It must stand the test of investigation. It must make no false and pretentious claims. It must be a religion of toleration. It must be characterized by idealism, or the artistic soul cannot endure it. It must be ethical. It must also be a religion capable of furnishing comfort in time of trouble, for this is what art and science cannot do, and this, after all, is the greatest demand of the human soul. The religion of Jesus answers all these tests.”

Rabbi Hirsch, who has a different religion from the Christian, was for the most part in perfect accord with Dr. Harper. He ridiculed the pagentry of the church and declared that the new age was worshiping God in the open. “Sectarian lines in Christianity are fading away,” he said, “and even now the left wing of the Jewish church is rubbing shoulders with the Unitarian.”

To the stern orthodoxy of old these men, two of whom are Christians, exclaim in unison: “Your Holy Book (‘those incomparable writings,’ as Dr. Angell calls it) is the fallible work of fallible human beings. Your church is a purely human institution without any authority whatsoever. Religion is a matter of individual selection. Jew and Gentile are passing out into the open together.”

The good tendencies of such fraternalism and toleration are evident, but if it becomes universal in Christian lands it must cause profound alterations in church activities. The missionary now goes forth by direct authority of the Divine. That gives him his enthusiasm, his resolution, his persistence, his willingness to meet martyrdom. But there is no demand for such martyrdom in a scheme of universal toleration, and if the new religion should resolve itself into a simple deism like the rabbi’s the revolution would be felt from turret to foundation stone.

The question is suggested, “Will chaos come after authority is gone or will humanity rise on stepping-stones of its dead creeds to higher things?” Our three prophets were optimistic, but there are thousands and tens of thousands who still cling to the sanctions of authority and revelation.

THE universe is the realized thought of God.
—Thomas Carlyle.

LETTER FROM D. H. DAVIS.

WEST GATE, Shanghai, China, May 12, 1901.

Rev. O. U. Whitford, Westerly, R. I.:

My Dear Brother:—It has been some time since the readers of the RECORDER have seen anything direct from China. It is to be presumed that the intense anxiety manifested in Western lands has, at the present, passed away, but it is to be hoped that there is an abiding interest in the welfare of this nation, and a continued purpose to work for its christianization.

Various opinions seem to be abroad respecting the real outcome of the past year’s experiences, whether they will be for the weal or woe of China. Some assert that the work of the Christian church in China has been put back more than can be estimated. No one will deny but that the storm of persecution that visited the northern part of the Empire brought great suffering and devastation to this work. These persecutions have been likened to the lightning shafts that wholly obliterate and destroy; while in some cases this may be true, yet may we not hope that there is a blessing to follow. That which has been destroyed cannot be brought to life, but that which remains can be greatly invigorated by what has happened. This is one of the ways in which God can make the wrath of his enemies praise him.

Reports come to us from missionaries who have gone back to their fields of labor that they find a ready ear to hear. It is evident that the attention of the people has been aroused as never before. Of course it cannot be said all of this attention comes from a desire to obtain a personal knowledge of the truth. Often other motives enter into the mind. However this may be, it affords a good opportunity for presenting the truth, for correcting their erroneous ideas, showing them the way of the Cross, and possibly bringing them to a saving knowledge of the gospel. It cannot be questioned that there are those who, Nicodemus like, have believed, and the persecutions of the past year have had a tendency to strengthen their faith, and give them greater courage to show their love for Christianity. Again, there are many Chinese who, while they have not any special faith in Christianity, still they have imbibed a spirit of liberality, and for this reason their sympathies have been turned toward the Christian church. This class recognize the fact that mission work in China is philanthropic as well as evangelistic, that it has for its object the elevation of China as well as its salvation. Recognizing these facts, it is not strange that many of this class should give, as they are constantly doing, expressions of their sympathy. There is another class of Chinese who are wedded to their superstitions and selfishness. They are opposed to all foreign innovations of whatsoever kind. Telegraphs, railways, mining, foreign goods, are as much an objection to them as missionaries, schools and Christian churches.

The destruction of railways, the attacks on mining companies, and the wholesale destruction of foreign goods during the siege of Peking is proof that these men hate everything that has the smell of a foreign country on them. So long as officials of this stamp are in power there is danger to every foreigner and every foreign enterprise in the land. The allied powers could have justly demanded that all such officers should be de-

prived of all power in political affairs. This is what these men have expected would be demanded, but of course have been working their best to avoid. They will not give up unless compelled to do so. These men do not wish the nation enlightened, manifestly for the reason that they would not be able to govern an enlightened people by their present methods of oppression. It seems to us that the allied powers are letting another opportunity for redeeming this people slip.

Not long since, the bodies of three high Chinese officials, who were murdered last summer, because they opposed the decree of Prince Tuan to slay all foreigners within the Empire, were brought to Shanghai on their way to their final resting place in the province of Chinkiang. One was Vice-President of the Board of Revenue, one the Vice-President of the Court of Sacrifices, and the other the President of the Board of War. The killing of men of this rank shows the determined purpose of Prince Tuan and his followers to carry out their purpose to the bitter end. It not only meant death to the foreigner, but to all who were in any way favorable to them.

The day previous to the arrival of the bodies of these martyrs notices were distributed broadcast throughout the native city and settlements, calling on the people to do honor to these men as they were conveyed through the streets on the following day. There was a most hearty response to this call. Every street along which the cortege passed was crowded to the utmost. It is estimated that there were no less than 150,000 beholders.

The procession in some respects was very unlike that usually seen in the streets of Shanghai. In the first place it was military as well as complimentary in its general aspect. There was a great display of banners and tablets, but there were no Buddhist or Taoist priests, no band of Chinese musicians, no burning torches, and no lanterns, no weeping women. While there were a few gongs it was only occasionally that they were sounded. The only indication of mourning was the white tent-like arrangement immediately preceding the coffins. This tent was carried by several men, and under it, screened from the view, walked the sons of the deceased. This is to denote their filial piety.

These men are said to have been Confucianists, and doubtless for this reason there was nothing of the common religious element seen in the procession. Several of the large Chinese business firms made libations to these departed men as they passed by the streets. I noticed several banners from the Shanghai Dispensary, and other leading Chinese establishments. The demonstration showed a good deal of patriotism. It is quite probable that the influence of these martyrs had much to do in determining the course of the Governors of Central China in their compact with foreign powers to preserve peace in the central provinces. All who are interested in the reformation of China can but deeply regret that so many of the best men in China should be so cruelly put to death. The manner in which these men were killed was cruel beyond description. Many Chinese who are anxious for reform have made earnest appeals to the foreign powers to assist in saving their country from ruin, but as yet these appeals seem to have fallen on deaf ears. Why the American government should be so ready to espouse

the cause of humanity, as was said respecting her dealings with the Philippines, and almost wholly refuse to take any active part in rescuing China from the rule of usurpers and despots is something we cannot understand.

I presume it is because we are not politicians. It is to be feared that there will be more trouble in the North before matters are any better. The conservatives do not know yet that they are whipped any more than they did in the case of the war with Japan. Amid all the uncertainty and perplexities, our one source of consolation is that God is stronger than armies, and that he will yet fulfill his purposes respecting this land, and China yet be given to Christ for his inheritance.

The attendance at our services has been very good since we re-opened after the Chinese holiday. In the Boarding and Day Schools there must be about 150 pupils, and the work is being carried on in the usual way. We have been hoping that some of those who gave in their names some time ago might be ready for baptism. We trust they will do so before long. I gave a Sabbath tract to a Chinese teacher the other day; to-day he said he had read it and it was a true statement of the case, and that those who taught that Sunday was the Sabbath were certainly in the wrong. I tried to impress on his mind the necessity of being right with God on questions of this kind. I do not know what he will do about it. It takes a great deal of courage for one to stem the tide on this question even in China. We think often of the coming Associational meetings, and pray God to give our people a great blessing in these meetings.

Fraternally,
D. H. DAVIS.

WALWORTH SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST CHURCH.

In the early 40's Eld. Stillman Coon of Milton, Wis., preached occasionally to the few Sabbath-keeping families living in Walworth, the meetings being held at the home of J. T. Crumb. In 1844 other families came to Walworth, and Eld. Daniel Babcock of Johnstown alternated with Eld. Coon in preaching. In February, 1845, a Seventh-day Baptist Society was formed, with sixteen members, pledging themselves to the best of their ability to sustain weekly religious services, prayer meetings, and a Sabbath-school; also to engage a pastor to settle in the society as soon as practicable.

About this time plans were laid for building what was always known as the Cobblestone school-house, three miles east of the village, and members of the Seventh-day Baptist Society pledged an extra amount toward the building fund if the house should be enlarged for the purpose of holding meetings therein, and it was so arranged. In December, 1845, seven individuals, members of other Seventh-day Baptist churches, but residing in Walworth, entered into a covenant to constitute the Seventh-day Baptist church of Walworth. Elders Coon and Babcock officiated at the organization.

In 1846 Eld. Coon held protracted meetings, and a number were converted and added to the church. Elders Coon and Babcock, and occasionally a First-day Baptist minister, continued to supply the church until March, 1847, when Eld. Coon was called to the pastorate, continuing therein until the spring of 1849. From that time until 1851 the church

was "supplied" mainly by Eld. P. W. Lake, First-day Baptist. In January, 1851, Elder O. P. Hull was called to serve as pastor, beginning his labors in April following. During his pastorate the church was prosperous and many were added to its membership. About this time the church center was removed to the village, but the district school-house was still used for services. Under the pastor's fearless leadership the church did effectual work in eradicating formidable evils that had become entrenched in the village. About this time the question of building a house of worship was agitated and plans were agreed upon to that end, but after more mature thought it was deemed wiser to build an institution of learning with the privilege of using it for church privileges. Accordingly a society was formed comprising all members of the community, who became stockholders by subscribing for shares of stock, and Big Foot Academy was built; it served to accommodate the school and church for about fifteen years. In time the Seventh-day Baptist members bought out all the interests and became sole owners. In 1859 Eld. Hull was called to the Milton church, and during the remainder of the year Sabbath services were conducted by local supplies. In 1861 Elders Varnum Hull and Wm. M. Jones were pastors six months each. In 1863 Elder C. M. Lewis was called. During his pastorate there was an awakening in the church resulting in a revival in which forty members were added to the church. In 1864 the church was again without a pastor, and Prof. A. C. Spicer, Principal of the Academy, was invited to supply, which he did for a time. Eld. James Bailey served as pastor one year, followed by Elder Solomon Carpenter for one year. Then Eld. L. M. Cottrell in 1867 one year and a half, when Dea. W. B. Maxson supplied the pulpit until his ordination to the ministry in 1869, when he moved to Missouri. Elder Bailey came again to the church for one year, during which time there were many additions by baptism. In 1871 Elder L. E. Livermore was secured as pastor, and one year later the enterprise of building the meeting house was entered into and, by dint of hard labor and much self-sacrifice by both men and women, the house was pushed to completion at a cost of \$7,000. The building was dedicated in 1874, and in September, 1876, the General Conference was held in it, and the following winter occurred a most successful revival, and the church reached its largest membership, and its greatest height of prosperity. Elder Livermore accepted a call to another field and was succeeded by Eld. O. U. Whitford in 1877. The church made progress in Christian culture, and there were many additions by baptism at different times. After six years Eld. O. U. Whitford went to another field, and Rev. A. McLearn was called and served the church faithfully for three years, when he was called to the mission field. The next pastor was Eld. S. H. Babcock, who began the year 1887 with a successful revival, followed by a growth of interest among young people in church work. Eld. Babcock closed his labors with the church in 1897, and the present pastor, Rev. S. L. Maxson, was installed, who has faithfully preached the gospel of Love and Good Will, resulting in added Christian culture to the faithful and some additions to the membership.

In 1886 the Academy building was sold to the school district, and a commodious parsonage built with the funds received therefrom, adjoining the church on Main Street.

Since the organization there have been over 400 names on the roll of membership. At present there are less than 100.

CORRESPONDENT.

Woman's Work.

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

A BLESSED OPPORTUNITY.

God gave me something very sweet, to be mine own this day:

A precious opportunity, a word for Christ to say;
A soul that my desire might reach, a work to do for Him;
And now I thank Him for this grace, ere yet the light grows dim.

No service that He sends me on can be so welcome ay,
To guide a pilgrim's weary feet within the narrow way;
To share the tender Shepherd's quest, and so by brake and fen,
To find for Him his wandering lambs, the erring sons of men.

I did not seek this blessed thing; it came a rare surprise,
Flooding my heart with dearest joy, as, lifting wistful eyes,
And there, an unseen third, I felt was waiting One divine.

So in this twilight hour I kneel, and pour my grateful thought,
In song and prayer to Jesus for the gifts this day hath brought.
Sure never service is so sweet, nor life hath so much zest:
As when He bids me speak for Him, and then He does the rest.
Heaven's light upon a dear one's face shone plain and clear
To greet thee, Father, Lord of Heaven and earth.

—Selected.

REPORT OF THE WOMAN'S HOUR

at the Western Association, 1901, held at Alfred Station, N. Y.

BY AGNES L. ROGERS.

The Woman's Hour of the Western Association was conducted Sunday afternoon, June 9, by the Associational Secretary, Agnes L. Rogers. At this time a large audience was present, when the following program was given:

Music.

Scripture reading and prayer, Mrs. O. G. Stillman.

Reminiscences of Africa, Miss Emily Booth.

Duet, Miss Minnie Kenyon, Mrs. Belle Ellis.

Paper, Mrs. Rebecca T. Rogers.

Recitation, "The Dying Indian Girl," Bertha Whitford.

Solo, Miss Ruth Stillman.

Address, Some of Our Sisters in China, Dr. Rosa Palmberg.

Music, Juniors, Second Alfred church.

Secretary's Report.

Collection Recitation, Mildred Vincent.

Miss Booth told us of the dangerous journey of herself and father four hundred miles up the Zambezi river; of the unkind treatment of the white settlers and how, when Mr. Booth was very ill, they were received by the natives, who helped the timid girl care for her father; how in his delirium the missionary seemed to see in a vision the needs of the benighted African races, and cried out again and again, "Write me down as one of them." She gave many instances of God's protecting care, when death seemed to stare them in the face. Selections from a recent letter of Mrs. Booth told of the occupancy of the new mission home and of the work and plans for the education and conversion of the native girls and women.

We are glad to welcome Mrs. Rogers to our Association and listen to her inspiring words on this occasion, when she directed our thoughts to the various lines of work women may engage in for the Master, and especially to the privileges of our women. The paper will speak for itself.

The recitation, "The Dying Indian Girl," reminded us that there is in our own country a race who need the gospel.

Dr. Rosa Palmberg presented to us, in a vivid and interesting manner, some of the native Christian women of our church in Shanghai, telling us something of their life history. The story of the hardships they must endure and

the sacrifices they make because of their love for Christ, should inspire every woman in the homeland to do more to bring the women of China to a knowledge of the gospel.

The collection recitation was a poem written by our sister, F. Adeane Witter, who went to her reward about a year ago, and seemed like a voice from the heavenly shore, calling us to a more unselfish Christian life.

OPPORTUNITIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES.

BY MRS. R. T. ROGERS.

(Read at the Woman's Hour of the Western Association.)

The thought of opportunity and responsibility is one that should be constantly with us in our work for the Master. We have been placed in the world for a purpose. Golden opportunities for service for all with whom we come in touch are continually with us, and these bring with them individual responsibilities.

The work of evangelizing the world has not been cast into the background, but is becoming more and more a prominent feature in the work of all denominations; still there are very many who have not been aroused to active service.

Doubtless you remember the testimony of our dear Dr. Swinney. She said, "When coming from the Pacific Coast, and even on the ship, it was a matter of surprise that intelligent people had such confused ideas concerning missionary work and missionary fields." People who had traveled extensively would ask questions that astonished her, their ideas were so crude as to the way the work was done in foreign fields. Among all the women with whom she conversed during that week on the train only one had true and clear ideas concerning the facts and plans of work, and this lady acknowledged that she was secretary of a Woman's Board. Even in the eastern states the lack of knowledge was very noticeable. Such want of information on this important field of Christian work is not always due to a lack of interest, but a need of better facilities; greater information will produce correspondingly a greater interest.

This last thought led Dr. Swinney to suggest "that each sister in the churches by giving *one penny a year* might do much toward overcoming this lack of interest because of lack of knowledge. This money to be spent in procuring missionary literature to be distributed among the women of the different Associations."

You will remember that much has been said in our Women's meetings at Conference and through our Woman's Page on this question of missionary reading, and in some churches progress has been made in the study of the work being done all over the world. In thus becoming informed, our interest would increase in our own denominational work, we would *pray* more and *give* more for the upbuilding of God's cause both in the homeland and in the foreign fields; we would have no debt on our hands, our borders would be enlarged, and the number of workers greatly increased.

Woman's work began when the Zenana doors were first opened to a Christian woman of Calcutta, who gained admittance by offering to teach the wife of a native of rank how to embroider. This opportunity opened the way for teaching her to read, and finally to read the Bible. Now, thousands of women are admitted to the privacy of the homes.

Continually is the truth being verified that "the field is the world."

The call from the Master is long and loud, but oh! the scarcity of the reapers who are ready and willing to go on the King's errand of mercy and love. "Don't they know we are dying without the light?" "Can't they send it along a little faster?" These are some of the cries that are being heard all over the lands that are without the knowledge of God's love.

The need has long been for more of a missionary spirit, a more complete consecration of ourselves and all that we have and are, a willingness to deny ourselves, a spirit of prayer and of true benevolence. "We want the faith that works, that works straight on till expectation turns into reality." As the work widens, the needs increase; with this increase strength is promised, and no more is required of us than we are able to do. These thoughts have been expressed again and again, and though we have in many ways failed of our duty, our opportunities have continually increased. We need a missionary education for the world's evangelization. Christ has said "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Sisters, have we been conscious of opportunity and privilege in our work this last year? How many of the women of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination have paid their pledges for the Conference year so nearly closed? Oh, that in this new century there might be an era of joyful obedience to our Master's last command!

While our numbers in China have been for a season necessarily reduced, the work is just as great, and new workers are needed there. Our African Mission has been wonderfully blessed. Do we realize how much more we need to do for Africa? Our Home mission fields are calling for preachers and teachers. God does not call for impossibilities, and while for reasons we cannot explain our work in China has been crippled for a season, let us not cease to pay our obligations and increase our gifts. Every one of us must stand face to face with God and give a strict account of the way in which we spend our money, our time, our talents, our lives. Every day is a judgment day; *to-day* we are being inspected and weighed. Shall we go empty-handed into his presence? "As the Father hath sent me even so I send you" is for *you*, sisters, for *me*. Christ believes in us, he trusts us. Shall we disappoint him? Do we love him? "Without love we are become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Though we have all faith, without love we are nothing." Love to God without the consecrated life will not avail us. If we love not our brother whom we have seen, how can we love the Father whom we have not seen?

Are we keeping our word with the Father in paying promptly our obligations for the various lines of work we have undertaken? It is only in this way we can expect to go from strength to strength, and so each year become more what is God's ideal for us. Let us have faith in God and fulfill our vows we have made to him, give him our best talents and render him a service for the uplifting and bettering of mankind which will enrich and ennoble our own lives.

"The restless millions wait
That light whose dawning maketh all things new;
Christ also waits; but men are slow and late,
Have we done all we could? Have I? Have you?"

Do we feel discouraged because of the pres-

ent troubles in China? The late Dr. Cyrus Hamlin said in his last speech at the American Board meeting in Providence, "Seven times in my long life I have seen what appeared to be dire calamities in missions prove to be very great blessings." So let us take heart and work more than ever before for our China mission.

We have pledged certain amounts for our different lines of work; we believe in the work we have to do. As we shall stand at the opening doors of our next Conference, how much stronger we shall be for any new work that may come to us then if there are no "left-overs" to drag heavily upon us. What a joy it will be to take this year's finished work to our Conference—truly it will be a glad thank-offering for God's blessings to us, and we will be stronger to join hands and begin the new year in the strength of our heavenly Father. Let us, the women of 1901—this new twentieth century, hear the call!

"God's tabernacle by this pattern made,
Will fail of finish, though in order laid,
Unless ye women lift your hands to aid.
Yours is the very skill for which I call,
So bring your cunning needlework, though small
Your gifts may seem! The Lord hath need of all."

Are we lacking in consecration? Are we lacking in knowledge of the world's need and the Lord's commands? How many of our churches observe the monthly Missionary concert of prayer? Do we recognize our responsibilities in this direction? Shall we, because two of our workers are for a season necessarily at home, say that we do not need to fulfill our pledges for their support? Is it not just the time when the demands for the "Boys' School" and the "Crofoot Home" can be met by transferring for the present their salaries to these needs? Is there not danger that in withholding our gifts we may become impoverished, uninterested? If we have failed to give, this present year, as God has prospered us, let us remember that he is giving each of us an extension of time—another opportunity. Let us use it all for him and thus may our talents all be sanctified by the Grace of God.

Some one may ask, "Is it after all worth while to spend money and time for those who are in heathen darkness?" Can any one of us dare say that in the eyes of the Saviour of men one soul is of less value than another? Our workers in China and Africa can answer this question. They have seen in the darkened lives of girls and boys the possibilities of the transforming power of Christ, the daily development in patience, in truth, in spirituality which by the awakening touch of the love of Christ has transformed the sleeping soul into a life which Christianity alone can give. The changed lives, the new hope visible in their faces, the faith and earnest striving of these saved ones, testify to the great need of the love of God. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Who can estimate the value to the spiritual life of our churches which our General Conference and our Associational gatherings bring us? Each call that comes to us and to which we listen will fail of its purpose if our responses do not fit us for more joyful, faithful service. If God by his spirit reveals himself to us and gives us a clearer sense of his loving care and mercy, it is not simply that we may know him better, but to increase our capability and responsibility in making him

known to others. Let us cultivate a hearty spirit of co-operation and sympathy with our Boards in the various lines of work we have undertaken, and in no event let us relax our efforts for growth and enlargement.

May not our greatest present need be a clearer apprehension of our personal relation to Christ? If Christ were visibly present with us to-day, would we in sincerity personally ask him, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" With profound gratitude for what he has enabled us to do in the past year let us work together with God for the evangelization of the world; and let us not forget to teach the children the need of consecration and loyalty to Christ. Living in closer fellowship with the Father and taking for our motto, "For God and Victory," we may in the coming year do greater service for him; for "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."

ROCKED IN THE WIND'S CRADLE.

BY THE LATE MAURICE THOMPSON.

I took my English longbow and arrows, my fishing tackle, my books and my tent up into the hills of North Georgia, and dwelt for two golden weeks all alone beside the Saliquoy, a stream which at my chosen point is but a strong, spring-fed mill-stream wherein the bass find life very pleasant. My tent I pitched under a wide-spread oak, with its doorway looking upon a tangled mass of wild-rose vines in full bloom. When this was done I felt quite tired; for I had paddled the canoe all morning, and it was now ten o'clock on a dreamy June day; so I bethought me of my hammock, an extra fine one sent me by a friend in New Orleans.

It is a story of this hammock that I now wish to tell—a story of the tree-tops and the breeze—a story of a cradle rocked by the wind.

I swung it between two tall young maple trees, close to the stream's edge, and bestowed myself in it face upward, limbs outstretched, chest expanded, a victim to the insidious wiles of idleness and to the seductions of a blooming and melodious solitude. Upward I could look through windy foliage to a sky whose bloom had been clarified and brightened by the passing of a little storm. Flashes of sunlight came and went through the gently-swaying tree-tops, like brilliant thoughts through the brain of a poet. Two blue-jays, yodling in an undertone, were busying themselves in one of my maples, and their voices, barely audible, fell upon me, as if distilled from the leaves, in fine fragmentary sprays of tender sound touched with the universal influence of love. Their plumage, dashed with sapphire lights and softer blues shading off into turquoise, shone clearly, even against the sky. They sat upon the slender twigs, while the breeze swung them to and fro, and the thought came to me that their hammock, far up there in the fragrant foliage in the full current of the wind, was the ideal one. A delicate, delicious envy diffused itself throughout my consciousness, and the suggestion was engendered that it might be possible for a man to prove himself the equal of a blue-jay. Instantly I saw the two stiff-looking boughs to which high overhead I would tie my hammock halliards. The inspiration of the moment flashed over the project with a light that never was on sea or land. All the charm

of a new and strange poem attended the thought of swinging in the tree-tops, like a wild bird in its nest. It was of my nature to climb, and so with my hammock done into a small bundle at my back, I mounted one of the tall young maples, and there (where the boughs were bending overhead in a thin, rustling canopy, and mingling below in denser tangle), the halliards were made fast to two stout but flexible limbs. As a quite unnecessary precaution, I doubled all the ropes; not that I was afraid, but one's conscience is insistent on an occasion of this sort, and there is a precious luxury in the sense of absolute security. How high it appeared as I looked down and saw the tent and the pool! I do not wholly deny a feeling of lightness and instability as I momentarily hesitated to trust myself to the outspread meshes of the hammock; but the mood scarcely touched me before I shook it off. Aloft with the birds, I would swing and sing and dream in my hang-nest among the topmost sprays of the maples, a part of nature and an enthusiastic abettor in her savage revolt against the authority of art. Up here I would fetch my books, where pure currents of mountain wind might winnow the pages as I read, and here I would make notes of the suggestions generated in mid-air, far away from the library dust and high above the ground-plane of criticism.

You may feel a touch of the fascination with which the experiment was surcharged, if you will but hang your hammock ten or twelve feet above the ground in a tree on your own lawn. The vertical distance appears to magnify itself by a strong progression, as the hammock is lifted, and I assure everybody that to swing at an altitude of fifty, or more, feet is possible only to those who have a good hold on their nerves. No dangerous experiment is more worth trying, however, by him who is sure not to fall, provided, always, that he have an imagination capable of filling in the blank spaces of experience with the rose-mists and gold-dust and perfumes of romance. By romance I do not mean that of the books; I refer to the subtler and finer dream-stuff of Nature—that more than gossamer-thin veiling which hangs over distant mountain peaks and shimmers on the horizon line of a summer sea.

The hammock is, at best, much inclined to treachery; but there is a refinement in its faithlessness when it swings very high which escapes notice on a lower plane.

Believe me, when I say that my first experience in the tree-top comes back to me now with a thrill which is almost a pang. The initial sensation was that of floating in mid-air, upheld by some magic as tricky and unreliable as the cool, puffy gusts of wind that rustled by. The sheer fall to the ground under me I guessed at fifty-five feet, but just then my feelings exalted me indefinitely, while the elastic swaying motion imparted its influence to my brain, making my judgment waver fantastically. Once I thought I had fallen out, and I did come dangerously near it, but I clung to the meshes desperately and brought my aerial pirogue (the comparison is excellent) well under me, lapping the limp gunwales over my body. The blue-jays set up a screeching and chattering close at hand, ejaculating their vexation at my evasion of death, so it sounded, while the satiu rustle of their wings came through the

leafy spaces like strange words spoken under breath.

No sooner was I well lodged in my hammock than perfect confidence arrived, dispelling trepidation, calming my nerves, and filling me with a sense of rare delight. Why should I fall out? Were I fifty feet lower, I could tumble about at will, and to fall out would be next to impossible. I recalled the old philosopher's declaration that man dies only because his will falters and fades out, and I added that man falls from a hammock only after losing his head. By degrees I crept on to perfect mastery of the situation, and at the end of an hour I was swinging wildly by pulling at a hanging limb, while the blue-jays were squalling themselves hoarse in anticipation of my catastrophic destruction when a rope should break. I saw that all my fastenings held well, and that the boughs to which my hammock was anchored, though long and flexible, too strong for any force of mine to break, so I made a reckless pendulum of myself and dashed back and forth regardless of danger. This spurt of enthusiasm did not last long; subsiding, it left me gently rocking and slipping into a light, refreshing sleep. When I awoke the blue-jays had investigated me thoroughly, and had concluded, evidently, that I was not very interesting after all. The sun now lay low in the West against a sky whose splendor fell in golden mist upon the crowns of the distant mountains. I descended and cooked my supper; after I had eaten I rigged my tackle and whipped the pool in vain; not a bass broke the surface. Then exchanging my rod for my bow and quiver, I strolled down along the stream's side, hoping to have a shot at some wild thing, if but a squirrel or a young hare, before night came on. My notes show that I shot eleven times and killed one gray squirrel; but I recollect that the sport was fine; it invariably is fine, hit or miss, if you are an archer; for watching the flight of an arrow, straight-sent, whispering lightly, curving over toward the game which it always appears to be going to hit, is, like the enjoyment of painting or poetry, its own reward, regardless of the outcome. Then what sound is like that made by a round-headed shaft striking a tree or bough in the solitude of an unbroken forest? Shall any musician ever draw forth from violin or piano a note more thrillingly sweet than the ringing of my bow-cord beside the Saliquoy? I returned to my little camp in the twilight, and just in time to have a glimpse of a monster bass as he leaped to the water's surface and whisked his shining tail in the air with a melodious splash that seemed to linger and hover over the widening rosette he had left on the bosom of the pool. A little green heron, frightened by the gymnastics of the fish, or by my appearance, I know not which, took to wing and flapped slowly away up the dimly gleaming course of the stream. I lighted my lamp in my tent, after having dressed my squirrel, and read Browning's poem, "Count Gismond," the finest bit of romance ever put into words. Few poems suit well to reading in the majestic presence of solitude; but Browning, when he comes upon a perfectly lucid interval, condenses, distils and compresses the meanings of life into such nervous and masterful verse as was never written by another man. I remember

what a thrill went through me when I first read:

"Did I not watch him while he let
His armorer just brace his greaves,
Rivet his hauberk, on the fret
The while! His foot (my memory leaves
No least stamp out) . . . nor how anon
He pulled his ringing gauntlets on."

Under the spell of the picture set in those words, I lived, for the moment, the very life of the old chivalric Provincial days, when courage and love counted for so much with men and women. At the end I found myself longing for some opportunity to do a noble deed; could I offer higher eulogy of the poem?

Doubtless it would have afforded much astonishment to any one to have seen me at ten o'clock that night slowly clamboring up to my hammock. Surely I must have been taken for a new species of man, arboreal in habit, a builder of a curious swinging nest!

To make sure of myself I tied the sides of the hammock together above my body, so that I could not fall out while the strings held, and there I lay watching the stars through the partings in the foliage until I fell asleep in the arms of the night-wind. Even in my half-dreams I felt the undulatory swaying of my aerial couch. Two or three times I awoke with a start to grope in my mind for knowledge of where I was and of how came I there. Once I heard a bass bolt out of the water with that well-known deep, liquid plunge-note; then the sweet voice of the river lulled me back to my dreams. A mocking-bird greeted the rising moon at about two o'clock with a slender, plaintive song that accorded perfectly with the ghostly light flung athwart the Eastern heaven. Toward morning a breeze arose and rocked my tree, swinging me as if I were in a little boat over wide, low swells of the sea. An owl in a hollow of the forest bellowed resonantly, and was answered by another in a keen falsetto that cut the air like a rapier and lingered in whining echoes far and near. Presently the blue-jays began to stir and a broad, thin hint of daylight flared out across the solitude. Dewy leaves brushed my hand as I thrust it forth; there was a freshness singularly accentuated in the air as I drew it into my lungs; surely no other man ever felt so fully the perfect meaning of healthful sleep. I untied the strings and flung wide the hammock, so that I could tumble in it and watch the birds. The blue-jays had made a sticky, straggling nest which I now discovered in a crotch a little below me, and about twenty feet away. Two eggs shone in it like mottled gems as the waving of the overhanging leaves shifted and modified the light. According to a fixed habit of mine, which makes me retrospective on such an occasion, I fell to wondering where the first blue-jay that ever lived on the earth built its nest, and out of what did it make it. I wish some Darwin or Huxley or other master of Nature's secrets would answer this question for me, so that I need never again ask it. If one could but know for certain that the birds are older than man, as the fossils indicate, this would relieve one's misgivings and shut out the fear that these winged bipeds are, indeed, strange aborted off-shoots from one's own ancestral germ.

When the blue-jays came up to interview me just before sunrise I tried to converse with them in their own language. Some of their

phrases I could turn very well by whistling in my hand. They set their heads to one side and eyed me in a friendly but reserved way. Evidently the female felt a delicacy about going upon her nest in my presence, so I descended to *terra firma* and took a plunge into the pool. After the cold bath came the coffee-making and the meat-broiling. My squirrel was young and tender, so I ate the whole of him with great pleasure. Just as I finished, up went that great bass again, fairly jarring the pool to its center. Forthwith the angling fever was upon me, and for more than an hour I used every art and wile known to the fly-fisherman, without so much as the hint of a rise. Tired, vexed, almost disgusted, I betook me once more up to my hammock, bearing with me Isaac Walton's consoling volume, which, however, I did not open.

There were now three eggs in the blue-jay's nest, three elliptical life-globules (potential birds in a semi-liquid state) neatly sealed in a shell of painted lime. I never tire of bird's eggs. They are as beautiful as flowers and as mysterious as the origin of life. Think of it, a little blue, brown or green capsule of yolk and albumen with a minute jelly-like germ floating within; not a trace of animal heat or animal life perceptible in it. Put this in a warm oven for a few days and lo, a bird! I pause and wonder and long for knowledge whenever I peep into one of those alchemist's crucibles, a bird's nest, and see the tiny, decorated mysteries called eggs, out of which, through the influence of heat, is soon to break the embodiment of restless beauty and vigilant, strenuous, melodious life. And, speaking of nests and eggs, it is a curious fact that while birds and their eggs have been found in a fossil state, no fossil nest has yet been reported. Even sub-fossil remains of recently extinct birds found in Madagascar and New Zealand afford us no evidence of nidification. The sands and the marls have preserved as if with loving care a stray feather here, a tiny bone there, and (in some casket of silica, the glittering jewel-box tucked between the folds of earth's imperishable corsage) an egg whose colors have disappeared and whose wonder of life is frozen into stone; but the homes of the ancient birds have perished forever, because they were built upon the sand! Even that paleozoic woodpecker, found by Prof. Marsh in our Western shale, kept with him no trace of the old tree within whose decaying stem he dug his den a million years ago. Such thoughts as these connect the vast solitudes of the past and the present. As I swung aloft in my tree-top, far away a resonant hammering echoed through the lonely wood; mayhap the pileated woodpecker delving for his food; but my imagination had whisked me back to the Tertiary age, and I realized that it was the echoing blows of *Uintornis* that I heard breaking the heavy silence of Nature.

We are fed upon decay, and even our souls are fertilized with the mold and marl of dead and dissolved ages. Our inquiries go back, reaching down into the deep, dark past (as the roots of plants grope in the earth) for wherewith to build up the tissues of faith. If the life of the bird has been a million years, must not the life of man be eternal? That which has wrought the wonder of the egg has compassed the problem of immortality.

Day by day my swinging nest in the tree-

top grew more fascinating to me, albeit I thought less and less of it while my mind reached out to bathe its tentacles (so to speak) in the new and fascinating element it had discovered. All about me there were invisible trickling veins of suggestion, currents of influence and effluence, dancing bubbles of fancy, music inaudible but impressive and alluring, ringing on and on to the furthest reach of space. Gently, rhythmically the southeast wind, its wings still tipped with the salt sprays of the Atlantic, rocked me to and fro, up and down, the green leaves rustling around me, the blue sky shimmering above. Small birds came and went through the tree-tops, some of them as silent and as richly tinted as wild flowers; and once a wide-winged gorgeous moth hovered over my face as if to study my features, then wandered away, an undulating vision, flickering further and further amid the soft gloom of the foliage.

I soon became so familiar with the hammock and so adjusted to its altitude and motion that I slept in it without the precaution of tying its sides over my body. Involuntarily and without inconvenience I submitted to all the demands of equilibrium, even in my deepest slumber. It must be remembered that I was as near the tip-top of my maple as I could safely anchor the hammock; and the tree, being slender, rocked back and forth with every current of air. It was a comfort at night, when but half awake, with the wind asleep beside me, to hear my friends the blue-jays rustle their dainty plumage and call to each other in low, loving undertones. A little screech-owl, with his distressing voice, haunted a thicket, midway up the hillside, where he wheezed and whined for hours together; but the mocking-birds compensated for this mistake of Nature's with a dreamy rapture of song, so tenuous and yet so satisfying, a filmy mist going up to fill the starry spaces above the trees.

My last night at the camp must be noted as especially memorable; for it was the one following my fight with that great bass. Did I capture it? The question is not in order. Some relish for that fish-story must be held, even by force if necessary. Keep your mind on what is now forthcoming, for I dare say to you that you are about to read of an incident not paralleled in romance, and yet it is sketched as truthfully as the limited graphic power I possess will permit. On that last night came the crowning experience of my arboreal life.

It was rather late, eleven o'clock or past, when I mounted to my hammock and tumbled in. Baudelaire's poems, those strange red roses of evil, with their ineffable fascination and their melodious yet serpent-like movement, had held me by my lamp in the tent, filling me with a hideous yet delicious poison. The poet of evil strikes like a serpent hidden in a spray of tropical bloom. His lines are forked tongues, his words are fangs, and yet how sweet and beautiful! I lay awake a long while under the spell of what I had been reading. The wilderness was all silent and still, a dead calm in the air, save that the swirl of the pool sent up its liquid clamor. The stars appeared to swing low, and behind them the sky was very dark, and rich without a fleece upon its surface. Presently I fell into a deep and heavy slumber, lying on my back in the motionless hammock. When I awoke I was tossing on

stormy swells of wind, and vast black clouds were careering overhead. Surge after surge, with increasing violence, the turbulent current of the gale struck me and flung me high. The flexible boughs snatched me back, released me again, jerked me, shook me, tumbled me half-stifled among the leaves, whipped me with writhing twigs and bumped me against the knarled elbows of the trees. I grabbed the meshes of the wallowing hammock and drew them about me closely.

It was clear that a sudden mountain gale had come across the valley, swooping down upon me like a hungry owl upon its prey. How curious it is that the first thing I thought of in the wild confusion of my waking was the safety of my blue-jay neighbors! I might have been sure on that score, however, for it is no mere galloping gale that blows a bird off its perch. Nature has fortified the little songsters against the exigencies of night and wind. In the bird's leg is a tendon (controlled by a flexor muscle) running down to the toes, and so arranged that when the limb is flexed the foot is automatically closed. So the act of sitting, or squatting, upon a bough fastens the bird there as safely and immovably as if it were nailed to the wood with barbed spikes! Let the wild wind blow; so long as my blue-jay can keep his legs bent, so long will his feet clutch the branch or twig upon which he is perched. As for me, I did not dare try to leave my hammock, that would have been desperation with the trees tossing about so madly; all I could do was to cling to the meshes and draw them over me with hands and feet. The wind yelled and roared and belled; I thought every moment that it would rain, but the clouds simply thickened and the gusts came faster and harder. In the midst of the uproar and the commotion I asked myself the question: "Are you afraid?" Gripping the hammock threads with desperate force, and giving way to some hysterical impulse, I yelled forth the answer with all the power of my voice: "Blow on! Blow on! I'm here to stay, if the ropes don't break!" A blue-jay responded in a scarcely re-assuring tone, his low yet shrill cry, half anger, half despair, cutting the tumult through with a certain mordant celerity very remarkable.

When the gale reached its full force, as in a few moments it did, the experience was indescribable. To be at sea in a small boat when a white squall churns the water to foam is frightful enough; but to lie aloft in an open hammock amid the topmost boughs of a flexible, elastic maple tree, when a mountain wind is blowing great guns, is worth a lifetime of tamer danger.

Each great throb or gust caught my tree and snatched it over so that it mingled its crashing branches with those of its neighbors and leaned perilously far, then releasing it, let it whisk back to be seized by the succeeding surge, which shook it and plunged forward with it more furiously and recklessly than had its leader. What if my ropes should break! The thought returned again and again with a peculiar thrill, but I set my jaws and yelled defiance through my teeth, having no better vent for my feelings.

Far away I heard the throbbing, watery boom of rain on the hills. It was coming rapidly, driven by the wind, and I knew that I was doomed to a thorough soaking; but how could I prevent it? The mad currents of the storm were lifting me and shaking me

as you have seen a pack of hounds fling up a fox and toss it from mouth to mouth.

Have you ever lain awake in your bed listening to the march of a coming rain? It is like the tramping of a million feet, the mingling of a million voices.

Suddenly a few large chilly drops struck me like bullets whirring along the wind; then followed the increasing sound of a hard-blown shower in the solitude and the night, striking the million tossing leaf-billows of the woods, and in a moment an almost level deluge plunged over me. It was a cool, almost cold water, in heavy, close-set drops; the force and the temperature made me catch my breath and shiver convulsively; then there came a flood, a pouring, raging torrent of finer drops borne by a long, careering swell of the wind. Instantly my flannel clothes were soaked, and I felt as if suspended in a sea-current when the waves are flat and swift. Then the wind changed to savage short puffs. Up and down, back and forth I was jerked and swung and tossed, the boughs of the trees thrashing me across my face, limbs, body, the sprays of wet foliage mopping me vigorously, my eyes blinded and my ears full of water. My hands were chilled and my fingers cramped with holding on to the hammock's meshes.

By one of those perversities of the human brain, during all this stress of danger and discomfort a Sapphic fragment—

"Sleep, dark-eyed child of night"—

rang in my mind.

How long it rained and blew I can only guess; but it was an age in the multitude of its experiences and in the significance of its suggestions. A touch of the infinite, a thrill of the all-powerful and untamable spirit of Nature must necessarily accompany such an adventure. Even now across the space of years I feel as sharply as then the currents of wild passion that rushed with the winds, and you will not deem me merely sentimental when I say that I caught from those high, hurrying streams of air, from the roaring rain and the weltering tree-tops, something to make my heart stronger and my vision clearer.

I have been cradled in the hammock of the storm.—*The Independent.*

A GLANCE in at the Polk Street Station, in Chicago, impresses one with the thought that a very large percentage of the travel East is over the old Erie railroad. A ride over the road proves the wisdom of the choice of routes. In the matter of cleanliness, comfort, attention, and the little courtesies on the part of the trainmen, all tend to fix the decision of the traveling public in a choice of routes; hence it is that the Erie carries such a large per cent of travel between New York and Chicago. The care exercised during the World's Fair, and the fact in history that fewer delays and accidents occurred on this line than on any other, cannot fail to influence visitors to the Pan-American this season. All devotees to the famous Chautauqua are landed right at its doorway by this route. The scenery is something grand, especially through the Susquehanna and Chemung Valleys. There are 247 curves or windings around the high mountains in a distance of 104 miles, yet in spite of these curves remarkably quick time is made, and that, too, with a full assurance of safety.

Young People's Work.

LESTER C. RANDOLPH, Editor, Alfred, N. Y.

A BREEZE FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

The first echo from the North-Western Association comes to hand just now in a characteristic letter from C. U. Parker. We shall not attempt to edit anything so full of good cheer and the breath of enthusiasm, but give you extracts as they come.

"I attended the Association at Walworth, and a rousing time we had from start to finish."

"The quartets were superfine, especially the Ladies' Milton Quartet."

"I tell you there are a fine lot of good, wholesome, energetic young people in and around Southern Wisconsin. It makes one proud to think that he can be identified with and know such whole-souled boys and girls. The future looks bright for us as a denomination after we see, know and feel the mighty purpose which is moving these young people."

"E. B. Saunders gave us such a touching, feeling sermon Sabbath-day that there were few dry eyes in the house, and it even overrun into the contribution basket. All hearts were touched afresh when Dr. Palmborg described her feelings, purposes, desires and—most of all, when she told how God had led her."

"Such provisions in inexhaustible quantities, quality and service unsurpassed! You must smell them clear to Alfred. If one had had the neck of a giraffe and the capacity of a freight car, he would have been filled."

"Why always refer to the length, breadth and thickness of E. A. Witter when he is a veritable bubbling, overflowing spring of wit, laughter and cheerfulness? He strikes straight out from the shoulder in his sermons as well as with his fist. He has a grip like a vice physically, and a never-let-go grip on the things of God while he reaches down to help others up."

SNAP SHOTS AT WALWORTH.

(Camera in the hands of Carl Parker.)

"I have found nothing more wonderful than the love of God."—Dr. Palmborg.

"If we were more thoroughly imbued with our mission, you would find more SABBATH RECORDERS in the homes.—O. U. Whitford.

"If the pastor earns his salary, pay him when it is due."—C. E. Crandall.

"I can't preach the love of God into your hearts, but you can catch it."—E. B. Saunders.

"I esteem it the greatest privilege of my life to serve God."—George Burdick.

"I have been praying that my own heart may be benefitted."—I. J. Ordway.

"I desire the faith of a little child."—N. W. Williams.

"Everything I have is on the altar."—Mrs. Townsend.

"The note of praise should be sounded for our many blessings."—E. A. Witter.

"I want to see the end of the Christian race."—Dea. Clark.

"We thank thee for the young men and women who have given their hearts to thee."—I. L. Cottrell.

"Men are so busy providing a living for a few short years that they forget the life through eternity."—(Amen. L. A. Platts.)

"Combine the preaching of the law and the

gospel; the preaching of the gospel and the law."—O. U. Whitford.

"Let us surround our boys and girls with the right kind of companions."—C. B. Hull.

"The church should be progressive hygienically."—O. E. Larkin.

"Every dollar of the Tract Society belongs to the people and is used for the denominational advancement."—J. P. Mosher.

"I like to think of the church as a hallowed, divine place."—M. B. Kelly.

WHILE I THINK OF IT.

The "Y. of K." quoted in the RECORDER two weeks ago should have been "York." This is another joke on the Y. P. Editor's handwriting.

On reading over the items of two weeks ago, there are one or two of them which might be construed in such a way as to hurt someone's feelings. You did not think of such a thing? Well, glad of it. We didn't either when we wrote them.

Sit right down now before you do anything else—or, if you are already seated, that will answer the purpose—and write a few sparkling news items, thoughts or suggestions for this page.

Please remember to write on *one* side of the page only. There is just now at hand an article which we must either re-write in part, or throw in the waste basket. We will be good to you this time, but next time—better be careful.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

Our Treasurer is very much concerned about the finances of our societies. There is so little money coming into the treasury that he is almost alarmed about it. There is much evidence of interest and spiritual power among the young people, but when such interest and spirituality are at high-water mark it is always indicated by the freedom and promptness with which we give of our means. As we freely receive, we freely give. I know from experience that individuals get into close places financially, so that they cannot give when, and as, they would like, and it is probably the same with societies; but it is fortunate that all individuals or all societies do not become financially embarrassed at the same time. Now I am persuaded that the present lack is not due to an indisposition to give, but rather to a lack of promptness in giving what we have already decided to give.

But, certainly, we would not be less "diligent in business" in our religious obligations than in our secular. I am sure this little reminder will be all that is necessary to bring the needed money into the treasury; first, because of our genuine interest in advancing the kingdom of Christ; and secondly, because of the pride of our young people in keeping our part of the work up with any other part in the denomination.

Let us have a good strong financial report to present at the near-approaching Conference.

M. B. KELLY.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 24, 1901.

PAN-AMERICAN.

The undersigned can accommodate a number of boarders. Street cars direct to Exposition grounds. Address G. A. Campbell, or Mrs. C. B. Skinner, 209 South Division Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Children's Page.

PAPA'S BABY.

I'm writing a letter to papa,
My baby-boy sitting by me,
His big blue eyes eagerly watching
So all that I am doing he'll see.

"Now, darling, don't touch, and I'll tell you
About all these things I have here,
Just fold those wee meddling fingers—
Yes, I know what you'd like to do, dear!

"This paper so smooth is to carry
To papa the news from his home;
To tell him we love him and miss him,
And count off the days when he'll come.

"And the pen and the ink I must write with;
Yes, funny black marks just like this
Will tell papa how much we love him,
And how we both send him a kiss.

"Then into this envelope waiting
The letter all folded will go;
And up in one corner, to send it,
I'll put on a postage stamp, so!

"If that stamp wasn't there, baby darling,
The letter, you see, wouldn't go;
But the stamp will safe carry to papa
All the news that we want him to know."

Then while I bent over my letter,
The moist dimpled fingers closed fast
Around the stamp-box and its contents,
And baby was happy at last.

"Da-da!" The gleeful shout roused me;
The baby, dear mischievous elf,
Had fastened a stamp on his forehead
To go to dear papa himself!

—Babyland.

THE LITTLE BROWN WRENS.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY MARY S. WILLIS.

Robert and Janie's mamma was sick and the house was kept very quiet. One day a little brown wren came flying in the sitting-room door followed by her mate. After looking around a few minutes they left, only to return bearing straws in their beaks. In two or three days the little birds grew so tame that they would work at their nest building when the children were in the room, and the male would perch himself on the back of a rocking-chair and sing and sing as if he were bursting with happiness.

The children's father was often vexed by finding his pockets and even his shoes filled with straws, but the children thought it great fun. Even the folds of the curtains and the corners of the windows had unfinished nests in them, but the place finally chosen by the fastidious little mother wren was on the mantel between a clock and a vase. By common consent of all the family this was left undisturbed, and the little birds deftly roofed it over and lined it daintily with horsehair. The day after it was finished a little speckled egg appeared, then another and another, until four little speckled beauties the size of large peas lay side by side. Then father wren sang more rapturously, while mother wren in quiet happiness brooded her treasures day and night, and grew so gentle that Janie used to stroke her back and head with one little finger.

After two weeks this peaceful joy changed to ecstasy for both birds and children, for the tiny shells burst, and out came four wee birds with hungry mouths clamoring for food. Father wren could not find time to sing and mother wren seemed weary, but always patient, as she carefully tucked the hard-earned worms down the eager, gaping throats. The neat little housewife, with all her cares, carried every bit of shell and refuse out of doors before dropping it.

One day a greedy youngster, in his struggle to get a brother's worm, fell out of the

nest and pounce! Tom, the house cat, was on him before help could come. Mother wren mourned him as the fairest of her flock, and the second day Robert said: "I know where there is a nest of mocking birds; I will get her one of those and we will have a pet mocking bird."

The new pet was a young giant in comparison with his foster brothers and sisters. His body was as large as that of mother wren and his great, gaping, noisy, yellow throat seemed able to swallow her. Mother wren hopped around looking at it, as Red Riding Hood at the wolf. At last she tucked the worm into the yawning throat, when snap went the jaws on her beak, and she had to struggle to get away.

The children soon saw that the little wrens would be starved, for the mocking bird was so large and greedy that it took all the food, so that they took it out, put it in a box and attempted to feed it themselves. Every day mother wren would visit the prisoner and give it some dainty morsel that she had saved from her own children, while Robert and Janie found out how hard birds have to work to support their families. In one forenoon that mocking bird ate 160 grasshoppers and was crying for more as a breathless little boy and girl sat, flushed and tired, on the step.

At last the great day came when the little wrens learned to fly. The children took care of the cat, but they could do nothing more to relieve the anxiety of the little mother, who urged and compelled the birdies to leave the nest, then with encouraging twittering showed the timid fledglings how to fly, or fed them as they clung in terror to a waving bough. It was a time of great distress, but all survived the day, and on the morrow the young birds began to enjoy the use of their wings. After a week the children were never again sure of their feathered friends.

SOME COURTEOUS CHILDREN.

He was a big, burly, good-natured conductor on a country railroad, and he had watched them with much interest as they got on the train. There were two handsome, round-faced, rosy-checked boys, and three sunny-haired, pretty little girls of various sizes and ages. A grave, kind-looking gentleman, evidently their guardian, got in with them, and the conductor's attention was soon caught by the fact that the apparently eager conversation was carried on by means of a deaf-and-dumb alphabet, the gentleman joining in so pleasantly that the conductor beamed on him with approval. Naturally kind-hearted himself, it pleased him to see this trait in others. But his honest eyes were misty as he thought of his own noisy crowd of youngsters at home, and contrasted them with this prim little company who smiled and gesticulated, but made no sound.

It was plain they were off on a holiday jaunt, for they all had satchels and wore a festive, "go-away" air, and the conductor, whose fancy played about them continually, settled it in his mind that they belonged to some asylum, and were going with their teacher for a vacation trip. He couldn't help watching them and nodding to them as he passed through the car; they returned his greeting in kind, being cheerful little souls, and he began to look forward with regret to the time of parting.

At length, at one of the rural stations, the

gentleman kissed the young ones hurriedly all round and got off the train. They leaned out of the windows and waved enthusiastic farewells as the car moved on; then the biggest "little girl" took a brown-paper bag from her satchel and distributed crackers in even shares. The conductor in passing smiled and nodded as usual, as the little girl held out the paper bag to him.

"Do have some," she said.

He started back in sheer amazement.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you can talk, then—all of you?"

"Of course!" they cried in chorus.

The conductor sank into the seat across the aisle. "I thought you were deaf and dumb!" he gasped.

"O, how funny!" cried one of the rosy-cheeked boys. "Why, that was Uncle Jack, poor fellow. He was born that way. We wouldn't talk while he was with us; it might hurt his feelings, you know. Hello! here's our station. Come on, girls!" and the five trooped noisily out and waved their handkerchiefs from the platform as the train moved on.—*St. Nicholas.*

CANADIAN LETTER.

PETITCODIAC, N. B., Canada, June 14, 1901.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

The case of Sunday-desecration and consequent arrest of Deacon Benjamin Blakely, a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church in Elgin, Albert County, New Brunswick, Canada, of which I wrote you just an item, as that was all I had of the matter at the time, is as follows, from Bro. Blakely's own mouth on Sunday last:

"Esquire" Leahey, as the Justices of the Peace are sometimes called in this county, appeared in Goshen where Bro. Blakely lived and found him ploughing in the field, on Sunday, the 12th of May. Leahey resides thirty miles distant in the same county, and seemed more like a drunken mad man than a sane person, and coming down the road hollered and roared at the Sunday-desecrator, saying, "Put down those lines or reins." Bro. Blakely stopped and asked him by what authority he demanded cessation from honest labor, and interfere with his work. He gave his name very willingly and said he was a Roman Catholic, a Justice of the Peace, and that he should summons him to appear before him that day. And Bro. Blakely not allowing himself to be scared by the J. P. went on with his work. Leahey still persisted and spoke with great authority that he should stop. From a neighboring house he called a witness, to view the transaction. The man was a willing witness. The magistrate and the witness came again, this time more calmly, and in the name of King Edward the 7th, commanded him to desist from his labor on the Lord's-day.

After this, on the same day, he went to a near-by magistrate for a warrant. Esquire Robinson, for such is the name he is known by, refused to give a warrant for Bro. Blakely's arrest, on the ground that some time ago he got worsted in trying the same thing on the same person, but said to him, "Go home, Leahey, you have taken the matter up, go ahead," to which Leahey replied, "I will, if it takes a limb off from me."

While at Robinson's house he got hold of the book of statutes of Canada and drew up a complaint; the witness he called refused to act as complainant, and directed him to

Henry C. Graves, who is a prominent member of the Baptist church in Elgin. This all being done on Sunday, now late in the day, laid by till Monday morning, then proceeded to see the said Graves, whom he found anxious to assist Leahey, and began proceedings immediately. The magistrate going home the same day made out a summons to appear before him on the 27th of May, and sent a constable thirty miles to make the arrest, and on the Sabbath-day to make it all the more greivous. Bro. Blakely ignored the constable and his papers, and did not appear on the given time, but sent by mail for a copy of the proceedings, which were placed subsequently in the hands of an attorney. The court sat, Justice Leahey presiding, fined Bro. Blakely seven dollars for the offense, and twelve dollars expenses. Bro. Blakely appealed, the case will be heard by a judge of a higher court at Hopewell, Albert County, which is the shiretown, where is located the jail and court-house and county buildings, forty miles distant from Bro. Blakely's home.

This is a correct statement of the case. Bro. Blakely is a Godly man, a good citizen, an excellent neighbor and a firm friend. I know several of the persons named in this letter; I preach in the same neighborhood. What the decision of the higher court in the case may be remains to be seen. When I find out I will let you know all about it. Yesterday I delivered an address on the Sabbath question at Elgin, three miles distant from Bro. Blakely's place of residence, and made some reference to Bro. Blakely, who with his excellent wife, and part of their family, were present. In the sight of man, my work here is not very pleasant or honorable; in God's sight, I humbly trust it is different.

GEORGE SEELEY.

IN MEMORIAM.

In St. Mary's Hospital, at Rochester, Minnesota, June 1, 1901, of cancer of the bowels, Deacon Eugene S. Ellis, in the 50th year of his age.

A deep interest has been felt in the home community regarding Bro. Ellis' sickness. Last July he submitted to a dangerous operation for cancer. He rallied from this sufficiently to go about town and attend to some business. In a short time he began to decline, and the last of May it was considered necessary for him to undergo the second operation, from which he soon passed away.

He contemplated this fatal termination with a calm and perfect trust, and his words to his pastor expressed his feelings in death as they had in life, "For I am now ready." 2 Tim. 4: 6.

Funeral services were held on Monday, June 3, at 11 o'clock A. M., in the Seventh-day Baptist church. The house was crowded, many standing during the service, and many going away, being unable to get in.

He came to Ashland with his parents in 1862, uniting with the Wasioja church, now the Dodge Centre Seventh-day Baptist church, when eighteen years of age. March 15, 1875, he was married to Miss Lulu Brown, who still survives him.

For nearly twenty years he served his church in the capacity of deacon, holding this office as a sacred trust. He believed in the power of the Gospel to save from sin; and social purity and temperance were to him only parts of the great system of the Gospel, in which he lived and believed. His strong

social powers, coupled with a warm, sympathetic heart, made him a safe counsellor both for the young and old. He has held offices in the village and school boards, and was always ready to do his duty intelligently.

The village will miss his broad-minded, clear-headed counsel; the church a safe and wise officer, and the home a loving and devoted husband and father.

The wife, one son, two daughters, and two younger brothers, with many relatives and friends, mourn their loss. J. H. H.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The man who has no pity for the fatherless and widow fortunately finds little sympathy in this land. The life of Henry A. Wise records the discomfiture of such an oppressor.

There was an auction sale in the little house, and one after another the widow's few possessions fell beneath the hammer. Presently the auctioneer took up a large bowl which happened to be full of sugar, and the poor woman, anxious to save its contents, hastened into the next room to find something in which to put them.

Just as she returned the auctioneer cried, "Sold!" and the purchaser insisted that the sugar was his. The widow pleaded for the little that was much to her, but the man was obdurate, and murmurs of indignation arose from the crowd. Angry at this demonstration, the man turned, and his eye rested on Mr. Wise.

"Mr. Wise," said he, "you are a lawyer. Am I right or not? If you say I am not, I will give back the sugar. If you say I am, I am entitled to it, and I'll keep it."

"My friend," replied Wise, in his gentlest tone, "you put a delicate and unpleasant responsibility on me. Hadn't you better decide the matter for yourself?"

"No," replied the fellow, curtly. "I know what your opinion is going to be, and I want you to give it so that this whole crowd can hear it."

"Then," said Wise, "I advise you that the sugar is yours. The widow cannot take it from you. She has no redress."

"Aha!" cried the man, turning to the spectators. "What did I tell you?"

"Stop!" thundered Wise, whose manner at once changed. "I've advised you at your persistent request, as I can prove by these people. It remains for me to tell you that I charge you five dollars for my advice, and I demand immediate payment. If you trifle with me in the matter of payment, you will most certainly regret it."

The man turned scarlet, and, fumbling in his wallet, produced a five-dollar bill. The crowd yelled its approval, but suddenly became silent as Mr. Wise walked up to the widow and said:

"This money is mine. I have earned it honestly. Take it and buy more sugar for your fatherless children."—*Youth's Companion*.

A SIGN OF THE REAL LEADER.

It is better to provoke thought than applause, to inspire than to please. One teacher wins praise for himself by his skill; another so stirs hearts that he himself is almost forgotten, because his hearers are thinking upon his words. The real leaders of men usually come in for small share of flattery or approval. Most of them, indeed, have had hatred for their daily portion. If the cheers of men are our desire, we may be sure we shall not be real winners in life's race.—*S. S. Times*.

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.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 6.	God the Creator of all Things.....	Gen. 1: 1-29; 2: 1-3
July 13.	Beginning of Sin and Redemption.....	Gen. 3: 1-15
July 20.	Noah Saved in the Ark.....	Gen. 8: 1-22
July 27.	God Calls Abram.....	Gen. 12: 1-9
Aug. 3.	Abram and Lot.....	Gen. 13: 1-18
Aug. 10.	God's Promise to Abraham.....	Gen. 15: 1-18
Aug. 17.	Abraham's Intercession.....	Gen. 18: 16-33
Aug. 24.	Abraham and Isaac.....	Gen. 22: 1-14
Aug. 31.	Isaac the Peace Maker.....	Gen. 26: 12-25
Sept. 7.	Jacob at Bethel.....	Gen. 28: 10-22
Sept. 14.	Jacob a Prince with God.....	Gen. 32: 1-32
Sept. 21.	Temperance Lesson.....	Prov. 23: 29-35
Sept. 28.	Review.....	

LESSON II.—BEGINNING OF SIN AND REDEMPTION.

For Sabbath-day, July 13, 1901.

LESSON TEXT.—Gen. 3: 1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.—Rom. 5: 20.

INTRODUCTION.

As we had for our study last week the Poem of Creation, so now we consider the Poem of the Fall. We do not know how long man lived in the Garden of Eden without sin. Very likely it was for years. But there was implanted in his character the possibility of sinning, and this possibility had at length its consequence. We are not to understand that God intended that man should sin. For the development of man in the image of God, it was necessary that he should be a free moral agent. With this freedom of choice came the possibility of choosing evil, and when the occasion arose man chose to disobey God, and thus fell from his first estate.

Many questions arise as to the nature of the narrative before us. Some hold that it is precise history, in strictly literal language; others understand it as a symbolic picture of an actual occurrence so far in the distant past that it cannot well be portrayed to us in literal words. President Harper calls it "ideal history." Even those who hold to the view that this narrative is literal history take the serpent to be Satan, or at least his representative, although there is nothing in the narrative itself to show that he (the serpent) is any more than one of the beasts of the garden. They find also in v. 15 a Messianic prophecy of the ultimate triumph of the human race over evil—a triumph which shall be as complete as the defeat concerning which we study.

Since these two interpretations seem to be accredited by certain passages of the New Testament (Rev. 20: 2; 12: 9 and others), we need not hesitate to accept them, although they are deduced from our present lesson only by the allegorical method of exegesis.

TIME.—We have no hint as to the year. It is at the end of the age of innocence.

PLACE.—The Garden of Eden. There is much dispute as to the precise location. Very likely it was near the head-waters of the Euphrates and the Tigris in Western Asia.

PERSONS.—Adam and Eve. God is represented as talking with them as a person. The serpent is also represented as talking, and may in a certain sense be regarded as a person.

OUTLINE:

1. The Temptation. v. 1-5.
2. The Fall and its Immediate Consequences. v. 6-8
3. The Investigation. v. 9-13.
4. The Curse and the Promise. v. 14, 15.

NOTES.

1. *Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord hath made.* At first sight this serpent seems no more than one of the animals which God had made. But he had said of that which he had created that it was all very good. Gen. 1: 31. There must have been here an evil intelligence. See Introduction. The word translated "subtle" is used both in a good and in a bad sense in Scripture, "crafty, cunning, prudent." The word here translated "Lord" [with small capitals] by the Authorized and Revised Versions alike, is rendered by the American Revisors, "Jehovah." It is the proper name of God revealed to Moses at Horeb. Exod. 3: 15. [R. V. margin.] *Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden.* The serpent shows his craftiness in misquoting God's command, and by expressing surprise that God should lay any restriction upon mankind.

2. *We may eat of the fruit, etc.* The woman shows that the restriction is very light, and is intended to prevent the misfortune of death.

3. *Neither shall ye touch it.* Various explanations have been offered for this seeming addition, on the part of the woman, to the command of Chap. 2: 17. Some think that these words show that she thought the command too strict; others that she was hereby attempting to ward off the enticement which she imagined that the serpent was about to present. But the command not to touch may have been a part of the original precept.

4. *Ye shall not surely die.* The woman has so far yielded to the serpent as to listen. Now the serpent directly denies the beneficent purpose of God in restricting man from the fruit of the tree, and goes on to suggest that God is rather withholding from them a blessing greatly to be desired.

5. *Your eyes shall be opened, etc.* Like many a modern temptation, this enticement to evil was seductive because it contained an element of truth. Their eyes were opened. See v. 7. They did become like God in knowing good and evil. See v. 22. *As gods.* Much better, "as God." The same Hebrew word, which in its form is plural, is used to represent the one true God and the false gods of the heathen. The context must in every case decide which is intended.

6. *And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, etc.* The woman inclined to eat, because of the argument of the tempter, finds still other allurments as she considers the matter and looks at the tree. *And gave also unto her husband with her.* He was present with her, and very likely was moved by the same motives as she, although some suggest that he was unwilling to leave her alone in the act.

7. *And the eyes of them both were opened, etc.* The age of child-like innocence was immediately at an end.

8. *And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden.* The word translated "voice" is sometimes appropriately rendered "sound," as in 2 Sam. 5: 24, and might well be rendered thus in this passage. The reference here is doubtless to footsteps or rustle of garments. The sacred writer, in order to make his narrative vivid and to bring it within the range of comprehension of his readers, represents God as acting and speaking as a man. *In the cool of the day.* Literally, "the wind of the day;" that is, when the evening breeze had sprung up. *And Adam and his wife.* It is better to translate, "the man and his wife," as in the Revised Version; for the Hebrew word "Adam" (man, mankind) is not used as a proper name till the latter part of this chapter, and probably should be rendered "man" even there. *Hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God.* The second effect of sin—estrangement from God.

10. *And I was afraid because I was naked.* The man tells a part of the truth, and mentions the consequence of sin, rather than the sin itself.

11. *Who told thee, etc.* God is represented as pursuing his investigation to the end. We may not hope to conceal anything from him.

12. *The woman whom thou gavest, etc.* Some have thought this straightforward confession. But the most obvious inference from these words is that the man is seeking to excuse himself for his misdeed, first by throwing the blame upon the woman, and secondly upon God himself because he had given the woman to the man.

13. *The Serpent beguiled me.* The woman in her turn strives to shift the blame upon the serpent.

14. *And the Lord God said unto the serpent, etc.* The judicial examination does not extend to the irresponsible brute beast; but even it must be punished. Compare Exod. 21: 28; Gen. 9: 5, and other passages. It is vain to speculate whether the serpent had legs before this time and walked about as other animals. The eating of dust is the necessary consequence of its living so close to the dusty earth.

15. *And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, etc.* An additional punishment of the serpent. There is to be a perpetual antipathy and warfare between the descendants of the serpent and of the woman. Here we must recur again to the allegorical interpretation, or miss the full meaning. This means much more than that mankind shall always shudder at the sight of a snake, and that the sons of the woman will hate serpents and kill them. Men hate tigers and other animals as well. This verse tells us that there is to be a continual conflict between Satan and the human race in which there shall be injuries on both sides, but that mankind shall at length triumph by bruising the head of the serpent. Although we may properly say that it is the race that is to be thus triumphant, we may see suggested in "the seed of the woman" the divine representative of the human family, the man Christ Jesus, the Son of God. The Roman Catholics read instead of "it shall bruise thy head," "she shall bruise," etc., and find a reference to the Virgin Mary; but this interpretation is fanciful, and has no justification in the context or elsewhere.

UNNECESSARY MARTYRDOM.

It is not uncommon to find people who appear to believe that because a thing is pleasant it cannot be right, who it may be, see so much trouble in the world that they think trouble the law of the planet and anything else is an evasion of the law, for which a penalty must be paid. To such people the more disagreeable any course is, the more it becomes a duty. They live in a sort of perpetual penance for the sins they have never committed, but which they might possibly commit if tempted. If they allow themselves any pleasures, they do it under a sort of mental protest, a consciousness of self-indulgence to the point of weakness, if not of wrong-doing.

They eat but little, and eat that little as a medicinal necessity merely. They allow themselves small enjoyment in the act, making the merit not only of frugality, but of disrelish also. They not only—like the bird—"Wear their brown gown and never dress too fine," but they even scrimp the brown gown. Driving, play-going, music, gay and cheerful company, are things forbidden to their ascetic principles—things to be eschewed as St. Anthony eschewed his temptations. Anything which is attractive becomes an object of suspicion and rejection. In all but name, except now and then weakness breaks through and enjoys a meal, a scrap of fine apparel, an hour or two of purposeless pleasure, they pose as a species of mediæval saint, made holy by the modern equivalent of the skull and scroll and solitude, the pulse and water of the desert cave.

These people, however, seldom content themselves with a selfish enjoyment of their asceticism; they are always blowing their penny whistle to call other people to witness it, to invite other people to share it, to announce that those people who believe otherwise are guilty and undeserving. They declare the world a place of graves, a vale of tears, a desert to be crossed, all of which, as they make it for themselves and others, it certainly is. When their voices are not lifted in the self-adulation—a pleasure which they by no means deny themselves—they tacitly call attention to themselves in their role of martyrdom, and demand pity from the rest of the race who do not stand upon their bare and lofty level of self-denial and self-control, and join in their condemnation of the works of the Creator.

These individuals, however, would be among the first to deny that they condemned the works of the Creator. But if refusing to receive and enjoy the innocent pleasure of the world is not condemnation of the giver of these pleasures, it would be difficult to find any more descriptive word. When a host makes us welcome, and spreads a banquet, he hardly expects us to call his dining-hall a vale of tears, or to refuse to be regaled with what he had set before us, or to denounce the good things on the board as sinful indulgences; he would regard it, a singular exhibition of ingratitude, worthy of reproof. In the struggle from the "red dust of Hornos," to the star dust of the upper heavens, there is necessarily much trouble, pain and grief to be experienced. If this experience has been mitigated by some measure of blue sky and sunshine, of music and flowers and the harmless indulgence of the finer senses, it must be right to receive that mitigation. If we are not sure that a pleasure is wrong, we had better as-

sume that it is right, for the burden of proof is on us. To increase the sum of suffering by making ourselves suffer, is to work on the wrong side of the forces of nature, and to retard the whole upward progress. To make ourselves martyrs here in the hope of gain hereafter, when the martyrdom is unnecessary, is to rob real martyrdom of its glory, and to anticipate and forestall the purposes of Providence.

"While we suffer, let us set our souls
To suffer perfectly; since this alone,
The suffering, which is this world's special grace,
May here be perfected and left behind;
But in obedience and humility,
Waiting on God's hand, not forestalling it,
Seek not to snatch presumptuously the palm
By self-election; poison not thy wine
With bitter herbs, if he has made it sweet,
Nor rob God's treasures because the key
Is easy to be turned by mortal hands.
The gifts of birth, death, genius, suffering,
Are all for his hands only to bestow;
Receive thy portion and be satisfied.
Who crowns himself a king is not the more
Royal; nor he who mars himself with stripes
The more partaker of the Cross of Christ."

DAMARIS.

A SON OF GOD.

Henry M. Stanley tells, that once in the heart of dark Africa a native was dragged before him by some of his followers for stealing a gun. Stanley looked at the gun; it clearly belonged to his expedition. The poor man who had it was frightened at the mention of Stanley's name, and could hardly find his voice or say a word only, "I am a son of God, I would not steal!" This he repeated again and again. It was all he could say.

Stanley was interested, and it dawned on him that this man was probably one of the converts of some of the missionaries laboring in that region, and he accordingly gave him the gun and allowed him to go, while they pursued their way.

At the next station where they stopped they found the gun waiting for them. It appeared that the gun had probably been lost. This man had found it, and when he was set free he at once went with it to the missionary for instructions, and by his direction it was sent where Stanley would get it.

But what a light must have touched that darkened son of Africa, who, though brought up in all vileness and theft and sin, had come to realize the glorious dignity of a divine paternity, and say "I am a son of God, I would not steal."—*Exchange*.

AVERSE TO EARLY RISING.

There is a story going the rounds about Mr. Gladstone having been worsted by little Dorothy Drew on a question of acquaintance with the Bible. It is said that at Hawarden, one morning, she refused to get up. When all other means had failed to coax her out of bed, Mr. Gladstone was called. "Why won't you get up, my child?" he asked. "Why, grandfather, didn't you tell me to do what the Bible says?" asked Dorothy. "Yes, certainly." "Well, it disapproves of early rising; says it's a waste of time." Mr. Gladstone knew his Bible better than most men, but he was not equal to Dorothy. For once in his life he was nonplussed. "You listen, then," went on Dorothy, in reply to his exclamation of astonishment, and turning to her Bible she read the second verse of the 127th Psalm, laying great emphasis on the first words, "It is vain for you to rise up early."—*Cong.*

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Ramie.

A perennial plant and a native of the Malay Islands, China, and Japan, which has long been cultivated in the East Indies. It can be grown in the moderate climate of any of the Southern States, and as far north as New Jersey.

It much resembles hemp; the fiber is unsurpassed in strength, and is very little affected by moisture. In fineness, it rivals flax, and has a silky luster like jute. It is much used for fish nets and cordage, and articles of great beauty are made from it already; hosiery, table linen, bed sheets and fancy goods are manufactured from this material.

The different tests that have been made with ramie fiber, as compared with flax, hemp, jute and cotton, are all in favor of ramie. It is, therefore, being used in making sail-cloth, awnings and coverings for carriages, because it is less affected by atmospheric influences and acids.

Ramie is being introduced into knitted underwear, which is finding much favor with the public, in view of its great durability, its fine lustral and silky finish, and of its admitting perspiration without generating and retaining disagreeable heat. It is also found that garments made of ramie can be cleansed with soap and water with far less friction, or pressure, than those made from other textiles.

Ramie is a shrubby plant, growing to the height of from five to eight feet. It thrives in hot, moist, shaded situations, and is propagated from slips or from root cuttings. It grows from three to four crops of stems in a season, yielding from 700 to 800 pounds of marketable fiber per acre. The fiber is usually bleached, and comes into market in brilliant white filaments, having a silky gloss, and strength, luster and smoothness, unequaled by any other vegetable fiber. It was first brought into Europe in 1810. A cord was made from it which sustained a weight of 252 pounds. A similar cord made from Russian hemp sustained only eighty-seven pounds.

The Chinese bestow much care upon its cultivation, but experience much difficulty in extracting the fiber. The Indian Government, in 1869, offered a prize of \$25,000 for machinery, or processes, by which the fiber could be made suitable for market at reasonable cost.

In 1872, \$7,500 was granted Mr. John Greig, of Edinburgh, Scotland, for improvement in working the fiber, but since that time Prof. Freemy, assisted by Mr. Urban, of Paris, has overcome all difficulties by using a process invented by Mr. Fevier, which consists in submitting the newly-cut stems to low-pressure steam for twenty minutes, after which the whole fiber is removed from the woody portion with the utmost ease. The fiber is then treated with alkaline solutions, and a pure, fine working material is readily obtained.

A Great Automobile Race in France.

France appears to take the lead of all other countries in the manufacture and use of automobiles. A trial of speed was arranged for, and a distance of three hundred and forty-eight (348) miles was to be traveled over, which should decide superiority.

There were entered for the race sixty-four

machines. At the appointed time the start was made, and the automobile belonging to M. Fournier covered the entire distance in 6 hours, 7 minutes and 44 seconds. The average speed was 56 1/4 miles per hour—a remarkable speed for a first performance and for so long a distance. The second to arrive was an English machine, with an Englishman to drive it. He was not far behind, as he made a speed of 52 1/2 miles an hour. Mr. Farman evidently did not get the best results out of his machine, for he admitted that, to guide the mobile under such speed, caused great excitement and an intense strain upon the nervous system during the whole distance.

It is remarkable that out of the sixty-four machines which took part in the race during the long distance of 348 miles, where each machine was expected to develop its greatest speed, not a single accident of any moment occurred. It was truly a remarkable performance, all things considered.

The automobiles are already making their appearance on our streets, and evidently, like the bicycle, have come to stay. Therefore, as soon as Mr. Edison completes his plant for manufacturing the new storage battery, we shall expect to see not less than a hundred automobiles on a spin from Boston to New York, or from New York to Philadelphia and Washington. The French record will be broken, a new one made; a cup will be ordered at Tiffany's, a challenge sent to Mr. Fournier and other gentlemen to come over and get the cup.

Then the yachts off Newport or the Clyde, the horses at Sheep's Head or at Ascot, and the dromedaries at Beyrout, will all be relegated to the past; and only express trains, with steam, and automobiles, with lightning, will be challenged or used by the gamblers for speed, and by people generally for transit.

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.

DAVIS.—Margaret W. Davis, daughter of Charles J. Woodruff and Maria Davis, was born at Carleton, now Bowen's Corners, N. J., Sept. 8, 1829, and died at Shiloh, N. J., June 12, 1901.

She was baptized by Eld. Giles M. Langworthy, Nov. 11, 1848, and joined the Shiloh church, of which she has been a member for over half a century—53 years spent in the service of her Master. May 9, 1857, she was married to Howard S. Davis. She lived a quiet, unassuming life. Her unselfish devotion to others made her dearly beloved by her neighbors and friends. Always kind and tender to all about her, going into the homes of all and visiting the sick. She leaves a large circle of friends to mourn her loss. In the absence of her pastor, the services were conducted by the writer.

L. D. B.

SEVERANCE.—June 1, 1901, of spinal meningitis, Duard Osborn, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Burt Severance.

Services were held at the residence Sunday afternoon, June 2, Pastor Hurley officiating. J. H. H.

SLADE.—At Whitesville, N. Y., June 16, 1901, infant daughter of Howard W. and Carrie Clark Slade, aged 1 month and 19 days.

"Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

W. L. B.

SWINNEY.—Laura Carswell Swinney, daughter of Robert P. and Edith Sutton, was born Jan. 10, 1852, and died in Shiloh N. J., June 10, 1901.

She was born near Shiloh, and all her girlhood days were spent in New Jersey; the last twenty-five years in Delaware, where her husband, Curtis O. Swinney, was a

practicing physician. A quiet, unpretentious, yet Christian character, living a domestic life solely; her aims, objects and delights, her home and household. A model of patient endurance, never complaining though a constant sufferer for the last few years. To her many friends she was dear because of her loving and gentle spirit. In the absence of her pastor the services were conducted by the writer. L. D. B.

Literary Notes.

McClure's Magazine.

CONTENTS FOR JULY.

Cover Design by Charles R. Knight
Long Distance Balloon Racing, Walter Wellman. The New sport as practiced by the French. Illustrated by W. R. Leigh.

With Mrs. Kenworthy's Assistance, Pascal H. Coggins, Illustrated by Henry Hutt.

The Story of the Declaration of Independence, Ida M. Tarbell. Illustrated with authentic portraits and facsimile autographs of the signers.

Within the Gates, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Act III. End of drama. Illustrated by Harry Fenn.

Two of a Kind, Ellsworth Kelly. Illustrated by Orson Lowell.

Recollections of E. L. Davenport, Clara Morris. Illustrated with a portrait.

The Loon, William Davenport Hulbert. Illustrated by W. M. Hardy.

Kim, Rudyard Kipling. Chapters XI (continued) and XII. Illustrated by Edwin Lord Weeks.

Praesto. A poem, T. E. Brown.

Governor Odell of New York, Rollo Ogden. A business man in politics.

The Striker's Story, Frank H. Spearman. McTerza and the Railroad Riot. Illustrated by Jay Hambridge. Hare and Tortoise, George Madden Martin. How Emmy Lou spelled down the second reader. Illustrated by Charles L. Hinton.

"Tarry Thou Till I Come."

"The Wandering Jew" is having a wonderful revival in literature lately. The first book in this fascinating field was "Salathiel" by George Croly, Christ's words to whom, "Tarry thou till I come," spoken beneath the weight of the cross to the scoffing Pharisee, sets the Jew wandering. Most notable followers of this story were Eugene Sue's masterpiece, and "The Prince of India," by the author of "Ben Hur." General Wallace himself praises Croly's "Salathiel" as one of the six greatest English novels ever written. One New York publisher has lately issued an illustrated edition at \$1.40 net. Now comes John B. Alden, so well known as the pioneer in cheap book publishing, with an excellent edition at 25 cents; even this with a view to widely extending the knowledge of his publications, he offers to mail post-paid to the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER, for the nominal price of 12c., if they will order at once, and mention the paper. Doubtless many will accept his offer. Address John B. Alden, Publisher, 442 Pearl St., New York.

It is probably true that almost every man has in him certain qualities which would draw some woman to him, but it is difficult to frame a statement in general terms of what "Women Like in Men." This is the task which a very well-known author, under the nom-de-plume of Rafford Pyke, has undertaken in the *Cosmopolitan* for July in a clever essay, which proves him to have made woman the subject of thorough observation and comprehensive study. "The foreign girl," says the author, marries the man with whom she will be happy, the American marries the man without whom she will be unhappy."

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MILL YARD Seventh-day Baptist Church, London. Address of Church Secretary, 46 Valmar Road, Denmark Hill, London, S. E.

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, 223 Jackson Park Terrace.

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 11 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,
1293 Union Avenue.

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

I. L. COTRELL, Pastor,
29 Ransom St.

THE Committee of the Conference on Obituaries, desires that the family of any official member of the denomination who has died during the Conference year, communicate to some member of that Committee such facts in the life of the deceased, as may be of value in making their annual report.

The Committee is composed of the following: C. A. Burdick, Ashaway, R. I.; Chas. York, DeRuyter, N. Y.; Rev. L. E. Livermore, New Market, N. J.; R. S. Langworthy, Brookfield, N. Y.; A. B. Kenyon, Alfred, N. Y.

REFERENCE LIBRARIES.

The following list of books is recommended to Pastors and people who have a desire for a thorough and systematic study of the Sabbath question. These books are offered on a cost price basis.

Paganism Surviving in Christianity.....	\$ 1 75
A Critical History of Sunday Legislation.....	1 25
A Critical History of the Sabbath and the Sunday in the Christian Church.....	1 25
Biblical Teachings Concerning the Sabbath and the Sunday.....	60
Sabbath Commentary.....	60
Swift Decadence of Sunday; What Next?.....	1 00
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Thoughts on Gillfillan.....	60
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