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A Song of the Sunrise. BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

HE night breaks. The light shakes

Down from the sky.

The darkness trembles: shivers, dissembles: Unwilling to die. And facile and fleet, on dusky feet, Out of the dripping sunlight tripping,
Shadows pass by,
All sprinkled and spattered
With golden rain,—
All shivered, all shattered, like dream-ghosts scattered

By the waking brain.

The light dawns. The night mourns And the stars shiver. The moon pales. The loon wails Far down the river. And strong in the might of perfect delight,
Fearless and bold with its wealth of gold,
Stronger than sadness,
Brighter than gladness,
Mad with the madness Of victory won,—
Above night's gloom, above life's bloom,
Higher and higher, like a passioned desire,
To the highest hight of earth's blinded sight, Rises the sun,

> Yet afar, unforgetting, Hid by the hill, Night awaits the day's setting, Revengeful and still.

And the battle is done.

-The Independent.

The Sabbath Recorder.

A. H. LEWIS, D. D., J. P. MOSHER, -

- Business Manager.

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WE went one day with an engineer of an ocean steamship to admire and wonder at the hidden forces that were driving us toward the shores of Europe. Deep down in the darkness, with no power to determine whither the ship should go, this engineer and his subordinates did determine whether the ship should go at all, and upon them rested much of the responsibility for a successful voyage and the safety of many hundred passengers. Keen-eyed and always alert, the engineer watched every part of his machine, glancing at this, adjusting that, scarcely stopping to answer questions, and never relaxing that intense interest which became one upon whom such responsibility rested. Even the coal passers and firemen—grim and sooty as imps -were also eager and alert, and when the open doors of the furnaces flung the red light in their faces, one saw how loyal they were to the duties of the hour. The scene was rich in lessons, teaching how our place on earth may seem to be of little account, how our field of labor may be unnoticed by men, but how everything may depend upon our loyalty to duty. Going on deck again, and standing at the prow, we could appreciate as never before those lines of the poet which say:

"Behind the cold, dark steel where stubborn billows In low tumultuous thunder throbs a fiery heart."

Often since that day, the steamship with its fiery heart, the throbbing of which pushed the mighty vessel forward, has stood to us as an illustration of the struggles great and noble souls must have, when pushing forward great movements of reform against the sullen waves of indifference and the fierce storms of opposition. The comforting thought at such an hour is, that the Father of infinite power comes to fill each devoted soul in which the low tumultuous thunder of duty throbs, until the servants of God, and his people united, become as invincible against opposition as the engines of the steamship were against opposing the winds and tides that could not baffle its course across the Atlantic.

Self-indulgence kills conscience. There can be no conscience worthy the name without strength. Conscience is a stalwart. Selfindulgence is another name for weakness. It undermines conscience and creates false standards as to obedience. Self-indulgence concentrates thought upon one's own desires and lusts, and fosters earth-born purposes. Selfish desires and low purposes gain strength through indulgence, and all better purposes are weakened in proportion. In spiritual as in physical life, one must fight self-indulgence if he would do things great and worthy of any high calling. Better force yourself to a cold bath at 4 o'clock on a January morning, than over-indulge in the luxury of enervating warmth and benumbing drowsiness. Shunselfindulgence. Put it to death and let stalwart conscientiousness take its place.

INDIFFERENCE is the first cousin to selfindulgence. It is a grave-digger. It is the murderer of noble aspirations that the

and manly murderer, but a cowardly one, who smothers the life of better thoughts and holier endeavors, as the stealthy gases do, bringing death. Indifference is brother to indolence, and indolence is a cousin to recklessness. No man succeeds in earthly or spiritual things who does not cultivate high ideals and a keen appreciation of obligations. One better lie awake all night lest he fail to meet the coming duty which the morning will bring, rather than lose one opportunity and fail in duty through over-sleep. Indifference is an opiate under which the soul is sure to over-sleep. Indifference is the foe of duty. Clarion-voiced duty is our best friend. If you would accomplish anything, as a servant of Christ, turn indifference out of doors and see that he is slain by the repeated strokes of earnest endeavor.

The writer could not have been more than seven years old when he saw upon the banks of a stream something with wooden cogs, which he interpreted to be like that which produced thunder from being rolled over the floor of the sky. With such rolling there was associated the day of judgment, and its terrors. Rising from that childish misconception, we have reached the larger truth that every day of human life is a day of judgment, and that every soul carries a judgment seat within itself. This is not denying a final settlement of human affairs, and of human destiny, but we are anxious to impress the thought upon the reader that judgment is not a matter of future alone, and that an important practical truth is found in what we have just said. If you misconceive the idea of God's judgment as something to take place at some indefinite time in the future, the idea of personal accountability is almost destroyed. If, on the other hand, you conceive that your account with God is settled day by day, that the character of each day's deeds is both understood and recorded, there will come sharp warning against wrong doing, and a large and helpful conception of what life means. Such a view helps one to understand that thoughts, habits and purposes are of themselves destiny. Seen in this light, one would often pause in the presence of a given purpose or a given temptation, knowing that the results of choice and action are endless. Without discussing at length the character of the future judgment, it is enough for this occasion to press the thought upon your attention that not in some unknown future an unusual giving of account must come, but that, on the other hand, life carries its responsibilities and gathers for itself the germs of destiny at each setting sun.

One discordant note does not destroy music. On the contrary it sometimes emphasizes the beauty of the actual harmony, by contrast. So our failures in life ought not to destroy our faith in final success; they ought rather to incite us to greater care and more earnest effort. The best lessons are often learned by these contrasts. Consciousness of a possible weakness or carelessness, through which failure may come, is likely to be a safe-guard against failure. It should also be remembered that mistakes and failures on our part do not turn God's love for us away. We must always remember that his attitude toward us is the attitude of a

eth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." Thus does the Psalmist beautifully express the truth that God makes allowance for our weaknesses and for those temptations and failures which assail us through earthly senses and the earth-born tabernacle in which we dwell. One can bear great loss and struggle against opposition if he is conscious that even one human soul loves him and waits to give him help. Infinitely more is the heart-strengthened when we remember that, in spite of weakness and failure, the Father who is the all-loving and the allpowerful, waits to give help, to complement our failures, to overlook our mistakes and to lead us into larger and better life. Whatever else you may do, or fail to do, do not forget, and do not fail to believe that if your purposes are pure and your obedience according to the light you have, your mistakes and failures will secure larger help from God and a permanent place in his infinite love and tenderness.

The question of the future life can never be eliminated from human experience and thought. The infidel is always asserting that he does not believe in it. The agnostic is constantly ringing the changes upon the thought that if there be a future life he cannot understand it. The believer finds endless comfort and inspiration in the fact that his faith and spiritual insight reveal the future life as among the most real things of which he knows. Almost all valuable poetry deals in some form with the future life, while it is the one great field in which the philosophers of the world find their choicest themes and richest speculation. The problems of the future life are intimately connected with the present life; in fact, life is one. Universal consciousness, as well as universal experience, declares that this life is related to the future, as the beginning is to the development and end, or as causes and effects are related one to the other. Universal consciousness declares that the choices and purposes of this life are carried into the next, and that the transition from the one to the other does not effect the nature of our purposes, nor the results of our actions. All religious thought reaches into the future life, and the grasp of faith in that life is an ever-present and dominant element in religion. If all theological theories were set aside, human experience, human philosophy, human ignorance and human unbelief would still bear testimony to the reality of future existence and to the importance of this life as related to the next.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES FOR SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS.

BY M. H. VAN HORN.

Never in the history of the United States has there been so many doors open to useful lives as at the present. Our extended territory with its correspondingly increased obligations both at home and abroad; the rapid development of our natural resources, the increase in commerce, and the rapid advancement of all sciences are opening up positions of trust and honor as never before. New offices all through the departments of government are being created and must be filled. Also the wants of the people are becoming more numerous as civilization and refinement advance, thus opening new doors for inventors, mechanics, artists and in all the profesgraves it digs may be filled. It is not a brave loving, patient, helpful Father. "He know-sions. Better homes, more conveniences,

better modes of travel, more liberal education, better equipped farms, stores and workshops, and numberless other improvements, all demand brains, hands and dollars in such increased quantities as never before known.

It is no longer a question "What is there to do?" But he who is thoroughly prepared can choose among the many open doors that one to which he is best adapted. But to Seventh-day Baptists, it seems, some of these doors are necessarily closed.

A banker in a certain West Virginia town asked a friend to recommend to him a young man as clerk in his bank, and added further, that there were several Sabbath-keeping boys any of whom he would be glad to employ, but he must have his help on the last day of the week. Here was a door that any boy who hoped to lead a business life would gladly have entered had not his principles of right closed it against him. A young minister was offered fifteen hundred a year if he would give up the Sabbath and preach for another denomination, whereas by adhering to what he believed to be right he received from four to seven hundred a year. A salary of four or five dollars per day to one who will work every day alike may also look rather enticing. And not infrequently these openings prove too strong a temptation to some of our boys, and without seeming to count the cost they leave the Sabbath.

But what if a few of these doors are closed to us, there are many others still open, and if we have the industry and grit we ourselves can open still others. And what do a few dollars or a good position amount to if to get them we have to sacrifice principle and honor. The minute we do so we lose our selfrespect and henceforth our course is inevitably downward. The history of those who have thus left the Sabbath, in every instance proves this statement. Better to take the humbler, even if we do receive less and work harder. The world's hardest workers have lived the longest lives, and besides, if we have fewer opportunities than our First-day brethren, and attain the same success, we shall have the greatest development as a reward for our greater effort. The greater the difficulties the stronger the man who overcomes them. Could the sturdy oak withstand the heavy onslaught of the terrific wind-storms through which it passes uninjured, if it had grown in the atmosphere of an hot house? He it is who has long been accustomed to hardships that will withstand best the storms of life. Lincoln studied law lying on his face before a log fire, and as President of the United States guided the nation through the severest storm that ever devastated the homes and fair fields of his beloved country. Horace Greely once said, "If I have succeeded in my chosen profession it has not been due to my early advantages, for I had none." John Jacob Astor at his death was the wealthiest man in the United States. In childhood he was poor. At sixteen he was crowded out of his home by increasing numbers of brothers and sisters to face the world alone. In the days of his prosperity he often told of that home leaving. He said, "When I had climbed the high hill above the village, I sat down to rest my heart rather than my feet, and to look back at the loved scenes of | teaching professions who stand among the my childhood. While I sat there I made three resolutions, which during my life I have never broken. I had never gambled, Wherever they go their praises are sung and bly go and keep the Sabbath? He may for

but I had known others to do so and my first resolve was not to follow their example. The second resolution was to be strictly honest in all my dealings, and this I have tried to adhere to. The third resolution was quite as important as the other two together; it was that so long as God gave me health and strength, I should be unceasingly industrious." Do you suppose there were many doors open to John Jacob Astor, equipped as he was, on that lonely journey? or could he have been strictly honest to the end if he had sacrificed a conscientious principle at the beginning?

Indeed, the Seventh-day Baptist who adheres strictly to truth and right and makes the most of opportunities that he can improve, stands a better chance to succeed today than most of the great men of whom history tells did in their day.

Too many of our young people give up the Sabbath because they think it bars them from the best openings, when in reality it does not. Many are the instances where employers have continued to hire Sabbathkeepers because having a principle they dared to stand by it, and chose rather to give up their positions than their Sabbath. Such men as these can be trusted, and seldom will employers give them up. Many also, are the instances where Sabbath-keepers have been so proficient in their lines of work, and made themselves so necessary to the very life of the business that their employers could not afford to give them up. To such men as these the Sabbath is no barrier. They find open doors where others see none. But these men are only the few even as in history, but few lives ever receive mention. What then about the great majority that seem not to be made of this sterner stuff, and are more liable to yield to temptation? They cannot afford to leave-the Sabbath, and we cannot afford to have them go. As a rule they are highspirited and ambitious, seeking the better openings, and if something could be done to steer them aright through the period of unrest that comes to every young person, would make loyal Seventh-day Baptists. This question we cannot afford to ignore, if we would promote the cause we love.

If we could have more Seventh-day Baptists who were themselves bankers, manufacturers, operators and producers on a large scale to give employment to those who otherwise would leave the Sabbath to find it, it seems the problem would in agreat degree be solved.

Why wouldn't it be worth the while of the young men of to-day who have the cause at heart, to bend all energies to bring about this condition of affairs. Aim to be employers instead of the employed. A good honest effort on the part of several along this line will at least begin to change the conditions. And if it is not all accomplished in a lifetime, be not discouraged. The good work begun will not be allowed to languish when so much is to be gained by it.

It seems that, more than anything else, we need men who will climb to the top in the business world and can thus reach a helping hand to the young who seek to lead a business life.

Already we have men in the ministerial and foremost in the land, and the good they are doing the denomination is incalculable.

their fame is far reaching. Rapidly they are lifting the people to a higher plane of living.

But we cannot be a strong people with but two callings perfected, though they be the highest to which man can aspire. We need men at the top in mechanics, in architecture, in commercial circles, in manufacturing interests, and on the farm. True, in some parts of the denomination this condition of affairs already exists to a large extent, and there the need is not so largely felt, but in the more scattered districts it is not so. There are doors which must be entered if we as a people would accomplish any considerable mission.

You will pardon me if I speak of the conditions in West Virginia, for of them I can speak the more advisedly. We point with pride to some of the best ministers and professors in our denomination who were born and raised among the hills of West Virginia. We are proud of them and their work, and we think justly so, but we could not hold them. They soon left us, and for so doing we attach no degree of censure, for man cannot live long on air and exercise alone. And not only this, but their spheres of usefulness might have been more limited here than on the fields where they now labor. True, others have come in among us to do the work that must be done, but in most cases it has been at a great sacrifice. Many noble men have spent the best years of their lives among us for poor pay so far as this world's goods are concerned. But who can tell the treasures they have laid up above to which some have already passed. But we hope we have begun to see the dawn of better things. Surely the doors to business callings in West Virginia are beginning to open. The rapid development of the state's natural resources are benefitting our own people, though not to any considerable extent as yet. But if some of the untold riches which God has so bountifully stored up in the bosom of the earth can be turned into Sabbath-keeping machine-shops, manufacturies, and business enterprise in general, thus giving employment to our own people, we shall feel we have made a great stride forward.

Perhaps in other parts of the denomination also conditions are becoming more favorable. We hope so. Then let us look carefully to the development of all the callings that go to make a great and strong people. The plan of Mr. Booth in Africa has in it the true elements of success. If we wish to make Sabbath-keeping converts of our African brothers, and hold them loyal to the truth, we must give them something to do, some means by which they can make for themselves a comfortable living, and rest on the Sabbath-day.

So in the homeland. If there are not some who will so invest their means as to benefit not only themselves but also others seeking employment, we can hope for nothing better than that some of our most ambitious young men will leave the Sabbath.

You say Seventh-day Baptist young people should be stronger in their principles of right, that they should be taught the value of Sabbath loyalty from childhood up. So they should. But is not that teaching most effectual which provides means by which the precepts taught can be put into action? Or in other words, of what use is it to teach Sabbath truth to a young man who sincerely feels that his life work calls him where he cannot possi-

the truth's sake choose other work, but he can never attain that degree of success which he might have attained had it been possible for him to have entered his chosen work. Of course the various trades and professions to which our young people may find themselves best adapted may include most of the trades and professions known or to be known, and 'twould be a prodigious work to so bring it about that the seventh day of the week instead of the first should be the day of rest in these various enterprises. But if we succeed as a people, is not our work at all events a prodigious work? If we cannot accomplish our desires at once, let us accomplish them by degrees. Great and lasting reforms come slow. Let him who finds himself barred from his chosen work lend his best efforts to so bring it to pass that the next boy who seeks to enter the same calling may find the door open. Seventh-day Baptists should be loyal consecrated thinkers and doers; should look into the future to see what there awaits us and with faith in God prepare to meet it to the best advantage.

THE NORTHFIELD CONFERENCE.

In extending an invitation to the Christian public to attend the nineteenth General Conference for Christian Workers to be held in Northfield this season, August 1 to 18, our earnest desire is that the gathering may be to all a preparation for effective work for Christ. In addition to the usual lectures on the Word of God, institutes on methods of work, and consecutive courses of Bible study, there will also be opportunities for the consideration of plans for evangelistic work at home and abroad during the coming year. Prominent and experienced pastors, evangelists, and missionaries will be present to assist with their counsel and inspiration.

In view of this special feature, we earnestly request the prayers of Christians everywhere for these forthcoming meetings, and trust that as many as possible may come together with the spirit of Saint Paul expressed in his letter to the Corinthians, 1 Cor. 2: 2:—"I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

Among the speakers expected may be named: Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, England; Rev. Samuel Chadwick, of Leeds, England; Dr. and Mrs. J. Howard Taylor, China Inland Mission; Rev. H. G. Weston, D. D., Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Pa.; Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D. D., Washington, D. C.; Rev. C. I. Scofield, D. D., Northfield, Mass.; Rev. H. W. Pope, New Haven, Conn.; Rev. R. A. Torrey, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. H. C. Mabie, D. D., Boston, Mass.; Commander Booth-Tucker, New York City; Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., Boston, Mass.; Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D. D., New York City; Rev. Chas. E. Jefferson, D. D., New York; Rev. Geo. C. Needham, Narbeth, Pa.; Rev. William T. McElveen, Ph. D., Boston; Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, D. D., New York City. The music will be under the direction of Messrs. D. B. Towner, George C. Stebbins and F. H. Jacobs. Yours in the Master's service.

W. R. Moody. East Northfield, Mass., July 1, 1901.

AND I saw that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but an infinite ocean of light and love flowed over the ocean of darkness, and in that I saw the infinite love of God.— George Fox.

"HE THAT LOSETH."

BY CATHERINE B. LE ROW.

- "He that findeth his life shall lose it.". O word as strange as true! I was long in learning the lesson That came to my heart from You.
- "He that loseth his life shall find it." O truth I was quick to see, When the loss I had counted most Brought wonderful gain to me!
- "One must find in the valley of shadow The flight of the glowing skies, To prove how the world's best wisdom Is folly to those more wise."

—Selected.

MISS PRISSY'S PERCEIVINGS.

"Folks hez their fav'rite flowers," said Miss Prissy, as she sewed a pink bow on to Miran da Gates organdie, and then held it away from her to get the effect, "all kinds of them from laylocks to marigolds. Mostly it's jest a fancy, ez fur ez I kin perceive, that makes 'em like one flower above another, 'nd no real reason at all. People that live where roses is scarce set their heart on roses, 'nd people that have to tend calla lilies, watchin' 'em day 'nd night, ez if they wus infants, think they're the loveliest flowers in the world. Out in Californy, where they hev hedges of callas 'nd thickets of roses, things is dif-runt, I'm told, 'nd folks go huntin' other flowers to wish for.

"But that's neither here nor there—only l believe in hevin' reasons fer likin' one blossom over another. My fav'rite flower ain't one that other people seem to care fer, but I've got my reason fer preferrin it, 'nd its a good one, too. I allers did care more fer wild flowers, to begin with, than garden ones. You kin take all the trouble you choose, diggin' beds, 'nd plantin' borders, 'nd buyin' seeds, and breakin' your back with hoein' 'nd weedin', 'nd at the end, fer all I perceive, the next bit of wayside, with ferns noddin' 'nd clematis climin', 'nd meadowsweet hummin' with bees, is a sight prettier than anything you've got to show. The wild flowers is God's flowers, seems to me, 'nd so better than anything that is planted by man.

"So my fav'rite flower ain't one that grows in the garden It don't ask fer diggin' or tendin'. It don't even expect ordinary advantages. There's places where golden-rod can't grow, 'nd there's spots where even butter-'n-eggs'll not take hold, 'nd milkweed gives up discouraged. But there ain't any place that kin discourage the mullein, 'nd that's why I like it best of all. You kin pick out a dusty road, or a ridge of slaty rock, or a pastur's of ull of stones that the blades of grass can hardly find room between 'em, 'nd right there you'll find the mullein, standin' up straight 'nd cheerful ez you please, 'nd holdin' up its pale yellow torch ez if it wuz arepeatin', 'Never say die!' It allers stands straight; it hezn't any drop in its make up, anywhere; it's just clear, sheer courage right through.

"There's some folks I know hez allers reminded me of mulleins. Will Strong, fer instance, wuz born down in Poverty Hollow, 'nd started out inter the world at ten years old, without a cent, without an eddication, 'nd almost without a friend! Well, nobody ever heerd Will complain'; 'nd look at him now, ownin' the biggist factory in Fairport, 'nd an elder in the church! He sot out to grow 'nd he growed, 'nd the fact that the soil was onpromisin' didn't matter a bit. I wuz readin' the other day about Henry M. Stan-

that he wuz born in a poor house-'nd jess see what he came to be! Ef he ever hed a coat of arms, he hed ought to hev a mullein on it—'a mullein rampant,' ef that's what they call it when it stands up tall 'nd straight.

"Ez fer Lydia Wilson, she allers made me think of one, too—one of the littlest kind, with real soft, pale, velvety leaves, 'nd the slenderest, gracefulest spike of flowers. Some mulleins are ez pretty ez kin be, when you look clost at 'em. Lydia wuz like that, but she'd the courage of the biggest-sized kind. Every thing wuz agin her—a drunken father, a sick mother, her own health frail, 'nd six little brothers 'nd sisters. But Lydia never drooped once, that I could perceive; she wuzn't the droopin' kind. She sewed, 'nd washed, 'nd she cooked 'nd she taught school, and she got up at sunrise and stayed up till midnight right along. Folks said she'd die, but she didn't. She put ambition into her brothers, 'nd then, when they wuz all growed up 'nd doin well, she married Elihu Spencer, 'nd any one can see how he's goin' ahead. They say he'll be governor before he dies. Ef he is, he ought to make the mullein the state flower, seems to me, fer ef it ain't the type of Lydia, nothin' in the floral line is.

"A more inspirin' plant, takin' it all in all, doesn't grow in this land, to my mind, than the mullein, 'nd that's why it's my fav'rite flower," and Miss Prissy took a fresh needlefull of silk, and set to work on another pink bow.—Kind Words.

OUR HELPLESSNESS.

We boast ourselves sometimes of our triumphs over nature. We have conquered the sea, we are fond of declaring, and we have harnessed the electric forces and made them do our bidding. And yet, when we come to think about it, we are in no wise conquerors of these forces of nature by which we are surrounded. The ocean we have claimed to tame will sometimes arise in its might and sink our ships and sweep our towns. The force we harnessed breaks loose in all its essential might and strikes and shatters our forests and burns our homes. We have issued our bulletins as to the approach of storms or conditions of the atmosphere, but how absolutely helpless we are as to the regulation or control of either. During the past days we have had vivid and foceful illustration of this. Great cities, especially on the Atlantic seaboard, have sweltered in a temperature that is phenomenal. Hundreds and even thousands have succumbed to the fatal heat. There has been nothing we could do so far as it was concerned, and could only seek prudence for ourselves and ministry for the stricken. It all goes to show how helpless after all our triumphs and our developments and our progress we are. There is much that we can do, and yet when the forces of nature assert themselves and put forth their strength, the tiniest child is not more helpless than we. After all, there is an element that we need to have added to our strength, and it is the element of trust. We are to do, we are to exert all the force we possess, and then blessed are we if when the extremity comes and our greatest force is expended, we can say, Here I rest and here I trust. Happy are we then if with the Psalmist we can say, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Then, though the storm may rage and the heat be fervid, our souls may ley, the great African explorer, 'nd it said | not be moved.—The Baptist Commonwealth.

CONFERENCE ENTERTAINMENT.

Regarding the entertainment of Conference, permit me to suggest a plan whereby we may get the voice of all the churches in regard to this "intrico-complexico" question.

At a special meeting in each church, called for that purpose, please submit the following resolutions, and send the result of your vote to the President of the Conference, Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y., and send that result as soon as possible. In this way we can have the voice of all the people, and can thus better decide what to do and how to do it. I suggest three resolutions. Others might be suggested.

1. Resolved, That we, the members of the Seventh-day Baptist church of, respectfully request the General Conference to be held at Alfred, N. Y., Aug. 28 to Sept. 2, 1901, to pass a resolution adopting the plan of defraying the Conference entertainment expense by a direct tax, per member, upon each church throughout the denomination, annually.

2. Resolved, That we, the members of the Seventh-day Baptist church of, respectfully request the General Conference to be held at Alfred, N. Y., Aug. 28 to Sept. 2, 1901, to pass a resolution adopting the plan of defraying the Conference entertainment expense by a direct tax, once in five years, per member, in the several churches in the Associations, each Association to entertain said body when it shall assemble in that Association. (This, I believe, is the present method, or partially so.)

3. Resolved, That we, the members of the Seventh-day Baptist church of, respectfully request the General Conference to be held at Alfred, N. Y., Aug. 28 to Sept. 2, 1901, to pass a resolution adopting the plan of defraying the Conference entertainment expense by charging each visiting person or delegate in attendance the sum of \$2* for the six days of the Conference

It seems to me that this is the only way in which we can definitely know the minds of all our people. All should have a voice in the matter. It is the opinion of the writer that the people who are the most benefitted by the Conference should foot the bills. Hence the plan suggested in Resulution No. 3 would be the better one.

Yours for justice in this matter,

MARTIN SINDADL.

ELECTRICITY AT THE EXPOSITION.

At no previous exposition has electricity played such important parts as at the Pan-American. It is the very life of the big show, not only by night but also by day. At night the presence of the transmitted energy of Niagara is made manifest in the beautiful illumination which has won for the Pan-American the name of the City of Golden Light. This name is well deserved, for it is not only reflective of the hope of humanity, but it also defines the nature of the brilliancy that is winning such unstinted praise from every person who sees it.

But in the day-time, when there is no need of the electric current for the illumination of the grounds and buildings during the period when Old Sol reigns supreme, electricity is everywhere present about the buildings and grounds, and it is doing its part to make the Exposition a truly grand success.

The fish in the Fisheries exhibit are supplied with water by a motor that is electrically operated. Part way up the electric tower there is a restaurant, and an electric pump furnishes the water for use there. In the Machinery Building there is a 10-horse power motor operatively connected to a Deane steam pump known as a 4-inch by 8 inch tri-

* This amount may be changed at the discretion of the Confer-

plex single acting pump, delivering 49 gallons per minute against 189 pounds pressure.

There are other motors at work about the grounds, and the current that operates them comes from Niagara Falls. There is work by day as well as by night for the energy of Niagara, and thus it is demonstrated that the power supply of Niagara is ever constant. There is no eight or twelve-hour shift with the force of this wonderful river, but hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, as unceasing as has been the flow of the current of the river, this modern power of Niagara is always on tap. Centuries will roll on, and generation after generation will find the same response from the throwing of the switch that controls Niagara's force as is found and enjoyed to-day in the grounds and buildings of the Pan-American Exposition.

Just now the greatest spectacle ever created by the electric energy of the Falls of Niagara is being praised and applauded in Buffalo, but there is no telling where next a similar feature will demand as much if not greater admiration, for electrical science has successfully operated a power transmission line a distance of 140 miles. Buffalo is 25 miles distant from the generating station at Niagara, but the results achieved by the application of the electric force are such that midday visitors to Niagara hasten back to Buffalo to be present on the Exposition grounds when the illumination is turned on.

ORRIN E. DUNLAP.

THE TRUE BASIS OF PATRIOTISM.

It is noteworthy that while the Great Teacher said little about patriotism, he said much about our duties to humanity. The second table of the law requires love to our neighbor without regard to race or nationality; and in the Great Judgment it will be the manner in which we have treated the poorest and least esteemed of his brethren that will be the ground of our acceptance or exclusion from the everlasting kingdom. The remark of the old Roman, "I regard nothing human as alien to me, since I, too, am a man," declares a principle that is the true basis of all our relations both to individuals and to governments. It is more to be a man than to belong to a race, a sect, an order, or to be the citizen of any country. Membership in the family of man is the primal relation; citizenship in any country, though not without importance nor to be undervalued, is wholly subordinate to the primal and higher relation. In the parable of our Lord, it was the despised Samaritan who was the true neighbor. What he was to the Jew who had fallen among thieves, we are to be to the low-minded Chinamen or the debased African. That my brother man needs my love and help, is the great reason why I should love and help him.

A patriotism that loves "my country" merely for its own sake and for the blessings that it brings to me and mine, and leaves out of view the higher obligation to love humanity and to consider its rights and interests as of paramount importance, is a sentiment unworthy of the name. The motto of that grand old patriot, William Lloyd Garrison, "My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind," was the corollary of the great law of love as enunciated by the Great Teacher.

A so-called patriotism that leads us to despise or neglect our fellow-man because he is of another race or nation, or fails to regard his rights and interests as truly as our own, is but "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Indeed, there is something essentially "brazen" in the assumption that we are bound to detend our own government in its prosecution of wars without regard to their intrinsic righteousness. True patriotism regards the rights of African Boers and of the people of the Philippines as truly entitled to their free choice as to nationality and form of government as ourselves. It condemns alike the legislation that dooms the Chinaman to perpetual exclusion and impossibility of citizenship. Shall we deny the Chinaman what we demand of his government, "an H. H. HINMAN. open door?"

OBERLIN, Ohio, June 23, 1901.

SWEETNESS IN TRIALS.

Never a trial can reach us unless it comes from God either directly or indirectly. As our Saviour while on earth received the cup from the Father's hand, so we should receive the cup that is passed on to each one of us. The Father has something in it especially for us. Take it for granted that there is something good for you in it, and drink it. Do not push the cup aside and say, "I don't think this is what I need." If you refuse it, the Lord may send something that tastes a little sweeter at first, but the after-effect is not half as good. Better take his first choice for you.

Everything that we come up to should instruct our spirit in righteousness. If we thus receive it, instead of getting out of patience, we shall be glad to have anything come to prove the work that God is doing in our hearts.

Every interruption that comes to my life is to perfect me in patience. God says: "Let patience have her perfect work." The only thing that I can do is to let the interruptions come thick and fast. I know he is able to keep me from impatience. Let everything that comes to us be the steping-stones to the fullness of faith and peace.

Kiss the rod. Welcome it because the Father's hand holds it. He never gives us a single bit of chastisement only as he sees we need it. Instead of trying to shun the trial and get away from it, pray: "Lord, let this trial last just as long as you see I need it." Don't let a trial go without getting the good out of it, a practical lesson for life.—Selected.

PERPETUITY OF THE BIBLE.

The empire of Cæsar has gone; the legions of Rome are mouldering in the dust; the avalanches that Napoleon hurled upon Europe have melted away; the pride of the Pharaohs has fallen; the pyramids they raised to be their tombs are sinking every day in the desert sands; Tyre is a rock for bleaching fishermen's nets; Sidon has scarcely left a rock behind, but the Word of God still survives. All things that threatened to extinguish it have only aided it; and it proves every day how transient is the noblest monument that man can build, how enduring is the last word that God has spoken. Tradition has dug for it a grave, intolerance has lighted for it many a faggott; many a Judas has betrayed it with a kiss; many a Peter has denied it with an oath; many a Demas has forsaken it, but the Word of God still endures.—Dr. John Cumming, in Bible Advocate.

Missions.

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

According to the arrangements made with Pastor W. L. Burdick, of Independence, N. Y. we stopped off on our way home at Wellsville, N. Y., where he met us, and we went to Hebron, Pa., to spend the Sabbath and Sunday. The drive to Hebron, some twenty-two miles, was a pleasant one; a good breeze from the hills made the journey very comfortable, and the springs which abound along the way with their sparkling and almost ice-cold water greatly refreshed us. Before set of sun we were at the hospitable home of the parents of Pastor Burdick. Years ago, while a licentiate, laboring as a missionary in the Western Association, we held a series of meetings with the Hebron church, and there were quite a number of conversions. But few of the people we knew then are left. Al most a new generation has sprung up and taken their places. Sabbath-day was a beautiful day and a very busy one. Sermon in the morning at Hebron, and one in the afternoon and one in the evening at Hebron Centre, was the order of the day. The attendance was good. Pastor Burdick preached at Hebron Sabbath night, and the Secretary Sunday night. These two churches have been supplied with preaching more or less during the year by the pastors of our churches in the Western Association. The mission of the visit of the Secretary to these churches was to see whether four of our small churches in this section of country could unite and call and largely, if not entirely, support a circuit missionary pastor, who could give them regular preaching and good pastoral care. Such a combine by the Hebron, Hebron Centre, Shingle House and Main Settlement churches would be a wise one. They could in that way get a strong, devoted minister, nearly if not entirely support, and have regular and permanent pastoral service. The Hebron church, in a church meeting held Sunday night, voted to enter into such an arrangement if agreeable to the other churches, and appointed a committee of one to confer with the other churches in the matter. The leading members of the Hebron Centre church were favorable to such a move. The Secretary was not able to visit the Shingle House and Main Settlement churches this time, but Pastor D. B. Coon, of Little Genesee, was to present the question to them. We hope these churches will enter into such an arrangement. All these churches have had considerable evangelistic work done among them. This should be followed up by faithful, regular and permanent pastoral work. This is the only way to hold the fort and build up the things which remain on this field.

Our College Commencements are over. The Student Evangelistic Quartets are now engaged in their summer campaign work. According to the plan and policy of those who have the direction of their work they are to labor among our small churches and isolated Sabbath-keepers, where we have a foothold, and where there are favorable prospects for building up and extending our cause as a people. They are going out to preach, teach and sing the gospel and the law in their inseparable unity. Their effort will be to bring men to Christ and to obedience to the

evangelist J.G. Burdick and others, will work in West Virginia. Two quartets will go out from Alfred University. One is out now for a season with Rev. L.C. Randolph in the Eastern Association, under the auspices and support and direction of the Education Society, working in the interests of our theological school. The other, with a leader, is at work in the locality of isolated Sabbath-keepers in the state of Pennsylvania. Three quartets have gone out from Milton College. A Ladies' Quartet, with Mrs. M. G. Townsend as leader is at New Auburn, Minn. A Male Quartet, with Rev. M. B. Kelly as leader, will work on the Coloma and Grand Marsh field, Central Wisconsin. The other Male Quartet has for its field of labor Jackson Centre and Stokes, Ohio, and Rev. Geo. W. Hills, of Nortonville, Kansas, is to join them as leader. Such are the arrangements as last reported. Conditions on the fields and in the quartets may cause some slight changes. These workers go out to work, they are Spirit-filled young people, and so are their leaders; they are enthusiastic. Let us all give them and the work our earnest prayers, and may Christ and the Holy Spirit wonderfully use them for the salvation of souls and the establishment of Bible truth. Reports from the workers will appear on this page.

THE BURNING OF THE HEART.

There are many experiences which no man can describe; he can only say, "Wait till you feel it, and then you will know." And it is just these indescribable experiences which carry us to our greatest heights of life and enable us to overcome the world. Religion is always a poor affair until it reaches the heart and sets it burning with love; and yet it too often stops short of that. The great saints of the church have risen above their tellows and enflamed other souls, not because they had better religious views than others, but because they felt God more clearly and burned with an intenser love for him. Religion with them was intimately personal. They felt their relationship with their God, and realized its mighty import. There is no substitute for this first-hand appreciation of God, any more than there is a substitute for love in the marriage relationship. The moment it is put on another basis the beautiful thing is destroyed and a lower thing is set up in its place. There never was a perfect marriage union which was not sanctified by the burning of the heart in love, so that the two souls knew that they belonged together by a certain divine right. When the quivering chain of lightening goes across the sky, it is because the positive pole feels that it belongs with the negative pole in another cloud or in earth, and the two blend into one stream of light. We should never know what either pole meant singly; it is only in this flash of union that the power of electricity was revealed and discovered.

The foundation fact of religion is this: God and man belong together. There is no real revelation of either until they come together. The reason why the Incarnation is the supreme revelation is that God and man were perfectly together in one life in Christ. We ourselves get the real meaning of Christianity just in so far as we attain to a divine-human relationship. So long as we sit down and speculate about God, and make our relaw of God. The Salem College Quartet, with | ligion consist of theories, we are far away

from our true home and still eating husks. It is only when we arise and go to the Father and have his kiss on our cheek, and feel our heart burn with a sense of his tender forgiveness, and know him in the throbs of love, that we can say, "I have found God."

Pity the man who has no sign or proof of his marriage except the ancient certificate with its faded date and signature of witnesses. Pity the Christian who has no nearer, fresher knowledge of God than the articles of faith which the remote ages have handed down to him, who knows him only on the testimony of somebody else. "Did not our hearts burn as he talked with us by the way?" What better sign of Christ's nearness could these evening travelers have had? and when their eyes are opened they naively blame themselves for not understanding the heartburn as they walked along with him. But is not the heart-burn too seldom known? and do we not walk the earth as though we expected no divine companion as a real presence to be felt? Just this fact accounts for our spiritual poverty, our leanness of soul. We are ready to run after those who have a new religious theory. We would go on endless pilgrimages if we could find some one who would prove God and immortality to our satisfaction, but we do not know that he is nigh us, we do not feel the burn of the heart which is the sure sign that he is walking with us. But this burning of the heart is the very source and spring of vital religion, the birth of the true faith, the breaking of the heavenly vision, the beginning of the new order of life. Our hearts are restless until they rest in the consciousness of a God who is found and felt in a burning love.—The American Friend.

FROM D. W. LEATH.

I am here engaged in my work and improving in strength and weight. I was very weak when I returned, and have done little visiting yet. I am preaching every Sabbath, and on evenings after the Sabbath we have prayer meeting and singing, and I preach on Sunday evenings. I am invited by First-day people to preach at Enterprise, which I aim to do, and also at another place if I am permitted. Our second Quarterly Meeting came off Sabbath, June 22, and was an enjoyable occasion. We had a house full on Sabbath evening. We have good singing by the choir, led by Bro. Gideon Long, which is quite an adjunct to our meetings. The people are frank and very kind, and gave us a great welcome. We are pleased, feel very much at home, and the prospects are bright and encouraging. It is true the salary is not much, but I don't need much except to give to the Lord's cause.

Our people are at peace with each other and those without, heeding the injunction of the Saviour: "Have salt in yourselves and peace one with another."

We have outlined our policy, to stand by the Word of God and advocate the three great elements of the religion of Christ, spirituality, doctrinality, and practicability. These well carried out will certainly give "stickability."

These beautiful landscapes remind us vividly of wilder scenes on a grander scale in the Cascades and among its foothills, or in the Sierra Nevada and the Sierra Madre. Was pleasurably surprised to find a miniature Williamette valley here in Pennsylvania. We need not go out of our country to find scenery of most gorgeous beauty. We have it along the Hudson, Columbia, and Pugett Sound, and other places. My communication is already too long.

SALEMVILLE, Pa., July 1, 1901,

Woman's Work.

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

REPORT OF THE WOMAN'S HOUR at the North-Western Association, 1901, held at Walworth, Wis.

BY MRS. NETTIE WEST.

The Woman's Hour of the North-Western Association was held Friday afternoon. It was presided over by the Associational Secretary, Mrs. Nettie West, who in opening read the eighth Psalm. Mrs. S. J. Clarke, President of the Woman's Board, then led in prayer, after which the following program was given.

Reading, "The Prodigal Son," Miss Bessie E. Clarke, Milton, Wis.

Solo, "Prayer," Miss Leo Coon, Milton.

Paper, "Compensations," Mrs. W. F. Church, Steamboat Springs, Colo.

Duet, "Saved by Grace," Mrs. Olive Leach, Walworth, Mrs. Arlie Gates, Walworth.

Paper, "Woman's Work in the Church," Mrs. M. G. Townsend, Milton.

Music, "Remember Now Thy Creator," Milton Ladies' Quartet.

Paper, Dr. Rosa Palmborg.

Solo, "Rock of Ages," Mrs. Lottie Maxson Carr, Chicago.

The reading was a selection from Richard Harding Davis and told of how a young man fallen low in sin was led back to his father's house by means of a lady who beseeched him to help her save her husband from ruination in a gambling den. It was beautiful and full of pathos.

The paper by Mrs. Church was read by Mrs. E. B. Saunders. This paper was written largely from actual experiences in life, and concerned what the writer has come to feel is a great danger to ambitious young womenthat of placing a higher value on a "mission" or public service than upon wifehood and motherhood. It was written in story form and plainly illustrated the truth meant to be taught.

The paper by Mrs. Townsend was a most excellent one, and we be speak for it a thorough perusal.

Dr. Palmborg gave in her paper a description of the surroundings of our mission property, and told many interesting things about it. Her paper will also be given to the RECORDER for publication, and we hope its many readers will avail themselves of the opportunity to gain a better knowledge of our interests in China.

The Ladies' Quartet were Alice Clark, Leo Coon, Mrs. John Babcock, and Ella Babcock. This quartet sang many times during the Association, and were always eagerly welcomed.

The solos and the duet were especially fine, and were listened to with marked attention.

The collection taken at the close of this Hour will be devoted to the educational fund for young women, and amounted to eleven and one-half dollars (\$11.50).

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CHURCH.

BY MRS. M. G. TOWNSEND.

Read at the Woman's Hour at the North-Western Association, June 14, 1901.

"The Lord giveth the word; the women that publisheth the tidings are a great host." Psa.68: 11: R. V.

Since the organization of the church of God on earth, woman has been a great and important factor in the progress of God's Millitant Kingdom. While men have been the leaders and more conspicuous actors and have generally filled the offices of the church, the influence and work of women have con- Mary, not only did Simon behold the child of | Spirit may reveal unto you, or to bear wit-

tributed no small part to the advancement of Christ's kingdom. In their more silent and obscure way they have equally, with him, made their impression for good on the ages. While the names of Moses, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joshua, Samuel, Elijah, Nehemiah, Ezra, David, Jeremiah, and Daniel stand prominently among the high ecclesiastics of the olden time, yet these bright luminaries did not eclipse the light and potency of womanhood in those far-off times. The names of Miriam, Sarah, Rebecca, Hannah, Deborah, Ruth, Esther, and Anna, shine only as lesser lights in the ecclesiastical firmament, and they stood up in all the strength and dignity of moral courage, to be leaders of the people and to bear a faithful testimony for the truth whenever the providence of God called them to do so. Who assisted Moses and Aaron as they led out the children of Israel from the house of bondage, singing the glad song of deliverance on the banks of that sea whose waters stood up like walls of crystal to open a passage for their escape? It was Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Moses and Aaron. Who went up with Barek to Kadesh when his courage failed him, to go out and attack Sisera? It was Deborah, the prophetess, and wife of Lapidoth and judge of Israel, who reproved him and led the army herself against the powerful Sisera and defeated him, and the honors of that victory were given to this heroine. Who dared to speak the truth concerning those judgments which were coming upon Judah when Josiah was alarmed at finding that his people had not kept the word of the Lord to do all that was written in the Book of the Law, sent to inquire of the Lord concerning these things? It was Huldah, the prophetess, the wife of Shallum. Who was chosen to deliver the whole Jewish nation from the murderous decree of the Persian king that wicked Haman had obtained by calumny and fraud? It was Esther the queen. Yes, weak and trembling woman was the appointed instrument by God to reverse the bloody mandate of the Eastern Monarch and save the whole visible church from destruction.

When we approach the dawn of the Christian Era, woman's influence and agency in the church become more conspicuous. We find Mary, the mother of Christ, entering the home of Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, and after their mutual salutations, Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, and spoke out with a loud voice to Mary saying, "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, and whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me and blessed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of these things which were told her of the Lord." And Mary said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour for he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden, for behold from this time forth all nations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done great things, and Holy is his name."

These mutual salutations and prophecies of Mary and Elizabeth were indicative of the honor to be bestowed on womanhood under the incoming dispensation and of the important relation which women were to sustain toward the Christian church. When Christ was presented in the temple by Joseph and

promise and rejoice at the wonderous sight and prophecy of his mission and ministry of salvation, but Anna, a prophetess, a daughter of Phomed, who had attained a great age and had served God with fasting and prayer, might to-day come into the temple and save the babe of promise and prophecy, and gave thanks unto the Lord, and spake of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jeru-

While Christ did not call any women into the apostleship, or did not send out women to preach, he recognized womanhood, and some of the highest enconiums that fell from his lips were given to women for their greatness of faith, love and devotion to his cause. To the lasting credit and honor of women, it is to be declared to the end of time that she was last at the cross, and first at the sepulcher of Christ. By angelic command women were sent to announce to the less devoted and less faithful apostles that Christ had risen from the dead. It was to a woman that Christ first appeared, and first spoke after his resurrection. It was unto women that Christ made his second appearance after his resurrection, and commissioned them to go and tell his brethren. If Christ's brethren had been as faithful and devoted to him as these women were, they would not have been so far from the sepulcher when Christ rose, and the women would not have had so much trouble to find them and tell the joyful tidings. On the Day of Pentecost, when Christianity was inaugurated, we find that certain women were also sharers in the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and women were in the ten days prayer-meeting that preceded the Pentecostal baptism. They as well as men spoke with other tongues of the wonderful works of God, and their words, influence and prayers contributed to the wonderful results of that wonderful day.

Now, in considering the work and sphere of women under the gospel dispensation, the highest and most important work in the church is to preach the gospel. Has woman any place in this high and important position? The conservatism of men and many women too, against women as preachers, is strange and unaccountable. God settled the question of woman's right and eligibility to preach 700 years before the Christian Era. In Joel 2: 28, 29, we have this prophecy, "And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions, and also upon the servants and upon the handmaidens in these days will I pour out my Spirit." This was a prophecy that had reference to the Christian dispensation. Peter claimed the fulfillment, or rather the beginning of the fulfillment of this prophecy, on the Day of Pentecost, in accounting for the wonders of that day to the multitude. If the Christian dispensation is characterised by the fulfillment of this prophecy, whatever gifts, endowments, privileges, and rights it vouchsafes to men, it also equally vouchsafes to women. Women are just as distinctively mentioned as the recipients of the Spirit as men. Prophesying in the New Testament sense does not generally mean to foretell future events. Its general New Testament meaning is to tell or relate anything that the Holy Christ.

It is not a little amusing and not a little painful, in these days, so far removed from the application and fulfillment of this prophand liberty to preach, to hear astute questioning of the right and propriety of women speaking and praying in the church, now living 2,000 years behind the times. If such men were always to have the controlling influence in the church, how long think you would it be before the Millennium would dawn? But we are glad that the power, influence, and importance of womanhood in the church and state are becoming more and more recognized. So far as preaching is concerned, we do not believe that it is God's order that women should be as largely represented in the ministry as men. Nature and Providence have put the great majority of women in a sphere and imposed upon her such duties as renders it impossible for them to become preachers or hold public and state offices. Under the Mosaic dispensation men were generally called to the prophetic office, but occasionally we find a prophetess under the old economy. Under the gospel dispensation, in which men are generally called to preach, may we not occassionally find a preacheress, a woman called of God to preach? If a woman has the ability to preach, and feels herself called so to do, and can do so without ignoring her duties as a wife or mother, who has the right to say to her, "Thou shalt not preach"?

Woman has proven her ability to preach, and if success in preaching is an evidence of a divine call to preach, then she has proven that she has been divinely called, for women by scores and hundreds might be mentioned whose labors have been owned and blessed of God in turning many unto righteousness. Phebe Palmer who, not many years ago, went to her reward to receive her crown, was in her life time instrumental in leading thousands of believers into a higher experience and thousands of sinners to the cross of Christ. Mrs. Von Cut and Robinson have had and are having such success as revivalists as only few preachers have ever obtained. I am glad that the Seventh-day Baptist church has been foremost among the churches, in their recognition of woman's right and privileges to do all the good she can in the world, even in granting her license to preach and giving unto her the honors of ordination.

But it is not only in the sphere of preaching and teaching and official positions that woman can render herself most useful and serviceable to the church; there are many other spheres and places of lesser prominence where she may make her power and influence for good felt in the church.

Of the mass of communicants in the Protestant churches of this country, woman constitutes two-thirds of the whole. I will not be charged with awarding too much honor to woman when I say that (excepting the Christian ministry) she is contributing more in a spiritual sense to the advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth than men. Take from and out of the church woman's devotion, influence, power and co-operation, and what a fearful depletion of power would be the result! Yet she is doing comparatively little to what she might do, and should do. If her latent powers were called into activity and conse-

ness of anything which you may know of crated to the Master's service, her power and influence would be increased fivefold, and the church would feel at once the augmented agency for good. In her home, her influence for good would be greatly multiplied. There ecy, that gives unto women heaven's sanction is no place under the sun where there are such great opportunities for woman making her power felt for time and eternity as in the home. Woman sustains a more vital and important relation to those whom God has given her as bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh than any other human being on the earth.

> I would not undervalue the father's responsibility one iota. In the home his example and influence must tell on the destiny of his children for good or evil, but the children are more immediately under the mother's eye, example, and influence during the most formative, susceptible and impressible period of life. Mother is the one who will be more looked to and patterned after and imitated by the little immortals around her than the father. God will have no more emphatic "Well done" to give to any class in the day of rewards than he will give to those Christian mothers who acquit themselves well in their homes and make their examples, words, and counsels a benediction to their husbands, children, and servants. Millions of men have been saved and made a power for good in the church who never would have been saved had it not been for the clear evidence of Christliness which they see in their wives.

Last year over four thousand dollars were raised by the Woman's Benevolent and Missionary Societies, and yet a very small precentage of the womanhood were enrolled in this grand opportunity for uplifting and Christianizing the world, although many of the societies can be numbered in their membership by the fingers on the two hands; yet this constancy and devotion in paying into the treasury the little gatherings have accomplished much, but the amount could be doubled if each woman would do what she could. The churches on the frontiers and inland that need so much the quartet and evangelistic work cannot receive it because of a restricted treasury. The Sabbath Reform which is slowly but surely sending forth its glowing, gladdening gleams of truth and restfulness through the crevices of tradition, ignorance, and unbelief needs the wherewithal to widen the vision and focus the rays through our splendid tract and literature policy, and we wish we could multiply ourselves a thousandfold as these grand opportunities and urgent, needy calls come

May God help us, as women, whom Christ has lifted up to the high and holy relationship with him, to do our utmost in every place and opportunity to exalt him and show unto the world his power to forgive and save, and to live in his light and truth.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY ALICE M. MAXSON.

Each sunrise views some new scene, or an old scene clothed in new garments. Nature is changing constantly; new color, new form and great manifestations reveal themselves to the observer.

In this busy, rushing world, we consider education an essential element, and a human soul without it is like marble in a quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties un- beyond your expectations, for you may

til the skill of the polisher brings out the colors, makes the surface shine and discloses every hidden beauty; what sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul; but book-education is not education in the broadest sense. Why does the student in geology go into the hills and mountains, collecting old stones and fossils, and why does the botanist wander into the fields and by rushing streams and beautiful valleys for flowers? Why does the busy business man. when "all his soul with city dust is dry, seek some green spot where a brook tinkles by?" It does not take long to answer. Nature is the Mother of all things high and noble; when we commune with her, we are communing with the source of all things beautiful and good. A human heart that lives close to nature cannot be bad, for as Alice Cary said, "There's not a thing beneath our feet but teaches some lesson short and sweet."

Plato classified all things in the universe under three heads, the True, the Beautiful and the Good. These are found in nature. Where did the Philosophers obtain their inspiration? We answer, from nature; and how, many of our own dear poets and writers. were lovers of the birds, the flowers and the busy little creatures inhabiting the wood and streams.

Even in the smallest and most insignificent objects in nature there is some beauty. Some one has said, "A rural picture, including an old house, pasture beyond, with crooked creek and clumps of trees on its bank, underneath which cows are chewing their cud, is incomplete without the homely, disjointed old railfence."

Perhaps the deepest value of nature-study lies in the fact that it brings us near to the Creator. It enobles and uplifts; that communion-with nature which takes us out of ourselves and breathes into our hearts noble thoughts and aspirations is of the greatest value.

How many of us do not love the flowers, sweet messengers of love and purity? If nature refused to perform her task, and we should lose the flowers, how sad we would be.

I felt soft touches of the wind at play Lift from my tired brow, loose slips of hair, And kiss my cheek, the tear that trembled there. Oh, strangest charm! I did not dream, but still The magic of a dream entranced the day. Some one had placed upon my window-sill A tiny crystal cup, and in it lay A single sweet blossom of May.

From nature we may learn lessons of usefulness, and we would do well to plan for the future as she does. She makes ready for the new season in the midst of the old. Cut open the terminal hickory buds in the late fall, and you will find the new growth of the coming season all snugly packed away by the protecting scales. Before nature closes her house in the fall she makes ready for its spring opening.

Nature-study touches the mental, moral and physical as well as the æsthetic side of the human. Not a tree, a leaf, a plant, a blossom, but contains a folio blossom. One may read and read again, and still find something new, something to please and something to instruct, "E'en in the noisome weed."

It takes deep cuttings to bring out the greatest beauty in stone carvings, and sometime the richest treasures of nature lie beneath a heavy stone or a bunch of dried moss; dig deep into nature, and your reward will be far

"Find tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." If your mind is full of the beauties around you and you become well acquainted with nature in all her varying moods, you will find less time for unpleasant thoughts of your fellow-beings; you will look at their faults with wider views and less harshness.

Again, are you, or do you think you are, tired of life? Do you find yourself growing cross and unhappy? Does everything go wrong? Yes, there are days when the skies of your life are very dark, though the sun is shining in the blue sky; when this mood falls upon you, go to the woods, get far away from human life, look above at the beautiful sky; watch the glances of sunshine peeping through the leaves of the trees; listen to the sounds above and below; lay your hand upon a moss-covered stone; can you not feel a soft, cool restfulness stealing over you? Are you not resting on the very heart of Mother Nature, and with what a sense of peace and tranquility!

There is no balm to soothe the weary life like a visit with Mother Nature. She can understand your feelings and sympathize with you as no human heart can, and after a visit with her you can return to the duties of each day with a consciousness that life is truly worth living, and with a smiling face, say,

"Old Past, let go and drop into the sea,
"Till fathomless waters cover thee,
For I am living, thou art dead,
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead.
The day to find."

ALFRED, N. Y.

THE WILL AND THE WORD.

Decision is conquest; the victory waits on the word that declares the will. We cannot make too much of the will of God, so long as we do not fail to regard the will of man. In all this world of ours the conquering force is will, and of all human speech the mightiest is the word which will inspires and crystallizes. The jewels of speech are many; but the great gems are the decisive words of a great resolve.

The splendors of history are not in speech, but in action; but as great deeds are seemingly sudden, impulsive, instinctive, so great words are few, simple, strong, final and fateful.

One of the finest commencement orations had for its theme, "I Will." We commend to our College-born men and women the magic mystery of that imperial declaration. Who lives up to that cannot falter, and the safeguard of such an ideal makes it morally sure that he cannot fail. A new star rises on a life, a new chorus of the morning stars breaks the silence of the sky into song triumphant and glorious, when the great of soul put all the majesty of will into words that shall always shine and shall never be recalled.

A charming writer has protested that men and women write too much and do too little. His contention is that we do not live, but write and talk about living. He proves that men do not believe in hell or heaven, because they talk too freely of them; and he is quite agreed with the old sage who says that our fathers had no creed because they wrote one and left it for us, while they went their creedless way. This, if cynical, is yet delightfully suggestive. The preponderence of words implies either an excess or a want of will. The ethical quality of speech grows fine and

feeble, in this view, and men and women who write so much and talk so freely of conduct and character, in fancy or in abstract, are hopelessly muddled in their ideas of right and wrong.

Yes, the knights of the pen are not valiant for the truth, but for the tourney; not concerned for the right, but for theatrical display; not absorbed in the crucial issue, but filled with the tension and complexity of the situation. And yet the mind and heart of a true man may find stimulus in such disclosures. Analysis that goes too far for decency must be condemned and avoided; but the deep things of human life, its loves and woes, wounds, regrets, despairs, may be sounded so as to make a real man wise and a true woman yet more strong and true. We were reading lately a college discourse which held to the immorality of things written simply to excite or amuse, in the mistaken view of intense sobriety which has come down to us from the forest-subduing Puritans. But we are none the less sure that the wilderness of modern fiction has need of the pillar of cloud and fire for guidance by day and protection by night, if our modern book-pilgrims are not to perish in its wastes.

One of our great needs to-day is a true sanctifying of speech; another is a holy union of the will and the word in every one. Talk is a profession, the printed word is a power reaching the souls of men. One hundred thousand papers are preaching from one press to more people than all our pulpits together. And this power is to be and must be purified, ennobled. Then, too, the wills of men must be lifted up out of the swamps of mere emotionism; the "men of action" need a purpose, and this, for the most part, comes to them from without. Beyond the urgency of his own needs, a man is apt to fall short of his capacity for want of a word to kindle all his powers.

Now the talking to men for mere effect, the preaching by press or pulpit, simply to please, flatter or attract, becomes manifest sin. The wrong is twofold and far-reaching. For a man's will that fails to provide him with motive power degenerates into waywardness and obstinacy in evil courses. Coming so near to fatalism as our catechism does, it yet teaches the great truth by inference that God's call includes a "renewing of our wills." The wandering will, the volatile purpose, the emotional earnestness, are simply angels of death. There is no omen for evil that casts such shadow on before as this lack of union between sound speech and solid truthfulness of purpose. Preaching lacks it; literature lacks it. The will and the word are not together for all seriousness. They play apart, coquette a little, pretend to stage unity and show secret hostility, or like the restless spirits of men and women declare independence and go their way. There is a libertinism of speech which, as Dr. Van Dyke says of art, is truth undressed. It is the wayward word stripped of purpose and divorced from the holy union to the masterful will.

In fine, the most immoral word to-day is a twaddle which teaches nothing; the word is right, but the purpose is astray; the will is wanting or else is perverted and disloyal. To correct the bad tendencies of literature, to counteract the enervation of a flood of books and talk, to evoke deeds out of the "darkening counsel by words," to lift up a standard

of attainment like a lighthouse on the coast, a nilometer on the stream, to make men see the right and wrong, revere the one, reprobate the other, there must be a will that rules the word, that dominates impulse and controls desire. Some commanding wills are wanted. Great wills, exalted wills, holy wills, courageous wills. A very few will do. Man of action, man of speech, this is your day if you but will it so, will it now and will it forever! There is a sacrament in the world that records the will. That one word changes all the world. Speak it once, and a new word is created out of chaos. If we express the royal spirit of the coming century it should be a splendid youth with eye alight and aloft and over his head the star of morning and a scroll with the legend writ in fire, unfailing as light, "I will."—The Evangelist.

THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.

"I am sure that your father knows you love him, just as you take his affection for granted, but do you ever stop to think how little you have to say to him, day after day? How often do you find yourself at his side on the piazza, or by the sitting-room fire, really talking to him with the vivacity and interest you show Gertrude's father, for example? Sometimes he seems to want to talk, and asks questions to draw you out, but you answer so indifferently and with so little desire to keep up the conversation that he feels rebuffed and says no more. Do you know that he said to me on my last visit, when he spoke of you: 'Amy is a good girl and a bright one; I wish I knew her better, but she doesn't seem to find her father very interesting. And, dear, there was feeling in his voice. Now I know you have not had the slightest idea of this."

If your dear mother could count on your steady, sensible, helpful, practical interest in the home-making and the management of the house, she would be the happiest mother in the world. She would be glad to give over a little, or a great deal, of her authority to an earnest and systematic little daughter. She has had the care of her home on her mind now for nearly twenty-five years—morning, afternoon and evening meals, house-furnishing, house-cleaning, sewing, guests, everything. Think of it!

A girl cannot too sedulously guard her mother nor too gently bear with her, if the mother has reached a period where she is more easily wearied than formerly, and where little things vex her. To some of us there come days when our hearts are heavy because we were not so sweet and loving as we might have been, and God alone can help us when this realization comes too late.

The place of the daughter in the home is as large or as small a place as she is able to make it. It is really a creative place, one in which she can be the brightest, happiest, most helpful influence in the home, or simply a partaker of the comforts and protection of the home, with no thought of any return on her part.

The girl who takes as much pride in learning to dust a room properly as she does in learning to draw, who broils a steak with the same nicety as she embroiders a rosebud, who makes coffee as carefully as she crochets, is the girl that with well-rounded, disciplined character will make for herself a place anywhere.—Selected.

Young People's Work.

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

TO EVERY CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.

Especially to the Executive Committees, your Society should have a share in the student evangelistic work this summer. Whether your interests lie with the work at Milton, Alfred, Salem or elsewhere, bear a part in supporting this summer campaign. The best way is to make a personal canvas for small pledges, only a little from each one, if but one cent a week for ten weeks. If you have other ways in which you prefer to raise the money, well and good; but don't let the matter drift along with nothing done. Have some part in this great movement; act at once.

AT THE SUMMER BIBLE CONFERENCE.

I wish that every young Seventh day Baptist could have a taste of the privileges which your Editor is just now enjoying. If his experience is any criterion, they would be no less ardent in their zeal for our special denominational work; but their zeal would be fed and nourished. There are six of us here storing up ammunition; but it will be wadded home in, and fired from, Sabbatarian guns. Quartet No. 1 arrived yesterday to spend three or four days before we go on to Berlin. The inspiring note of "Keep Rank, Make Jesus King," floats out to me as I write. Their music is appreciated by others also. We are among the plebeians out at "the camp." Board costs only half as much here as at the halls, and there is a delightful simplicity about this tented life upon the hillside. The ground is carpeted with brown needles, the sky is traced with the outlines of the pines, delightful breezes sweep up to us from the Connecticut River a mile away. The widest latitude of dress and deportment is permitted among the Christian gentlemen, and nothing more serious than college yells, night parades, songs and jollity has yet befallen.

The program of the morning begins with a missionary class at 8.30. At 9.30 there are the various Bible classes. At eleven is the platform meeting. The afternoon is open to athletics, rest, reading, visiting or any other form of labor and recreation that the individual will may choose. At seven is the lifework meeting on Roundtop. At eight a platform meeting again. After this the "delegation meetings" are held for all who choose. We have already had several inspiring and important messages. It is a place for health —health of body, mind and soul.

WHAT MAKES NORTHFIELD A SUCCESS.

I have been studying the Conference to glean what ever suggestions I may. One of the features which makes mightily for comfort is the simplicity of dress. Negligee costumes are the rule. Coats and vests are discarded, and many go about with arms bared to the summer breezes. In other words, the denizens of Northfield show the same good sense that a farmer does. He dresses according to the weather. Another important feature is the open afternoons. There are two great meetings each day, each lasting one hour. These are attended by all. The Bible classes lasting an hour, and the Roundtop meeting for forty-five minutes, are also generally attended. The day's program is sufficiently flexible and makes such provisions for

the physical man that one enters each new day feeling an increasing freshness and vigor.

Another important fact is that every speaker has a message. No man is called upon to fill up time. Not a speech or address has yet been delivered from manuscript. Each man stood out face to face with his audience, full to the brim with what he had to say. There is rousing congregational singing, and an occasional use of quartet and chorus. There have been no instrumental or vocal solos. Now, Mr. Editor, do you mean to say that you do not believe in solos at a religious meeting? By no means; but, really, is there not a tendency in solo work which we need to guard against constantly, lest it becomes simply a performance to show the excellence of the voice or of the instrument? Such a thing is as much out of place at a religious meeting as a sermon preached for applause. All music sung to the praise of God should have a message.

MOMENT BY MOMENT.

If Major Whittle, the valiant, tender-hearted old warrior, could be near that group of college boys sitting under the whispering pines in the twilight to-night, and hear them sing "Moment by Moment," it would make him feel well paid for all the experience out of which the words were written. It is a goodly sight to see twenty fellows in the flush of young manhood, clean and strong, rolling forth the hymn from the hillside.

> " Never a trial that he is not there, Never a burden that he doth not bear, Never a sorrow that he doth not share, Moment by moment I'm under his care.

Moment by moment I'm kept in his love;
Moment by moment I've life from above,
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine;
Moment by moment, O Lord I am thine."

STANDING ALONE.

After all, the world admires the plucky efforts of a minority. When the different colleges were giving their yells at the camp yes terday, Davis was away and the quartet had not yet come. There was but one lone man to represent Alfred. But Seventh-day Baptists are used to standing alone, and when the first lull came, your dignified editor lifted up his hand as though a thousand men were behind him and cried, "Zip, rah, rah! Zip, rah, boom! Alfred, Alfred, Give her room." And they did. They gave that little bantam yell the first round of applause that had yet been given. The moral does not need to be stated to our Sabbatarian young people.

DON'T MISUNDERSTAND.

You will not mistake my meaning, will you, when you find me telling the good points to be gleaned from other people who do not observe the Sabbath of Jehovah? It would be the most foolish policy to shut ourselves away from others, and say "we are all there is." Rather let us gather from every quarter suggestions which will stimulate, help and guide us to greater efficiency. All in all, I believe this denomination represents the best in modern religious life. Our young people are the cream of the world. But there is much for us to learn, and we can do a great deal better than we are doing.

DWIGHT MOODY'S MONUMENT.

It is well-known that Mr. Moody's grave is on Roundtop; the hill where so many lifeally looks for that grave first of all. You might reasonably expect that the monument to honor the memory of so great a man would be something costly and imposing. Surely nothing ordinary would answer the requirements of the case. And, indeed, that simple granite slab is nothing ordinary. It is great in its simplicity, grand in its humility. There is scarcely a stone in a village church-yard more humble in its proportions. On one side are chiseled these words:

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY. 1837-1899.

"He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

After the first moment of surprise, I felt glad and gratified that the life of the great evangelist has such a fitting memorial. A monument to Mr. Moody? Why, these buildings at Northfield and Mount Herman are his monuments; this whole Northfield movement which has its grip in these throngs of young people is his monument; the redeemed men and women out in the world to whom he has been the herald of the cross, are his monument. As the first meeting on Roundtop broke up, a throng of young men gathered about the simple grave. Wistfully, eagerly, they bent down to read the inscription. If there were tears, I did not see them; but the men were thoughtful and earnest; they looked as those who have important business in the world.

What a burial. Every night that historic spot is further consecrated by the life decisions of young men who look across the sea and say, "Father, I will go every night on that grass-covered hill-top." Hundreds of earnest faces look out upon the speaker with the light of entire consecration in their eyes. The work which grew up round the personality of Mr. Moody continues with gathering power. The leader is gone, but the work goes on. The greatness of the work is demonstrated in the fact that *Moody* could leave it; for he centered it all around Christ. It is as if that granite slab were saying to every passer by, "Dwight Moody is nothing, Christ is all and in all."

OUR MIRROR.

Westerly, R. I.—The last regular meeting of the Local Christian Endeavor Union was held on the evening of May 28, in the chapel at Clark's Falls. The attendance was large, a number of teams going from Westerly, Potter Hill, Ashaway and Niantic. In the absence of the President, Rev. C. A. Burdick, the Vice-President, George W. Norman, presided and led the praise service. After Scripture reading and prayer, the speaker of the evening, Rev. E. I. Lindh, of Hope Valley, was introduced and received with hearty applause. He spoke of the universal discontent of men with the situations in which they are placed, and in view of this wished to emphasize three "don'ts." First, don't underestimate your own field of work. Great men and great movements more often come from little hamlets than from large cities, and it is not so much the quantity of work that is done as the quality. Second, don't limit the possibilities of your field. Limitations do not lie in the field, but in the person. Third, don't forget that true service always wins. Success depends on merit rather than on influence, wealth or social position, and God judges less work decisions have been made. One natur- by what we achieve than by what we try to do.

Therefore emphasize endeavor, and let your name mean that you are "Your Pastor's Supporters in Christian Efforts." The roll call followed the address and showed that the Potter Hill Society was again entitled to the banner. A question box, which was a new feature of these gatherings, was helpfully conducted by Rev. W. L. Swan, who called on others to help answer the questions as to methods. After a consecration service and a few items of business, the meeting closed with the Christian Endeavor benediction. freshments were served by the Clark's Falls Society, and all returned to their homes feeling that the meeting had been a profitable one.

The June consecration meeting of our Society was led by Miss Nellie D. Burdick, and Miss Emma S. Langworthy sang as a solo, "Saved by Grace." Some of our members are leaving us permanently and others are away for the summer, while a few who have been in out-of-town schools are home for the vacation. Among the former is Miss Minnie Green who has been with us over two years while filling the position of housekeeper for Mr. Simeon F. Perry, but has now returned to her home at Alfred, N. Y. Miss H. Louise Ayers is enjoying a vacation with her mother and brother, which includes a visit to the Pan-American Exposition and points of interest along the St. Lawrence. The temperance meeting last month was led by Pastor Davis, who gave an excellent talk.

New officers were elected at the meeting June 29, and the following is the list, with the chairmen of the committees: President, Grace E. Clawson; Vice President, Charles H. Witter; Recording Secretary, Mabel A. Saunders; Corresponding Secretary, H. Louise Ayers; Treasurer, Winnifred J. Curtis; Lookout, John H. Austin; Prayer-meeting, Emma S. Langworthy; Relief, Albertine Wells; Social, H. Louise Ayers; Flower, Daisy D. Barber; Sabbath-school, Grace E. Clawson; Missionary, Charles B. Andrews; Music, Hannah C. Stillman; Good Literature, Charles H. Witter.

The extreme warm weather of the past few days has caused a lively opening of the summer season at Watch Hill and other nearby shore resorts. Pastor Davis and family have been occupying their new cottage at the Hill for two weeks or more.

W.

July 4, 1901.

THE trivial round makes up the larger part of every life. If Jesus Christ is not to help us in the monotonous stretches, what is his help worth? Unless the trivial is his field, his field is restricted indeed. We all know the deadening influence of habit, the sense of weariness, and almost of disgust, at the repetition day after day of the same tasks. The only way of preventing the common from becoming commonplace, and the small from becoming trivial, and the familiar from becoming contemptible, is to link all to Jesus Christ, and to do all for him and in company with him. Then the rough places will be made plain, the mountains of difficulty be brought low, and the valleys of the commonplace be exalted. "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet," sang Habakkuk, the very embodiment of buoyant, graceful, swift movement. If we will walk with Christ toward Christ, we may have such ease of light motion, instead of a dull plodding along the dull road of uneventful life.—Alexander Maclaren, D. D.

Children's Page.

ADVICE TO A BOY.

My boy, you're soon to be a man;
Get ready for a man's work now,
And learn to do the best you can
When sweat is brought to arm and brow.
Don't be afraid, my boy, to work;
You've got to, if you mean to win!
He is a coward who will shirk;
Roll up your sleeves, and then "go in!"

Don't wait for chances; look about!
There's always something you can do;
He who will manfully strike out
Finds labor—plenty of it, too!
But he who folds his hands and waits
For "something to turn up," will find
The toiler passes Fortune's gates,
While he, alas, is left behind!

Be honest as the day is long;
Don't grind the poor man for his cent;
In helping others you grow strong,
And kind deeds done are only lent;
And this remember, if you're wise,
To your own business be confined;
He is a fool, and fails, who tries
His fellow-men's affairs to mind.

Don't be discouraged, and get blue,
If things don't go to suit you quite;
Work on! Perhaps it rests with you
To set the wrong that worries right.
Don't lean on others! Be a man!
Stand on a footing of your own!
Be independent, if you can,
And cultivate a sound backbone!

HOW ROVER SAVED PUNCH.

BY ANNE GUILBERT MAHON.

Kathleen stood at the window looking down at the snow. It was the biggest snowstorm she had ever seen; she was sure it was going to be a blizzard such as she had heard her father and mother talk about. The wind was blowing a terrific gale, hurling the snow into high drifts in some places, and leaving the ground almost bare in others. She wished with all her might she could be out in it, plunging through the soft drifts with her little rubber boots, and feeling the soft, cool flakes on her face. But Kathleen had a bad cold and a sore throat, and the doctor said she must stay in the warm bed-room.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the little girl, "if there isn't Punch! How in the world did he get out?"

Punch was about as small as it is possible for a black spaniel to be. He was Kathleen's great pet, and was very much spoiled in consequence. He had the prettiest bed to lie on, and the daintiest food to eat; he scorned what an ordinary dog would like, and he thought himself twice as good as any other dog in the neighborhood.

Next door the boys had a big Newfoundland, and he and Punch were sworn enemies. Punch growled fiercely if Rover even walked past the house, and if he could snap at the big dog's heels, and then run to a safe distance, he felt very proud indeed. Rover treated his little neighbor with lofty scorn, although once, when Punch was very annoying, he caught him and gave him such a shaking that the little dog was thoroughly frightened and did not venture near him for many a day.

"Mother! mother!" called Kathleen, "Punch is out; call him in!" But there was no response from the kitchen.

Meanwhile Punch was enjoying himself to the fullest extent, climbing over mounds of snow, and shaking the flakes from his back. But his fun was soon to end, for, as he started to cross the street, he stepped suddenly down the curb into a huge drift of snow, and went down, down, until there was no little black dog to be seen.

Kathleen turned pale with fright.

"Mother! mother!" she screamed, but her mother was too far away to hear.

Kathleen looked up and down the street. There was no one in sight. What should she do? The doctor said she must not leave the room, and her mother had expressly forbidden her to go into the cold hall. Punch would be buried in the snow-bank, and there was no one to save him!

Just then a big black object came running up the street, and went straight to the place where Punch had disappeared.

"Rover!" cried Kathleen, and watched breathlessly the big dog as he commenced to scratch at the snow-bank. How fast he worked, first with one big black foot and then with the other; clods of snow flew in all directions.

The minutes seemed hours to Kathleen, but finally the big dog's efforts were rewarded, and a small black ball rolled out; and Punch, very cold and frightened almost to death, shook himself and crept slowly toward the house, with Rover jumping up and down beside him, wagging his great tail and barking joyfully.

Rover and Punch are now the best friends it is possible for two dogs to be. The great black Newfoundland and the tiny spaniel are often seen walking and playing together, and any one in the neighborhood can tell you how the big one saved the little one from freezing to death in the snow-bank.—S. S. Times.

NUNKIE'S DOG STORY.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

"Halloa, Nunkie!"

Nunkie looked up from the piece of carpenter work that he was doing, and smiled at the boy who, entering the shop, had greeted him in this way.

Nunkie was Uncle John, but the boy in his babyhood had said Nunkie, and had kept on using the name ever since.

"Well, Charlie?"

"I saw Mr. Brown to-day."

"What about him?"

"He had been drinking again."

Nunkie sighed. Only the week before, Mr. Brown had promised that he would never touch another drop.

"Isn't he foolish to touch the stuff, when he knows it will make him drunk?" Charlie went on. "How can he? I should think he would hate to be like that. I'd keep away from a saloon, I would."

Nunkie looked serious, then he said:

"Charlie, I once knew a dog that was wiser than many a person that I know to-day."

"A real dog, Nunkie?"

"Yes; a real, live dog."

"Then it isn't just a story?"

"No; it is all true. This dog lived out in the country, with a man who kept sheep, and one day he attacked and killed one of the sheep. He was caught doing it, and, 'Now that he has begun it, he will go on killing more,' said his master; 'he must die.' So he put the dog into a bag with some heavy stones, sewed it up, and drove to a river. Into this river he threw the poor prisoner."

"Oh-h-h!" came pityingly from Charlie. But Nunkie was smiling, and went on

"When the man went home again, he found, to his astonishment that the dog was there ahead of him, calmly resting on the hearth."

"Why—why!" exclaimed the boy, with wide-open eyes and excited manner, "how could he be when he had been thrown into the river?"

"That's what the man wondered; but there

the dog was, surely enough, and he came to the conclusion that the bag must have been rotten, so that the heavy stones had burst it open."

"What did the man do with him then?" Charlie asked eagerly. "I hope he let him live."

"While he was wondering what to do with him," Nunkie continued, "he discovered that the dog had learned such a lesson that he wouldn't be likely to touch the sheep again. No one could induce that dog to go anywhere near the sheep. He seemed to understand that it was the sheep that had gotten him into trouble, and he was determined to give them plenty of room. Do you not think that he was a very wise dog?"

"Yes, indeed, wiser than Mr. Brown."

"Yes, or"

Here Nunkie paused, waiting for Charlie to finish.

"Or," repeated the boy—"or any one who keeps on using tobacco when he knows it is hurting him."

"Or," began Nunkie again, but Charlie couldn't think just then of any more, so his uncle said:

"I'll tell you. Or a boy who again and again lets anger get such control of him that he says and does many things that get him into trouble, and cause him to feel very sorry afterward.

"Oh-h-h!"

This time the word came slowly and thoughfully, and there was a different expression on Charlie's face. Somehow there was less of self-satisfaction there.

"We should all do well to take pattern after the dog in some ways-shouldn't we, lad?"

"Yes, I think so." And Charlie meant it too.—S. S. Times.

KENNETH'S GOLDEN RULE ARITHMETIC.

"Phil," cried Kenneth Brooks, "what do you think? My Uncle George has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds fire off pistols, and all that. Ever seen him?"

"No," said Phil, hopelessly.

"Well, its first-rate, and my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth.

"Same thing both times?" asked Phil.

"Oh, no! new tricks every time. I say, Phil," Kenneth continued, struck by the other's mournful look, "won't you mother get you one?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it; it certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket; but after a few minutes' struggle, "Phil!" he cried, "I wonder if the man wouldn't change this and give me two tickets that would take you and me once each?"

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy little smile crept over his broad little face. "Do you think he would?" he asked, eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth; and the two little boys started off to the office window at the hall.

"But, Kenneth," said Phil, stopping short, it's not fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend stout-

ly, "'cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil gave in.

"So you want two tickets for one performance!" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat, "one for me and one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, sir; we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys. And they didn't know for a long time what that man meant by Golden Rule. -Ex.

POST-MORTEM FLOWERS.

There are many varieties of flowers, but the most common are those which bear the above name. The post-mortem flowers grow mostly in civilized lands, and are, though so common, high in price, and as a consequence can be secured in larger quantities by the rich than the poor.

These flowers are never found on our diningroom tables or at weddings. People never wear them as an attraction. Strange to relate, they are seen only at funerals and memorial services. They are pretty, and in fact of the choicest varieties, and the only drawback about them is that the person for whom they were intended cannot look at them nor catch a bit of their sweet fragrance. The recipient's eyes are closed. "Too late" should be inscribed on each fragrant flower, and "It might have been" on every pretty leaf.

The lifeless form in whose honor the flowers have been purchased and presented may be that of a mother. She never received any flowers of appreciation during the busy and weary hours of her motherhood, and those which we look upon are just too late to be of value to her. The writer is acquainted with a lady who is the mother of seven children. This mother has toiled incessantly in behalf of her family, and has enjoyed few pleasures in life. The following words fell from her lips one day at Christmas time as she and I were conversing: "I do not wish to complain (and here the tears came to her eyes), but during all the years since I have been a wife and mother, I have never received from my husband or children a present at Christmas time, or in fact at any other time." When this dear woman lies in the casket, the flowers around her will speak of a beautiful life appreciated now but never before.

It may be that these words will fall under the eyes of some who have been just a little careless in regard to what they might do for mother, and father too. Let us not wait until they are dead before we bestow upon them a pillow of flowers; give them one now which will make their rest better and their slumbers sweeter.

Do not wait to present the sickle and sheaf; give it now, a sickle which will cut some of the hardships out of their lives. Give them the sheaf of deserved kindnesses which will gladden their over-burdened lives. Kind words can never die, and helpful deeds will never be forgotten. Post-mortem flowers may be nice, but ante-mortem flowers are by far the best, and are needed the most.

MARTIN SINDALL.

How constant is God's friendship! Heloves us with an everlasting love and to the end. when other friendships are upon slight grounds easily and often broken off.—Howe.

Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be working what is good, towards all, but especially towards the family of the faith."—Gal. 6: 10. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb. 13: 16.

BERLIN, N. Y.—One of Quartet No. 1, of Alfred University, said last night, "The first thing I turn to in the SABBATH REcorder is the Reading Room Page." On that account my pen must be careful as to what it writes. The quartet is a good one and has gained many friends in Berlin. Its members are Jordan, Annas, Titsworth and Brown. They were accompanied by Rev. L. C. Randolph, whose winning way and warmhearted gospel sermons have won him a place in all our hearts. The "quintet" has done good work here, and in pledges and collections carried away over \$100. Really, the writer has been surprised of late to learn how much some of the Berlin people will do, if they are but granted the opportunity. A couple of weeks ago our church pledged \$25 for the Anti-Saloon League work. All this points toward a live interest in Christ's cause. But I have been warned not to say too much. Just this: We are interested in our schools, and desire a good Theological Department at Alfred. We are also interested in the evangelistic work.

> Yours for the onward movement, PASTOR SINDALL.

A NATION OF TRAVELERS.

At this time of year one is especially impressed with the fact that the American is a traveler. One may leave out of account the wealthy globe-trotters who have the money and leisure to spend most of their time abroad. It is among the so-called "middle classes" and even many of the poorer people that the almost universal habit of occasional travel is worthy of remark. A generation ago the people who traveled beyond the limits of their own state or section of the country were exceptional. Men of large business, wellto-do families, spent their summers at a distance from home, but the great majority of the people stayed year in and year out within the same county. Probably nine-tenths of the Northern soldiers who served in the Civil War had never been in the South, or even in Washington, until military duty called them there. Until within fifteen or twenty years very few New Englanders had been as far west as Chicago, which was regarded about Boston Harbor as being on the frontier of civilization. The cheapening of railroad excursion rates, the increased comforts of travel, the frequent holding of religious and other conventions, and of course the growth in general prosperity, have combined to break down many provincial barriers and to build up a genuine national feeling. Other things being equal, he is the best citizen who knows other communities than his own and has learned to appreciate their merits as well as their faults. And even the hurried glimpses of strange states and cities and the brief acquaintance with their people which a convention trip affords are no slight gain in general culture. The thousands of young people gathering at two cities of the central West this month will know a great deal more about their country and its citizens when they go home than young people in similar walks of life could possibly have known in 1855, 1865, or even 1875.—The Standard.

THE WESTERN QUARTETS.

There have been so many obstacles in the way of arrangements for quartet work in the West this summer, that it has seemed best not to make public statements concerning them until now.

There are now in the field three quartets: The Ladies' Quartet, accompanied by Mrs. Townsend, and composed, for the summer, of Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Miss Ella Babcock, Miss Alice Clarke and Miss Esther Townsend, are at New Auburn, Minn., where they arrived July 5. A letter just received from there speaks hopefully of the start made on Sabbath the 6th, and the evening following. One of the Men's Quartets is at Coloma, Wis., and vicinity, where they went Monday, July 8. This quartet consists of five men, one of whom will take charge of the meetings until Bro. Kelly shall join them a little later. They are: L. L. Lewis, J. E. Hutchins, Geo. I. Hurley, B. R. Rood, and R. W. Clarke. The other Men's Quartet is composed of C. S. Sayre, E. D. VanHorn, L. A. Platts, Jr., and A. P. Burdick. Their field is Stokes and Jackson Centre, Ohio. The last three named are upon the field, and Bro. Sayre is to join them next week. The tent is to be used at Stokes, and Rev. Geo. W. Hills, of Nortonville, is expected to give three or four weeks' work here a little later.

Now that they are located and at work, I hope to give somewhat regular reports from them. It was hoped at one time that a quartet made up principally at Walworth would be employed a part of the summer, but a little difficulty in obtaining one of the parts seems likely to prevent it. L. A. Plats.

MILTON, Wis., July 10, 1901.

MUSINGS.

II.

"Go now to Missouri." It was the tick of the telegraph, a flash of lightning from New York City to Dodge Centre. We went on the evening after the Sabbath; took a package of Sabbath Recorders, some Sabbath and temperance literature. Found some readers on the way.

Immediately upon reaching Sheridan, it being Sunday, we went to the Christian church to attend Sunday-school, and had a good time helping a teacher and class out on the lesson of Creation, especially Gen. 2: 1-3. Of course some claimed that the creation Sabbath was just God's rest-day, with which man had nothing to do until given to the Jews only at Sinai. We may have convinced no one to the contrary, but they heard from a Seventh-day Baptist for the first time. As there was no preaching at that church that day, we hurried to the M. E. church, and handing our card to the pastor, we were invited to preach. But we only took five minutes to present our orphan work, and then the pastor announced that we would preach at the evening service, which we did to a large Methodist audience. We told them our denominational proclivities and stated very briefly our Sabbath views, but did not discuss them, and preached upon the home-life of Christians, receiving the thanks of the pastor and many of the congregation. We had excellent success in disposing of some orphans, who may grow up good Presbyterians of the Cumberland stamp. We wish they might be Sabbath-keepers, but none of our

with livery, the driver said, as we passed a family upon whose rural mail box was printed the name of Lippencott, "There's some nice people, only they'll do more work on Sunday than on any other day. The worst thing that can be said of them is that they are Saturday Adventists. Don't believe its right to set themselves up against the majority." Then we asked him his opinion of Elijah and some of the world's greatest reformers. At this point our musings began. Yes, it is quite a task to be in opposition to the great majority. Just now the anti-canteen advocates are facing the War Department, the Brewer's League and nearly all the politicians and their partisan followers, who are persistently scheming to restore the government saloon. Can not the average man realize the wrong of selling intoxicating drinks to our soldiers, and under the false pretense of saving them from drunkeness in some private citizen's saloon? It is wrong. That should settle the matter. Why these falsehoods blazoned forth from the secular press and echoed from some religious journals? O Lord, how long! We heard that it was asserted at our late Associations that 'we are leaders in all reforms;" If so, then why is this great outrage and crime treated with so little consideration, and forced into the background. Are Seventh-day Baptists at least afraid of radicalism upon these questions and avoid discussion of unpleasant facts? Is there yet a lack of clear perception upon the importance of such subjects? Hear it, dear brethren. It is not "more important that possible discord should be avoided than that the truth should be spoken" upon this great issue. Would it be thus if the Sabbath question among us produced discord, and would it be true unity to avoid its discussion? Why is it as it is when another and a national reform is before us? Are we leaders in all great reforms? Ah, no! we are hardly in the procession on the canteen subject with its associate evils. But if so, then we seem to be way down in the column, and there nearly out of sight because of mistaken notions about unity and harmonious meetings. Can not Seventh-day Baptists discuss, and give needed prominence to, every great issue, unity or no unity, yet in love and earnestness for the need there is of it now when high-handed wrong stalks abroad in daylight and secures government support? Let the Recorder speak out. Let our Associations and Conferences speak out. Is not that one way of educating the masses and of enlisting our young people in the cause of mercy, justice and truth? If not, then talk less about the Sabbath question and our mission as a people. Our mission is broader than that one question. That may be distinct, but if we are leaders in all reforms, then lead. Tacit consent to giant evils? Silence when great wrongs are perpetrated by the liquor powers? God forbid. Speak out, and speak in time. H. D. CLARKE.

SHERIDAN, Mo., July 8, 1901.

DIP AND DRINK.

of Christians, receiving the thanks of the pastor and many of the congregation. We had excellent success in disposing of some orphans, who may grow up good Presbyterians of the Cumberland stamp. We wish they might be Sabbath-keepers, but none of our people are there. Passing a country place

captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water. We are dying for lack of water." And the captain on the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you, and hundreds of feet deep." And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel, and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water, and put out the fire of their thirst. So I hail you to-day, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon, and thirsting for comfort, and thirsting for eternal life; and I ask you what is the use of your going to that deathstruck state, while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy. Oh, dip your buckets and drink and live forever! "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."— Talmage.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

The Bible account of the power of prayer is the best we can have. Jacob prays—the angel is conquered; Esau's revenge is changed to fraternal love. Joseph prays—he is delivered from the prison of Egypt. Moses prays -Amalek is discomfited; Israel triumphs. David prays—Ahitophel goes out and hangs himself. Asa prays—Israel gains a glorious victory. Jehosaphat prays—God turns away his anger and smiles. Elisha prays—the waters of Jordan are divided; a child restored to life. Isaiah prays—one hundred and eighty-four thousand Assyrians are dead. Hezekiah prays—the sundial is turning back; his time is prolonged. Mordecai prays—Haman is hanged; Israel is free. Nehemiah prays—the king's heart is softened in a moment. Ezra prays—the walls of Jerusalem begin to rise. The church prays—the Holy Ghost is poured out. The church prays again—Peter is delivered by an angel. Paul and Silas prayed -and the prison shakes; the door opens; every one's bands are loosed.—Sel.

Where truth and right are concerned, we must be firm as God.—Thomas Guthrie.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Contributions in June, 1901.

	Churches:		
	Milton, Wis	\$ 12	20
	Colony Heights, Lakeview, Cal	" 2 3	00
	Plainfield, N. J	33	66
	Independence, N. Y	15	00
	Walworth, Wis	8	42
	Friendship, Nile, N. Y	- 8	00
	First Brookfield, Leonardsville, N. Y	23	38
	Marlboro, N. J	15	00
	First Genesee, Little Genesee, N. Y	18	28
	Adams Centre, N. Y	20	00
ı	Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I	49	09
İ	First Alfred, Alfred, N. Y	22	64
	Hammond, La., per Mrs. M. E. Rich	5	00
1	West Edmeston, N. Y		23 60
	Welton, IowaSecond Brookfield, Brookfield, N. Y	11	23
ı	New York City	97	55 55
Ì	New fork City	49	- 86
I	Milton Judction, Wis	25	70
ı	Church and Society, Andover, N. Y	a	50
ı	Sabbath-school, First Hopkinton church, Ashaway, R. I		24
ı	Woman's Board, \$23.10; for Recorder subscription, \$2		18
I	Young People's Permanent Committee, \$25.79; per C. E. So-		•
Į	ciety, Brookfield, N. Y. \$12.50.	38	29
1	ciety, Brookfield, N. Y, \$12.50 Ladies' Sewing Society, First Hopkinton church, Ashaway,	_	
ı	B. I	- 10	00
١	Woman's Missionary Aid Society of Brookfield, N. Y	25	00
ı	-		
Į	Collection:	1	
Į	Eastern Association	22	04
1	Central "		39
ı	Western "	18	70
ı	North-Western"		00
ı	J. F. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J	100	00
ı	Mrs. Mary P. Bentley, Westerly, R. I	5	00
ı	C. Latham Stillman, S. C. Maxson, M. D., Utica, N. Y	5	00
ı	S. C. Maxson, M. D., Utica, N. Y	5	00
l	Paul Palmiter, Albion, Wis		00
l	F. F. Randolph, New Milton, W. Va		00
ĺ	H. C. Brown, M. D., Brookfield, N. Y.		00
I	Wm. A. Langworthy, New York City		33
۱	Yearly Meeting held with West Edmeston church	2	43
ĺ		750	96
ı		750	οu

E. & O. E.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., July 8, 1901.

J. D. SPICER, Treas.

EXPERIENCE is a fine word for suffering.—
Hannah More.

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
Ance 10	God's Promise to Abraham	Gen. 15: 1–18
Aug. 17.	Abraham's Intercession	Gen. 18: 16-33
Ang. 24.	Abraham and saac	Gen. 22: 1-14
Aug 31	Isaac the Peace Maker	Gen. 26 : 12–25
Sept. 7.	Jacob at Bethel	Gen. 28: 10–22
Senf 14	Jacob a Prince with God	Gen. 32: 1-32
Sept. 21.	Temperance Lesson	
Sept. 28.	Review	

LESSON IV.-GOD CALLS ABRAM.

For Sabbath-day, July 27, 1901.

LESSON TEXT-Gen. 12: 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.-I will bless thee and make thy name great and thou shalt be a blessing.-Gen. 12:2.

INTRODUCTION.

After having considered three lessons from the general history of the human race before it was divided into separate peoples, we come now to study the beginning of the Hebrew nation. Of the three great forerunners of this people, Abraham is the first and the greatest. Mohammedan, Jew and Christian unite in regarding him as the divinely-appointed founder of the true religion. He is pre-eminently "the Father of the Faithful." His faithfulness has been set forth as the model for all future generations of men. The sacred writers do not indeed present him as a perfect man even in the matter of faith; for he trusted in deceit and craftiness rather than in God to save his life and preserve his wife when they went down into Egypt. But in spite of short-comings Abraham showed a faith in God that was far be yond anything in his own age, and will stand in comparison with the greatest of succeeding generations Abraham lived in the age when the migratory influence was strong. Many left their homes to go in search of more fertile fields and greener pasturage. Abraham left his home, not through the hope of increasing his worldly prosperity, but in obedience to a divine impulse. He accepted the guidance of God in the plan which was necessary for the founding of the nation that should in the fulness of time bring forth the Redeemer of the world.

TIME.—According to the usual chronology, 1921 B. C.

PLACES.—Haran, a city of Northern Mesopotamia, situated in a very fertile region. Sichem, probably the same as Shechem, a city of Canaan, upon the site of modern Nablous. Abram was also in the vicinity of Bethel and Ai, and farther south in Canaan.

Persons.—Abraham, Sarai, Lot.

OUTLINE:

- 1. God's Promise to Abraham. v. 1-3.
- 2. The Journey to Canaan. v. 4, 5.
- 3. Abraham, a Stranger in the Promised Land. v. 6-9.

1. Now the Lord had said. More literally, "And Jehovah said." We are not to infer that God had given Abram instruction years before and at length he acted in accordance with this instruction. The presumption is that he obeyed immediately. In spite of the references to Haran in v. 4, 5, it is by no means certain that the command and promise of v. 1-3 do not have Ur of the Chaldees as their place. It is true that Abraham elsewhere speaks of Haran as his homeland (compare Gen. 24: 4, 7); but Gen. 15: 7; Neh. 9: 7, and especially Acts 7: 2, establish the fact that the divine guidance was first made manifest to Abraham in Ur of the Chaldees. Abram. That is, "exalted father." Note the subsequent change of name to Abraham with the reason mentioned in Gen. 17:5. Get thee out of thy country, etc. The threefold designation of his home land helps us to realize that it was a great requirement which God made of Abraham. For the development of the pure monotheistic religion of which this man was to be the founder, it was necessary that he should be separated from his heathen kinsmen. Unto a land that I will show thee. Abraham was not told at first the destination of his pilgrimage.

2. And I will make of thee a great nation. With the command there is a promise. The promise of numerous sive welcome was given with an urgent invi- Standard.

descendants was often repeated to Abraham and the other Patriarchs. And thou shalt be a blessing. From being blessed he is to become a bearer of blessings. The verb of this clause is imperative. "And be thou a bless

3. And I will bless them that bless thee. Abraham's blessing will be extended to others by their friendly attitude toward him. And curse him that curseth thee. It is to be noted that the singular number is used in this clause. It is not to be supposed that so great a number will be ill-disposed toward Abraham as those well disposed. And in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed. The thought of this clause is repeated 18: 18: 22:18;26:4;28:14. The verb translated as a passive should be rendered as a reflexive-"bless themselves." "And in thee shall all the families of the earth bless themselves." All people shall seek to enjoy the blessing of thee and thy seed, and be eager to be associated with thee in the favor of God.

4. So Abram departed as the Lord hath spoken. The significant feature of this lesson is that Abram obeyed And Abram was seventy and five years old. His age is given to mark particularly the date of the beginning of his new relation with God.

5. Sarai. There is some doubt as to the meaning of this name. It is probably derived from a root meaning contentious. From the Greek transliterations of this word we have the modern name Sara. In Gen. 17:15 Sarai is given name, Sarah, which means princess. Lot his brother's son. Compare Gen. 11:27, 28, 31. The soul that they had gotten in Haran. That is, their slaves. They are distinguished from their other posses-

6. And Abram passed through the land. He doubtless did not then recognize it as the land of promise. Sichem. This spelling is derived from the Vulgate. The same Hebrew word is transliterated Shechem in Gen. 33: 18 and elsewhere. The plain of Moreh. The word translated "plain" is the name of a tree, the oak or rather the terebinth. The last word of this phrase is a common noun meaning "teacher." "Unto the teacher's terebinth." The reference is probably to a sacred tree (or perhaps grove) where a soothsayer gave in struction. And the Canaanite was then in the land. This sentence is probably added to show that the land was already occupied and not at the disposal of any newcomer. From the word "then" it is to be inferred with probability that the Canaanite had been dispossessed at the time this narrative was written.

7. And the Lord appeared unto Abram. If we pass over ch. 3: 8 as indefinite in regard to the actual visible presence of God, this is the first theophany or appearance of God recorded in the scripture. Here is given to Abram the assurance which was withheld in verse 1the assurance that this is the Promised Land. And there he builded an altar. Evidently as a memorial of the presence of God and of his gracious promise. Abram often built altars. Compare v. 8, 13, 18, and

8. And he removed from thence, etc. He could not at present remain in this sacred spot. He encamped on a mountain with Bethel west of him, that is, toward the sea, and Ai in front of him, that is, toward the east. Hai is the same as Ai with the article "the "-in Hebrew "h." And called upon the name of the Lord. That is, "proclaimed the name of Jehovah." This is perhaps, a reference to public worship.

9. And Abram journeyed, etc. He was doubtless obliged to move his camp in order to find pasturage for his flocks. The word translated "south" means literally "dryness," and refers to the half-desert district at the extreme south of the land of Canaan.

A MOUNTAIN HOME.

BY J. P. PHILLIPS.

The house is small, unpainted, windowless and sparsely furnished, standing on the mountain side in a cleared space where in this "land of the sky" the sun can shine upon it without let or hindrance from the lofty pines. One might easily pass it by when on his walks with a mere glance, but in so doing would miss one of the most interesting "finds" to the tourist in all this region, for it is the home of old Mrs. H., familiarly known as the "kissing woman," because she uses this primitive mode of greeting and parting to all who call, willy-nilly on their part.

She was alone when we called and an effu-

tation to come in and sit. The place was clean and orderly, a door stood wide open, though it was in February, admitting light, and wood was burning in the chimney fireplace. When asked her age she replied that on next July 10 she would be 103 years old. To further inquiries she told a brief story of her life, which was one of the "short and simple annals of the poor." She was born within a few miles of her present home and had never been but a short distance away from it. She had never been on a railroad train or "touched it," though she had once seen one and thought it was "the old fellow," not the "Lord coming for to carry her home." Her life had been one of privations and hard work, "a poor white;" but there were no complainings on that account, while she spoke warmly of a beautiful boy, her son Tom, who was bright, a good scholar, taught school, but went away years ago, never to return, nor had she heard from him; but he remains to her precious memory.

When a young woman she made a profession of religion and had never renounced it. Her piety is of a plain and simple sort. "I say," she said, "a great deal, first one thing and then another, such as 'Jesus my all to heaven has gone,' for I used to be in the choir, and when you sing such hymns the devil won't do you any harm." Her voice even now is clear, strong and musical. "You must wish and pray good for yourself," she remarked, "or how can you do it to others; we must love them as ourselves." If we do that the Marster," or "old Marster," will do good to us, was her belief. She never used the name Lord or Father, and I could but feel that this was an echo coming down from the former slavery times.

When heaven was suggested to her as the home to which she was going, her face lighted up and in an animated manner she told of having a sight of it once, "and they were eating;" suiting the action to the word, she showed how they ate with a relish and smacking of the lips, "and all had a plenty." asked if there was music. "No," she said, "I didn't hear any, they were eating." Seldom has anything seemed to be more pathetic and expressive of what the life had been, one of toil and struggle primarily for food; and to her the vision of the heavenly home was not beauty or music, not rest or companionship, but food enough to eat. I came away with the words of the ascended Lord singing in my heart a lesson such as I had never before been taught by them: "They shall hunger no more . . . for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The life seemed to be little more than mere existence passed during so many years within such narrow limits, knowing so little of the beautiful world God has made for us, so little of what men have thought, done and experienced; and yet it is possible that in the measure of her privileges she may have done more wisely than many with greater opportunities, who with all their getting have never got understanding, the beginning of which is the fear of the Lord.

There is still a possibility, worthy of honest and reverent consideration, that one may gain much of the world, see widely its kindness and their glory, and yet lose one's own soul. The short visit was a sort of spiritual tonic suggesting at once lessons of thankfulness, contentment and sympathy. — The

MARRIAGES.

BACON-NASH.-At the home of the bride's parents, Brook field, N. Y., by Rev. T. J. VanHorn, Feb. 20, 1901 Mr. Bert Eldon Bacon, South Hamilton, N. Y., and Miss Alice Marie Nash, of Brookfield.

MILLER-JONES.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Brookfield, N. Y., April 17, 1901, Mr. Willie Miller and Mary A. Jones, both of Bridgewater, N. Y.

DAVIS-GREENMAN.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Brookfield, N. Y., April 24, 1901, Mr. Arthur Davis and Miss Bertha A. Greenman, all of Brookfield

GREENE-CAMPBELL.-In Milton, Wis., June 26, 1901 by Rev. L. A. Platts, D. D., Mr. O. Harley Greene, of North Louh, Neb., and Miss Edith B. Campbell, of Milton.

DEATHS.

Nor 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.

MAIN.—At his home in Brookfield, N. Y., April 5, 1901 Mr. Henry Main.

He was born Sept. 6, 1812, and was the eldest of six children of Ephraim and Sophia Parks Main. He became a Christian in early life, uniting with the First-day Baptist church. Later in life he became a Sabbath-keeper. identifying himself with the cause of the Seventh-day Adventists. A life-long friend characterizes him as "industrious, enthusiastic and persistent." He was captain of the "Troopers" in the great Civil War, and was brave, not only in battle, but in the great moral reforms which came into prominence during his early life. The last years of his life were spent in total blindness, but he endured patiently this affliction, and died triumphantly in the faith of Jesus Christ. His wife, and daughter, Mrs. Mandana Maxson, survive to mourn their loss. The funeral was conducted at the church by the writer. Text, 1 Cor. 15: 20.

FLINT.-Minnie Lewis Flint, daughter of Charles and Rebecca Lewis, was born in Wasioja, Minn., Sept. 28 1869, and died at her home near Wasioja, May 18.

She was baptized by Eld. H. B. Lewis when quite young, and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Dodge Centre, and remained a faithful member until the Master called her home. She was married to Melvin Flint, September, 1891, and was a loving, devoted wife, a kind neighbor and an earnest Christian worker. She leaves a husband and many friends and relatives to mourn her loss.

Burdick.—Daniel Tift Burdick, son of Jeremiah and Susan Tift Burdick, was born in Hopkinton, R. I., Oct. 2, 1822, and died at Alfred 1901.

His parents moved from Rhode Island into New York state when he was in early childhood, and most of his boyhood days were spent on a farm in Hartsville, N. Y. He was the fifth of a family of seven children to be called from labor into rest. In 1850 he was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Wood, of Alfred, who now survives him after a happy life union of more than fifty years. and with their adopted daughter and a large circle of kindred and friends are left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband, father and friend. As a sincere believer in Christ, he was in early life baptized and received into the First Seventh-day Baptist church of Alfred, N. Y. and in 1847, when the Seventh-day Baptist church of Hartsville was organized, he became one of its constituent members. He was a man of thought, independent of opinion and judgment, and loyal to his convictions of truth and duty. He was a careful and constant reader of the Bible, and his home where it was daily read was a home of prayer and of grateful expression of thankfulness to God for the blessing daily destowed.

"Death is not dreadful to a mind resolv'd, It seems as natural as to be born."

Wilson.—William Wilson was born in Lisnaugh, Ireland, Sept. 12, 1837, and died June 17, 1901, at South Plymouth, N. Y., aged 63 years, 9 months and 4

He came to America in 1858, working as a farm hand until 1862, when he enlisted as private in Co. K, 161st N. Y. S. V. He served three years. In the desperate struggle at Sabine Cross Roads, La., he was taken prisoner and held at Mansfield, Texas, six and one-half months. He was married to Ann Brown Nov. 20, 1870, by whom he had five children, four dying in infancy. He leaves a wife, one son and an adopted daughter whom he loved and was interested for to the very last, and who mourns for him as for an own father. One brother and three sisters also survive him. He joined | Hall's family Pills are the best.

the Norwich Seventh-day Baptist church one year after it was organized in his house, and the meetings were held there many years. Only two members now remain. He was a liberal supporter of denominational interests, and his death was a blessed victory.

BARBER.-Mary Sherman Hopkins Barber, widow of William M. Barber, was born in Otsego county, N. Y. Oct. 2, 1816, and died at the residence of her son, W. H. Barber, Jamestown, R. I., April 23, aged 84 years, 8 months and 21 days. She is buried at Ashaway R. I.

Sister Barber was one of the constituent members of the Greenmanville Seventh-day Baptist church, and was loval to her faith all her life. She was a true, consistent and pleasant Christian, and faithfully and lovingly performed the duties and filled the station of wife, mother and member of society. She leaves two sons, Dr. E. H. Barber of Westerly, R. I., and W. H. Barber of James

GREEN.—At North Loup, Neb., May 28, 1901, after weeks of great suffering, Mary Arminda Green, daughter of John Russel and Mary Ann Maxson.

Sister Green was born at Walworth, Wis., June 13, 1854. In 1864 she moved with her parents to Dodge Centre, Minn. In 1866 she moved to Carleston, Minn. While living here she professed faith in Christ, and was baptized by Rev. D. P. Curtis and united with the Carles ton Seventh-day Baptist church April 18, 1871. She was married to Maxson W. Green Dec. 24, 1874. She with her busband moved to North Loup, Neb., Oct. 12, 1878. She transferred her membership to the North Loup church Oct. 8, 1889, since which time she has remained a faithful member till the ties were severed by the hand of death and she was called home to the church triumphant, Sister Green was possessed of a cheerful disposition and seemed to be always looking for a chance to make others happy. She leaves a husband, brothers and friends who feel deeply their loss.

E. A. W.

Palmer.—At the home of her son Albert, at Oncida, N Y., on May 19, 1901, Mrs. Harriet E. Palmer. She was born March 29, 1831.

She was a faithful and earnest member of the Second Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist church. Although for a number of years she was deprived of Sabbath privileges, she was a loyal adherent to the faith she loved. She was a sufferer for several years, but her last-illness was brief. The funeral services, conducted by Eld. J. M. Todd, were held at the home of her sister, Mrs. Stafford Williams, at Brookfield, N. Y., and she was laid to rest in the Brookfield cemetery. T. J. V.

PALMER.—At Oneida, N. Y., on July 2, 1901, Edmund L. Palmer, aged 70 years.

Mr. Palmer was born in Brookfield, N. Y., March 4, 1831. On May 27, 1901, he came to Brookfield to accompany the remains of his wife to their last resting place, and on July 5, six weeks later, he was laid by her side in the Brookfield cemetery. Two sons and a daughter are left to mourn their double loss. T. J. V.

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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 Bibleclass 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 ser-

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. COTTRELL, 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.

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