

# THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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### The True Bread.

**R**ELIGION is the Bread of Life. I wish we better appreciated the force of this expression. I remember what bread was to me when I was a boy. I could not wait until I was dressed in the morning, but ran and cut a slice from the loaf—all the way round, too—to keep me until breakfast; and at breakfast, if diligence in eating earned wages, I should have been well paid. And then I could not wait for dinner, but ate again, and then at dinner; and I had to eat again before tea, and at tea, and lucky if I didn't eat again after that. It was bread, bread, all the time with me, bread that I lived on and got strength from. Just so religion is the bread of life; but you make it cake—you put it away in your cupboard and never use it but when you have company. You cut it into small pieces and put it on china plates and pass it daintily round instead of treating it as bread; common, hearty bread, to be used every hour.—*H. W. Beecher.*

\$2.00 A YEAR

PLAINFIELD · N · J

## The Sabbath Recorder.

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It is told of an ancient Grecian philosopher, a stoic, whose theory of life found little or nothing beyond the present existence, that, falling by accident and breaking a finger, he was so chagrined because he gave way to the pain that he sought oblivion through suicide. Life meant so little to him, and the future was such a blank, that neither greatness nor sacredness entered into his conception of existence. In contrast with this low conception, the value which Christ set upon human life, upon present and future existence, was infinite. All things touching men are sacred to Christ. To him man is not earth-born, the child of a moment, but one made only a little lower than the angels. With such a conception life is not cheap, and oblivion through suicide finds no place. It is this higher conception of the worth of the human soul that enriches all Christian faith and lifts it far above other religious systems. If men were half as enthusiastic over themselves as Christ was over them, if they set half the price upon themselves that Christianity sets upon them, low living would be impossible, and higher aspirations would spring forth with renewed vigor. Too many men are low-viewed and careless as to themselves; they seem to put no price upon that immortality with which they have been blessed, when compared with the transitory things of earthly existence. No man can understand life who does not begin by conceiving himself to be a son of the ever-living God and an heir of glorious immortality.

It is this partaking of the divine nature, this birth from above, of which Christ taught Nicodemus, that makes possible those rare experiences through which great thoughts ennoble the soul and set all life leaping Heavenward. Through such experience, such unfolding visions, we catch glimpses of the glorious future awaiting us. Such experiences are big with destiny, and no soul with strong trustfulness in God can ever go backward from the heights gained at such times. The true worth of man never appears to himself or to others except through these higher conceptions. When an artist's pictures are hung in the testing room, each picture has the right to demand that the best light be flung upon it. Our higher experiences in spiritual things, and these alone, place our souls in the best light, and indicate our true relations to God and destiny. Too many of us find these better moments so infrequent that we do not deem them a natural part of Christian life. On the contrary, God means them to be a part of our common experience. It is through them that much of the strength for which we sigh comes, strength which cannot come otherwise. It is through them that the hopes for which we long come, and can only come. These experiences are the source of our sweetest comforts, and through them the soul learns to hunger, and to love that hungering which reaches out for better things.

Your life in the humblest surroundings, if it so chance, may be equally acceptable with the life of your brother whose culture and

surroundings may surpass yours, according to the world's measure. Not what we do, but what we are, is the standard of God's judgment. All work with holy purposes becomes worship, and all service with right intent is acceptable unto him whose infinite love finds place for the greatest and least alike.

WE knew a man whose soul seemed full of unuttered music, but whose voice was incapable of the simplest harmonies. Once we heard him say: "The first thing I intend to do when I reach heaven is to learn how to sing." It was a simple way of putting it, but the thought in that man's heart was not less acceptable to God than is the *Te Deum* sent forth upon the waves of harmony from a thousand voices, and supplemented by the organ's tones which fill the vast cathedral. Spoken praise and active service, according to given forms, are nothing to the Father if they be not the expression of devout souls and loving hearts. Unspoken praise and passive service, or service in forms we do not call religious, are truly acceptable if prompted by loving hearts and holy purposes. The compensations even in this life are many. The man referred to above, who longed to reach heaven that he might learn to sing, left a son whose eloquence from the pulpit, and songs from the choir have rendered abundant service in the cause of Christ these many years.

LORD PAUNCEFOTE, British ambassador to the United States, while he does not discuss details, has publicly expressed his confidence in the acceptance by the United States, of a treaty touching the Nicaragua Canal which he is to propose next October, with the approval of the English cabinet. Such a course on the part of this honored representative of the English government will add to the reputation for wisdom and diplomatic foresight which he already bears. That such a result will hasten, every one interested in this enterprise, so important to the world and doubly important to the United States, will hope. That England should thus supplement the efforts already made by our own government for amicable adjustment of the matter, is additional proof that the era of good feeling between the two great English-speaking nations is not only well begun, but is likely to continue. So may it be.

WE have seen delicious oranges growing from branches grafted upon the stem of the bitter, natural fruit which grows in the swamps of Florida. So the lower side of our earthly life, when the higher, diviner life is grafted upon it, is made to yield richest and best of fruitage. But this must come through a genuine ingrafting of the diviner life. Theorizing concerning better things does not make men essentially better. Seeking to uplift one's self through culture is a useless effort if something more than culture from without be not added. The secret of all true success in human life is found in the transforming power of the divine presence unfolding in the best things. The glory of life springs from the conscious possession of an infinite capacity to attain better things, and to become what God requires of us. Nothing good is impossible to the man whose conception of life and destiny are God-breathed and who gladly yields obedience to the demands of truth.

A LATE number of the New York *Tribune* suggests that, with the development of the modern University and the opportunities for broader culture, the necessity and use of the Theological Seminary will disappear. The suggestion of the *Tribune* is that young men can secure special theological training, somewhat after the manner of early New England times, under the immediate direction of their denominational leaders which, coupled with the University education, would give a much larger and stronger type of preacher than the Theological Seminary produces.

It is said that the three leading scholars in the class of 1901, in Harvard University were two Germans and a Swede. This item, together with the well-known fact that in the great city of New York the children of Hebrew parents usually secure the first and the greatest number of prizes for scholarship, pricks the bubble of vanity which "native born Americans" sometimes delight in floating.

### PRE-CONFERENCE CONSULTATION.

The attention of our readers is called to the communication from Prof. Saunders, President of the Conference, on page 475 of the RECORDER of last week (July 29). The recommendation to which he refers reads as follows:

That representatives of the Conference proper, its Boards and Permanent Committees, the Denominational Societies, and our institutions of learning, meet on the Tuesday before Conference and the Tuesday after Conference, for the purpose of fraternal and deliberate discussion of subjects of present and vital interest to our people, in the hope of increasing still more the unity and efficiency of all our agencies. The President and Recording Secretary of the Conference shall be respectively, Chairman and Clerk of these Conventions, and shall call them to meet at such places as, in their judgment, shall seem the best.

The official representatives, at least, of all the organizations referred to, ought to be present, under the call, at half-past ten A. M. on Tuesday, August 27, at Alfred. Much good may be accomplished by an informal consideration of specific questions pertaining to the sessions about to follow, and concerning the work in general. For many years past, those familiar with our work have felt the necessity of more time for consultation and interchange of opinions at the Anniversaries. The recommendation published above was made by the Conference last year, with the hope of meeting this demand, to some extent. We urge those to whom this recommendation applies to make all necessary plans, early, for attending this Pre-Conference consultation.

### LOCAL ATTRACTIONS AT CONFERENCE.

In addition to the higher interests connected with Conference there are certain local interests and attractions which may be justly considered in connection with reasons for attending the Anniversaries. Considering the location where Conference is about to be held, several points may well claim attention. Alfred is located on the water-shed between those streams which flow to the Atlantic eastward and those which reach the Gulf of Mexico southward and westward. The elevation is such as to give a fine summer climate, the nights usually being cool and favorable for rest. The village is situated at the junction of two or three valleys, and the surrounding hill country presents fine scenery and attractive points to which one may walk



or ride. Those interested in the matters connected with education and those desiring to make inquiries concerning courses of study, will find the University ready to answer questions, give full information and open its doors. To those interested in Archæology, that beautiful monument to the memory of President Allen, the Steinheim, now so ably presided over by Prof. Crandall, will offer full opportunity for days of study and stores of rich information. It is also the tomb in which the ashes of its distinguished builder rest. The Library, located in Memorial Hall, with its rich treasures of literature covering the remote past as well as modern times, will enable those who desire, to secure facts, consult rare volumes, and fill up note books with important matter for future use. The school of Clay Working and Ceramics with its new and commodious building just dedicated, and its large and vigorous summer school, will add double interest because it is the second of the kind in the United States, and promises to open up a new and important field of manual labor, and of educational interests. All these items, with others, which we have not time to note, present legitimate and attractive reasons for attending the coming Anniversaries.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NEW TESTAMENT IN MODERN ENGLISH.

Two volumes of this publication have appeared under the imprint of Fleming H. Revell Co. The purpose of the translation is to present the New Testament in the familiar English of to-day. While it varies in forms of expression, there is no effort to secure a different meaning from that set forth in the authorized translation of 1611 A. D. We think every Bible student will find abundant and helpful suggestions by studying the volumes under consideration. The following from the opening of Mark's Gospel, will indicate the character of the translation.

THE GOOD NEWS ACCORDING TO MARK.

I.—THE PREPARATION.

The beginning of the Good News about Jesus Christ.

It is said in the Prophet Isaiah—  
*Behold! I send my messenger before thy face;  
 He shall prepare thy way,  
 The voice of one loudly crying in the desert:  
 "Make ready the way of the Lord,  
 Make his paths straight."*

It was in fulfillment of this that John the Baptist appeared in the desert, proclaiming a baptism upon repentance for forgiveness of sins. All Judea, with all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, went out to see him; and they were baptized by him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins. John wore clothing of camel's hair, and had a belt of leather round his waist, and lived upon locusts and wild honey; and he made this proclamation—  
 "There is One coming after me more powerful than I, and I am not fit even to stoop down and undo his shoes. I have baptized you with water, but he will baptize you with the holy Spirit."

II.—THE WORK IN GALILEE.

About that time Jesus came from Nazareth in Galilee, and was baptized by John in the Jordan. Just as he was coming up out of the water, he saw the sky parting, and the Spirit, like a dove, coming down upon him, while from the sky there came a voice—

*Thou art my Son, my beloved,  
 In thee I delight.*

Immediately afterwards the Spirit impelled Jesus to go into the desert; and he was there in the desert for forty days, tempted by Satan, and among wild beasts, while angels attended on him.

After John had been given into custody, Jesus went to Galilee, proclaiming the Good News of God—

"The time has come, and the Kingdom of God is close at hand; repent and believe the Good News."

One day, as Jesus was going along by the Lake of

Galilee, he saw Simon and his brother Andrew, who were fishermen, casting a net into the lake,

"Come and follow me," Jesus said, "And I will set you to fish for men." They left their nets at once and followed him. Going on a little further, he saw James, Zebediah's son, and his brother John, who were in the boat mending their nets. Jesus at once called them, and they left their father Zebediah in the boat with the crew, and went after him.

Then they walked on into Capernaum. On the very first Sabbath Jesus went into the Synagogue and began to teach; the people were greatly struck with his teaching, for he was teaching them like one who had authority, and not like the Rabbis. Now just then there was in the Synagogue a man under the power of a wicked spirit, who called out:

"What do you want with us, Jesus of Nazareth? Have you come to destroy us? I know who you are—the Holy One of God!" But Jesus rebuked the spirit.

"Silence! come out of him," he said.  
 The wicked spirit threw the man into a fit, and with a loud cry came out from him; and everyone was so amazed at it that people kept asking one another:

"What does this mean? Strange teaching this! He gives orders with authority even to the wicked spirits, and they obey him."

And the fame of Jesus extended at once in all directions, through the whole neighborhood of Galilee.

As soon as they left the synagogue, they went, with James and John, into the house of Simon and Andrew; and as Simon's mother-in-law was lying ill with fever, they at once told Jesus about her. So he went up to her, and grasping her hand, raised her up. The fever left her, and she began waiting upon them.

In the evening, after sunset, people kept bringing to Jesus all who were ill, and those who were possessed; and the whole city was gathered round the door. Jesus cured many who were ill with various diseases, and drove out many evil spirits; he would not permit the spirits to speak, because they knew him to be the Christ.

In the morning, long before daylight, Jesus got up and went out, and going to a lonely spot, he there began to pray. But Simon and his companions hastened after him; and when they found him, they exclaimed:

"Everyone is looking for you!"  
 "Let us go away from here," Jesus said, "into the country towns near, that I may preach in them, too; indeed, that was my object in coming!" Then he went and preached in their Synagogues all through Galilee, and drove out the evil spirits.

SERVE WITH WHAT YOU HAVE.

There is an old Roman Catholic legend which says that a poor montebank, who was far from being a saint, being tired of travel and of rough ways, entered a cloister and sought to become one with the monks. He knew nothing of religious forms and ceremonies, nothing of prayers and chanting, nor of such methods of worship as the monks were accustomed to. At length, in an unused chapel in the cellar of the cloister, he found an altar to the Virgin Mary. In his desire to worship her and lead a new life, he determined to carry on his worship by methods with which he was familiar. Solemnly, therefore, with earnest intent, he performed before the altar of Our Lady all the accustomed tricks with which he had been wont to amuse the public. Eager to do his best, he often exhausted strength, worshipping in this strange way, until he lay panting upon the stone floor.

Take the legend for what it is worth. The truth it illustrates is of value to us all. Prayer and praise, elaborate ceremonies, music divinely chanted, the deep-toned organ with its heavenly voice, all these are forms of worship; but these are not essential to service nor to holy communion with the Father. Voices untrained in harmonies and lips that know no eloquence can bring acceptable service to him who heareth the faintest words of his children. Even more, the service of unskilled hands and awkward feet ready to go on errands of mercy is equally acceptable to God.

"I SHALL ARRIVE."

We have often spoken of the practical value of faith in the future life. Everything in this life is so incomplete, comparatively; there is so much that cannot be finished here, that a future life is not only a demand of logic, but a necessary part of human experience. This life is not only shadowed, but darkly shut in by uncertainties and failures, if it be not a part of a larger life reaching far beyond. Without the expectation of something more and better, hopelessness would be the substance of our present existence.

The mission of sorrow and disappointment, their deeper meaning and higher purposes, would be lost without a future life with its compensations. This truth is set forth in many ways by Robert Browning; in no other words, perhaps, more beautifully and powerfully than in the following, which indicates how faith in the future life holds us to high endeavor and noble purpose:

"I go to prove my soul!  
 I see my way as birds their trackless way,  
 I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,  
 I ask not; but unless God send his hail  
 Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,  
 In some time, His good time, I shall arrive."

We rejoice in the hope that each one who may read these lines will be able to make Browning's words his own and to say in truth:

"I see my way as birds their trackless way,  
 I shall arrive!"

The soul that can say this is doubly armed against what the world calls misfortune, and doubly strong through what the world calls failure. Blessed, indeed, is that faith, which, in spite of blinding fireballs, sleet or snow, can yet say, "In God's own good time I shall arrive."

BE JUST TOWARDS YOUR CHILD.

It was a hot day and the railroad coach was crowded. A young mother was there with a little girl, perhaps two years old. The child was fretful. It had every reason for being so. The mother was as fretful as the child. She had less reason for being so, because of her age and experience, if nothing more. She scolded and threatened the child, when she ought to have soothed it. That instance illustrates a large number of cases in which children are wronged, condemned and punished for doing what they cannot avoid, and often because the parent or teacher who has them in charge acts as abnormally as the child does. In all cases the treatment of a child should be governed by an intelligent and sympathetic view of the situation from the child's standpoint. Usually that feature of the case is ignored. Parents and teachers are likely to say, "This is my will concerning the child, and the child must obey." Such decision is only part of the truth. The parents' will and judgment often must be the final arbiter in the treatment of the child, but too often it is not judgment nor wisdom that governs the decision of the parent or teacher.

Each child must be treated from his own standpoint and in the light of his own peculiarities and surroundings. No "general rules for the treatment of children" can be applicable in every case. The parent is likely to treat the child—especially if excited or irritated—according to his own peculiarities, when, with cool judgment and judicial appreciation, he ought to treat the child in view of the child's peculiarities and surroundings. There is danger, also, that the parent will



begin treatment because he has decided beforehand that the child is in a certain mood or governed by certain motives. He will often say, "that child is lazy," and from such a standpoint will condemn or punish, when there is no real cause for his foregone conclusion. It is enough for the present to warn both teachers and parents against the injustice and the serious results that are likely to follow when the rights of the child and the consideration of his treatment in the light of his own tendencies and surroundings are disregarded. Questions of much less importance than the treatment of children are studied carefully and well before words are spoken or actions determined upon; while, too often, in the treatment of children—one of the most important questions that can come to parent or teacher—haste and lack of judicial consideration are the leading elements in the case. Through such mistakes and injustice, there is no wonder that children often go wrong.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

During the week past copious rains have fallen in the corn belt and other sections suffering from the drought throughout the West and Southwest. With the coming of this rain, it is probable that the loss in corn and in farming interests generally will be less than has been reported as probable. The Secretary of Agriculture is making careful examination, and expects to be able to give definite information at an early date in August concerning crop prospects in the whole country.

The big steel-workers' strike, which is directed especially against the United States Steel Corporation, remains unsettled. The storm-center of the strike is at Pittsburg, Pa. As we go to press the last efforts at amicable settlement seem to have failed, and there is nothing left now but to submit or to resort to force. The strike was illadvised from the first. It began in the interest of leaders with personal ends to serve, rather than in any just grievance on the part of the workmen.

The official reports indicate that the last month has been the hottest July known in the city of New York. The United States Weather Bureau has a record of the temperature in that city for the last thirty-one years, and nothing equals the July of 1901. We think the same is true of the country in general. Local storms of rain and lightning have been severe in various places during the week past.

Matters in Cuba and Porto Rico are settling down, and a strong sentiment is developing in Cuba in favor of American influence and methods. The proclamation announcing free trade for Porto Rico, and the progress of the Constitutional Convention work in Cuba, increase the tendency toward quiet and continued improvement.

Hostilities, in the nature of a revolution of rather more than ordinary magnitude, have appeared during the week in Venezuela. Political revolutions are almost a normal thing in Central America, but this seems to be of somewhat greater account than the ordinary disturbance, and the United States may be called upon to act as pacificator.

The weather has been more favorable for comfort and for crops throughout the country for the week past. At the present writing cooler weather is still in sight.

The speculation in corn, which has been so marked in Chicago for some time, resulted in the failure of the George G. Phillips Company on August 1. This company has been leading the market in corn speculation, and it is claimed that imperfect book-keeping has compelled the suspension of its operations. It sought to secure a profit of twenty cents a bushel on 15,000,000 bushels of corn, and realized only six cents.

#### PURITAN PREACHING AND ITS RESULTS.

A number of our contemporaries are just now busy searching for the "missing note" in modern preaching, somewhat mistakenly comparing the discourses of to-day with those of Puritan times. Naturally such writers find a good many missing notes; but how much does that prove? The style and theme of pulpit addresses have both changed; how shall we ascertain which is nearer the ideal? Most assuredly by comparing either with the models of Scripture, not by comparing them with each other. The results of Puritan preaching were not such as to set up the Puritan discourse as a pattern for all times.

In looking at the past, our attention is first caught by exceptional movements and marked successes; but the preaching of the past was no more uniformly followed by conversions than that of to-day. There were at wide intervals revivals which brought the somnolent churches into new and gracious activities, but the most notable successes of religion in America are of comparatively late date. The Puritan church in which so little was made of the fatherly love of God, and so much of the sovereign distribution of his favors, did not live in a state of continuous revival by any means, but, on the contrary, sank from time to time deeper than it rose; and, at the opening of the present century, all this emphasis laid upon the sterner attributes of God and this exploiting of the mysteries of election had not sufficed to stem the downward plunge. By the close of the eighteenth century religion had reached a lower ebb in America than ever before. Only one in fifteen of the population was a professed Christian. The schools and colleges were filled with skeptical students. Yale College had but two young men in four classes, and Bowdoin but one in eight classes, willing to confess Christ. Throughout the newer settlements, in "the Genesee country" of western New York, there was little more regard for the Sabbath than to-day in some Montana mining towns. Drunkenness was almost universal, among the officers of the churches as well as among the worldly. Gambling had reached such a height that ministers piously gave thanks for successful investments in lottery tickets. And the general revulsion from the church had become so marked that Universalism and Unitarianism both established themselves firmly in New England soil, and they have never been so welcome anywhere else. If Puritan preaching is to be judged by its fruits, we can well afford to miss some of its notes, and to seek in the gospel a message which, as of old, "the common people" will hear with gladness. Deeply as we revere the godly men who "wrought in sad sincerity" during the early history of this country in our American pulpits, no one who is well posted upon the religious annals of the American churches will ever ascribe the lack of growth and deterioration of morals to a departure

from that style of pulpit discourse which if it did not produce certainly did not prevent the fall of religion into a pit from which only the grace of God could rescue it.—*The Interior*.

#### THE OX THAT WAS WONT TO GORE.

Under the Mosaic law the owner of an ox "that was wont to push with his horns" was responsible for the damage he did, if that owner had knowledge that the animal was vicious and failed to restrain him. The ox was to be killed in any case, and his flesh was not to be eaten, which was a testimony of the law to the sacredness of human life. If the ox killed another, the owner's life was forfeited, but he had an opportunity to redeem his life by the payment of a ransom.

Under this specific Mosaic statute we have the broad principle that a man is responsible for the mischief he either does or allows to be done when he might prevent it, and this principle is pretty generally embodied in the statutes of all civilized countries. But we make an exception of the mischiefs done by the saloon evil, which are on the whole greater than those resulting from any other form of vice. But there are indications that public virtue is strengthening in regard to this evil, and that the time may come when the saloonist will be compelled to quit his so-called business by being compelled by the law to make compensation for the damages daily resulting from the ordinary conduct of it.

A case recently came before the Supreme Court of the State of Indiana in which a wife sued the man who sold her husband the drink by which he became intoxicated, and in the intoxication committed a crime for which he was sentenced to prison for life. The court, reversing the decision of the lower court, held that under the existing law dealers in intoxicating drinks are responsible in money for the damages done to families by the loss of the support of those who become criminals in the use of drink. In the case referred to it was held that the wife could collect damages, if she could prove who sold her husband the liquor. This principle was embodied in a statute in Ohio years ago, called the Graham law, but, as we remember the case, the law was repealed before it had had a fair trial.

The difficulties of legal control of the drink evil are very great, but vast gain will be made if we shall be able to throw the burden of supporting the women and children made helpless by the drunkenness of husbands and fathers upon the shoulders of those who make profit out of the misfortunes and sufferings of the innocent and defenceless.—*The Advance*.

#### RAILROAD RATES TO CONFERENCE.

Arrangements are being made by the Committee having this matter in charge which will, doubtless, insure a rate of one fare and one-third for round trip to Alfred and return. Details cannot be published this week, but full instructions will be given in next week's RECORDER.

Will all those expecting to attend Conference kindly notify *at once* the member of the Committee in their section the route they intend to take, that arrangements can be perfected?

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*Committee on Railroad Fares.*



## Our Reading Room.

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

WESTERLY, R. I.—As some one has recently remarked that he turns first to the Reading Room Page of the RECORDER, and as probably he is not the only one, it ought to inspire us to make this page more attractive by sending in more news. There is enough going on in our various churches, which would be of interest to the rest of the denomination, if some one would only appoint himself or herself a committee to tell us about it.

The visit of Rev. L. C. Randolph and the Alfred Quartet to the Pawcatuck church was a pleasure to all who had the opportunity of hearing them, and good-sized congregations were present on Friday evening, July 12, and the next morning. The audience room was decorated with plants and cut-flowers by the Flower Committee. The evening service was wholly evangelistic, and the songs by the quartet and the effective words of Mr. Randolph touched all hearts. Sabbath morning the quartet sang, and the value of education in general and the needs of the Theological Seminary at Alfred in particular were forcibly presented in the excellent sermon by Pastor Randolph. Pledges were taken for the support of the work during the coming year. The workers visited the other churches in this vicinity the following week, being at Ashaway on the Sabbath, when a number of Westerly people attended service there.

On Tuesday, July 16, our church and Sabbath-school had a most enjoyable picnic at Osbrook Grove, on the point of Connecticut land lying across the river from Watch Hill. Transportation down the river was furnished by the tug Westerly and a lumber scow, which being furnished with a railing and settees, made an ideal craft for the accommodation of over 400 people. Some of the party went to Watch Hill for bathing in the surf and returned at noon to the grove. Dinner was served about 1 o'clock. Swings, such amusements as sack and wheel-barrow races, and a baseball game, furnished entertainment for many, and a pleasing feature of the whole affair was the fine music discoursed by the Mystic band, who played on the march from the station to the dock, on the scow going and coming from the grove, and at the picnic. It was a pleasure to have the young men of the quartet with us, the only regret being that Mr. Randolph was ill and unable to accompany them. They sang three times during the day, one selection being the Alfred University song. The party returned home about 5 o'clock, voting it the most successful picnic we ever had.

The church loses a valued family in the removal of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Hemphill and their four children to Alfred, but we are glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. LaVerne Langworthy, who have come from that place to reside here. Mr. and Mrs. Hemphill were both members of the choir, and will be missed there and elsewhere. The choir is now arranging for a lecture course during the coming fall and winter, when they hope to bring to Westerly some speakers and musicians who will be worth hearing.

Rev. O. U. Whitford went to Rockville last

Sabbath and administered the Lord's Supper, in the absence of Pastor McLearn, who is taking a vacation. He and his wife are at Walworth, Wis.

JULY 30, 1901.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Rev. L. C. Randolph, and Quartet No. 1, from Alfred, N. Y., have recently visited us, conducting our services Friday night and Sabbath morning, and also three meetings on Sunday, one being in Y. M. C. A. Hall. They aroused new interest in the cause of denominational education, and their visit and labors here were greatly enjoyed and highly appreciated. PASTOR MAIN.

GENTRY, Ark.—In common with nearly all the Middle Western States, this country is passing through the most severe drought ever known. Wheat and strawberries were a short crop, but over \$8,000 were paid strawberry growers alone. The soil seems to resist drought remarkably well. Peaches and apples still promise to make a fine crop.

Religiously, the outlook is full of hope. Our Sabbath services are well maintained. We have selected a site and expect to build a house of worship.

We have also organized a stock company and are being incorporated under the laws of the state as "A Canning, Evaporating and Cold Storage Company," including an ice plant. Realizing the great need of furnishing employment to our own people, this is distinctively a Seventh-day Baptist industrial enterprise. All its stockholders and officers are Seventh-day Baptists, and we intend to forever keep it such. The capital stock is \$4,000, divided into shares of \$25 each. Nearly one-third the necessary stock is already subscribed for by our own people residing here, and we earnestly solicit the help and co-operation of others. Any one at all understanding the condition of things here can better realize that there will be large profits in the enterprise from the very start. But, above all, it will give employment to a large number of Seventh-day Baptist young people, and thus hold them in our denomination. We have been discussing the question of an industrial enterprise for several years, and we believe all the necessary requirements are met in this undertaking. A person with small capital can buy or rent here, raise fruits and vegetables, and work in our canning, evaporating and cold storage plant, and soon own a home in a fine climate. Every share could be sold to First-day people here in twenty-four hours, but it is an interest we want owned and controlled by Sabbath-keepers. We do believe that this is the place, and now the time, for our people to establish an industrial center in the great Southwest that will be a tower of strength to our denomination; and so we urge that every church take an interest in this enterprise by subscribing for stock either through C. C. VanHorn, secretary, or the undersigned. Any one desiring further information can correspond with the secretary, C. C. VanHorn; or I will gladly answer any correspondence with reference to the above business, or concerning the resources of this country. R. J. MAXSON.

JULY 24, 1901.

DODGE CENTRE, MINN.—We all attended the Association in our minds, when we listened to the reports of Rev. J. H. Hurley and Miss

Leah Baxter. If more of us were able to attend these gatherings, I think it would be a source of spiritual advancement and strength.

Four candidates received baptism on the evening of June 2; these with two others, who had submitted to this ordinance, were given the right hand of fellowship. On Sabbath-day, July 6, we all went to the river where four more were baptized, three of these were received into the church on the following Sabbath. The church anniversary was not observed on account of the death of Dea. E. S. Ellis.

At the quarterly church-meeting it was decided to accept Pastor Hurley's resignation, which was presented a few weeks before. We are very sorry to lose him as our pastor, but he feels that God is calling him to other fields of labor. Bro. Joel Tappan was elected to fill the place of deacon made vacant by the death of Bro. Ellis.

The following taken from the *Congregationalist* is worthy of repetition: "Four cardinal principles. Truths solid and stimulating underlie all effective service. We know a prominent city church which is basing its years work on these four great foundation principles: The loftiness of the Christian's calling; the necessity of Bible study; the obligation of church-members to constrain the world to listen to the gospel, and the wisdom of concentrated effort." Once permeate a church with these convictions and it will become a spiritual dynamo. Cor.

JULY 23, 1901.

### THE GRACE OF FORGETFULNESS.

There was once an old woman who continually uttered the counsel: "Count your mercies, dears; count your mercies."

There is no doubt that her advice was given principally to the women of her acquaintance; for, generally speaking, women are usually addicted to remembering much that they should forget, and, likewise, forgetting that which it would be far wiser to remember. Just why this is so it would be, perhaps, difficult to explain; but this can also be said of many truths, which are none the less emphatic because they cannot be demonstrated.

Excellent as was the advice of this old woman who lived so long ago, it is of more avail now than it may have been then, for life has grown fuller with the years.

Too often in these hurrying days do we add up the column where we have made record of disappointment, of unfulfilled wishes, and of unsatisfied desires, forgetting, as we do, the twin-column, which exhibits the many mercies for which we are beholden.

Be the sum of this gracious column great or small, it will at all times exceed our expectations. Mercy and pleasure and happiness are shy, and have a way of appearing under various disguises, sometimes that of pain or sorrow, just as a great success not infrequently wears the guise of defeat.

It is just as important to happiness that the vexations and troubles of life should be forgotten. The grace of forgetfulness is one that must be cultivated, and when acquired, gives the finishing touch to a character inspired and beautified by cheerfulness and gratitude to God.—*Ledger Monthly*.

I AM so much a utilitarian that I prefer the useful to the useless.—*Sir W. Hamilton*.



## Missions.

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

IN the Sabbath-school lesson of Sabbath, July 27, we had the two-fold promise of God to Abram: 1. I will make thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great. 2. And thou shalt be a blessing. God fulfilled his promise. Abram, afterward called Abraham, became the father of a great nation. He was given lands, flocks, servants, gold, silver, wealth. He was made also a great blessing to all nations and is even such today, for through him was the ministration of grace, and through him came the promised Messiah, the Saviour of the world. But which was the greater blessing, to be blessed or to be a blessing to others? Our Saviour said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." How ready and glad men are to receive gifts, blessings and rewards; but they would have a higher joy and gladness if they would give of themselves and what they have to benefit others. In giving to others both the giver and the receiver are greatly blessed. Are you a blessing to others, a blessing in the home, in society, in the church, in the neighborhood where you live, in the world? Mrs. W. F. Crafts in commenting on the lesson, says: "There is one thing better than praying to have a blessing, and that is to be a blessing. He who seeks not spiritual enjoyment for himself, but the good of others, is the very one who is most sure to be blessed."

Gov. RUSSELL, of Massachusetts, said to a graduating class of some college this year: "There is one thing better than making a living, that is making a life." True, noble, Christian manhood or womanhood is the ultimate of this life. Some young men and women have no higher idea of education than as a means to obtain bread and butter, and make money. Some are in such haste to enter business and make a fortune that they do not give themselves an adequate education and training for business. They enter into it at a disadvantage and are outstripped in the race by better trained men. The great majority of our young people enter upon life's work with no better education than the common or high school gives them. Such schools have risen to such a grade that they are sending out better scholars and trained young people than they did, and hence are a greater blessing in the different avocations of life. Young people should give themselves a liberal education as a foundation for their life-work. Society, the church, the state, business, the professions, the age in which they will live and act, all demand it. They should be qualified to meet the demand. But mental and physical training without heart culture will not make the true man. Character, manhood, noble, true, pure and Christian, should be the highest product of the college, university or professional school. So much of the spirit and practice of our fast age and fast life, so much of impurity, immorality and dissipation is creeping into our larger and richer institutions of learning, so much of the follies of wealth so dominate them that they are becoming unsafe places to send our young men and women in the impressionable and moldable period of life, and especially when parents regard character, manhood, womanhood to be of the highest importance in life. We have many and

great reasons to hold that our small colleges, struggling for existence, are sending out into the world more *men* in the broadest and truest meaning of the term, and on the whole the best scholars—men who are taking the lead making the world better for their living in it.

FROM F. J. BAKKER.

Through the goodness of my Heavenly Father I have been able to do my work this quarter without any interruption. My health has been very good; my wife not as well. A month ago I made a trip to Breskens, in Zealand and visited the brethren and sisters who live there and keep the Sabbath. I found fourteen in number, a good, faithful and clever people, steady and trusting in the Word of God. I spent the Sabbath with them and we had a good time in the Lord with them. From there I took my way to Liege, in Belgium, to visit a brother—a lone Sabbath-keeper. The weather was beautiful. In the morning I had a nice sail on a steamer on the large river until 8 A. M., then took the train for Liege, where I arrived about 4 P. M. It was a long way. Our brother met me at the station, and we were soon at his home. He has kept the Sabbath many years. Formerly there were two more Sabbath-keepers here, but one died and the other left the Sabbath. A few years ago the Seventh-day Adventists commenced to work here, and so he followed them. But after he had found out some of their strange doctrines and errors he left them. I had the blessed opportunity of preaching in the room of a neighbor of his, about fifteen persons were present, some Roman Catholics. May our God bless his own Word. I visited a few people on our way about Christ and the good way. It is much different with the people in Belgium about the knowledge of the principles of Christianity than in my own country. Protestants are very few there. I have been able during the quarter to keep up our Sabbath services, the Sabbath-school and other services, and make my weekly round of the steamers and ships distributing tracts and papers—the *Boodschappers*—to the sailors, crew and emigrants, and converse with them. Meetings held, 41; visits and calls, 124; letters and communications, 63; tracts distributed in our language, 1,786; *Boodschappers*, 125 every month—50 I send by port to America. The latest news we have had from our Jacob was May 3; he was out of Durban. We hope he is now safe at Cholo. Last week we had "Oom Paul," the well-known President of Transvaal, in our city. Had a chance of seeing him three times. It was a real holiday all over. He looks like an honorable old patriarch. May our God, in his mercy, make an end of this ungodly and cruel war. We are having very fine weather. Plenty of vegetables and fruits of all kinds.

Yours in the blessed truth.

ROTTERDAM, Holland, June 30, 1901.

FROM R. S. WILSON.

The last quarter's work has been very interesting in some respects. I have had more calls to different places to preach than I have ever had, and I have visited and preached in some of these places. I have an invitation to help in a revival meeting in August which I think now I will accept. Have preached twice a month at Attalla, and have visited many places during the quarter. After

preaching at Heald school-house, I had an opportunity of having a long talk on the Sabbath question with quite a number of people, who seemed to be very much interested in the subject. Have promised to preach to them the next Sunday on "Old Time Religion." Texts, Eccle. 7: 29 and James 1: 27. Bro. Willingham, who lived at Sincoe, Cullman County, whose wife accepted the Sabbath, has moved to the western part of the county. He has made an appointment for me to preach at Boyd's Institute, near his home. I am mapping out a line of preaching stations on my field. I propose to let every one along the line know of the Sabbath truth, and awaken a good interest. I expect to work in Cullman County during the month of July. My visit to Aldorn's Chapel in Beaver Valley, 15 miles from here, I think will be the means of opening up a good field for work. I want to attend the South-Western Association next fall, if I can save up enough to meet the expenses of the trip. We are looking for you to visit this field next fall. Hope you can and hold some meetings in Attalla, and visit with me the whole field. Pray for us and the work here.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN!

This was the solemn phase commonly prefixed in former years to what was called "The last will and testament," of those who, in anticipation of death, would make disposition of their earthly possessions. It was an eminently suitable phrase for such a purpose. It not merely calls God to witness to the solemnity of the transaction, but it seems to take God into the consideration of the distribution to be made of one's property. He is properly recognized as having rights in this property, and as having something to say as to what shall be done with it.

In the first place, he gave the abilities to acquire the property. Some men have no gift for acquisitions; they have neither the skill nor foresight to enable them to make and execute plans for gain. They toil diligently, and perhaps hopefully, but they miss the mark and have to struggle to live, if not to keep from grinding poverty. When the end comes for them they have little or nothing to distribute. But to those who have wealth to dispose of, be it much or little as they may regard it, God has given the skill and the favoring opportunity to make this gain. If his hand had not prospered them they would have been as poor as the poorest. They are, therefore, indebted to him for the possession of that which they are to dispose of, and this indebtedness should be recognized, and in His Name should the testament be drawn.

But there is a point beyond this. A man who has received under the eye of a successful financier a training which makes him successful when he sets up for himself, while grateful therefore, is under no obligation to hold his property at the disposal of him who gave him the training. But the relation of men to God is different from this. They are not independent owners, but stewards. What have we that we have not received? And what we have thus received belongs not to us, save as the donor graciously permits us to use it as we will. Yet if any man should give his friend a fortune, indicating at the time that he desires it to be used in a certain way, his wish, in the thought of every high minded person, would constitute an obliga-



tion as to its use. The recipient cannot honorably disregard the objects which the donor had chiefly in view, devoting to his own personal or family interests what he has received. His disposition of that property should be in consonance with the purpose of him who gave it. God's bounties to us men should be held and disposed of in constant remembrance of the fact that God's great purpose in this world is the bringing in of his Kingdom, and that for the accomplishment of this end he has given to men their possessions. As stewards of his bounty, therefore, we must devote to this object as much as possible of what he has entrusted to us. There is a sacredness, everywhere recognized, in "trust funds." A Christian's possessions are all trust funds, and God who gave them waits to see whether the trustees whom he has appointed will fulfill the trust reposed in them by using what he has committed to them for the great purpose he has chiefly in mind. In the name of God, therefore, should one's will be drawn.

And there is another point for consideration. When a Christian is making his last testament he is anticipating the hour of his departure from earth and meeting face to face his divine Redeemer. It is through the grace of this Redeemer that he looks for pardon and eternal blessedness. He owes everything to the Saviour who came out of heaven to bear the cross for man's sake, and to open a way to an everlasting inheritance. Will not one who is looking for that inheritance, and acknowledges his entire indebtedness to Christ for it, wish ardently, as he is about to enter upon it, to express, not in words only but by some manifest token, his gratitude to his Saviour? "He gave himself for me," the believer will say, "What can I give to Him? I cannot purchase his favor by any offerings for his cause, but he has put something into my hands which he allows me to dispose of as I will, and I have the blessed privilege of making a gift for his Kingdom and thus testifying to my adoring gratitude to him."

The last thought of Jesus Christ as he left the earth in sight of his disciples was concerning his Kingdom and its coming over all the world. Whoever by his last will and testament makes provision, as far as he is able, for the accomplishment of this same great end, in so doing enters into sympathy and vital union with Christ, and may know when he leaves the earth that his own final utterance among men is at one with the last command of his ascended Lord—*The Missionary Herald*.

#### EVANGELISTIC WORK AT GLEN BEULAH, WIS.

The work was begun here July 11, by Eld. J. G. Crandall, of Milton Junction, and the writer. We have been holding meetings in two school-houses near here, since that time. The interest seems to be increasing steadily. Some have already expressed a desire to forsake their sinful ways and turn to the Lord.

There are but two Sabbath-keeping families here, but we believe this is a field on which, if properly worked, good results can be obtained. The people seem ready and anxious to have the gospel presented to them, both in preaching and in song. Because of the plain and striking manner in which Eld. Crandall presents the truth, we feel that much good will be done. Pray for us that before the meetings here shall close many souls will be born into the kingdom of Christ.

L. A. MILLAR.

GLEN BEULAH, Wis., July 22, 1901.

## Woman's Work.

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

### THEODOSIUS' SERVICE.

BY MRS. M. B. CLARKE

The good monk, Theodosius,  
Resolved one happy day,  
How much of prayer and penance,  
On God's altar he would lay.  
No common meed of worship  
Could soothe his ardent soul.  
His offering for God's glory  
Though humble should be whole.

But while the morning hastened,  
A novice came to learn  
His art of skillful painting;  
Her wish he could not spurn,  
But patiently he guided  
And trained her trembling hand,  
Unmindful of the peons  
His earlier thoughts had planned.

Then came a feeble widow,  
Whose son was very ill,  
And pled for help and comfort  
The weary day to fill.  
So tenderly he soothed her  
And to the sick one gave  
The cup whose healing potion  
The failing life might save.

And even after vespers,  
A brother monk had need  
Of words of love and counsel,  
His starving soul to feed.  
Thus filled was every moment  
Till latest bed-time came,  
And Theodosius humbly  
Laid down, with thought of shame.

But in the night a Spirit  
Stole to his side, to say,  
"Thrice has my name been honored  
And glorified to-day.  
The kind, unselfish service,  
Thou hast to others given,  
Has risen on the wings of love  
As incense unto heaven.

"The prayers thou wouldst have uttered,  
The songs thou wouldst employ,  
Were crystalized in action,  
And filled the day with joy.  
For whosoever giveth  
The cup of water free  
To one of these my brethren,  
Hath given it to Me."

### NEWS FROM AFRICA.

Letters telling of the illness of Mr. and Mrs. Booth have given their friends much uneasiness. We are glad to say, however, that a letter from Mr. Booth dated May 27th, tells of their restoration to health. Mr. Bakker had not arrived, though they were expecting him at any time.

### TWO FRIENDS.

BY H. L. M.

Michael Johnson and John Dupee had been friends ever since the day they first met on the lake-shore in the heart of the Adirondack Wilderness. They were young men then, Michael was a strong, young Indian of the St. Francis tribe from Canada and John came of good old New Hampshire stock. Impelled by a common purpose, to find a home in the Wilderness, each had made his way through the then unbroken forest to the shores of North Lake.

Each had helped the other in felling the trees, in clearing the land, and in making the home. When at length the two log cabins were completed, the doors were closed, each started on a long journey, through the forest and over the mountain, back to his childhood's home. When once more the smoke curled upward from the stone chimneys of the log houses, a dusky maiden bore Michael company and John had brought a blue-eyed and fair-haired girl from the granite hills of New Hampshire to share his new home in the Wilderness.

As years passed, the two men still lived side by side and shared each others joys and sorrows as in days gone by. Merry boys and girls filled the homes and the log cabins

had long since given place to frame buildings. Others had been attracted to this promising spot in the Wilderness, where fish were plenty and game abundant, and "Sabattis" was now a thriving village.

There was no one thing lacking, however, there was no church and it had long been Michael's desire to see a church spire crowning the hill that overlooked the little settlement. He worked hard to interest others in the matter, to the end that every man, woman and child in the little village became interested and contributed "as God had prospered him." Many times Michael had made the journey back to his old home in Canada and so had interested his early friends in this church that meant so much to him, till at length it was almost completed and the dream was soon to be realized.

In all this, John had ever given him sympathy and substantial assistance, till one day a discussion arose about some trifling thing connected with the building. Each was firm and decided. Each maintained that his way was the only right one, and so the friendship of years was broken in an hour. Each forgot the ties that had bound them together, the breach widened and each had only hard and bitter thoughts in his heart for the other.

Affairs had been at this pass for some time and the building of the church was at a standstill, for nothing more could be done till this mooted question was settled and neither would yield a particle.

The quarrel with his friend had been a heavy burden on Michael's heart and one night as he passed the unfinished church on his return from work in the forest, he resolved to go in and lay the whole matter before God. Acting on the impulse he stole silently into the church and kneeling there in the twilight said, "Father, forgive me, I have sinned against my brother and against Thee. Give me strength to go to him and ask his forgiveness and may we together complete this Thy house."

There was a stir in the darkness, a hand was slipped into his and a voice said "Forgive me, Michael, I came here tonight for the same purpose that you did. We will forgive and forget. Hereafter we will work together and God's house shall be finished as we have planned."

When the day for the consecration of the house to God arrived, on the front seat were two men. Hand in hand they sat, all thought of disagreement forgotten and safe in the thought that nothing should hereafter come between them, John and Michael.

### PAN-AMERICAN STAMPS.

A new series of postage stamps, issued to commemorate the Pan-American Exposition, has been placed on sale at the larger post-offices of the country. It includes six stamps and they are called the most artistic series ever issued by the government.

The stamps are of uniform dimensions; .76 by 1.06 of an inch, the longer side being horizontal. They are of the colors as the regular series of the same denominations. The words, "Commemorative series, 1901," and "United States of America" appear above a vignette; the legend in a line below the central opening, with the denomination in a line at the bottom. All the lettering is in white. The borders are well separated from the central pictures, and the words of denomination at the



bottom are preceded on the same line by the word "Postage." All the central illustrations are from photographs as the objects represented appear to-day, and are printed in black.

One Cent—Green. A lake steamer presents the port bow, the pilot house is well forward and it is propelled by side wheels.

Two Cent—Red. A train of four cars is drawn by a locomotive with four drivers; four parallel tracks are shown. This is from a photograph of the famous Empire State Express on the New York Central and was taken when the train was running sixty-four miles an hour.

Four Cent—Red Brown. An automobile of the closed coach order, with two men on the box and a part of the United States Capitol at Washington as a background.

Five Cent—Blue. The steel arch bridge at Niagara Falls, the largest single span steel bridge in the world. Two trolley cars are seen upon it, and a full view of Niagara Falls is shown under, beyond and up the river, with the graceful springing arch as a frame.

Eight Cent—Lilac. The great ship canal locks at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, are given in a view from a higher point, including the immediate surroundings.

Ten Cent—Light Brown. An ocean steamship of the American Line, with two smokestacks and masts, presents its starboard bow lapped by a rising wave. — *The World's Events.*

#### PINS.

Queen Catherine obtained pins from France, and, in 1543 an act was passed: "That no person shall put to sale any pinnes but only such as shall be double headed and have the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pinnes, well smoothed, the shank well shapen, the points well round filed, cauted and sharpened."

At this time most pins were made of brass, but many were also made of iron, with a brass surface. France sent a large number of pins to England until about the year 1626.

In this year John Tilsby started pin-making in Gloucestershire. So successful was his venture that he soon had 1,500 persons working. These pins made at Stroud were held in high repute.

In 1636 pin-makers combined and founded a corporation. The industry was carried on at Bristol and Birmingham, the latter becoming the chief center. In 1775 prizes were offered for the first native-made pins and needles in Carolina, and during the war in 1812 pins fetched enormous prices.

Pins vary from 3½ inches in length to the small gilt entomologists' pin; 4,500 weighing about an ounce.—*Good Words.*

MORE than three hundred children have already joined the Clean City Club, established at Hull House, Chicago. One condition of membership is that each one pledge himself to pick up from the street at least one piece of paper daily. It was calculated that within the first month 150,000 pieces of waste paper were destroyed. The directors are now planning to save this paper as far as possible, and add to the club revenues by selling it. A noticeable difference has already appeared in the cleanliness of the streets where these children live.—*New York Tribune.*

THE secret of influence is will, whether good or bad.—*F. W. Robertson.*

#### THE UNSEEN HAND AT THE THROTTLE.

BY HOMER M. PRICE.

Mineola was the dinner station for train No. 5, and we were strictly on time that day. Mark Winston was clerk in charge in the mail car, and I was his "helper." He was one of the old veterans of the service, and the best man I ever knew. He was slightly lame, caused by a Yankee bullet some thirty years before—rather robust, hair sprinkled with gray. He had never married, never had a home of his own, but was an optimist at all times and under all circumstances. On the present occasion I finished eating before he did, and went up to the engine to get a light for my pipe. Old Ray Ellis was the engineer, and had just finished oiling the machine when I pulled myself up into the cab. As I did so, an old man, stout and dignified looking, came up the side of the train, rather in advance of a kind-faced, gray-haired woman. When nearing the engine, however, he dropped behind her, and she came forward, and asked Ellis rather timidly if he was the engineer.

"Yes, madame," he answered, with his greasy cap in his hand, "what can I do for ye?"

The old lady hesitated a moment, and then with a tremble in her voice:

"You can do everything for us, if you will. You see, it's our boy. He is desperately wounded, and the young doctor up at Marlow in the Indian Territory wired us to come and bring the best surgeon in the country or our boy would not live till sundown to-morrow. The conductor says our train does not connect with the Rock Island road at Fort Worth this evening, and that we must lay over there all night."

She hesitated a moment, and old Ray was busily wiping his hands with the waste. He looked up with:

"Yes, mam, we miss 'em 32 minutes. How can I help ye?"

The old mother looked at him yearningly.

"By running fast enough to get there before the Rock Island train leaves. I know you can do it, and we will give you everything we shall ever have if you will."

She hesitated a moment, and then in a very low voice as if no one was to hear but the old engineer:

"I will pray for you so long as I shall live. Each morning and night I will take your name before the throne and ask for you his blessing, who forgot not his mother in the agony of the cross."

Ray Ellis, dusty with the dirt of the road and greasy with the oil of the engine, looked up rather awkwardly:

"Madame, I'm not much on this prayer business myself, but I believe in it. My little girl prayed for me safely over a burning bridge one night, and she wasn't even there. She just waked up at home as the clock was striking two—that was five minutes before we were due at Coldwater bridge—and, feeling I was in great danger, got down on her knees and stayed there until she said the Lord told her I was safe. The bridge fell just as the sleeper cleared it. Now, I just don't see how we can make up this time, but I have somehow got the idea that if you've got your heart chuck full of love for somebody, and there ain't a bit of selfishness in it, that He'll fix the thing up for you. He's got ways of doin' things that we don't know about. We will do our best—you just pray all the time, and, if I get

a chance to run, just confine yourself to asking Him to let us keep the track, and me and old '46' will do the rest."

The conductor was signaling to start, and I was jumping off the engine as Ray continued:

"Go on back in the train, and, remember, never let up on the Lord—just hang to him. But how about the surgeon you was goin' to take?"

The old father looked up at this question with a face of firmness and tenderness, and answered:

"I am a surgeon. I know how my boy is wounded, and can save his life, if I can get there in time, as sure as my name is Nelson."

After the train started and Mark Winston and I had worked up our mail, I told him of the little incident. He was greatly interested, and, when I had finished, asked if I knew their names.

"Why, the old man said his name was Nelson."

"What," said Mark, "I knew I had seen that man before as I saw him pass the mail car door. He was our surgeon in the army, and sewed up this cheek at Chickamauga, and set this old broken leg at Resacca. He was the finest surgeon in the world, we thought, and, with it all, tender as a woman. I must go back and see them. Can you keep up the run? and how much money have you got?"

I knew what Mark had in his mind by the last question, but I doubted our having enough to get the road to vary its schedule. Our train must wait for certain connections at Dallas, and as Fort Worth was only thirty miles further on I didn't see any chance. Ray Ellis might be able at Dallas to get an order to run, regardless of schedule, to Fort Worth, but he couldn't make up the time. Fort Worth was the terminal of the Rock Island, and, of course, the train would leave on time. I had been on this run for a year, and had never yet seen that train upon our arrival.

When Mark returned to the mail car through the vestibuled train we were nearing Dallas. All through the afternoon I had kept up the run, as the mail was light over this part of the road. Twice I had seen him at the telegraph offices when the train would stop, and, at Terrell, I thought he got a message, but when I looked in his face I saw he considered the case hopeless.

"Well," I said, and awaited his answer.

"Here's a telegram," he said, handing me the message. It read:

"Winston, Postal Clerk on Train 5: Cannot accept your money. Previous arrangements made. Campbell, Supt."

"Well, that settles it," I said, handing back the paper.

"No, it don't settle it by a darn sight," said Winston. "The little mother has appealed the case to a higher power than railroad superintendents, and she'll reverse the decision. I don't know how, but I believe it."

At Dallas we were busy loading and unloading the mail when old Ray Ellis came rushing out of the dispatcher's office like mad. His face was flushed and his eyes dancing, as he handed his order to Mark:

"Read that quick."

Winston's voice trembled as he read aloud: "On account of wedding party Rock Island train 2 will be held twenty minutes, and train 5 will run regardless of time car, Dallas to Fort Worth, in order to make connections."



And so the decision of the "lower court" was only misunderstood. The "previous arrangement" was the wedding party now getting on our train. And, my little lady, clinging to your young husband, did the higher court—the court that knows all verdicts before they are rendered—did that tribunal, in sweetest subtleness, help you to select this for the day of your happiness? That court, my dear, knows all things, and mayhap there is another reason than your pleasure that this train shall swing and lurch and plunge as no other train on these Texas prairies has done before. For the fireman is now, as we wait for the leaving time, shoveling coal into the fire box; and old Ray Ellis, flushed and excited, never yet poured so much oil in cup and bearing. The schedule is fast to start with, but we will make up the twelve minutes even if the goal is only thirty miles away. The conductor signals, and slowly we move through the city. The safety valve on the engine is popping off, showing that we have the steam ready for the race. Does the little mother know? Or has her faith been so true that she has known all the time? Mark Winston says so.

But ah! there is trouble ahead, for just as we are leaving the city, here is an old freight car off the track ahead of us at the siding. They are working manfully to get it on again, but minutes mean life and death now. Five minutes gone—ten, and still the car is not on the track. Our engineer has gone ahead now to help them, and we hear his voice ordering the car overturned, and that Ray Ellis will be responsible. A crash—the grinding of timbers, and the car is hurled down the embankment. Our bell is ringing, and old Ray, pale now and nervous, is in the cab.

You can't make it, old man. There are some things that love and bravery can't do. The Rock Island won't wait but the twenty minutes, and you know it. Will you try it?

Well, you needn't throw everybody off their feet about it. Ah! you were too fast, for the wheels are slipping. Ease up a little. There, that's better. See those sparks shooting two hundred feet high, straight up. Well, little bride, the race has begun, and though you may live long and go on many a journey, you will never go so fast again; but, know this, the man at the throttle is not thinking of you or your happiness. If you were in the car in front of you, you could see a little woman in the corner of the coach with lips moving and eyes uplifted—and, if you knew her thoughts, you would understand.

The old train is beginning to swing and surge, and through the purpling, fading twilight objects dash by us like ghosts. We are up-grade now, but making good forty miles an hour; but it can't be done, Ray. Give it up, old man, you would make it, if it were possible, but no need to try the impossible. Besides, it's dangerous—such speed as this—and certainly you are going to shut off steam down this grade. No man would think of working steam down such a hill as this.

Chul! Chul! Chul!!! Chul!!!! That don't sound like shutting off much, does it? Look at those telegraph poles, like pickets on a fence! And the people—how they stare! Did they never see a train before? See that old man with his hand on his eyes, looking in wonderment. That old dog there has kept up with many a train for two hundred yards, but, Towser, you can't do it to-night. Have

you suddenly grown old and stiff, or did never a train run like this one? Get up, Mark Winston, and be careful when you strike the next reverse curve. We are almost half way, and, although the speed is terrific, only one-third of the lost time has been made up, and should some one flag us at Arlington, the race is wholly lost. There is the signal now for that station. Please God that no one wants to go to Fort Worth this night! There is no slacking of the speed, but there is a light to stop. No, it's only the lantern on the mail crane. Square yourself for that catch, Mark, and be careful. Ah! you made it. But let the mail go, and let's watch this run. Hear that switch rattle as we go over, and see that lantern winking like a star. That's right, Ray, sound your whistle loud and long for the country road crossings, and be sure you give the belated farm wagons plenty of time to get out of the way. You have the case with you, Ray Ellis—not with him alone, eh Mark? Well, pray little mother that we may hug the rails, the speed is sufficient. Now we are going up the last grade, and the exhaust from the engine is like clockwork, Up! Up!! Up!!! Up!!!! to the summit. See the lights of the city. Now the plunge down to Handley Creek. Down! Down!! Down!!! Down!!!! The car seems to be falling from under us. Is it possible to keep the track? Great heavens! didn't that bridge shriek and tremble, but it held up all right. I believe he will make it. Blow your whistle like mad, Ray, for it can be heard at the city now. Blow it so that all may know we are coming. A moment and we are lost. Put command, and love, and entreaty in its rhythmical sound, that he that hears will heed. What on earth is he stopping for? Oh, I beg your pardon, Ray, I forgot the Santa Fe Railroad crossing. You didn't quite stop, did you, old man, but that's all right—you can stop twice some other day. Now, we enter the yards with cars lined up on every side—but look! White lights all the way on the main track. Let her drive for the station, Ray. Rattle. Rattle. Rattle. A sudden putting on of the brakes, the pitch forward, the people around the depot:

"FORT WORTH!"

You are right, mister negro porter, "Dere was impo'tant people on dat train or dis yere Rock Island wouldn't have waited." Bow all you want to the young folks getting into the palace car, but the important people are getting into the commoner car just ahead of the Pullman. Had it not been for them your train would have now been on its way to the Territory.

And this old man bending over the steam chest of old 46, and seeming to caress the massive driving rod—why does he not stand erect? Has he done aught that he should hang his head?

Look up, Ray Ellis, and see those old hands waving at thee from the fast-departing train. —*The Independent.*

SOMETIMES I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once; he mercifully unties the bundle and gives us, first, one stick, which we are to carry to-day; and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—*John Newton.*

#### A HERO OF CHRISTIAN HISTORY.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

In the centre of the nave of Westminster Abbey is a large dark slab that bears this beautiful inscription, "Brought by faithful hands over land and sea, here rests David Livingstone, Missionary, Traveler, Philanthropist. Born March 10, 1813, at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, died May 4, 1873, at Chitambos Village, Ilala." For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave trade of Central Africa—where with his last words he wrote, "All I can say in my solitude is, may heaven's richest blessings come down on every one, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

The condensed biography of one of the most sublimely heroic characters in Christian history is written on that slab, beside which more visitors gather than about any other tomb in the Abbey. Sir Isaac Newton's ashes slumber a few feet away. How appropriate that these two great discoverers, who brought their trophies and laid them at the feet of their Lord and Saviour, should repose together in that "temple of silence an reconciliation!" Livingstone came of the best stuff that heroes are made of. His God-fearing father, Neil Livingstone, could have sat for the portrait of the pious peasant in Burns' poem of the Cottar's Saturday Night. His mother was of a sweet spirit—delicate and slender in person, with a remarkable beauty in her eyes. She lived to rejoice in the fame of her illustrious son. At the age of ten David was put to work as a "piecer" in a cotton factory, and was soon promoted to be a spinner. The first half-crown he earned he brought home and laid in his mother's lap. There is much in the humble and godly parentage and early history of the most famous of living missionaries, John G. Paton, that resembles the boyhood of Livingstone. They were both cradled on the rocks, and both fed with the strong meat of God's Word.

David Livingstone was converted at the age of twenty, and at once the missionary spirit began to burn within him. The spark that kindled the flame was Gutzlaff's "Appeal for China." His first desire was to labor in China, but the Master had other work for him, and the way in which he was led to it was one of the beautiful illustrations of a special guiding Providence. Robert Moffat, the celebrated South African missionary, was on a visit to England, and had occasion to call at a boarding-house in London where some young missionaries, were lodging. Livingstone sat and listened to Moffat's talk about Africa, asked several questions, and finally said, "Would I do for Africa?" The reply was yes, if he would go into some new and unexplored region. The decision was instantly made. On the 8th of December, 1840, Livingstone sailed for South Africa; and four years afterwards he was married to Mary Moffat, the daughter of the man who had first led his thoughts toward the Dark Continent.

—*Examiner.*

"I WANT five cents' worth of starch," said a little girl to a grocer's clerk. The clerk asked, "What do you want five cents' worth of starch for?" "Why, for five cents, of course," she answered. And the clerk concluded to attend to his own business.



## Young People's Work.

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

THE man who preaches nothing better than he practices, preaches little worth practicing. He whose ideals are not ahead of him will never get anywhere.

I WATCHED the muddy Hudson sink and swell in angry waves past the plowing ferry-boat, and, strange to say, the sight filled me with an exhilarating joy. God has planted in our breasts the genius for struggle and victory. Difficulties do but stimulate the healthy man. His normal state is not idleness, but achievement.

THE small sons of a minister were sprouting potatoes from the family bin. They put the rotten ones in one pile, and said, "They love Satan." They put the good potatoes in another pile, and said, "They love Jesus." The homiletic habit is formed early, and that great division—the good from the bad—how soon it impresses itself upon the human soul.

A BAPTIST minister dropped into the service last Sabbath afternoon. The sermon, being in the interest of our own schools, and the ministerial training school in particular, contained some rather positive denominational passages. Not knowing whether such strong meat would be to his liking, we asked him some questions afterward. "O, that's all right," he said. "After hearing Doctor Lewis, I can stand anything." For which compliment the Doctor will, no doubt, be duly grateful.

THE direct adaptation of education to the end in view is one of the wise movements of modern progress. But we are in danger of overdoing the matter and forgetting the higher education which makes for character, culture and Christian power. God grant that our new methods shall give us something better than doctors and engineers and stenographers. As much as ever before—aye, more than ever before—we need men and women of strength, breadth and vision.

You will probably hear of it anyway, if you are near the boys of Alfred Quartet No. 1; so you may as well have the story told in a straight-forward manner. One of the Cottrell brothers was showing us around the finely-equipped offices of their Westerly plant. A little above one of the desks was something of a cylindrical form—and it *did* look like wax—partially enclosed in a metal case. "Ah," said the visiting pastor, innocently, "do you do all your dictating into this phonograph?" "That is an electric light," said Mr. Cottrell. Whereupon a strange sort of fit seemed to seize the whole party. Whether it was cramps or a seizure of nervous origin was not clear; but it was hinted that a glass of lemonade all round would help to set matters right. You will readily see, however, the danger of offering lemonade in such cases—they might become too frequent. An excellent remedy has been found for the first tenor. A simple reference to the Brooklyn bridge to Jersey City is usually enough for him. And yet, some people have an idea that Christians never have any fun.

THE Plainfield church is like a big family. As soon as the meeting was over last Friday

night, there begun such a buzz of greeting, conversation and good cheer as would have warmed even the heart of an anchorite. It made the visiting brothers feel at once that they were at home, among friends. "Given to hospitality" is a Christian virtue, and a blessed one. Cultivate it, you young people, whose influence will be so strong to determine what the church of the next generation shall be. A real, loving cordiality is something to be prayed for and worked for with untiring hope. Let us make our churches full of it. Speak to the people that you *don't* know. Make them glad they came, and want to come again. *Let the church bear a warmer welcome than the saloon.*

My dear young people, I wish you would *pray* for the Conference. No doubt it will be the largest ever held in point of numbers, and I doubt not that the material equipment will be satisfactory. Arrangements are in good hands. The hospitality of Alfred and the Western Association will be more than equal to every test. The mistress of the parsonage says that "we can take care of twenty people comfortably." I don't know where she will put them, but she does. But this is not what I started to say. The material equipment is such a small part of the Conference, after all. If the Conference shall mean nothing more than personal courtesies and the renewing of human friendships, it will fall so far short of its mission as to be a failure. God grant us a gathering of mighty spiritual power. May every delegate and visitor come praying for it. We may not know what personal decisions and what denominational movements are hanging on the results of these anniversaries. There will be a sunrise prayer-meeting every morning to prepare for the day; but let each heart have its sunrise prayer-meeting long before the twenty-eighth day of August. Let us touch not simply the garments of Christ, let us touch *him*.

### WEALTH NOT NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

A paper by Mrs. Nettie B. West, Lake Mills, Wis., read during the Young People's Hour at the late session of the Northwestern Association, Walworth, Wis.

"How beautiful is youth, how bright it gleams,  
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams.

\* \* \* \* \*

All possibilities are in its hands,  
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands,  
But in the sublime audacity of faith,  
'Be thou removed' it to the mountain saith  
And with audacious feet, secure and proud,  
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud."

The young people often come to talk over with their teacher, their plans for the future, and to ask his advice. It was during such an interview that the question of going to college was under discussion. By way of encouragement the teacher said, "There is Miss Blank. She went to college and fitted herself to become a teacher and you know how successful she is and how loved by her pupils." "Yes" was the answer, somewhat doubtfully "but Miss Blank's father was wealthy and she had influential friends to help her along."

Here was an expression of belief, all too common, and not confined wholly to young people, that in order to rise in the world, one must have wealth or influential friends.

I thought of that remark a few days later as I stood beside the flower covered casket of one of our girls. The large company which had assembled to pay to her their last tribute of respect, overflowed the meager accomoda-

tions of the little house. It was composed of members of the alumni of our High School, members of the Christian Endeavor society, those who had been her pupils, associate teachers, and members of the faculty of the Normal School of which she was a member when stricken down. All had come some distance to be present. The poor little home had never seen such a gathering. What had brought them there? Not the wealth of the friends of the departed one, surely. Everything spoke of poverty. Was it then, that they had in spite of poverty, influential friends, or social position? Alas, this was an extreme case. The absence of neighbors and family friends from this funeral gathering spoke clearly of their position. In such contempt and fear were the family held that none of their neighbors were present. The father was even then awaiting trial for crime.

Those present were for the most part strangers to the family, being drawn there by their love and respect for the daughter. Elizabeth's brief life proved the fallacy of the belief that wealth or friends are necessary to gain success, love and respect. This is my reason for telling you of her.

How Elizabeth became fired with ambition to rise above her surroundings I do not know. For four years she came to the High School, sometimes driving back and forth over the six miles between her home and the school, sometimes boarding herself and now and then making the trip to or from home on foot. After her graduation she taught school, still living meagrely that she might help a younger sister; for her ambition was not for herself alone, but included with loving loyalty, the whole family.

Owing no doubt, to her out door life when a child, and perhaps, in part to the fact that much of her vacation time was spent in out door work on the farm, she was, until within a few weeks of her death, possessed of good health, so that she was able to endure much, and when her sister had graduated from the High School and so was able to help herself and send a younger brother to the High School, Elizabeth entered the Normal School that she might fit herself for still greater usefulness. Here it was that her career was cut short by death. It had been long enough however to prove that one need not wait for friends or fortune to make his way in the world.

In the face of most adverse circumstances she had risen above her environments and had won the love and respect of all who knew her well. The keynote of her success was faithfulness. Teachers, pupils and associates told the same story "She was so faithful."

A few months later friends were mourning over the downfall of a young man, a member of the same High School. "He was an only son," they said, "he had education, money, everything he wished, all the advantages one could desire, but he misused them." It is a story, alas, often repeated and these two incidents show that the circumstances that seem to us most favorable are often not so.

It is, after all, not our circumstances, those outside conditions, that are essential to success or failure. Character, that which is within us, is the essential. The right sort of character rises above the accident of circumstances and shape the external things to its will.

The lives of many eminent Americans prove



this to be true. The life of Lincoln is often used as an example of how an American may rise but is perhaps more often used to show what opportunities are afforded by our country to those peculiarly gifted, as was Lincoln.

Could we read unwritten history, we would find many who, while not achieving fame, have yet risen, like the one whose brave career I have briefly sketched, far above her environment and whose life has proven a blessing and an inspiration to others. High ideals, faithfulness, and helpfulness are the stepping stones to successful lives.

If any are inclined to doubt the strength and value of these qualities, or their efficacy in bringing to the individual possessing them, respect and honor, let him read the autobiography of Booker T. Washington.

Here was a man born a slave, living as a child, scarcely better than the animals on the farm about him, whose food he shared. Freed by the emancipation proclamation at an early age, but still living in such abject poverty that it was not until he was nearly a man grown that the first opportunity came to him to sleep in a bed between two sheets, and then he did not know how to do it.

But in some way, in spite of his surroundings, the ambition to help himself and those about him out of the depths, came to him. Penniless, ragged, and unkempt he presented himself at the door of Hampton College asking for admission. His persistency led to his being given a menial task. The faithfulness with which this work was done opened the college doors to him. His career of usefulness is one which has brought him world wide honor and the story of his life is most wholesome reading.

Dear young friends, should it chance that any of you are asking, "What shall I do" and are hesitating to take an onward step because you have neither money nor friends to aid you, hesitate no longer. If a college course stands between you and advancement in usefulness, resolve, with God's help, to have a college course. If there are other obstacles hindering your chances for future usefulness, ask God what He will have you do with them, and then rising in the strength of His might and your own manhood or womanhood be not the slave to circumstances, but the master.

OUR MIRROR.

WESTERLY, R. I.—The Pawcatuck Society was glad to have the assistance of Rev. L. C. Randolph and the Alfred University Quartet at the meeting July 13. Miss Nellie D. Burdick was the appointed leader, and opened the meeting, and Mr. Randolph gave an earnest talk on personal and individual work for Christ. The quartet sang two of their beautiful gospel songs, and, with the prayers and testimonies, the meeting was a most helpful one. A number of bouquets of the bright summer flowers helped to make the room attractive. The meeting last Sabbath was led by Charles H. Witter, and it was voted to hold the meetings during the remainder of the summer for a half hour, beginning at 5 o'clock. W.

JULY 30, 1901.

CHARACTER, good or bad, has a tendency to perpetuate itself.—A. A. Hodge.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.



MRS. TRACY C. BECKER.

CHAIRMAN APPLIED ARTS COMMITTEE, BOARD OF WOMEN MANAGERS.

Mrs. Tracy C. Becker, one of the Board of Women Managers of the Pan-American Exposition, and Chairman of the Committee on Applied Arts, is the daughter of Honorable Alfred LeRoy, who, in his lifetime, was a manufacturer and for many years Mayor of Cohoes, New York. She was educated at Maplewood Institute, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, from which institution she was graduated. From the time of her marriage she has made her home in Buffalo. She is a member of the Twentieth Century Club and of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. She is on the Executive Committee of the Ladies' Hospital Association of the Buffalo General Hospital. For the past ten years she has been President of the Women's Board of the Buffalo Orphan Asylum, and has been a member of the Board for sixteen years. She is also a member of Buffalo Chapter, D. A. R.



MRS. HERMAN WATERMAN.

MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF WOMEN MANAGERS.

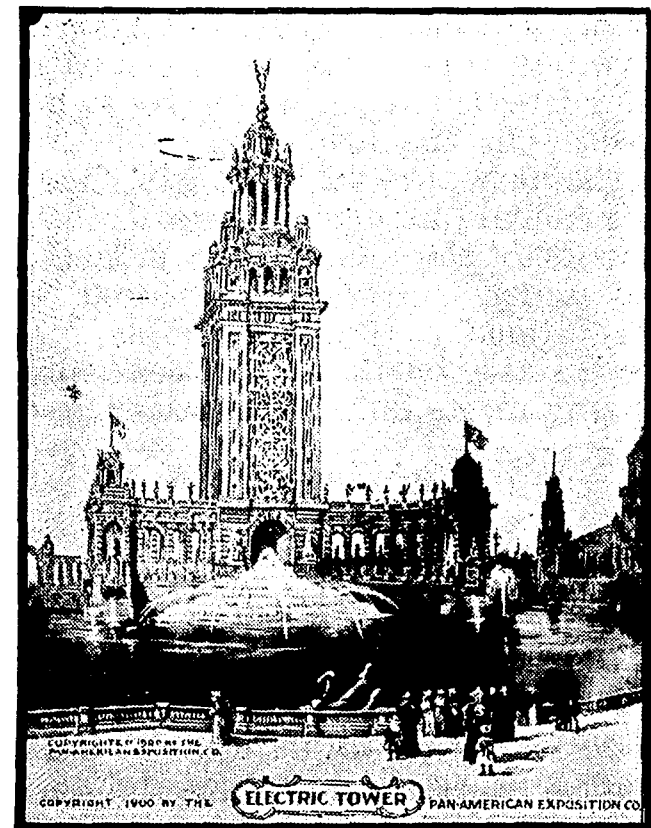
Mrs. Herman Waterman, one of the Board of Women Managers of the Pan-American Exposition, and a member of the Committee on Education of the Women's Board, was born in Syracuse, but from early childhood lived in Buffalo until her marriage, when she went to London, Canada. She has been much interested for many years in educational and philanthropic work, and was one of the trustees of the Orphan's Home in London. Since her return to Buffalo the Sisterhood of Zion has been organized in that city, and she has served as director, and for four years past as vice-president. She is connected with the Gemuthliche, a social club now in the twenty-fifth year of its existence. She has served the Council of Jewish Women, an educational organization, as a director. She is a member

of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union and a delegate to the Conference of Charities.

The centerpiece of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo is an electric tower soaring to the magnificent height of 409 feet. Here will be the climax of the illumination, which will surpass anything of the kind hitherto contemplated.

The tower stands in a broad basin, in which wonderful fountains and electrical effects will be produced.

The main body of the structure is 80 feet square, and it is flanked on the east and west by long curved colonnades which sweep to the southward and terminate in airy pavilions, forming a semi-circular space 200 feet across. From the surface of the water to the top of the colonnades is 110 feet. This portion of the structure is enriched by a system of decorative rusticated bands, which give an aspect of great solidity to the base. The shaft of the tower is treated with great simplicity. The center of each side is paneled with fantastically perforated work, through which is indistinctly revealed the massive framework of the tower. This feature produces a remarkable effect when lighted from within. The main shaft of the tower terminates in an elaborate entablature



at the height of 200 feet. The crown of the tower rests upon this entablature and is composed of three stories of diminishing proportions and varying design. The lower of these stories is an arcaded loggia, rich in ornamentation and having the wall surfaces brilliantly colored. Pavilionettes at the corners terminate in light fantastic cupolas.

The second stage, or lantern of the tower crown, is in the form of a high circular colonnade, entirely open, so as to allow the effect of the sky to be seen between the columns. A spiral staircase within the colonnade leads to the last stage of the tower, the cupola, over whose soaring dome is poised the superb figure of the Goddess of Light, thus dominating the entire Exposition, which owes so much to her generously exerted power.

The entrance to the tower is across an ornamental bridge from the Plaza, on the north side. Elevators carry passengers to the various floors which are devoted to the different purposes of the Exposition, such as reception rooms, offices, restaurants, belvederes and amusement halls. A large restaurant and roof garden, at a height of 200 feet, gives the diner a broad and beautiful view of the Exposition and the surrounding landscape. From the cupola the eye can



sweep the whole Niagara frontier, and look far into Canada, beyond the majestic river that separates that country from the states.

Sculpture plays an important part in the decoration of the tower. Two splendid monumental groups of statuary flank each of the four sides of the base. In the southern face of the tower is a magnificent escutcheon representing the arms and seal of the United States.

In the spandrel of the great arch are sculptures in high relief. The pavilions and wings are also richly decorated with sculptures and other architectural devices.

The entire exterior of the tower is studded with more than 40,000 electric lamps, so arranged that a great variety of effects can be secured. At a height of 360 feet on the tower is a searchlight, with a 30-inch projector, the beam of which flashes through space with great brilliancy for many miles, embracing in its grand circle the falls of Niagara, the harnessed energy of which operates the machinery which generates its lighting power.

In the basin, where the most strenuous water effects are to be produced is a magnificent group of statuary in which the sculptor has portrayed his artistic conception of the Genius of Water. In the basin in front of the statuary the water boils to a height of four or five feet, thus carrying out still further the idea. From a niche in the tower, 70 feet high, pour 13,000 gallons of water per minute, which is broken into an immense water screen or veil by means of a deflector. On each side of the center of the structure are located two groups of water jets, with 26 large pillar jets, throwing water to a height of fifty feet. On the arc of a circle, whose center is the niche, are 42 large jets, throwing water in a parabola curve toward the cascades in front of the niche. The splendor of the scene under the play of colored lights of various intensity, is indescribable. Under the water in the basin are 94 searchlights, each lighting up its individual water display.

#### NO ONE IS WHOLLY BAD.

"From Nazareth can come no good,"  
Said some of wisdom great;  
Yet Jesus, son of Mary,  
Dwelt within the city gate.

When anyone calls another all bad, thinks that there is no good in him, he makes a mistake. No matter how wicked another may be, we have no right to judge him wholly bad. A kind, tactful course on our part, may eventually make a Christian of him. Think it over carefully before you say or do that which may drive another to a worse life than the one you already condemn. If you have to get down into the dust to help him up, do not think of your clothes. The dirt "will all come out in the wash," and the robes you may wear will have an added lustre, when you have been washed in the forgiving love of Christ.

This earth is to us just as much of a heaven as we make it. A clear conscience is the thing we should seek for. Given the knowledge of a pure life, loving and self-sacrificing, and no matter what the outside influences may be under which we are placed, there will be a calmness and a peacefulness evident to all who know us, which no riches or influence can give. Strive always for the things that give such a peace; it is the greatest thing in the world.

Why is not the Seventh-day Baptist church awake to the fact that there is a grand opening in the Philippines for medical missionaries? Here is a benighted lot of people, and they are anxious to learn.

HARVEY NORNAL, (Soldier.)

BAAO, Carnemines, Sur., P. I., June 6, 1901.

## Children's Page.

### THE LITTLE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

"I'm going now to run away,"  
Said little Sammy Green one day;  
"Then I can do just what I choose;  
I'll never have to black my shoes,  
Or wash my face or comb my hair;  
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere,  
And never have again to fill  
That old chip-basket—so I will."

"Good-bye, mamma!" he said, "Good-bye!"  
He thought his mother then would cry;  
She only said, "You going, dear?"  
And didn't shed a single tear.  
"There, now," said Sammy Green, "I know  
She does not care if I do go,  
But Bridget does. She'll have to fill  
That old chip-basket, so she will."

But Bridget only said, "Well, boy,  
You off for sure? I wish you joy;"  
And Sammy's little sister Kate,  
Who swung upon the garden gate,  
Said anxiously as he passed through:  
"To-night whatever will you do,  
When you can't get no 'lasses spread  
At supper time on top of bread?"

One block from home, and Sammy Green's  
Weak little heart was full of fear;  
He thought about Red Riding Hood,  
The wolf that met her in the wood,  
The beanstalk boy who kept so mum  
When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo, fum,"  
Of the dark night and the policeman,  
Then poor Sammy homeward ran.

Quick through the alley-way he sped,  
And crawled in through the old woodshed;  
The big chip-basket he did fill,  
He blacked his shoes up with a will,  
He washed his face and combed his hair;  
He went up to his mother's chair  
And kissed her twice, and then he said:  
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread."

—Hospital News.

#### A HOME HEATHEN.

"Oh, mamma! I am so disappointed!"  
cried Emma Estlin, coming dejectedly into her mother's pretty sitting-room, her usually bright face woefully clouded over.

Mrs. Estlin looked up sympathizingly from her sewing.

"What is the matter, darling?"

"Why, you know the entertainment that our mission band is getting up? Well, we meant to have it such a good one in every way. Bessie Allen was to read—and you know she reads just lovely. Elsie Sharpe was to recite, May Stevens to sing, and Elsie Haines was to play an instrumental solo, while Dollie Watson and Willie were to have a piano duet, and I was to sing, too, you know; but now it's all spoiled, and I'm not going to sing."

"Why not, dear? What has spoiled it all?"

"Why, some one said that we ought not to slight Anna Lewis, and so she has been asked to read—and she reads horribly. She'll just spoil the whole thing! I won't sing if she takes part, and I just told Miss Stanley so; and if I'm not in it, some of the other girls say they won't be, either. I think it's a shame that she had to be asked!" and Emma looked ready to cry.

Mrs. Estlin felt sad. This did not seem like her usually kind-hearted little girl.

"What do you want Miss Stanley to do about it?"

"Well, she doesn't want to offend us girls, and we're going to ask her if she won't tell Anna Lewis that she is not to read after all."

"Won't that hurt Anna's feelings?"

"Yes, I suppose it will, but we can't help that, and what would she look like, anyway, taking part? She wouldn't have anything fit to wear."

"What is your entertainment for, Emma?"

"Why, for missions; didn't you know, mamma?"

"To convert the heathen?" do you mean, daughter!"

"Yes, the heathen in China."

"I think there is one little heathen in America that needs converting."

Mrs. Estlin said these harsh words very gently, for she was one of the mothers who know and value the wonderful "power of gentleness."

"Darling, you came to me for sympathy, and I never like to refuse that; but how can I agree with you in this matter? I feel hurt that you should think that I could, but I feel more hurt that my little daughter can feel and talk the way she does. Come here, dear, and sit down on this stool at my feet; I want to talk to you about this."

Emma's face was very red as she obeyed. She hid it in her mother's lap.

"Dearie, for whose good was the entertainment to be—yours?"

"No; for those who don't know about Jesus," was Emma's low reply.

"Whose good have you been considering?"

No answer.

"For whose glory was it to be—yours?"

"No, God's," in a little lower tone.

"Whose glory have you been considering?"

Again no answer. Silence is sometimes more eloquent than words.

"To think that my little daughter would put herself before those whom she says she wants to help! To think that she would put herself before God; that she would allow a poor girl's feelings to be hurt; to look down on some one less favored in wealth and talents than herself; that she would so worry a kind teacher in trying to break up an entertainment; and that she should be the means of leading her young companions to do these same things! This is the Master's work, too!"

"Oh, mamma, don't!" in a smothered tone. "I care more for what you think of me than anyone else except God," she added, not wanting to put God in the background the second time.

Then, as she lifted her tearful face from its refuge, she said:

"I didn't know there were so many wicked thoughts in my heart. What shall I do?"

"Go, set it right with Miss Stanley and the girls—after you have set it right with God"; and Mrs. Estlin left her daughter with a loving kiss—left her alone with One that never refuses to forgive—and the mother's heart rejoiced, knowing that works worthy of repentance would follow.—*Children's Missionary Friend.*

#### AT GRANDPA'S FARM.

BY JEANNETTE LAFLAMBOY.

It was a bright day in June when Janey, Ruth and Rob went down the lane to pick strawberries in grandpa's meadow. Janey carried a new tin pail, Rob led the way with one a little larger, and Ruth came last with a small basket, which grandma said was large enough for such a little girl to carry. Ponto, the old watch-dog, seemed glad to go, too, and when the children had gone a little way they looked back and saw Aunt Lucy's big, gray cat coming on after them.

When they reached the pasture, what did they see but grandpa's two cows eating the green grass and clover that grew among the bushes. Janey and Ruth were afraid of



the cows, but Rob found a long stick which he swung in the air as he cried, "Come on! who's afraid!" The girls ran as fast as they could to the meadow fence, over which they climbed. One of the cows lifted up her head and said, "Moo!" at which Rob ran, too, and climbed the fence as quickly as he could.

When the children found the ripe, red berries so thick among the grass they were glad, and said, "We will get a lot of them for grandma, and maybe she will make us a strawberry cake for tea."

But little Ruth was very soon tired, and began to run about and to gather the white daisies that grew in the grass, "Oh, Rob," she cried, "come here and see this funny bug that I have found. It just jumps about all the time, from one place to another."

"That's nothing," said Rob, "I've seen lots of them. They are only crickets."

When Janey and Rob had filled their pails nearly full, it was time to go home. Ruth had only a few berries in her basket, but she had made a daisy chain and had put it around Ponto's neck. They went home through the cornfield because Janey said she did not want to go again through the pasture.

Grandma made the children a strawberry cake for tea, and she let them crush the berries and stir the dough. Rob told Janey that none of the other boys had such a nice grandma, and that he was going to get some more strawberries for her just as soon as he could.—*Child Garden.*

A KITTEN'S GAME.

BY ELLA P. RICH.

Squeaky Toddlesticks was a fat, gray kitten, a few months old. Like other kittens, he liked to have his fur smoothed, to be patted lightly and talked to.

He wanted to be noticed the moment he entered the room. If no attention was paid him, he would give a faint "meow," as much as to say, "Here I am; don't you see me?"

A kind word or a stroke of his fur made him very happy, and he would at once begin a loud purring; then he would move about the room rubbing against chairs, table or whatever came in his way, balancing himself so lightly and daintily on the tips of his toes that no one could help stroking his fur and giving him a loving little pat.

Little Robert, who was visiting at his grandmother's, gave him the name, "because he mews so much and steps so high," he said.

The more Squeaky was noticed and petted, the brighter and more knowing he seemed to grow. One day we found that he had learned a little trick. When the hall door was opened, out he would run and scamper up the stairs. Soon there would come a faint "Meow" from the upper hall. "Come!" Auntie would call from below. "Me-ow-ow" (shall I come now?) "Yes, now," she said. Then down Squeaky would scamper as fast as his little legs could carry him, and across the hall and into the room he would rush.

Then such a loud purring, high stepping and rubbing against our chairs plainly showed how well he liked the fun. "Nice kitty!" we would say, patting his fat sides. Then away he would run to try it all over again, much to the delight of little Robert.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

WE lose time by remorse.—*F. W. Robertson.*

IN MEMORIAM.

The occasion of this sketch is an uncommonly sad and mysterious event. Our friend and brother, Mr. Geo. B. Titsworth, son of the late Rudolph M. and Ann Eliza Randolph Titsworth, died by his own hand about midnight of July 28, 1901, while not in his right mind, as we cannot but believe; the condition being induced by excessive grief over the death of his wife, the first anniversary of whose burial came that day.

Plainfield, the place of his birth, had always been his home. In 1872 he became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church, and was greatly interested in its prosperity. For several months he had been unusually active in the devotional meeting. In 1879 he graduated from the High School, and soon entered the Potter Printing Press Works as an apprentice. Being a superior machinist and a master in the accurate memory of details, he had become superintendent of the shops, where his pleasant ways made him much liked by the employees, and his skill and marked ability in all branches of the business rendered him extremely valuable to his employers.

In February, 1888, he married Miss Fannie L. Van Hoesen, of Syracuse, N. Y., who departed this life July 25, 1900.

His personal affairs had been arranged in a most orderly way, as if planning for the awful event; certain requests were left relating to the funeral and to business matters; and affectionate messages were found for his surviving brothers, Joseph M. and Arthur L. Titsworth, and for his mother-in-law, Mrs. Van Hoesen.

The funeral services were conducted by the pastor, assisted by Dr. Wm. A. Rice of Newark, a former pastor of the deceased wife. A wealth of flowers, the service of song, a large attendance of friends, and many kind words indicated the deeply felt sympathy of the people for a greatly-afflicted home.

In God and in the life eternal must be found the revelation of such mysteries, the solution of many problems, and the answer to questionings that crowd our troubled minds and hearts at times like this.

PASTOR ARTHUR E. MAIN.

ARRIVED IN AFRICA.

PLAINFIELD STATION, CHOLO, B. C. A. }  
May 31, 1901. }

To the Board of the S. E. and I. A., Plainfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Dear Friends:—I can tell you that I have arrived here at last. It was about seven o'clock last night when I got here, and I had a reception by the natives as if I had been a king. They met me in my machilla on the outside of our estate, and such a shout they raised when they met us. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Booth and Mary welcomed me very heartily, and we had a good deal to tell each other and a good many questions to ask.

I have enjoyed very good health during the whole of the journey, and even now I am feeling first rate. I am glad that I can say that I have even gained eight pounds since leaving America. So you see I have not run down, and I am very thankful to our Heavenly Father that he has been with me and kept me.

I was very much surprised last night when Mr. Booth told me that he and his family expect to leave in about two weeks. I thought at first that he was joking, but he soon made me understand that he was in earnest. I re-

alize that it is a great responsibility to put on my shoulders the first thing after I come here; but, with God as my helper, I'll try to do the best under the circumstances.

Mr. Booth tells me that everything is in such order now that it will not be very difficult to manage things. After breakfast this morning he and I took a little walk to see part of the estate, and also to see some of the men at work. From what little I have seen I can say that I like the looks of things all right. I want to get settled now as soon as possible and get to work, for that's what I came out for, and I pray that our Heavenly Father may give me health, strength, wisdom and patience; in short, everything I need to do what he wants me to do. I do hope you people will remember me constantly before the throne of Grace, that I may be guided aright in all things, especially after Mr. Booth leaves. There will be so many difficult questions to decide upon, for Mr. Booth has already told me of one, and undoubtedly there will be new ones turning up. But I am not going to cross the bridge before I get to it. It will not be necessary for me to tell you any news about Mr. Booth and family, or the work here, as of course they will leave shortly, and so you will, D. V., see them face to face and hear from them directly, and much better than I can tell you.

Mr. Booth just showed me the deed for our estate, so everything is all right and clear now. Was very glad to get Mr. Titsworth's (D. E.) letter last night. I do hope all of you will write as often as possible, for I am hungry for letters. Please give my kind regards and Christian greetings to all of the friends.

Yours in the service of the Master,  
JACOB BAKKER.

QUARTERLY MEETING AT OTSELIC, N. Y.

A precious and profitable Quarterly Meeting was held at Otselic Sabbath and First-day, July 27, 28. A large congregation gathered from Scott, DeRuyter, Lincklaen and Otselic on Sabbath morning, and Dea. C. J. York, with a DeRuyter choir, led the praise service, and Rev. J. T. Davis of Scott preached a fervent and forcible sermon. After luncheon, a choice program prepared by Irwin A. Babcock, for the young people, was given, in which Miss Cora Coon rendered an instrumental selection. Miss Ethel Phillips sang a solo and Miss Daisy Meels gave a recitation.

Rev. L. D. Burdick, who is spending his vacation at his father's home, then preached an earnest sermon on "Israel going back into the Wilderness," and a precious testimony meeting followed. In the evening L. R. Swinney spoke, and on First-day morning Bro. J. T. Davis preached to a large audience, and our old chorister, H. C. Coon, led the singing. Thus closed a precious and profitable Quarterly Meeting. L. R. S.

THE believer casts all his care upon the Lord. He reclines his head on the soft bosom of Providence, and falls to sleep.—*Fay.*

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## Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

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

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1901.

THIRD QUARTER.

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

#### LESSON VII.—ABRAHAM'S INTERCESSION.

For Sabbath-day, Aug. 17, 1901.

LESSON TEXT—Gen. 18: 16-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—Jas. 5: 16.

#### INTRODUCTION.

This lesson helps us to form a high opinion of the character of Abraham. He is already manifesting himself as a blessing to his fellow-men.

In our last week's lesson there was the promise of a son to be an heir of Abram. In the 17th and in the 18th chapters this promise is renewed with explicit definiteness; and the covenant of circumcision is given to Abram, whose name is now changed to Abraham. Sarai's name is also changed to Sarah.

The theophany [appearance of God] in our lesson differs from all others described in the Bible. Three men appeared to Abraham as he sat by his tent and accepted his hospitality. Although they at first seemed to him as men, Abraham learned by the gracious promise to him that they were angelic beings and that under the form of one of them Jehovah himself was present.

The contrast between the treatment of the heavenly messenger at the tent of Abraham and in the city of Sodom is very instructive.

TIME.—When Abraham was ninety-nine years old; according to the usual chronology in the year 1897 B. C.

PLACE.—At the terebinths of Mamre, near Hebron.

PERSONS.—Abraham and the three men from heaven, one of whom seems to be Jehovah himself.

#### OUTLINE:

1. Destruction Designed for Sodom. v. 16-21.
2. Abraham Intercedes for Sodom. v. 22-32.

#### NOTES.

16. *And the men rose up from thence, etc.* As the heavenly visitors are about to depart, Abraham, with simple courtesy, goes to accompany them on their way.

17. *And the Lord said, Shall I hide, etc.* Verses 17-19 are an interruption of the narrative for the purpose of explaining the situation of the following verses. The sacred writer represents in these verses what Jehovah said in his heart [thought] whereby he concluded to declare plainly to Abraham his intention in regard to Sodom.

18. *Seeing that Abraham shall become, etc.* It is very appropriate from the importance of Abraham in God's sight that he shall be informed of the plans of God—and especially when these plans have to do with the withdrawal of God's mercy from a people, it is fitting that the man, through whom all nations are to be blessed, shall know of this action.

19. *For I know him, etc.* Better "I knew him," that is, chose him and admitted him to relations of intimacy. This verse explains the purpose of the call of Abraham. He is to found a family and to train his child and indirectly his descendants in the true religion, that they may have a right relation with God, and right relation with men, and thus be enabled to inherit the promises of God and accomplish all that God has designed.

20. *Because the cry of Sodom . . . is great, etc.* Rather "The cry of Sodom and Gomorrah has in truth become great, and their sin very heavy." The "cry" does not mean the report concerning these cities, but rather their crying demand for punishment.

21. *I will go down now, etc.* Jehovah wishes to make investigation before proceeding to judgment. Compare chap. 11: 5. It is to be borne in mind throughout all this incident that the sacred writer does not hesitate to represent God not only as appearing in the form of a man, but also as feeling and thinking as a man.

22. *And the men turned, etc.* That is, two of them, as is implied here and plainly stated in chapter 19: 1. 1. *But Abraham stood yet before the Lord.* We are to understand that he detained the third, Jehovah, that he might make request of him.

23. *Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?* Abraham assumes that there may be some righteous people, like Lot, in these cities; and suggests the impropriety of the destruction of the cities on this account. He seems not to have thought of the expedient of separating the righteous from the wicked. He intercedes with great humility and reverence. Some have criticised Abraham's prayer as showing the Jewish bargaining spirit; but such a view misses the really sublime element of this simple prayer. Each step of the prayer marks a triumph of faith as the patriarch prays not upon his own behalf, but for his fellowmen, not even mentioning his nephew Lot.

25. *Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?* Thus does Abraham express the loftiest view of the justice of God. If it is incumbent upon a judge of least authority to give decisions in equity, how much more shall not the highest Judge, the one who has the authority of punishment for all the sins of all the earth, execute judgment with equity!

28. *Wilt thou destroy all the city for the lack of five?* That is for five less than the fifty for the sake of which he has already received a promise of clemency.

32. *And I will speak yet but this once.* Some have criticised Abraham because he thus put a limit to his petition. But he may have thought that there would easily be found as many as ten righteous people in the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and his sense of justice may have suggested to him that this number was the limit of propriety in asking for the deliverance of these cities. It is possible on the other hand that Abraham might have continued his petitions even after he had said "yet but this once," if Jehovah had remained.

33. *And the Lord went his way.* Thus showing that the limit of the petition had been reached.

#### "UNITED STATES" IS SINGULAR.

In his recently published work on "A Century of American Diplomacy," Gen. John W. Foster, former Secretary of State, uses the singular verb in connection with the United States, and is called to account therefor by a prominent critic, who admonishes him that "to make United States a singular noun would require an amendment to the Federal Constitution."

Mr. Foster has spent considerable time and labor in making an investigation of this subject, and concludes from all the testimony he has been able to gather that the point is not well taken.

"I have found," said Mr. Foster, recently, "that in the early days of the Republic the prevailing practice was the use of the plural, but even then many public men employed the singular, and of late years the latter has become the rule. Among statesmen who have habitually used the singular verb are Hamilton, Jefferson, Seward, Blaine, Edmunds, E. J. Phelps, Webster, Benton, Fish, Frelinghuysen, Motley, Reid, Gresham, Silas Wright, Marcy, Evarts, Bayard, Charles Francis Adams, Depew, Olney.

"Of living professors of international law Woolsey, of Yale; Moore, of Columbia; Hufcut, of Cornell; and James C. Carter, of New York, use the singular. Andrew Jackson was the first President to adopt the singular verb in his official papers. In the earlier messages of the Presidents the plural form is usually found, but since Lincoln all of them, including Grant, Cleveland, Harrison, and McKinley, have invariably used the singular. In the decisions of the Supreme Court during the first half century the plural form is generally used, but the singular appears occasionally. In later years the court has used the singular. The same remark applies to treaties with foreign nations."—*Chicago Herald-Record.*

## Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

### The Beautiful Opal—A Precious Stone.

This is a mineral, consisting of a silica-like quartz, but having a lower specific gravity and hardness and having no crystalline structure. It contains from 3 to 7 per cent. of water. There are as many as eight or ten varieties, some of which exhibit brilliant and changeable colors of green, blue, yellow and red. These opals are highly valued as gems.

The common opal has colors of white, red, green and yellow, but they are not changeable, and the blending of the colors causes them to resemble porcelain. Some kinds only assume transparency when thrown into water, other kinds are found which are globular, colorless and transparent, having a vitreous luster. Others occur in irregular or uniform masses, and are opaque or slightly translucent. Formerly the opal was believed to possess magical powers, such as producing invisibility, throwing shadows, etc.

A beautiful variety, known as "noble" or "precious," is remarkable for its play of iridescent colors, like the rainbow; the tints are flashed forth from small flakes, forming a kind of polychromatic mosaic, while in other kinds of opal the colors are disposed in broad bands, the tints varying with the angles at which the light strikes it, and with the relative position of the stone and of the observer, so that by moving the stone a brilliant succession of flashes, like fire, may be obtained: these flashes are reflected from surfaces of irregular dimensions, situated at different depths in the stone and intersecting at various angles.

Sir David Brewster attributed the colors of the opal to the multitude of microscopic pores, or holes, arranged in parallel lines, the differences in tints arising from differences in the size of these cavities.

M. Descloizeaux connects the iridescence of the opal with a regular system of cavities, yet seems to think the colors are produced by the presence of some organic matter in the mineral.

Mr. Crookes refers the colors to minute fissures, lying in different planes within the opal.

Mr. H. Behrens seems to think that on the whole the iridescence of the opal is simply a case of well-known colors produced by thin plates. The opal is displayed to the best advantage when cut with a convex surface.

Pliny relates that the rich Roman Senator Nonius was proscribed by Mark Antony for the sake of a magnificent opal, a stone as large as a hazelnut.

The "precious" opal occurs in veins in trachytic rocks, chiefly in Hungary. The most brilliant are said to come from Kremnitz and Dubriek. It is found also in Honduras in volcanic rocks, also in the Faroes, Iceland, the Giant's Causeway and at Santa Fiora in Tuscany.

Mining for opal has become an industry of late in Queensland and New South Wales, Australia. The precious or noble opal is obtained principally at White Cliffs, about 750 miles from Sidney and 65 miles from Wilcannia; this whole country is said to be rich in minerals.

In 1889 a hunter, while tracking a kangaroo in the neighborhood of White Cliffs, picked up a piece of brilliantly-colored stone on the



surface which proved to be a valuable piece of opal. A careful search of the locality was then made and several more pieces were discovered.

Since that time mining for opals has been carried on continuously and has become a settled industry, and a thriving town has grown up at White Cliffs. But comparatively few of the precious gems of value have reached this country. They have been sold in London, Paris and Berlin, and have been purchased by the nobility and wealthy people in the East.

The area within which the opal has been found in this district is about fifteen miles long by about two miles wide. Mining for opal is decidedly a guessing business, as there are no outward signs by which a miner can make any calculation as to the outcome.

He may just as well set up a stick and balance it, then let it fall and then dig that way as any other; or he may dig a trench ten feet long on a line 13° and 13' north by east and finish on a horse-shoe curve and not find an opal.

The usual procedure is to dig a trench in such a position as fancy may dictate and trust to luck; but we think to follow some mythical number, say 13, or some sign in a teacup, or the line in the palm of your left hand, or any other foolish whim, is pure simplicity.

Some valuable opals have been found. One weighing about four and a half ounces sold on the spot for \$500. Another weighing seven ounces, very fine, was valued at \$3,500. Since the discovery in 1889 up to 1899 there was exported \$1,882,995 worth of these precious opal stones. Verily "the earth is full of Thy riches." Ps. 104:24.

DEATHS.

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

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

TITSWORTH.—In Plainfield, N. J., Mr. George B. Titsworth, born Feb. 11, 1861, died July 28, 1901.

Fuller notice elsewhere. A. E. M.

KILDOW.—At Berea, W. Va., July 15, 1901, Francis Marrion Kildow, aged 62 years, 2 months, 3 days.

Bro. Kildow was born in Fayette County, Pa., and came to West Virginia when 12 years of age. He was converted in early life and united with the Lost Creek Seventh-day Baptist church. He was married to Minerva Jeffers Sept. 26, 1861, and on Feb. 10, 1895, he, with his wife, were received by letter to membership in the Ritchie Seventh-day Baptist church, of which he was a worthy member at the time of his death. On the morning of July 15, he remarked that he had rested better than usual during the night. After the morning meal he went to assist in some work at the flouring mill. About 11 o'clock he returned very ill, and, after three hours of severe suffering, passed away. He leaves a widowed companion, two brothers, and a large number of friends to mourn his sudden departure. The funeral services were conducted by the writer. Text, 2 Tim. 4: 7. R. G. D.

TOOKER.—Mrs. Hanna Stillman Tooker was born in Rhode Island in 1817, and died at the home of her niece, Mrs. J. B. Holcomb, at New Providence, Iowa, July 24, 1901, in the 84th year of her age.

With her parents, she removed to Independence, N. Y., when quite young. She was married to Daniel A. Tooker in 1838, and they removed to Iowa in 1871. Five children were born to them, three of whom preceded her to the heavenly land. The others, together with her aged husband, remain to mourn her loss. She professed faith in Christ when young, and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Independence, N. Y., and has always lived an earnest Christian life. The last year of her life was one of weakness and suffering from paralysis, but her sufferings were borne with Christian cheerfulness and patience. Funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the M. E. church at Nevada, Iowa. J. B. H.

Literary Notes.

Old Gorgon Graham's Business Philosophy.

From the letters of a self-made merchant to his son, now appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia.

Baron Munchausen was the first traveling man, and my drummers' expense accounts still show his influence.

Adam invented all the different ways in which a young man can make a fool of himself, and the college yell at the end of them is just a frill that doesn't change essentials.

Pay-day is always a month off for the spendthrift, and he is never able to realize more than sixty cents on any dollar that comes to him. But a dollar is worth one hundred and six cents to a good business man, and he never spends the dollar.

If you gave some fellows a talent wrapped in a napkin to start with in business, they would swap the talent for a gold brick and lose the napkin; and there are others that you could start out with just a napkin who would set up with it in the dry-goods business in a small way and then coax the other fellow's talent into it.

I always lay it down as a safe proposition that the fellow who has to break open the baby's bank for carefare toward the last of the week isn't going to be any Russell Sage when it comes to trading with the old man's money.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

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

ALL those who ever attended school at the Big-foot Academy, Walworth, Wis., are invited to attend the Annual Reunion, to be held Thursday, Aug. 8, 1901, on the old Academy grounds.

JOSIE HIGBEE, Sec.

WALWORTH, Wis.

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. Other Sabbaths, the Bible-class alternates with the various Sabbath-keepers in the city. All are cordially invited.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST SERVICES are held, regularly, in Rochester, N. Y., every Sabbath, at 3 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Irving Saunders, 516 Monroe Avenue, conducted by Rev. S. S. Powell, whose address is 11 Sycamore Street. All Sabbath-keepers, and others, visiting in the city, are cordially invited to these services.

THE Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. Services begin at 11.30 A. M. Until September 1, Rev. David A. McMurray, assistant pastor of the Memorial Church will preach. 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.

ALL persons expecting to attend the General Conference at Alfred Aug. 28-Sept. 2, whose names have not been reported through the churches, will please send in their names before Aug. 10. We make this request that we may have time to make proper arrangements for your entertainment.

R. A. ARMSTRONG,  
Chairman Entertainment Committee.

THE Portville, Shingle House and Hebron churches will meet with the Hebron Centre church in their Annual Quarterly Meeting, beginning Aug. 9, 1901. The program will be arranged at the beginning of meetings. Everybody invited to attend.

By order of church.

July 25, 1901.

L. R. BALL, Clerk.

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

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

THE Sabbath-school Board, desiring to get as complete a report of the Sabbath-schools as possible, has sent, as usual, to the Secretary of each school as reported last year a blank to be filled out and returned as early as possible. We would ask that the pastors and superintendents give these reports their attention, if necessary. We also ask that if anyone knows of a school that has been organized during the past year, or that was not included in the last report, that information regarding it be sent to us. We would like to know at least the number of scholars enrolled, the average attendance and the amount of money raised during the year.

JOHN B. COTTRELL, Sec.

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The Catholicization of Protestantism on the Sabbath Question.....	25
Studies in Sabbath Reform.....	25
Life and Sermons of Jonathan Allen.....	3 00
Total list price.....	\$11 40
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Address: American Sabbath Tract Society,  
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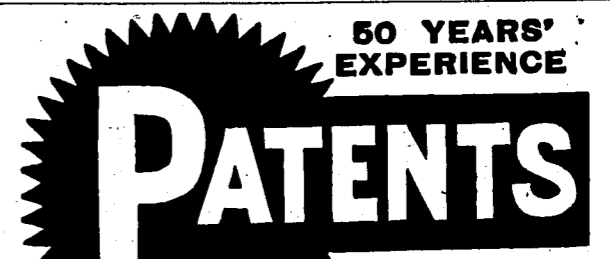
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