

# THE SABBATH RECORDER.

A SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST WEEKLY, PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

VOLUME 57. No. 35.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1901.

WHOLE No. 2949.

## CONTENTS.

### EDITORIALS.

Paragraphs .....	546
Consistent Acting.....	546
The Permanent Place of Christ in History.....	547
How Much Have You?.....	547
The Anniversaries of 1901, A. D.....	547
The Religious Side of the Pan-American Exposition.	548
The Parable of the Pounds.....	549
Campfire Musings .....	549
Cuba a Great Farm.....	549
Japanese Endeavorers.....	549
Leave the Shadows Behind.....	549

### MISSIONS.

Paragraphs.....	550
From G. H. F. Randolph.....	550
Wireless Telephony.....	550

### WOMAN'S WORK.

"O Ye of Little Faith"—Poetry.....	551
The Saint of Conner's Block.....	551
Temperance Reform by Advertisement.....	551
Resolutions of Respect.....	552
The Path—Poetry.....	552
From W. H. Godsey.....	552
Why Women Have the "Blues.".....	552

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

A Message to the Isolated Ones.....	553
Secrets Revealed by the Camera.....	553
Learning to be a Public Speaker.....	553

### CHILDREN'S PAGE.

An Uninvited Guest.....	554
Queen of Denmark and Hans Christian Andersen....	555
A Birth-Day Tribute—Poetry.....	555
Musings .....	555
Self-Command.....	556
The Passion for Wealth.....	556
John D. Rockefeller and the University of Chicago...	556
Drawing on the Future.....	556
The Deer's Eyes.....	556

### OUR READING ROOM.

Paragraphs.....	557
Education in the Home.....	557
An African Baby's Bath .....	557
Ministering to Feeling.....	557
Getting What You Go For.....	557

### SABBATH-SCHOOL.

Lesson for Sabbath-day, Sept. 14, 1901—Jacob a Prince With God.....	558
--	-----

### POPULAR SCIENCE.

Wood Alcohol.....	558
Another Step Forward.....	558

### MARRIAGES.....

.....	559
-------	-----

### DEATHS.....

.....	559
-------	-----

### SPECIAL NOTICES.....

.....	559
-------	-----

## If I Can Live.



If I can live  
To make some pale face brighter, and to  
give  
A second luster to some tear-dimmed  
eye,  
Or e'n impart  
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,  
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;  
If I can lend  
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend  
The right against a single envious strain,  
My life, though bare  
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair  
To us on earth, will not have been in vain.  
The purest joy,  
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,  
Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine,  
And 'twill be well  
If on that day of days the angels tell  
Of me: "She did her best for one of Thine."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

\$2.00 A YEAR

PLAINFIELD N J



## The Sabbath Recorder.

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

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

FEW things indicate a lower standard as to what our life ought to be than the fact that so many men, otherwise intelligent and clear-headed, think that religion is unnecessary and that the obligation to consider religious themes and duties is a matter of choice or fancy, rather than of necessity and obligation. When the majority of the men who control the public affairs maintain such an attitude, the evil results of this view appear most vividly. Of a truth, religion—using that term in its highest and best sense—is as much an inherent necessity to the highest welfare of men and the best development of character, as pure air and food are necessary to physical and material development. Religion, as here defined, includes those necessary relations that exist between men and God, as between children and parent. Even more than this: for religion includes all those experiences through which the spiritual side of our being comes into relations with God and truth, and so is lead to do those things that make for righteousness. Religion is far more than something pertaining to the individual relations of each man with God. These relations, involving as they do the character of each individual, reach out and determine the character of men in the mass, of the community as a whole, and of the race. It is as unwise to think of religion as a matter of choice rather than of necessity and obligation, as it is to consider it optional whether men give heed to the physical laws of their being, and to the necessary relations which govern society and determine the progress of the race. The restlessness and hunger which irreligious men evince, both in their doubts, and in their seeking after satisfaction through irreligious channels and through sinning, is strong negative proof of the natural need and hunger of the soul for right spiritual relations with God. Hence, whether the question be seen from the positive side, or whether it be seen by the contrast which sin and irreligion show, there can be no plainer truth than this, that to be religious, in the larger sense as here defined, is to meet a necessary innate demand of our being and a natural hungering of the soul after truth and righteousness. All just philosophy of existence and of the relations which men ought to sustain one to another, must eventuate in a faith demanding all that is highest and best in what we call religion.

HENRY WARD BEECHER once said, "When all goes smoothly, men imagine themselves fully equal to driving their own team; but when their affairs begin to run away with them, they cry out quick enough, Where is God, where is God." This is a quaint but telling way of writing the great truth that when the skies are fair and pleasures abound, we are likely to forget their source as well as the higher obligations of life and duty. He who grasps the true conception of life, and of the relation which God's promises sustain to him, will realize the divine presence, whether things be going smoothly, or whether for a time they seem to be going to ruin. Such a man does not need to ask in hours of danger, "Where is God," for the sweet consciousness that God is near him in storm as well as in

sunshine will bring the assurance of divine helpfulness in hours of trouble, and a not less clear consciousness of the some presence in hours of success and delight. The one thing we all need to learn is that there is no distance between God and his children, and that those who trust him need not wait a moment for the assurance that rest and peace will come in God's way and time. Hence it is that the true child of God is able to sing thanksgiving for summer's mildness and winter's storms, for the fields filled with flowers, and for the grave-clothes of snow which come to bury them. To him who is held by the divine presence through all the changing scenes of life there will ever be an undertone of restful harmony sounding through each experience, and bringing joy into every shadowed hour.

EVERY man determines what his nature is by that for which he seeks. Tastes and choices, purposes and tendencies are a constant source of expression and action. These reveal the true nature of men more than do words, and much more than do professions of faith, in any given theory of life. That old adage which says, "a man is known by the company he keeps," finds still larger expression in what we have just said. This truth is illustrated in every department of life. Two men sitting side by side and reading the morning paper, illustrate this in that one is reading that which tells of the highest and best things touching life and duty, while the other is reading the market reports, or seeking that which is direputable and undesirable. Most of the song birds seek their food from the fruits and grains that are purest and best. The scavenger birds, crows and buzzards are seeking for that from which life has gone, and which is attractive only because it is offensive. So the tastes and choices of men forever determine their real character, guide their feet in given paths, filling their lips with given speech and their lives with given purposes. It is also true that each man finds that for which he seeks. There is almost an unerring instinct toward good or evil springing from the choices of men. The associations which men seek are another form in which their natures and choices find expression. Two men, reaching a given city tonight, will testify as to their natures and purposes in that one will find a place of worship for the leisure hours of the evening, the other a place of vice. It is the fuller development of this law of our being that settles all questions of punishment or happiness, in this life, or in the life to come. Choosing their own paths men find their own appropriate places, and it often occurs that God himself is unable to prevent one man from going into evil as all the powers of evil are unable to prevent another man from finding good, because his heart is set upon it. That God cannot prevent the one man from finding evil is because that man will not listen to God's voice, heed his counsels, or be guided into the paths which wisdom points out. The natures of men, and their choices, decide their destiny.

EVERY man's view of life is determined, in a great degree, by his character. The choices and aspirations of men give color to their entire conception of life, whether their own or that of others. It is sometimes said that men criticise in others those points of character and action in which they themselves are

weakest. Whether this be wholly true, or not, it is true that life as a whole takes form and shape in each man according to his character. Noble, brave and patient men never ask "Is life worth living?" but men whose conceptions of life are low, and who embody these low conceptions in what they do and what they are, are likely to be asking "Is life worth living?" He who sits down by the dead ashes where the fires of passion and selfishness have gone out, is likely to complain in bitterness of spirit over the ingratitude of the world. When Burns wrote,

"But pleasures are like poppies spread;  
You seize the flower—its bloom is shed,  
Or like the snow-flake on the river,  
A moment white, then lost forever,"

he was drawing a picture of the drunken revelry out from which Tam O'Shanter started on his haunted ride. Such pleasures as Tam left were like the scattered leaves of the over-ripe poppy. But to a man who never knew the false pleasures of drunken revelry, but whose life, on the contrary, has been atuned to all that is highest and best, we expect these words: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

PAUL who spoke thus, from the depths of a Roman dungeon, had not lived a life of ease or enjoyment. His life, on the contrary, had been full of great disappointments, changes which cost terrible struggles, and such hardships and comparative failures as come to every great soul who stems the tides of evil, and seeks to make men better. But he was, above all, a man of strong conscience, unwavering faith and undying attachment to truth. Seeing a new truth, with him, was to accept it, defend it, embody it in life, and die for it, if necessary. Such an one can never complain of life's littleness or bitterness. To such an one life has nothing of real failure in it. The changes in plans and hopes which truth requires, though they cost a struggle, lead men into higher and nobler living. The opposition which such men meet strengthens them to overcome all that opposes. So, out of their own high conceptions, and conscientious devotions to truth, life takes on form and color according to all that is noblest and best. It will do the reader good to analyze his conceptions of what life ought to be, comparing them with the highest standards, thus learning wherein his life needs change of purpose or inspiration to higher and holier endeavor. It is but part of the truth we are seeking to teach when men say, "Life is what we make it." It is a larger truth to say, What we really are makes life what it is.

### CONSISTENT ACTING.

The question about which we were conversing was the feeding of tramps. Real need appeals powerfully to one's sympathies, but wise action requires that sympathy should be modified by a judicial consideration of all facts involved. For example: It is well known that indiscriminate giving has had much to do with creating a system of "tramping," which has become a serious injury to the tramps, and often an equally serious injustice to those who are actually deserving of help.

This illustration is used here to suggest the larger fact that in all our experiences we are liable to act in a one-sided, and therefore, inconsistent, way. It is difficult to see all



sides of a question at the same time, the more so if the matter appeals largely to emotion or sentiment. Even the best emotions need to be tempered by judgment, and in practical life patient inquiry and investigation are needed to avoid being duped by the designing, and also to avoid the strengthening of those evils we attempt to lessen. The same principle is true in all experience where any form of emotion, whether of anger, or intense desire, comes into play. Most of our unfortunate words and deeds, for which there is finally great regret, come under the momentary sweep of passion. Left to itself, every form of passion is in some sense practical insanity. More than mere consistency is needed. Conscience, level-headedness, and that which we describe by the phrase, "the judicial sentiment," are demanded that the tears of emotion may be checked until wisdom can guide our acts. This is enough to suggest the supreme necessity of being slow to act under the commands of emotion, or the temptations of passion. In the broader application of this principle, it will be seen that our judgment of other people's actions and motives should be tempered by that longer look and more careful consideration which is forbidden under the rush of emotion or passion. Prejudice is a form of passion, and few other influences are greater than prejudice in perverted judgment, and leading to inconsistency and injustice. The application of this principle is equally important in our search for truth. Few great questions can be considered hurriedly without leaving out important facts. Such hurried judgment also fails to weigh the facts that are known, and so leads to imperfect, if not disastrous, conclusions. The reader's experience will recall instances in which these general principles ought to be applied, and if in personal experience he has been led into more or less disastrous consequences for want of consistent action, that experience will give double emphasis to what is here said.

#### THE PERMANENT PLACE OF CHRIST IN HISTORY.

Whether Christ be considered from the standpoint of his divine nature, or only as a man in history, the permanency of his power and influence find no parallel. Few men have filled a smaller sphere of action, so far as public life is concerned. All those whom the world calls great, and who are remembered because of the permanency of their influence, have occupied a much larger place before the public than Christ did. His public ministry was so brief as to be of no account, when compared with the public ministry of great men. His humble birth and his unostentatious life gave no promise of permanent or prominent influence in the world. Nineteen centuries have passed, and the permanency and prominence of his influence are greater than ever before, and full of prophecy of increasing greatness and far-reaching influence. The greatest men of modern times come upon the stage, act in a few things, and pass into comparative oblivion. New rulers of the nations come and go with each succeeding generation, often with the succeeding years.

The difference between Christ and other men is apparent at this point, and the arguments to be drawn therefrom, of the divine power dwelling in him is irresistible. Nothing was left to support his cause except its truthfulness, when he died an ignominious

death. The greatness and immortality of truth and righteousness were in him, and in every word he uttered. His influence has grown, and will grow, because of the unfolding power of the truths he taught, the life he lived, or what he was. Compared with all other men—and leaving out every claim of divinity—he is the one man of the world's history, the one power of the last two thousand years. In the presence of such facts, caviling is silenced, and the objector is dumb. He who understands, in any good degree, the place which Christ occupies in the world's history, must unsandal his feet and uncover his head in the presence of Christ's divine power and wisdom, working for the uplifting and redemption of the world, as no other power in history has ever wrought.

#### HOW MUCH HAVE YOU?

It is not what we possess, but what can be added through the divine blessing, which makes our lives valuable in the Master's service. It is well to take account of all that we possess often, to prize every good thing, but it is well to feel that what we have attained, and what we are at any given time, is the full standard of what we ought to be or may be. God has a way of increasing the little we may have or may be, by his added blessing whenever we are obedient and devoted in his service.

The miraculous feeding of five thousand by Christ is a beautiful illustration of this truth. Having miraculous power, there was no need to inquire whether the disciples had anything with which to feed the multitude; but seeking to teach them and us a great lesson, Christ not only inquires what they had, but takes the little store of the boy peddler and makes his loaves and fishes the starting point of an immense feast. He does this in such a way that the lad's possessions, and the obedience of his disciples, stand out quite as prominently as the divine power through which the miracle was wrought. He puts upon his followers the obligation to bring to him the little that could be found. He requires them to set the multitude in order and to distribute that which his divine touch enlarged to meet all demands. Those who are skeptical may question the details of this recorded miracle, but no one who has studied human experience can fail to see that this principle is everywhere at work. In that fact there is comfort as boundless as the divine power is. Every loyal heart ought to find highest encouragement in the fact that God's inquiry to each of his children is, "how much have you that I may bless, that so through you and your little great things may be accomplished." It is this fulness and freeness of the divine help that we are slow to understand, and often are unwilling to trust, but in it and through it the miraculous enlarging of the little that his children bring to the Master is always going forward.

It is also significant that in this miracle far more was left over than the whole of that with which the work began. Here again is surpassing comfort. Our work, efforts, prayers and hopes seem so small, and of such little account that we are often discouraged and talking of failure, while, in reality, to every devoted and obedient life God adds such unmeasured help that there is left over and above from every experience something that may be gathered for future use. Our lives

pass out into other lives in a thousand unknown ways. Our words continue to influence others long after their sound and their echo are forgotten by us. Be strengthened by the consciousness that to all holy endeavor on the part of his children God waits to add such divine help as will repeat the miracle of feeding five thousand hungry people with the stores which a bare-foot boy could carry on a single arm. Not the greatness of ourselves, nor the abundance of what we possess makes life blessed and successful, but rather the readiness and gladness with which we bring that little, day by day, to the Master, that through his added blessing it may go out with miraculous power, enlarged and enlarging beyond human thought or human hope.

#### THE ANNIVERSARIES OF 1901, A. D.

A bright blue sky, ornamented with snow-white clouds, sailing in a cool breeze, encanopied Alfred, to welcome those who came from every direction, on the 26th and 27th of August, to attend the Anniversaries. The fountain in the little park at the foot of College Avenue flung showers of spray over the flowers surrounding it, as if in joyous welcome. Streets, homes and faces repeated the universal come and enjoy. Even the belated painters, putting the last touches of white on overhanging porticoes dropped blotches of white on the sidewalk, in welcome.

The audience tent, seating twelve hundred people, stands on the Campus of the University between the Kenyon Memorial Hall and the main walk. The dining and kitchen tents, four in number, are grouped on the north of Memorial Hall, and in front of the State School of Ceramics building. They provide for 600 guests at a sitting. In the Babcock Hall of Physics, a resting and writing room for ladies is fitted up with couches, rocking chairs, and all appliances for comfort. Writing rooms for gentlemen, and rooms for committees, are found in the Gothic and in the Memorial Hall. Pure spring water for drinking is brought to a point near the audience tent. This is passed through a coil of pipe over one hundred feet of ice, giving cool water, without direct contact with ice. Cooking is done by steam, mainly. It is evident that ample preparations, great expectations, and unrestricted welcome greet the incoming guests.

#### THE PRE-CONFERENCE CONVENTION.

This Convention was held in the church on Third-day, the 26th of August. All the denominational Boards and Societies were represented. Sessions were held forenoon and afternoon, President Saunders in the chair, and W. L. Burdick, Corresponding Secretary of Education Society as scribe. The discussions were somewhat informal, but a full record was kept, and a summary of that record will appear in the Year Book. Among the themes discussed were these:

#### ENTERTAINMENT OF CONFERENCE.

It was agreed that this is an important question, which demands still further consideration. As to the Centennial session of next year, there was an undivided opinion that the denomination should meet the expenses, the money to be raised by such plans as may be settled upon at this session. It was also agreed that the churches should be requested to consider the matter during the next Con-



ference year, and decide what plan they deem best to pursue after 1902.

#### TESTIMONIES AT SABBATH SERVICE.

Rev. Dr. Main read a letter from Joseph Stillman, of the First Hopkinton church, which urged that a return to an old-time custom of testimony-giving after sermon, on Sabbath morning, would be valuable in developing the spiritual life of the church. The Convention expressed full sympathy with the idea that testifying should be fostered, as a means of spiritual growth.

#### PATRONIZING THE RECORDER.

The Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER reported that a canvass of the churches show that, at the most, less than one-half of the families subscribe for the RECORDER, and that if the churches were included, the percentage would not rise much above 33 per cent. No plans were suggested for increasing the subscription list, but all agreed that the work, as well as the spiritual life of the denomination, would be helped greatly, if all could read the RECORDER. The vital relation of the paper to our own people was fully realized and strongly emphasized.

#### ACCURATE STATISTICS.

The necessity for securing more nearly complete and accurate statistics for our annual reports was discussed with no little interest. It was agreed that prompt and competent church clerks, aided by wise pastors, offer the solution of this problem.

#### SABBATH-SCHOOL WORK.

There was a pleasant discussion of the Sabbath-school interests, and especially touching the publication of a series of leaflets for children, which will teach denominational doctrines and history. The discussion also touched upon the matter of a Sabbath-school paper.

#### WOMAN'S WORK.

Under this head, Mrs. L. A. Platts, treasurer of the Woman's Board, expressed the opinion that it would be a gain if the women were recognized as an integral part of the denomination, by membership in the various Boards, and that at the Annual meetings the Woman's Board should report as a Committee of Conference, rather than occupy a full session with other exercises besides their reports. The general discussion seemed favorable toward the suggestions made by Mrs. Platts.

#### NEED OF SABBATH REFORM WORK AT HOME.

Secretary Whitford, speaking from his intimate acquaintance with the churches, raised the question, "Are we doing enough Sabbath Reform work in our own churches?" This drew out an earnest, tender and strong discussion. That our churches, notably the older and larger ones, need the labors of a Sabbath Reform Evangelist was conceded by all. It was also urged that the hope of extending Sabbath Reform work in the world rests, in a great degree, upon the consistent action, and deep heart-life of the individual members of the churches. It was shown that Seventh-day Baptists do very little, less this year than last, in circulating or reading our literature. It was also brought out that among the young people there is a growing interest in the Sabbath question, and that as they go out to meet the prevailing influences they are strengthened in their faith or swept away by opposing and undermining influ-

ences. Opinions were expressed that the Tract Society would do well to consider the sending out of a Sabbath Reform evangelist through the churches.

Taken as a whole, the Pre-Conference Convention, though attended by few, was excellent as to results. Next year it ought to be attended by hundreds. It should be made an important prelude to Conference work.

#### THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

BY HOWARD A. BRIDGMAN.

When one seeks material for an article on this subject, he soon finds himself forced to define religion broadly. Its technical and conventional aspects are not conspicuously in evidence at the great show in progress at Buffalo. International Expositions are not designed primarily either to exhibit or promote the specific interests of that commodity known as religion. The by-products of Christianity, to be sure, abound at Buffalo as they did at Chicago in 1893, at Nashville in 1897, at Paris in 1900, and at every large exhibition since the Crystal Palace in London focused attention on what the civilized world has achieved in arts and industries. Indeed, the Pan-American, perhaps to a greater degree than any preceding fair, registers the reflex influence of the Christian religion upon the world's work and the world's workers.

Take, for example, the display at Buffalo of the infant incubators. When the Columbian Exposition was held these devices for the preservation of the lives of weakly or prematurely born infants were hardly known to medical science. The German company now occupying a large building on the Midway in Buffalo had hardly been formed, but in the eight years intervening, by means of its marvelous appliances, together with the skill of physicians and the care of nurses, it has saved no less than eighty-five per cent of the infants committed to it.

Its structure should not be on the Midway. It is at the farthest remove from its freak neighbors, and the hundreds who gaze at the wee midgets of humanity, daily gaining weight and strength as they repose in their strange but beneficent modern cradles, come out of the building with a new sense of the worth of human life and the wonder of the latest inventions for continuing it. If these do not secure for every infant its divine right to be well born, they at least mightily increase its chances of survival and of success in the struggle for a foothold in this planet. We are likely to see in this country a domestication of what has been operated to such good advantage abroad.

Not less impressive are other exhibitions at Buffalo that tell of this age's deepening spirit of compassion. The daily drill of a detachment of United States life-saving service men, while it lacks the elements of real danger, reproduces before a multitude of people the exact methods and measures constantly in use at the stations up and down our coasts, where vigilant men scan the horizon day and night to detect any sign of need, and, when seen, to speed through the breakers to its relief.

So, also, does the model hospital camp feed one's sense of gratitude. In close proximity to great death-dealing guns and evidences of the pomp and the paraphernalia of war, this camp, with its compact cases of medicine and

of surgical appliances, its neat rows of cots and its air of being equal to any emergency, fosters the conviction that the great purpose after all of modern nations is not to destroy life, but to save it.

These are only two or three of the conspicuous by-products of religion which the fair reveals. But you can hardly enter any of the ten or twelve main buildings without being reminded, not alone of what inventive skill and ceaseless industry have accomplished in the way of cheapening the cost of production, multiplying creature comforts and diffusing the material blessings of modern civilization, but there can be seen also, if the visitor will only look for them, tokens of the upward progress of the race in all that makes for the illumination of the mind and the enlargement and refinement of the heart. The display in the Government Building of the work of Indian students at Hampton and Carlisle, and the reproduction on the Midway of a typical Philippine village suggest and prophesy the mutual benefits arising from incorporating into the body politic other strains than the Anglo-Saxon. Could there be a better epitome of the humanitarian spirit of the new century than this inscription on the Ethnology Building, "The weakest among us has his gift"?

So beneath the clatter of machinery and the superabounding commercial and advertising features of the Pan-American the discerning eye detects the presence of forces that belong to and operate in behalf of the kingdom of God. These, if they do not spell religion in its strictest sense, mean that religion is still the background of the world's thought and the goal of the world's best endeavor.

The mention of inscriptions leads me to call attention to the worth and significance of the mottoes which in bold letters look down from frieze and paneling. Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the *Century*, the maker of strong, sweet verse, has never done a better or more useful piece of literary work than in this series of inscriptions. How better, for instance, could the purpose of the Exposition be stated than in these words on the panels of the noble *propylæa*:

Here by the great waters of the North are brought together the peoples of the two Americas in exposition of their resources, industries, products, inventions, arts and ideas.

That the century now begun may unite in the bonds of peace, knowledge, good-will, friendship and noble emulation all the dwellers on the continents and islands of the new world.

On one of the great pylons of the bridge is this wholesome sentiment:

To love one's country above all others is not to despise all others.

The faith of the poet and the prophet shines out in this inscription:

To the statesmen, philosophers, teachers and preachers, and to all those who in the new world have upheld the ideals of liberty and justice and have been faithful to the things that are eternal.

Thus in these and many other inscriptions the gospel of the noble life is preached to the throngs that move about the grounds, and many a soul who reads or who witnesses the exceeding beauty of the illuminations each evening, must be stirred to at least a moment of serious thought and upward aspiration.

Other traces of religion and other stimulants of the religious life may be found within the gates of the Pan-American, but I pass on to speak of the opportunities which the



presence of so many strangers in Buffalo affords to the city churches and other Christian agencies. When the possibilities of special meetings began to be mooted several months before the Exposition opened, the ministers came together and discussed the situation. The special efforts in connection with the World's Fair were had in mind as a kind of model, but on reflection it was seen that the success of the Chicago campaign was due largely to the inspiring direction of D. L. Moody. To-day, however, there is no evangelist in this county whose name will serve as a rallying cry, and the Buffalo ministers, therefore, decided against any series of protracted meetings and resolved instead to make, as far as possible, their own churches the centers of Christian hospitality and activity.

The thousands of strangers have, therefore, been the object of a special welcome, and they have swelled to a notable degree the size of the summer congregations. In a number of cases the pulpit supplies and the musical programs have been arranged with a view to the pleasure and profit of the visitors.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Houghton, of the New York *Evangelist*, initiated her scheme for the Tent Evangelist, which, pitched within a block of the Exposition grounds, has offered good speakers and attracted nightly a congregation varying in number from 100 to 700. The tent is being conducted to some extent after the pattern of the Parliament of Religions. Dr. Abbott is as welcome as Dr. Talmage. Dr. Rainsford and Dr. R. A. Torrey draw their respective admirers.

A word as to Sunday opening. The general sentiment seems to be that the action of the Directors in opening the gates after 1 P. M., and in closing the Midway and the purely amusements features is, on the whole, the wisest and best course. Most of the exhibitors prefer to keep their displays covered. The United States Government enjoins such outward respect for the Sabbath by covering its exhibits, which, by the way, are the most interesting to be found in any building. The attendance is not yet as large as on the other days, but the Sunday visitors are orderly, and they enjoy the lovely grounds, the art gallery and the Exposition as a whole on its outward side. No great Exposition in this country can ever prosper which makes no distinction between week days and Sundays. On the other hand, I believe there are certain wise uses even on the Lord's-day of a great, beautiful Exposition like the Pan-American, and uses, too, which he would approve who laid down the one final law touching Sunday-observance when he said, "the Sabbath was made for man."—*Congregationalist*.

THE largest tree in the world is to be seen at Mascali, near the foot of Mount Etna, and is called "The Chestnut Tree of a Hundred Horses." Its name rose from the report that Queen Jane, of Aragon, with her principal nobility, took refuge from a violent storm under its branches. The trunk is 204 feet in circumference. The largest tree in the United States, it is said, stands near Bear Creek, on the north fork of the Tule River in California. It measures 140 feet in circumference. The giant redwood tree in Nevada is 119 feet in circumference.

THE defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces.—*J. Malcolm*.

### THE PARABLE OF THE POUNDS.

BY REV. R. DE W. MALLARY.

#### A NEW WAY OF READING AN OLD PARABLE.

A certain man intending to be gone from home for a very long time made a reckoning with his servants. To one he gave one pound, to another five pounds, to another ten pounds, and said, "Occupy till I come."

The one who received one pound invested it, and it gained another pound, so that when his master came the faithfulness of the servant was rewarded.

The one who received five pounds likewise was rewarded in the same manner for his faithfulness, which had gained him other five pounds.

But the one who had received ten pounds went and squandered them, and lo! when his master returned and required an account of his stewardship he pleaded: "Good and forbearing Master, I knew thee that thou art very lenient and indulgent, and I thought you would not care if I appropriated what you gave me to my own uses."

Then was his master very sorrowful, and said: "O slothful and unworthy servant, thou knewest that I love all and would make all happy; thou oughtest to have responded to the greatness of my love and bountifulness by yielding me a large return through a diligent and faithful service."

As I look at life it is not always by any means the one-talent man who does not improve his God-given endowment; nor is it the man of average attainments, the five-talent man; but it is so often the man who has a surplus of abilities who really fails to consecrate all to God. The mediocre man is doing pretty well; so is the average man; but how about the brilliant, the versatile, the accomplished, the beautiful, the wise, the affluent? Let us thank God for all we do see of consecrated ten-talent men and women (and there are many of them); but let us ask ourselves, everyone, if we are faithful in the stewardship of all we possess and are "for Christ and his church."—*The Advance*.

#### CAMPFIRE MUSINGS.

You may think I write a good deal about thunderstorms. Well, when we raise the best thunder in the United States, why shouldn't I? If I could send a couple of those claps we had one midnight to Buffalo, they would come back with all the red ribbons in that town. They were so near and came on so rapidly I could not, for a time, follow the track of any one of them. It appeared to me as if some giant had a number of resonant spheres, about two hundred feet in diameter, and that he was bouncing and bowling them among the hills. The one of which I found it possible to keep track, started off with a roar which was followed by two distinctly marked thunderous drum-beats close together. This feature enabled me to recognize it all the time it lasted. "Roar—boom—boom—roar—boom—boom—roar!" I was sorry I could not keep watch time on it, it lasted so long. The last I heard of it, it was just the faintest drum-beat, like that which, coming across the woods two or three miles, on Fourth of July morning, used to set me wild with hurry. We also had a succession of those splendid spectacles, rain-drops brilliantly illuminated as they fell between us and the black pines.—*The Interior*.

### JAPANESE ENDEAVORERS.

One of the most interested delegates attending the late Endeavor Convention in Cincinnati was Mr. Miyake, editor of an Endeavor paper in the capital of Japan. He described the make-up of their Societies in an interesting way for the *Endeavor World*, saying that some of the Japanese Endeavorers were so cautious in regard to pledges that the Society was organized and disbanded weekly; until, gaining confidence by experience they now disband but once a month, hoping eventually to lengthen the period of service as they attain a better understanding of "the perseverance of the saints." In order to overcome the timidity which women and girls feel in the presence of men, the males and females meet in separate sections, but come together for social recreation, spending the evening in singing and guessing games. Each Society has a little library of Christian books, and does much to enrich the mind of young Japan with the spiritual conceptions of Christianity. Mission bands are active; and to win their own country for Christ engages all their thought, is the burden of all their prayers. Just now the Endeavorers of Japan are enthusiastically entering into the great evangelistic plan by which it is hoped to reach every considerable village in the islands with the message of the gospel within a brief, definite period.

#### CUBA A GREAT FARM.

The island of Cuba is a gigantic farm of 28,000,000 acres of marvelously fertile soil. Thirteen million acres remain as virgin forest. Her present population is a little above one and a half millions.

Were Cuba as densely populated as Massachusetts, her census would show 11,000,000 inhabitants. An equal density with that of England would give her upward of 22,000,000. Her ability to support a population per square mile equivalent to that of England, so large a percentage of which is dependent upon manufacturing interests, is somewhat doubtful, from the fact that Cuba presents little or no possibility of ever becoming a manufacturing center. In a measure the comparison with Massachusetts is also faulty, for the same reason. Yet, in the latter case, the vastly greater fertility of Cuban soil would offset the manufacturing feature, and there is little doubt that Cuba, along the line of her particular agricultural advantages, can provide a comfortable and reasonably profitable living for a population of 10,000,000 moderately industrious citizens.—*Review of Reviews*.

#### LEAVE THE SHADOWS BEHIND.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are.

Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet to-day, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable. Thus you will make life better worth living.—*Household*.



## Missions.

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

THE Salem College Quartet, with Evangelist J. G. Burdick, closed their summer campaign work with the Lost Creek church, W. Va. They worked in all six weeks at the following places: Quiet Dell, Salem and Lost Creek. They reported conversions, 22; reclaimed, 3; number baptized, 17; converts to the Sabbath, 1; united with the churches, 15 by baptism, 2 by letter and 1 restored; total, 18. It is expected that others will join the Lost Creek church at the next Quarterly Meeting. The churches where the evangelistic work was done were greatly revived and strengthened.

BRO. GEORGE W. HILLS and Milton College Quartet closed their summer campaign of evangelistic work, Sunday night, Aug. 25, at Jackson Centre, Ohio, and started next day for Conference. The result of their labor with the Jackson Centre church is not yet reported. At Stokes another was added to the church—a lady, a member of the M. E. church, who has accepted the Sabbath. As the result of the evangelistic work at Stokes by the Quartet and Bro. Hills, the membership has been doubled.

MRS. TOWNSEND and the Ladies' Quartet closed their summer evangelistic work at Cartwright, Wis. After they left New Auburn, Minn., Pastor Socwell baptized two and received them into the New Auburn church. One of them was a convert to the Sabbath—the Postmaster of the village. At Cartwright there was baptism in Long Lake, and three joined the church. The last Sabbath there Mrs. Townsend held a communion service. The great need at Cartwright is a pastor. It is earnestly hoped that a pastor can be settled there this coming fall. The Ladies' Quartet returned to Milton, but Mrs. Townsend goes into Iowa to engage in revival effort.

FROM G. H. F. RANDOLPH.

Was at Crowley's Ridge, as you presumed, on receipt of your last letter. Your suggestions concerning nature of work on this field are highly appreciated. Will gladly push every effort toward a "higher spiritual life; to a higher standard of Christian character and stability; to more loyalty to truth and principle."

Find myself in pretty fair health again, except that constant speaking in this dusty weather, and a slight cold, have caused my throat to trouble me some again. Gave up my engagement for special meetings at Wynne this week, because I dare not continue speaking so often without some rest. Am at home for a short time, preaching on Sabbath-day only.

The drought has struck us, *sure*, this summer. However it has not been so serious in these parts as we hear of in other sections. No crop an absolute failure. Cotton is best of all. Will probably reach a two-thirds crop.

Yes, Bro. Lee has sold out and moved away from Fouke. Just had a letter from him, stating that he had finally settled at Gravett, Ark. Gravett, you will remember, is only a short distance north of Gentry. We miss Brother and Sister Lee very much from our

community, and also from our religious services. They were always prompt and faithful in service.

Our little church here is moving on about as usual. Brother Witt, of Texas, has moved in with us, and enters into the church work with commendable zeal. His large family make quite an accession to our little Seventh-day Baptist force. The usual appointments of the church are better attended than they had been for some time previous to your visit among us.

Sister Fisher's work was very highly appreciated in our community, and society, too; judging from the expressions we so often hear among the people. Her work at Crowley's Ridge is very prosperous and meets a very deep need, I am sure. She was engaged in teaching at Bro. Ellis's house when I arrived for our special work at that point. She deemed the interest sufficient after our work to break some other engagements and continue the work there till Oct. 1. She was to open the school at the school-house last Monday. Now, concerning the work at Crowley's Ridge, it is difficult to state results. We began July 26, and continued till Aug. 4. The attendance was very good, averaging for the entire 14 preaching services 58. The interest was unusually good from the beginning. There was manifestly deep conviction on the part of many. Not less than twenty different ones expressed a desire to live different lives. But only six, under severe test, were willing to covenant to "leave their old ways of sin, and to live the new life of a Christian." Not even one of these six was able to say, "I am satisfied I am saved." There seems to be a satisfaction sought in certain ecstatic feelings or emotions, which were not reached in these meetings. We spent much effort in trying to make plain our grounds of assurance, our hopes of salvation, our assurance in hope. I trust that with those who covenanted to live for God, and even with others, there has been something far more valuable than a shout realized. But the results must be left with God, and our knowledge of them to the future.

I shall start the 21st to assist Bro. Godsey a week in extra meetings at Booty, Ark. If it seems best as the time draws on, I may go from my regular appointments here, and at Texarkana, to Brownwood, Texas, to hold a few meetings. That will be near the middle of September.

FOUKE, Ark., Aug. 14, 1901.

### WIRELESS TELEPHONY.

BY MARTIN SINDALL.

With that strangest of all accomplishments, wireless telegraphy "in the air," and its whispering rival, wireless telephony to come later, it seems a little strange that the first perfect message sent without wires was transmitted nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and in the interest of the gospel.

The distance which the human voice was forced to travel at that time was over one hundred miles. An Eastern gentleman, the one who sent the message, stood somewhere to the northwest of the Aegean Sea, and the gentleman who received the message was located in Troas, in the western part of Asia Minor. The men both stood on high ground, which prevented any obstructions to the current of air which carried the message from the sender to the receiver.

If the reader has overlooked this important incident in the history of scientific accomplishments, he will find it in the most up-to-date book known to men, the Holy Bible. See Acts 16:9. The message reads as follows: "Come over into Macedonia and help us." And to-day, as if on the wings of the wind, the same is wafted to our ears, coming to us from millions of human beings the world over. Of course we need not give heed to their cries! The gospel evidently is for "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more." Let the miserable wretches live on in the same old way, causing husbands and fathers to be cruel and overbearing; wives, mothers and children to suffer continually because of ignorance and superstition, which reign supreme in lands where the light and knowledge of the Jesus religion are not known! Through the gospel we have learned the beauty and true worth of the Golden Rule, but, of course, that rule does not apply here! If we had been born in some heathen country, we would have rejoiced if those who came to experience genuine happiness and liberty had entered our land and homes to tell us of the truth which makes men happy and free. But the shoe is on the other foot! We are the people. Hence the gospel is for us. Die on, ye millions of benighted souls! Why need we care how dark it is where you live, or how miserable you are as long as we can serve God according to the dictates of our own consciences, and live in comfort, often in luxury, with love and prosperity as bosom companions?

Oh, yes, we are interested in you, *deeply interested*. This is shown in the prayers which we offer in your behalf. We are all praying for you continually, and shall be so glad when you are able to raise the money that you may pay men and women to come over and preach the gospel to you. If we were able, we would do it ourselves, thus answering our own prayers; but we are poor, oh, so poor! We get only three square meals a day. We sleep on cold-steel, woven-wire springs, and hard mattresses. Most of us cannot keep up with the styles in dress. Coal is so high that we cannot afford to burn more than from two to a dozen or fifteen tons each winter. Then, too, in order to make ourselves presentable we are compelled to wear a certain amount of jewelry, some of it being very expensive. Bicycles are absolutely necessary in these days of rapid transit. They are costly and must be repaired frequently.

Many of us cannot stand climates which are as hot and oppressive as yours, so we go to some cool and refreshing place to spend the summer months. You will see by a few items which we have herewith presented that though we are praying for your conversion, and are deeply interested in you, we are able to do little or nothing for you. We sometimes have a sermon on missions, and we listen quite attentively, and say nothing about it afterwards. Can you not see how deeply we are interested in you? When, in the sweet by-and-by, we sit around the great white throne and thank God that we are saved, we shall be very sorry if our prayers for you are not answered. It may be that if, after buying what we need while on earth, there is any money left, it may find its way to the missionary contributions so that you may have the benefit of it, and thus be saved. We hope so.



## Woman's Work.

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

### "O YE OF LITTLE FAITH."

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE.

A sower sowed his seed, with doubts and fears;  
"I dare not hope," he said, "for fruitful ears;  
Poor hath the harvest been in other years."  
Yet ere the August moon had waxen old,  
Fair stood his fields, a waving sea of gold.  
He reaped a thousand-fold!

In a dark place one dropped a kindly word;  
"So weak my voice," he sighed, "perchance none heard,  
Or if they did, no answering impulse stirred."  
Yet in an hour his fortunes were at stake:  
One put a life in peril for his sake!  
Because that word he spake!

"Little I have to give, O Lord," one cried,  
"A wayward heart that oft hath thee denied;  
Couldst thou with such a gift be satisfied?"  
Yet when the soul had ceased its mournful plaint,  
God took the love that seemed so poor and faint,  
And from it made a saint!

—Sunday Magazine.

### THE SAINT OF CONNER'S BLOCK.

BY MINNA STANWOOD.

Conner's Block stood in front of the big factory. "The Saint" lived in the second house from the end of the main street. People called her "The Saint" in most bitter irony. She was a small woman, nimble and wiry, a woman of fire. She kept a boarding-house for the factory hands. That is, for as many as would stand her tongue for the sake of her cooking. Thirty-five managed to do this. Single-handed "The Saint" served these thirty-five men good food at low rates.

She was as honest as day, but it was gall and wormwood for her to hear that any other woman was honest. And why? No one knew that. She had always been shrew-tongued, but she was worse after her only brother, who lived with her, and got drunk and abused her, and spent her earnings, was reformed by the Salvation Army. He knew better than to expect "The Saint" to rejoice in his conversion; but he was obedient to the lassie, and went home and told his sister that he was going to be a good brother and work thereafter. She called him hard names then, and bade him get out of her house with his cant, and stay out, too. This he did gladly enough, perhaps, although he tried to tell his sister that he would always love her and pray for her. Since that day no one ever mentioned the name of "Bob" to her. Equally since that day no one durst whisper "Salvation Army" in her house.

One Monday morning, as "The Saint" was draining her beans, the shadow of a poke bonnet scud past her kitchen window. Quick as thought she was at her door.

"Out of this, you mewling, chattering, canting hussy! Out of this, I say, you psalm-singing, racketing, smirking —" "The Saint" raised her hand with the dish-towel in it.

The girl in the poke bonnet stood erect. She receded not from the dirty dish-towel, or the burning eyes, or the hoarse, threatening voice. She looked "The Saint" full in the face, and spoke rapidly in a voice that was low and clear, but terribly earnest. "Woman, quit your fooling! In God's name I bid you come into Widow McCormick's house with me. She is dying, her baby is in convulsions, and you are needed!"

Captain Somes turned and walked quickly out of the yard and along the alley, and entered the fourth gate. "The Saint" stood staring. Amazement struggled with anger in her soul. She went back to her kitchen, pulled a tub from under the table, snatched

the kettle from the front of the stove, and ran after the captain. She did not stop for the boiling water that splashed down on her feet.

In Widow McCormick's kitchen the captain was poking the fire with one hand, and holding the rigid baby on her left arm. "The Saint" dropped her tub on the floor, poured into it the boiling water, grabbed the baby, and plunged it into the water, clothes and all. "Quick," she said, "some cold water!"

She snatched the dipper from the captain, and laved the little head. The captain noticed that a mother could not have done it all more deftly. Gradually the purple faded from the baby face, the clinched hands relaxed, the eyelids fluttered. Presently the blue eyes were looking at "The Saint." Yes, the baby lips began to smile at her. She took the child from the water, wrapped it in the old army blanket the captain handed her, and sat down close to the stove with the baby in her arms.

It was nearly noon when Captain Somes came down stairs. "The mother died five minutes ago, poor soul," she began gravely.

Then she stopped. "The Saint" had a strange look on her face. The Salvation Army captain knew what it meant. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" she exclaimed fervently.

"The Saint" looked foolish. She said, "I'll take this baby home, I guess." Then she twitched as if wrenching herself free of something, and added, deep-voiced, "And I'll raise her honest, too, s'help me God!" She raised the hand that had threatened with the dish-towel. "I'm goin' to send for Bob, and I'm goin' to — O, what's the use talkin'? I've said I hated cant. Deeds, give me deeds! They'll show. Now I'll go back an' fix up a bit for the boys. You tend to her up-stairs, and I'll see it's paid."

When Captain Somes went to carry clothes for the baby, she found it in the faded glory of an old-fashioned blue jacket, lying on a large, clean bed, hugging a bottle of milk. "The Saint" was leaning over, patiently brushing a lock of the baby's fair hair round her finger.

"I'm tryin' to make it curl," she said bashfully. "Do you s'pose it will? Lillie's did."

"Perhaps so." The captain's tone was doubtful, but her smile was sympathetic. "It don't look like curly hair to me, though. Who's Lillie?"

"Lille was my baby. The only one I had. She died—in convulsions. If I had known what to do, perhaps I might —. But there! I'm goin' to call her Lillie. That's Lillie's sack she's got on."

"I noticed it," nodded Captain Somes. Then she asked carelessly, "Did you lose your husband, too?"

"Lose him!" "The Saint" turned furiously. A few strands of the baby's curl clung round her finger and pulled, but she paid no attention to the grieved cry. "Lose him! Yes I lost him. Another woman stole him. Stole him at meetin', too, when I was home with the sick baby. There, there; mamma's sorry she hurted her, so she is. There, there."

She charged upon the baby with the bottle, and the cry and a greedy gulp of milk got tangled up with a queer sound. The captain looked at "The Saint," and they both laughed.

"It wasn't square of you to be down on

everybody because one man treated you mean," the captain hit out.

"Not square?" "The Saint" looked interested. "Not square?—No one ever said anything about me not bein' square before."

"Folks don't say everything they think about us," observed the captain scornfully. "You thought you owed one man a grudge, and you've been working it off on everybody who came anywhere near you. If you call that square, I don't."

The woman's hard gray eyes expanded as the captain's idea began to work. "I never thought of it that way before," she said, at last. "But, anyway," the fire began to kindle, "I never sat down and cry-babied."

"No, you stood up and bit, instead," retorted the captain.

"Well, what would you have done?"

Captain Somes's face lighted up. She took two steps forward, and got hold of the woman's grime-hardened hands. "Sister," she said, with a thrill in her voice, "don't think I don't know it was hard. I'll tell you what I think I would have done. I would have gone down on my knees, and never moved off them till God had taken every root of bitterness out of my heart; and then I would have gone out into the world, all alone as I was, and I would have shown the world how a saint of God could live. I would have held out a strong hand to the weak; I would have been pitiful and tender and open-hearted to the poor. I would have said, 'Lord, you've taken my Lillie, you've suffered my husband to go, but you've left me my health and strength, and you've left me yourself. After this I want you to help me to see my sister in every woman who needs me, and my brother in every man who needs me, and my own baby Lillie in every little child!'"

"The Saint" was looking steadily into the young captain's glowing face. Tears slowly filled her eyes. She gathered her brows as if they pained her. "It ain't too late now, is it?" She put the question anxiously, humbly.

"No!" The captain's voice rang joyously. "It isn't too late! Let us thank God for that. Come."

With her hand still in the Salvation Army captain's, "The Saint" dropped down beside her bed, and bowed her head on the soft arm of her new Lillie.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

### TEMPERANCE REFORM BY ADVERTISEMENT.

The use of advertising methods by the Salvation Army and its imitators is sufficiently familiar. Their aid has been invoked in France in the temperance reform. It is based on sound psychological principles, so its advocates claim; and great results are hoped from it. The logic of the method and the way of carrying it out are expounded by Dr. L. Me-nard in *Cosmos*, (Paris, June 15) as follows:

Repetition is the best, or at least the most persuasive, of the rhetorical figures. The manufacturers who wish to introduce a product, or to keep it in the fashion, know this well, and although millions are spent yearly for advertisements, we must suppose that they are not lost. When you read daily in your paper that such a chocolate is unequalled, that X's soap is the only one that cleans the skin without irritation, that somebody's tonic or pastilles are sovereign remedies for all affections of the stomach or larynx, you become at length more or less convinced of the truth of these statements. Those skilled in the advertising art excel in creating a veritable obsession with the name of their merchandise.

It has been asked why this enormous effort, so effective in securing publicity in all forms, should not be employed in driving into the heads of the masses certain useful truths. The promoters of the fight against alco-



hol have already thought of this. At the Exposition we saw not only pamphlets with very sensational illustrations, but also placards and lantern-slides showing in startling fashion the dangers of alcoholism. At Paris, in certain hospital wards, have been pasted up placards announcing these dangers and briefly calling them to mind. Dr. Folet, of the University of Lille, has delivered in that city an interesting lecture on this subject. He desires to create a public sentiment against alcoholism by means of advertisement.

In his hospital service, Dr. Folet, we are told, fastens on the backs of the frames used to hold the patient's record a statement, in brief paragraphs, of the dangers of excessive drinking. In this statement Dr. Folet calls attention to the fact that the most dangerous alcoholic drinks are so-called appetizers, or bitters, of which absinthe is the worst example, and the "tonics," containing coca, kola, or the like.

But this is not enough, the writer goes on to say. When we read on the walls that such and such an appetizer is the best, we should paste below the legend "Absinthe is a poison." Small gummed labels may be distributed, to be pasted on walls and trees. One or more of these devices, M. Folet suggests, may also be printed on objects of domestic use, such as lamp-shades, calendars, boxes, children's toys, toy balloons, cheap handkerchiefs, pipes, knives, mirrors, etc., which may be sold for a trifle. The writer continues, still quoting Dr. Folet:

The defiance to alcohol may be written in letters a yard high on walls, so as to be visible over a large region. In regions frequented by tourists, I should not object to seeing it in huge white letters on some high rock.

We should ask of the railroad companies permission to place along their lines great anti-alcoholic placards with brief inscription, such as "Alcohol a Poison"; "Beware of Bitters."

Of course there would be colored transparencies at windows, sandwich men and illuminated advertising wagons—that goes without saying.

This method has already been employed at Lille, where the anti-alcoholic manifesto is to be seen on every street-car, and where placards are pasted to the walls. Here are some of the advertisements used at Lille by Dr. Folet:

ALL APPETIZERS  
ARE POISONS.  
France alone drinks  
AS MUCH ABSINTHE  
as all the rest of the world. This is why in twenty  
years the number  
OF CRIMES, INSANITIES AND SUICIDES  
has doubled there.

ALCOHOL CAUSES  
many diseases, especially  
CONSUMPTION.

In hospital, 100 consumptives include 71 alcoholics.

The repetition of these truths will not convert many alcoholics, but it will doubtless keep many sober persons from drunkenness. Alcohol does not strengthen; appetizers are always more or less injurious. This can not be repeated too often, and the advertisement and the poster may aid in causing the truth to penetrate into the mind of the masses.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, God, in his wisdom, has called our dear sister, Mrs. Grace C. Everett, from her earthly labors to the sphere of rest, ease and blessedness; therefore,

*Resolved*, That the Ladies' Aid Society of the Andover Seventh-day Baptist church has lost a faithful member, the church a zealous and devoted worker, and the community a kind and willing helper.

*Resolved*, That we extend to her bereaved husband and son, and her sister, Mrs. C. C. Livermore, our heartfelt sympathy, and commend them to Him who "doeth all things well" for consolation.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be engrossed in the record book of the Society, and that a copy be forwarded to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

MRS. FLORA I. MOSHER,  
MRS. LUCY A. BACKUS, } Com.  
MRS. FANNIE C. BACKUS, }

#### THE PATH.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

There is a path that I would lead you by,  
If you will trust yourself to me for guide;  
A path that bends along the woodland side  
Beyond the church-yard, where the dreamers lie  
Dreaming their last long dream. A quiet sky  
Leans over it, and grain fields poppy-pied  
Stretch billowy to eastward, amber-wide,  
From where the forest brethren sway and sigh.

Below the wood a stile stands; then a brook  
Tosses its unsoiled silver down in glee;  
Next is a thymy slope which we must breast  
Climbing the gradual pathway to its crest;  
And now that we have won the summit, look!—  
Mysterious as our human life—the sea!

—The Independent.

#### FROM W. H. GODSEY.

I left home the 22d of July to go to Sherwood, Tenn., to hold a series of meetings, by special request of Bro. L. A. Morris, who used to live at Wynne, Ark., but was raised at the above named place. I arrived at Memphis the 23d, at sunset, and called on my brother-in-law, W. T. Hume. The next day I called on Prof. Threlkeld, of the Nelson Commercial School, and we went out to his home, spending three hours with them, enjoying their acquaintance very much. The next day I called on Bro. Whails, a Seventh-day Adventist family. That night, at 8.30, I left Memphis for Sherwood, arriving there the next morning. Bro. Morris was soon on the grounds to meet me, and showed me the way out to his home. We went up on the mountain from the valley on Crow Creek, and in good time we arrived at the house, where his wife soon announced that dinner was ready; and so were we, for climbing the mountain seemed to sharpen my appetite.

That evening it rained, so we had only a small attendance, but there was a glorious meeting before many days' stay with those people at the Goss school-house. There were about twenty-five conversions and renewals, and about thirteen or fourteen who made a covenant to continue to seek and ask God's blessings to rest upon them. There were four baptized under the covenant to keep the commandments of God and walk in the faith of Jesus, taking the Bible as their rule of faith and practice. Indeed it was a good meeting, and I would have gladly stayed longer, for there were two other places that begged me to go and hold meetings with them. I preached one sermon on the subject of the Sabbath. All are well pleased with the way I presented, "Why I keep the seventh day; why I don't keep the first day." There are a great many who are looking the matter of the Sabbath up, and learning what the Bible has to say upon the subject. I distributed about 2,000 pages of tracts of Tract Society publication. The meetings lasted twelve days and nights, and it seemed that every one was more or less blessed in attending. I am sure there will be a Seventh-day Baptist church organized there of several members. Bro. Morris's wife was baptized while I was there. Bro. Morris says he could not get along without the SABBATH RECORDER.

For three and one-half years Bro. Morris opposed me and the seventh day as the Sabbath, but he read and became convinced he was wrong in doing so, and then confessed it like a man and went to keeping the Sabbath; when he moved to Tennessee he became hungry for preaching, and wrote me to come. I went, and I found him sound in the faith, but a little rusty in the work, and all because he had but few meetings to attend, he being about

the only working church member in his immediate neighborhood; he is now wonderfully encouraged. May God abundantly bless the efforts and seed-sowing at the Goss school-house.

I expect to go back on a visit soon, the Lord willing, at which time I will hold a meeting at another point, about six or seven miles from there, by special request. The Seventh-day Baptists have many more friends in that section.

I must say a few words about the climate; it is fine, healthy, and plenty of good water to drink, and a good fruit-growing country. It is a good corn and wheat country as well.

The Lord bless Sabbath Reform work everywhere. Amen.

#### WHY WOMEN HAVE THE "BLUES"

"Why do so many women have melancholia?" repeated the doctor, who has a large practice among the "depressed" and "nervous" feminine population. "Because they don't care to avoid it. Because they absolutely disregard the rules of mental and physical well-being. Because they would rather eat what they like and suffer indigestion and the blues afterward than to eat what is good for them, but doesn't tickle their palates. Because they'd rather sit about on soft cushions than take a tramp six miles through the open air. Because they haven't enough to occupy their minds and their hands."

Then the doctor paused to take breath, and began again somewhat less aggressively:

"It is never the women who have cause to feel blue," he said, "who indulge in blues. The women who have shiftless husbands, hard-hearted landlord, sick babies and all the usual accompaniments of poverty never grow so depressed that they have to be treated for it. They are too busy. It's the woman with an adoring family, social position and a comfortable income who doesn't find life worth living. It isn't the servant girl who gets up at six to kindle the fire and who slaves all day who indulges in melancholia, but the daughter of the family, who arises at eight, dawdles over her breakfast, reads a little, practices a little, shops a little, craves excitement with all her heart, and is melancholic because she doesn't have it.

"There is no habit which grows upon one so rapidly," went on the doctor. It becomes a disease in a very short time. My own plan, whenever I feel an attack coming on, is to put on my walking boots and tramp vigorously as far as I can. It is simply impossible to exercise and feel blue at the same time. Of course, a general care of the health is necessary, and work is the chief factor in effecting a cure. Every woman who has a tendency to melancholia should have an occupation which, if it doesn't entirely absorb her, will at least keep her busy. And she should give her mind up to practical, rather than theoretical, affairs. She should study how to put an extra shelf in a cupboard or how to stop a squeaking door, or how to make an overshoe that won't come off at the heel, rather than the teachings of the theosophical school or the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. Ordinarily good health, plenty of exercise, plenty of work, and an interest in the affairs of this world are the great preventives and cures of melancholia."—London Doctor.

THERE are souls in this world that have the gift of finding joy everywhere.—Faber.



## Young People's Work.

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

### A MESSAGE TO THE ISOLATED ONES.

*Dear Friends:*—Have you been trying to follow Jesus all the way, and has it been your fortune to be isolated from others of like faith? Be sure there is some plan in this. An accident with God is impossible. Should we not praise him that he has accounted us worthy to bear his banner of truth and message of love to those in darkness?

We have, no doubt, all seen Christian Endeavor or Sabbath-school banners with nothing on the reverse side. If the bearer was careless or indolent, or if a sudden gust of wind came up, how quickly the banner would be reversed, and people along the wayside would see nothing but a blank!

Let us pray for each other, that we may never neglect to show our colors when a favorable opportunity comes. Though there are many discouragements and temptations to entice us, and storms to assail, let us preserve our banner intact. Let us carry it when we go out to mingle with other Christians, and not leave it at home stowed away in some dark corner, to gather dust.

One may say: "I have tried to be faithful, and to let my light shine for a long time, and I see no results." Who has taught you to look for results? It is a weakness which we all possess, no doubt. Is it not enough to know that our Master has said: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

It is usually on the eve of a great triumph that men get discouraged. It is then that the enemy comes to make us afraid. We have no right to refuse to do a little because we cannot do much. God will surely bring about the harvest if we sow in faith. Truth is eternal, and its seeds cannot all decay; though some may not germinate for years. What may not God accomplish through even one consecrated, prayerful Sabbath-keeper? Oh, that we may all be true to the promptings of the Spirit!

ANGELINE ABBEY.

ERIE, Pa.

### SECRETS REVEALED BY THE CAMERA.

Probably no human invention has aided the course of justice to a greater extent than the snap-shot camera. It has been instrumental in condemning criminals, and has also been the means before now of saving innocent lives.

A case in point is that of Alfred Grayson, an Englishman who was living a few years ago at Rio de Janeiro. He was accused of the murder of a Brazilian named Linares, a clerk in the same office with himself. The two were known to have quarreled some days previous to the Sunday on which Linares met his death. Apparently, however, they had made up their difference, for they went out sailing that day on a small yacht which Grayson had hired.

In the evening Grayson brought the dead body of Linares home. His story was that the latter had fallen from the mast and fractured his skull. But medical evidence was of opinion the wound on the head had been made with a stick or oar. An oar was missing from the yacht's dingey. The mast climbing story, too, sounded improbable, for

the rigging was all worked from deck. Taking the recent quarrel into consideration, and Grayson's well-known violent temper, the case was black, indeed, against the Englishman. The coroner's jury had already found him guilty of murder, when a passenger on a Marseilles steamer, which had arrived in Rio on the Sunday afternoon, came forward with a new piece of evidence.

This was a snap-shot photograph taken as the vessel entered the harbor. Far away, under the cliffs, a tiny vessel was sailing, and against the white sail was a dark mark which a powerful magnifier proved to be a falling man. By an almost miraculous coincidence the camera had been snapped just as Linares fell. The photograph turned the scale in Grayson's favor.

Almost equally curious is the way in which a photograph aided justice in the Cooper murder case. Cooper was assistant to a young blacksmith named McKenna in a Lancashire village. Both men were known to be fond of the same girl. One day Cooper was found dead on the floor of the smithy. He had been poisoned with carbolic acid. McKenna was suspected, but there was no proof whatever of his ever having bought or owned any carbolic acid, while Cooper was known to have purchased, as a toothache remedy, the vial found beside his dead body. "Death from misadventure" was the verdict.

Shortly afterwards McKenna was arrested. It appeared that an English tourist provided with a kodak had passed through the village on the very morning of the murder. Attracted by the quaintness of the old forge, he had taken several snap-shots of it. The photographer went on to stay in an out-of-the-way part of the Highlands, and did not hear of Cooper's death for some days. Then he hastened to develop his plates. Plain in one of the pictures were three bottles on a shelf. Two were beer bottles, the third was unmistakably one of those fluted blue glass bottles in which poisons are sold. It had also a label on it, and though the wording on this could not be read, yet on the strength of this evidence the police made a thorough search of McKenna's premises. They found the remains of the bottle in question in an old well, and proved that it had contained carbolic acid. Then McKenna confessed his guilt.

The more recent developments of scientific photography must make the criminal feel less secure than he used to. One of those thieves who make a living by van robbing got an unpleasant shock one day in March last. He had safely got off with a tub of butter which he had stolen from the tail of a wagon as it crossed a bridge in Rochester, New York. The deadly witness against him was a photograph taken by telephotography from the top of a neighboring high building.

A biograph picture of the Grand Trunk railway bridge over the Niagara gorge was recently taken, and, when developed, thrown upon the canvas at a music hall at Toronto. It was then noticed for the first time by the audience that a human body was tossing and spinning in the whirling waters. Search was at once made, and the body of a missing and much-advertised suicide was discovered, still caught in the furious suction of the whirlpool.

Hindu criminals succeeded by long practice in forming a little bag in their throats into which they can guide jewels when they steal

them. Last September a native was arrested for stealing a diamond worth 10,000 rupees from a jeweler's window in Calcutta. But as the evidence was only circumstantial, and possession unproved, he would have been liberated had it not occurred to the police to have an X-ray photograph taken of his throat. That showed the gem safely hidden in the little sac. The thief was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, but he still refuses to give up the diamond.

The Roentgen-ray photography has also been instrumental in adding several thousand pounds to the Customs Revenue of Buenos Ayres within the last year. Valuable jewelry on which no duty was being paid was known to be coming into the country in letters. It is, however, illegal to open letters or stamped packages, so the law-breakers were unchecked. At last, in June, 1900, several registered letters and packages were examined under X-rays in the presence of the Argentine Post-master General. Sixty-six suspected packages contained £4,000 worth of jewelry, and were, of course, all confiscated.

—*Tid Bits.*

### LEARNING TO BE A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

BY THE HON. GEORGE F. HOAR

In managing his voice, the speaker, when he is engaged in earnest conversation, commonly and naturally falls into the best tone and manner for public speaking. Suppose you are sitting about a table with a dozen friends, and some subject is started in which you are deeply interested. You engage in an earnest and serious dialogue with one of them at the other end of the table. You are perfectly at ease, not caring in the least for your manner or tone of voice, but only for your thought. The tone you adopt then will ordinarily be the best tone for you in public speaking. You can, however, learn from teachers or friendly critics to avoid any harsh or disagreeable fashion of speech that you may have fallen into, and that may be habitual to you in private conversation.

Next, never strain your vocal organs by attempting to fill spaces which are too large for you. Speak as loudly and distinctly as you can do easily, and let the more distant portions of your audience go. You will find in that way very soon that your voice will increase in compass and power, and you will do better than by a habit of straining the voice beyond its natural capacity. Be careful to avoid falsetto. Shun imitating the tricks of speech of other orators, even of famous and successful orators. These may do for them but not for you. You will do no better in attempting to imitate the tricks of speech of other men in public speaking than in private speaking.

Never make a gesture for the sake of making one. I believe that most of the successful speakers whom I know would find it hard to tell you whether they make gestures or not, they are so absolutely unconscious in the matter. But with gestures as with the voice, get teachers or friendly critics to point out to you any bad habit you may fall into. I think it would be well if our young public speakers, especially preachers, would have competent instructors and critics among their auditors, after they enter their profession, to give them the benefit of such observations and counsel as may be suggested in that way.—*Scribner's Magazine.*



## Children's Page.

### AN UNINVITED GUEST.

BY FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM.

"Then you don't want to invite Paulina?"

"Why, no, mamma, I don't know her so very well. She's more your friend. She's just in my Sabbath-school class and she doesn't come very often to school, and she doesn't know very many of the girls, and I don't think she'd enjoy parties anyway, and she wouldn't have anything to wear, and I don't play with her very much only when she comes to see me, and you said I might have anybody at my birthday party."

"Very well," said Ruth's mother, "but I hope her feelings won't be hurt."

"Why, I don't believe she'd think of being invited, and I'll ask the girls not to tell her anything about it."

"I wouldn't mention it to the girls if I were you," said her mother, as she drew her pencil through Paulina Wilkins's name.

"And Rosamond Archer is the next one I want."

"Why, Ruth, do you know Rosamond well enough? Hasn't she just moved into the neighborhood?"

"Now, mamma, you said I could have anybody I wanted to the party. I know Rosamond very well indeed. She's just perfectly lovely. She sits next me at school and has the prettiest dresses."

So Rosamond Archer's name was added to the list of party guests.

"It's just as well I didn't invite Paulina," declared Ruth, on her birthday, while her mother helped her dress for the party. "She hasn't been to school for a week and doesn't know a thing about it, and I know that Rosamond would think it was funny if I'd asked her."

"Then Rosamond is a very silly little girl, whom I'm sorry we invited to the party. And I'm worried about Paulina. I must see Mrs. Johnson and find out if she is ill."

For Ruth's mother felt a responsibility for the Johnson family and a special interest in Paulina. Paulina was a little orphan Mrs. Johnson had taken to her home to help "mind the children and do the chores." As Mrs. Johnson went out working by the day and there were three small children, not counting the baby, little Paulina found that minding the children and doing the chores left her scant time for school and few moments for play.

But Ruth soon forgot all about Paulina. It was a beautiful day for the party, and the little guests arrived promptly. Ruth was standing in the library chatting with the newest arrival, when again the door-bell rang. From where she was standing, by craning her short neck, Ruth could see the front door. Now, as she peered around the corner of the library *portiere*, she saw the maid open the door and beheld little Paulina Wilkins standing on the threshold. Ruth turned red and white by turns and drew back suddenly. She looked at her mother, who in the farther corner of the room had all the little guests, with the exception of the one by Ruth, about her, and was making them laugh at a funny story. What should Ruth do? What could she do? The little girl beside her was talking blithely:

"You all sit in a circle and you number

each one—if you don't want to play it, never mind"—for the little girl saw that Ruth was not listening; again the forgetful little hostess had leaned forward and again she drew back.

"O yes, I do, it would be lovely," and Ruth's troubled face tried to take on a look of interest. "Tell me the rest."

In that quick glance Ruth had seen enough to know that the maid had ushered Paulina in, and of course the little girl had gone through the hall and up stairs. And Rosamond Archer was up there, too!

What would she think when she saw Paulina? Ruth wanted to tell her mother about it, but there was no chance, and what good would it do, anyway? Ruth's mother would be glad Pauline had come.

Meantime little Paulina, guiltless of any offense, was indeed going up the stairs. The maid had opened the door at her first touch on the bell handle and had said: "Please walk up stairs and take off your wraps; first room to the left."

Paulina, who was always shy and overawed in Ruth Wilder's house, had entered the door and gone up the stairs in so dazed a state at this unusual preparation for her arrival that she had scarcely dared lift her eyes from the handsome carpet and, in the upper hall, had turned to the right and entered the wrong room, without happening to meet any children on the way.

The secret of this afternoon call of hers had been that, after being kept from school for a week and awake most of the nights with Mrs. Johnson's sick baby, Mrs. Johnson had decided to give her a half-holiday, especially as the baby was better, thanks to Paulina's faithful care.

"Where you goin'?" Mrs. Johnson asked, as Paulina laid the baby in her arms that afternoon.

"I thought mebbe I'd go to Mis' Wilder's," said Paulina, balancing herself on one weary foot.

"I would if I was you," said Mrs. Johnson, rocking heartily back and forth with the baby. "And you'd better fix up a little. You kin wear your brown skirt if you want and—let me see—you try on that red waist Mis' Wilson give me. I can't meet it on me ef I was to hold my breath tell I was black in the face; but I always tell 'em, 'If 'twon't fit me, I've got all sizes to home.' I guess it'll just about fit you." Mrs. Johnson was not hard-hearted, only poor and busy.

So Paulina, in the brown skirt and red waist, which fitted her according to Mrs. Johnson's idea only, started for the Wilders' with a happy heart. Mrs. Wilder always gave her a good time. But now as she took off her hat and jacket in the Wilders' handsome chamber she was a trifled bewildered. She was wondering if she would not better wait until somebody came to tell her where to go next, when there was a step in the hall and there in the doorway stood a wonderful vision. A lovely little girl in a white dress with little blue flowers sprinkled all over it and pretty blue ribbons fluttering about her. Paulina remembered her at school, though she had never spoken to her; she knew her name was Rosamond Archer.

"Hullo," said the little girl, smiling.

"Hullo," responded Paulina; she advanced a shy step or two toward the door.

"Aren't you coming down stairs?"

"O, I don't know," began Paulina, slowly, "I"—

"Come down with me," and Rosamond held out her hand, "then there'll be two of us."

Paulina stepped forward with a pleased smile and outstretched hand, then she drew back.

"I'm not dressed up much." Mrs. Johnson's red waist shrank suddenly in beauty, in beauty only; if it could but have shrank in size to Paulina's slender little frame!

Rosamond looked her over frankly. Her glance went from the pleated ruffle of the brown skirt that almost touched Paulina's heels behind and was above the tops of her shabby boots in front, then traveled up the pointed overskirt to the black ribbon that could scarcely be called a belt, since it performed no service, but left the large skirt binding gaping below. Rosamond studied the ample red waist, with a patch on each elbow of the unfaded color, and the plain piping that did office as a collar; then her look settled on Paulina's clean, earnest face and her smooth, neat hair. Mrs. Johnson prided herself on her own and Paulina's tidiness.

It took but a moment for Rosamond to see all this, then she stepped into the room and said, kindly: "P'raps I could pin up your skirt behind."

"O," said Paulina, and she tried to twist her head over her shoulder to see the gap; one could not see below one's waist in Mrs. Johnson's mirrors.

Rosamond took her by the skirt-band and drew her toward the dressing-table. Paulina backed shyly and fearfully beneath the other's commanding hand. She stood like a little image while Rosamond fastened her skirt. "There! that's all right," said Rosamond, as she drew down the black ribbon in front and straightened up to look at Paulina. "If you only had a ribbon 'round your neck, you'd look real pretty." Then she glanced down at her own bow-trimmed gown. "Here, I'll rip this off; hand me those finger-nail scissors."

"O my, you mustn't," whispered Paulina, without stirring.

"Mamma won't care a bit; it won't show," and Rosamond went to the dressing-table and began to snip away with the scissors. Then she advanced to Paulina with one of the pretty blue bows in her hand. "Now, hold up your head and I'll tie it 'round your neck."

Paulina held up her small pointed chin, and Rosamond twisted the blue ribbon around the thin little neck. It pinched somewhat, but Paulina was too thankful to have something really "fit" to complain.

"There, that's lovely!" said Rosamond, with a final little pat. "Now let's go down stairs."

She took Paulina's hand and led her through the hall. There was a little girl half-way down the stairs, and the two called back and forth, so nobody heard Paulina say:

"O, I'm 'fraid they've got company."

"Hurry up, Paulina," said Rosamond, grasping tightly the hand Paulina half tried to withdraw. So down the stairs they went, the dainty Rosamond with Paulina dragging behind, her old brown skirt brushing the stairs at each step.

The next Paulina knew she was in a room filled with little girls, and the delicate color spread from the edges of her blue collar to the



roots of her hair. A little girl near the door called out: "Hullo, Paulina, come and sit here," but when Paulina would have halted Rosamond drew her forward to pay her respects to her hostess.

"How do you do, Ruth," said Rosamond, dropping Paulina's hand to shake that of her hostess. Then Paulina put out her little claw and said, "How do you do, Ruth," in a weak imitation of Rosamond. Then Ruth said, "How do you do, Paulina," and she looked in bewilderment at her two little guests and noted how Paulina's collar matched Rosamond's bows.

"But when Ruth's mother came forward and shook hands with Rosamond and put one arm about Paulina, the little uninvited guest looked up and whispered:

"I didn't mean to get in a party."

"But I meant to have you, dear," said Mrs. Wilder, patting the littlered flannel shoulder.

Then Rosamond took Paulina's hand and said, "Let's sit over here, Paulina."

"Paulina's going to sit side of me," cried the little girl by the door in her loud, merry voice.

"I'll get a chair, and Paulina can sit between you," said Ruth's mother, and she turned away with a lump in her throat at the sight of the beautiful happiness in Paulina's face.

When that most delightful party was over and Paulina stood in the hall waiting for Mr. Archer, who was to walk home with her, Ruth came out of the dining-room with a package of cakes:

"These are for the Johnson children, Paulina, and some for you."

Paulina looked up at her. "I was just coming to see you. I didn't know it was a party, and I'm sorry I didn't have a present for your birthday."

"O my" cried Ruth, then she put both arms about Paulina with a hug and kiss. "You needn't ever bring me a present, but you must always come to my parties."—*Congregationalist*.

#### QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The Queen of Denmark, who has recently died, was a great friend of Hans Christian Andersen. In "The Story of My Life," he says: "The pleasantest picture which my memory holds of this time is a short and charming visit at Fredensborg. The King was so gracious as to receive me. Two apartments in the castle were given me, and I found, as always, the most cordial, if I dare use the expression, most friendly reception. The King and Queen wished to hear me read my last written stories. I have seen all the King's children grow up, and always from their childhood they have given me the hands of friends. To know this family is to be drawn to them—it is such a charming household, full of affection and temperate life. The queen has great good sense. All the King's children have heard me read my Wonder Stories—the Crown Prince Frederick and his brother, now King of Greece, the Princess Alexandra and Dagmar, and the two youngest children, Princess Thyra and little Valdemer, who had a promise that they should stay up half an hour longer so that they could hear the reading."

What a multitude of little children, and big ones, too, have enjoyed those Wonder Tales

of Hans Christian Andersen's. All over the world, in the palaces and in the home of the poor peasant, those stories have been learned by heart from frequent readings. And yet the author of them never had a child of his own, and his childhood was full of sorrow and disappointment.

One little room, which was almost filled with his father's shoemaker bench, the bed and his crib, was the abode of his childhood. His father, however, had a literary and artistic taste, the poor little home had pictures on the walls, and over the workbench a cupboard containing books and songs. The father and mother loved their only child, Hans Christian, very fondly, and so did his good grandmother. But the boy lost his father in the early part of his life, and his mother had to leave him by himself and go out washing. So Hans Christian Andersen sat alone and "made up stories," but when he told them as he sometimes did, the people laughed at him.

Finally he left his home and went to Copenhagen to seek his fortune. Very hard times he had, too; many days he went hungry. But after a time his stories began to be listened to, and after many struggles and disappointments he received the recognition due him and his talents. In writing "The Story of My Life," after he got to be an old man, he said: "I hope the history of my life will say to the world what it says to me. 'There is a loving God who directs all things for the best.'" That was the keynote of this great and good man's life.—*Exchange*.

#### A BIRTH-DAY TRIBUTE.

TO W. C. B.

BY ANNIE L. HOLBERTON.

One more circle is completed  
Of time's revolving wheel,  
With its blessings duly meted,  
And the lessons years reveal.

Earth has held for you its pleasures,  
Youth's bright morn and manhood's prime;  
Now the harvest yields you treasures,  
In the golden autumn time.

As the Book of books remindeth,  
You've obeyed this text aright,  
"Whatsoever thy hand findeth  
Do it always with thy might."

And if, by the "fruits" expression  
We may know the pathway trod,  
In the light of your professions  
You've essayed to walk with God.

This, the prayer my heart is breathing:  
May your household e'er be blest,  
Where one precious life's fair evening  
Finds a home of peaceful rest.

For the thoughtful acts you render,  
That have cheered her days' decline,  
With the gems of brightest splendor  
In your crown of Life will shine.

May your birth-day's happy morning  
Ever bring you peace on earth,  
Till shall break that final drawing  
Of the spirit's heavenly birth.

#### MUSINGS.

III.

At Spring Valley we had nineteen boys and girls sent direct from New York City in company with Mr. Robert Brace. They were well-dressed and fair-looking, and the people declared they were a fine lot of children. In them we saw great possibilities for the future. Within five days we saw them all comfortably located in new homes, mostly on farms, with contracts to treat them as their own children until eighteen years of age, and promises of removal if they or the home proved unsatisfactory. Two or three were dreadfully homesick for a day, the rest happy in their new

and strange homes. One was a bright, pretty Hebrew boy of nine years. The oldest, a black-haired, black-eyed, robust Catholic boy was placed in a Presbyterian-Methodist home. Whose religion, the man's or his wife's, he will adapt himself to remains to be seen. He had quickly fallen in love with a colt, and with an Eastman we took a snap-shot of him and the colt in front of the house. His new foster parents were having a jolly time trying to show him the difference between a potato-vine and pigweed. Now, you country boys need not laugh at that, for if you were in the city he could teach you some things of which you are ignorant.

It was very kind in Mrs. Huntley, a lone Sabbath-keeper of Spring Valley, to entertain us over the Sabbath. There we had the Bible and SABBATH RECORDER, rest and meditation. At the hotel on Sunday we said to the traveling men, "Let's go to church." "Well," said one, "who is the smartest preacher in town?" "O that don't make any difference, I'm going to the Baptist church." In the afternoon we gathered in the hotel parlors, the writer at the piano, the rest with Gospel Hymn books. Then it was time to talk about the sermon. The writer thought it was a fine, practical, Gospel sermon. Two others said they heard a very dull, rambling, uninteresting affair. It was not polished, it was not literary, it was not—not—not." "But, friends, do you not wish a preacher to tell you of your mistakes, your soul's deepest needs, and give that which will help you to a higher life as God's child?" "O yes, but —." "But." What does the world put in that but for? And we went to the office and table to muse again. Yes it is the spirit of this age. The messages of truth do not go home to the heart because men are looking for something especially brilliant, eloquent, for beautiful illustrations; in fact, for an hour's entertainment at church. Thousands of these men profess a religious life, but it is a hap-hazard, free and easy life, spiritually as fruitless as no religious life whatever. They attend church and have their names on the book. They delight in church socials, picnics, are perhaps prominent in the secular business, so called. They are not regarded as bad people in the church. They would be greatly missed and have a big funeral when they die. But they have no plan or purpose in what distinguishes men as true disciples of Jesus. They read, if they read, the Bible as they read the daily paper. They listen to sermons as they listen to popular lectures, with tongues loaded for criticism. To Christian conduct they apply the text "Take no thought for the morrow," but not to meat and drink. They go easily through the world and are respected in modern society. They make no enemies by being men of principle and living for the true faith. O how little of Christ in the average life of to-day. Where are the high motives worthy of true Christian character? Judging others? But it is true; and being so true, I must seek in my short life-time to accomplish what God assigns me, and that will demand all my powers and exclude any purposess efforts. *I must be in earnest.* Our train is nearing La Crosse, Wis., and this writing must cease. There is work for the Lord in this wicked city of beer, but we can only do a half-day's work at this point.

H. D. CLARKE.

AUGUST 19, 1901.



## SELF-COMMAND.

The bluff old major had listened attentively to the tales of his comrades, and now it was his turn. "The bravest man I ever met was not on the field of battle. We were campaigning in India, and for some months the command had simply been idling time away. We were all thoroughly tired of routine military inactivity, and finally a party of five of us secured a two weeks' leave of absence to hunt for big game.

"One of our number was a senior regimental officer who had been through ten years' service in India. He had been the guiding spirit of our expedition. Seated a few feet away from him one night at dinner was a young junior officer who had but recently joined the company. We had been eating fruit which bears a very peculiar scent. It is a tradition that this native fruit has a strong attraction for several varieties of venomous reptiles. I, at least, am convinced that there is something more than tradition in it.

"As I have said, we were talking of adventures, when, in a moment of silence, the bluff old regimental officer, looking steadily at the young lieutenant to his left, slowly said, 'Could you keep your presence of mind under the most trying circumstances, when your life depended upon your coolness and courage?'

"Dead silence followed the colonel's question, and the young officer, looking quizzically at his interrogator, replied, 'Yes, I think I could.'

"Then the time has come when you must be put to the test. Move not a muscle until I tell you, or you are a dead man.'

"The young officer sat motionless, his eyes fixed on his feet.

"Then the bronzed old warrior slowly drew his pistol from his holster, and, taking deliberate aim, he fired a shot at the very feet of the man to whom he had addressed this ominous question. For the space of a second we all sat like statues; then the colonel, in a tone of relief, exclaimed: 'It's all right now, boys! I've killed it!'

"At his feet lay the coiling, squirming body of a huge cobra, the most venomous reptile that haunts the jungles of India. The snake had been coiled there ready for a spring when the colonel spoke. The young officer had seen the cobra at almost the same instant, and, realizing his danger, had remained motionless."—*New York Mercury*.

## THE PASSION FOR WEALTH.

Many a man has sacrificed the best part of himself in his struggle for success. He has given up his friendships, torn up all the tender ties of his early years, sacrificed everything which he then held dear, to the goal of his ambition. In his mad rush for the "almighty dollar," all that is beautiful in his social life has been lost sight of. He has developed his money-getting powers, the faculties which grasp and hold, at the expense of all his nobler qualities.

In middle life, he suddenly awakens to the fact that he no longer loves music, that his admiration for poetry and painting has evaporated. He finds that he does not linger by the wayside to drink in the glory of a sunset as he used to do. He no longer cares to lie on his back in the grass and study the stars. He finds it difficult to carry on conversation in society as he once did. In fact,

there is only one thing in life that yields him pleasure,—his business. In the narrow rut, between his office or store and his home, he finds his only joys.

In other words, he has been sacrificing, all these years, all that was finest and best in his nature, to develop the coarser, brute qualities which have enabled him to accumulate a few thousand or a million dollars, which he no longer has power to enjoy except in this mere fact of possession. His bank book and his safe-deposit vault now give him more delight than music, poetry, art, the drama, travel, or the beauties of nature.

His whole disposition, his whole nature, has been changed. His early associates no longer find in him the chum of their youth. He is cold, distant, selfish, and unsympathetic, not because he intended to be this kind of man, but because the pursuit of money has made him what he is. Indeed, if he could have foreseen in his youth the kind of man he would become by pursuing the course he adopted, he would have shrunk from it in horror.

He simply made the mistake of putting himself in an environment that was cold and sordid, that wrenched him away from the generous and kindly habits of his youth, and made him a part of itself.

The surroundings which he first chose, and which he then dominated, now own and dominate him; he is carried along by the very momentum of the force which he once directed; the greed for gold has become a devastating passion, leaving nothing but Dead Sea fruit in the grasp of its unfortunate victim.—*Success*.

## JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER AND THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

BY THOMAS W. GOODSPEED.

It is now a little more than twelve years since Mr. Rockefeller made his first subscription for the establishment of the University. He has just made his second visit to the Institution, participating in the decennial celebration. Through four days he was present at nearly every public exercise, and on three occasions spoke at some length. At the convocation he made a carefully prepared address, full of wit and wisdom, which greatly interested the thousands who were present. At the reception in the mammoth tent a large number of the friends of the University were made acquainted with him. There can be no doubt that many preconceived opinions regarding this remarkable man were changed during this visit.

No man has been more bitterly denounced than Mr. Rockefeller. Every sort of misrepresentation has been made regarding him. Those who did not know him were surprised to see a quiet, benevolent-looking gentleman, gentle and modest, but genial and cordial, and giving the impression of genuineness and sincerity in every expression of his face, every motion of his body and every word he uttered. Those who came into closer relations with him were impressed by the fact that his mind seemed to be dwelling on methods and plans of beneficence, on the best things to help and the best ways of helping them. As a result of his visit many people will hereafter think of Mr. Rockefeller as a delightful, companionable, high-minded man, the embodiment of sincerity, manliness and benevolence.

His relations with the University of Chicago have been ideal. He was not merely its found-

er. His interest in its fortunes has been a continuous and increasing interest. Every year he has contributed to its funds, until the amount of his benefactions exceeds \$9,000,000. He desires the officials to keep in close touch with him that he may know at all times the condition of the Institution. Yet he has never, in the slightest degree, sought to influence its educational policy. The direction of that policy he leaves entirely to the President and Trustees, confining himself to ministering to its material needs.—*The Standard*.

## DRAWING ON THE FUTURE.

"There's always another day to-morrow that has not been used yet," we overheard one man say to another not long since. Well, there is, for most, and oftentimes the thought of this will heart us for efforts yet to be made. We have not covered ourselves with glory, it may be. We have been cowardly when we should have been courageous, and have weakly yielded where we should have stood firm. Well, there is another day, it may be, for us, and on it we may have a chance to do better. Or we may have been hard beset; the archers have made a mark of us and our hurt has been deep, and the demon of hopelessness has whispered of despair in our ears. But there is another day to-morrow and the leaf there is yet unturned and we may have a chance to recover ourselves and grasp hope again. There is comfort for us then in the thought that there is another day unused. But we may make an ill use of all this. We may put off some amendment or postpone some righteous resolve, saying by way of excuse, there is another day to-morrow, and it will be as this and more abundant. And on the morrow it may be with us still to-morrow and never to-day, for those brave deeds of ours we will do in future. Let us then get all the comfort there may be, and help in the thought of another day and perhaps a better yet to come. But let us not presume on this, for the day that is not may never be for us, and the brave deeds we would do will be forever undone.—*Baptist Commonwealth*.

## THE DEER'S EYES.

A Canadian hunter tells this incident of how he once came face to face with his quarry and hadn't the heart to fire: "It wasn't a case of 'buck fever,' such as a novice might experience, for I had been a hunter for many years, and had killed a good many deer. This was a particularly fine buck that I had followed for three days. A strong man can run any deer to earth in time, and at last I had my prey tired out. From the top of a hill I sighted him a few miles away. He had given up the fight and had stretched himself out on the snow. As I stalked him, he changed his position and took shelter behind a boulder, and, using the same boulder for a shelter, I came suddenly face to face with him. He didn't attempt to run away, but stood there, looking at me with the most piteous pair of eyes I ever saw.

"Shoot? I could have no more shot him than I could have shot a child. Had the chance come from a distance of one hundred yards, I would have shot him down, and carried his antlers home in triumph, but once having looked into those eyes, it would have been nothing less than murder."—*Washington Post*.



## 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.

DERUYTER, N. Y.—It is a great privilege to welcome Bro. W. D. Wilcox and wife to the Lincklaen and Otselic fields. He has a great opportunity, and is entering into it heartily and successfully. It is a special joy to see the people co-operating so gladly, and we believe a great and blessed work is before them.

L. R. S.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.—The Second Brookfield church is grateful for the blessings of the season just closing, and an acknowledgement of God's mercies is due. We will not soon forget how gloriously the summer opened with that memorable session of the Central Association entertained by those genial, hospitable people at Verona, the brightness and enthusiasm of which could not be repressed by the almost constant rain which prevailed. We are assured that the delegates were not the only ones from the home church benefitted by this meeting, but that through them the whole church was helped to higher spiritual life. Immediately following this was the brief visit of Pastor L. C. Randolph and Missionary Dr. Palmborg. The pastor will always cherish the memory of the friendship of both of these consecrated workers for Christ, enjoyed during the old college days at Milton, and in the later days of special preparation in Chicago. The church is indebted to Pastor Randolph for the warm gospel sermon preached on Tuesday night of that week, and to Dr. Palmborg for her bright presentation, before the Young People's Missionary Society, on Tuesday afternoon, of the work and workers in Shanghai. An adjunct of the Y. P. M. S., composed largely of the children, whose parents are members of the Senior Society, was organized on that afternoon. It is called the Aunt Rose Auxilliary, in honor of Miss Palmborg.

Last Sabbath, and the evening before, we were favored with the presence and help of Alfred Quartet No. 1. An inspiring and helpful service was conducted by them on Sabbath at the regular hour of prayer. The preaching and the singing were of a high order. Dr. Daland kindly came over the hill on Sabbath morning and in a clear and forcible manner presented the demands for a Theological Seminary, established on a firm financial basis at Alfred. This presentation, with the persuasive presence and singing of "the boys" produced a collection in pledges and cash with which they seemed pleased. On Monday night a load of young people from here attended the evangelistic service, rendering what help they could.

The health of the people of the church at present is somewhat precarious, whooping cough and grip holding some in uncomfortable embrace. "Aunt Esther" Green, sister of the first Mrs. Solomon Carpenter, had the serious misfortune to fall and fracture her hip yesterday. Dr. Sweet, the famous bone-setter, who has recently undergone some persecution at the hands of the professional fraternity for practicing without a diploma, is in attendance at this hour.

Brookfield has been favored by an unusual number of summer guests and boarders, who flee from the work and the crowded city to

the beautiful scenery and rest and quiet and pure air of this higher altitude.

Conference comes on apace. It is the topic of prayer and conversation. We trust a goodly number from here will avail themselves of the riches of this spiritual feast.

PASTOR VANHORN.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y., Aug. 23, 1901.

### EDUCATION IN THE HOME.

There is a process of education constantly going on in every dwelling which care and thought can make an unspeakable advantage and at the same time contribute to make a happy home. To keep objects of pure and high interest before the children's minds, in a natural and suitable way—to have them supplied with such books as will occupy and interest—to talk not so much to them as with them about objects—to take note of and encourage any advance they make, and to direct the flow not of a part of, but of the whole of their lives—physical, mental, moral, without apparent interference or violence; this happy art—to be sought, prayed for, labored for—under God's blessing, goes far to make a happy home.

The tastes of children are naturally simple. Your child's wooden toy cut with your own hand, perhaps, and made a link of connection between your little boy and you, may be more to him, more influential over his character, more potent in binding his heart to you while living, his memory to you when you are dead, than a costly gift that you ordered at the store. And when you, living a loving, natural life before your children, and with them, bend the knee in their midst, and speak to God of them and of yourself, there is a powerful restraint being put on natural evil, there is a pleasant type of heaven where the whole family that is named after Jesus shall be gathered together.—*Dr. John Hall.*

### AN AFRICAN BABY'S BATH.

His mother sets him down in the water (sometimes at the sea-beach, but oftener in the colder river water) and splashes the water up over him. The baby cries, but that makes no difference to the mother, she just goes on throwing the water on him. It would not trouble him so much, except that the river water is so cold for the little fellow. The water comes from the creeks in the shade of the big trees and the bush, so it is much colder than the sea-water. To put a finishing touch to the bath, the mother lays the baby on her hands and plunges him head first down through the water. The baby comes out of his bath clean, but he is so cold he is nearly blue. When you were a little baby, did you have a bath that way?

When we were coming from Lolodorf, some Ugumba people were going with our company to the beach. One man carried his baby, about a year old, in a deer-skin sling, supported on his right shoulder. The mother carried a load heavier than the baby, or she would have carried him. It rained for three hours or more, most of the time a heavy rain. The baby had no protection from the rain. He was as wet as cold water could make him for more than three hours. The rest could walk and keep warm, but he could not. He did not die, though it seemed a wonder he did not.—*Exchange.*

ALL our graces are to be cultivated to the neglect of none of them.—*Thomas Guthrie.*

### MINISTERING TO FEELING.

BY REV. WALTER B. VASSAR.

To minister to feeling is not to play upon the emotions. Public speakers there have been who have made this their chief stock-in-trade. But the man who can kindle smouldering emotions which give liberty to the action of the will is a servant of his fellows, whose ever-widening stream of blessing is of highest estimate.

When those sent by the Pharisees to take Jesus returned without their quest, they excused their conduct with the words, "Never man spake like this man." It was this quality of Christ's thought and heart—the power of awakening feeling—which made him pre-eminent in address. No wonder that he lived in the love of his disciples.

Of all waste in economic life, the waste of words stands in the front. Our old world suffers for want of heart. To talk from the heart to the heart will make a man a preacher. How trite it is to say it. Such an one will always be in the third class of those of whom it is said: "Some men you can hear, others you can't, and still others you can't help hearing."

As the harpoon fixes itself in the flesh of the sea-monster and is ne'er released, so the man who makes the feelings glow, grapples men for a higher life. This is what we ask for when we pray for a live coal from off the altar of God.

Sounds addressed to nought save head are lost and die  
In one short hour; but that which moves the heart  
Lives long within the mind; the faithful shaft  
Engraveth knowledge as with beams of light.

—*The Watchman.*

### GETTING WHAT YOU GO FOR.

It was Dr. Holland who said that we get out of life what we put into it. It is likewise true that we usually get what we go for. There was a certain school in this land some years ago that would not take a student who had no definite purpose in view. Sometimes the rule seemed to be rather arbitrary, but the principal was rigid. He contended that a student who was aimless would be a poor student, and would not be a credit to the school or of much use in the world. Some who were refused were turned to a consideration of life in new aspects, while not a few determined upon a course and then sought admission to the school. It may have been a narrow conception of education, but it contained a principle many of us need to learn. What are you going for? Nothing? Then that is precisely what you will get. It does not follow that every caprice of the heart will be satisfied; but it does follow that every earnest purpose of life will find realization in some way. What a great majority of young people need to-day is simply this: Going for something; going for it steadily, persistently, through sunshine and rain, accepting opportunities, making opportunities, keeping at it. To such a sturdy heart there is sure to come a rich reward.—*Baptist Union.*

"COME back as soon as possible," said her mistress to Maggie, who was going home in response to a telegram saying her mother was ill. "Yes, mum," promised Maggie.

A day or two later a letter came:

"Dear Mis Smith:—i will be back nex week pleas kep my place, for me mother is dying as fast as she can

"To oblidge

"Maggie."

—*"New" Lippincott.*



## 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 XI.—JACOB A PRINCE WITH GOD.

For Sabbath-day, Sept. 14, 1901.

LESSON TEXT—Gen. 32: 1-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.  
—Luke 18: 1.

#### INTRODUCTION.

Rebekah had spoken to Jacob of a few days' sojourn in Haran until the wrath of Esau should be appeased. But the few days grew into twenty years, and we do not know that Rebekah lived to see her favorite son. Surely she found punishment for her part in the deceit which gained Isaac's blessing for Jacob.

After many and various experiences in the household of Laban, Jacob now returns to Canaan with his wives and children and great possessions, and seeks a reconciliation with Esau.

Although we may not deny to Jacob his faults, he certainly was characterized by a sincere trust in God. In our present lesson we see him making arrangements for the safety of his family, and then praying to God, humbly acknowledging his own lack of worthiness and pleading the fulfillment of the promises.

TIME.—The traditional date is 1739 B. C. According to the comparative ages of Jacob and Joseph, Jacob must have been now over ninety years old. He must, therefore, have spent more than twenty years in Haran, or gone there at the age of seventy.

PLACES.—At Mahanaim and Peniel, near the Brook Jabbok, a few miles east of the Jordan.

PERSONS.—Jacob and his family and his servants; the one who wrestled with Jacob.

#### OUTLINE:

1. Jacob's Distress Through Fear of Esau. v. 1-12.
2. Jacob's Plan to Propitiate Esau. v. 13-21.
3. Jacob Wrestling with the Angel of Jehovah. v. 22-32.

#### NOTES.

1. *And the angels of God met him.* This reminds us of the vision of Jacob concerning which we studied last week.

2. *Mahanaim.* The meaning of the word is a little in dispute. It probably means two hosts, or a double host. In this verse the name evidently refers to the host of God and the company of Jacob.

3. *And Jacob sent messengers before him to Esau.* He vividly remembers the occasion of his departure from Canaan, and wishes for a favorable reception from his brother. *Unto the land of Seir, the country of Edon.* The region south of the Dead Sea.

4. *Thus shall ye speak unto my Lord Esau, etc.* A very carefully-worded message, giving an impression of Jacob's importance, and at the same time of his deference toward his brother.

6. *Also he cometh to meet thee and four hundred men with him.* Esau does say that he means mischief toward his brother; but his action shows that he is not overawed by the great possessions of Jacob, and that he proposes to let Jacob know that he [Esau] can do what he pleases with these great possessions.

7. *Then Jacob was greatly afraid, etc.* The man who had sought to kill Jacob twenty years [or more] before was now coming against him with an overwhelming force. In the providence of God this was just the appropriate experience for Jacob. He needed to feel his dependence upon God, and to realize more deeply that he had wronged his brother. *He divided the people, etc.* He made all possible provisions for escape, and turned to God in prayer.

9. *Return unto thy country, . . . and I will deal well with thee.* He claims the promise of God.

10. *I am not worthy of the least, etc.* He acknowledges his own unworthiness. *Truth, or rather, faithfulness.* For with my staff. Jacob had nothing but his staff when he went away from Canaan. His present great possessions are the gift of God.

13. *And took of that which came to his hand.* By these words we are not to infer that Jacob selected at random. Compare the translation of the Revised Version. He really made a very valuable present to Esau, and he was careful to arrange it so that it would appear to the best advantage. The succession of choice flocks was a well-planned attack upon the ill-nature of Esau. It was intended to make him feel that the generosity of Jacob was practically boundless.

22. *And he rose up that night and took his two wives, etc.* It is evident that Jacob had decided to meet Esau boldly, and show that he expected a favorable reception. He makes no provision for armed resistance and crosses the Jabbok with the women and children, thus making a retreat very difficult, if not altogether impossible. Nothing is said here of the division of his family into two bands.

24. *And Jacob was left alone.* Jacob had already come to realize, in a certain sense, his dependence upon God [see verse 7ff]; but it was necessary that he should come to a complete realization of his own inability. By the craftiness of his mother he had secured his father's blessing; by his own ingenuity he had got the better of Laban, who was no mean antagonist in guile, and had become very rich in flocks and herds. When he has come now to re-enter the promised land, God does not wish him to come as Jacob, the supplanter, triumphant over the animosity of his brother by a well-laid scheme of five hundred and eighty animals, arranged in appropriate droves, with carefully-adjusted distances between them, and conducted by well-instructed herdsmen. *And there wrestled a man with him.* As Jacob tarried on the north side of Jabbok alone, perhaps to see that all had gone in good order and that nothing of value was left, God appeared to him again. As Jehovah had come to Abraham as a man, so now to Jacob, and he was perceived not so much by the sight as by the touch. *Until the breaking of the day.* Evidently, a long struggle.

25. *And when he saw that he prevailed not, etc.* Jacob was a strong man, both physically and mentally. He needed to realize that he must have spiritual strength also. By a simple touch, the one who had struggled so long in vain now was master of the valiant Jacob. Jacob in the time of his failure was also victorious; for now has he recognized who his antagonist is, and that the way to prevail with him is through trust. Jacob has learned his lesson. The strongest joint of his physical body had been dislocated; but now he has spiritual strength, and lives to trust, not in the trickery of his brain, or in the strength of his body, but in God.

27. *What is thy name?* The name Jacob—supplanter—pictures his character, and thus suggests his greatest need.

28. *Israel. Warrior of God. Wrestler with God. For as a prince hast thou power with God.* Better, "for thou hast striven with God." Jacob has striven before with Laban, and with Esau, and has been successful. Now he has prevailed with God.

29. *Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name?* It is under the circumstances entirely needless to inquire concerning the name of the One who has prevailed over Jacob and at the same time yielded to him so great a blessing.

30. *Peniel. Face of God. And my life is preserved.* That is, contrary to expectation, in view of the general rule. Exod. 33: 20.

31. *And he halted upon his thigh.* His lameness was an evidence that his struggle at Peniel had not been a mere spiritual exercise. It was also a reminder of the change that had taken place in him. It was, doubtless, humiliating for a strong man like Jacob to limp; but this very lameness was on the other hand a token of God's nearness to him and of the blessing which he had bestowed upon him.

32. *Therefore the children of Israel eat not of the sinew, etc.* A curious custom which grew out of this incident. It is not mentioned elsewhere in the Bible; but it is prescribed in the Talmud. The sinew in question is apparently that portion of the principal nerve of the leg that is found in the thigh—the sciatic nerve.

### "ALFRED STUDENT."

For a complete set of the "Alfred Student," in good condition, bound or unbound, will be paid

\$5.00.

SABBATH RECORDER,  
Plainfield, N. J.

## Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

### Wood Alcohol.

Alcohol made from wood is quite extensively manufactured in the United States; the amount being fully three-fifths of all that is used in the world. The wood consumed in its manufacture, per year, requires what would cover over fifteen thousand acres with substantial forest trees.

Wood alcohol is used mostly in the place of alcohol made from grain, for manufacturing and mechanical purposes, and is a very good substitute as a solvent for shalac in the making of varnish, and in making celluloid and photographic paper. It is also used to make dye-tints beautiful; in liniments, in making vinegar and for various other purposes.

In order to manufacture alcohol from wood it becomes necessary first to convert the wood into liquid, although apparently there is no liquid in the wood and all moisture may have been dried out of it, the wood having become well seasoned. The wood is made liquid by placing it in an iron retort and applying heat which will eliminate smoke and gases, forming pyroligneous acid to at least sixty-five per cent of the weight of the wood. When the pyroligneous acid is neutralized with lime, the alcohol is distilled off, the lime holding the acetic acid in solution. After the alcohol is separated, the remaining liquor is boiled in pans to a thick syrup, then dried; this forms the acetate of lime of commerce. This is used quite extensively in making acetic acid.

Four thousand pounds of hard wood, treated as above described, will yield about two thousand six hundred and fifty pounds of pyroligneous acid, and seven hundred pounds of charcoal. It is claimed that the four thousand pounds of wood—equivalent to a pile eight feet long, four feet high and four feet wide—will yield nine gallons of alcohol, two hundred pounds of acetate of lime, about twenty-five gallons of tar, and thirty-five bushels of charcoal.

The man who uses whisky containing wood alcohol to make himself drunk will pay the full penalty for his temerity in short order. It would be an unspeakable blessing to mankind, if all alcohol of whatever substance made, would produce the same deleterious effect as wood alcohol does on every person who drinks it. Such a result would destroy our liquor-drinking customs, prevent suffering, crime and sorrow, and do much toward solving the temperance problem.

### Another Step Forward.

The telegraph and telephone have joined hands, "and still go marching on." Mr. C. H. Grant, Superintendent of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has perfected an invention by which he transmits both a telegraph and a telephone message over one wire, at the same time, without any interruption whatever.

The tests have been made over a line of twenty-five miles in length, which has been in operation for three weeks, and has given perfect satisfaction. Conversing by telephone does not produce any confusion with the telegraph message. The two systems appear to work in perfect harmony.

The invention consists in an original system of reduction coils and condensers, thus avoiding all noise from the clicking of the



telegraph. The company in a few days will have the line in operation over a wire one hundred and fifteen miles in length. The telephone eventually will put to silence all clicking and ticking. Talking everywhere in the English language will be the order of the day.

**MARRIAGES.**

**HARRIS-GATES.**—At Lincklaen Centre, N. Y., April 18, 1901, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. Alexander Harris, of Lincklaen, and Mrs. Arlouine Gates, of DeRuyter.

**GREENMAN-BURDICK.**—At the home of the bride, in DeRuyter, N. Y., June 25, 1901, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. Judson Greenman and Mrs. Sally Burdick, both of DeRuyter.

**PARSLOW-BABCOCK.**—At the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Myron E. Gardiner, Canastota, N. Y., July 10, 1901, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. Merton J. Parslow, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Miss Mabel E., youngest daughter of the late Dea. J. H. Babcock, of DeRuyter.

**BLY-GAGE.**—At the parsonage, DeRuyter, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1901, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. James M. Bly, of Wood River, Nebraska, and Mrs. Angie M. Gage, of DeRuyter.

**DEATHS.**

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

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

**HATHAWAY.**—In Cuyler, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1901, Lucius Hathaway, aged 68 years. L. R. S.

**KINNEY.**—Near Erieville, N. Y., July 31, 1901, Mrs. James Kinney, aged 58 years.

The funeral service was held at her sister's, Mrs. Phebe Green's, in DeRuyter, N. Y. L. R. S.

**BURDICK.**—In Cambridge, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1901, Fred L., son of Anson and Caroline Breed Burdick, aged 22 years.

The services were held in Quaker Basin. L. R. S.

**SMITH.**—Marcellus R. Smith, for many years a prominent business man in DeRuyter, N. Y., died at Cortland, N. Y., July 4, 1901, aged 51 years. L. R. S.

**AMES.**—In DeRuyter, N. Y., April 26, 1901, Fordyce W. Ames, in his 82d year.

A wise, industrious man, a public spirited citizen and a devoted father to eight sons, who became worthy men. L. R. S.

**CRANDALL.**—H. Jerome, son of Dea. Henry and Esther Wells Crandall, was born in Cazenovia, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1831.

In early life he joined the DeRuyter church, and later at Otselic, and so continued till death. He was happily married to Miss Mary Maxson, at Preston, N. Y., Jan. 9, 1847. He was severely hurt December, 1898, in being thrown from a wagon, from which he suffered severely and patiently, and hopefully died July 22, 1901. L. R. S.

**BENTLEY.**—Sarah M. Hitchcock, wife of Caleb Bentley, died in Syracuse, N. Y., suddenly, July 23, 1901, aged 57 years.

Her funeral service was at her home in Cazenovia. L. R. S.

**DAVIS.**—Hosea A., at his home in Shiloh, N. J., Aug. 2, 1901. He was the son of Barzilla and Susana Davis, born Feb. 1, 1824.

When in his fifteenth year he gave his heart to Christ, and united with the Shiloh church, of which he has always been a worthy member, faithful to all its appointments. August 5, 1848, he was married to Miss Ann E. Ayars. A son was born to them, Phineas B., now living in Galiden, Colo. He was unable to be with his father in his last days, or even to attend the funeral. His mother died when a child, and his father married, Feb. 3, 1853, Miss Martha K. Richardson, who died April 29, 1897. The son, Phineas, and a sister, Mrs. Susan Thackery, of Bridgeton, are the only near relatives left. Services were conducted from his late residence, many friends gathering to pay their respect to this Godly man. The C. E. Society beautifully lined the grave, furnished a beautiful bouquet of flowers and sang at the services his favorite hymn. Mr. Davis had been confined to his room for seven months, and two weeks ago received a stroke, since which he has not been conscious much of the time. Mr. and Mrs. Hildredth Davis have lived in his home, and kindly cared for him day and night for these months, during which time he has manifested wonderful patience and gratitude for all they have done. E. B. S.

**GRAHAM.**—At Binghamton, N. Y., Sabbath-day, Aug. 17, 1901, of chronic nephritis (Bright's disease), Mrs. Amanda Melvina Graham, aged 69 years.

Mrs. Graham was one of the oldest residents of Leonardsville, N. Y., and for years, until her death, a faithful member of the First Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist church. Her father was Hezekiah Babcock. Many years ago she married a Mr. Graham, and lived with him in Illinois until his death, but for the greater part of her life she lived in Leonardsville. She enjoyed the friendship and esteem of all who knew her. For the last year her health failed and finally her mental condition became such that she was cared for at the State Hospital in Binghamton, where her death occurred. Her pastor visited her ten days or more before her death, and found her at peace and tranquil in her mind, ready for the end, and trusting in her Saviour, but the coma preceding death had already begun, and it was difficult to arouse her. Funeral services were held at the First Brookfield church in Leonardsville, on Aug. 19, 1901, and interment took place in the village cemetery at Brookfield, N. Y. W. C. D.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.  
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**We Sell the**  
**Holman**  
**Family, Pulpit, Devotional, Teachers', Reference, Text, Pocket, Hand and**  
**New Pictorial Teachers' Bibles**  
**Testaments, Bible Dictionary, Linear Teachers' Bible.**  
*Write for our Catalogue.*  
**The Sabbath Recorder,**  
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

**REFERENCE LIBRARIES.**

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

Paganism Surviving in Christianity.....	\$ 1 75
A Critical History of Sunday Legislation.....	1 25
A Critical History of the Sabbath and the Sunday in the Christian Church.....	1 25
Biblical Teachings Concerning the Sabbath and the Sunday.....	60
Sabbath Commentary.....	60
Swift Decadence of Sunday; What Next?.....	1 00
The Seventh-day Baptist Hand Book.....	25
Thoughts on Gillfillan.....	60
Proceedings of the Chicago Council.....	60
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
Proposed price, f. o. b., Plainfield, N. J.....	8 00

Address: American Sabbath Tract Society,  
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

**Special Notices.**

**North-Western Tract Depository.**

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

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

**THE Sabbath-keepers in Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Bible Class, held every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, with some one of the resident Sabbath-keepers.**

**THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. M. B. Kelly, 223 Jackson Park Terrace.**

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

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

**THE Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. The preaching service is at 11.30 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.**

GEO. B. SHAW, *Pastor*,  
1293 Union Avenue.

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

I. L. COTTRELL, *Pastor*,  
29 Ransom St.

**WANTED!**

**MILTON COLLEGE JOURNAL.**

Vol. II., No. 6 (September, 1879).  
Vol. VI., No. 1 (March, 1883).  
Vol. VI., No. 2 (April, 1883).

**MILTON COLLEGE REVIEW.**

Vol. I., No. 3 (November, 1899).  
Vol. I., No. 4 (December, 1899), 2 copies.

**MINUTES PUBLISHING SOCIETY.**

1853, 3 copies.  
1856, 5 copies.  
1857, 2 copies.

**THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY.**

Vol. I., No. 1 (August, 1888), 4 copies.

**HELPING HANDS.**

Vol.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
I.	1	1	1	1
II.		5		
VIII.		5		
IX.		2		
X.	4	1		
XIII.	1	3		1
XIV.				3

Send to **SABBATH RECORDER,**

Plainfield, N. J.

If You are Going to the

**PAN - AMERICAN**

and wish to avoid the rush of a city hotel, write at once to

**Mrs. Corabelle C. Taber,**

121 Clinton St., TONAWANDA, N. Y.

Fifteen Minutes from Exposition by electric or steam cars. Bath and "all the comforts of a home."



# ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

## One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

Alfred University will celebrate its Centennial in 1936. The Trustees expect that its Endowment and Property will reach a Million Dollars by that time. To aid in securing this result, a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund is already started. It is a popular subscription to be made up of many small gifts. The fund is to be kept in trust, and only the interest used by the University. The Trustees issue to each subscriber of one dollar or more a certificate signed by the President and Treasurer of the University, certifying that the person is a contributor to this fund. The names of subscribers are published in this column from week to week, as the subscriptions are received by W. H. Crandall, Treas., Alfred, N. Y.

Every friend of Higher Education and of Alfred University should have his name appear as a contributor to this fund.

Proposed Centennial Fund.....	\$100,000 00
Amount needed, June 1, 1900.....	\$98,698 00
Amount needed, June 1, 1901.....	\$97,822 00
W. H. Pitt, M. D., Ph. D., Buffalo, N. Y.	
Mrs. W. H. Pitt,	
Clyde L. Rogers, Washington, D. C.	
H. H. VanRensselaer, Randolph, N. Y.	
Amount needed to complete fund.....	\$ 97,733 00

# Salem College...

Situated in the thriving town of SALEM, 14 miles west of Clarksburg, on the B. & O. Ry. This school takes FRONT RANK among West Virginia schools, and its graduates stand among the foremost teachers of the state. SUPERIOR MORAL INFLUENCES prevail. Three College Courses, besides the Regular State Normal Course. Special Teachers' Review Classes each spring term, aside from the regular class work in the College Courses. No better advantages in this respect found in the state. Classes not so large but students can receive all personal attention needed from the instructors. Expenses a marvel in cheapness. Two thousand volumes in Library, all free to students, and plenty of apparatus with no extra charges for the use thereof. STATE CERTIFICATES to graduates on same conditions as those required of students from the State Normal Schools. EIGHT COUNTIES and THREE STATES are represented among the student body.

FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 10, 1901.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue to

Theo. L. Gardiner, President, SALEM, WEST VIRGINIA.

# Fall Term Milton College...

This Term opens WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1901, and continues fifteen weeks, closing Tuesday, Dec. 17, 1901. It is followed by a vacation of two weeks.

Instruction to both young men and young ladies in the Preparatory studies, as well as in the Collegiate, of the principal courses, as follows: The Ancient Classical, The Modern Classical, and the Scientific. Two teachers added to the Faculty—all the old members being retained.

In the School of Music four courses are taught: Elementary and Chorus Singing, Pianoforte, Voice Culture and Harmony.

Thorough work is done in Bible Study in English, in Oil and China Painting, in a brief Commercial Course, in Elocution, and in Athletics and Military Training.

Club boarding, \$1.40 per week; boarding in private families, \$3 per week, including room rent and use of furniture.

For further information, address

REV. W. C. WHITFORD, D. D., President, Milton, Rock County, Wis.

No one can tell the unending power for good which each of us may have in our homes, among our fellowmen, by faith in them—how far we can strengthen their feeble desire for God and all good. Care, then, for the soul of people and for the soul of what they do, as well as of what they are.—*Henry Wilder Foote.*

THERE is a way out of every difficulty that meets us in life. It may not be the way we like, or the way that promises great glory, honor, pleasure, or reward, but it is a way of deliverance, and we are bound to consider it God's way.—*Joseph Owen.*

MR. RUSKIN has left on record a list of chapters of the Bible, made out by his mother, the installation of which in his mind, he says, he could count very confidently as the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential part of his education. These chapters were: Exod. 15, 20; 2 Sam. 1, 5 and 17 to the end; 1 Kings 8; Psa. 23, 32, 90, 103, 112, 119, 139; Prov. 2, 3, 8 and 12; Isa. 58; Matt. 5, 6 and 7; Acts 26; 1 Cor. 13 and 15; Jas. 4; Rev. 5 and 6.

### HELPING HAND

#### IN BIBLE SCHOOL WORK.

A quarterly, containing carefully prepared helps on the International Lessons. Conducted by The Sabbath School Board. Price 25 cents a copy per year; 7 cents a quarter.

### DE BOODSCHAPPER.

#### A 16 PAGE RELIGIOUS MONTHLY IN THE HOLLAND LANGUAGE.

Subscription price.....75 cents per year.

#### PUBLISHED BY

G. VELTHUSEN, Haarlem, Holland.

DE BOODSCHAPPER (The Messenger) is an able exponent of the Bible Sabbath (the Seventh-day) Baptism, Temperance, etc. and is an excellent daper to place in the hands of Hollanders in this country, to call their attention to these important acts.

### OUR SABBATH VISITOR.

Published weekly under the auspices of the Sabbath-school Board at

ALFRED, NEW YORK.

#### TERMS.

Single copies per year.....\$ 60  
Ten copies or upwards, per copy..... 50

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications relating to business should be addressed to E. S. Bliss, Business Manager.

Communications relating to literary matter should be addressed to Laura A. Randolph, Editor.

# The Sabbath Recorder.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

AT

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Per year, in advance.....\$2 00  
Papers to foreign countries will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.  
No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

#### ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT.

Transient advertisements will be inserted for 75 cents an inch for the first insertion; subsequent insertions in succession, 30 cents per inch. Special contracts made with parties advertising extensively, or for long terms.

Legal advertisements inserted at legal rates.

Yearly advertisers may have their advertisements changed quarterly without extra charge.

No advertisements of objectionable character will be admitted.

#### ADDRESS.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to THE SABBATH RECORDER, Plainfield, N. J.

# Seventh-day Baptist Bureau

## of Employment and Correspondence.

T. M. DAVIS, President.  
L. K. BURDICK, Vice-President.

Under control of General Conference, Denominational in scope and purpose.

#### FEES.

Application for employment..... 25 cents.  
Application to Correspondence Dep..... 25 cents.  
One and two cents stamps received.  
To insure attention enclose stamp for reply.

Address all correspondence, SECRETARY BUREAU EMPLOYMENT, ALFRED, N. Y. Box 207.

# Business Directory.

Plainfield, N. J.

## AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

### EXECUTIVE BOARD.

J. F. HUBBARD, Pres., J. D. SPICER, Treas.  
A. L. TITSWORTH, Sec., Rev. A. H. LEWIS, Cor. Sec., Plainfield, N. J.

Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 P. M.

## THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND.

J. F. HUBBARD, President, Plainfield, N. J.  
J. M. TITSWORTH, Vice-President, Plainfield, N. J.  
JOSEPH A. HUBBARD, Treas., Plainfield, N. J.  
D. E. TITSWORTH, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.  
Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited. Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

## THE SABBATH EVANGELIZING AND INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION.

D. E. TITSWORTH, President.  
Wm. C. HUBBARD, Secretary.  
O. S. ROGERS, Treasurer.

Regular Quarterly Meetings of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the first Monday of January, April, July, and October, at 8 P. M.

## W. M. STILLMAN,

COUNSELOR AT LAW,  
Supreme Court Commissioner, etc.

New York City.

## SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD.

GEORGE B. SHAW, President, New York, N. Y.  
JOHN B. COTTRELL, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
F. M. DEALING, Treasurer, 1279 Union Ave., New York, N. Y.  
Vice Presidents—F. L. Greene, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
I. L. Cottrell, Hornellville, N. Y.; M. H. VanHorn, Salem, W. Va.; G. W. Lewis, Verona Mills, N. Y.; H. D. Clarke, Dodge Centre, Minn.; G. M. Cottrell, Hammond, La.

## HERBERT G. WHIPPLE,

COUNSELOR AT LAW.

St. Paul Building, 220 Broadway.

## C. C. CHIPMAN,

ARCHITECT,

St. Paul Building, 220 Broadway.

Prohibition Park, Staten Island, N. Y.

## PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Special Inducements.

J. G. BURDICK, Prohibition Park, Staten Island.

Utica, N. Y.

## D. R. S. C. MAXSON,

Eye and Ear only.  
Office 225 Genesee Street

Alfred, N. Y.

## ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

66th Year Opens Sept. 17, 1901.

For catalogue and information, address  
Boothe Colwell Davis, Ph. D., Pres.

## ALFRED ACADEMY.

PREPARATION FOR COLLEGE.

TEACHERS' TRAINING CLASS.

Earl P. Saunders, A. M., Prin.

## THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Next session to be held at Alfred, N. Y.,  
August 28-September 2, 1901.

PROF. E. P. SAUNDERS, Alfred, N. Y., President.  
REV. L. A. PLATTS, D. D., Milton, Wis., Cor. Sec'y.  
PROF. W. C. WHITFORD, Alfred, N. Y., Treasurer.  
MR. A. W. VARS, Dunellen, N. J., Rec. Sec'y.

These officers, together with Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., Cor. Sec., Tract Society, Rev. O. U. Whitford, D. D., Cor. Sec., Missionary Society, and Rev. W. L. Burdick, Cor. Sec., Education Society, constitute the Executive Committee of the Conference.

## THE ALFRED SUN,

Published at Alfred, Allegany County, N. Y.  
Devoted to University and local news. Terms, \$1 00 per year.  
Address SUN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

## W. W. COON, D. D. S.,

DENTIST.

Office Hours.—9 A. M. to 12 M.; 1 to 4 P. M.

## SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY.

E. M. TOMLINSON, President, Alfred, N. Y.  
W. L. BURDICK, Corresponding Secretary, Independence, N. Y.  
T. M. DAVIS, Recording Secretary, Alfred, N. Y.  
A. B. KENYON, Treasurer, Alfred, N. Y.  
Regular quarterly meetings in February, May, August, and November, at the call of the President.

Westerly, R. I.

## THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

WM. L. CLARKE, President, Westerly, R. I.  
A. S. BABCOCK, Recording Secretary, Rockville, R. I.  
O. U. WHITFORD, Corresponding Secretary, Westerly, R. I.  
GEORGE H. UTTER, Treasurer, Westerly, R. I.  
The regular meetings of the Board of managers occur the third Wednesday in January, April, July, and October.

## BOARD OF PULPIT SUPPLY AND MINISTERIAL EMPLOYMENT.

IRA B. CRANDALL, President, Westerly, R. I.  
O. U. WHITFORD, Corresponding Secretary, Westerly, R. I.  
FRANK HILL, Recording Secretary, Ashaway, R. I.  
ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES: Stephen Babcock, Eastern, 344 W. 33d Street, New York City; Edward E. Whitford, Central, Brookfield, N. Y.; E. P. Saunders, Western, Alfred, N. Y.; G. W. Post, North-Western, 1987 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.; F. J. Ehret, South-Eastern, Salem, W. Va.; W. R. Potter, South-Western, Hammond, La.

The work of this Board is to help pastorless churches in finding and obtaining pastors, and unemployed ministers among us to find employment.

The Board will not obtrude information, help or advice upon any church or persons, but give it when asked. The first three persons named in the Board will be its working force, being located near each other.

The Associational Secretaries will keep the working force of the Board informed in regard to the pastorless churches and unemployed ministers in their respective Associations, and give whatever aid and counsel they can.

All correspondence with the Board, either through its Corresponding Secretary or Associational Secretaries, will be strictly confidential.

Milton, Wis.

## WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

President, MRS. S. J. CLARKE, Milton, Wis.  
Vice-Pres., MRS. J. B. MORTON, Milton, Wis.,  
MRS. G. J. CRANDALL, Milton Junction, Wis.  
Rec. Sec., MRS. E. D. BLISS, Milton, Wis.  
Cor. Sec., MRS. ALBERT WHITFORD, Milton, Wis.  
Treasurer, MRS. L. A. PLATTS, Milton, Wis.  
Secretary, Eastern Association, MRS. ANNA RANDOLPH, Plainfield, N. J.  
South-Eastern Association, MISS ELSIE BOND, Salem, W. Va.  
Central Association, MRS. THOS. R. WILLIAMS, DeRuyter, N. Y.  
Western Association, MISS AGNES L. ROGERS, Wellsville, N. Y.  
South-Western Association, MRS. A. H. BOOTH, Hammond, La.  
North-Western Association, MRS. NETTIE WEST, Milton Junction, Wis.  
Editor of Woman's Page, MRS. HENRY M. MAXSON, 439 W. 6th St., Plainfield, N. J.

Chicago, Ill.

## BENJAMIN F. LANGWORTHY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

Room 512 Continental Nat'l Bank Bldg.,  
218 LaSalle St. Tel., Main 3257. Chicago, Ill.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S PERMANENT COMMITTEE.

M. B. KELLY, President, Chicago, Ill.  
MISS MIZPAH SHEEBURNE, Secretary, Chicago, Ill.  
EDWIN SHAW, Editor of Young People's Page, Milton, Wis.  
MRS. HENRY M. MAXSON, General Junior Superintendent, Plainfield, N. J.  
J. DWIGHT CLARKE, Treasurer, Milton, Wis.  
ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES: ROY F. RANDOLPH, New Milton, W. Va.; MISS L. GERTRUDE STILLMAN, Ashaway, R. I.; G. W. DAVIS, Adams Centre, N. Y.; B. FRANK WHITFORD, Nile, N. Y.; MISS LURA BURDICK, Milton, Wis.; LEONA HUMISTON, Hammond, La.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.