

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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Photo by Pach Bros., New York.

OUR LATE PRESIDENT, WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

\$2.00 A YEAR

PLAINFIELD N J

The Sabbath Recorder.

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THE LAST SAD RITES OF PRESIDENT M'KINLEY. "God's Will Be Done, Not Ours."

The train that bore the remains of our late President from Buffalo to Washington, Sept. 16, was a solid Pullman of seven cars. Fifteen minutes before the train was scheduled to leave, an engine sped through the yards with orders to precede the train by fifteen minutes and keep the track clear. Behind the engines were the drawing-room cars Raleigh and Belgrade, both of which were devoted to members of the press. Next came the dining car Waldorf, the car Naples intended for Senators, and the Hungary, for President Roosevelt and the Cabinet. Next to the rear car was the Olympia, occupied by Mrs. McKinley, and, last of all, was the observation car Pacific, in which the body rested.

The casket was placed between the windows on the observation car, where it could be seen by the people as the train went by. Crepe was draped from the locomotive and from the rear of the observation car, and the railings of the car were shrouded in crepe. The only relief was in two tiny pilot flags of white on the locomotive.

President Roosevelt entered the station with Secretary Cortelyou. The members of the Cabinet followed. Shortly after 8.30 it was announced that everything was in readiness, and at 8.34 the train pulled slowly out, just four minutes later than was scheduled.

Through a living lane of bare-headed people, stretching from Buffalo up over the Alleghanies, down into the broad valley of the Susquehanna, and on to the marble city on the banks of the shining Potomac, the nation's martyred President made his last journey to the seat of government, over which he presided for four and one-half years. The whole country seemed to have drained its population to the sides of the track over which the funeral train passed. The thin lines through the mountains and the sparsely settled districts congested into vast multitudes in the larger cities. Work was suspended in field and mine and city. The schools were dismissed, and everywhere appeared the trappings and tokens of woe. A million flags at half-mast dotted hillside and valley, and from almost every banner streamed a bit of crepe. The stations were heavy with the black symbols of mourning.

The silence with which the countless thousands viewed the remains of their hero and martyr was oppressive and profound. Only the rumbling of the train wheels, the sobs from men and women with tear-stained faces and the doleful tolling of the church bells broke on the ear. At several places, Williamsport, Harrisburg, and Baltimore, the chimes played Cardinal Newman's grand hymn. Taken altogether, the journey home was the most remarkable demonstration of universal personal sorrow since Lincoln was borne to his grave. Every one of those who came to pay their last tribute to the dead had an opportunity to catch a glimpse of the flag-covered bier, elevated to view in the observation car at the rear of the train.

All the way the train was preceded about

15 minutes by the pilot engine sent ahead to test the bridges and switches and prevent the possibility of accident to the precious burden it carried. The train had the right of way over everything. Not a wheel moved on the Pennsylvania Railroad system thirty minutes before the pilot engine was due or for the same length of time after the train had passed.

The remains were placed in the East Room of the White House, where for more than four years he had made his home as the Chief Magistrate of the great American Republic. Upstairs his widow mourns for her dead in the family apartments that now bring back but the saddest of memories. It was with simple ceremony and a silence that fitted perfectly the sadness of the occasion that the body of the late President was borne up Pennsylvania avenue to the White House and laid upon the bier in the great East Room, where he had stood so often in the pride of his manhood to receive the greetings of the people he loved better than himself.

It was fitting that such ceremony as there was should be severely military in character, in recognition of the fact that the President was the Commander-in-Chief of the United States army and navy. Nowhere was there a show of civilian participation. The streets about the station were filled with mounted troops, and the station itself was occupied by stalwart soldiers and sailors in uniform. The blue-coated policemen and the railroad employees were nearly all that stood for civil life. It was not so on the broad stretch of avenue that led to the White House. There the people strained and crowded in a vast multitude against the stiff wire ropes which restrained them from the space marked out for the line of procession. The silence that marked the progress of the funeral party through the national capitol was profound. The people as a whole did not talk even in whispers, and the only sign of agitation in the great crowd was the silent pressing and striving against the ropes to see the mournful cortege which swept slowly along. The afternoon was cloudy, and with the close of day began the dull, depressing boom of a great gun at intervals of five minutes. It was the signal which gave notice of the approach of the funeral train.

At the Pennsylvania Railroad station men in bright uniforms gathered, a mixture of soldiers and sailors, and with lowered voices talked in groups while waiting to take up their parts in the ceremony. From the Brigadier General and naval Captain down to the humblest lieutenant and ensign, every officer on duty in the Capitol was there, save a few of high rank who composed the Guard of Honor, and waited at the White House. Presently, in dead silence, two troops of cavalry from Fort Meyer swung from Pennsylvania avenue into Sixth street. Then came Secretaries Hay and Gage and Acting Secretary Sanger and Commissioner McFarland and a few subordinates privileged to enter the space within the station where the train was to stop. Among them was the veteran Captain Charles Loeffler, who had been the personal messenger and usher to President McKinley and every other President back to the administration of President Grant. These and the army and naval officers awaited inside the station the speeding train. The night was humid and dark and the surround-

ings depressing, in spite of the official gold lace everywhere about.

The train was a little late. It was due at 8.25, but the clock stood at 8.38 when the headlight of the big locomotive flashed along the rails and the cars swept quietly to a stop at the gates. The way was cleared and down the pathway strode a body of sturdy soldiers and sailors chosen as the body bearers and guard. They were met at the entrance of the observation car, where the remains lay, by an officer, and admitted at once. Through the clear plate-glass windows the casket showed in wrappings of the national flag, covered with rare garlands and set pieces of flowers.

Meanwhile, farther down the station, the party on the funeral train were alighting. Secretary Hay and Secretary Gage had pressed forward and entered the car where the mourners sat, and assisted them to descend. Mrs. McKinley was aided by Abner McKinley and Dr. Rixey, and was speedily placed in a carriage, which drove off at once to the White House without awaiting the procession. Close behind came the members of the family of the late President, who likewise were driven away immediately to the Executive Mansion. Mrs. McKinley was deeply veiled. She appeared to bear up with fortitude, but leaned heavily on the arms of her supporters.

President Roosevelt came next. His arm was closely clasped by Captain Cowles, of the navy, his brother-in-law, who walked rather hastily along between the files of officers to the carriageway next the gates of the station. The President walked firmly erect, looking to neither side, his face set and sorrowful. Close behind him pressed the members of the Cabinet, headed by Secretary Hay and Secretary Gage, escorted by General Gillespie.

Meanwhile, the casket was being removed from the observation car. One of the large windows was lowered at the side, and slowly and carefully the casket was slipped out through the opening and tenderly received upon the bent shoulders of the body bearers. Four Artillerymen, from Fort McHenry, Maryland, were on the right and four sailors on the left. Straightening themselves under their burden, they walked slowly toward the hearse. Before the casket marched four officers, Major Parker, Colonel Bingham, Captain Gilmore and Major McCauley, and in that order, while the officers on either side and in the entrance stood with uncovered heads, the remains were carried to Sixth street and placed in the hearse. As the casket emerged, a bugle note rose clearly and "taps" rang out. That was the only sound that broke the dead silence.

Just beyond the entrance to the station President Roosevelt, with the members of the Cabinet, had paused and had taken station so as to leave a broad space for the funeral cortege. They ranged themselves on the sidewalk in double rows opposite each other and stood with bared heads as the corpse was carried to the hearse, drawn up at the side gate. The hearse was an exquisitely carved affair and was drawn by six coal-black horses, each of which was led by a colored groom in black livery. The hearse, bearing the body of the third martyred President, quickly moved away, and was followed at once by President Roosevelt and those accompanying him. In the President's carriage

beside Mr. Roosevelt were Secretaries Hay and Gage and Captain Cowles. Secretaries Root and Hitchcock, Attorney General Knox and Postmaster General Smith followed in another carriage, while Secretary Wilson, Secretary Cortelyou, Secretary Long and Senators Hanna and Fairbanks drove behind in other carriages. The Citizens' Committee from Buffalo, officers of the army and navy and friends followed.

The military already were in line. As the procession swept from the Sixth street station into Pennsylvania avenue a deeply impressive sight was presented. The historic thoroughfare was hung in black. Emblems of the nation's mourning were displayed on every building. The Stars and Stripes, furled and knotted with crepe, floated from hundreds of windows. Over all gleamed coldly scores of electric lights, defining sharply each detail of the solemn scene.

Banked on both sides of the avenue, from Sixth street to the Executive Mansion, were tens of thousands of people. They were come to pay their tribute of respect and love to the memory of their President. With bared heads and with no murmur of sound, the people watched with tear-stained eyes the last home-coming of President McKinley.

There was no music. Amid the hush of the great crowds, only the clatter of the horses' hoofs, ringing sharply upon the pavement, was heard.

It was about half-past nine when the head of the procession reached the White House grounds and turned into the driveway. When the sad cortege arrived at the White House the hearse stopped under the porte cochere. The body bearers took the coffin upon their broad shoulders, and, passing up three or four steps, waited until President Roosevelt and the members of the Cabinet had alighted from their carriages, and then followed them through the wide-open doors into the East Room. Just in the center of the room, under the great crystal chandelier, they deposited their precious burden upon a black-draped base, and stood at salute, while the Chief Executive and the Cabinet members, with bowed heads, passed by.

Following them came the chief officers of the army and navy now in the city, the guard of honor, consisting of officers of the Loyal Legion, members of the Union Veterans' Union, and the Grand Army of the Republic.

The casket had been placed lengthwise of the East Room, the head to the north. Piled about it were a half hundred floral emblems of exceptional beauty, and as many more were placed in the inside corridor. Two marines, a soldier and a sailor, stood guard, one at each corner of the casket, while seated on either side were two members of the Grand Army and two members of the Loyal Legion. These were relieved at intervals of two hours during the night.

Before midnight the household had retired to rest, and the only lights to be seen were in the room where his comrades kept watch over their dead chief.

The train left Buffalo at 8.30 in the morning and arrived at Washington at 8.38 at night. In twelve hours it is estimated over half a million people saw the coffin which held all that was mortal of President McKinley.

Mrs. McKinley stood the trip bravely. In the morning, soon after leaving Buffalo, she

pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to go into the car where her dear one lay that reluctant assent was given, and she spent half an hour beside the coffin.

Early on the morning of the 17th the chief officers of the Government, civil, military and judicial, began to arrive, and many others whose names are familiar the world over, came singly and in groups, to pay their tribute at his official home to the nation's illustrious dead. Several members of the Diplomatic Corps, in court costume, were among the early comers. Ex-President Cleveland and ex-Secretary of War Lamont arrived about 8.30, and were shown at once to seats in the Red Parlor. The members of the Cabinet began to arrive soon after, and were immediately followed by members of the Senate Committee and the members of the United States Supreme Court, headed by Chief Justice Fuller, in their robes of office.

President Roosevelt arrived at 8.50 o'clock, accompanied by his wife and his sister, and went immediately to the Blue Parlor, where they were joined by members of the Cabinet. The President wore a frock coat, with a band of crepe on the left arm. Mrs. McKinley arose earlier than usual to prepare for the ordeal. She had rested quite well during the night, but her pale face told plainly of her sufferings.

Senator Hanna reached the White House only a short time before the procession was to move. His face looked drawn, and, leaning heavily on his cane, it was painfully evident that he was suffering.

While the men of note were arriving at the White House, the funeral escort, under command of Major General John R. Brooke, was forming immediately in front of the White House. Besides regular soldiers, sailors and marines, the escort was made up of a detachment of the National Guard, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, Loyal Legion, and kindred bodies and civic organizations, and representatives of all branches of the National Government, and the Governors of states and their staffs.

The public had been astir early, and the streets were crowded with people. Wire cables strung along the entire route of march from the White House to the Capitol kept it clear for the funeral procession.

At precisely 9 o'clock a silent command was given, and the body bearers silently and reverently raised to their stalwart shoulders the casket containing all that was mortal of the illustrious dead. They walked with slow cadenced step, and as they appeared at the main door of the White House, the Marine Band, stationed on the avenue opposite the Mansion, struck up the hymn the dead President loved so well, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." There was perfect silence throughout the big mansion, and as the last sad strain of the music died away the throng in the building lifted their heads, but their eyes were wet.

As the hearse moved away, the mourners from the White House entered carriages and followed the body on its march to the Capitol, where the funeral services were to be held.

Slowly down the White House driveway, through a fine, drizzling rain, the solemn cortege wound its way down to the gate leading to the avenue, and halted. Then, with a grand, solemn swing, the artillery band began the "Dead March from Saul," a blast

from a bugle sounded "march," and the head of the procession was moving on its way to the Capitol. The casket, in a black, carved hearse, and drawn by six coal black horses, caparisoned in black net, with trailing tassels and a stalwart groom at the head of each, moved down through the gateway and came to a stand alongside of the moving procession.

Solemnly the funeral party wound down past the Treasury Building, and into the broad sweep of Pennsylvania avenue, amid a profound silence that was awful to those who, only six months ago, had witnessed the enthusiastic plaudits which greeted the dead man as he made the same march to assume, for a second time, the honors and burdens of the Presidential office.

The artillery band played a solemn dirge as it with slow steps led the sorrowful way down the avenue. All the military organizations carried their arms, but with colors draped and furled. The crowds were silent. All was sad, mournful and oppressive. The people stood with heads uncovered, and many bowed in apparently silent prayer as the hearse passed along.

At 10.12 o'clock the head of the procession arrived at the north end of the Capitol plaza, but instead of swinging directly into the plaza and passing in front of the Capitol, as usually is done on the occasion of Presidential inaugurations, the military contingent passed eastward on B street, thence south on First street, East. Headed by Major General John R. Brooke and staff, and the Fifth Artillery Corps Band, the troops swept around to the south end of the plaza, and then marched to position fronting the main entrance to the Capitol. As soon as they had been formed at rest, the artillery band on the left, and the Marine Band on the right of the entrance, the funeral cortege, with its guard of honor, entered the plaza from the north. As the hearse halted in front of the main staircase the troops, responding to almost whispered commands, presented arms.

The guard of honor ascended the steps, the naval officers on the right, and the army officers on the left, forming a cordon on each side, just within the ranks of the artillerymen, seamen and marines.

As the eight sturdy body-bearers, four from the army and four from the navy, tenderly drew the flag-draped casket from the hearse, the band sweetly wailed the pleading notes of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Every head in the vast attendant throng was bared. Tear-bedimed eyes were raised to heaven and a silent prayer went up from the thousands of hearts.

With careful and solemn tread the body-bearers began the ascent of the staircase with their precious burden, and tenderly bore it to the catafalque in the rotunda.

The funeral services at the Capitol were simple and beautiful. They were of the form prescribed in the Methodist church. Two hymns, a prayer, an address and a benediction comprised all of it; yet the impression left at the end was of perfection.

The people were slow in gathering. When the noise occasioned by seating the late comers had ceased, a hush fell upon the people, and then the choir softly sang, "Lead, Kindly Light," Cardinal Newman's divine anthem, while every one stood in reverence.

At the conclusion of the hymn, Rev. Dr.

Henry R. Naylor, Presiding Elder of the Washington District of the Methodist Episcopal church, delivered the invocation, while the distinguished company listened with bowed heads.

As the pastor ceased, the voices of the choir swelled forth, and the rich, pure soprano notes of Mrs. Thomas C. Noyes led the hymn, "Sometime We'll Understand." The music was remarkably effective and touching as the notes came back in soft echoes from the fullness of the dome overhead. As soon as the hymn ceased, Bishop Edward G. Andrews, of the Methodist Episcopal church, who had come from Ohio to say the last words over the remains of his lifelong friend and parishioner, arose. He stood at the head of the casket and spoke in sympathetic voice and with many evidences of deep emotion. The acoustic qualities of the rotunda do not favor such addresses, and, although the Bishop spoke in clear and firm tones, the rippling echoes from all sides made it difficult for those a short distance from him to catch his words.

The address lasted only a bare quarter of an hour. As the Bishop concluded, every one in the vast rotunda rose, and the choir, intoning the air, hundreds of voices joined in the grand old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

It was an affecting moment. In the midst of the singing Admiral Robley D. Evans, advancing with silent tread, placed a beautiful blue floral cross at the foot of the casket.

The last notes died away softly, and, with uplifted hands, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. W. H. Chapman, acting pastor of the Metropolitan church. This ended the religious service.

There was a pause for a few minutes while the ushers cleared the aisles and the assemblage began to withdraw. First to retire was President Roosevelt, and as he entered so he left, preceded a short distance by Major McCawley and Captain Gilmore, with Colonel Bingham and Captain Cowles almost pressing against him.

The remainder of the company retired in the order in which they entered, the Cabinet members following the President, and after them going the diplomatic corps, the Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives, officers of the army and navy and officials of lesser degree.

The last chapter of the sad ceremonial, the removal of the body to the grave at his old home at Canton, O., began at 8.20 o'clock, when the funeral train left over the Pennsylvania Railroad. When the great bronze doors of the Capitol, in which the body had lain in state, had closed, while there were still thousands of people waiting to get a last glance at the casket, the guards at the Capitol, who had patiently throughout the long day held the crowd in leash, were permitted a hurried look at the face of the deceased; the cover of the casket was screwed down by the undertakers; it was lifted once more upon the shoulders of the body-bearers and by them borne to the hearse at the foot of the east steps of the Capitol. "Steady, men," said General Randolph as they walked slowly out between the bronze doors with their precious burden. They scarcely needed the injunction, for every step was guardedly made, and they consumed four minutes in descending the broad stairway. The time

was marked by the doleful discharge of a minute gun stationed at a convenient point in the Capitol grounds.

Thirty minutes time was required for the removal of the body from the Capitol to the train. The escort on this journey consisted of committees from the army and navy and two squadrons of the Eleventh Cavalry. The route was down Pennsylvania Avenue, which was lined on either side by troops of the District of Columbia. It was a quiet, noiseless journey, without music. Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note. Nor was there a sound from the crowd which lined the broad street. Notwithstanding the hour was late, the air chill and a light mist was falling, hats were uniformly removed as the cortege passed.

At the Pennsylvania Railroad station there was a dense throng, and the remains were received by a large delegation of army and naval officers. There the soldiers and seamen carried the casket from the hearse to the observation car, placed in the second section of the funeral train. The casket was placed on standards draped with the national colors. It was covered with floral emblems.

No less than twenty cars were required for the transportation of the funeral party to Canton.

The second section was the Presidential train proper, made up of practically the same seven cars which made the trip from Buffalo. The car Olympia was assigned to Mrs. McKinley, while the car Edgmore, which came next, was occupied by the President and his Cabinet. Behind, in order, came the sleepers Naples and Belgravia, the dining car Waldorf and a combination.

Canton received the remains of the late President McKinley shortly before noon, Sept. 18. Two weeks ago, upon the same day, and almost at the same hour, in the full vigor of life and the buoyancy of health, surrounded by loving friends and admiring neighbors, who cheered his departure for Buffalo, he started upon the journey that terminated in assassination. The same friends and neighbors, augmented by a vast multitude that included nearly the entire population of Canton, patiently, silently, with hearts overshadowed with grief and heads bowed in humiliation, awaited the coming of the train that was bringing back to them the lifeless form of the dead President. There was no lack in the preparation for this sad duty. No detail was omitted, and the entire service was performed with a thoroughness that contrasted strongly with the taking of the body to Washington, and with a degree of simplicity and tenderness that gave it additional impressiveness and left no doubt as to the depth of the affection of the people, the sincerity of their grief.

The little railroad station and the streets in its vicinity were crowded with people. Infantry men of the State National Guard performed patrol duty in the inside, and Troop A, of Cleveland, which body twice escorted President-elect McKinley from the White House to the Capitol at Washington, sat erect and motionless on their horses on the outside. A reception committee of citizens, including men of all parties and sects, at the head of which was Judge Day, an intimate friend, close associate and near neighbor of the late President, was at the station, not only to tenderly receive the remains of the

dead President, but to care for the comfort and look after the safety of his successor and the Cabinet Ministers, who were among the chief mourners. All were seemingly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and actuated by the common purpose to assist in successfully carrying out the object for which they were assembled. The first of three sections composing the funeral train arrived shortly before 12 o'clock. The second section, which brought the remains of the late President, Mrs. McKinley, President Roosevelt, members of the Cabinet and other high officials, followed soon after. Mrs. McKinley was first assisted from the train, and, supported by Abner McKinley and Dr. Rixey, walked through the station to a carriage, in which she was taken to the recently remodeled but now desolate cottage on North Market street.

The casket was borne from the funeral car to the hearse by the soldiers and sailors who had performed this service since the departure from Buffalo. A bugle sounded the advance, commands were uttered, the military wheeled into columns, and with cadenced step regulated by the time of the always solemn and impressive funeral march the procession moved between lines of sorrowing people to the Court House, in which the remains reposed in state until evening, when they were escorted to his late residence. During the hours the remains were exposed the people passed continuously in two lines on each side of the casket.

The casket rested in the main corridor of the City Hall, with the head toward the south entrance, by which the people were admitted to view the remains. The walls and ceiling were completely covered with a black fabric, which gave it the appearance of an immense vault, dimly lighted by incandescent electric lamps. Entering this long chamber from the clear sunlight of the outside had an awe-inspiring effect upon the visitor, which was heightened by the presence of the dead President resting upon a plain black catafalque, surrounded by the military and naval guards, standing rigidly at the head and foot and on either side. The people passed into the building, upon entering which they divided to the right and left and walked past the remains on either side, moving to the exit on the north of the building. The entire proceeding was conducted with the utmost good order and without any crowding.

When the lying in state was terminated, the line of people awaiting admission to the hall extended several blocks.

The remains were then removed to the private house of the President, and the precious casket rested in the little front parlor, and, while none was admitted, all could pass in silence and gaze upon the house that held it, surrounded by armed men, whose measured step was the only sound that disturbed the prevailing quiet. Crossed palms, held by black and white ribbons, and fastened against the wall on the right of the door, were the only outward evidence of the deep grief that overwhelmed the household, and which weighs upon the bereaved widow of William McKinley with a force that may prove crushing and send her, ere many weeks, to rest beside the devoted husband in the tomb at West Lawn.

With the going down of the sun, the body of William McKinley, late President of the

United States, was committed to the tomb, in the presence of his successor in office, the chiefs of all departments of the Government, and a vast multitude of people, who filled the cemetery and stood silently and with bared heads while the last words were spoken and the last honors were paid the martyred Chief Magistrate. The last scene of all closed with the booming of minute guns, varied by the quick, sharp report of the nineteen guns prescribed to salute the President, the touching music of the favorite hymn of the deceased, and finally by the bugle notes, reverberating over the hills, as they sounded "taps"—the soldier's good-night. All was ended. The troops, who had marched to the tomb slowly, solemnly, with mournful music and drooping colors, were moved into column, while the smoke of the guns still hung among the foliage like incense, and the bugle notes echoed and re-echoed across the fertile valley of the Nimisilla, as if reluctant to depart. The iron jaws of the vault were closed, and the body was alone with the military watchers who will guard the remains for an indefinite period, and until a permanent resting-place is selected. The sun sank below the horizon, and the shades of night crept over the last scene in the tragedy that formed the climax of the late President's life before the last of the funeral procession left the gates of the cemetery behind.

[For the foregoing report we are indebted to the *Philadelphia Ledger*.]

THE ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

A few weeks ago an article appeared in your columns explaining the situation in regard to the reinforcement of the Faculty of the Theological Department at Alfred and the reorganization of its work.

I am much pleased to be able now to make definite announcement that this reinforcement has been made, and that the courses of study are being reorganized and the work arranged to begin at once along the two important lines then indicated.

The interest of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination in theological education, which manifested itself at the General Conference, surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the friends of the movement. In addition to the work of the summer, previously announced, the permanent funds of the Education Society for the support of the theological work were increased during Conference week over \$10,000. A committee was appointed to advise with the Trustees in regard to the appointment of Theological Professors.

This committee and the Trustees jointly unanimously agreed in the choice of Dr. Arthur E. Main as Professor of Theology and head of the Department. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees held Sept. 11, Dr. Main was formally called to this professorship and elected Dean of the Theological Seminary (the name by which the reorganized Theological School is to be known in the future).

Dr. Main has spent this week in Alfred and has signified his acceptance of the call to the position, and already outlined the courses of study which are to be pursued.

The Theological Faculty now consists of three Professors, three Instructors, and a number of non-resident lecturers. Aside from the three year's course in Theology, a Bible

Normal course has been arranged which covers a year's work, adapted to lay and evangelistic workers; aside from this a correspondence course has been arranged, which will be offered to the denomination by the correspondence method.

A new circular of the Theological Seminary, giving full details of the reorganized work, is now in preparation and will be ready for distribution within a few weeks.

Dr. Main expects to be located in Alfred by the middle of October. The other professors are now giving courses of instruction in the Theological Seminary.

With profound gratitude to God for the great interest shown by our people in this important line of denominational work, we may now look forward to the future with definite expectations of the greatly increased usefulness of the Theological Seminary.

BOOTH COLWELL DAVIS, *President*.

ALFRED, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1901.

THE WEB OF YEARS.

From out the loom of time the years
Unroll a fabric all must wear;
The wof of joy and warp of tears
Are spun by moving hopes and fears,
And pressed by weighty rolling care.

What measure unto each is given?
A span may gauge the greatest parts,
And yet the least from earth to heaven
Do reach, as in the quiet even
Short prayers sent up from children's hearts.

The web too quickly for us all
Is wove, while pass the shuttles fleet,
And when the threads have ceased to fall,
Death throws it o'er us like a pall
Or round us as our winding sheet.

MEMORIES OF CONFERENCE.

KEYNOTE—LOVE.

"There are many kinds of love,
As many kinds of light;
And every kind of love
Is a glory in the night.
There is love that stirs the heart,
And love that gives it rest;
But the love that lift's life upward,
Is the noblest and the best."

The hearty welcome that greeted the friends at Alfred, the delightful weather the first few days, all spoke of the "Tie that binds our hearts in Christian love;" the hearty hand-clasp or the quick look of recognition across the church or tent all spoke of the understanding of the cause they all loved. It was a busy Conference, each one busy about his Master's business.

When the call came for Africa, the love was strong enough to reach there. When the call came for the Gold Coast, again the love was manifested; and for the Theological Seminary the hearty respond showed the heart-throbs of the interest there, and it must have gladdened the hearts of the workers to feel the warm sympathy in their work, for have we not a command to "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

And as one more Conference has gone into history, memories cluster thick around it; many opportunities may have been lost, but the writer knows that many were improved, and those opportunities are tinged with a new happiness that was never there before.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on thee because he trusteth in thee." What a comforting promise, and how many can testify to this sweet peace.

A party of tired tourists strolled into Grace church for a little rest the other day; the open door had such an inviting welcome that it was hard to resist. Passing from the vestibule the quietude and coolness of the darkened church from the hot, crowded city was

impressive, the sunshine came softly through the stained glass windows, resting on the weary ones like a blessing. One of the tourists went quietly to the altar and knelt there as though drawn there by some unseen hand; with head bowed on the rail before them, they were conscious after a while of a sweet strain of music coming closer and closer, until the whole church was filled with a flood of sweet harmony, and then, as though realizing its mission was filled, it grew fainter and fainter and was gone, and the heart of the kneeler went out in a glad thanksgiving for the comfort of music, of prayer and friendship. At Niagara, a short time ago, watching those mighty, rushing torrents, the thought came, "How could one doubt the existence of God," and kneeling in a darkened church, with the hustling, brushing crowd only a few feet away, you had the sweet assurance "That lo I am with you alway."

"Is it true, Oh Christ in heaven,
That the highest suffer most;
That the strongest wander furthest,
And most hopelessly are lost;
That the mark of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain;
And the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain?"

"Is it true, Oh Christ in heaven,
That whichever way we go,
Walls of darkness must surround us,
Things we would, but cannot, know,
That the infinite must bound us,
Like a temple veil unrent,
Whilst the finite ever wearies,
So that none's therein content?"

"Is it true, Oh Christ in heaven,
That the fulness yet to come
Is so glorious and so perfect
That to know would strike us dumb;
That if ever for a moment
We could pierce beyond the sky
With these poor dim eyes of mortals,
We should just see God and die?"

DAMARIS.

IOWA YEARLY MEETING.

Upon the solicitation of "The Church of God" of Marion, Linn Co., the Yearly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Iowa was held there on Aug. 30, 1901. Their camp meeting being in progress at the same time, they kindly gave us the appointment at 2.30 P. M., in their tent three miles north of the city, at which time a business meeting was held, at which a committee of three was appointed to nominate officers, etc., for next year, with instructions to report to the churches. A vote of thanks was tendered the friends at Marion for their courtesies to us while with them, and for the generous hospitalities of their homes. Then followed a sermon by Elder E. H. Socwell, delegate from the Minnesota Semi-Annual Meeting. Text, Gen. 11: 32, the latter clause: "And Tereh died in Haren." Theme, "Half-Way Obedience."

Mrs. M. G. Townsend, who was employed by the Yearly Meeting for a little more than a month, last year, on the Iowa field, was ready with a full and interesting report (part of which has been published), but she not being present at this appointment, it was not publicly read. A minute of it, with statistical and financial statements, was recorded.

I think it was the general verdict that we had a "good time" and received much good while at Marion. As a result of their camp-meeting, there were added to them by baptism five interesting young people, with the membership revived, and others interested in searching for the truths of God's Word.

J. O. BABCOCK, *Sec'y pro tem*.

Missions.

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

THE next regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society will occur October 16, 1901. At this meeting all applications for help and appropriations for the year 1902 will be considered, and action thereon taken. All business correspondence should be in the hands of the Corresponding Secretary as early as October 10. All who have any business to bring before the Missionary Board, please note the above.

ADDRESS.

BY REV. E. B. SAUNDERS.

Presented on Missionary Day at Conference, 1901.

"Is there not a necessity for a change in methods of revival work as practiced for the past twenty-five years?"

This is our text, not found in the Bible, but by the Program Committee of the Missionary Board. I shall doubtless speak from it,—probably not on it, or very close to it.

We have seen, in the RECORDER, some very good articles on revivals, written by ministers who have never conducted a revival. Now the ministers are to listen to an article, prepared by an evangelist, telling how to do something that he never did. This is article No. 1. I hope Editor Lewis will not ask me for a series.

Yes, there is necessity "for changes in revival methods," though they have been innumerable. The general understanding of a revival is a special series of meetings for the purpose of attracting and interesting the non-praying and the non-paying classes. Not many years since it was thought impossible during the busy months to do this work. The meetings were usually conducted by a stranger, in the expectation that he would do what pastor and people, who knew the situation, were unable or unwilling to do.

The lack of interest, support and attendance upon the church work and appointments have made a demand that something be done out of the usual order, and, hence, the revival has been resorted to in order to reach the unconverted; in order to get life back into the church; and, sometimes, in order to lengthen the pastorate. It has been a much-abused class of work, and yet nearly every one, now-a-days, believes in it, unless it is an occasional Rip Van Winkle.

The revival has come to be a standard antidote for nearly all kinds of church diseases, and usually affords relief, but, too often, the church very soon relapses, and the converts as well. The lotion may be losing its power, or the church tired of taking the remedy or of paying for extra treatment.

Now, if the church is gradually growing weaker under this treatment, as some think it is, shall we keep changing physicians? shall we keep trying patent medicines? or shall we search for the difficulty in the life and habits of the church?

If the interest, the attendance, the financial support of the church are being transferred from the church, by its members, to business, to society, and the club or lodge, what can the evangelist do to permanently regain for the church its vigor? He is called in council to assist the regular pastor. In order to operate successfully, there must be vitality sufficient to recover from the necessary shock. No anæsthetic is often necessary, for the

fumes of business and pleasure produce a stupor sufficient to make the church a fit subject for the dissecting board and knife.

Of course, the worldly church prefers homeopathic treatment, sugar-coated, as far as possible. Exercise very gently; rub the skin, or hair, (the right way) in order to produce a slight circulation; tickle the organs of hearing (not slightly) with the deft fingers of flattery, thus obtaining a hearty financial response; apply the science cure treatment to all old sores, instead of the Gospel cure; have her close her eyes and bow her head (as if in prayer) so that more unconverted people can without embarrassment creep into the church. Vieing with the world for easy and elastic terms on which to succeed, and so her oldstock of negatives, "Thou shalt nots," are not finding a ready sale.

WANTED—An evangelist who can displace evil with good, permanently correct all of the troubles mentioned, the fountain head of which is in the home.

Deut. 6: "Thou shalt teach them (the words) diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house and upon thy gates."

If we have given (or tried to give) the training of our children over to the public school, then all of this is the duty of the school; if to the church or Sabbath school, then it belongs to the church.

Brethren of the Church of Christ, evangelists, ministers and people, we must meet these demands upon us with ungloved hands.

May I ask how many of us read and talk more of the Bible in our homes than we do of the daily paper?

Is not the daily paper the Bible of the American people to-day?

If we do not worship the golden calf, are we not so devoted to obtaining the gold that we take no time to worship God.

In some of the states the Bible and obscene literature are the only reading forbidden in the public schools.

Not long since, Dr. Twing put to his College students in Cleveland, and also to the students of an Eastern ladies' college, twenty-two Bible questions—allusions to Tennyson's poems like the following: "Striking the Rock;" "Jephthah's Daughter;" "Jacob's Struggle;" "The Miracle of Cana;" "The Crown of Thorns;" "The Angel at the Tomb." Not half of the questions were answered correctly. The students are of a class which came from Christian homes. Forty students out of eighty-five knew nothing of the story of Esau or of Ruth; sixty of them had not heard of "Joshua's moon in Ajalon;" reared in American homes, schools, colleges and churches.

Brethren, it looks to me that our altars have fallen down and we backslidden, like Abram of old, gone down into Egypt, Bibleless Sabbathless, idolatrous, Egypt. We must go back to Bethel, rebuild our altars, and call on the name of the Lord (means confession). Back where we had our names changed to Christian, and have the whole current of our life changed, our Christian civilization. The word church must mean more. It must meet the needs of the human life; then other institutions will not grow up around it, and sap its life. Naming it institutional and

making it a shelter for idle, frivolous, club life, will never meet the demands. Must actually foster a race of Bible-reading, loving, living people. She must tabernacle on the table-lands of Canaan, as unselfish as Abraham was with Lot; must feed her flocks on the fruit of the Spirit, nurture them on the ozone of the Bible. Or, like the family of Lot, they will stifle in the fumes of Sodom; our tents are pitched that way.

Seventh-day Baptist cradles will have to be rocked as independent of the cities of the plain, as was that of the Hebrew people, who have stood for 4,000 years, have had a nativity without a nation, a kingdom without a king, while other nations have risen and faded away. Seventh-day Baptists can only stand on this platform. Fathers, you do not need to go to Egypt to buy corn; but if you do, do not settle there.

Young men and young women, you do not have to go to the cities of the plain to get employment or society; but if you do, do not make alliances there; come back to Bethel and with your superior advantages over our parents, be superior farmers, mechanics, etc.; build superior homes, not houses; superior churches, not edifices; schools, not simply school buildings. I grant you I am not confining myself to the subject of revivals, as some understand them to be, but am talking of the coming revival which, like the dying sailor's anchor, must hold.

Abraham was sent of God, a revivalist, to rescue the people of Sodom. He recovered them and their goods from the kings. The trouble was not with the rescue, but that they at once returned to the same manner of life. The trouble was back of the rescue.

Later two angels were sent to Sodom on a saving mission of love. They with Lot were insulted, and even his own family thought him demented, when he tried to talk religion to them.

Out of the revival which followed, conducted by the two angels, only three people were saved. The revival was killed when they with Lot pitched their tents toward Sodom. This is the point at which they usually fail to-day.

Let us make the General Conference a Northfield of Bible study and fellowship.

Let us make the church a Northfield of Bible study; sit at the feet of Jesus, with our Bibles.

With love in the pulpit and love in the pew, we can build so that there will be few skeletons in our closets, at home or at church.

A fatherly, loving meeting with the boys, a heart-to-heart talk with them over the awful problems which they have to settle, settle for life, just when they are inexperienced. Have you forgotten that time in your life?

Just the same of the girls and young women. Reform your young gentleman friend before you marry him. You can be before; you will not after.

The church-roll of its membership carried so close to the hearts of pastor and people, that we shall know all of them; or, better, know all of their very heart-aches.

Another roll, including church, children and unconverted, carried daily to the throne in prayer, will do for them just what the list of names of his class carried by the Sabbath-school teacher did for them—brought them into the kingdom of God.

Woman's Work.

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

NOW.

Break now the alabaster box
Of sympathy and love,
Amid the cherished friends of earth,
Ere they are called above.
How many burdened hearts are here
That long for present help and cheer.

The kindly words you mean to say
When they are dead and gone
Speak now, and fill their souls with joy
Before the morning's dawn.
'Tis better far when friends are near
Their saddened hearts to soothe and cheer.

The flowers, withheld till after death
Have closed their eyes in sleep
If proffered in life's weary hours
Would still their fragrance keep.
While hearts can thrill and ears can hear,
Let loving deed and word bring cheer.

—James J. Reeves.

THE direful calamity that has fallen on the American people during the last week has come with a sense of almost a personal loss. In the death of the nation's ruler we seem to have lost a dear friend. Our hearts are full of sympathy for the bereaved wife, who has so long depended on her husband's sustaining care. It is good for us to remember this side of his character, and how, in the midst of his busy life, he was ever mindful of the comfort of his wife. To us all, "Nearer, my God, to thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light," will have an added significance, because they were McKinley's favorite hymns, while his last words, "God's will be done, not ours," will be to us a loving watch-word and a tender benediction.

ONE of the most impressive things connected with the recent tragedy at Buffalo, is the fact embodied in the following sentence, taken from an account in one of the New York papers: "The instant the shot had been fired, three men threw themselves upon the assassin; two of the men were Secret Service officers, the third was a bystander, a negro." That last clause is most noteworthy, to think that of the three men who dashed forward to protect our President, one should be a negro, a representative of that race but lately so downtrodden. What a prophecy of the New South this is! Forty years ago, our fathers rose like one man to defend the Union and to buy with their blood the freedom of the slaves. The other day in Buffalo, a descendant of those slaves risked his life to protect the representative of our Union. That act has in great part paid back the negro's debt to the men of '61. Surely the tide of popular prejudice, at least in the North, has turned at last and the negro has made himself recognized, as, with other men, free and equal. The time has been long in coming when he should be thus recognized, but what more positive proof than this can we have, that the time *has* come?

R. P. M.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD.

It is often more encouraging to the worker to take a "far look" backward than a "near look" at the immediate field of labor. So, though we cannot report new work undertaken in the year now closing, we feel that important results have been attained in the few years since the foremost worker of the Woman's Board, Mary Bailey, was called to her reward in 1893. What had long been the need of Dr. Swinney in her arduous task, and for which many appeals had been made, was, at last, in 1894, accomplished by the

sending out of Dr. Palmberg, and our Board gave its hearty Godspeed in a very practical way. When Dr. Swinney was obliged to leave her work in China, our women lovingly reached a helping hand, and, with the aid of her inspiration, one final strong effort was made that helped to answer prayers and calls from the field for an efficient helper in the Boys' School.

When the new mission in Africa was undertaken, we cheerfully lent a hand toward the support of the girls and women there. A wonderful beginning has been made in that land, and soon more helpers will be needed. Who among our young people are minded to heed the Master's call for laborers in both China and Central Africa, and will be prepared to render service? All Christian workers believe the terrible experiences in China have prepared that nation for a better reception of gospel truth, and multiplied the opportunities for claiming the land for Christ. Who will soon be ready to stand with Dr. Palmberg in the midst of those rapidly increasing privileges of ministering to both body and soul of those millions who need salvation? When we know of the great need of the children in Africa, we feel that if the fifty we have undertaken to support were all provided for, we should have rescued and helped only the merest handful of those who should be saved; and even the fifty are not yet all cared for. Shall we not realize this grand opportunity, and not return home from this Conference till this obligation is fully met? Let us gladly toil on with greater zeal.

SOUTH-EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

Miss Elsie Bond, Secretary, Salem, West Virginia.

Though a retrospective view of the year just closing reveals no very marked difference from the work of previous years, we are pleased to note a steady growth of interest in all lines of denominational work. About the usual contribution has been forwarded through the Woman's Board to various lines of foreign work, while our educational and other local demands have been met with greater zeal than ever before. We note also a small increase in membership in our local Societies; but we greatly feel the need of a more extensive organization, a more thorough knowledge of the work before us, and a greater zeal in the performance of that work.

May the coming year bring greatly increased interest, zeal and efficiency.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. T. R. Williams, Secretary, DeRuyter, New York.

The close of another Conference year comes all too soon, and finds much undone that has seemed impossible to accomplish. Still, much faithful work has been done and some ground gained. Most encouraging reports from the field were given at the Woman's Hour of the Association. We have a band of faithful workers. We are devoutly grateful to God, that during the terrible turmoil and bloodshed in China our workers in that field were protected from harm. We earnestly pray that the struggle may hasten the dominion of the Prince of Peace in that land. The blessings we crave for China and other lands we should strive with all our powers to bring to our own land and our own communities.

Our dear Dr. Swinney spent her last days in this Association, coming to the home of

her brother near the close of September, where she gradually went down to the gateway that led her to the heavenly home. On the last Sabbath she spent with us she spoke of "how much there is to be done;" and, as long as strength and voice would permit she sought to do or say something to lighten the world's woes. May the mantle of her consecrated spirit fall upon us all, that we may live up to life's highest privilege and duty in the year to come.

SOUTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. A. H. Booth, Secretary, Hammond, La.

The churches on this broad field are small and widely separated, so that the Board has only the one organized Auxiliary at Hammond, La. More than its usual apportionment has been raised this year, and the amount about equally divided between local work and the work of the Board. Other gifts are often sent in from individual workers. Letters to the churches have been sent out as usual.

EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. Anna C. Randolph, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Through the past year, the general line of work has been followed as usual. There seems to be a growing interest and a willingness to respond to all requests. Money has been contributed to all the different branches of denominational interests. The RECORDER fund has furnished papers to those who otherwise would not have had them.

The past year has been one of peculiar anxieties. We have all felt deeply for our missionaries in China through these dark hours, and for our workers in Africa in their sickness and trials. Through it all we know that there is an all-wise God who lives and reigns, who will bring light out of darkness, and that all things shall be for his glory. There has been one death, that of our lamented sister, Dr. Ella Swinney, a member of the Shiloh Society, and also its Secretary. Our sister gave all of herself to the cause. Great hearted and loving, she left an example that made better all that knew her. We think of her as resting with Jesus.

NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. Nettie M. West, Secretary, Milton Junction, Wis.

It is but an imperfect report that we bring before you this year, so many Societies not having reported. Still, judging from the money sent to the Woman's Board, there is an interest indicated that is very encouraging. Early in the year, letters were sent out to the Societies, stating the lines of work to be taken up by the Board, and requesting each to select that work which seemed best for them, and to give to those lines as they desired, not deeming it wise to apportion a fixed sum for each Society. Nearly all Societies have responded nobly, and we feel that their gifts have come from love for the work, and not merely from a sense of duty. There seems to be a growing interest in the work of the Woman's Board as evidenced by the hearty co-operation with the Board. Two new Societies have been organized and are doing good work. In some Auxiliaries there is a feeling of discouragement on account of lack of interest manifested by many Christian women who cannot be brought to aid either financially or socially those who are bearing the burdens. We feel that each Society should strive to the utmost to interest such women in their work, and in the denomi-

nation, not only for the help they might give, but for the benefit of such interest to them.

No new lines of work have been taken up this year. Though local needs have required a large amount of money, other lines of work seem not to have suffered in consequence. The number of those contributing toward the support of African girls is increasing. Our hearts were made glad by having with us at the Association our dear Dr. Palmberg, and we feel that her presence with us has given an impetus to the work that cannot be measured, but which will be felt in the coming years.

WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

Miss Agness L. Rogers, Secretary, Wellsville, N. Y.

In submitting her report this year, the Secretary feels that she can give only an imperfect account of the work in this Association, because of the newness of the work to her, and with the close of the year comes a sense that not all has been done that might have been accomplished. Much faithful service has been rendered by the sisters in all the Auxiliaries; the larger Societies have raised their apportionments promptly and cheerfully; the smaller Societies, on account of local needs, have in many cases been obliged to turn their attention to home interests, but are interested in the work of the Board, and have helped so far as they have been able.

There is a feeling on the part of the Secretary that there are many earnest women in our Association who should have a part in the work, but who are indifferent or opposed to it. In the coming year it should be the aim of the Secretary and every zealous worker in the Societies to awaken these sisters. Can we not, dear sisters, help them to realize there is a great blessing in sacrifice for Christ? Can we not help them to see the broader spiritual life beyond their own horizon, and bring home to their hearts the Saviour's command, "Go teach all nations"?

Much interest has been manifested in our missions in China and Africa, and in most instances the Societies have been liberal in their gifts for those fields. Some organizations for local work have been induced this year to report their work to the Board, and much local work of the Auxiliaries heretofore not reported will appear in the Treasurer's report. The year has been a memorable one in the history of missions in China, and we have great reason to be thankful to our kind heavenly Father that our beloved missionaries have not been sacrificed for the spread of truth in that darkened land. Their unselfish loyalty to the cause of God, even when danger was near, should inspire us all to higher Christian living and more earnest endeavor.

Though there have been mistakes and failures, we believe God will bless all efforts put forth in his name and for his cause.

In behalf of and approved by Woman's Board.

MRS. ALBERT WHITFORD, *Cor. Sec.*

SERMON.

BY REV. G. B. SHAW.

Preached on Sabbath morning, at the General Conference, 1901.

Text, Psa. 121: 3a. "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved."

The 121st Psalm is one of a number of short Psalms that are called "Psalms of degrees." Many of us have wondered as we have seen this title written above each of the fifteen Psalms beginning with the 120th,

what the term meant, "A Psalm of degrees." Now it is not positively known what the meaning is, but the explanation usually given seems very reasonable and satisfactory. A song of degrees, or more literally, a song of ascent, is a song of going up. These songs of ascent were the songs that the pilgrims sang as they went up to the great annual gatherings at Jerusalem. As they gathered from all parts of the land, and ascended by easy stages the mountains that were round about Jerusalem, they sang the songs of Zion. The 122d is a song of ascent, a song of degrees, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem . . ." What more appropriate song for a lot of happy religious pilgrims to be singing. These songs are all short, as would be expected, averaging but seven verses each, and were probably chanted responsively by the different groups of pilgrims. Each has its theme which is followed quite carefully, but there is little that could be called development. The 120th is all sadness, "Woe is me that I sojourn in Me-shesh, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar." The next is full of confidence, "The Lord is thy keeper." The third is overflowing with gladness, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." The next is of humble trust, etc.

The Psalm from which the text has been chosen and announced, the 121st, is a literary gem that it would be difficult to match, and is overflowing at every point with the poet's glad confidence in Jehovah as his keeper.

Listen again. It may be from the plains of Jericho, where a band of Galilean pilgrims are going into camp for the night, the sun is still lingering on the western hills, the hills that are round about Jerusalem, whither the tribes go up. As the shadows are deepening in the valley and lengthening across the plain, the thoughts of the pilgrim turn to the Lord who is his keeper. "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills . . . from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for evermore."

Let us now look a little closer into the text, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved." These words were, of course, figurative. But the meaning underlying the figure is perfectly clear. In reading the Bible you have not failed to observe that the feet are held in much higher honor than is the case in our times. The statement of Paul that we should have our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace is evidently directly suggested by the passage of Isaiah, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." Good tidings of peace is the gospel of peace, and in both cases is associated with the feet.

Not suffering the foot to be moved is but another way of saying that the person will not be moved; which in turn says that

one will be shielded from danger. The central idea of the whole Psalm is "the Lord our keeper," and the particular shade of thought made prominent in this verse is the idea of protection from enemies who might drive us about. Israel was to be given protection and ability to take a position and hold it. Zion was not to slip, nor falter, nor wander, nor retreat, nor fall, but rather to stand. This does not mean that she was not to go forward—for the best kind of standing is usually a going forward. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; did not mean perpetual inactivity for Israel, and it does not mean that for us. It means progress under the most favorable conditions.

We are living in trying days, not indeed days of persecution nor days of war, but nevertheless in days when men's souls are being tried.

The commercial spirit is everywhere, the spirit of doubt is everywhere. This is pre-eminently true in the great cities, but village life has been touched by the same poison of worldness, and the home life on the farm is in danger. The question has been seriously raised whether a man can be a Christian and at the same time a successful business man in New York City. I am not now speaking of Sabbath-keeping, but can a man meet un-Christian competition in any ordinary business in that city, and not compromise his Christianity? About the professions there would probably not be any serious question, but all will agree that whether it be in business, in school, society, professional life or wherever we are placed, that to maintain a pure Christian life will mean a struggle on our part and Divine assistance continually, for the current is all the other way. We do not have to struggle to love and to seek for money and praise and pleasure. It is easy to doubt and to be disloyal; the right way is narrow and difficult, the wrong way is broad and easy. As we are jostled about by the careless throng and boldly tempted by the Devil, let us thank God for this splendid text of un-failing promise, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved." Jehovah will not deceive his people; if we hold our Father's hand, we shall never fall.

Our attention is often called to the fact that we are not holding our own young people. We are told that the way to hold our own is to set them to work to save others to the truth, but the fact is continually borne back on some of us that the first duty is to keep within the fold those who are born in our homes. We must strengthen our stakes, as well as lengthen our cords. A generation ago we could lose three or four from a family, and yet hold our own; but it is not so now. Seventh-day Baptist families are not smaller than the families of other people, and our young men and women are not less conscientious than those of other denominations; but I am hinting at some of the facts and conditions that enter into the problem that confronts us as we look out into the new century, and with sad faces confess that many of our young people are not held in the churches. I shall not question our duty to evangelize the world, or disseminate Sabbath truth at home, but our first duty is to stand, and having done all to stand, to stand fast. Our people must all be inspired with more confidence, and that confidence must be grounded in the ability and willingness of Almighty God to

keep our feet from falling. The new conditions under which we are living will make our people more and more lone Sabbath-keepers. Many of our teachers and doctors are already so. The pressure that will be brought to bear on them is likely to increase. Why, even now, the current running away from the law of God is suggestive of Niagara, and the influence of disregard for Sunday is a very gale in our faces, but as we plant our feet more firmly and brace ourselves for the struggle, think what an encouraging, hopeful, inspiring text this is for the faithful Seventh-day Baptist. "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved."

The new century comes to us not only with wonderful opportunities and tremendous duties, but it comes with social and religious conditions so involved that it becomes absolutely necessary that our people shall have, not only the best education, but also the moral and religious qualities to stand alone; the staying qualities, the very first element of which is a reliance in the keeping qualities of the God who promises that he will not permit thy foot to be moved.

A young man or woman goes away to school. It may be to a medical school; the chances are that the spiritual atmosphere is below zero and the question of Sabbath-keeping a blizzard to be faced. It may be a young woman has married a man who does not observe the Sabbath. I need not tell you that the religious future of that family is uncertain. A young man has started out in business; he is to face all the problems of doing as Jesus would do in business. Or it may be one who has passed the meridian of life, and has gone to have a home away from Sabbath privileges. Do not tell these, and others with like problems, to do the best they can under the circumstances; but tell them that if they take the right stand, Almighty God will never suffer their feet to be moved. Don't tell a man to close his shop at sundown Friday afternoon, if it is not to injure his business. Tell him to obey God. Don't tell a wife to compromise the Sabbath to win her husband. Tell her that her Father in Heaven knows her trial, and has promised that he will keep her from falling, and will not permit her to be tempted beyond what she is able to bear. We want more men and women in New York City, but we want you to send us the right kind. Don't send us those who say they will *try* to keep the Sabbath; but rather send those who say that they *will* do so. There is a vast difference between one who plans to win what the world calls success, if it can be done without a compromise of conscience, and one who plans not to compromise conscience unless it should interfere with the world's idea of success. Our God is strong and he will keep his word; "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

I have had occasion to watch the experience of many young men and women in college and university life away from the influences of home, and those who have kept the Sabbath with ease and grace and at the same time have kept the respect and confidence of their fellows are those who are known, from the beginning, as Seventh-day Baptists. They did not begin with any sort of compromise.

If we are in the right, as we feel sure we are, and if God has promised us victory,

then let us not be frightened by the fear of being thought contrary and narrow and bigoted. It is certainly wrong to be contrary and narrow and bigoted, and every Seventh-day Baptist should be so reasonable and charitable and truly broad-minded as to free us from reproach from every thoughtful person. But I remember that the right way is narrow and the wrong way is broad. There may possibly be those who stick to the Sabbath to be contrary. But where one makes the mistake of letting self-will take the place of reason and conscience, there are ninety-nine who are carried away with a flood of worldliness. Let us not think too much of what men will say about us, but think more of what God knows us to be. If men say we are narrow and bigoted, let us satisfy ourselves that it is not true. But we must not take everybody's standard of narrowness. But to come back to the text, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved." Looking for a moment from another standpoint, we naturally ask who it is that makes this general promise, if it is general, and is he able to keep his promise? If this text stood alone in the Scriptures, we would not dare to press it for a sweeping and fundamental promise; but fortunately it is only one of hundreds of its kind, and anyone who believes in the Bible at all must agree that the words apply to us, and that Jehovah is abundantly able to verify their truth in our case.

Something of the same idea, although in the form of personal confidence rather than a promise, is found in the words of Paul, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Hear also the words of Jesus, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Go back to your churches and tell any who may have become discouraged that God lives, and that his truth will certainly triumph. Tell them to take their Bibles and seek out the promises of our Father in Heaven. Don't tell them what men said at Conference till you have told them what Almighty God says in his written Word. Tell them that if they reach up the hand in trust to Jesus, that no one shall pluck them out of his hand. Tell them that if they commit their all to the Saviour whom the apostle trusted, that they will be kept till the great day. Tell them that if they find the truth, and take their stand upon it, that he will not suffer them to be moved; that those who trust Jehovah shall not wander, nor stumble, nor falter, nor fall.

And now what about conditions—are there conditions? Certainly there are conditions. If not directly stated, they are always implied. Possibly the first question to be asked is whether the stand we have taken is right or not. We should know the ground on which we stand to be truth. Some men have never taken enough of a stand anywhere so that it would be worth while to keep their feet from being moved. If we are standing on some falsehood of uncertain, changing ground, we cannot hope that the Lord will keep our feet from falling. If the belief in salvation from sin through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is a poorly grounded presumption, then are we on slippery ground. If the Sabbath of the

Ten Commandments and of the life of Jesus is not an unchanged moral law, then are our feet almost falling. If, on the other hand, we are building on the truth, then are we safe. Let us search diligently to know the truth, that we may take our stand upon ground where we can confidently expect that he will not suffer our feet to be moved. Notice also that we must take a decided stand ourselves. If a man doesn't exactly know whether or not he is a Christian—he hopes he is, he expects to be, his parents were, he means all right,—that man in his uncertain attitude is not upon ground where he can expect God to maintain him.

It may be that a man is asking that the Lord will keep his feet from falling in the temptation to intemperance, who has never taken any stand on that question at all. God will not keep a pure heart in one who deliberately opens his eyes and ears to that which is impure. If any one of us expects the Lord to keep us from the paths of sin, it will be well to consider what stand we have taken toward sin. Neither can a man choose a business or profession where Sabbath-keeping is practically impossible and then expect that the Lord will open the way for him to observe the Sabbath. A man starts out in business hoping in a general way to be able to keep the Sabbath, and get on in the world at the same time. He believes in the Sabbath and would be glad if he could observe it—possibly after a time he can—after he gets a start. This man has not set his feet down at all, and it matters little whether they are moved or not. This is not the way in which Daniel and the other young Hebrew captives answered King Nebuchadnezzar. I can easily imagine a lot of fairly good excuses that these young men might have given to themselves for not being over particular about defilement, but they took a stand, and God honored them in it. So it was that when three of these men were confronted with the question of bowing down to the golden image that the king had set up, that there was no uncertain ground taken. To be sure they were alone of all the subjects of Nebuchadnezzar, and they were only captives; but with the enraged king and his armed guards before their eyes, and with the crackle of the furnace in their ears, but with God in their hearts, they confidently answered and said to the king, "Oh, Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace; and he will deliver us out of thy hand, oh king. But if not, be it known unto thee, oh king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." The God of these brave men is our God, and if we trust in him,

(Continued on page 604)

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.

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Young People's Work.

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

Keeping Out of Sight.

I do love to see a man who has the cause so much at heart that he can either make himself prominent or sink back out of sight, as occasion may require. The man who is, perhaps, more than any other, responsible for the reinforcement and reorganization of our theological school, has never had his name appear in print in connection with the movement. For over a year he has been planning and working quietly. He has pushed others to the front, and then lifted with all his might from some unobserved corner, finding his joy and reward in the good accomplished. We have as great heroes among our common business men and the quiet mistresses of our homes as we have in the specific calling of the ministry.

The Stirring Power of Example.

It is extremely doubtful whether I would have awakened that morning in time for the sunrise meeting, if it had not been for the tramp of feet overhead. The Milton Quartet were astir betimes, getting ready to go, and their busy activity was my reminder. Keep right on in your Christian duties, my friend. You may see no returns; but the very noise of your feet as you walk in the paths of daily duty will remind some one else of words unsaid and deeds undone.

Putting Others to Work.

One of the things to be admired about the methods of J. G. Burdick in evangelistic campaigns is his setting other people at work. When an evangelist comes into a community, and by untiring diligence and lavish expenditure of his powers wins souls to Christ, there is always this peril, that when the moving cause is removed the work will lapse. More and more are thoughtful pastors convinced that permanent growth in the church must come through the activity of the church itself. Of course, we are speaking now of the human side of the work. We must always remember that it is God who worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure. But God always stands ready to work through his children, and the final test falls back on us. Solve the problem of securing a live, healthy, active church-membership—active because the life within is pushing out to bud and fruit—and you solve the evangelistic problem. Is it not so?

Thoughts From an Early Morning Prayer-Meeting.

"We want to see sinners converted *now*."

"There is no better example of consecration than that of Paul. He said, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' and that was all there was of it. That was consecration."

"I'm not much of a singer, and cannot talk very well; but I can get down on my knees and pray for the unsaved."

"Ask for it right, and God will give his Holy Spirit in such power that we won't know what to do."

"God furnishes the electric force. We are only the wire upon which it runs."

"When we were boys on the frontier, father would have us take torches and run, lighting fires in the grass, as we went. That is what we are to do when we get back home."

To Deal With Anarchy.

How would it do to put all the anarchists upon an island by themselves? It seems too bad for a man or woman who hates a flag to live under it. Let them have some stretch of territory to themselves, where they can kill each other to their heart's content. The American people are through with the easy policy which permits them to kill *our* loved and cherished leaders; but we could be reconciled to seeing them kill their own. Let them have a chance to put their cherished ideas into effect where they alone can suffer from them, and, if they can demonstrate to the world that they have a better order of society than ours, it will be time enough then to adopt it.

I do not think the American people will endorse the impassioned statement of the public speaker who declared that Johnson should have killed the assassin of President McKinley on the spot. No anarchist could complain of such summary treatment, but we ourselves have higher ideals of law and order. Our real attitude seems rather to be a quiet, relentless, unswerving, undying purpose to hunt this venomous brood of reptiles to the last corner, break it up, stamp it out and rob it of the power to do further damage.

Anarchy is an exotic. It is not native to our soil. It is imported. The assassin was born here, but his education, his ideas, the influence which led him to the deed were foreign to our soil. Let the anarchists be met at the gateway of the Republic with a closed door. If they hate the flag they shall not live under it and enjoy its protection. They have no business, no right here. America is an asylum for the oppressed, but it is not a breeding place for murderers.

Utterances such as those put forth by the Goldman female—I do not call her a woman—should be classed under the head of treason and treated as such. Free speech does not mean license to poison the mind with filth, neither does it mean permission to incite murder. The public welfare must be sacredly guarded, and every foaming mad dog, snapping his jaws to right and left as he runs, should be put out of the way of doing harm without temporizing or delay.

I come back to that attractive idea of deportation. It has its difficulties; but what an ideal way to handle such vipers! Of course, no one wants to deport Czolgosz. Something more appropriate awaits him and his fellow conspirators. But there are others left who are not directly connected with the murder. "No state, no family, no God" is the motto on the black flag. Very well. Let them have a chance to put their beautiful ideas into effect and enjoy the results to the full. They would soon exterminate each other, or else evolve some system of government for their own protection.

Of course, the most important result which will flow from the sacrifice of the life of our President will be the welding of the nation together into a stronger patriotism. We cannot keep our President in an iron cage. The nations which have guarded their rulers most strictly have been unable to protect them when men were bent on taking their lives. Above all other lessons let us remind ourselves that a nation's one great protection is in the hearts of its citizens. A public sentiment that will scorn the low selfish ideals all too prevalent in political life, that will

root out the abuses which stir up discontent and distrust, that will work first and last for the country's weal, that will be our strongest bulwark in all the days to come.

They may kill McKinley, but they cannot kill the free institutions for which he stood. They may strike down the man, but the cause goes on. God makes the wrath of man to praise him. The shot at Lexington aimed at our subjugation made us an independent nation. The booming explosion of the Maine in Havanah harbor made Cuba free. The bullet fired at our President has a tremendous recoil, and the whole foul brood which cheered the assassin on will feel it in the coming days. Under God, the ideals of free government shall be higher lifted, and William McKinley shall not have died in vain.

A CONFERENCE of about thirty Junior Superintendents and workers was held in the vestry of the church at 3.30 o'clock on Wednesday, August 28, under the leadership of Mrs. H. M. Maxson, of Plainfield, N. J. Talks were given by Mr. Walter L. Greene, of Alfred, on "Intermediate Societies of Christian Endeavor," and by the Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, of Ashaway, R. I., on "Evangelistic work among the children."

From these papers and the discussion of the same, the following thoughts were drawn:

Evangelistic work with the children is of the utmost importance. In these days there are no sweeping revivals like those of fifty years ago, but a gradual training of the children to keep them good and to make them Christian workers. If we give up the work with the children, we must give up our future. Religion is largely a matter of growth, and young minds are more easily molded than those of mature years. Evangelism is founded on love. Children often have a good influence on other children and on home friends. Instances have been known where children have brought back their parents to the keeping of God's Sabbath, from which they had wandered.

Junior work is needed as a supplement to the work of the Sabbath-school and the home. The Intermediate Society is the connecting link between the Junior and Senior Societies. It consists of children from twelve to sixteen years old, who like to assume some responsibilities of their own. There are at present three Intermediate Societies in our denomination, at Alfred, Ashaway and Plainfield, but there should be many more. Under the wise direction of a superintendent, the members conduct their own prayer and business meetings in good order. Children need to be taught how to pray. Keeping in mind the thought that prayer is talking to God, give the children some simple forms, and ask for sentence prayers for some particular object. Occasionally, special meetings should be arranged to teach the reasons for our own particular belief, the early history of our denomination, our own missionary and temperance work, and similar subjects.

The Seventh-day Baptist Catechism of 1896 is now in process of revision, and will soon be ready for distribution. The bond between Junior, Intermediate, and Senior Societies should be very close. It is wise to have superintendents appointed by Senior Societies, and to expect regular reports of the work done. Junior and Intermediate Societies ought also to send reports to the Young People's page of the RECORDER.

MARY A. STILLMAN, Sec.

Children's Page.

"THINGS THAT S'PRISE YOU."

There's lots of things that s'prise
When you're little just like I;
When you bump your head they tell you,
"Oh, you're too big to cry!"
But when there's pie for dinner,
And you want another bite,
The big folks say, "Oh, no, indeed,
You are too little, quite."

Then when there's company you know,
They wash you up so clean
And tell you little bits o' folks
Must not be heard but seen.
But next thing that you know about
You hear 'em say, "Now, dear,
Stand up and say your little piece
For Mrs. Smith to hear."

That's just the way things s'prise you
When you're little just like I,
But I s'pose you'll understand 'em
When you're older, by and by.

—The Watchman.

JOE'S FIRE COMPANY.

BY ALICE E. ALLEN.

Joe was washing dishes. It seemed to Joe that she was always washing dishes. If she had only been a boy, and could have done boys' work! Poor Joe tossed her little dark head, set her teeth hard, and went on with the dishes.

Outside she could hear the children talking as they built stick-houses. Joe called her little sister Nan, and Nan's little friend Bob, "the children." For they were only six, while she was ten, and "going on eleven."

Bob was the next-door neighbor's boy. He had big blue eyes, stiff white hair, and a round grave face. He drawled his words and dragged his feet. Such a slow, solemn little boy was Bob.

Bob and Nan always played together. But they were never quite happy unless Don was there too. Don was the large brown dog. When mamma saw Nan coming slowly across the lawn or down the walk she always knew that Bob was only a few steps behind, and that old Don would be close behind Bob. She knew, too, when she saw this solemn trio, that some mischief was on foot.

Joe listened to Bob's slow drawl while she scalded and dried the plates.

"Your sticks don't lie straight, Nan Turner," he was saying.

"Don't care if they don't," piped Nan's clear little voice. "My parlor's all furnished, anyway. See, Bob."

Joe could not resist looking out of the window to see too. She was only ten, you remember. There they were under the trees. Nan's hat was hanging by one string. Tired of building, she was already furnishing her parlor. A row of small stones for "chairs" stood on a bright bit of calico, which was the "carpet."

Bob was slowly laying his sticks. He looked at Nan's house, and said, with slow scorn in his voice, "Folks—don't—furnish—their—house—before—they're—built."

"Don't care," said Nan. "I'm tired of playing stick-houses, anyway. 'Tisn't any fun. Come on, let's be the Pilgrim Fathers, Bob, and clear the land."

"What'll Don be? He can't be a Pilgrim Father," said Bob, looking at Don thoughtfully.

"Oh! he can be a tiger, and we'll shoot him," Nan said; "and we must burn away the woods, you know, Bob. That's the way to do—papa says so, and papa, he knows everything."

Away went the Pilgrim Fathers to clear the

land. And close behind went the friendly tiger, which was to be shot. Joe watched them out of sight, and then went back to her dishes. The next minute she heard Nan's voice screaming, "O Bob, Bob! quick, quick, quick! The ash-house is all afire! Oh, oh, oh!"

As Nan's "ohs" increased in strength, Bob's voice joined in, and Don barked wildly.

"The ash-house on fire?" thought Joe, "and it's close to the barn." She flung down her dishcloth, caught up a pail of water, and ran.

Papa was chief of the fire department in the village. He had often told his children what to do in case of fire.

How Joe flew across the yard, calling to Nan and Bob to get more water, and come quick. Before she reached the ash-house she could see the smoke, and when, out of breath, she pulled open the door, black clouds rushed out and choked her. She could see the red flames darting in and out of the darkness within. The stone part would not burn. Joe remembered that, and dashed the water with all her little strength against the wooden roof of the building.

By this time Nan was there with more water. Joe had just raised the pail high for a good throw, when the gruff voice of the old gardener, from somewhere near, called, "What be you young 'uns up to now?"

Joe sent the water first, then wiped her hot face, and called back, "O Davis, bring some water quick! The ash-house is all afire!"

"Taint, nuther!" shouted old Davis in disgust; "I'm smokin' hams."

Joe dropped her pail, and ran back to her unwashed dishes. Some way she was glad not to meet any one just then.

The little procession of three formed as usual. Nan's curly head was held very high. Bob's feet dragged themselves unwillingly away from the exciting scene. Don's long, silky ears drooped. He seemed to feel that the burden of the mistake rested most heavily upon him.

A slow smile crept up among the freckles on Bob's round face. "Nan," he said, "I—told—you—there—wasn't—any—hurry."

That night, at tea-time, Papa Turner said to mamma, "I've been thinking all summer that I must put lightning-rods on our house and barn. But it won't be necessary. Davis says we have one of the finest and most fearless of fire companies right in our family."

Joe's cheeks were crimson. Then papa told mamma all about it. They both laughed, and papa pulled Nan's curls, and asked Joe where she had found her way of curing hams.

Then Bob came in from his supper, and Don came in from his, and mamma said, as she kissed them all round, "Let papa joke all he wants to, children. He's as proud as I am of our brave little fire company."—S. S. Times.

RAINY DAY INDOORS.

It was Frazer's second day in the country, and the rain was coming down in torrents. Poor Frazer! He could have cried with vexation when he jumped out of bed in the morning and gazed down on the big farmyard, with its muddy pools and dripping trees, only, of course, boys never cry over trifles. At least, that is what he had told his cousin Fanny, when she broke her doll the day before he left home, and he remembered it now with a pang of sympathy.

There was no use in urging his mother to let him go out in that drenching downpour, and Frazer took his seat at the breakfast table with a rueful face and gloomy thoughts of a long dreary day indoors.

"How fortunate it is that it's raining today!" said Mrs. Parker, Frazer's mamma, in a brisk tone, after the family was seated.

Frazer and Nellie and Ethel, the two little girls who were among the guests, all looked up at that in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Glad it's raining!" said Nellie, in an awe-struck tone. What a strange woman Frazer's mother must be, she thought.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Parker, cheerfully, "really glad, for I have heard of the nicest game to play, and if it had not rained I don't know when you children would have found time to play it with me. Now we can start it this morning."

"Oh, will you play with us?" cried Frazer, his face brightening perceptibly.

"Of course I will," answered his mother, with that bright little laugh of her's which somehow always banished the frowns from Frazer's face.

As soon as the breakfast things had been cleared away, the farmer's wife built a great woodfire in the old open fireplace, which was so large that Frazer could stand in it and see the sky through the chimney, before the logs were lighted. The children all thought the fire delightful. The logs were so much larger than any they could use in their city homes that the blaze seemed a different thing. The new game, Mrs. Parker said, was called the "memory game." The three children were sent from the room while Mrs. Parker arranged fifteen articles on a small table. These were a book, penknife, buttonhook, matchbox, ring, bracelet, purse, scissors, thimble, stick-pin and a little china dog. Then the door was opened, and as Frazer, Nellie and Ethel bounded into the room each received a piece of writing paper and a pencil, and was told to walk slowly around the table three times, without speaking, but looking at the objects. Just as Ethel, who brought up the rear, had finished her third trip around, Mrs. Parker suddenly dropped a great cloth over the table hiding everything from sight, and the children sat down to write the names and descriptions of as many articles as they could remember. Mrs. Parker and Nellie's mother were to be judges to see which one had remembered the greatest number of things, for that one should receive a prize. Nellie and Frazer had remembered the same number, although different articles, but Ethel had one more on her list than the others. There was a moment of expectancy, then Mrs. Parker brought out a pretty heart-shaped box, tied around with red and yellow ribbons. When Ethel opened it she found the most tempting array of marshmallows tightly packed inside, enough to comfort any little girl for a rainy day. The best thing about the prize was that the others could share it, too. It made great fun for the afternoon when the children knelt before the open fire, which had died down to a soft, comfortable glow, and toasted the marshmallows one by one, holding them on the end of long forks, and laughing to see the pretty white things grow brown. When at last night came Frazer said as he hugged his mamma and kissed her good-night: "I don't care a bit if it rains again. You're such a brick, mamma, dear, we can have every bit as good a time with you, in the house!"—Tri-Weekly Tribune.

Sermon.

(Continued from page 601.)

and do our part, there will be with us in every fiery trial the form of the fourth—like unto the Son of God. So it was that afterwards, when King Darius had signed the wicked decree that no one should pray to any god for thirty days, that Daniel was not moved. He chose to face lions rather than to dishonor Jehovah.

“Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose firm,
Dare to make it known.”

“Standing by a purpose true,
Heeding God’s command,
Honor then the faithful few,
All hail to Daniel’s band.”

“Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel’s band.”

“Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall
If met by Daniel’s band.”

“Hold the gospel banner high;
On to victory grand,
Satan and his hosts defy,
And shout for Daniel’s band.”

“Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose firm,
Dare to make it known.”

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth Israel will neither slumber nor sleep.

Above all other conditions we are not to forget that while we exert every effort to stand unmoved, we are not to trust in our own strength. The Hebrew captives who refused to bow to the golden image on the plains of Dura did not resist in their own strength. To be sure they did exhibit wonderful courage and faith and bravery, but it was all dependent on another and higher power. They said, “Our God, whom we serve, is able.” If they had set out to resist the orders of Nebuchadnezzar by intellectual cunning, or by physical prowess, leaving Jehovah out of the account, there would have been quite a different ending to their story; or more likely there would never have been any story at all. It is exactly so in the modern application of the truth and text. Men and women are the strongest when their trust in God to keep them is the strongest. Well said the apostle, “When I am weak then am I strong.” That is to say, when he felt most the necessity to trust everything to his Lord, then it was that strength welled up within him.

Seventh-day Baptists have planted their feet on the shores of Asia and in the heart of Africa; they have undertaken to teach the Christian world the neglected truth of Jehovah’s Sabbath; problems of education and evangelization stand like rugged mountains across their pathway; it would seem that the odds are all against them; but God says, “I will not suffer thy foot to be moved.”

Our schools and our Boards are safe, if they are faithful. Our pastorless churches are not without a leader, and our lone Sabbath-keepers are not alone. The world is beautiful and good, and the future is bright for those who obey God. Has he not promised? Tell the children and young people, and let the aged die in hope, for victory is as sure as God is true.

“Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to

all the law which Moses, my servant, commanded thee; turn not thou from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. Have not I commanded thee, Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.”

The God of Joshua is the God we serve—yesterday, to-day and forever the same. The Lord who stood by the apostle Paul on the sinking ship in the Mediterranean storm, will stand by Jacob Bakker in the darkness of Africa; the same God who revealed himself to the beloved disciple, banished to Patmos for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus, will reveal himself to the little flock in Shanghai; the same Jesus who led his disciples through the fields of Galilee and taught them such infinite patience, will go before us and will teach us by his Spirit and by his Word.

When the armies of Cæsar and Pompey stood facing each other on the field of Pharsalia, beyond the Rubicon, and the destiny of nations was in the balance, Pompey gave the order that when Cæsar commanded his legions to charge, that instead of running to meet them on the field, his soldiers should await them in their places. This plan was adopted with the expectation that when the crash came it would find one line of men exhausted by the run, and the other fresh for the fight. This experiment cost Pompey his kingdom, for as the soldiers of Cæsar ran, their courage rose and the momentum which they gained was almost resistless, while on the other hand the men standing in their tracks, were soon shaking in their shoes and were ripe for a panic when the blow came. The best way for Seventh-day Baptists to stand is to go forward; and he will not suffer thy foot to be moved.

I doubt if the apostle Paul used such texts as we are considering to-day as he pushed out with the gospel among the heathen; to them he preached salvation from sin through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; but to the struggling converts, and to his own heart such promises of sustaining grace must have been very precious. Think of Paul the aged and infirm, but the unconquered prisoner of Nero. Scarred with many a scourge and lash, his shoulders are bent with age, his hair is turned to gray and his eyes are dim; already his wrists are calloused with the chains of Rome, but he is not conquered nor in the least discouraged. His mind is clear, his heart is warm, and the star of hope shines bright above. More trials await him, but I hear him saying, “I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness . . .” “He will not suffer thy foot to be moved.” So it has ever been and ever will be. “They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever.”

Let us all take courage to-day by remembering this self-evident fact, that if we are right, and if we trust God for help, nothing can harm or hinder us. Amen.

THE MISSION OF THE POSITIVE MAN.

No man achieves anything worthy until he learns the power of conviction,—until he feels that he can accomplish something if he wills it strong enough and long enough.

The world stands aside for the man who has a program, a mission, a calling to do that which he feels a throbbing compulsion within him to do.

Stoutly affirm your ability to do what you undertake. Every affirmation strengthens your position.

One of the best strengtheners of character and developers of stamina, generally, is to assume the part you wish to play; to stoutly assert the possession of whatever you lack. If you are deficient in courage, staying-power, pluck or determination, learn to assert vigorously these qualities as your own by a divine right. Be thoroughly convinced that they belong to you,—that you should possess them, and that you do. Then you will strengthen your success-position wonderfully.

Grant had this positive quality—a firm conviction that he could accomplish whatever he undertook. There was nothing negative in him. He did not stop, in the midst of a great crisis, to consider if failure were possible; he did not doubt, but constantly affirmed, and was always on the positive side.

It is the positive Lincolns, Washingtons and Grants who achieve results. The positive man is wanted everywhere—the man with the plus qualities of leadership. He is fearless, courageous; his conviction is born of the consciousness of strength.

Never allow yourself to admit that you are inferior to the emergency confronting you, for this is to invite defeat. Stoutly affirm that you can do the thing. The moment you harbor a doubt of your ability, that moment you capitulate to the enemy.

Every time you acknowledge weakness, deficiency, or lack of ability, or harbor doubt, you weaken your self-confidence, and that is to weaken the very foundation, the very possibility, of your success.

A young man might as well expect to get over the Alps by sitting down, declaring that the undertaking is too great for him, that he can never accomplish it, that he is afraid of the avalanches and of getting lost, as to hope to attain greatness in life while he is expressing doubts and fears of his ability to do what he undertakes. The achievement of such a man will never rise higher than his confidence.—*Success.*

GOLD COAST MISSION.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society, held this day, it was voted to send Brother Peter Velthuysen as a missionary and teacher to Ayan Maim, Gold Coast, Africa, as soon as possible. In order that the Board may have the money pledged for this object at the late General Conference, to use in sending out Brother Velthuysen, a committee was appointed by the Board to request that, as far as convenient, the pledges for the first year be paid before October 1, so that the Treasurer may not be obliged to hire the money.

Please remit to Geo. H. Utter, Treasurer, Westerly, R. I.

Respectfully,

I. B. CRANDALL, } Com.
A. S. BABCOCK, }

WESTERLY, R. I., Sept. 11, 1901.

DENOMINATIONAL HYMN-BOOK.

At the late session of the General Conference, it was voted to adopt the report of the Committee, recommending "Life-Time Hymns." If one thousand of these are ordered, a special edition will be printed with the title of "Life-Time Hymns, Seventh-day Baptist Edition," and with references to "Sunday" changed to "Sabbath."

Copies of this book can be obtained from R. R. McCabe & Co., Chicago, Ill., by sending thirty-five cents. A number of churches are already favorably considering the book, and will doubtless purchase it.

The Committee is desirous of ordering the edition as early as possible, and urges all churches who are thinking of purchasing new hymn-books to take up the question promptly and advise the Committee of their decision at their earliest convenience.

D. E. TITSWORTH, }
 H. D. CLARKE, } Com.
 GEO. W. POST, }
 L. C. RANDOLPH, }

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

The Sabbath has again come to me while on my travels in Iowa. I have found a lone Sabbath-keeper, by mere chance, who, with two daughters, kindly invite me to spend the Sabbath with them. We are strangers, having never before heard of each other. The husband and son are unbelievers; went to their work, but giving me a kind welcome and a command to make myself "comfortable." The great, busy world was unmindful of the day and its sacredness. It keeps Sunday; that is, it keeps it on bicycles, in the parks, on excursions to the city, in visiting relatives and taking pleasure rides. The preacher has told his people that "We keep Sunday because the work of redemption is greater than the work of creation." And it is about that idle speculation that I wish to say a few words.

Christ is the Redeemer and he is the Creator. "All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made." John 1: 1-3. "By him were all things created." Col. 1: 16, 17. To the Son of God it was said, "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thine hands." Heb. 1: 5, 8, 10. It was this creative power that marked the divinity of Jesus Christ. It was plainly seen in the miracle of the feeding of the multitude in Galilee, the same creative power he used in creating the world and all foods. Christ is creator, and we worship him as such. It is by virtue of this power that he is the Saviour of the world. Because "by him were all things created," "We have redemption through his blood." Col. 1: 14, 16. He redeems because he creates. It is, therefore, the same power that creates and redeems. How is a man redeemed? By being created anew. "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me." Psa. 51: 10. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." 2 Cor. 5: 17. "We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus." Eph. 2: 8-10. Redemption is creation. One and the same divine power. Natural birth is by creative power. The new birth is by creative power. Mr. Preacher, can your finite mind measure the power of God in creation? Oh, no! Can you measure that power in the work of redemption? Certainly not. Then by what

authority do you assert that one is greater than the other? Have you a theological axe to grind? and do you grind it by this idle speculation? "To the law and the testimony." "The seventh day is the Sabbath." In creation God set it apart for man's highest good. In redemption man regards it sacredly; God's own word about it is sufficient. Return to the authority of the Bible and to obedience to Christ, who gave you the Sabbath by his creation, and maintains the same blessed institution and the same day for your good in your redeemed state.

H. D. CLARKE.

ROCKFORD, Iowa.

TWENTY-EIGHT HOME MISSIONARIES.

Among the works accomplished at Conference was the forming of a prayer circle of consecrated workers, for mutual help and encouragement. This circle was formed principally of isolated Sabbath-keepers; but no one is debarred from joining.

It is believed that by being united, and reporting from time to time, that the scattered ones can do more efficient and systematic work. The circle is called "Lower Lights."

The twenty-eight who volunteered to work for Christ in their own little corner signed this promise:

Desiring to advance Christ's Kingdom, we are willing to be lights for him; and will do all we can to spread the gospel and Sabbath truth.

Any who may wish to identify themselves with this movement, either for the purpose of helping, or being helped, will please send their names and addresses to

MRS. ANGELINE ABBEY.

1030 East 26th Street, Erie, Pa.

SKIP MISS BROWN.

Little Clara, aged four, was in the habit of asking God in her prayers to bless her father, mother, and Miss Brown, her governess. One evening not feeling kindly disposed toward the latter, she concluded her prayer as follows: "Dod bwess my papa and my mamma, but 'ou needn't bozzer 'bout Miss Brown dis time."

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SABBATH RECORDER,
 Plainfield, N. J.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

News from Peary.

The Arctic steamer Erik, from Ellsmere Land, Aug. 29, reached Cape Breton, Sept. 13, and reported all well. Peary left Fort Conger April 15, 1900, crossed Robeson Channel, in latitude 81° degrees 44' north to West Greenland, and traversed the coast to the northward. On April 26, at 83° 24' two natives were sent back. He arrived on May 8 at Lockwood's Cairn, the furthest point north reached by Lockwood; opened the cairn and found records had been taken; when at 15 miles northeast, another cairn was found containing records, saying that that was the "farthest" point reached in 1882. Two more natives were then sent back.

Peary and Henson, with Esquimaux, pushed on, and at 83° 39' north arrived at the northern extremity of Greenland, evidently the most northern land in the world. Here Mr. Peary built a cairn and deposited therein the records of his journey, portions of his country's flag, his club flag, his private signal, and some articles as souvenirs.

From this point Peary struck out directly north for the pole, and pushed on until at 83° and 50' north he was stopped by much broken ice and open water.

On returning to the coast, he traveled eastward about one hundred and sixty miles farther than Lockwood, latitude 83° north and longitude 25° west, where the high mountain seen by Lockwood away to the north was seen and recognized by Mr. Peary away to the south.

In a letter to Mr. H. L. Bridgman, Secretary of his Club, Mr. Peary sets forth his estimate of the value of his work, from which we make few brief extracts:

CONGER, April 4, 1901.

My Dear Bridgman:

It gives me great pleasure to present to the Club the results of the work of 1900.

1. The rounding of the northern limit of the Greenland archipelago, the most northerly known land in the world; probably the most northerly land.
2. The highest latitude yet attained in the Western Hemisphere (83° 50' north).
3. The determination of the origin of the so-called "Poleocrystic ice" (floe berg), etc.

Considering that I am an old man, have one broken leg and only three toes, and that my starting point was Etah, I feel that this was doing tolerably well. . . . If I do not capture the pole itself in this spring campaign, I shall try it again next spring. (Signed) PEARY.

Dr. Dedricht takes this letter South to be sent by natives to Cape York, thence by whaler to the British Consul at any civilized point.

On May 22, Mr. Peary turned back, following the line of his outward march, and on June 10 arrived at Fort Conger, having been gone three months, without illness, accident, or serious mishap of any kind, to himself or any of his party, having made seven hundred miles more than Lockwood and Brainard in 1882, and made it in less time, and in temperatures ranging from 20° above to 35° below zero.

Mr. Peary decided to winter at Fort Conger, and to spend the autumn in hunting and obtaining fresh meat for men and dogs.

Having given up the Greenland route as being an undesirable one to reach the pole, he decided that his next attempt would be from Cape Hecla, the northern point of Grinnell Land, using Fort Conger as a base.

Late in April, 1901, Mr. Peary, with his entire force, returned south to open communication with the steamer expected from home, but from which nothing had been heard. He found the steamer at Payer Harbor, on May 6, frozen fast in her winter quarters, having

Mrs. Peary and their daughter on board. Here they had been prisoners in the ice for nearly eight months. Not until this time did Mr. Peary learn of the death of his daughter Francesca, which took place soon after he left for the north, over a year and a half before.

On July 3, the Windward extricated herself from the ice, and devoted the month to hunting walrus to provide food for natives and dogs for next year's field work (1902). They caught 125 walrus, and returned to Etah, where Peary wintered in 1899-1900. On Aug. 4 the Erik arrived from Cape Breton in 14 days, bringing Mr. Peary the news of his mother's death in Portland, Maine, in November last.

Mr. Peary has established his headquarters for this winter, which is already severe, at a camp on the south side of Hershel Bay, ten miles south of Cape Sabine.

On Aug. 29 the Erik sailed for home, having on board Mrs. Peary and her daughter; they did not sail a day too soon, for it took four days to steam twenty-three miles, on account of the ice, to reach open water. The winter arrangements are such as to insure comfort and rest, to be prepared to enter the field on the return of light in 1902.

THE searching party that was sent to find the three men who were lost from the Abbruzzi Expedition have returned after making as thorough a search as possible at all known cairns, and finding no trace. They are given up as lost. They have shared the fate of Andree and his compatriot with the balloon.

TO OUR CHURCHES.

At the recent General Conference the following apportionments were made to meet the expenses chargeable to the Conference:

EASTERN ASSOCIATION.		SOUTH-EASTERN ASSOCIATION.					
Utica.....	88	Salem.....	16 17				
Piscataway.....\$10 12	Berlin.....	2 20	Lost Creek.....	13 75			
First Hopkinton... 24 53	Southampton.....	7 59	Middle Island.....	8 14			
Shiloh.....	28 82	Welton.....	6 27	Ritchie.....	8 69		
Berlin.....	11 77	Rock River.....	3 85	Greenbrier.....	7 15		
Waterford.....	4 18	Carlton.....	5 28	Roanoke.....	3 19		
Marlboro.....	8 69	Dodge Centre.....	16 72	Salemville.....	2 53		
Second Hopkinton. 8 91	Trenton.....	1 43	Black Lick.....	3 96			
Rockville.....	13 64	Nortonville.....	26 73				
First Westerly.....	4 62	Long Branch.....	1 21	SOUTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.			
Plainfield.....	22 22	New Auburn.....	4 95	Delaware.....	77		
Pawcatuck.....	33 00	Farina.....	16 17	Fouke.....	1 54		
Woodville.....	77	Stone Fort.....	3 63	Eagle Lake.....	44		
New York.....	4 07	North Loup.....	23 98	Hammond.....	5 39		
Greenmanville.....	1 76	Milton Junction... 17 49	Chicago.....	6 27	Attalla.....	3 08	
Second Westerly... 1 98	Greenmanville.....	1 76	Grantsburg.....	44	Providence.....	55	
Cumberland.....	1 43	Greenmanville.....	1 76	Pleasant Grove.... 2 86	Corinth.....	66	
				Coloma.....	2 75	Crowley's Ridge... 1 21	
				Grand Junction.... 2 97	Winthrop.....	66	
				Bethel.....	1 32	Wynne.....	44
				Big Springs.....	1 43	Texarkana.....	55
				Big Sioux.....	2 09		
				Marquette.....	1 21		
				Boulder.....	4 18		
				Villa Ridge.....	1 21		
				Talent.....	77		
				Colony Heights.... 1 65			
				Farnum.....	3 08		
				Cartwright.....	2 53		
				Rock House Prairie 2 53			

The Treasurer would be very much pleased with a prompt remittance, as over five hundred dollars of the bills are already due.

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD.

ALFRED, N. Y.

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.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 5.	Joseph Sold into Egypt.....	Gen. 37: 12-36
Oct. 12.	Joseph in Prison.....	Gen. 39: 20-23; 40: 1-15
Oct. 19.	Joseph Exalted.....	Gen. 41: 38-49
Oct. 26.	Joseph and His Brethren.....	Gen. 45: 1-15
Nov. 2.	Death of Joseph.....	Gen. 50: 15-26
Nov. 9.	Israel Oppressed in Egypt.....	Exod. 1: 1-14
Nov. 16.	The Childhood of Moses.....	Exod. 2: 1-10
Nov. 23.	World's Temperance Lesson.....	Isa. 5: 8-30
Nov. 30.	The Call of Moses.....	Exod. 3: 1-12
Dec. 7.	Moses and Pharaoh.....	Exod. 11: 1-10
Dec. 14.	The Passover.....	Exod. 12: 1-17
Dec. 21.	The Passage of the Red Sea.....	Exod. 14: 13-27
Dec. 28.	Review.....	

LESSON I.—JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

For Sabbath-day, Oct. 5, 1901.

LESSON TEXT.—Gen. 37: 12-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt: but God was with him.—Acts 7: 9.

INTRODUCTION.

From chapter 37 on the Book of Genesis has to do with the history of the sons of Jacob, and particularly of Joseph, the eldest son of his favorite wife Rachel. The promise to Abraham was repeated to his son, Isaac, from whom it passed on to his son Jacob. From Jacob, however, the promise continued not through a single son, but through all. To Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, God often appeared and confirmed his promise of blessing for them, and through them to the world; but to the twelve sons the promise is not explicitly repeated; they simply inherit the promise of their father.

Although the twelve are in a certain sense equal heirs of their father, Joseph is pre-eminent among them in his relation to God, and becomes their leader and deliverer.

In the early part of the chapter, from which our lesson is taken, we are told of the growing envy which arose on the part of the ten against Joseph. Three principal causes of this envy are mentioned: Joseph brought unfavorable reports to his father of the doings of his brethren; Jacob showed that he loved Joseph more than his other sons and gave him a garment that implied honorable position; Joseph dreamed dreams which seemed to imply that he was to have the homage of his parents and brethren, and was relating these dreams to his brethren.

TIME.—When Joseph was seventeen years old.

PLACES.—Hebron, Shechem and Dothan.

PERSONS.—Jacob and his sons, particularly Joseph, Reuben and Judah; the Ishmaelites or Midianites; Potiphar.

OUTLINE:

1. Joseph Seeks His Brethren. v. 12-17.
2. His Brethren Conspire Against Joseph. v. 18-24.
3. Joseph is Sold into Egypt and Jacob Mourns His Death. v. 25-36.

NOTES.

12. *Their father's flocks in Shechem.* When Jacob had taken up a permanent residence at Hebron, it was, of course, impossible always to find pasturage for the flocks near home. Shechem was visited by Abraham when he first came into Canaan. It was about fifty miles from Hebron.

13. *And he said unto him, Here am I.* Thus denoting his readiness to do his father's will.

17. *And found them in Dothan.* About fifteen miles north of Shechem.

18. *They conspired against him.* They had cherished hatred toward Joseph for some time, and now as they see him approaching and realize their favorable opportunity, they make plans for his destruction.

19. *This dreamer.* Literally, master of dreams—a mocking designation. It is apparent, however, that the brethren esteemed the dreams of some significance, since they hated Joseph instead of dismissing his lofty pretensions with ridicule.

20. *Let us slay him, etc.* Their first plan is to make a final disposition of him at once. They would then deny to their father that they had seen him since they had left home, and thus make it appear that he had come to his death while wandering in search of them.

21. *And Reuben heard it and he delivered him out of their hands.* This verse summarizes what follows. Reuben's purpose was to deliver Joseph by suggesting a

method of disposing of Joseph more cruel than to slay him, namely, to throw him into a cistern from which he could not get out. Reuben has been severely blamed for not standing boldly as the friend of Joseph and refusing to countenance any violence; but he may have thought that Joseph would be thrown into the pitany way, and he had better go alive rather than dead.

23. *They strip Joseph out of his coat.* It is possible that some of them had already in mind the plan carried out in v. 31, 32; but the fact of his wearing such a coat was a matter of irritation to them. Their first act of violence would naturally be to strip off the coat. *Coat of many colors.* Literally, coat or tunic of the extremities; that is, tunic with long skirt and sleeves. There is nothing in the original to indicate color. This garment indicated the high rank of the wearer.

24. *And the pit was empty.* Compare the case of Jeremiah who was imprisoned in a cistern which had a layer of mud on the bottom. Jer. 38: 6 ff.

25. *And they sat down to eat bread.* Careless of the misery of their brother. *A company of Ishmaelites.* Dothan was on a great caravan route from Bethsean and Jezreel to Ramleh and Egypt. *Spicery and balm and myrrh.* These three words refer to the gums derived from three kinds of trees or shrubs. They were used in making salves and perfumery.

26. *What profit it we slay our brother and conceal his blood?* Judah suggests that it is of no use to kill Joseph by way of avenging themselves against him, for if they should do so they must conceal the fact.

27. *Come and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites.* Thus they would get a profit in money, and avoid lifting their hand against their own flesh and blood. This plan seems as heartless as to kill Joseph at once or to abandon him in the cistern. *Were content.* Much better as in the Revised Version, "harkened unto him."

28. *Midianites.* Descendants of a son of Abraham and Keturah, and so related to the Ishmaelites. From the way in which the traders are named and from other peculiarities many consider that we have two narratives combined in this chapter. *And they drew and lifted up Joseph.* As the verse stands the word "they" refers to the brethren. If we accept the hypothesis of the two narratives, the pronoun may refer to the Midianites, who are thus represented as stealing Joseph. Compare chapter 40: 15. *Twenty pieces of silver.* Compare Lev. 27: 5.

29. *And Reuben returned unto the pit, etc.* We may infer that he had been absent when the others had sold Joseph.

31. *And dipped the coat in the blood.* It seems that Reuben made no objection to this plan. Although he was very sorry for the loss of Joseph, he sees no hope for his recovery, and is willing that his father should believe that he was slain by wild beasts.

32. *This we have found, know now whether it be thy son's coat.* Another expression of heartless indifference to pain. They do not say, "our brother's coat."

34. *And Jacob rent his clothes, etc.* The usual outward signs of mourning.

35. *He refused to be comforted.* He would not put off his mourning, but decided to continue mourning for his son till death. *The grave.* It is much better to translate the Hebrew word Sheol or to give its equivalent Hades, for Jacob is not thinking of the grave, the resting place of the decaying physical body, but rather of the place of the departed spirits of men.

36. *And captain of the guard.* Literally, chief of the executioners.

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
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A Critical History of the Sabbath and the Sunday in the Christian Church.....	1 25
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Sabbath Commentary.....	60
Swift Decadence of Sunday; What Next?.....	1 00
The Seventh-day Baptist Hand Book.....	25
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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

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MARRIAGES.

BOND—LOWTHER.—In Salem, W. Va., Aug. 20, 1901, by Pres. Theo. L. Gardiner, Mr. O. Austin Bond, of Hacker's Creek, and Miss Mabel Lowther, of Salem.

RANDOLPH—BOND.—On Halker's Creek, Lewis county, W. Va., Aug. 20, 1901, by Pres. Theo. L. Gardiner, Mr. Roy F. Randolph, of New Milton, Doddridge county, W. Va., and Miss Cora E. Bond, of Hacker's Creek.

RANDOLPH—WILSON.—In Salem, W. Va., Sept. 17, 1901, by Pres. Theo. L. Gardiner, Mr. Evander Randolph and Miss Anna Laura Wilson, both of Salem.

WHITFORD—CRANDALL.—At Leonardsville, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1901, by Rev. W. C. Daland, Dr. O. Benjamin Whitford and Miss Mabel Mae Crandall, of Leonardsville.

MAINE—MAXSON.—At Leonardsville, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1901, by Rev. W. C. Daland, Mr. Charles Devillo Maine, of Tallett, N. Y., and Miss Ethel Louisa Maxson, of South Brookfield, N. Y.

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.

STERLING.—At Delphi, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1901, of diabetes, Elwin Judson Sterling, son of William M. and Nettie Coon Sterling, aged 12 years, 11 months and 22 days.

This is the fifth death in this family in a little over five years—the mother, one brother and two sisters having left for the home above. Owing to the absence of Rev. L. R. Swinney at Conference, the funeral services were conducted by the Rev. B. M. Posten, of Fabius.

BOND.—At his residence, near Lost Creek, W. Va., Sept. 1, 1901, Eli Bond, aged 74 years, 1 month and 25 days.

His father, Eli Bond, Sr., was among the early settlers here from Pennsylvania, one hundred years ago. His mother was Amelia Bond, daughter of Dea. Able Bond, of Quiet Dell, so well known in our history. Bro. Eli Bond, Jr., had joined the Lost Creek church at the age of twenty-five, in 1852. His wife was Mary Batten before marriage. Since her death, about two years ago, Bro. Bond had the more longed for his call to the final rest. It finally came very suddenly as result of combined epileptic and heart trouble. In the absence of pastor, the Rev. J. Vincent very kindly and acceptably conducted the funeral services. He was one of our aged and respected counsellors. The present pastor will ever remember with gratitude his Christian support and encouragement. M. G. S.

STETSON.—In Centralia, Ill., Sept. 5, 1901, Mrs. Fanny M. Stetson, daughter of Benjamin and Penelope Maxson.

She was born in Hopkinton, R. I., Aug. 28, 1813, and when fifteen years of age moved, with her parents, to Little Genesee, N. Y., where she married Asa P. Stetson in 1831, and after that lived at Boliver, then at Allegany, then at Cairo, Ill., and finally at Centralia, Ill., where her husband died March 7, 1869. Mrs. Stetson was never a member of any church, but her life evinced her faith in God, and his loving care was a frequent theme of conversation with her. She died believing that she should awake in the new morning of the resurrection. B.

DAGGETT.—In Ashland township, Dodge Co., Minn., at the home of her son, Lucius Daggett, Sept. 11, 1901, Mrs. Polly Daggett, aged 69 years, 5 months and 10 days.

The deceased was born in Delaware county, N. Y., and was married to Mr. L. T. Daggett, Jan. 4, 1848. They came to Minnesota in 1857, settling on a farm near Dodge Centre. Mr. Daggett died in 1899, since which time Miss Edna, the youngest daughter, has tenderly cared for her mother. She was the mother of seven sons and four daughters, all of whom are living except one son. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. H. D. Clarke, at the Dodge Centre Seventh-day Baptist church, Sabbath-day, Sept. 14. H. D. C.

CRANDALL.—Albert N. Crandall was born in Little Genesee, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1831, and died in Little Genesee, N. Y., Aug. 30, 1901.

On Aug. 28 he had an encounter with an angry bull, which resulted in fatal injuries. He always lived in Little Genesee. He was twice married. He leaves three children from his first wife, who, together with many other relatives, and a large circle of friends, mourn his sudden death. When a little past middle life he had a vivid Christian experience, and at the time of his death he was a faithful member of the First Genesee church. Funeral services were conducted from the house, Sept. 1, by the pastor. "Be ye also ready." D. B. C.

Literary Notes.

A Study of Political Hysterics.

A most lamentable comedy is the title of a powerful novelette by Mr. William Allen White, which begins in the September 21 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia. This absorbing serial is a study of political hysterics—the story of a state gone mad. The scene of the novelette is a Western state laboring under the burdens of a panic year. The central figure is a grocery store demagogue, whose harebrained oratory captures the State Convention. The story rises to a height of dramatic power and intensity rarely equalled in the fiction of the day.

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.

THE next session of the Ministerial Conference and Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches will be held with the church at Milton, Wis., beginning Sixth-day, Sept. 27, and continuing through Sabbath and Sunday following. A full attendance is desired. Everybody welcome.

L. A. PLATTS, *Pastor.*

THE Semi-Annual Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Minnesota will convene with the church at Dodge Centre, on Friday, the 27th day of September, 1901, at 2 o'clock P. M. Elder E. H. Socwell, of New Auburn, Minn., will preach the Introductory Sermon; Elder W. H. Ernst, of Dodge Centre, alternate. The Essayists will please remember the date.

D. T. ROUNSVILLE, *Cor. Sec.*

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.

PROGRAM of the Annual Meeting to be held with the Long Branch church, beginning the second Sabbath in October, 1901. Also report of Nominating Committee appointed at last Annual Meeting:

Introductory Sermon, Eld. E. A. Witter.
Paper, Rev. B. Clement.
Paper, Mrs. Geo. W. Hills.
Paper, Dea. U. F. Davis.
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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.

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THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

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

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