

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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Emancipation.

BY MALTBIE B. BABCOCK.



WHY be afraid of death as though your life
were breath?

Death but anoints your eyes with clay. Oh
glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the
corn.

Why should you fear to meet the thresher of the
wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping, you are dead
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden
bench?

Why not with happy shout run home when school is
out?

The dear ones left behind! O foolish one and blind,
A day and you will meet—a night and you will greet.
This is the death of Death, to breathe away a breath
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless
life,

And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear;
And work, nor care to rest, and find the last the best.

The Sabbath Recorder.

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DEATH is the forcible and frequent reminder that man's work on earth is but of short duration at the most. Then how important that we do our work while the day lasts. The cares and responsibilities of the denomination are rapidly being transferred from our fathers in Israel to younger hands, and with this comes the necessity of deeper interest and entire consecration. A short note from Bro. T. J. Van Horn, of Brookfield, N. Y., under date of Oct. 2, 1901, reads:

"Eld. Todd died last night at 11 o'clock. He had a stroke of paralysis last Thursday afternoon. Was unconscious from that time until the end."

CONSECRATION SERVICES.

The consecration services, setting apart Peter Velthuysen to his work on the Gold Coast, were very tender and impressive. The occasion was one of those which binds a church and people together with strong ties of fellowship and love. On Sabbath evening the regular prayer-meeting was made a good-cheer and God-speed meeting, in which many loving, wise and earnest words were spoken. On Sabbath morning the regular hour was given up to the consecration service. Dr. Gamble read appropriate extracts from Isa. 45, Luke 10, Rom. 10, making telling comments in the course of his reading. The most impressive, perhaps, was that on Luke 10: 1. He said that for many years he had thought that, if he were ever called upon to preach an ordination sermon, this was the text that he would use, dwelling upon that most inspiring thought that Christ sends his laborers where he himself will follow. He applied this comforting promise with confidence to Brother Velthuysen. Pres. Davis led in an earnest prayer for divine guidance on both Bro. Velthuysen and the people at home. Very fittingly the choir sang, "Take Me, O, My Father, Take Me."

We give below a condensed report of the five messages brought; but the silence of attention, the moistened eyes, the hush of deep feeling, the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit, are difficult to express on paper.

Prof. W. C. Whitford, speaking in behalf of the Theological School and the University, said:

"We are met to bid God-speed to our brother, Peter Velthuysen, upon his journey. We wish him a safe and prosperous voyage. He goes with our best wishes for his future happiness. We have good wishes for all who leave us. There are many who go every year, and we wish them no ill. We thus publicly say good-bye to our brother, and formally express our hopes for his prosperity because of the especial features of his departure. It is not because he crosses the ocean that we have this service; it is not indeed because he is to go to Africa. The fact that makes his leaving of us so significant is that he goes a missionary of the Gospel. He is a messenger of the Good News of salvation, sent of God to declare his truth unto the heathen of Africa. We cannot but recognize the importance of his work. It is fitting that we should in

some public manner manifest our approval of this undertaking.

"There are some people who do not approve of foreign missions—even some Christians have attained to so slight a comprehension of the love of Christ that they think it is something to be hoarded, to be kept for one's self and not to be scattered abroad. Such people need to be enlightened. There are also others who believe in foreign missions, but think that they should be carried on with the greatest economy—I mean economy of human material. They hold that we should send to China and Africa men and women who can easily be spared—men who for lack of thorough educational equipment are not as well fitted as others for the Gospel ministry in America. This error arises from the supposition that the work in Africa is not as important as the work at home, or from the supposition that as great ability is not required of the missionary as of the Pastor. Both of these suppositions are contrary to fact. The best and most thoroughly equipped workmen are needed on the border lands of Christendom. No amount of ability, of scholarship or of devotion are wasted in the service of Christ. Alfred University is proud of her share in the equipment of our Brother Peter Velthuysen for his work. This institution of learning exists that it may serve. It helps young men and women to obtain education that they may make the most of themselves. And there is another purpose beyond this culture and education of the individual for his own sake. Those who come here are helped that they may better serve humanity. May our friend, Peter Velthuysen, go forth to honor his University by being a blessing to others in the name of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and give his life a ransom for many."

Eld. B. F. Rogers, speaking in behalf of the Sabbath-school, said:

"As a representative of the First Alfred Sabbath-school, of which you have, during the years of your sojourn with this people, been a faithful and efficient member, it affords me great pleasure to give to you a cordial, brotherly greeting, and bid you God-speed in the work to which you have been called, and to which you are now about to be set apart so far as we as a church can do it. The Mission on the coast of Africa means much to us as a Bible-school, and so far as we can in intrusting that interest to your care, we feel assured that God's blessing will attend your efforts among that people, not only to build up a Christian civilization in their midst, but to lead them into closer relationship as members of the great household of faith through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"In your work among that people you will doubtless have occasion to make frequent use of the text-books with which you have become more or less familiar in your studies in the University, and the culture received there, to which reference has already been made by the brother who has preceded me. Yet we, as a Bible-school, feel that we may rightfully expect that the Bible will be your main text-book; principal in importance in your efforts in building up a Christian manhood among that, as we trust, teachable, trusting, and easily-led people. And in making use of the Bible as the primal source of religious instruction which you attempt to impart, there are three things we would em-

phasize especially and to which we would ask your careful and prayerful attention.

"1. Clearness. Be mercilessly clear in the presentation of Bible facts. Let no effort on your part be spared to discover clearly the import of those facts taken alone, and then in their relation to each other. Seek earnestly the inshining light of the Divine Spirit upon the Word itself, and then for its illuminating power to be felt in clearing your mental and spiritual faculties until every particular portion of the Word under consideration shall shine with an heavenly clearness.

"2. Truthfulness. The order of presentation may not meet the approval of all minds, but it is made with the thought that truth itself when presented in a hazy, uncertain manner may take on some of the characteristics of error, leaving like sad results upon ingenious minds. Go therefore to the Bible for the truths you would present, with a vision clarified through prayer and the light of the Holy Spirit; with this preparation and this Divine assistance you cannot go far astray.

"3. Aptness. With clearness of insight and being firmly grounded in the truth, seek for aptness to teach. Doubtless you will find the people to whom you go, like others of their race, wonderfully imaginative in their methods of thought and speech. Perhaps if you could see the contents of their minds spread out like paintings on canvas you might think yourself standing in some vast art gallery of 'bill boards' announcing what might be seen in the show house. Some of the pictures would be artistic, perhaps some of them grotesque, but all, if rightly seized upon at the right moment, might be made the medium by which some saving truth of the Bible would find a lodging place in their minds to the saving of the soul. The Bible is full of pictures and figures adapted alike to rude and intellectual culture.

"Seek then for clearness of discernment in presentation; know the truth; use every possible avenue of entrance to simple and cultivated minds, and the blessing of God and the prayers of our Sabbath-school shall follow you in your field of consecrated labor."

Clarence Clarke, speaking for the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor and young people, said:

"It is a significant co-incidence that the regular monthly consecration meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E., of which Bro. Velthuysen is an active member, occurs this afternoon. And, according to its topic list, it is to consider the fundamental object of missions; viz., growth of the kingdom. It is vastly appropriate that we, as a Christian Endeavor Society, at this time, aid in consecrating one of our own members to the work of advancing the growth of the kingdom in dark Africa.

"Brother Velthuysen, it is needless to say that we are interested in you as a faithful brother in the large family of Christian Endeavorers. The climax of your deep and active interest in the work of the C. E. is this day evident. As a Society we will be interested in your work to the same degree as we are loyal to our motto, "For Christ and the church." In the future, we, through you, will not only be Christian Endeavorers, but Endeavorers to Christianize the world.

"We trust that the same voice which beckoned you to this consecration, will impel us to deeper devotion. We pray and will pray that God may use you to the enlightenment of our

brothers in Africa, that he supply you with strength and grace sufficient for every trial and joy. We bid you God-speed, extend to you our very best wishes, and may our benediction ever rest upon you."

Miss Susie Burdick, for the Missionary Society and world-wide missions, after expressing her sense of honor in being called upon to represent not only our China mission, but world wide missions, congratulated Mr. Velthuysen upon the work which had come to him. She then said:

"The life of a foreign missionary is often thought to be a dismal life; on the contrary, it is a life of great blessing. To begin with, one would only undertake such a mission after being convinced that it was the work God would have him do, and there is great joy and blessing in being in the place where God would have you and in doing the work God would have you do. Doubtless Africa has this in common with other mission fields, that unrighteousness and Godlessness are carried to great extremes, and there will come to you a keener sense of the awful conflict that is on between righteousness and unrighteousness, between God and the adversary, and you will have increasing joy in that God has given to you a part in the struggle for right and for him, and there will come to you a blessed confidence in God's final victory.

"As to the physical dangers to which you will be exposed, I am sure many have already said to you that you "take your life in your hands" when you go to this African mission; but you know that instead of having taken your life in your own hands, you have put your life definitely into God's hands, and you go knowing assuredly that no harm or danger can touch you save as he permits. You will find that out of the very difficulties blessings will come. Loneliness will but make you more conscious of God's nearness, and God's Word and promises will become more real and abiding to you. Best of all, through many of the difficulties and trials which come to you, you will have a clearer realization of some of the experiences through which our Saviour passed, and a keener sense of kinship with him. To leave home is not easy. The heart often has a way of sinking at the thought, but through this trial there will come new thoughts of Him who left his home to come to a world which received him not, and the thought of what he endured will take away much of the pain of your own leaving of home and friends. Again, when things do not turn out as you expected, and disappointments increase, and you are tempted to think that your life has been wasted, given in vain, there will come to you the thought of that life which was given so freely for the sins of the world, and the giving of your life will seem a very small thing. The important thing will be that Christ's life and death shall not have been presented through you in vain to the unsaved.

"When you meet with ingratitude—and that happens—you will but realize more keenly and with greater sadness the ingratitude which our Lord has met from the beginning, and the patience you will have occasion to exercise will but lead you to better appreciate God's wonderful patience. And so the difficulties and trials of the way will bring blessings to you. Again I congratulate you, and may God bless you."

The congregation sat for a moment in

silence, deeply moved, as Miss Burdick ceased speaking of the joy of being a missionary, and the compensations of missionary life. No theory or guess work that! The victory of faith over obstacles and loneliness was something divine.

As the last message of the morning, Pastor Randolph, in behalf of the church, said:

"I have often thought of that missionary experience of Paul, when, preaching the gospel within easy reach of Palestine, he started to go to the north and "the Spirit suffered him not"; he started toward the south and "the Spirit suffered him not"; he went to the east and again he was hindered. Then he took his course in the only direction which was left, straight west to the Aegean Sea; and on the borders of the waters which lapped the shores of Europe, there came to him a vision by night; a man of Macedonia crying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Under that guiding Spirit which led the church forward, the gospel leaped across the Aegean Sea into Europe, leaped across the channel into England, leaped across the Atlantic to America, and has now leaped across the Pacific toward the Orient, and the uttermost parts of the earth are at last hearing the Word of Life.

"This church is most highly honored in having in its membership three foreign missionaries: Jay and Hannah Crofoot, in China, and Susie Burdick now for a time in the home land. As the call has now come to still another of our members, and he goes forth to his perilous mission, let the church lift up her heart in gratitude and thankfulness to God that she has been so signally blessed. How grateful I should be if one of my boys were found worthy to bear the gospel into foreign lands, to be one of the advance guard of Christ's host. The only really sad thing which a father need fear is that his children fall into sin, and make shipwreck of life. To see them brave soldiers of the cross out on the skirmish line, that is something to thank God for.

"The history of the growth of the kingdom of God, from the time of the Acts of the Apostles down to the present time is the history of its missionaries; those who, having ease and comfort, have gone out, out, out. This church lifts up its head to-day in humble gratitude for the member whom she sends forth with her God-speed and her prayers.

"I have strongly wished that Brother Velthuysen might have a special preparation for his work of at least ten months. I have written to members of our Board, earnestly urging this. And they, with a *fuller knowledge* of the awful *present* needs of the field than I can have, have decided that it is best for him to go at once. From this time on I have nothing but support and co-operation to offer the movement. We are one people. God bless Bro. Velthuysen; God bless the work; God bless our Missionary Board; and may the Holy Spirit lead on in all the plans of the future days.

"This meeting is not held to honor Peter Velthuysen, and none would feel more reluctant than he to have it looked upon in that light. Peter Velthuysen may be but a poor, weak, humble man. It is the Christ in him that we honor to-day. I bow my head in reverence in the presence of that Divine Spirit which has led him to lay his all on the altar and to offer his life for Christ's sake.

"I do not pray most of all for *his* consecration, but for the consecration of us who remain at home, that we all may manifest in our lives the same glad surrender to God's will, the same eagerness to be used of him. May we do *our* duty, each in his own place, and uphold in the arms of our prayer those who go.

"And now, Peter my son, Peter my brother, it is mine to give you, in behalf of the First Alfred church, a farewell message of love. We love you, and never before have we loved you as much as we love you now. We shall bear you up in our prayers in the coming days, and we want you to feel that the whole church stands back of you in the work to which you go. If I may adapt the passage in Ephesians to our circumstances, I will give you as our parting word: For this cause we bow our knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your heart by faith; that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.

Brother Velthuysen responded very feelingly:

"It was three years ago that an urgent call came for some one to carry the Gospel to Africa. When Dr. Daland was there the natives said to him, 'It is of God that you have come.' They said that they had just received the Gospel and they needed to be taught and helped. They were reluctant to have him leave; and he said that when he went away it seemed as if he were turning his back toward a friend in peril.

"I feel ill-prepared to go, but I will go and do the best I can until someone better prepared can be sent. When I offered myself, I did not think of going so soon; but the need is urgent, and I am the only one that the Board knew was willing to go at once. I shall consider the industrial part. I am trusting in God for strength.

"If I should lose my life in the work in Africa, do not think that it was a mistake for me to go. Christ gave his life for others, and he said, 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.'

"I ask your prayers for me. Do not consider so much my health, although good health is desirable, but rather pray that I may do good work for the Master.

"Do not think that I shall be a lone Sabbath-keeper there, for I shall not. I shall be with a few other Seventh-day Baptists.

"I take this opportunity to express my appreciation of your kindnesses. I cannot repay you, but I will go and pass them on to others. I thank you for opening your homes to me, and I mention President B. C. Davis and wife and Rev J. B. Clarke and family. I thank Prof. W. C. Whitford for his patience with me as my teacher. May the Saviour who gave his own life for us all guide you and keep you.

"If some of you here have not yielded your hearts in obedience to the Saviour, O, make your decision this very moment! O, pray to

him now to save you! O, may none of you grieve the Spirit!

"God is able to keep and help us. Abide in Jesus and trust in him.

"God be with you."

An unanimous vote was passed granting Brother Velthuysen a license to preach the Gospel. Then Elders Davis, Gamble, Whitford and Rogers joined in the laying on of hands, while Pastor Randolph led in the prayer, magnifying the consecrating act of the Holy Spirit which had already taken place, praying not only for Brother Velthuysen, but also for the home in Holland and all the workers who are bound together in the fellowship of service. It was an occasion of great tenderness and power, marked by the Spirit's presence and a baptism of tears. Its influence will be felt in the years to come.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN STAGE DRIVERS.

BY MARY M. CHURCH.

Ardent mountain climbers seemingly take great delight in sounding the praises of their professional guides. In some portions of the Rockies, these guides have apparently emerged from a process of evolution as the stage drivers of to-day.

The average mountain driver possesses all the virtues and some of the vices of the historic guide. Added to these is the air of importance befitting an agent of Uncle Sam.

In his public capacity he is responsible for the prompt delivery of the United States mail, and no uniformed city clerk is more rigidly faithful.

To know the stage driver as he really exists, outside of fiction, one needs only a short ride of a hundred miles or less, in his rocking chariot.

The tourist should not fail to bear in mind the old saying about the deception of first appearances. Otherwise, he may become unduly prejudiced by the flaming red face and the thick coat of mud or dust upon both clothing and vehicle. After he has completed the first day's journey and glanced at his own mirrored countenance, he does not wonder at anything any more. He has learned the power of mountain wind and sun, and the pain in his face serves to allay sundry suspicions. The jolting and bumping of the first few miles has a tendency to shatter one's enthusiasm; but as the journey advances, and in some miraculous way the rocker(!) holds together and maintains its equilibrium, confidence is gradually restored. Indeed, one's opinion of the driver is apt to begin ascending rapidly, after thirty or forty miles of continuous riding. It takes about so long a journey to make the average tenderfoot comprehend the difficulties and delights of mountain travel. Just how long it takes to become reconciled and adjusted to the conditions, depends entirely upon the individual. Stage drivers are often keen observers, and they usually size up their passengers by the cheerfulness and grace with which they exchange first for second or third-class passage; second-class passage meaning to walk up all grade, and third to go behind and push. It is needless to add that all striking instances of plus or minus activity are carefully stored up in mind for the delectation of future passengers.

These weather-beaten knights of the ribbon sometimes exhibit an astonishing degree of pride in the difficulties they encounter. Woe

to the thoughtless traveler who dares suggest, in their presence, that the East can ever develop such clouds of dust, such depths of snow and mud, or such intensity of cold, each in respective season, as he experiences in his daily trips. Fortunately, controversies of this sort seldom arise, since the first half day usually prepares the tourist to accept the most impossible tales. He begins to understand how necessary it is for a driver to know accurately every inch of the road and its boundaries, in order to succeed as a pathfinder in the darkness, or in the snows of winter. Even the most experienced have been compelled to halt and wait for the day, or a lull in the storm. They take a grim delight in telling of various young and over-confident fellows who lost the trail on their first trip, and camped in a snow-bank for two or three nights. Their career as stage-drivers doubtless terminated as abruptly as did that of a certain loquacious stranger who was boasting, in a restaurant, of having driven stage out of Cheyenne. After a long pause, he added, "And I never made but one trip."

Few of these veterans are burdened with book knowledge, yet they are thoroughly acquainted, not only with the road and their horses, but with every man, woman and child along the route. The latter accomplishment would hardly require the memory of a Cæsar, since the dwellings are often ten or fifteen miles apart. At each of these houses (?) the driver makes a brief stop to get a drink or a bite to eat, to leave a package of mail, or to exchange the tired horses for fresh ones. He always finds time to give a lively greeting and a bit of choice news.

The coming of the stage is the event of the day to the occupants of these mountain cabins, and the driver a being of vast importance. His acquaintance is by no means limited to the human population, but takes in the flora and fauna of the region under his jurisdiction. In all questions of geographical interest he is infallible—knows every mountain peak and stream, can explain just why yonder cliff is called the Devil's Grave, and interpret several Indian names. He is exceedingly cautious in his remarks and would never tell a lady passenger the location of Robbers' Gulch until they were safely through it. He may be a trifle amused to see the pallid faces and frantic clutching for the upper edge of the wagon as it creeps along the mountain trail high above the Grand River. He keeps his lips and the reins tight, and discourages the attempts of the thoughtless traveler to enumerate the victims who have tumbled over the precipice.

Indeed, as much as the average driver admires pluck, he is never indifferent to actual suffering, either mental or physical.

One thriving Western town takes pride in pointing out an old ex-stage driver, hobbling about the streets. His feet and a large portion of his hands were sacrificed to save a passenger from freezing. He gave up all his blankets and did all in his power, yet the poor woman died. The failure of his noble efforts does not detract anything from the honor due him.

Stage drivers, as a class, are not celebrated for piety. They are not devoid of reverence, however, and sometimes display a touching humility.

On a certain occasion, after a driver had put on four fresh horses, and was ready to

start on the last hard pull, through ten miles of mud, he remarked, as he cracked his whip, "Now, you people better say your prayers, for I shall let 'em spin." Upon being asked if he would like a share in the petitions, he replied, "Oh, stage drivers are not worth praying for."

Nevertheless he was by no means forgotten in the prayers that followed, which, though silent and somewhat jerky, were certainly earnest. It is not at all likely that any thought of such intervention in his behalf passed through the driver's mind. He was fully occupied with his end of the business, and kept the load right side up, although he had to alight once or twice and search in the darkness for suspected pitfalls. About eleven o'clock the end of the day's journey was safely reached, and grateful passengers felt fully persuaded that one stage driver, at least, was "worth praying for."

LOWER LIGHTS.

For Christ and the Sabbath.

2 Cor. 4: 6.

OUR CHAPTER.

We have adopted this fourth chapter of Second Corinthians as especially applicable to our needs. In the very first verse what words to inspire earnest endeavor: "Therefore, seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy we faint not." We have a work to do in bringing in the lost, and in giving the precious Sabbath truth to hungry souls, which no one can do for us. Yes, we have "this ministry." "As we have received mercy"—oh, how abundantly have we received of God's mercy! "We faint not." We must not, will not, faint.

The sixth verse, our especial text: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

As God created light first, after he made the heavens and the earth, so he has given us light, first, that we might be saved, and then fitted to work for him. The wayfarer, on a dark night, would be lost, and could not help others, if he should cover his lantern. So we cannot expect to guide others if we hide our light; and, terrible is the thought, we will get out of the path ourselves!

It is so beautiful to think that the dear Father "hath shined in our hearts" that we may "give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God" to those in darkness! this wonderful glory which shines "in the face of Jesus Christ."

Those who live nearest to the Saviour have some of this light shining in their faces. The light which shines in the heart must illumine the countenance. During a twenty mile ride in a stage coach, we once had three old ladies for companions. Studying their faces, we concluded that two were Christians. The peaceful light was plainly visible. We could not reconcile the expression upon the other lady's face with Christianity. There was a troubled look of unrest. In a word, all was darkness. We thought: "How sad, a woman eight-four years old, and evidently not saved! If she is a Christian, she plainly does not enjoy her religion." Very soon the first two commenced to talk upon religious matters, and from their conversation upon baptism, we concluded that one was a Baptist and the other a Pres-

byterian. The third old lady presently began to speak of the early days of hardship and peril when she lived with her parents on "Johnny Cake Hill," and added, "in them days the Spirit rappings was plenty." Ah, this was the secret, a Spiritualist, and a stranger to the love of Christ!

Let us notice the seventh verse of this fourth chapter: "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." We are earthen vessels, easily broken to pieces like the pitchers in which Gideon's soldiers carried their lamps. We ought to be willing to be broken if God's light will shine the stronger. Some one has said, "The weaker the vessel, the stronger his power will appear."

MRS. ANGELINE ABBEY.

1030 East 26th Street, Erie, Pa.

Our Reading Room.

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

HARTSVILLE, N. Y.—The Hartsville Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor decided to re-paper the church. The Stillman Brothers, of our Hornellsville church, were engaged to do the work. The walls were adorned with beautiful paper. The Ladies' Aid Society and the church and society were inspired to assist in the work of repairs, and the ceiling was repainted, the seats grained, and the carpet, of course, was taken up and renovated. The front lawn, with the driveways, were remodeled, and the lawn seeded. The underpinning has recently been relaid, and we feel our house of worship is made pleasant and inviting.

For some weeks, while the repairs were going on, meetings were held in the school-house, except two Sabbaths, when the services were adjourned that all might attend the General Conference at Alfred; and the following Sabbath, that those who could might worship with the Hornellsville church the first Sabbath we held services in our new house.

The second Sabbath in September a large audience was present at the first services in our renewed church, and rejoiced to come back home into the Lord's improved and beautiful temple.

I. L. C.

GENTRY, ARK.—The weather here now is magnificent. People who have come here for their health have not been disappointed. Those suffering from rheumatism, hay fever and catarrh have been greatly benefitted; but in spite of the great healthfulness of the country, people will die in Benton county.

The Canning and Cold Storage Company is still receiving encouraging letters from abroad. Certificates have been issued to parties in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Wisconsin.

One man, who is very intimate with our people, gave an ice cream social and turned the proceeds, amounting to over six dollars, into our church treasury.

Pastor Hurley, after a few weeks' rest, is giving us some splendid sermons. Several persons will be received into the church October 6.

C. C. VANHORN.

DODGE CENTRE, Minn.—After an absence of fifteen and a half years as our permanent home, and in response to a call of the

Dodge Centre church to serve as pastor, we are again located in this interesting and progressive society. And, although many of the old landmarks remain to call up experiences of former days, yet great, indeed, have been the changes. Not only have timber lots, well nigh sacred with age, been cut down, buildings burned down or removed, but in three general ways has the society greatly changed. First of all, many of the old pillars of the church and society have been removed by death, some twenty of whom are from our own church. Others have entered the society and become prominent in church work, but most of all are the changes among the young people. A score or more of the boys and girls of 1886 are now parents, some of whom are silvering with age, while an equal number, now workers in the church, were then in their mothers' arms.

One great element of strength in this community is the presence of so many young people; and, while many of them are already servants of the Master, yet such a large circle makes any thoughtful pastor feel the magnitude of his position, as well as to be greatly encouraged.

We have just closed one of the most interesting sessions of the Semi-Annual Meeting ever held in this place, an account of which will be given in due time by the secretary.

We take this opportunity to ask our correspondents to address us at our old home.

G. W. LEWIS.

OCTOBER 2, 1901.

IN MEMORIAM.

Hon. Samuel Parker Griffin was born at London, Laurel county, Kentucky, Oct. 27, 1821, and died at his home in Nortonville, Kansas, Sept. 16, 1901, after an illness of several weeks.

While a young man, the subject of this sketch located at Farmingham, Ill., where, in 1848, he married Eliza, oldest daughter of Deacon Dennis Saunders. The widow, two sons and one daughter remain.

With his family he came to Kansas in 1859. He became fully identified with the early interests and struggles of Kansas during the stormy days of the growth of the territory into statehood so familiar to every student of American history. Brother Griffin served three terms as a Member in the House of Representatives of the Kansas Legislature and also one term in the State Senate.

In the early beginnings of Nortonville he, with his son, U. S. Griffin, established the strong and reliable mercantile house known in business circles as Griffin & Son, of which he was the senior member at the time of his death.

His career was marked by scrupulous fidelity to all the many interests entrusted to his care. In young manhood he became a Christian, and the principles and habits of Christian loyalty adopted by him then were richly blessed by his Saviour in molding his life in its noble, manly characteristics. In legislative halls, in business, in society and in church life he was ever the same conscientious Christian gentleman, never hesitating to say and do what he believed to be right.

In 1876 he was ordained to the office of Deacon of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Pardee, Kansas, which has since come to be known as the Nortonville church. Church interests and work were dear to him, and none

were more regular in attendance at Sabbath services than he until failing health prevented. When he was absent from service, his pastor knew, without inquiry, that it was caused by physical inability. For a long term of years he was the senior member of the very noble Board of Deacons with which this church has been so richly blessed and who constitute the pastor's advisory council.

No one outside of the immediate family will miss this veteran of the cross so much as his pastor, who always found him a safe and wise advisor, a very loyal and constant friend, always ready with cheerful and encouraging words and a helping hand. So even and sunny a disposition as his is very rarely found.

The place where his strong, noble, yet gentle, manhood manifested itself in its greatest splendor was in the home. The bereavements and cares that came to him in his home life were borne with remarkable Christian fortitude. His dear ones that remain in the broken family miss him most, yet an unusually large circle of relatives and friends share in their bereavement.

Truly, a strong man is gone, yet his manly influences linger like the fragrance of a crushed flower to sweeten and ennoble other lives, and to point the way to the source of all true greatness in human endeavor. He was called to his reward "in a full age, like as a shock of corn coming in in his season."

GEO. W. HILLS.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Contributions in September, 1901.

Churches:	
Plainfield, N. J.	\$ 46 37
DeRuyter, N. Y.	6 00
Sabbath-school, North Loup, Neb.	2 32
Collection at Conference, Tract Society Anniversary	150 86
One-third collection at Conference, Sabbath-day	82 50
G. H. Lyon, Ormsby, Pa., annual pledge for Dr. Lewis' work	10 00
L. M. Cottrell, DeRuyter, N. Y.	1 00
Miss Parinthia Witter, Brookfield, N. Y.	5 00
Emma Witter, Nausau, Wis.	5 00
E. B. Maxson, Dunlap, Kansas	3 00
"A Friend", Shiloh, N. J.	5 00
H. Kerr, VanBuren, Ark.	5 00
J. Duane Washburn, Earlyville, N. Y.	50
	\$322 55

E. & O. E.

J. D. SPICER, Treas.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Oct. 1, 1901.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury, as mercury will destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physician, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

WANTED!

MILTON COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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

MILTON COLLEGE REVIEW.

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

MINUTES PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

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

THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

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

HELPING HANDS.

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

Send to SABBATH RECORDER,

Plainfield, N. J.

Missions.

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

APPROPRIATE and impressive consecration services were held on Sabbath-day, Sept. 28, in the First Alfred church in the sending out of Bro. Peter Velthuysen to Ayan Maim, Gold Coast, West Africa. Our young brother took sail on the steamer Cymric, of the White Star line, Tuesday, 8 A. M., Oct. 1, from New York to Liverpool. There he expects to make connections in a few days with a steamer for the Gold Coast. In the meantime he will visit his parents in Haarlem, Holland. A full account of the consecration service will be given, and also of his sailing. May the Heavenly Father, Lord over all, temper the winds and waves and give our brother a safe and pleasant voyage, and bring him to his place of labor in good health, courage, cheerful and in good heart for his work. What a glad and hearty welcome our people in Ayan Maim will give him. God bless him and them.

LETTER FROM J. W. CROFOOT.

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

Dear Friend:—As we can't be with you at Conference to-day, perhaps the next best thing will be to write a letter which you can be reading at about the same time we read the reports of the Conference. Editor Lewis's article urging people to attend Conference was not, I presume, aimed at me, but I enjoyed it just the same, and that makes me think to say that it seems to me that the RECORDER has improved much since I first began to read it; at any rate, it is much more to me now than ever before. I was very sorry though, that Shaw had to give up the Young People's Department.

Shortly after writing my Annual Report, I received another letter in answer to some of my questions in regard to Industrial Schools, some quotations from which may be of interest. It is from the Rev. James Jackson, who formerly had charge of such a school at Kiukiang. He says: "In my judgment the whole thing was a failure, and I think cannot be anything but a failure. I think all such experiments in mission schools, on a small scale, are necessarily failures. 1. There is little or no demand for the services of the boys when trained, outside of the mission. The market is usually overstocked with labor of this sort, and when the boys have finished their apprenticeship they usually look to the mission to provide them with work.

2. It is too expensive. The work in Kiukiang cost the mission nearly \$300 a year, for a very small affair. Men who are employed to instruct demand very high wages so that the work produced costs much more than the market price in Chinese shops.

3. I gave up the work because in addition to the reasons above given I found it impossible to run a literary institution and an industrial one together. The boys so trained were generally neither good scholars nor good workmen. Industrial work, I think, to be successful, must be conducted on a large scale, must have experts to manage it, and its character must be such as not to bring it into competition with the ordinary Chinese trades."

I am sorry I did not have the letter to use in making my report, but as I did not I just send it now to emphasize some things I said in the report.

Politically, the condition of this Empire seems to be much the same as when I wrote my "war-like letter" of eleven months ago, except that "the Powers" have shown their weakness for that much longer time. It seems very unfortunate that the punishment of China should take the form of an indemnity rather than the execution or banishment of the Empress Dowager and the other guilty officials, one of whom, the ex-Boxer, Na Tung, is now in Shanghai on his way to Japan, on a mission of apology for the murder of the Chancellor of the Japanese Legation in Peking, in July of last year. There are not wanting those who say that the Empress Dowager and her favorite eunuch and others high in authority are continually deceiving the Ministers of the foreign powers, and are still just as bad in intention as they ever were. Certain it is that some of the so-called "cashiered" guilty officials of Shansi, continued to hold their positions until frightened into flight by the expedition of the Germans to the Ku Kuan pass. Doubtless it is easier to criticise a foreign minister than to be one, just as in the case of the missionary. We are glad at least that our government favored a smaller indemnity, much as all Americans in the far East were disappointed in the "policy" of the United States in other respects.

The injustice of the indemnity scheme of punishment especially appears in that it falls heaviest on the Yangtse provinces and South China generally, the officials and people of which were so faithful in friendliness last year. In the Yangtse valley it is especially hard, as that river has just been having the worst floods of seventy-five years. Thousands have lost their lives by drowning, and thousands more have lost all whereby they live. In many places what were thriving villages and farms are now merely lakes, and in others junks are sailing over the tops of tall trees. Relief funds are being raised in Shanghai and doubtless will be in America.

But about the floods you will have long ago read in the home papers. It may be of interest to mention some of the things of special interest to us as dwellers in Shanghai. The fact that the Huangpu is to be dredged so that large steamers can again come to Shanghai instead of discharging all cargo into lighters at Woosung, fourteen miles away, is of immense commercial importance to the port. A scheme for tramways, *i. e.*, street cars, has recently been rejected by a meeting of the rate payers, but the fact that some scheme for the purpose has to be rejected every two or three years is pretty good evidence that they will come soon. Lotteries have been made illegal during the past year, though the Municipal Council was receiving \$500 (United States money) as monthly license fee from eight or more of them, gambling being perhaps the most common vice of Chinese. No move has been made however or is likely to be to stop the extensive betting, chiefly by foreigners, at the great spring and autumn races. There was much agitation last winter about the social evil but the only thing accomplished was the opening of a home for rescued slave girls. It is a step forward, but oh, how small. It is the shame of foreigners that Shanghai is worse than any native city in this respect. Commercially, Shanghai seems bound to prosper more than ever now that the Pacific is becoming so great a highway of trade. New trans-Pacific steamship

lines are constantly being established. Merchants seem naturally to be more interested in the Far Eastern trade than ever before. Though trade is bound to do good to some in China, it is also sure to do harm, for it brings cigarettes and opium as well as lamps and kerosene.

Although the weather in Shanghai has been exceptionally cool this summer, not much work has been done in the mission during the past two months. The thermometer has not been up to 100° at all, I think, and has gone down below 80° every night, so that we have suffered from heat very little indeed. Dr. Davis and family have been at Wokanshan several weeks now, and will probably return soon. Since closing the schools our Sabbath services have been limited to a study of the Sabbath-school lesson, generally conducted by the Superintendent. The attendance has been small—from 12 to 35.

Of my family the only one who has been continuously well during the summer is the baby. Burdette has been and still is so far from well that I think now of taking my family to the hills next week, to stay perhaps through September, though I expect to return and open the school on September 8. It looks now as though the school will be full.

WEST GATE, Shanghai, China, Aug. 30, 1901.

FROM MRS. M. G. TOWNSEND.

I arrived home from the Iowa work last evening. I was gone ten days, putting in the heaviest work I have for years, as the meetings were held under a canvas one hundred feet long and sixty wide; the wind and sand were almost unbearable. The Sabbath-keeping Church of God, of Iowa, held their Yearly Conference and Camp-meeting first, and our own Yearly Meeting last. Rev. L. C. Branch, of Michigan, a very thorough Biblical scholar, and a Christian gentleman, had charge of the Camp-meeting. Revs. E. Socwell, of New Auburn, and G. W. Burdick, of Welton, were also present from Friday forenoon until the meeting broke up Monday. One Sunday I preached twice and held a "young people's and children's meeting every day once and sometimes twice; five were baptized, two converts of the young people's class.

The attendance of our own people being small, only a business session, reports and a sermon given by Pastor Socwell were held Friday, and the regular work was resumed, Pastors Burdick and Socwell and myself uniting with the work. The evening on which I spoke on the Sabbath, fully 800 people heard it, and said the argument was unanswerable and nothing but confessions and living it could satisfy the conscience.

The Marion church is to be congratulated in the result of its efforts to advance the cause of Christ by bringing into it "unity of brethren," and adopted resolutions favoring such co-operations, and also on reform work, prohibiting new ministers from being credentialed who were addicted to the use of tobacco. Some very excellent sermons were preached by all the pastors, and the meeting will long be remembered. Let the good work go on.

MILTON, Sept. 5, 1901.

TROUBLE and perplexity drive me to prayer, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble.—*Edward Payson.*

BE humble or you'll stumble.—*D. L. Moody.*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

For the month of September, 1901.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer,

In account with
THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

DR.	
Cash in Treasury September 1, 1901.....	\$1,377 96
Income from Permanent Funds.....	87 00
One-third Collection, Sabbath-day, Conference.....	82 50
Collection, Missionary day, Conference.....	123 26
Genevieve Burdick, Girl's School, Shanghai.....	50
Mrs. Thomas Greene.....	3 00
J. A. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.....	10 00
Henry M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.....	15 00
Grace I. Crandall, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	5 00
Mr. C. H. Burdick, Hebron, Pa., debt.....	5 00
Rev. L. M. Cottrell, DeRuyter, N. Y.....	1 00
Mrs. Jennie Nichols, Bolivar, N. Y.....	1 00
Sarah E. Lewis, Leonardsville, N. Y.....	50
Churches:	
Farina, Ill.....	6 90
Independence, N. Y.....	12 40
Plainfield, N. J.....	46 38
Nile, N. Y.....	3 00
First Alfred, N. Y.....	16 25
Sabbath Schools:	
Hebron, Penn.....	3 00
Marlboro, N. J.....	1 00
Subscriptions for the Gold Coast Missions:	
J. F. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.....	\$ 75 00
G. H. Lyon, Ormsby, Pa.....	10 00
Eliza E. Stillman, Webster, Mass.....	5 00
Mary A. Stillman, Webster, Mass.....	15 00
Ethan Lanphear, Plainfield, N. J.....	10 00
Mrs. Mary Rich, Tampa, Fla.....	10 00
Mrs. A. K. Crandall, Portville, N. Y.....	1 00
S. B. Coon.....	5 00
Anna F. Matby.....	5 00
T. L. Gardner, Salem, W. Va.....	15 00
Samuel Davis, Salem, W. Va.....	10 00
S. H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.....	5 00
Mrs. T. F. Pierce, Carbondale, Pa.....	10 00
Leverne Burdick, Nile, N. Y.....	5 00
Mrs. E. R. Maxson, Syracuse, N. Y.....	5 00
Mrs. Betsey Kingsbury, Rushford, N. Y.....	1 00
L. H. Burdick.....	1 00
B. L. Burdick.....	1 00
Cash.....	1 00
Mrs. Geo. T. Musson, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	10 00
William L. Clarke, Westerly, R. I.....	15 00
J. A. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.....	10 00
E. S. Maxson, Syracuse, N. Y.....	5 00
A. B. Prentice, Adams Centre, N. Y.....	10 00
W. D. Burdick, Nile, N. Y.....	10 00
Henrietta L. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.....	10 00
H. C. Babcock, Ashaway, R. I.....	25 00
Chas. F. Saunders, Ashaway, R. I.....	5 00
Mrs. A. W. Berry, Independence, N. Y.....	10 00
S. H. Babcock, Albion, Wis.....	5 00
Mrs. Flora Cartwright, Alfred, N. Y.....	2 00
Emma Cartwright, Alfred, N. Y.....	2 00
N. M. Mills, Westerly, R. I.....	5 00
C. A. Burdick, Ashaway, R. I.....	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Babcock, New York.....	35 00
Will R. Crandall, Independence, N. Y.....	5 00
Milton Junction (Wis.) Church.....	100 00
Wm. B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.....	25 00
Frank J. Wells, Milton Junction, Wis.....	10 00
Geo. J. Crandall, Milton Junction, Wis.....	10 00
K. W. Tanner, Milton Junction, Wis.....	2 00
Mrs. Henrietta Burdick, Nile, N. Y.....	1 00
Mrs. Ella C. Maxson, Leonardsville, N. Y.....	1 00
Thomas H. Greene, Alfred, N. Y.....	5 00
H. P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.....	1 00
Ida F. Kenyon, Alfred, N. Y.....	12 00
R. Artinasia Chase, Alfred, N. Y.....	1 00
Loans.....	532 00
	1,000 00
	\$3,332 65

CR.	
H. C. VanHorn, Berlin, Wis., quarter ending June 30, 1901.....	\$ 26 50
D. H. Davis, account of salary, by order for Theodore G. Davis.....	100 00
Evangelistic Committee, Orders Nos. 236-241.....	337 50
Thomas B. Burdick, Little Genesee, N. Y., board deducted by error from expense account while laboring in the South.....	33 00
Interest.....	10 67
Loans paid.....	600 00
Joseph Amokoo, Ayan Maim, Africa, salary and expenses of mission, appropriation for 1901.....	160 00
Peter H. Velthuysen, salary October 1, 1901, to Dec. 31, 1901.....	120 00
Expenses and fund to establish mission at Ayan Maim, Africa, details to be reported.....	770 00
Cash in Treasury Sept. 30, 1901:	
China Mission.....	\$ 710 17
Reduction of debt.....	5 00
Available for current expenses.....	459 81
	1,174 98
	\$3,332 65
Outstanding notes September 30, 1901.....	\$4,000 00
GEO. H. UTTER, Treas.	

IN THE BRIGHT DAYS.

We need Christ just as much in our bright, prosperous, exalted hours as in the days of darkness, adversity and depression. We are quite in danger of thinking that religion is only for sick-rooms and funerals, and for times of great sorrow and trial—a lamp to shine at night, a staff to help when the road is rough, a friendly hand to hold us up when we are stumbling. This is not true. Jesus went to the marriage feast as well as to the home of sorrow. His religion is just as much for our hours of joy as for our days of grief. There are just as many stars in the sky at noon as midnight, although we cannot see them in the sun's glare. And there are just as many comforts, promises, divine encouragements and blessings above us when we are in the noons of our human gladness and earthly success, as when we are in our nights of pain and shadow. We may not see them in the brightness above us, but they are there, and their benedictions fall upon us as perpetually, in a gentle rain of grace.—*Glimpses Through Life's Windows.*

Woman's Work.

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

HASSAM'S PROVERB.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

King Hassam, well-beloved, was wont to say,
When aught went wrong, or any labor failed,
"To-morrow, friends, will be another day!"
And in that faith he slept, and so prevailed.

Long live his proverb! While the world shall roll
To-morrows fresh shall rise from out the night,
And new-baptize the indomitable soul
With courage for its never-ending fight.

No one, I say, is conquered till he yields;
And yield he need not while, like mist from glass,
God wipes the stain of life's old battle-fields
From every morning that He brings to pass.

New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be,
O soul, thy cheerful creed. What's yesterday,
With all its shards and wrack and grief, to thee?
Forget it, then—here lies the victor's way!

—*Christian Endeavor World.*

THE Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, with headquarters in Boston, has within the last month said farewell to five missionaries who are to represent them in Asia. One will go to Rangoon; one to Nellore, India; one to Madras; one to work among the chins of Sandway, and the other to assist in medical work in India. Most of these young ladies have received a college education and are well fitted for the work. The *Helping Hand* says of them, "A rare company of young women, but surely not too good to go in Christ's stead as ambassadors to foreign lands."

The Woman's Baptist Society of the West has, in the same time, sent out three more. One goes to Ningpo, China; one to Bassein, Burma, and one has been assigned to evangelistic work in Swatow, China.

It is this Society that is making a great effort to increase its offerings 20 per cent for the coming year. One of its officers, urging this measure at a recent meeting, said: "Our Woman's Society has been content with simply holding its own for several years past. When we cease to grow, we begin to die." It looks as if they had begun to grow.

President Merrill Gates says regarding the support of foreign missions: "We would far better close our churches here six months of every year and give the money saved to foreign missions, than to let one of these little far-off lights go out. We would still have our Bible, our experience and our faith."

THE CHILDHOOD OF DR. ELLA F. SWINNEY.

An Autobiography.

[The following was written by Dr. Ella F. Swinney while in the hospital in Philadelphia, expecting to finish it at DeRuyter, but she was not able to do so.
L. R. S.]

In looking back over my life, it seems to have been, especially in childhood and youth, one long line of pleasure and joy. In going to China, my companion from Chicago, Miss Whitman, remarked one day that her childhood had been very unhappy, being a grief to think of it. I replied, "Mine was so happy I would not mind living that time over again." To me, everything was entered into with such zest, whether play, study or work, that I got the very best possible out of all such things.

I was born on the Swinney farm, Shiloh, N. J., Sept. 25, 1840. In the first years I was very frail, but when five years old was dressed in two suits of flannel from head to foot, and allowed to run with my brothers. Oh, the joy of those days! Oh, the hilarity of childhood! There is probably not a spot

on the old home farm that my feet did not press in the exultation and joy of youth.

When quite small, and sitting on my father's knee one day, he suddenly remarked that some children's disease was in the neighborhood, and that he hoped it would not come to our home. "But," I said, "if it came, you and mother could take care of us and get us well." "No, indeed," he said; "if you should be sick and God should call you, father and mother could do nothing at all in any way." Filled with awe, and by his continued explanations, I then and there learned of individuality, that each person was a separate entity, and accountable to God. Nor yet have I forgotten, through these many years, the childish, yet solemn, thoughts that came to me, as that great truth rolled over my soul.

The love and interest in missions, in the spread of Jesus' name, I think never came into my heart; it was always there; it must have been born with me. In my very first knowledge of myself it was there in all the power it could be in a childish heart. On my father's knee, in hearing of other countries, on my mother's knee, in learning that some people did not know of Jesus, and the sweet songs of Zion that she sang, all tended to develop the mission thought. I took in the meaning, "From Greenland's icy mountains," at a very early age, too early for me to mention with accuracy. As I grew into older childhood, all conversation on this subject caught my ear, all such books were eagerly sought for.

Our wise and judicious mother mingled pleasant thoughts with all our work, making it lively for her children. She had large ideality, so that almost everything was clothed in some form which appealed strongly to our imaginations. For instance, living on a farm, we had large and frequent churnings. At such times, beginning according to our ages, we each were to turn the crank five minutes, the rest playing under the trees. After a proper length of time, happy was the one to hear mother's answer to a dozen previous questions: "Yes, it is coming, it is up here at the neighbor's."

The next one churning, perhaps, would have her answer, "It is coming down the hill." When told this under the trees, it would please us very much, to imagine such a thing. We would send some one in to ask her how many feet the butter had in coming down the hill, how many hands it had in coming through the gate. She would laugh heartily, and that one on bringing her reply would set us in convulsions of laughter, as we rolled on the grass and pictured the butter. Our mother, being very ingenious in her imagination, would next time vary the scene, and thus we had fun mingled with work.

When about eleven years of age, my father frequently would toss me on his shoulder, saying I was his ball, as I was about as wide as long; and so I remember I was growing robust and strong. At this same age, my mother commenced to throw the responsibility of my thoughts on myself. If my request was for a new dress, or to go anywhere, she would say: "Think over carefully everything for and against it, and come and tell me your decision to-morrow, and then I will tell you my opinion." Her thoughts were always so wise and good that they were invariably

followed. In this way; through those years she taught me under her eye to look on all sides of every question, calmly and deliberately, without haste. As I grew older she would have me decide in a half hour, or a few minutes, perhaps. This training was of great value to me in after years, and often have I thanked her, in my heart, for her care in this respect.

Our father was very fond of telling us about the life and habits of flowers and animals. Many a lesson he taught us by showing us living creatures and telling us about them. The trees native to that country and others, as the elms, that did not belong there, we knew all about, and could count them on our fingers. Other practical lessons he taught us, one of which I cannot forget. We had few holidays in the year. Fourth of July the boys went with father to Bridgeton to hear the lecture and see the parade, while I generally stayed at home with mother. But in September the Agricultural Fair was held and the day was a general holiday. Father would see in the morning that each of us had at least twenty-five cents; but when he gave it to us he would tell us that we must bring back part of it, if it was only one cent. Sometimes my brothers would use all their money, and so have a solemn time when they got home. Once I used every cent I had, and on my way home I sat on the back seat with two of the boys, and they began to look for their money. One found one cent, while the other found two, which he jingled all the way home, which did not sound very nice in my ears. On reaching home we were drawn up in line for inspection, and I was found to be the culprit. Father talked very solemn and wise, but I did not understand a word he said. I only knew I had done wrong in disobeying father. "There are so many spend-thrifts in the world," he said, "I hope my children will always be careful and not rush into anything headlong and spend all they have." This I did not understand, but in after years every word came to me, and the many lessons he taught me year after year.

When I was twelve years old I was removed from the district school at Bowentown, where the teachers could not spend so much time on me, and sent to the Union Academy at Shiloh. Oh, the joys of new fields of study and thought! The pleasure of roaming freely in a world new to me! The studies I remember particularly were Higher Algebra and Physics, then came Geometry, and later Mental and Moral Philosophy. These studies, with father's help in the evening, I enjoyed more than all the other studies of my life. It would be a pleasure to live those days over again.

When I had been in the academy two years it became the custom to have spelling matches, and our teacher occasionally gave us this exercise. Once he took a new plan. He called out the first one and that one was to call one on the other side of the room, and so on until we were all standing. Also he said he would give out the first word, and the successful speller should give one to the other side, and so on. We had gone around several times, and but few had taken their seats, when a word came to me, I spelled and then stood there, forgetting there was anything else to do, when the teacher told me I must give a word to the other side. "Oh," I said, "Erysipelas;" and it swept

every one down below me. Even the teacher looked in the dictionary, but I felt happy, for when it came up to the head of the class among the young men and women, I felt sure some of them could spell it; but all of them took their seats, until it came to me, and I was left standing alone. Erysipelas, called the teacher, and I spelled *Erysipelas*. Incorrect, replied the teacher. There was at first a silence; but, as I began to move to take my seat, the whole eighty students rose to their feet and clapped their hands, shouted and waved their handkerchiefs. As I was a child, I laughed, too, though I most earnestly wished I could have spelled it.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." That I should have taken a medical word, a disease I had never seen and seldom heard of, was strange, indeed. But since that day I have never forgotten how to spell erysipelas.

CHESTNUT HILL, Philadelphia, Aug. 22, 1900.

THE SABBATH—A PRESENT CRISIS.

BY ANNE L. LANGWORTHY.

Read at the Young People's Hour in connection with the General Conference, 1901.

Crises are imminent in the lives of all of us, and the Sabbath brings by no means the only one, but it is one to which we have given far too little attention. We may well be grateful for our ancestors, who stopped not at any compromise in the days of the Puritan upheaval, but, returning to the law of God, followed it as far as it was revealed to them.

Many of us, like them, leaving the old homes with their established habits, have gone out into the world, which looks upon this question with indifference, to find new problems awaiting us; but God's laws, perfect from the beginning, must cover every condition that can arise, and will not fail us.

Every new revelation of God's laws opens up larger vision and greater opportunities: the strenuous life is welcome because it brings us closer to him. Would any step backward from the vision he has seen? Education, science, literature, the great world possibilities thus opened, the marvelous responsibilities of parents to change the world through their children? No, nor any more from the possibilities of the Sabbath as a blessing to the world.

The twentieth century brings a larger knowledge, in many lines, than our fathers and mothers dreamed of, but for which they paved the way by faithful living. Fortunate, indeed, are we if we can say we accept with grateful hearts this legacy and enter gladly the open door.

Though a crisis implies decision, it does not necessarily involve sacrifice if we will look further for the blessing God is so willing to give: "Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and he will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth." We have too long been looking from *below* upon the cloud and so have not seen the exceeding beauty of the higher side; but once we have beheld the silver lining, would we return to lower ground? One of the greatest blessings that could come to us is this change of view point. The Sabbath in its highest sense is not a narrow view, but a broad one; not a question of denominations, but of world's needs. Not for one day as against another, but for the law of God as given for the universe; not for argument, but for simple spiritual decision. To

fail to meet this crisis with thanksgiving is to fail to receive the blessing which our Father is waiting to bestow. Do we want to be close to God? "To him that heareth shall more be given."

A crisis implies not only decision, but action; there is no place to stand still in this life. So many think that if they only try to do right to a large extent of their knowledge they are doing all that is required; rather, we should try to know all the truth we can, so as to be able to live more perfectly. Much of the harm in the world is caused by ignorance because people won't try to find out the best, and consequently can not live according to God's laws. How much more, then, is it our duty to search out the truth and to strive to live accordingly, so that we may do God's work most fully and be his witnesses.

We cannot cope with the growing spirit of no-Sabbathism and indifference around us by mere formal Sabbath-keeping; only as the Sabbath is recognized by us as a great, living truth, a spiritual necessity, can we bring it helpfully to a world suffering for want of spiritual communion with our Father.

Is the Sabbath really important to us? If so, we must treat it as a vital thing; not only keep the truth, but propagate it. We do not say it is unimportant, but we act as if it were less important than other truths when we keep silence regarding it; when we keep the Sabbath sacrificially, rather than joyfully; when we say it is a duty rather than a delight; when we see not the spiritual value, and know not the reason for the faith that is in us. If the truth we hold is worth anything, it is worth a great deal to the world; it is worth the best time of the best men and women, and nothing short of their best preparation will suffice. As young people, we are weak in a knowledge of Sabbath truth from the Word of God. Nine out of ten of us are not adequately educated to present it. Let us rise to meet this need. Recognize, first, unity in God's plan; we do not know what part we are taking in God's universe as a world, and, therefore, should obey implicitly his commandment; secondly, spiritual reference is necessary for all spiritual things. If the Sabbath has any spiritual value, it should have good spiritual foundation: third, a religious system must have a history that is self-consistent, or none at all; if we base our religious beliefs on history we have no right to discard an integral part of it as unessential, and manufacture a new method or idea ourselves; if we think of no value some of these fundamental ideas, we can make up a religion to-day just as well.

If we take one day in seven as a rest day for simply political or economical reasons, then any day is as good as any other, and we are at liberty to adjust the location of this day to our convenience; but when we pretend to invest it with any spiritual significance we have added an element which, we admit, is external to worldly affairs for its origin. Though it may be intended simply for this earth, if it has a spiritual significance there must be some spiritual authority for it. If we refer to the Bible, which we believe to be inspired, and take it as our spiritual guide, then we must find some justification for our rest day in that Book. Apparently only the Sabbath, as the seventh day of the week, has just justification in the Bible; if we do not

keep the day for which we can find divine authority, the world may well say we arrange spiritual matters to suit our convenience rather than according to our claimed model. As the spirit of the individual governs his life, consciously or unconsciously, if he is uncertain in spiritual ways he will be in others.

The present crisis is a spiritual one; the Sabbath is God's plan for bringing us closer to him. We must continually grow in spiritual strength if our lives are to become stronger. A spiritual compromise is the death blow to spiritual growth, and as the spiritual is the chief element, the essential background for true life, decline in spiritual growth means retrogression in life. The greatest disaster in life is to fail to attain that whereunto God has called us, to be lax in following our highest light, to be disloyal to the truth he has committed to us, and this we will do unless we stand positively on the highest spiritual ground.

However well taught we may be, however shielded and sheltered from temptations and trials, to every one of us, sooner or later, comes the Sabbath crisis; perhaps more than one, especially to those who in young days have heeded the voice of God calling to service in his kingdom, because they may not have thought to study the question as it needs to be studied in its peculiarity, dividing the Christian world.

First is likely to come the business crisis: we are in an age when boys and girls alike expect to earn their living, and here we are confronted by the great mass of honest business ignoring the Sabbath of Jehovah. For most of us no question would arise about choosing between honest and dishonest business; the people in the latter class have nothing in common with us; but many of our friends and schoolmates do not know or see the Sabbath truth as we believe it, and we must look carefully at the question which separates us. The first thing to decide is what is right and to know that God never requires too much. God's people should not compromise with worldly people in any way, for it would be an admission that God's way is a poorer way than man can devise out of his own heart. How many of us can see the loving kindness which has followed these decisions and "the manifold more" that has come into our lives.

A second crisis which comes to some of us is the marriage crisis. Marriage is not simply a union of lives because they will be happier together, but, as one of God's great plans for his world, it has larger and broader meaning—a coming together of souls for mutual helpfulness and larger life for the world's great needs. Love, the greatest thing in the world, includes all manifestations of it, and as human love is but a part of God's love he could not bring into our lives anything which must take us away from fulfilling our individual duty to him. We are, first of all, his children, and as such have been appointed to do his work; and the sooner we bring into line all interests, the better and easier it will be for us to meet every crisis. It may not be necessary for us to marry, but it is necessary for us to be true to God. Unless two people can agree in all fundamental principles, they can not attain the great results which God has planned.

To us as young people—the church of tomorrow—comes the voice of God with new

force. To do our work most advantageously we should take the report of the Tract Society home with us, make it our business to study it with God's Word, in the light of all the scientific knowledge our intellects can command—study it with the burning conviction that what God gives us as truth is our priceless legacy, ours to give and not to keep for ourselves alone.

How many of us, away from home, think we could get along without the home paper for the home news? How long it took us to see that we needed the RECORDER, fresh every week, to keep us in touch with our work and alive to its increasing demands. Not only do we need the RECORDER, but it needs our support. No earnest young man or woman can afford to be without it.

We thank God for the new Theological Department which offers wider opportunity for study of the Bible, of the truths committed to our hands, of the great problems of Christian work before the world—the best possible preparation for the greatest possible work for the young people of to-day. Is it too much to believe that a score or more of our strong young men and women from all parts of the country will meet this crisis in our history joyfully, with deep enthusiasm, accepting this opportunity for wider education? If they do this, another year shall find them ready to return to their homes, or the place God appoints, to join with the Tract Society in grappling with its problems, to meet the demands of science, and to bring conviction to growing lives which touch theirs.

Our relation to the Tract Society, as the exponent of Sabbath Reform, is of vital importance. It is the work of the whole church. I count it no small blessing that for several years it has been my privilege to be in close touch with some of the strong, consecrated men who give much time and thought to the work of the Executive Board of the Tract Society. I have sought the reports of the monthly meetings more and more eagerly,—meetings imbued with such enthusiasm as is possessed only by those who love such responsibilities. Could it be otherwise than that the difficult problems presented for solution each month should be my problems?

To those of us thus blessed, the work of the Tract Society is in a very real sense *our* work; and I can but believe that great help to the work and the workers would result from the addition to the Board of members from all classes of people whom we represent—the good mothers from the homes, the young people from college and workshop. Truly the coming demands are great, and we need a large measure of wisdom. The coming generation will see larger responsibilities in all lines upon women and young people; may we not be backward in giving them equal opportunities for Sabbath Reform work; the Missionary and Education Societies need us no less, but with wider ability we must seek wider work.

It puts great responsibility upon us as young people, but shall we be afraid of new and greater demands than we have dreamed of heretofore? When the opportunity comes, as it does in the dawn of this new century, for us to stand positively for the Sabbath and all that it means to the world, if we are not *for it* we are *against* it! God grant that this generation of Seventh-day Baptists may not be recreant to its duty, may not fail to appreciate its mission, but go forward to its work with rejoicing.

RALLY-DAY SERVICE.

The Plainfield Sabbath-school held its Annual Rally Service on Sabbath-day, September 28. Notice had been given one week in advance, and all the members, including the Home Department members, were urged to be present.

After a short opening service, including prayer by the pastor, and spirited songs, a short review of the quarter's lessons was presented. The Titles and Golden Texts were given by some of the younger children, following which twelve different members of the school read short *resumes* of the lessons, which had been prepared by the superintendents. These were interspersed with song, and closed with a few words from the superintendent, showing the scope of the quarter's work. A generous offering was then made for the Sabbath School Board.

Then the teachers and superintendent of the Home Department each presented some Scripture selections which they had chosen as mottoes for their classes for the coming year. Some of these, which follow, show how rich a mine the teachers had to draw from and what priceless gems of thought the Bible contains. John 16: 14; 2 Peter 1: 2; 1 Cor. 15: 58; 2 Tim. 2: 15; James 1: 22; Rev. 21: 7; Eph. 6: 13; 1 Cor. 16: 13; Eph. 6: 7; 1 John 3: 18; Gen. 16: 13; Jer. 12: 1; Luke 18: 10. God grant that all these excellent mottoes may be wrought into the lives of the classes.

The Primary Department gave songs and recitations as their contribution to the program, cheering and delighting all who heard their excellent renderings.

Mrs. Henry M. Maxson then brought "A Message from the Summer." This was filled with the voice of nature from mountain and lake, and bright with the perfume of flowers and the sweet songs of the birds. The thought pervading it was the beautiful love and care of the Heavenly Father, as expressed in the lavish display of beauty and grandeur one sees in the mountains.

Pastor Main, who has held a prominent place in the Home Department work in our state and county, spoke a few earnest words to the members of that department who were present. He urged that the names used—superintendent, visitor and scholar—be in reality what the words mean, so that the department may reach its highest development.

This being the last Rally Day that Dr. Main would be with the school as pastor, associate superintendent H. M. Maxson, in a few tender and well-chosen words, expressed to him the school's appreciation of his untiring efforts in its behalf; of his zeal and earnestness in trying to promote Bible study, and the regret we felt at parting with him. The school expressed its interest by rising and giving the pastor a Chautauqua salute.

A few words from the superintendent, inviting all to join in the next quarter's study, and some simple closing exercises, ended a service which all pronounced most pleasant and profitable. D. E. T.

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SABBATH RECORDER,

Plainfield, N. J.

Young People's Work.

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

Suggestive Thoughts From Bishop Spalding.

God has not made a world which suits all; how shall a sane man expect to please all?

Contradiction is any man's work; but to know when to assent requires judgment.

The natural playgrounds of children are fields and woods, and they profit most when left largely to their own devices.

Success in the practical affairs of life depends upon temperament more than talent; for decision, courage, industry and perseverance are temperamental.

A Department of Personal Work.

In the reorganized Theological School at Alfred there is one department which has never before, so far as we know, been included in a school of this kind. This is the department of Personal Christian Work. The course offered runs through a semester each year, the class meeting once a week. The aim is to make the course as useful in the preparation for the ministry as the clinic is in the education of physicians. Each student is expected to spend at least two hours a week outside of class in personal effort to win souls for Christ. Experiences are to be reported to the class, discussed, classified, and a Bible solution sought for every difficulty. A large number of key texts will be acquired in connection with practical use, the Bible becoming a more and more familiar book. Special study will be made of Christ's dealing with men; the methods of Paul and other men who have been used of the Spirit. God's ways of training workers will be investigated. The whole course will be directed toward the equipping of men for soul-winning.

The remarkable thing is not that such a course is now offered; but that it has not been offered before. The education of men for the ministry has been wanting at the most vital point. It is appropriate that the denomination which is the pioneer in the student evangelistic quartet movement should be the first to enter this very important belated field. We venture to predict, moreover, that during the lifetime of many of us we shall see such courses become the regular thing in the theological seminaries of our land.

The Chill After the Glow.

The Bishop made a stirring and hopeful appeal for money at the closing hour of the dedication service. Nearly two-thirds of the amount remained to be raised, but his spirits seemed in no wise dampened. To tell the truth, the new and costly church had been built so near another of the same denomination that considerable feeling had been stirred up. The hydra-head of jealousy had reared itself above the low picket fence between, and when unworthy feelings are awakened the heart is not generous. Pledges came in, slow and small; but the Bishop seemed to regard the \$9,000 debt as a light thing. He assumed that the members of the First church were rejoicing over the prosperity of her sister, and spoke confidently of a time in the near future when the First church herself should have a new institutional building on her present site. It chilled me, however, when in private the Bishop

winked decorously as he said there was no prospect of such a move; they would simply *have to do something to keep up.*

This frank recognition of rivalry; that the building of new churches was a race to get ahead in outside show; that new edifices must be reared to the glory of men and the pride of display,—made two or three of us feel lonesome. We thanked the Lord for a denomination where these motives have very little place; where there is no candidating and scarcely any wire-pulling for selfish advancement; where there is a genuine brotherliness between churches and pastors, and where we all bow our knees together to our common Father, "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." It is good to be a Seventh-day Baptist for more reasons than one.

Faithful to the Last.

Nothing in the life of Brother Peter Velt-huysen has impressed me more than two acts of his last Friday night. He has always manifested an eagerness to make himself useful; and, in line with this, it has been his custom in the Friday evening meeting to move about seeing that every one had a singing-book. I suggested to him that, as this was to be his last occasion of the kind with us, and as he was to speak first, and then receive our good-cheer and God-speed, perhaps he would better sit at the front, and let some one else distribute books. But he said, "No; it would be a pleasure to do it the same as usual." So, just as though nothing unusual was about to happen, he passed quietly about among the pews, picking up an unused book here, handing one out there, watchful that each one should enjoy all the privileges of the service. At the close of the meeting he asked the young men to remain, and began to work for the reviving of the evangelistic band for work in outside school-houses. His interest in the humblest home work seemed no whit the less because he was going forth to a perilous mission, in which the eyes of the whole denomination should be fixed upon him.

Now, that unassuming performance of duty, that quiet faithfulness in little things, is magnificent. It is a good quality, not only for a missionary to the Gold Coast, but also for every one whose ambition it is to be useful in the service of Christ.

A NEW ENGLAND FESTIVAL.

BY ALYN YATES KEITH.

(Concluded from last week.)

The garden was a miracle of neatness and bloom; for its owner and lover had died suddenly, and nothing had suffered from neglect.

A mulberry tree, in full fruit, hung over the wall, and the robins were jubilantly returning thanks among its branches.

Along the tidy walks crossing each other at right angles blossomed late sweet peas and nasturtiums, bordered by delicate sweet alyssum, pink-edged poppies, mignonnette, and the dainty blue fairy flax. Jasmine, past blooming, climbed and fell over the wall at the garden's foot, making a background for flaming hollyhocks, blue larkspur, tiger lilies and marigolds.

Scarlet poppies grew rank and high in full view from the keeping room window, and the lonely soul who watched their springing time and summer must have loved them like sunny-hearted friends. To the north, just where

the land fell off suddenly over masses of rock that guarded a deep, stony pasture-valley, stood a single, high boulder, split into two by a sturdy, many-branched chestnut tree that leaned its ripening burrs within easy reach. At its foot blackberry vine and wild clematis wrestled together in dense masses. Rude steps cut in the lower half of the rock led to a broad platform to which the tree lent a back.

"She use' to keep a red shawl folded there to sit on," said the woman, who had at first invited me in. "They say she was a master hand to climb up there and read, all by herself, day in and day out.

"My Tommy spoke with her there just a few hours before she passed away. He was after blackberries, and strayed off as boys will, and she asked him to come and pick some."

"Did she have many books?" I asked, in the pause that followed.

"Oh, a sight! There was 'Paradise Lost' and Pollock's 'Course of Time,' that's a b'autiful book; I presume you've heard of it? and Martin Tupper's 'Poetical Work,' and some stories, and Walter Scott's books—quite a shelf full; and—," she hesitated and dropped her voice—"some says she had a big book, coarse print, named Dant's Hell, and that she was fond of it. Livin' all stark alone she couldn't help bein' a little queer I say, and there's them that'll bear me out in it—meanin' no disrespect to the dead. But over and above them all 'tis said she set great store by William Shakespear's 'Poems.' She was a reader! They say he wrote plays, too. The minister told me once himself that he'd read one or two of them, and there was good in them.

"But I do' know. We wasn't brought up that way."

II.

The neighbors who had cared for the last of her family with generous giving of time and service stayed behind to set the house in order, and lock the door. One by one the teams jotted along the cart path, but with a jauntier air than that of the early afternoon. It was the welcome breathing spell after the repression of the service; like the beginning of a new life—like what we imagine of a resurrection when shadows flee away.

Ceph was led out last, and as he stepped slowly along, still in contemplative mood, with no ambition to outstrip faster teams, I had time to impress the whole beautiful, lonely landscape on my mind. Suddenly a strange figure appeared beyond the great boulder. It was that of a tall, white-haired man who carried long stemmed roses across his arm which he laid at the head of the grave, pausing reverently for a moment with his bared head bent.

My hostess evidently had not seen him. When we reached the lane we were quite alone. A turn in it had hidden those preceding us from view.

The reins lay loosely on the colt's back, and he foraged from the roadside without rebuke. "I've been thinkin' an' thinkin'," said his driver. "'Twas real sober, wa'n't it? Mebbe you'd take int'rest in hearin' about her that's just passed away."

Not only that, but I was filled with compunction at having been such an unwilling guest on an occasion that these busy fellow-

beings never omitted; and made what decent amends were possible.

"She was a proper, nice looking girl," the narrator began; "and pretty disposed. Not that I knew her so very well, for it's lonesome up here, an' she didn't go to meetin'. They say she didn't go to school when she was a girl.

"Her ma had been a teacher, an' I expect she learnt her. But before my day she use' to walk to meetin' time and again; an' it come about that my brother Cephas took to carryin' her home. She wa'n't more than sixteen, I presume, and he was some older.

"I was a little girl, but I use' to hear the folks speakin' about it. When he took her to singin' school, ma said he was keepin' comp'ny with her, and I s'pose he was. He wa'n't one to make words about it.

"Well, the next spring, just about apple-blow time, her aunt come down from Boston for a spell an' wanted that Almy should go home with her. 'Twas dre'dful hard for her mother to let 'er go, but they made out 'twas best for the girl, an' you know mothers don't think about their own feelin's. You see her father was a drinkin' man, an' 'twa'n't any too pleasant there when he had his spells.

"The boys got away from home soon's they could; for they do say he was abusive at times, an' you know boys won't stan' that if they've got any spirit. I expect 'twas the Martin blood. That was on her side. 'Twas a high family; pretty spoken, pretty behaved an' always tryin' to have the children be somebody.

"All is, I don't see how Almy's mother ever come to marry Tom Giles. He wanted her bad, I s'pose, an' girls married before they come to know their own minds, them days. He was well enough when he was young, accordin' to what I've heard tell, an' good lookin' as folks goes; but han'some is as han'some does, I hold. And he never 'mounted to a row of pins. He'd sooner sit 'round in the tavern an' tell stories an' treat, way they use' to them days, than to be farmin' of it. An' tho' 'twa'n't much of a farm to start with he'd neighbors that made a good livin', poor soil an' all. One of 'em left some money in the bank, too. 'Twa'n't much—a couple of hundred or so, but it helped start the boys. Well, this Tom Giles, as I was sayin', tho' he'd got a likely family, smart workers and all, didn't try to bring 'em up. Just let 'em come up. If the boys wanted to plant corn two or three years a-goin' in the same place, not knowin' any better, why he let 'em. An' he used up his best land, an' let it go to pasture when he might've had tol'able crops just as well as not.

"But he wouldn't turn his hand over. Smoke a pipe an' drink—drink an' smoke a pipe; 'twas all the business he ever calc'lated on. Mis' Giles was a close-mouthed lady, an' nobody ever heard a word from her, even when the boys left an' the stock was sold off. She couldn't go to meetin' after that, an' nobody went there scarcely, 'twas so far away. An' besides, nobody wanted to run across him.

"He had a raspy sort of tongue when he was in liquor, an' that was the heft o' the time. Seems like gossipin' about neighbors behind their backs; but 'twas town talk. Besides they're all dead an' gone now, all but the boys out West. What be I talkin' about! Why, they was a sight older'n Almy, an' I

presume the' ain't one of 'em above ground now, as we say. Where did I get to? Oh, yes; Almy's aunt that took her off to Boston, an' her poor mother never so much as sayin', ay, yes or no.

"The aunt was a hard workin' woman an' took boarders. An' Almy was to help, an' have her board an' clothes.

"She was a proper, pretty girl, I told you before, an' held her head high, proud-like as all her mother's folks was. An' her aunt done well by her. She had books to read, when the' was any time, an' two pink calico dresses for summer, besides a white muslin for meetin', an' a good blue merino for winter. Tilly Chris told me all about it. Her grandmother was neighbor to them, an' she an' Almy was great friends.

"Well, the old folks lived on, kind o' hand to mouth, poor's poverty all the time. An' Mis' Giles she spun some for folks that got behindhand into their fall work, an' wove rag carpets. No joke that, weavin' rag carpet.

"Ev'ry spring an' ev'ry fall Almy come home for a visit, pretty as a posy, with a new, purple calico mebbe, for her ma, an' what money her aunt could spare, which wa'n't much, tho' she was open-handed. I use' to hear our folks tell all about it. An' she'd coax some o' the neighbors to take them two to church, an' make jell to pay for't. Almy wa'n't the sort to take favors from anybody. She did make b'utiful jell—pick the berries an' grapes herself, an' they'd furnish sugar. 'Twas winter set in, in earnest when she had to go back.

"I presume Cephas would've done as much for her as any of 'em, if she'd a-let him. But the young folks was all crazy after her, boys an' girls alike. Seemed as if they wore off the grass round the front door short as if sheep'd nibbled it, with their teams drivin' up day an' night.

"Don't look that way now, does it? But that's the way it use' to be told. Tired o' my long story? Well, I'm glad if you ain't. Father says you can't stop me when I get a-goin' more'n a wind mill in a gale. I get so intent on it, you see, I forget everything.

"Ma use' to say Cephas took it hard her goin' back. Not that he said so—he wa'n't like me; but he kind o' peaked an' pined, an' didn't relish his vittles. And ma was the best of cooks.

"Why, she believed he'd a-gone clear up to Boston to see her if it took ev'ry cent he'd got, he was that lonesome.

"But folks didn't jig about, them days, way they does now. Just stuck to their bus'ness steady, an' laid up a trifle year by year, an' got to be forehanded. My father, he'd laid up five hundred dollars in the bank before he died. But Cephas wa'n't twenty-one then, an' worked for his keep. When he was, he got his freedom suit. Ma made it for him. But the' wa'n't any money to go with it, except as he done extry work an' was allowed some for it—a York shillin' a day, overtime, I guess 'twas.

"Bymeby he somehow got onto a big farm, six or seven miles away, when John grew along to take his place; an' we 'lowed he'd get Almy after a spell."

"And didn't he?" I asked, with deep interest.

"I was goin' to tell you. When she come home next time the' was a sight o' sickness, an' she went 'round an' set up nights, an'

was that busy days, she couldn't even go to meetin'. An' Cephas he took it pretty hard. Not that he said so, but it was his only chance, you know; an' ma would have it he looked peaked'er'n ever. She took sick herself, to end up with, an' had to stay a week over time. Tilly's grandmother took her back, for she wa'n't fit to go alone. She was a girl then, an' had been home visitin' her own folks. But she went sooner'n she would, on Almy's account. 'Twas a terrible long stage ride. But now comes the worst of it. When she come home next time, sort o' lively seein' all her folks, she let out that one o' the aunt's boarders was keepin' comp'ny with Almy.

"A spruce young fellow, she said he was, an' likely into the bargain. He was part owner in a book store, with some money laid by, an' he was farse to get married; but Almy wouldn't.

"Well, it went on and on; an' it was a proper, pretty match, her aunt said; but Almy she held off. An' in some way they found out that he wanted to go home with her an' talk it over with her folks, an' she wouldn't let him.

"Her aunt would've had told him fast enough what the matter was, an' made no bones about it; but Almy as much as said she wasn't to. You see I use' to hear all this from ma, over an' over again.

"As I was tellin' you before, Almy was proud, like all the Martins, an' I s'pose she didn't wan' to take anybody she set store by to such a tumble-down ramshackle sort of a place as her house was then, with a poor sot for a father. An' I don't know's I blame her. Her mother was nice as could be; but I tell you 'tis a terrible thing for a girl to be ashamed of her own father.

"An' so it went on for a year or two, an' Almy, bein' pretty close-mouthed, likely didn't tell him the reason she wouldn't let 'em go home with 'er, an' he got offish, man-fashion, because he couldn't have his own way; an' 'twa'n't long till he up an' married a city lady. An' 'twas the year after that Mis' Giles took sick, an' Almy had to come home. He got worse an' worse, kind o' drinkin' his brains soft; but he didn't die. Such critters never does. An', after a spell, she kind o' faded an' faded away, an' you couldn't scarcely tell when the breath really went out of her."

"Almy?" I asked, with a lapse of intellect.

"My, no! her mother. Almy's only just gone now. And Tom Giles he held on, an' held on; and ev'ry cent they could rake an' scrape went for liquor. I'd a-throwned him onto the town! Why, Almy raised chickens, they said, an' planted corn an' potaties, an' tended to 'em all herself, or they'd starved. Not but the neighbors would've looked after her some, but she was that proud, I presume, if they'd sent in things she'd have hove 'em outdoors. Well, here we be; and if I didn't forget that penny'yal. Come right over it, an' didn't get a sniff of it. An' a powerful, pretty smell it has, too."

III.

It was the first part of the week following the funeral. I had been for a long tramp over the hills, and came home just before sunset with an armful of bonset and mountain mint, the best thing in the world for a cough, I was told, and a necessity in every household.

These would give pleasure all through the

long, cold winter, I was sure, and make the very rafters fragrant as they dried slowly under the garret roof.

While I sat to rest a moment on a gray rock under the shade of a clump of chestnuts, and looked off toward the golden sea in which a faint shallop of moon was floating, there was a sudden flurry of bushes pushed aside, and my hostess broke panting through.

"My, but I'm glad to find you so near!" she sighed. "Such news! And he's milkin' still, so I'll just drop down here an' tell you."

"Tilly run over half an hour ago, all burstin' with it; an' I venture it's half over town by this time."

"P'r'aps you didn't take notice; but Sarah Winterses girls stayed to lock up the house that day; and what do you think! They said no sooner was the teams out o' sight than a man come walkin' up the hill other side. He'd left a black man and a buggy down to the foot, for they went up garret to see. He had a long box, an' he was dressed up slick, like a city man, an' he had a weed on his hat an' a cane in his hand. An' first he laid down his cane an' pulled off his hat an' set that down, an' he took something out o' the box—for they set up garret an' watched 'im; and he bent down his head without any hat on, just like he was sayin' a prayer. When he was gone they crept down stairs an' went over to see what 'twas; an' there was roses and roses—pink ones—stems long's your arm—laid all 'round the head o' the grave. An' they said come to think it over they was sure he knelt down there with his hat off; but I don't believe it. He'd be too old, and still besides, likely. I s'pose he recollected the pink dresses she used to wear. Well there! I've no call to say so. Such things do come into your mind, tho, and stick. And I say 'twas pretty of him, whatever other folks thinks. And his wife likely was passed away by that weed on his hat, an' he'd had time to think back. Queer, ain't it, how we will go back to things that's past and gone."

"An' the girls thought, an' I b'lieve it myself 'twas *him*—why, I hadn't told you that! an' he'd heard of it, some way, an' he'd come all the way from Boston with a team, to 'tend the funeral."

"I reckon he was disappointed. Tilly, she thinks he'd rather wait till the folks was gone, and kind o' have it all to himself, an' no remarks made."

"I wish't he could've seen her, she looked so nice. 'Most pretty if she hadn't been so old. But mebbe he'd rather think of her as she was."

"I've made up my mind, an' Tilly says she has, too, that he's a widower. The weeds looks like it. And if his wife had been livin' it might've pestered her to know how much he set store by Almy after all these years. I don't b'lieve he'd done it."

"But it'll all be found out in time. Even Tilly Clum, who's the stay-at-homesort, says she shan't rest till she knows for sure if he's the same, and what his name is, and if his wife *is* dead, an' what family she left. We'll know all the' is to be known, pretty quick."

"The reason we was so slow gettin' at it before now, you see the Winterses they live over 'cross Five Mile Brook, and bring down their butter and fowls once a week for the stage man to take. And they drove a good two mile out of the way to carry the news to Chris. Pike in the up-meadow."

"Did I meet your brother at the funeral?" I asked, with keen sympathy. "For I do not remember your speaking of him, or introduc'ing him. There were so many there."

"Cephas? Why, bless your heart, he's been in heaven these thirty years! Went right from the supper table, as you may say, 'twas that sudden."

"Ma did hope he'd get reconciled and take a wife; an' she was free to urge him some, as he was gettin' along, an' there'd be nobody to look after him when she was gone. But he wa'n't that sort. We ain't, not one of us."

"When our sort o' folks gets their mind set, they're terrible hard to unset. Might as well try to end over this rock. Well, it did seem kind o' sober up there that day, didn't it? But come to get home, what with the yellow clouds all over, some purple 'round the edges, not quite sundown you recollect—just the way it looks to-night, so sweet an' homey like, 'twas diff'rent. Seems as if you could look right through, only the sun blinds you so."

"I always think about Almy when it comes this time o' day—kind o' as if she'd gone back again an' was young. She did look real young, now didn't she, for a person risin' of seventy?"

"Someway as if all the years was droppin' off, droppin' off gradual, soon as she got rid of the body, and kind of givin' her a new chance to begin over again."

"Why, I expect she's just sittin' down with her ma in the shade o' the glory now—not bein' use' to it so soon—an' talkin' it all over. Cephas, too, mebbe he'll put in a word. *He'd be there!*"

"Seems to me when I stop an' think it over just like it use' to when I was young, an' I'd been off over night to our folkses. When I got back the little fellows they'd come racin' out, hoppin' up an' down, an' hangin' round, an' catchin' hold of me, shoutin' out: '*Mummy's got home! Mummy's got home! Mummy's got home!*' just plain cryin' for joy to see me."

"Seems to me 'twill be same way up there. I wouldn't stand it other ways. I declare to it, if I ain't cryin' myself for joy! An' there's father with his two milk pails—I hear 'im lettin' down the bars this minit, an' I ain't so much as got the kettle on! I couldn't blame 'im if he spoke up ha'sh to me—workin' away in the hot sun all day long, real tired, an' me off gaddin', enjoyin' myself! But there, he never did in all his life, however deservin' I might be. Come in pretty quick, won't you? I'll have the table set an' the tea a-drawin' in a jiffy. The's quince preserves that he likes; but if you want sweet cream on your baked apples instead—an' you seem to—the's a whole pitcherful sittin' on the butt'ry shelf waitin'. It's been coolin' all day in the well."

LOT, HE PITCH HIS TENT TOAHD SODDIM.

Preeched By Brer Grayson. Reskewed from de Arkives of Membry by Unkle Ben.

Tex': "An' Lot he pitch his tent toahd Soddim."

—Genesis.

Bredering and Sistering:

Hit mighty 'portant where yo pitch yore tent, an' how yo pitch it. But man mus' pitch his tent, long as he gwine to stay here.

Lot he probly tiahd pitchin' his tent and long to lib in de citty, whar Missus Lot kin enter sassiety, and Massa Lot jine de club; an' de young Missus 'tend de theatur wif de

young dudes o' Soddim. But Massa Lot's conshuns not yet kallas, an' he not bol' enuff to ride rite inter Soddim in er otter-mobill; so he jes' pitch his tent toahd Soddim.

We fin' in de preshus book dat pitch not a bad thing all de time. Noah, he pitch de awk wifout and wifin. An' mebbe, sometimes, it a good thing if de preachah pitch his tex' so he kin stick to it.

Ef we stop right heah, we probly luhn why Lot pitch his tent. It more'n pro'ble he read dat Noah he pitch the ark wifin and wifout, an' he think if de pitch turn de rain, forty days and forty nights, it mebbe turn de rain off his tent. But he foun' too sure dat de pitch dat turn de rain off Noer, nebbah turn off de ran of fire dat fell on Soddim an' Gomorrow.

Secondly. Lot he pitch his tent toahd Soddim. Why he not luhn dat pitch defileth? 'Cause he turn his back on de faithful brudder, an' sooner walk de streets of Gomorrow to-day, dan wlk de streets of de New Jerusalem to-morrow.

But Lot not all bad. He bin raise up by de good man, an' de good angel try to coax him back, an' Lot he get berry uncomfable 'tween de two fiah's; and he vex his righteous soul, while he look wif one eye to be hills of Zion, an' keep de odder on de bill-boards of Soddim.

Mebbe Missus Lot an' de young leddies, mebbe dey say to Mistah Lot: "O Paw, don't yo be no ole foggy; doan't let de debble hab all de good things of dis life." An' mebbe dey pull up de pegs o' de tent, when Lot asleep, an' pitch de tent a leetle moah toahd Soddim. But I doan' know; de tex' it doan' say so.

Thirdly. Lot he tole Abram he got so many cattle, he got to go down in the de valley, whar de grass plenty. (Dat's de way wif a man, he always blame it on his cattle, or his dog or his wife.) But de tex' nebbah say nuffin after that, 'bout de cattle nor de grass, for Lot tired being a cowboy, an' done got his hart set on goin' into de town lot business.

Fourthly. Ef Lot nebbah pitched his tent toahd Soddim, he nebbah get dah. 'Member dat, young man; 'member dat, young missus.

Fifthly. But de time come, when Lot he berry sorry he pitch his tent toahd Soddim. De message kum to him to pack his trunk, and leave Soddim. It always kum. And Lot he hab to leave his town lots, an' de grain pit, an' de club, an' pitch his tent toahd de mountain. De loving Maker sen' him word to get out ob dat wicked citty; he gwine to sen' annudr rain upon de earf. Den Unkle Abram he plead wid de angel to save Soddim. An' de angel say he save Soddim, ef ten richus men foun' in all de citty. An' Abram he look ober the census, an' he nebbah fine five. An' de rain descended, and de fiah cum, an' de flames lit up dat citty, like it all belong to Rocky Feller, an' saturated wif Standard Oil.

But de angel dat console Abraham tok Lot by de han' fore de fiah kum, an' he say Hurry to de mountains; doan' yo stop, and pitch yo tent toahd Soddim; doan' yo look back, nebbah!

But Missus Lot, she berry sorry to leab Soddim, an' she stop to see ef hor hat on straight; an she at las' convince dat eben salt nebbah saved dat citty.

Bredering, ef yo pitch yore tent toahd Soddim, remembah dat pitch only make de fiah hottah! Ef yo fleein' from de burnin' citty, remember dat salt won't save yo, ef you stop to look back. Pitch yo' tents toahd de mountain, an' drive de pegs in strong.—*Sel.*

Children's Page.

HOW ELEANOR SPENT HER BIRTHDAY.

BY ANNE G. MAHON.

It was Eleanor's birthday. She stood looking out of the window of her pretty room, surrounded by gifts, and yet she was far from happy.

"It's so mean, mother, that I should have a cold this time of all others. Gertrude always gives such lovely parties, and it's such a disappointment to miss it," she fretted.

"I know, dear; but when you are over the cold you shall have a party."

Eleanor, however, was not to be pacified by any promises of future happiness.

"I'm tired of dolls," she complained. "Every birthday Aunt Helen sends me a doll—and I wish she'd send me something else."

She gazed at the shabby little house in the alley.

"Some people have moved into that house right back of us, mother. See, there's a little girl at the window, and did you ever see such a looking doll?"

As Mrs. Irving looked she saw a pale, thin little face pressed against the dingy little pane, and a battered-up doll, wrapped in a shawl, held close in the thin little arms. The day was mild, and the little girl feebly pushed up the window and leaned out.

Just then a Newfoundland pup came bounding up the alley, ready for a romp with some one. Seeing the little girl at the window he sprang toward her. She jumped and drew back, dropping the precious doll on the pavement. The dog seemed to consider it a plaything for his special benefit. He picked it up, shook it, and shook it again, and then ran off with it in his mouth, strewing bits of doll all over the alley.

"Why doesn't she run after it?" asked Eleanor; but the little girl looked after the doll with a distressed, helpless look, and then laid her head down on the sill, and Eleanor could see she was crying.

"I believe she's sick," said Mrs. Irving; "and that doll was all she had, she seemed to love it so."

"Oh, mother, and I have so many! Mother, do go over quick and see what's the matter. Take her one of mine. I can spare it. Take Gladys!"

Gladys was a pink-and-white-faced young lady, with yellow curls and a dainty white dress with blue ribbons.

"Do you mean it, dear?"

"Yes, oh yes! I'm so sorry for her, and I have so many I won't miss Gladys at all."

Eleanor could hardly restrain her impatience as she watched her mother cross the yard to the window at which the little girl sat, and, after a few words, disappear inside the door. The pale face brightened as it looked up at the window of the big house at Eleanor, and the girl kissed her thin little hand.

It seemed as if Eleanor's face had caught the reflection of the sunshine on the pale one opposite when Mrs. Irving rejoined her little daughter.

"Is she sick, mother? Is she very poor—and did she like Gladys?"

"Yes she's very sick, and she's very poor, and you never saw a little girl as pleased as she is with Gladys. The poor little thing is a cripple. Her mother is dead, and her father has to work early and late. He dresses and fixes her in the chair before he leaves in the

morning, and there she has to stay until he comes back."

"Mother,"—and Eleanor looked very solemn—"I'm glad she's my neighbor."

"Yes, dear! We can do a great deal for her to make her life less miserable."

"I'm so sorry I can't go out. I'd go right over to see her and take her some of the fruit Uncle Howard sent me this morning. Oh! I know what I'll do. When Frank comes home from school, I'll ask him to fix me a telegraph wire, like the one he and Fred Morris used to have, and I can send her things that way."

It seemed to Eleanor as if four o'clock would never come; but it did at last, and with it Frank. He entered into the plan heartily and went to work. It was hard to tell which little girl was more interested—the one at the plate-glass window of the big mansion or the one pressing her pale face against the little pane of the rickety house in the alley.

At last the wire was strung between the two windows. Eleanor took a bunch of white grapes and a red-cheeked pear and put them into a dainty basket. Then she wrote on a sheet of her new note paper, with pictures of children at the top:

"I'm awful sorry you're sick. I'm sick myself, but not all the time like you. I hope you like grapes and pears—and I hope you like Gladys. Good-bye. Your loving friend,

Eleanor Irving."

Frank sent it across the wire for her, as she could not go near the open window; but she stood at the next one and watched gleefully. She could see the look of delight on her little friend's face as the basket slowly wended its way along the wire and finally reached the dingy little window.

In a few minutes it came back apparently empty, but Eleanor found in the bottom a note, scrawled with a dull pencil on a scrap of wrapping paper:

"You are so good to me. Thank you a thousand times. I like grapes and pears—I never tasted such good ones—and I love Gladys. I can't send you anything, only my love. Your friend,
Sarah Grey."

The next time the wire pulled, Sarah saw coming toward her a square box. Her curiosity was great, and her big eyes danced. When it reached the window, she discovered some pretty note paper like Eleanor's, some nicely sharpened pencils, and another note from her friend.

The next thing that went over was a book, one of Eleanor's best stories, for Sarah to read; and later a small bag of taffy, Frank's contribution, was sent over.

Darkness came all too soon for both girls, and then the wire had to be abandoned.

Eleanor and her mother sat around the brightly-lighted table, and Eleanor was saying: "Mother, I felt so and I know I was cross, even though it was my birthday and I got so many presents; and now I feel so happy!"

You see you forgot all about Eleanor Irving and her aches and pains and disappointments."

And Sarah sat at the window waiting for her father, looking with happy eyes toward the lights in the big house, and hugging Gladys close to her heart, saying to herself that it had been the happiest day of her life."
—*Christian Work*.

FRED'S "THOROUGH."

"Sue," said her brother, "I wish you would sew up the glove where you mended it before. It's all ripping out again. You didn't make a good job of it."

"I sewed it well enough," said Sue, inspecting the glove; "but I guess I didn't fasten it thoroughly enough at the end. That's where the trouble came. Yes, I'll be thorough with it this time."

"Thorough' is a good word," said mother. "A great deal of the trouble in the world arises from the lack of it."

"Yes," said Sue. "While we are talking about it, Fred, I want to remind you that you didn't fasten that bracket in my room thoroughly, the other day. The nail on one side came out. There was a little vase of flowers on it. It fell down and was smashed. The water spoiled half a dozen or so of books that were on the table under it."

"Too bad, Sue. I'm really sorry. The next thing I do for you, you'll see I'll do it thoroughly."

"The same to you," said Sue, with a smile, as she handed him his glove.

"I wish you would run out and close the side gate, Fred," said his mother. "Nora did not fasten it thoroughly when she came in, and it's swinging loose."

"Another 'thorough'."

"I'll close the gate," said Fred. "I'm just going out to rake up the leaves in the yard. It will be a good day's work, I tell you—well worth the quarter father's going to pay me for it. But I want the quarter; so I am glad to do it."

"Let it be thorough work," said mother; "no neglected corners, no leaves left among the bushes."

Toward night Fred raised himself from stooping in a corner and leaned on the broom he had brought to neatly supplement his work with the rake.

"Whew! my back aches, and my hands smart. But I think I've made good, honest work of this. Mother," he called, "please come out here and look. There, now! you don't see any slighted spots about here, do you?"

"It is beautifully done," said mother. "I fancy the grass and bushes look eager to grow with such encouragement. But how about that corner over there?"

"Oh, that is my pile of leaves. Of course, they are not going to stay there. I'm tired and want to go in and read; so I'm going to wheel them away in the morning."

"Is that thorough?" asked the mother.

"Yes, as far it goes. There's not a bit of harm in leaving them till the morning."

In the night a strong wind arose. Fred looked from his window in the morning to see, with great vexation, the leaves he had so carefully gathered swept in every direction over the lawn.

"Well, there's another day of my vacation gone. I suppose it served me right."

Without a word of complaint, he went over the ground again. Mother came out as he was wheeling away the last load of leaves. He looked up at her with a rueful smile, saying:

"Thorough' is a pretty good word, mother."
—*The Youth's Evangelist*.

CONSCIENCE is the clearness of eternal light and the mirror of the majesty of God.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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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
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Nov. 23.	World's Temperance Lesson.....	Isa. 5: 8-30
Nov. 30.	The Call of Moses.....	Exod. 3: 1-12
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Dec. 14.	The Passover.....	Exod. 12: 1-17
Dec. 21.	The Passage of the Red Sea.....	Exod. 14: 13-27
Dec. 28.	Review.....	

LESSON III.—JOSEPH EXALTED.

For Sabbath-day, Oct. 19, 1901.

LESSON TEXT.—Gen. 41: 38-49.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Them that honor me will I honor.—1 Sam. 2: 30.

INTRODUCTION.

In spite of the ingratitude of the chief butler, Joseph, through the providence of God, obtained release from prison. The years of confinement must have been trying to his patience. He did not understand why he should suffer for no fault of his own; but he continued patient and made the most of scanty opportunities.

When the time came he was not only released from prison—that seemed the greatest possible blessing—but from slavery. And not only made a free man—surely that was enough for any slave to expect—but also he was raised to the most exalted position in the realm, next to the king himself.

It is noteworthy that, when Joseph undertook the interpretation of the dreams, he made it plainly understood that it was not through his own power and ability, but that from God he was able to reveal the mystery.

TIME.—Thirteen years after Joseph came to Egypt.

PLACE.—Same as in last week's lesson.

PERSONS.—Joseph, Pharaoh and his officers, Asenath.

OUTLINE:

1. Pharaoh honors Joseph. v. 38-45.
2. Joseph makes provision for the Famine. v. 46-49.

NOTES.

38. *And Pharaoh said unto his servants.* The chief officers and counsellors of a king are, according to Oriental custom, called his servants. The word rendered "servants" might with equal accuracy have been translated "slaves." *Can we find such a one as this is?* Pharaoh recognized in Joseph the very man who was fitted to manage the affairs of the kingdom in the trying times of the succeeding years. *A man in whom the spirit of God is.* It was because of the divine guidance that Joseph was especially fitted for the work before him. It is better to spell spirit with a small s, as in the Revised Version; for the reference is not to the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Trinity who was manifested in the New Testament times. By spirit of God is meant here the special divine influence.

39. *There is none so discreet and wise as thou art.* Pharaoh rightly inferred that the nearness to God which gave Joseph the ability to interpret dreams would make him more than ordinarily competent in other affairs of life.

40. *Thou shalt be over my house.* Joseph had done well in Potiphar's house, and in the prison; he is now installed as overseer of the king's household and grand vizier of the kingdom. *And according to thy word shall all my people be ruled.* They are to render to Joseph the same submission as to the king. *Only in the throne.* Pharaoh reserves for himself the sovereignty of the kingdom; he does not go so far as to make Joseph king in his stead.

42. *And Pharaoh took off his ring, etc.* The ring contained his signet or seal. The possession of this ring denoted authority to act in the king's name. *Vestures of fine linen . . . gold chain about his neck.* These were signs of royalty. Some writers think that the word translated "linen" should be rendered "cotton." The word has its origin from an Egyptian word meaning whiteness. The priests also wore these white garments.

43. *And he made him to ride in the second chariot.* That is, the one next to the exclusively royal chariot. *Bow the knee.* The word thus translated has been the subject of much discussion. It certainly is the expression of regal honors.

44. *Without thee shall no man lift up his hand.* This is a further statement, through a forcible hyperbole, of the absolute power given to Joseph. No one was to move without his command.

45. *Zaphnath-paaneah.* This is evidently an Egyptian word preserved for us in the Hebrew letters. It was probably easier for the Egyptians to pronounce this long word than the short word Joseph. The meaning is a little in doubt. Perhaps it means "Saviour of the World," but more likely "Support of Life." *Asenath, the daughter of Potiphara, priest of On.* The king honors Joseph by the selection of a wife for him from the priestly caste which was next in rank to the royal family. By this marriage he makes his new prime minister to feel at home, and binds him to the land more securely. We are not told that Joseph had any scruples against this marriage with a wife from the family of a heathen priest. We cannot expect at this time the development of religious belief which was manifest a few centuries later. *And Joseph went out over all the land of Egypt.* He examined into the condition of the people and the affairs over which he was to have management.

46. *And Joseph was thirty years old.* Compare chapter 37: 2.

47. *By handfuls.* That is, in great abundance.

48. *And he gathered up all the food of the seven years.* We need not think that he seized the entire crop. He bought at the prices that ruled in time of abundance, the surplus of grain for which there was no market. *Which were in the land.* As it stands, this relative clause seems to refer to the "seven years"; but following the Septuagint and the Syriac versions it is better to read "the seven years of plenty which was in the land of Egypt." *The food of the field, etc.* Joseph showed great foresight in his arrangements, storing the food where it would be needed.

49. *And Joseph gathered corn, etc.* Instead of "corn" we would translate in modern English "grain." *As the sand of the sea . . . for it was without number.* Two expressions intended to suggest the enormous quantity of food that Joseph provided for the seven years of famine.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Bishop Whipple.

Henry Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota, lately deceased, was a pupil of mine during a term of select instruction, given in Adams Village, in the spring of 1842. He was a fine, Christian young man. His father was a merchant in the village.

A New Invention Tested, Showing Wood Can Be Made Fire-proof.

About two weeks ago, at Montreal, Canada, on the Champ-de-Mars, in the presence of several thousand people, was demonstrated the new electrical fire-proof process and its results.

A house of good proportions had been built entirely of wood, which had been subjected to the electric process. In and under this house was placed a large amount of wood saturated with kerosene, which was then set on fire; this, when burned, was replenished, and the fire made to rage with a furnace heat for an hour and a half, when it was seen that the structure could not be destroyed nor even seriously injured.

This was witnessed by the mayor, senators, architects, builders and fire companies from Ottawa, Toronto, and other places, who expressed great satisfaction at the result.

If the lumber for the floors, ceilings, doors, windows and furniture of only our public school buildings could be thus treated, it would bring great relief to thousands of anxious parents concerning the safety of their children. Nothing more horrible to contemplate than a fire which threatens the perishing of children. Every appliance for safety should be considered.

The Science of Railroads.

An extract from a speech made by Chauncey M. Depew, on Railroad Day, in the Hall of Music, at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo:

Without the railroad, the few people in the vast territory between Chicago and the Pacific Ocean would have been engaged exclusively in agriculture. Their harvests, their flocks and their herds would have been useful only for the food of themselves and their neighbors. The cost of transportation would have been prohibitive. Cheap transportation has made the vast plains beyond the Great Lakes, which were the feeding grounds of the buffalo fifty years ago, the granary of the world.

Since the construction of Stephenson's locomotive, seventy-two years ago, there have been built in the whole world 475,000 miles of railway, which are capitalized at about \$40,000,000,000. The aggregate length of the railways in the United States is 193,000 miles, and is capitalized in stocks and bonds at \$11,719,000,000. The mileage of our railroads is six times greater than that of any other country, and many thousands of miles longer than all the railroads of Europe put together. While the United States occupy but 6 per cent of the land surface of the earth, they have over 40 per cent of its railway mileage. The internal commerce of our country is so vast that the tonnage annually carried by our railroads is greater than the totals for Great Britain, Ireland, France and Germany combined, and to that may be added the ocean tonnage of all the seas also. . . . Every mile of railroad built

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PLAINFIELD, N. J.

CLOSE AT HAND.

The day is long and the day is hard,
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard,
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through, and of work to be done,
Tired of ourselves and of being alone.

And all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company;
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm,
He turns the arrows which else might harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm.

The work which we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for He works, too;
The days that are long to live are His,
A bit of His bright eternities,
And close to our need His helping is.

Oh, eyes that were holden and blinded quite,
And caught no glimpse of the guiding light!
Oh, deaf, deaf ears, which did not hear
The heavenly garment trailing near!
Oh, faithless heart, which dared to fear.

means tens of thousands of acres brought under cultivation and opened for settlement; it means villages and cities, happy homes and industrious and thriving populations. It is safe to say that without the railway development of to-day, if the population of Europe or America were the same, the congestion would lead to poverty, starvation, misery and anarchy beyond the power of imagination to conceive.

The building of 150,000 miles of railway in thirty years led to great confusion and to many errors and mistakes. On the one hand, it stimulated an enormous immigration and settlement; the productive energies of the country were pushed to their utmost, and everywhere was feverish haste. Speculative spirit was aroused, and periods of prosperity soon developed mad speculation, and ended in a series of panics phenomenal in the history of business and finance.

MARRIAGES.

SAUNDERS—KULLBURG.—In Mystic, Conn., September 28, 1901, by Rev. O. D. Sherman, Mr. Earnest H. Saunders, of Mystic, to Miss Johanna V. Kullburg, of Pearl River, 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.

LANGWORTHY.—Frank T. Langworthy, only son of Nathan Thomas and Mary Ann Langworthy, was born in Brookfield, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1860, and died of typhoid fever near Milton Junction, Wis., Sept. 27, 1901.

When Frank was five years old, his parents moved from Brookfield, N. Y., to Albion, Wis., where most of his life was spent. March 20, 1899, Mr. Langworthy married Miss Ida Miller, of Milton, Wis., and to them was born a son, Frank Elmer. The widow and son, together with a large circle of near and dear friends, mourn the sudden death of husband, father, son and brother. G. J. C.

EMMONS.—In Muhlenberg Hospital, Plainfield, N. J., Sept. 11, 1901, of typhoid fever, Mrs. Sarah E. Emmons, in the 41st year of her age.

Sister Emmons was a faithful and devoted member of the Seventh-day Baptist church of New Market, N. J. She was the daughter of Daniel and Elizabeth Dunham, both deceased, and is the first one of a family of six children to enter the heavenly rest. She is greatly missed by a large circle of friends. L. E. L.

MOTT.—John Eugene Mott was born in Schuylerville, N. Y., April 5, 1872, and died Sept. 21, 1901.

At the age of six months his parents came West, and settled at Farina, Ill.; then came to Hammond, La., in 1887, where he died. C. S. S.

DOUGLAS.—Near Pulaski, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1901, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Douglas, aged 78 years.

Mrs. Douglas was a daughter of the late Elder Elias Burdick. Her husband died some years ago. She was a devout, spiritually-minded Christian, a loyal Sabbath-keeper, and a valued member of the Adams church. It was the occasion of great joy to her, as it was to her husband during his life, to meet the brethren of their church and faith; but, as their residence was over twenty-five miles away, those occasions were few in each year. She was highly esteemed in her home neighborhood, though a "lone Sabbath-keeper." A. B. P.

TAYLOR.—Betsey Dickens, at her home in Stonington, Ct., Sept. 1, 1901, aged 69 years.

Mrs. Taylor was the daughter of Henry and Lydia Nash Dickens, and was born at Avondale, in the town of Westerly, R. I., March 27, 1832. She grew to womanhood in this community and was married at Watch Hill May 7, 1851, to D. H. Taylor, who still survives her. Later she removed with her husband to Bay View Farm in Stonington, at which beautiful place she resided till her death. In early life she accepted Christ and united with the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist church in 1855. She was an earnest Christian, an active member of the W. C. T. U., a devoted wife and mother. In her

long sickness she was thoughtful and patient, and when the end came was ready to go. Her husband, a son and a daughter, with many relatives and friends, mourn her departure. S. H. D.

NASH—Eliza Ann, at her home in Watch Hill, R. I., Aug. 20, 1901, aged 80 years.

Mrs. Nash was the daughter of Deacon Nathan and Abby Dickens Fitch, and was born at Watch Hill, R. I., Oct. 4, 1819, and was one of four sisters who have all passed their 75th year, she being the first to go. She was married to Captain Nathan Nash March 18, 1838. She gave her heart to God and united with the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist church in youth. Her faith was never shaken, but grew brighter as the years came and went. Hers was a loving, gentle and helpful life. It was an inspiration to those about her to witness her fortitude and faith in her closing hours. The funeral was conducted at her home, the Narragansett House, Watch Hill, by her pastor. Two sons, two grandsons and a great-granddaughter survive her. They, with a large number of relatives and friends, will ever hold her in sacred memory. S. H. D.

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.

CORRESPONDENTS will address Rev. J. G. Mahoney at Almond, Allegany Co., N. Y., until further notice.

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.

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 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.

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

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corner of Church and Genesee streets, at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school following preaching service. A general invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath. I. L. COTTRELL, Pastor. 29 Ransom St.

THE 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.
Moderator, Eld. Geo. W. Hills.
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U. F. DAVIS,
E. A. WITTER, } Com.

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THE SOUTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

Program of session to be held with the Little Prairie Church at Booty, Ark., Oct. 24-27, 1901.

FIFTH-DAY-MORNING SESSION.

10.30 Devotional Exercises, J. L. Hull.
11.00 Dedication of new church house.
(a) Sermon, G. H. F. Randolph.
(b) Dedicatory prayer, A. H. Lewis.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

2.30 Praise Service, Miss E. A. Fisher.
3.00 Annual Address, W. H. Godsey.
3.45 Report of churches, appointment of committees.

NIGHT SESSION.

7.30 Devotionals, G. W. Geiser.
8.00 Sermon, J. F. Shaw.

SIXTH-DAY-MORNING SESSION.

10.30 Devotionals, T. H. Monroe.
11.00 Reports from Corresponding Bodies.
11.30 Sermon, Chas. Sayers.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

2.30 Praise Service, J. F. Skaggs.
3.00 Report of Committees and other business.
3.30 Missionary Hour, The Board's Representative.

NIGHT SESSION.

7.30 Sermon and Testimony Meeting, J. H. Hurley.

SABBATH-MORNING SESSION

10.30 Sermon, A. H. Lewis.
Collection for Denominational Societies.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

2.30 Sabbath-school. Arranged for by W. H. Godsey.
3.30 Y. P. S. C. E. and J. C. E. conducted by Miss Fisher.

NIGHT SESSION.

7.30 Devotionals, C. G. Beard.
8.00 Sermon, A. P. Ashurst.

FIRST-DAY-MORNING SESSION.

10.30 Praise Service.
11.00 Sermon, L. D. Seager.
Collection for Boards.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

2.30 Woman's Hour.
3.30 Tract Hour, The Board's Representative.
4.30 Business.

NIGHT SESSION.

7.30 Devotionals, G. H. Fitz Randolph.
8.00 Sermon, A. H. Lewis.

NOTICES.

1. We hope arrangements can be made to have the Gentry Quartet present.
2. If possible, there will be "Sunrise meetings."
3. Delegates from East, North, or West will reach their R. R. destination, which is De Witt, Ark., by the St. Louis and South-western (or "Cotton Belt") line. This line can be connected with, by delegates from various directions, at Memphis, Tenn.; Wynne Junction, Altheimer, and Texarkana, Ark.; and various points in Texas.
4. The officers of Association hope to secure reduced rates on the "Cotton Belt" line, but cannot yet announce anything definite about the matter.
5. Delegates will be provided with private conveyance from DeWitt to Booty. All should, if possible, reach DeWitt on Fourth-day afternoon. At that time teams will be on hand for all.

G. H. FITZ RANDOLPH, *President.*

W. H. GODSEY, *Vice President.*

T. H. MONROE, *Secretary*

REFERENCE LIBRARIES.

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

Paganism Surviving in Christianity.....	\$ 1 75
A Critical History of Sunday Legislation.....	1 25
A Critical History of the Sabbath and the Sunday in the Christian Church.....	1 25
Biblical Teachings Concerning the Sabbath and the Sunday.....	60
Sabbath Commentary.....	60
Swift Decadence of Sunday; What Next?.....	1 00
The Seventh-day Baptist Hand Book.....	25
Thoughts on Giffillan.....	60
Proceedings of the Chicago Council.....	60
The Catholicization of Protestantism on the Sabbath Question.....	25
Studies in Sabbath Reform.....	25
Life and Sermons of Jonathan Allen.....	3 00
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Every friend of Higher Education and of Alfred University should have his name appear as a contributor to this fund.

Proposed Centennial Fund.....\$100,000 00
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TO DRIVE ANTS FROM THE LAWN.—Fine coal ashes sprinkled about the burrows of ants will cause them to leave. Ashes may be used on the lawn without injury to the grass. Sifted ashes are best, but those fresh from the stove, shaken from the stove-shovel, will answer the purpose very well.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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