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## THE LAW.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

It is Thy law that from the sky  
Withdraws the silver awning;  
It is Thy law that sends the light  
Of long, slow summer dawning.

It is Thy law that brings the wind  
Where fragrances have slumbered,  
That fills the air with darting wings  
And hum of bees unnumbered.

It is Thy law that burns the blue  
In June's exceeding splendor,  
That makes returning day delight,  
The lingering twilight tender.

It is Thy law that heaps the moss  
A green and velvet pillow,  
That lifts the leafy forest-side  
In billow after billow.

It is Thy law that throbs with life  
And crowns the year's sweet story;  
It is Thy law that bursts the bud  
And brings the rose in glory!

It is Thy law that buoys the soul  
Far over all annoyance,  
In vision of supernal power  
Bending to summer's joyance.

It is Thy law that lets Thine own  
Feel heavenly strength attend them—  
Great peace have thy that love Thy law,  
And nothing shall offend them!

—The Congregationalist.

Destructive  
Indifference.

EVERY true reform finds more hindrances and causes for discouragement in the indifference and inertia of good people than it does in the open opposition of bad ones. This inertia appears prominently in the case of errors and evils which one generation inherits from another, and because of it those who are the best people in the other respects become the enemies of reform and the supporters of evil. Reforms which are demanded by every interest of society, religion, and the nation are hindered thus, and in many cases the final good is pushed far away by such indifference. Sabbath reform, temperance, social purity, and clean politics are examples in point, and these suggestions will lead the reader to a still wider application of the truth that the indifference of good men is to be dreaded more than the opposition of bad ones.

Keep Your  
Life Enriched.

ONE said the other day, as we were passing a rocky field: "I do not see how anything can be made to grow there." In spite of unpromising appearances, the farmer's crops were luxuriant. The secret lay in the enriching of the field. It was near to tide-water, and the sea-weed's rich and fertilizing elements had been fed to the soil in abundance for two hundred years past. The surroundings of our lives can scarcely be more forbidding than that field was, but God has ordained that

full supply of enriching thoughts and influences is always at hand to the soul seeking for good. If your life is kept in a narrow round of wordly aims and selfish desires, barrenness will rule the years, and spiritual harvests will be wanting. But if your life is enriched by the truths of the Bible, by that glad obedience to God's will which makes each religious obligation a new joy, abundant harvests will be assured: Meditation, prayer, praise, are sources of enriching results. If your life is barren and harvestless of good, if high aspirations and attainments are not yours, it is not God's fault. Those who seek spiritual enrichment will secure it; those who are careless or disobedient, will increase the number of harvestless years. New England presents many instances of victory in agriculture because the granite sands which make up the original soil are changed to fertile fields by wise and persistent enriching. Thus all our spiritual experiences may be, if we are willing and obedient. Choose not harvestless years wherein you must lie hungering on the barren sands of wasted years and lost opportunities.

Doing the  
Impossible.

WHAT Christ commands, and commends, often seems impossible, according to human standards and experiences. Be perfect as your Father in Heaven is, is meaningless mockery to men of low ideals and lower hopes. But a second thought shows that all true good and all real progress have come because men have planned and wrought with such ideals in view. History records imperfect work and comparative failures, but out of these has come whatever of good that has been accomplished. Each imperfect attainment teaches better methods and brings better results. The best results which come from the adoption of high ideals and purposes that seem unattainable come to those who adopt them. Individual lives are uplifted, enlarged and strengthened by attempting what lesser men deemed impossible until they create new forces in other hearts, and the race moves toward higher success. Christ did not mistake nor mislead when he commanded and commended our struggles, to make the impossible of yesterday the actual of to-morrow.

A Wise  
Law.

THE Irrigation Bill, which was last week signed by the President, practically turns all future proceeds from the sale of public lands in the partly arid states and territories into a fund for the development of irrigation. It is

estimated that there are six hundred million acres of public lands in the Far West, of which one-tenth can be reclaimed by irrigation. The bill just adopted as law requires that this work shall be carried forward by the National Government — partly because it alone controls inter-state waterways, and partly because it owns the lands to be benefited by the irrigation work, and partly because the National Government will most patiently bear the expense if the work proves unremunerative. The law contains an admirable provision restricting the sale of the irrigated land to actual settlers, and in plots from forty to one hundred and sixty acres. Congress has enacted no better law for many years than this one. Every good interest of the nation and its citizens will be fostered by it.

Isthmian  
Canal.

AFTER discussion through half a century, and a struggle of ten or fifteen years in Congress, the Isthmian Canal question was closed by action of the Lower House of Congress on the 26th of June. The Senate bill was adopted by a vote of 252 to 8. The bill provides for the purchase of the Panama Canal, already begun, for \$40,000,000, or less, if satisfactory title can be secured. If this cannot be done the Nicaragua route is to be chosen. The bill provides for \$135,000,000 if the Panama route is secured, and \$180,000,000 if the Nicaragua. Two per cent gold bonds are to be issued to the amount of \$130,000,000 to carry forward the work. The RECORDER favors this canal because of its commercial value, and because it will foster peace and good-will among the great nations of the earth.

Coal Mining.

THE coal strike has called so much attention to the mining question that some facts touching that industry in Pennsylvania have new interest to our readers, as well as historic value at this time.

Anthracite coal was discovered near Shamokin, Pa., in 1780. It was first mined in 1836, and hauled in wagons to Paxinos, about six miles northwest of Shamokin, and from thence taken to market in railroad cars.

The Shamokin coal trade dates from 1838, when the railroad was completed to that place. Of the four mines operated in the Shamokin region in 1838, one was located on the east and the other on the west side of the water gap, owned by different companies. That year these two collieries were consoli-

dated under the name of the Cameron Colliery, in honor of William Cameron, which name it still bears. It has always been a great producer of coal. Fifteen veins, averaging in thickness six feet, are now being worked by this mine. It shipped in 1895, to say nothing of its own consumption, 400,000 tons; in 1899, 396,000 tons; in 1900, 370,000 tons; in 1901 the estimated shipment was 470,000 tons. About 1,600 men and boys are employed. The mine openings consist of 1 shaft, 4 slopes and 6 drifts, the deepest opening being the shaft, which is 900 feet below the surface. It contains 65 miles of gangways, 12 feet wide by 7 feet high, and 2 miles of rock tunnels.

Feb. 26, 1890, a fire in the lower level compelled the flooding of the mine, and the Shamokin Creek was turned into it. Over one billion gallons of water were taken out before work could be resumed.

Timbering a mine is very expensive. The Cameron requires about 60 carloads of prop timber per month, running from 3 to 18 inches in diameter. This is not all used in new openings, but a large force of men are constantly employed in strengthening weak places and retimbering where props have become decayed. In addition to this the mine uses from 8 to 10 cars of sawed lumber chiefly hard wood plank, per month. A very considerable portion of this old mine has been worked out, but there are some 53 miles of railroad track in the gangways still in use. One hundred and thirty-three mules are used for inside and outside work.

These figures from one field give some idea of the immense industry now paralyzed by the strike in the coalfields of Pennsylvania and elsewhere.



THE benediction hymn, "God be  
Keep Yourself with you till we meet again," well  
With God. deserves to be a favorite one. But  
there is in it a suggestion of duty  
on our part which is likely to be overlooked.  
It is a blessing beyond measure that we may  
be assured of the divine presence and guardianship,  
but it is incumbent on us to keep ourselves with  
God, and so make it possible for him to enfold us  
by his sheltering power. Obedient love and trustfulness  
are the permanent bonds which hold men to God.  
He who strives most earnestly to abide with God  
through these need have no fear that the presence  
divine will ever be withdrawn. God never deserts  
those who "trust and obey." Temptations are foiled,  
and enemies are vanquished, when we abide with  
him, whose never-failing presence enfolds, upholds  
and guards his children.

#### A WELL-KEPT LIFE.

It requires a well-kept life to do the will of God, and even a better-kept life to will to do his will. To be willing is a rarer grace than to be doing the will of God. For he who is willing may sometimes have nothing to do, and must only be willing to wait; and it is easier far to be doing God's will than to be willing to have nothing to do—it is easier far to be working for Christ than it is to be willing to cease. No, there is nothing rarer in the world to-day than the truly willing soul, and there is nothing more worth coveting than the will to will God's will. There is no grander possession for any Christian life than the transparently simple mechanism of a sincerely obeying heart.—Prof. Drummond.

## Prayer-Meeting Column.

TOPIC FOR JULY 25, 1902.

The quotations given here are from The American Revised Edition of the New Testament, copyrighted by Thomas Nelson & Sons.

Topic.—What of the Harvest?

**Matt. 13 : 1-9 and 18-23.**

1 On that day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side. 2 And there were gathered unto him great multitudes, so that he entered into a boat, and sat; and all the multitude stood on the beach. 3 And he spake to them many things in parables, saying, Behold, the sower went forth to sow; 4 and as he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the birds came and devoured them: 5 and others fell upon rocky places, where they had not much earth: and straightway they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth: 6 and when the sun was risen, they were scorched; and because they had no root they withered away. 7 And others fell upon the thorns; and the thorns grew up and choked them: 8 and others fell upon the good ground, and yielded fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty. 9 He that hath ears, let him hear.

18 Hear then ye the parable of the sower. 19 When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the evil one, and snatcheth away that which hath been sown in his heart. This is he that was sown by the wayside. 20 And he that was sown upon the rocky places, this is he that heareth the word, and straightway with joy receiveth it; 21 yet hath he not root in himself, but endureth for awhile; and when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, straightway he stumbleth. 22 And he that was sown among the thorns, this is he that heareth the word; and the care of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful. 23 And he that was sown upon the good ground, this is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; who verily beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty.

**Gal. 6 : 1-10.**

1 Brethren, even if a man be overtaken in any trespass, ye who are spiritual, restore such a one in a spirit of gentleness; looking to thyself, lest thou also be tempted. 2 Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. 3 For if a man thinketh himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. 4 But let each man prove his own work, and then shall he have his glorying in regard of himself alone, and not of his neighbor. 5 For each man shall bear his own burden. 6 But let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things. 7 Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. 8 For he that soweth unto his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life. 9 And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. 10 So then, as we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men, and especially toward them that are of the household of the faith.

This Parable of the Sower is a most instructive illustration of an universal law in the spiritual world. Thoughts, purposes and actions, are the seeds from which results and destiny grow. Remember the familiar adage which says: "A thought, an act, a habit, a destiny." This is no fortuitous combination, but rather the natural and unavoidable results of seed-sowing, growth and harvest. Christ taught this truth in many ways. You will recall readily his words in the seventh of Matthew, which teach us that grapes do not grow upon thorns, and that thistles never produce figs. In the presence of these solemn truths every heart should be moved to greater care and deeper earnestness in the sowing of right seeds that so an abundant harvest of good things, of righteousness and of full salvation may be assured. Heed well the warning, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." You must reap your own harvest. Results may be delayed, but they cannot be avoided.

## A FIFTY YEARS' SKETCH OF THE WEST HALLOCK CHURCH AND ITS FOUNDERS.

DEA. DANIEL HAKES.

Read at the North-Western Association, June 15, 1902, and by vote requested for publication in the RECORDER.

Ever since 1848 the writer of this sketch has been an eye-witness for over a half century to the building up of a church and society at West Hallock. Days have gone into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years, until fifty have gone into the past. Hand in hand has the writer worked with the founder of this church through all the hardships of a pioneer life. When the writer first came to Illinois, it was to find a desert; he having come from the state of New York, which was well settled, and with its great forests and groves, the contrast to him was shocking to behold. Here was one vast unbroken prairie, nothing but the grasses and flowers of all varieties and colors. As far as the eye could see west or north, there was not a bush to be seen, a house or a barn, where you now see fine houses, large barns, and well-cultivated fields, and beautiful groves.

Here and there was to be seen herds of deer grazing on the prairie. These wild beasts and fowls seemed to have possession. The wild geese and waterfowls thronged the water courses unmolested. Oh, how strange this was to me! Here I met my brother, Elder Hakes, who came to Illinois in 1845. I found him living in a log house 12 x 14, which was but one story high, and had but one room. When we wanted to retire for the night, it was partitioned off by curtains, which were removed in the morning. Here are some of the pleasures of pioneer life.

In this sketch I will say but little of the hardships of pioneer life, as I believe in that Scripture which says, "Go out into the highways and hedges and bid them come in to the feast." Elder Hakes, in 1849, bought 160 acres out on the prairie where E. E. Hakes, his son, now lives, and built him a small house, as he supposed, on his own land; but when it was done he found he had built on the wrong quarter. In those days there was nothing to guide you correctly without a surveyor, but in 1850 he built and settled on his own land, where he lived until his death in 1891. His whole life was given up to God's cause in preaching the gospel and the building up of a church of Seventh-day Baptists in West Hallock. God blessed him in everything he put his hand to for the up-building of his cause.

He was the founder of the West Hallock church. He was born in Berlin, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., June 22, 1817. His grandfather Hakes was an Englishman, but his maternal grandfather was a German from the highlands of Germany. He was raised on a farm. He became a Christian at the age of seventeen under the preaching of Sales Austin, a Methodist. His experience was very bright. Soon afterward he was given license to exhort, and was appointed class leader, which office he filled for about three years. He was about this time convinced that the seventh day was the only true Sabbath to be kept, and, being a man of good judgment, when he saw himself wrong in anything, it did not take him long to set himself right. It was the truth he was after, and he would not stop until he had found it. The Bible was his only guide. He had a very strong attachment to the writer, and was never more happy than when they were together; he had no use for tobacco,



and a perfect hatred of liquors of any kind. He had learned from an older brother that Illinois was a good farming country, and a good place to preach the gospel. So when he got to Illinois he soon fell into the position of a minister, and preached at different places all over the surrounding country, wherever there was an opening. He officiated at more weddings than any one man in his day in Peoria county. He was pastor of the West Hallock church about twelve years, and was the only pastor that the writer ever knew, who would give the largest share of his salary back to the church. He was the poor man's benefactor; the most ungodly would take his counsel, as one of them once said, "If I had his kind of religion I would like it, for," said he, "I have hewn him on all four sides, but never found a knot or knurl in his temper." He had the true missionary spirit, always pleading for the missionary cause.

Elder Hakes was very active among the sick. He looked upon the Sabbath-school as the nursery, and the prayer meeting as the life of the church. Always charitable, never taking sides in disputes until he was well informed of the facts on both sides. If anything troubled his mind, he most always made it known to the writer. He was not afraid to ask advice. He seemed to be in his natural element when he was in a revival of religion; in great demand by other denominations to exchange. He went far and near to attend funerals; very liberal in his views. Could worship with all who loved God, and in spirit and in truth worshiped him.

Religious privileges were very poor in those days. There was a Seventh-day Baptist church in Farmington, and as we were members of the church in Berlin it was natural for us to want to meet with others of our own faith and order; therefore we went out to Farmington to church a few times, but we kept up Sabbath worship every Sabbath-day either at his house or mine for four years. This church was at first called Southampton church.

When we first came here the north half of this county was not organized into townships, and most important points were best known by the post office, which was situated on the government route which carried the mails, and Southampton was on the four-horse mail route from Springfield to Rock Island. In 1858 this route was abandoned, and West Hallock was given a post office by petition and thus named, because Blue Ridge had an office called Hallock.

In 1849 Elder Samuel Davison was missionary pastor at Farmington; came up to encourage us, having learned that we brothers had resolved, by God's help, to build up a Seventh-day Baptist church on this prairie. He came often, and, as I had built me a house in the winter of 1848-9, he nearly always stayed with us, which was the proper thing, as his daughter Sarah taught the Southampton school and boarded with us.

On September 3, 1852, the church was organized, with his help, at my brother's house. Fourteen names were recorded on a sheet of fool's cap paper, as members of a new church organization in Illinois, some by person, others by proxy. In the fall of 1852 Elder Stillman Coon came as the first pastor of this church. He stayed a short time with Bro. J. R. Butts, but on November 1 moved into the front part of my house and lived there

until he returned to Wisconsin in 1853. Oh, how we missed him. As others came to us we still held our meetings from house to house, until spring, 1853, when we bought a small house, 14 x 20, of Calvin Green, for school and church purposes. This house stood on the same ground where this house now stands. In this house was taught the first school of West Hallock, by Alvira Records, who has long ago gone to her long home. May God bless her memory, for she was a good girl.

In 1856 we built the house across the street for an academy. Here we held our meetings until 1871. At this time our congregation had so increased it was necessary to build us more room; and, as the Lord had prospered us and given us some of the best pastors in the denomination to lead us to a higher life in the Master's cause, we built this church at a cost of \$5,500. Oh, what glorious times has God given us!

For the first five years our settlement and organization was very slow. Some came, staying only a short time; but Elder Hakes said, "Pray on; God will surely answer prayer!" Thank God for those who did stay! Here are their names, with short sketches and dates of their coming:

Bro. John Simpson came to our settlement in the fall of '49. First built a small board house about forty rods due south of the present homestead, on a sold quarter, through mistake. He and his noble companion and children were very active in the new settlement. He or some of his family have been very busy in our church work for more than fifty years.

Bro. John R. Butts came to Hallock in 1850. First settled in the timber, in a log-house, where August Rose now lives; but in '51, moved out on to the prairie into the summer house which Elder Hakes had vacated. Here his son James died—this being the second death in the Seventh-day Baptist settlement. He then moved to the old home, where his son George lived for over forty years, who has been a power in building up West Hallock church and society, and his influence is felt to-day.

Bro. Uriah Davis came in 1851, and settled about eighty rods northeast of me. They were among the charter members of the new church. Here is where the first death occurred in our settlement, being that of their daughter Rachel. She was about sixteen years old; this was a great loss, as she was a very promising young lady.

Bro. Charles Miller also came in '51, and settled one-half mile south of me. His farm joined Elder Hakes'. They were a great help to the society, for there were six in the family. He built him a large barn in the spring of '52, and when finished we held meetings in it that summer. Elders Hakes and Davison and Hakes were our preachers.

In 1851, Bro. Perry Stillman came, built and settled where E. W. Burdick now lives. He was the first clerk to keep the records of our present church. His coming brought eight into the society. In those days numbers were looked upon as very encouraging.

Bro. A. C. Potter and son John came among us in 1852. By their coming the church and society received great strength through him and his son's family. "Uncle Acey," as we used to call him, was always ready to speak a good word for his Master's cause, either spiritual or financial. They

were among the contributors in building this church-house.

Bro. T. Vars moved to our settlement in '54, and settled on the land now occupied by M. B. Vars, his son. Mr. Vars was church clerk for a number of years. His family has been one of the best balance-wheels of the church and society for nearly fifty years.

Dea. Truman Saunders came here in 1854, settled north of the cemetery, and lived there a number of years, until he moved to Wisconsin. He was deacon in the old mother church at Berlin, of which West Hallock church was largely formed. While here he was a very active worker in the church—always on hand for the upbuilding of church and society. He was one of the largest contributors to the present edifice. He left here in 1879.

I will now introduce a few of the early settlers of the first fifteen years after the church was organized, who have been the driving-wheels for this church and society for nearly fifty years, or to the present day, and their children and grandchildren are still carrying on the good work, God being their helper.

Elder A. Hakes, John Simpson, J. R. Butts, T. Vars, D. Potter, R. Potter, A. C. Potter, T. Saunders, William Saunders; J. G. Spicer, N. S. Burdick, E. W. Burdick, P. Crouch, D. Hakes. There are but four now living who were here when the church was organized, and one of them was a little boy four years old at that time. Three of them have been members ever since, to wit, John Simpson, Mary Hakes, Daniel Hakes; and all four, including the little boy, who has a large heart and a big influence in this place, have spent their religious life in keeping up a church in this place, according to the founders' wishes.

Our statistics of clerks for fifty years are: Perry Stillman, Henry Estie, Riley Potter, William Spicer, Thomas Vars, Moses Crosley, John Spicer.

Our Deacons have been: Varnum Burdick, Daniel Potter, Truman Saunders, Henry Estie, Moses Crosley, N. S. Burdick, Daniel Hakes.

Others have been with us, but not actual settlers.

The pastors for this period are as follows: Stillman Coon, J. C. Rogers, A. Hakes, N. Wardner, G. J. Crandall, H. B. Lewis, W. H. Ernst, G. M. Cottrell, Stephen Burdick, T. J. Van Horn, R. B. Tolbert.

#### WHEN A MAN IS ALONE.

It is a serious thing to be alone. It is then a man makes the discovery of himself. While he mingles with the crowd his thoughts are occupied with outward things. He is absorbed in conversation, pleasure, business. But when the crowd all leave us, when the darkness shuts out the busy world about us, then comes the hour of self-contemplation and self-discovery. Like Whittier, we enter into the dialogue, "My Soul and I." How little we may have been aware of ourselves at other times, we now must say:

Stand still, my soul, in silent, dark;  
I would question thee,  
Alone in the shadow, drear and stark,  
With God and me!"

To some such a time of self-discovery is not unwelcome. They find their souls good company. If one has lived a true life, he finds when he is alone in the dark the fellowship of pleasant memories, noble thoughts, beautiful hopes.—R. M. Vaughan.



## THE OLD CURMUDGEON.

CHARLES NEWTON HOOD.

The Old Curmudgeon was dead. He had died sometime during the night before, and the news spread leisurely through the little village. It was not very important news, anyway, whether the peculiar little old man lived or died, and, although only a few of the villagers really said it, there was an unspoken thought that the little community was just about as well off in possessing his remains as when numbering him among her more or less living citizens.

The Old Curmudgeon's name was Crowthamel, or Caruthers, or something like that; it doesn't matter, anyway. When it is necessary to use a name at all in this memoir, we will call it Caruthers, although I am morally certain that it was some other. "Old Curmudgeon" was the name he was generally known by, and in the opinion of the majority it fitted him best.

Before evening of the day after he had died, his life and works had been pretty thoroughly discussed in the village stores, in the sewing-rooms of the various dress-makers, in the village hotel barroom and in a good many village homes.

How stingy he was. The village storekeeper told of the fact that he never bought over one pound of sugar at a time and that he wouldn't buy eggs at all unless he could have the privilege of picking them out himself and securing all of the large ones.

"Come in here once when Jap tea was sellin' at four shillin', that best Jap tea 'o mine, you know," remarked the storekeeper, "an' wanted a quarter 'f a pound, an' when I asked him thirteen cents, as is right an' proper, made me open the package an' put in an extry pinch o' tea to make up the odd half cent."

"No! He didn't do that, did he?" ejaculated the stage-driver.

"He certain did, an' that ain't a circumstance to the things he's done 'f I cud only think of 'em."

"I know down to the church," remarked the old sexton, "he sets way back in one the cheapes' pews there is, an' everybody knows he's got money 'nough, I s'pose."

"Money! Guess he has," remarked the veterinary surgeon, "an' who wouldn't have money after bein' the meanest man in 'Rekyville for as far back as folks can remember."

"Come to think on it," remarked the sexton, after considerable thought, "I don't b'l'ieve I ever see him put a cent on the collection plate sence I c'n remember, an' he's too stingy to stay to home from meetin,' cause he has to pay his pew rent anyway, stingy or no stingy, an' I s'pose he thinks—or ruther he thunk, to git my grammar right, now he's dead—he thunk he had to go to church, whether he wanted to 'r not, to git the worth of his rusty old money."

"Member 'bout the poor ol' Widder Whitbeck bein' left with that big fam'ly an' mortgaged farm? 'Twas jest scand'lous, after her workin' herself near to death for years to keep up the int'rurst, his jest camly closin' her out 'th no more heart 'n a yeller dog—nor half so much."

"What ever come o' the widder?" queried the veterinary surgeon.

"Don' know's I ever heerd. Moved off East summers 'ruther—mebbe starved to death by this time, poor ol' critter."

And so it went the day through.

There is something pitiful about the death of a friendless old man, and there is usually some one to take the other side of the argument, if only for the sake of making argument, and discussion worth while, but in the case of the Old Curmudgeon there was no argument.

The community by late on Saturday evening had settled the matter decisively that the deceased was the meanest man who had ever lived in Eureka, and that the fact of his having died there was no credit to the village.

The jury of public affairs around the village store stove returned a verdict substantially according to these findings, and the hour being late the storekeeper turned out the lights and the jury, filled up the stove to last through 'till Monday, pulled out the cold air draft, locked the door, shook it once to see if it was secure, as had been his custom for twenty years, and the week in Eureka was at an end.

\* \* \* \* \*

"... The Ladies' Aid Society will meet on Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Twinchell. Prayer-meeting as usual on Wednesday evening. A Pickled Tongue social will be held in the church parlors on Thursday afternoon and evening under the auspices of the Young Women's Band of Hope, and I shall be glad to meet in my study on Sabbath afternoon all those who desire to consult me respecting their soul's welfare."

The good old pastor laid the envelope, on the back of which these notices were penciled, carefully down beside the large open Bible, at the Sabbath morning service just before the ante-sermon hymn, took off his glasses, looked doubtfully at the congregation for a moment—some said apologetically—and added:

"The service over the remains of Ezra Caruthers will be held in this church on Monday morning at half after ten o'clock. Let us sing a part of the 342d hymn, 'Look down in mercy while we sing,' omitting the second and fifth stanzas."

\* \* \* \* \*

So the Old Curmudgeon was to be buried from the church. The news spread about Eureka even faster than the news of his death had, which is a good illustration of the comparative value of news. Whether the man was dead or alive was of comparatively little importance, but the fact that a man of his reputation was to be buried from the church, as though he should be especially honored and only the church would be large enough to accommodate those who would come to do honor to his memory, was worth a good deal of comment.

As a city editor whom I tried to please for quite a while once said to me, "If a dog runs up the street with a tin pail tied to his tail it is of no importance, but if he has the tin pail tied to his tail and strolls leisurely up the avenue with apparent enjoyment it is worth a column."

Eureka was aghast. The Old Curmudgeon to be buried from the church. Why, he wasn't even a "professor!" What could the good old pastor find to say in his funeral sermon which would not strain his conscience and still be speaking only good of the dead? Maybe he was going to make a horrible example of his life. It was the topic of the hour.

Everybody predicted that there wouldn't be anybody at the funeral, each secretly re-

solving to go just to see who was there, and as a result, long before the hour announced the little church was crowded.

The Old Curmudgeon had no relatives that he knew of, he had been heard to say that, and no pews were reserved for mourners. At length there was a solemn, heavy movement at the door and the casket was borne up the center aisle. It was of the plainest wood, simply made, and uncovered except by a coating of staining. The bearers were six young men, strangers, all of them. They bore the coffin slowly and reverently to its position in front of the pulpit, and the service began.

There were the usual hymns, the usual prayers, the usual Scripture reading and then the old pastor preached his sermon. It was an evasive sermon on Death and its Lessons, and it might have been preached as appropriately over any body or even when it was not a "funeral occasion" at all.

The old pastor was clearly evading the issue, and there was a great disappointment even among those who had predicted most confidently that this was precisely what the old pastor would be obliged to do.

One or two citizens near the rear, who afterward regretted it, stole softly out with a feeling of having been in some way cheated. At length the pastor finished the written discourse, closed his manuscript and took off his glasses.

The young organist, with her fingers on the keys, awaited the benediction, that not a moment might be lost in plunging immediately into the solemn and intricate funeral march upon which she had been practicing for some time, awaiting an opportunity of this sort; and the important but nervous little undertaker in the front pew twisted about uneasily, hoping against hope that he might be able to catch her eye in time, or get in quick enough ahead of her, to announce that those desiring to view the remains might pass up the center aisle and back by the side aisles—but still the old pastor stood in the pulpit silent, mechanically closing and opening his eyeglasses in his hands, while he looked out, over and beyond the congregation, as if for inspiration.

Once his lips moved as if he were about to speak, but he checked himself and turning suddenly he came slowly down the pulpit steps.

While the congregation watched and waited in wonder the aged pastor descended until he stood close beside the casket, and placing one hand gently upon the flowerless coffin he turned toward the people and said:

"Friends—I scarcely know how to say to you to-day the things I want to say of our brother who has laid down the burden.

"He was not a man who seemed to care much for the praise of his fellows, and when I sat by his bedside the night he died he asked that my sermon over his body be to the living, of death, and not of the dead to the living.

"In my discourse I have endeavored to accede to his request, but standing here among you, beside the body of one whose whole life has been passed in our midst, I cannot but say to you something of the man who is gone.

"I have understood that he has been known among you as the 'Old Curmudgeon,' and that he has been considered close and stingy



and small in his dealings. I do not wonder if this has seemed true to most of you. I doubt if there are many here who know much of the early life of this man. Of his birth amid the bitterest poverty, of how, from his youngest boyhood, he was obliged to struggle and scrimp and save and deny himself until the scrimps and the savings and the denials had become a part of his nature and life.

"It is not wonderful that habits, cut, burned, ground into his early life, should have been hard to obliterate, and when I tell you that this man, this 'Old Curmudgeon,' whose dead body lies here amongst us, was one of the most noble human beings I have ever known, you will have doubt in your hearts.

"You are thinking of his petty dealings—'twas all of him you knew, or cared to know. I am recalling his nobleness of life, his self-effacement, his grandeur.

"Six young men have come here to-day who never knew our dead brother by name even, until I sent for them—have come to help lay to rest the man who has been cheerfully, freely giving of his substance that they might be educated for the Master's mission field, and while he lived no human being knew from whom these benefactions came except myself.

"You have called this man a miser. You did not know that although God prospered him in worldly goods above the most of his fellows, he felt that it was only given him in trust for the good of his kind, and he considered it a privilege to use for himself as little as might be that there should be more to spend for the benefit of the unfortunate, the struggling and the oppressed—more for the work of the Master.

"You may remember that one Sunday some months ago I asked that an effort be made by a liberal offering to raise \$200 to lift our parish out of debt. When I announced on the following Sunday that the entire amount had been given and saw some of you straighten up in your pews with a self-satisfied air and with the expression of great generosity and cheerful giving, even at the cost of bitter self-sacrifice, I longed to tell you that when the collection plates came to the altar they contained exactly \$18.75, and that late that night—so late that no one might detect him in the terrible act—a little old man, an 'Old Curmudgeon,' came tapping timidly at my study door, craving the privilege of making up whatever sum might be lacking.

"You all knew the good widow Whitbeck and her struggle against an overwhelming mortgage. You know that the mortgage was foreclosed, that an 'Old Curmudgeon' foreclosed the mortgage. I never heard that any of you investigated the case further, and even if you had you probably would never have learned that this mean, grasping old man had loaned on the farm nearly twice what it was worth, and then, realizing the fruitless struggles of the courageous woman would never end while she remained there, did what seemed best for her.

"You might have learned that she was immediately and providentially offered a life position as matron in a newly endowed Orphans' Home, but you would not have learned what even the dear old lady does not know yet—that this detestable 'Old Curmudgeon' arranged for the offer of the position, and himself endowed the home.

"It was he who suggested the nickel collection for our new bell, so that you might have the joy of paying for it yourselves, while he quietly contributed three-fifths of all that was raised. Maybe it is not too long ago for you to remember that this village sent more money for the relief of the flood sufferers than many of the large cities, and yet, as I remember them, your individual subscriptions were not large.

"A collection was taken here once to send the afflicted wife of our sexton to a hospital, and I have no doubt you gave freely; yet what you gave would not have defrayed her expenses of treatment for two weeks. Still, she stayed many months and came home with a lengthened life for good works.

"I do not say all this, my people, in any spirit of upbraiding, but that perhaps from the example of the dead may come a lesson for the living—'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'"

And the six young men carried the coffin reverently out into the churchyard, and nobody seemed to notice that it was cheap and plain. — Congregationalist and Christian World.

NATHAN BABCOCK.

November 19, 1824. May 31, 1902.

HENRY ROBINSON PALMER.

He bore his part, performed th' allotted task,  
Steadfast and true, serene and confident.  
He never thought to hesitate or ask  
Where led the straight and narrow way he went.  
For praise or privilege he did not care:  
He served his fellows and he sought the truth;  
Age laid his finger on his brow and hair,  
But left him still the valorous heart of youth;  
A heart for battle, though the fight he fought  
Won him no victor's fragrant wreath of bay;  
For the high cause he cherished most he wrought,  
And, hoping much, flung ease and sloth away.  
He kept the faith, through struggle and through pains,  
Steadfast and confident, serene and true.  
Less what he *did* than what he *was* remains  
To us who loved him better than he knew.

STONINGTON, Conn., June 1, 1902.

DECISION.

Everyone should cultivate the faculty of making up his mind on all important subjects without needless delay, and adhering tenaciously to his conclusion. In practical affairs the sooner one proceeds to carry out his purposes after deciding upon a particular course the better. The young man who hesitates and wavers not only wastes precious time, but wastes his energies also, and weakens the forces which Providence has placed in his hand. His mind is never fully concentrated on his work. Nothing receives his best thought and effort. Such a man cannot reasonably expect success. But one who decides deliberately and intelligently, and proceeds without delay to execute his plans, will surely conquer. He may not be a prodigy of intelligence, his opportunities may be meager and his adversities many; but his decision of character will carry him through. A settled mind is half the battle of life.

In the assay offices of the government very delicate and accurate balances are required. It is no easy task to construct such a balance. For a long time the balances used were sufficiently sensitive, but lacking in decision. They responded instantly to the slightest pressure, but wavered for a long time before settling down to a final result. Valuable time was lost waiting for the decision. At last an invention was hit upon which answers the purpose admirably. The scales now used are both sensitive and decisive. They respond instantly to the slightest pressure and settle quickly upon the final result. This is a good

illustration of a well-balanced mind. A mind which responds instantly to the slightest touch of truth and decides quickly and holds fast its final conclusion is well balanced. No one should allow himself to fall into habits of vacillation. Such a habit is ruinous. Be true, be firm. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

In religion decision of character is yet more important. One may drift into worldly success without appreciating it. We have known men to be elevated to important positions by fortunate combinations of circumstances, and to be kept there by political influence when they were in no way worthy. A man may become rich by the mere accident of birth. He may be a citizen of the most beautiful and prosperous country under the sun without choosing it. But one cannot become good without definitely and intelligently choosing it. Goodness is a treasure which we cannot inherit from our parents. We shall never come into possession of it by accident. We cannot drift into the kingdom of God. Political influence can never give us a place in our Father's house. It matters not how many excellent qualities we may inherit from our ancestors and acquire by culture, we must deliberately choose the kingdom of God and his righteousness, or we cannot enter therein. There is no trick nor art nor device of men or the devil whereby the gate of the kingdom can be opened to those who are unworthy. We must desire it, appreciate it, seek it, and choose it for our portion. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."—Christian Advocate (N. Y).

ORIGIN OF THE WEDDING-RING.

The wedding-ring is the subject of quaint historical facts and endless superstitions. It was probably chosen as the symbol of marriage more for convenience than anything else. It is supposed to be a symbol of unbroken love and power, and to carry special curative virtues with it. The old good luck saying about it is, "As your wedding-ring wears, your cares will wear away." The ancients, Pliny among the rest, believed that a delicate nerve ran directly from the "ring finger" to the heart, and that the ring placed on that finger was very closely connected with the heart. In early Christian marriages the bridegroom put the ring first on the bride's thumb, then on the first finger then on the second, and, last of all, on the third, saying as he did: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The thumb and first two fingers represented the Trinity, the next finger was the one the ring was left on, to show that, next to God, a woman's duty was to her husband.—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE ENTERTAINMENT PROBLEM.

Please see the Conference Minutes for 1900, page 33; the Minutes for 1901, page 48; and an article on "The Entertainment Problem," in the RECORDER for April 7, 1902, page 211.

In view of the real importance and difficulty of this problem, and of the great need of our finding out, if possible, what plan will, on the whole, both please the most and be the best, our churches, Associations, and Boards, are earnestly urged to consider the subject carefully and promptly, and to send opinions, reasons, information, and counsel to the undersigned, chairman of the committee appointed to consider and report upon ways and means of entertaining the Conference, in stamped and addressed envelopes sent out, long ago, to facilitate and insure replies.

A. E. MAIN.

ALFRED, N. Y.



## Missions.

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

EVANGELIST J. G. BURDICK reports that on account of a small-pox scare at Jackson Centre, Ohio, no meetings have been held there for several weeks. He has held meetings at Stokes every Sabbath, and many of the brethren and sisters at Jackson Centre have gone up there. He has been drilling two quartets, one male and one female, and a small orchestra. These are a great help to him in the evangelistic work at Stokes, as well as at the regular services at Jackson Centre when held. Our people at Stokes, with the aid of the Memorial Board, purchased a school-house and have converted it into a neat little chapel. Bro. Burdick, with the aid of the friends at Jackson Centre, and also in the East, is fitting up the chapel with seats, suitable furnishings and lights. At the next Quarterly Meeting at Stokes there will be the dedication of the chapel, baptism, and the organization of a C. E. Society. Those who came out last winter, at both Jackson Centre and Stokes, are holding out and are faithful. A good work has been and is being done among our people in Ohio. This should be followed up by the settling of a good, faithful pastor over Jackson Centre and Stokes churches; and it is hoped that Evangelist Burdick will see to it that steps are taken to do it before he leaves the field.

PASTOR S. H. BABCOCK, of Albion, Wis., who has been holding gospel-tent meetings in South Dakota among our Scandinavian brethren, commenced the meetings at Viborg, and went from there to Big Springs. He reports that part of the time the weather has been unfavorable, which affected the attendance, but on the whole the attendance has been good. He has with him Byron Rood, of North Loup, as singer and helper. The gospel-tent meetings will close at Dell Rapids. Elders Ring, Swendsen and Nelson have been valuable and faithful helps in the meetings. Pastor Babcock writes: "While these series of tent-meetings will doubtless result in much good, yet it seems to me there is an imperative demand for a laborer to be located on this field, who, in addition to holding meetings in a general or special way, as occasions might require or opportunity permit, could devote a good deal of his time in visiting the homes and conversing personally with the people, especially with the young people. The time seems to have gone by for reaching the people and securing so large a number of conversions in revival efforts as years ago, and that if large or permanent results are reached, more hand-to-hand and heart-to-heart work needs to be done. I do not mean to say that we should substitute private effort for public, but that more *personal work must be done*, if the needed results are attained."

PASTOR BABCOCK is right about that matter. After two months of gospel-tent work he leaves the field. The little churches have been revived, additions may have been made by conversions, and they are left. No pastor on the field to permanently follow up the results of the meetings, to hold regular services, to advise, counsel, and do pastoral work. In a few months the interest dies away and the good results are in a measure

lost. That is the way it is going. We send out evangelists and quartets, stir up the people, there are conversions, additions are made to our small churches, now and then a small church is organized as the result of evangelistic effort, and then it is all left. Some of them hold out valiantly, struggle on faithfully, maintaining service and a Sabbath-school. Every such place should be left with a leader, either one on the field called and set apart as a leader, if not as a minister, who shall look after the results and establish them, who shall maintain the prayer-meeting, Sabbath services and the Bible-school. These things stir up my soul from center to circumference. We are losing so much every year in the way such matters are going that I cannot help being very anxious about it all.

Well, what are we going to do about it? We are lacking ministers. There are eleven pastors needed to-day, and we know of only seven unemployed ministers among us. There are quite a number of young men coming on for the ministry. They are in school in the work of preparation. They should by all means stay in school and thoroughly prepare themselves for the work. But, while waiting for them, what shall be done? I know of no better way than for the churches to employ the unemployed ministers among us, as far as they will go round, and the places that lack see to it that some one among them who is spiritual, in whom all have confidence, and has some gift and adaptation for the work, be called as leader, and then work with him and hold up his hands. If any one can suggest any better way than this, please do so; but we are in a crisis in these matters and *something must be done*.

THE quartet campaign for the summer has begun. Evangelist M. B. Kelly and three quartets are in Gentry, Ark., and surrounding villages. One quartet is from Milton College, another is a ladies' quartet, composed of ladies from Milton, Wis., North Loup, Neb., and from Gentry, and the third quartet is the home quartet at Gentry. Bro. Kelly will be assisted by Pastor J. H. Hurley and general Missionary G. H. F. Randolph. There is great interest in Gentry and surrounding communities in the Sabbath question, and a few have already accepted the Sabbath. The massing of evangelistic and quartet forces at Gentry, working there and in the adjacent villages, it is hoped will result in bringing many to Christ and the Sabbath. A quartet will go out from Alfred University and begin work probably at Hornellsville, N. Y. The Salem College Quartet will begin its campaign at Salemville, Pa. These quartets, led by consecrated men, should be remembered by our people in their prayers, and have a hearty support.

THE REV. J. T. DAVIS, late pastor of the Scott church, is on his way to the California field to labor as a Missionary Colporteur. He goes under the auspices and direction of the Tract and Missionary Societies. The field is an important and interesting one. We have only one church in California, which is at Colony Heights, but there are many Seventh-day Baptist families in Southern California, and, indeed, scattered throughout the state, which should be looked after. Mr. Davis will distribute our tracts and litera-

ture, visit the scattered and lone Sabbath-keepers, hold meetings, organize churches and tract work wherever he shall deem it wise and best to do so, and enlarge and build up our cause. We trust he will have our interest and our prayer in this needed and important work.

### BRIEF ACCOUNT OF TRIP FROM SHANGHAI TO SEATTLE.

REV. D. H. DAVIS.

Ever since my arrival in this country I have purposed to furnish the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER with a brief account of my journey to the home-land, but my attendance at the Central and Western Associations, and then the Commencement exercises at Alfred, all following each other in close succession, has prevented me from carrying out my intentions.

When the question of my return to America was fully decided, I engaged passage by the Nippon-Husen-Kisha line of steamers, a Japanese line running between Honkong and Seattle. The steamer selected was the Shinano Maru, because she was one of the largest on the line, having a tonnage of 6,000 tons; because the rates were cheaper and the time of sailing suited me better. The special rates to missionaries from Shanghai to Boston was £38, and to Buffalo £37. This was 12 pounds cheaper than by the other lines.

Upon this particular trip the Shinano did not come to Shanghai, but went direct from Hongkong to Nogi, in Japan; this necessitated my taking passage to Japan by the regular weekly line of steamers.

April 26 was the day of my departure—a rainy, dismal day. Several of my more intimate friends and members of the mission came to the steamer to see me off and wish me a pleasant passage. Only those who have passed through similar experiences can know the heart struggles that will come at such an hour as that. The last lingering look: how much it means! and the handkerchiefs that wave, in the dim distance, their last farewell.

God only knows the emotions that fill the heart and paralyzes one's speech at such a time as this; but amid all of these heart struggles there was the sweet assurance that God would watch over both them and us during our long separation.

Before night our ship had sailed out of the mouth of the great river Yang-ts into the open sea, and being somewhat weary and fearing I might be sick I retired very early. Before leaving Shanghai I had procured Bushe's Elixer, said to be a sure preventative from seasickness, and taken it according to the directions. I also procured an opium plaster and put on over my stomach. With this outfit I entertained some hope of being able to baffle that dreaded malady, but alas! the next day I was as ill as I had ever been. Perhaps the one thing lacking in the outfit was a belladonna plaster, suggested by the druggist, to put on my back. It is difficult to tell, but there was no doubt about the ineffectiveness of the remedies I tried, as all the passengers on board will testify.

Monday morning, the third day, brought us to Nagasaki, the first port in Japan. As we were nearing Japan I fell into conversation with one of the passengers, who was a traveling agent for some American firm. When he had learned that I was a missionary he said he was once a minister, or had studied



for the ministry, in the Baptist denomination, and said he had a brother in Albany who was a prominent minister in that city. I asked him if he had ever met any Seventh-day Baptists. He said he had, and that he believed if there was any Sabbath it was the Seventh-day.

Thus we find all over the world those who are convinced of the truth we believe and preach. Oh, that men had the courage to act on what they believe to be true!

There were a number of Chinese students going to Japan to pursue their studies in the schools of Japan, and when we reached Nagasaki we found several hundred Japanese were boarding an outgoing steamer for Shanghai. These Japanese were to enter the new school recently established at Shanghai for the education of the Japanese in the Chinese language. It is a much-favored policy of the two nations to interchange in the education of their young men. There is a wide-spread feeling in China that Japan has become a model nation, and to insure success China has only to follow in the footprints of Japan.

Upon casting anchor in the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki, I went on shore and spent the day with my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Sukanuma. I had a very restful and enjoyable day.

We lifted anchor at 4 o'clock P. M., making our course among many beautiful islands of the inland sea, the scenery of which is not to be surpassed in the world. Daylight Tuesday morning brought us to Mogi, where we found the steamship Shinano, having arrived that same morning from Hongkong, to which in due time I was transferred and located in my state-room that had been reserved for me and which I was to occupy alone the whole remaining part of my journey.

I soon made the acquaintance of the captain and the chief officer, and found them both full-blooded Englishmen, with a good deal of the anti-American spirit. The discussions that occurred were not only amusing but often ridiculous in the extreme. American industry and commerce were constantly the butt of ridicule. Everything that had the name of America was the red rag to arouse the ire of these John Bulls. Besides myself there were only three passengers, and they were only going as far as Yokohama, and it seemed that I was destined to be target for all the missiles these men might wish to hurl. I did not feel like participating very much in such discussion, although I was not ashamed of my country or of my profession.

We lay at Mogi two days, a day longer than would have been necessary had it not rained so hard as to delay the coaling. The method of coaling steamers here is very different to that seen in any other part of the world, save Nagasaki, where it is the same. A series of platforms made by means of ropes and plank are suspended all along the sides of the ship, and then a line of coolies are stationed all along down the sides of the ship to the coal barges; from thence the coal is passed from man to man (or from woman to man, for there are usually as many women as men), until it is deposited in the bunkers of the ship. There were three hundred men thus at work all at once. We were told that there was no place in the world where so much coal could be put on in the same length of time as here. Our ship loaded some 3,000 tons in about 24 hours. It was very amusing to watch this

great company of men and women. Sometimes the empty baskets, as they were thrown from the deck or hold of the ship, would strike the head of some busy workman on the barge, but he seemed never to mind; kept merrily at his shoveling as though nothing had happened.

The coaling being completed, we steamed out again among the numerous islands that everywhere studded the sea. A few miles out we could see the little city of Choo-foo, nestled at the foot of some hills that rose up behind. It was at this place where Mrs. Davis, Dr. Palmborg and Mrs. Crofoot and the children spent the summer during the Boxer troubles. Thursday, May 1st, brought us to Kobe. We were in no small stew when we found ourselves quarantined, and no one knew how long it would last. One of the Chinese steerage passengers had a little fever, and for fear of some contagion we were not permitted to go into port. But to our great joy the next morning the quarantine was removed. It seemed that the only trouble with our Chinaman was a slight cold. We remained in Kobe discharging and taking on cargo until Sunday morning. While at this port I had the pleasure of calling on Captain Swain, a Captain with whom we traveled from Yokohama to Shanghai when we first went to China, over 22 years ago. He has been Captain on the same line all these years. He is a most genial Christian man, and it was a great pleasure for me to meet him again.

Leaving Kobe Sunday morning, we arrived in Yokohama on Monday forenoon, but here again we found the weather very wet, and there was such a high gale that it was impossible to do anything. Tuesday, however, came off bright, and the time for sailing was fixed at 3 o'clock P. M. In the forenoon I made a trip to Tokio, visited the grounds of the Mikado, the parliament buildings, the famous temple of Seba, where one is obliged to take off his shoes and put on some socks that are furnished at the door, before he can go into the sacred presence of the gods. I also saw the Imperial tombs of some of the Emperors of former dynasties. Tokio, like every other Japanese city, has its attractive bazaar, where I spent a little time.

I returned to my steamer about an hour before the time of sailing, and found everything in a bustle. It was evident that I was not to be the only passenger on board, although I had entertained such fears. We had taken on 250 Japanese steerage passengers and 16 first-class passengers.

At the appointed hour we steamed away from the dock and out of the harbor, and then stopped to take on a half dozen or more policemen, whose business it was to search the ship for stowaways. After hunting a long time four men, two Europeans and two Japanese, were discovered hid away in the life-boats. These men were taken into the custody of the police, and we finally proceeded, but had not gone many miles when another stowaway came out from his hiding place. His friends had been taken off and he had not the courage to proceed alone. The Captain gave a signal for a tug-boat to come and take him off, and after a long delay we again continued our journey. At dusk we were out again at sea, and would see no more land for many days. The two following days were memorable in being the most wretched days of my whole journey; such seasickness it seemed to me I

had never before experienced, but thanks to a colored nurse on board, who told me to eat preserved ginger and it would surely help me. A remedy so simple as that I was most willing to try, and to my surprise I found it did really help me, and after a short time I was quite well; the distress through the eyeballs and the nausea all disappeared and I could walk the deck as brave as the bravest and watch the old steamer lift its prow high in air and then plunge into the waves as though she were going to cut the sea asunder. This was quite a new experience for me. After this I shall always provide myself with a jar of preserved ginger when crossing the sea.

The third day out from Yokohama a good deal of merriment was caused by the appearance of two unknown passengers who were seen on the steerage deck. They were both Europeans (stowaways). One had boarded the ship at Kobe and the other at Yokohama, and they had hid themselves so securely as to escape the eye of the police, and were now enjoying a free passage to the land of the free and the home of the brave. They seemed to be enjoying themselves wonderfully, but how they lived no one but themselves knew. It is to be presumed they had some money.

Having now become a sailor, and able to go to the table like other men, I was in a condition to take note of my social environment.

Of the sixteen first-class passengers there was a Belgian gentleman and his wife. He had been occupying the office of Minister in Tokio for two years, had become dissatisfied with the position, and was now returning via America to his native land.

Another passenger, who distinguished himself by his dissipation and offensive language, was the manager of the Japan Daily Advertiser. I took occasion to tell him that if the language he used was printed in his paper his publishing concern would go into bankruptcy for the want of patronage. There was a German, proprietor of a hotel in Manila, who supplied the British troops, as well as the troops of other nations, during the troubles in China, and claims that he made over \$60,000 in one year, and that his hotel business pays him \$3,000 per month.

There was another German banker from Bombay, going on furlough to his native land. He was an accomplished musician and gave us some fine music. There was a young man who had become dissatisfied with life in the East and was returning to America, where, as he said, there was a better chance of success. This young man had the habit of punctuating almost every sentence with an offensive oath. I learned that his principle business had been to follow up the horse-racing in Hongkong and Shanghai. He said that his father was once a missionary in China. How far he has gotten from the life and business of a missionary!

Another passenger, and one with whom I spent more time than with anyone else, was a doctor of the Imperial Japanese Army. He was of the Captain rank, and was on his way to attend a meeting of army doctors held in Washington during the month of June. He was to read a paper at that meeting, and requested me to listen to his paper and make suggestions as to form of expression, which I did, and for which he seemed very grateful. His address dealt largely with experiments made among the soldiers in Japan and Formosa regarding the transmission of malaria



by the mosquito. There were only certain kinds of mosquitoes that transmit malaria, and they are distinguished from others by having the palpi the same length as the proboscis. A minute description of the insect was given as well as the experiments made among the troops. There were three classes on which the experiments were made. There was the anti-mosquito troops, as they were called, those protected from the bite of the mosquito, and the not anti-mosquito troops, those unprotected, and another class called the comparison troops. The experiments made clearly proved that malaria was carried from one person to another by the mosquito, and that the malaria was intensified in the operation; this they claimed to have proven by injecting the malaria bacteria in different stages into the bodies of rats and noting the time of their death. Death ensued much sooner when the poison had been transmitted through other bodies.

Another interesting point in this paper was his attempt to show that paper was, in a hygienic point of view, better than glass for windows. In Japan, where the whole front of the house consists of a paper-covered window, they have made experiments, testing the air both inside and outside of the house, and they found there were less bacteria within than without, the paper acting as a filter, admitting the air but keeping out the bacteria. When the paper on the windows was examined a great number of bacteria germs were found on the outside. Thus he proved that the ventilation of the Japanese house is better than the European house with its glass windows, where the ventilation must be by opening the windows or doors. This theory might be true if the worst forms of impurities came from without and not from within the house.

This young doctor was a Christian and a gentleman in every sense of the word. He said there was a good number of Christians in the Japanese army, and they were taking the highest positions. They were advanced, not because they were Christians, but because they were men of ability and could be trusted with important posts. This is one of the best recommends for Christianity.

It was very agreeable to me to have one passenger on board who did not drink, smoke, swear or gamble. He was the only exception among the male passengers besides myself.

Our steamer sailed continually northward until, on the 12th of May, we came in sight of the Aleutian Islands. The most northern latitude was 50.46 degrees. The daily runs varied from 282 to 311 miles. On Tuesday, the 13th, we crossed the 180th meridian, and consequently, to put ourselves right with the rest of the world, were obliged to add another day to our calendar, hence we had two Tuesdays. Had we, from this point, made a complete circuit of the globe, we would have lost a full day, for each of our days was less than 24 hours, as we would meet the sun at a more easterly point each day, and hence each day would be shorter than it would have been had we not changed our position on the earth's surface.

Another ship of the same line, going in an opposite direction, crossed the 180th about the same time as we did. The day previous to their crossing this meridian had been Monday, but every day that they had been sailing was more than 24 hours, and if they had

made a complete circuit of the world they would have gained a full day; hence they drop out a day in their calendar, and have no Tuesday at all. They enter Wednesday while we are still in Tuesday. It is easy to be seen that at this beginning of the day line Wednesday would come to them 24 hours sooner than it would to us. My Belgian friend did not understand how these things could be until I took my watch and explained, if it had lost time I must set it forward to be correct, or if it had gained it must be set back. In making these changes we are simply putting ourselves in harmony with God's clock, the sun, with respect to local time.

From this point onward the weather was exceedingly cold, and the sea quite rough. On Monday, May the 19th, through the misty atmosphere which shut down over the coast, we sighted the snow-capped peaks of the Cascade mountains. The next day brought us to the beautiful harbor of Victoria. Having passed the doctor's inspection, we were admitted into port.

We learned that the ship which had preceded us, running on the same line, had all its crew and passengers quarantined for 18 days, and were awaiting our arrival to take them on to Seattle. The ship had been fumigated and sent on. We were one day at Victoria. Here all of our Japanese passengers and most of the Chinese were discharged; a few were for Seattle, which was some 70 miles farther on down the gulf, or bay.

Tuesday morning we pulled down to the quarantine station, where we were obliged to wait for all the crew and passengers referred to above to be put through a medicated steam bath before they were allowed to come on board our ship. They looked like a sorry lot. Most of their clothing was ruined from the steam, but they were happy as birds are when let loose from their cages. When all were on board we steamed down the pleasant bay leading to Seattle, but in passing the Canadian line we were again subjected to medical examination. And since it took so long we had fears that we might yet be detained; but finally we were permitted to proceed, and arrived at Seattle just before night, but too late for us to pass the custom. We had no trouble the next morning in getting our things through, and that day perfecting our arrangements for the overland part of our journey. Our tickets were by the Great Northern Railroad. The agents of the Company were exceedingly obliging and assisted us in every way.

I arrived at my mother's May 27, having been just one month and one day on my journey from Shanghai, arriving on the very day I had planned before leaving China.

I felt that God truly had been with me all the way, blessing me in a thousand ways, for all of which I am devoutly thankful.

#### MISSIONARIES AS SEEN BY A PASTOR.

REV. J. F. LOBA, D. D.

Of the Deputation to India and Ceylon.

Among the first, last, and most profound impressions made by five months of study of Christian work and its conditions in India and Ceylon, is that of the character, the devotion, and the work of our missionaries. From the first, we were forced to say that we need never either be ashamed of our missionaries or apologize for them.

They are, first of all, from the best educated

and trained men and women of our country. Many of them are graduates of our noblest and most famous institutions of learning, East and West. Not only have they all a broad and substantial foundation in the common and higher schools, but most of them, if not all, received the best training in the special lines they expected to follow when they gave themselves to this work. They are preachers, physicians, agriculturists, teachers, kindergartners, financiers, administrators, linguists, scientists. Many of them have received the most thorough and careful technical training of modern times.

Secondly: They are men and women of the very highest types of Christian character. One cannot associate with them twenty-four hours without being impressed with their large views, the splendid equipoise and sanity of their judgment. Given entirely and unreservedly to the propagation of the Gospel of Christ, they are yet of no unhealthy, hectic, or fanatic form of piety.

Thirdly: They are remarkable for the ease with which they have adapted themselves to the most diverse conditions, and the most exacting demands of their different fields. Many of them having been trained for some special form of work, have yet found it indispensable to their success and the proper service of their special fields, that they should be willing to undertake forms of activity entirely different from those for which they had particularly prepared themselves. Physicians have found it necessary to become evangelists as well as healers of bodies; preachers have found it needful to be superintendents of schools; evangelists have had to administer finance and care for the wide interests of education; preachers have had to be architects, and to care even for the most humble needs of a poor and destitute people. But with the characteristic gift of American initiative and adaptedness, they have filled any place or gap needing their services.

Fourthly: No words can do justice to the self-sacrificing spirit, the tender sympathy, with which our missionaries have given themselves to this people. They have, with the utmost tenderness and gentleness, devoted themselves to the poorest, most wretched, naked, destitute, filthy, famished of peoples, not simply without murmur or complaint, but with absolute joy,—the joy of serving Christ's little ones wherever and however they found them. In a climate that saps the vigor and the vitality of the European in a short time, they have stood at their posts often far beyond the requirements of their agreement, and, deprived of almost all the comforts and the fellowships which make our own lives so delightful, even under the stress of work, they have uncomplainingly toiled on and borne the heaviest cares and responsibilities.

Criticisms are often indulged in by those who do not fully know the circumstances and conditions of life in tropical countries, to the effect that our missionaries live too richly and comfortably, served by too large a retinue of domestics. Whereas a more careful study of social conditions would in a short time convince any candid mind that life for the American in India and Ceylon can be made possible only with the utmost care, and protection from the heat, the vermin, the exacting of responsibilities, and the toil, to which one would need to pay no attention in another climate and under other conditions.



Finally: No words can do justice to the heroism and self-sacrifice of our men and women on those fields. By day and night, under the most distressing circumstances, they have gone in and out amidst pestilence, danger, famine, vermin, and vipers, as if they were charmed lives. When all fled from pestilence-stricken towns and villages, they have cheerfully and resolutely remained at their posts, caring for their little flocks, for their schools, for all the starving, afflicted, and terrified little ones under their care. It is almost impossible to write this without yielding to the temptation to name and specify instances of such devotion and courage, but that would either seem invidious or most probably include the whole of our heroic band of gentle-hearted and refined men and women, who, coming from homes of comforts and refinement, from their homeland of the largest opportunities, are there under a tropical sky, far from their loved parents, friends, and children, cheerfully and unstintedly pouring out their lives into a parched and starving land, into a people, wild, naked, sunken in the depths of heathenism, and often of immorality.

It should be especially noted that the relations of our missionaries to the Hindus are peculiarly pleasant and cordial. In a large number of conferences with the Hindus, they spoke in the highest terms of the missionaries. They appreciated their services, medical, educational, and missionary. Nowhere was it even hinted that their withdrawal was desired. But on the contrary, we were repeatedly asked to increase the force, especially of physicians and teachers. On several occasions we met both Hindus and Christians together, and their relations seemed most cordial and friendly. I am sure that nothing would surprise India more than to be told that Christianity was being forced upon her. The very reverse is true. They feel their dependence upon the Christian faith and the missionaries for the uplift and the enlightenment of India.

These missionaries are not all of equal gifts and capacities, but for devotion, intelligence, tact, sympathy, patience, and heroic courage, they have their superiors nowhere, and their equals are not common. The writer has seen the soldier in camp and on battlefield, but never has he seen the beauty of gentleness and strength more signally displayed than among our missionaries of the Cross in India and Ceylon.—The Missionary Herald.

DID NOT WANT TO BE UGLY.

One day I walked to school with a girl—a lovely, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed flaxen-haired, doll-featured girl, two years older than I—who got mad at me, sad to relate, and by way of offensive (or was it defensive?) warfare, asked me how it felt to be as ugly as I was.

I had never thought much about my looks—nothing, in fact, except to regret that my hair was not yellow and my eyes blue; in my favorite novels all the lovely heroines had "hair like spun gold," and "eyes like purple violets," and the mean women who worked all the mischief were invariably brunette. I was sorry to be brunette, but I did not mean to let it divert me into a career of villainy. I aspired to be a heroine, and somehow, vaguely, trustingly, I had an undefined hope that perhaps my hair would turn gold some day, and my eyes grow violet-blue.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

For the month of June, 1902.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer.

In account with

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Dr.

Cash in Treasury, June 1, 1902.....	\$1,544 20
Churches:	
New York, N. Y.....	33 07
Berlin, N. Y.....	2 45
Leonardsville, N. Y.....	23 41
Plainfield, N. J.....	28 00
Milton, Wis.....	13 26
Alfred, N. Y.....	26 86
Cartwright, Wis.....	3 63
Milton Junction, Wis.....	26 21
Westerly, R. I.....	64 64
West Hallock, Ill.....	15 00
Nile, N. Y.....	5 00
Brookfield, N. Y.....	17 31
Nortonville, Kan.....	15 71
Richburg, N. Y.....	1 10
Walworth, Wis.....	8 79
Wm. A. Langworthy, New York.....	50 00
Intermediate Christian Endeavor, Plainfield, N. J.....	3 00
Copy of Best Hymns, Alfred, N. Y.....	10
Mrs. Ida F. Kenyon, Alfred, N. Y.—Gold Coast.....	24 00
Orson C. Rogers, Alfred, N. Y.—Life Member.....	25 00
Cash—China Mission.....	1 00
Mary P. Bentley, Westerly, R. I.....	5 00
Income from Permanent Fund.....	309 00
West Hallock (Ill.) Sabbath-school.....	30 00
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Burdick, West Hallock, Ill.—Life Member.....	50 00
North Loup (Neb) Sabbath-school.....	4 65
C. C. Chipman, New York City—Gold Coast.....	10 00
One-third collection, Western Association.....	19 60
Ezra Crandall Estate, Milton, Wis.....	25 00
E. C. Crandall, Milton, Wis.—China Mission.....	5 00
One-third collection, Central Association.....	20 00
North-Western Association.....	25 50
Dr. S. C. Maxson, Utica, N. Y.....	2 00
Harry Jaques, Alfred, N. Y.....	25
Evangelistic Committee:	
Per J. G. Burdick:	
Jackson Centre, Ohio.....	\$30 00
Mrs. I. F. Kenyon, Alfred, N. Y.....	1 00
Collection at Cartwright, Wis.....	25 00
Per O. U. Whitford:	
Mrs. H. Alice Fisher, Northboro, Mass.....	10 00
Per M. G. Townsend:	
Donation at Albion, Wis.....	50
Collection at Albion, Wis.....	10 00
	76 50
	\$2,514 24
Cr.	
R. S. Wilson, Attala, Ala., on account of salary.....	\$ 15 00
Boulder (Colo.) church, quarter ending March 31, 1902.....	50 00
D. H. Davis, traveling incidentals, Seattle to Rome, N. Y., \$11.91; expenses to Central and Western Associations, \$7.96.....	19 87
Expenses of Peter H. Velthuisen, during sickness and for burial, \$87.66; postal note, \$30.....	88 56
Evangelistic Committee—Orders Nos. 270-273.....	180 32
Interest.....	1 25
Loan.....	500 00
Cash in treasury:	
China Mission.....	\$952 67
Reduction of debt.....	5 00
Available for current expenses.....	701 54
	1,659 24
	\$2,514 24
Debt, June 30, 1902.....	\$4,450 00
E. & O. E.	

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer.

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY WILLIAMS.

"There is but a step between me and death." 1 Sam. 20: 3.

Obituary and sermon at the funeral of Rev. O. D. Williams on Sabbath, June 21, 1902, at Boulder, Colorado.

Rev. Orville Dewey Williams was born at Newcastle, Henry county, Ind., May 5, 1851, and died at his home near Boulder, Colorado, June 16, 1902, aged 51 years, 1 month and 11 days.

When Bro. Williams was about three years old, the family moved into Union county, Southern Illinois. There he grew to manhood. His father was a great reader of books and men. Also an active Christian preacher of righteousness. He was a man of importance in his locality. His name was John Randolph Williams. The sons were named Jefferson Judson, Carey, Samuel Newell, Orville Dewey, John Milton—thus showing that the parents were familiar with the lives of college-bred men, missionaries, pastors and poets. Thus, our deceased brother, though reared in a new country, with few educational advantages, had in his own home an atmosphere of religious and literary culture. In early young manhood he confessed Christ. He lived an active Christian from that time till the end of his life. No faltering or halting or backsliding on his part. At the age of twenty years he became a Seventh-day Baptist. Soon afterward an intense, deep-seated desire for an education in the schools brought him to Alfred University, our denominational school in Allegany

county, N. Y. Backward and naturally retiring, with nothing to pay his way but his own work, he persevered through the Academic department, through the College department, and through the Theological department.

He was set apart to the Gospel ministry at the Eastern Association in June, 1882. The Association that year was held with the Second Hopkinton church, at Hopkinton City, R. I. The scholarly ministers of that portion of our denomination were satisfied with his examination, and conducted services. Rev. A. E. Main, D. D., preached the ordination sermon.

A few months later, Oct. 19, 1882, Bro. Williams took as his wife Miss Jennie Saunders, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Saunders, of Alfred, N. Y. After these twenty years of affectionate conjugal companionship, Sister Williams sits a widow, indeed. One son and three daughters are left fatherless.

His services as a minister of the gospel extended through some fifteen years; Marlboro, N. J., Clifford, Pa., Taney, Idaho, Calhan, Colorado, were the churches he served. In 1896 the family came to Boulder. During these six years his family has been a great help to the church. Bro. Williams has served year after year as Treasurer and one of the three Trustees. Our loss by his death is very serious. With grief-stricken hearts, we look to God for comfort and strength to go forward. The blow seems the more severe because so unexpected. Two weeks ago today, Sabbath, June 7, he did not come to meeting with his family. We learned he was not very well. His poor health was attributed to some cold and billiousness. No one was in the least alarmed. He himself, and we all, expected this to pass off in a few days. Four days before his death his pastor spent a very pleasant hour with him. In that hour's visit no serious thought of death had a moment's place. But all the same, death did come. As the word passed from one to another, all were stricken dumb with surprise and grief. The words of the youthful David to his beloved Jonathan, when pursued by the jealous and murderous King Saul, came with great force to the mind of his pastor: "But truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death." From these words a short sermon was preached under three divisions:

1. The certainty of death.
2. What does death do for us?
3. Preparation for death.

Bro. Williams was prepared. After this service at the church we laid the precious remains in the Boulder Cemetery on that beautiful Sabbath-day, June 21, in the year of our Lord 1902.

Farewell, beloved Bro. Williams. May the blessing of the Lord ever abide with the widow and the fatherless.

S. R. WHEELER, Pastor.

THE SURVIVOR.

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

When the last day is ended,  
And the nights are through;  
When the last sun is buried  
In its grave of blue;  
When the stars are snuffed like candles,  
And the seas no longer fret;  
When the winds unlearn their cunning,  
And the storms forget;  
When the last lip is palsied;  
And the last prayer said,  
Love shall reign immortal  
While the worlds lie dead!



## Young People's Work.

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

### METHODS OF FIGHTING THE SALOON BUSINESS.

H. L. HULETT, M. D.

Paper read in the Anti-Saloon discussion at the Western Association, 1902.

The Executive Committee who have the arranging of the program deserve much credit, in my opinion, for the wisdom shown in the choosing of such a practical subject for discussion here as this. How to Fight the Saloon. This and similar subjects, such as the questions of the Sabbath and Our Young People, the Use of Tobacco, Card-Playing and Dancing are vital questions to every one of us. We must meet them day after day, and consequently they should not be relegated to the background, but brought prominently to the front in all our meetings, where we can have practical talks along these lines. This is a progressive age. We must be progressive in our Christian work.

"How to Fight the Saloon from a Business Standpoint." The saloon is a gigantic business evil in our midst. We must attack it from every available point possible. Six years of life in a town where whisky almost rules everything teaches me that we have a mighty battle on—one that is going to tax us to the very utmost. You who live in quiet temperance towns know but very little of the evils of the saloon, with its attendant evils, the gambling-room and the deadly brothel.

To my mind, this question is to-day the greatest financial question before the American people. All else melts into utter insignificance. Were the money that is spent yearly, directly or indirectly, for drink turned into the avenues of legitimate trade we would not hear so much about the tariff and kindred subjects. A person commencing at the age of sixteen or eighteen, and following for fifty years the simple expenditure of ten cents a day for drink or tobacco, could save at the end of that time, had they placed such money spent out at interest, \$14,837.71. The teaching of these two financial facts would, to my mind, be one of the best methods of a business fight against the saloon.

In order to become a successful business man, among many requisites required one must be quick to seize opportunities; must be conservative; but above all else, persistent and earnest, never admitting defeat. These same business qualities must be shown and utilized in our warfare against the liquor traffic.

Although there are good arguments against local option, I would be in favor of seizing this opportunity of work; for you at least close the infamous resorts, where crowd our young men to their certain destruction. In entering a local option fight, I would not advise going into it with anything less than the whole earnestness of our hearts. Put your money into the fight just as you would invest your money in any business scheme you thought feasible. Flood your town with temperance literature. Have speakers every night while the fight is on. Don't neglect the outlying school districts. Have several meetings in every school-house. See to it that all meetings are well advertised. Get the influential men of your town aroused and in the work. Don't think, Well, they always have beaten us and it's no use to try. If we

had \$1,000, \$2,000, \$5,000, \$10,000, or any amount invested, and it was in peril, and our efforts would, perhaps, save it, would we manifest listlessness or indifference? Nay! We would throw off our coats and work night and day in trying to save our fortune, be it great or small. We have boys and girls—more precious a thousand times than any amount of money; one in every five must be sacrificed. Good business sense tells us to work with every means at hand and with a persistence that never knows defeat, to save those who are dear to us.

I honor the business man who, losing his finances, takes a bold stand and goes to work again to retrieve that loss and failure. We have been and are going to be defeated many times in this fight against the saloon, and honor to the grit that gets up and at them again. I wish to place myself on record once again, that the very best way to fight the saloon from a business standpoint is by educating the young. Here lies our greatest weapon. I would that every Christian man and woman could be impressed fully with the responsibility resting upon them along this line. It's a great opportunity, my friends. Don't, I pray you, neglect this. Were it possible to arouse every person to a due appreciation of their responsibility in this matter, this question would be settled, and settled in a hurry.

Mothers, dare you remain idle, letting others engage in this warfare, when your home is in danger? Fathers, dare you, by thought, voice or vote, lend your influence to anything that is not decidedly in opposition to the saloon? Our duty as business men and women should be to ally ourselves with anything that stands for the demolishing and utter prohibition of the liquor traffic. No business influence should deter us from doing what is right. This question is going to be settled just as surely as was the slavery question, and settled right in the end, too. For God is in this battle, and not might, but right, shall win.

### LETTERS FROM THE C. E. SOCIETIES IN THE SOUTHEASTERN ASSOCIATION.

The Christian Endeavor Society of Salem, W. Va., sends greetings to the Sister Societies of our denomination.

Our Society has been strengthened by taking more interest in the Juniors. The Junior Society is divided into three grades, and we have a Superintendent for each grade. Nine of the Juniors have joined the church this year, and several of them are members of the Senior Society.

The Prayer-meeting Committee, in order to help inexperienced leaders, meet with the leaders once each month, and give suggestions for making the meetings interesting.

Special music and black-board outlines often add to the interest and helpfulness of the meetings.

Since we have no weekly church prayer-meetings, our pastor is asked to lead one meeting each month. In this way we receive the help and encouragement which a pastor alone can give.

We sometimes have special programs on different lines of denominational work, for situated as we are, in a town where sin abounds on every hand, we feel the need of standing true to our faith.

Yours in C. E.,

CLELLIE LOWTHER, Cor. Sec.

NEW MILTON, W. VA.

The Middle Island Y. P. S. C. E. has been in existence nine years. Since that time its chief object has been to hold the young converts of the various revival meetings. Of course not all have been loyal. The ideal has not been reached; but it is doubtful if the Middle Island church would to-day be in existence but for the C. E.

In the past year much has been done by supporting two midweek prayer-meetings, besides the regular C. E. prayer-meeting.

ROY F. RANDOLPH, Cor. Sec.

ROANOKE, W. VA.

The Roanoke Society is still alive, although much reduced in numbers. State President Pollock was with us once the past winter. He said the Roanoke Society was considered one of the best country societies in the state.

It has been a blessing to our church, started as it was when we had no pastor. We have an interest in the other Societies of our denomination, and hope to be remembered by them.

We admire, very much, the spirit of Dr. Palmberg as we read her messages in the RECORDER. We also feel that the death of Peter Velthuysen is our loss.

From its organization, the Roanoke Society has kept in touch with the state and district Union, being now represented on the Executive Committee of each.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Yours in C. E.,

A. J. C. BOND.

### OUR MIRROR.

A VERY enjoyable "Children's Day" service was held at the Seventh-day Baptist church of Plainfield recently.

The floral decorations were arranged by the Flower Committee of the Christian Endeavor Society. The following program was presented:

Anthem, Choir.

Invocation, the Pastor, Rev. G. B. Shaw.

Ten Commandments, Congregation.

Responsive Reading, Psalm 103.

Hymn, Congregation.

Scripture Lesson, } 1 Sam. 3: 1-10, Milton St. John.  
} Luke 2: 41-52, Fessie Dunham.

Prayer, The Pastor.

Song, Primary Department of the Sabbath-school.

Recitation, Evalois St. John.

Recitation, Five Children.

Recitation, Helen Rogers.

Hymn, Congregation.

Recitation, "Put Your Pennies In," Ethel Rogers.

Collection, Offertory, Choir.

Sermon, Prayer and Benediction, The Pastor.

The choir was composed of children from the Intermediate and a few from the Junior Christian Endeavor Societies.

In the recital of the Commandments the children led the congregation, and they alternated with the congregation in the responsive reading.

Those reading, from the pulpit, the Scripture Lesson were members of the Intermediate Society, and they read with confidence and understanding.

From the Junior Christian Endeavor came the five children who gave the recitation regarding the message of the flowers. They were Philip Mosher, Alfred Manley, Grace Stillman, Frances Mosher and Roy Titsworth.

The collection was divided between the three departments of the Christian Endeavor Society.

The children carried out with earnestness and beauty all the parts taken by them in the service, and gave interested attention to the very helpful sermon preached from the text, "Follow Me," by the pastor. M. R. S.



## Children's Page.

### THE TWO KITTENS.

GERTRUDE MURRAY.

There were two little kittens, a black and a gray,  
And Grandmamma said, with a frown,  
"It will never do to keep them both,—  
The black one we'd better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,  
"One kitten's enough to keep;  
Now run to nurse, for it's growing late,  
And time you were fast asleep."

The morning dawned, and, rosy and sweet,  
Came little Bess from her nap.  
The nurse said, "Go into mother's room,  
And look in Grandma's lap."

"Come here," said Grandma, with a smile,  
From the rocking-chair where she sat.  
"God has sent you two little sisters;  
Now, what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,  
With their wee heads, yellow and brown.  
And then to Grandma soberly said,  
"Which one are you going to drown?"

### MR. AND MRS. ROBIN.

ELIZABETH NEWBY.

The South Wind had whispered to Mr. and Mrs. Robin that he had been north the day before and had seen two robins in an apple tree. That decided the matter; they would start north that night. One morning, after a long journey, they stopped in a sycamore tree to rest. The robins found some breakfast near. After eating they returned to the sycamore.

The tree whispered to the robins: "Oh, stay with me; see what nice strong branches I have. Build your cozy home here, pretty robins; by and by I will open my leaves and shade your little birdies." The little leaf-buds whispered: "After we open wide we will sing your babies to sleep with our rustling song."

The robins looked at the sturdy sycamore tree and answered: "Yes, kind tree, we will build here, for we know our nest will be safe in your strong branches. We see you have your seed babies with you."

"Yes, and I keep them with me all winter. What a black, velvety cap you wear, Mr. Robin. I see Mrs. Robin does not wear one as black as yours."

"No, but she has more white on her throat and we both have yellow legs. Our feet are nearly black and our beaks are dark yellow. Mrs. Robin's feathers are duller than mine. We get our name from our reddish breast feathers; on our backs we are slate color, with shades of olive. Our tail feathers are black; our wings are brown, and so are our eyes."

By this time the robins and the sycamore tree had become great friends. The robins were so happy that they sang, "Cheer-up, cheer-up! chee-chee-chee!"

After the song was finished Mr. Robin told Mrs. Robin to select a straight bough while he went to find some hay, and the tree whispered:

"The prettiest thing in the world will be  
The building of the nest."

Mr. Robin found some hay not far away, and by the time he came back Mrs. Robin had decided on a bough for the nest. Then they both made many trips for hay.

"First a wisp of yellow hay  
In a pretty round they lay;  
Woven with a sweet, sweet song;  
This way, that way and across."

After the hay, and a few twigs which forms the lower part of the nest, had been brought and woven, the robins went in search

of mud. They flew along by the river banks; they were dry and hard. They then returned to the tree, but the sycamore could not tell them where to find mud. They started out again and flew north, south, east and west, but no mud could they find for their nest. It was getting late, so they came again to their unfinished nest and sang one of their songs—"Do you think what you do? do you think what you do? do you thi-n-k!"

A little breeze came along and whispered to the tree: "I like that song the robins are singing, it makes me want to help them; but how can I?"

"I know how," said the sycamore. "The robins need mud for their nest and if you will tell East Wind to blow up some rain-clouds you will be helping the robins."

The breeze whispered, "I will," and was gone.

That night, while the robins slept, the little breeze carried the message to East Wind. "I will bring rain-clouds as soon as I can," promised East Wind.

Away up in the sky were many little vapors at play. When East Wind came up where they were he asked them if they would like to ride over to one of Mother Nature's fairy homes. "Yes! yes! take us a ride," they said. So away they went sailing so high. When they came to the fairy home on the mountain-top Mother nature touched them with her cold wand and, behold! they were changed into raindrops. East Wind then carried them across the sky until they were near where the robins lived, and then the little raindrops came pattering down.

The next morning the robins were up at dawn, singing: "Cheerily, cheerily, cheer-up, cheer-up!" After they finished their breakfast Mr. Robin gave their call note, "quick! quick!" and away Mrs. Robin flew to help carry mud for the nest. Many were the trips the robins made between the muddy road and the sycamore before the inside of the nest was lined with mud, then they cleaned their beaks and plumed their feathers and after their evening meal sang this song: "Cheer-up, cheer-up, chee-chee! cheer-up, cheer-up, chee-chee!"

The following day the robins carried dry grass to line the nest to make a soft bed for baby robins, one, two, three, four!

"Weaving it well so round and trim,  
Hollowing it well with care,  
Nothing too far away for him,  
Nothing for her too fair;  
Fastened it safely on the topmost limb,  
Their castle in the air."

After a few more days had passed Mr. Robin heard Mrs. Robin calling "quick! quick!" He flew home and there he saw one little blue egg in the nest. They were very happy and Mr. Robin flew over to a tree near by and sang: "Cheerily, cheer-up, cheer-up! cheerily, cheerily, cheer-up!"

When a few more days had passed by the robins had four blue eggs in the nest.

"Here in the fork the brown nest is seated;  
Four little blue eggs the mother keeps heated."

The Mother Robin now leaves the nest just long enough to eat, then back to it she flies. Papa Robin sings cheerily every day many songs, for the robins know a number of songs; this is one of them: "Chee, chee, chee! chee, chee, ch-e-e!"

The robins were very happy, for they knew that safe in each blue egg were their own dear babies.

The sycamore tree was much interested in

the cozy nest and four blue eggs. The morning the old tree heard "peep, peep," he rejoiced with the robins. Papa Robin was so very happy that he sang more than usual that day. He carried the baby robin many a mouthful, for a baby robin is a big eater.

After a few more days had passed, Papa and Mamma Robin were very busy hunting food for four baby robins. They wanted to sing many songs, but they were kept so busy hunting the baby birds something to eat that Papa Robin could not find much time to sing until the babies were asleep. Then he sang: "Pip-pip! pip-pip! pip-pip-pip-pip-pip-pip."

Little robins have good appetites. If you held just one baby robin in one hand and could hold in the other what a baby robin would eat in a day, you would find the hand holding the food would have the heaviest load. Just think how many trips the papa and mamma robins must make to feed their babies.

I once read of a man who tried to feed a baby robin that had left the nest too soon and was lost. He found the robin required a piece of meat every five minutes about the size of the four-inch sticks we use in kindergarten.

The baby robins grew so fast that soon the sycamore tree could see their yellow beaks appear above the nest and open wide ready for the food the parent robins were bringing.

The old tree was surprised one morning to see Mamma Robin cleaning house; the babies helped by keeping out of the way as much as possible. She cleaned it in this way—standing on the edge of the nest, she quickly took up the dirt from the bottom with her beak.

The baby robins were now big enough to get up on the edge of the nest to exercise their wings so they would grow strong enough to fly. The oldest of them was flapping his wings as usual, when all of a sudden they lifted him right off the nest and out into the big world. He was surprised, but was soon able to fly back into the tree, where his mother fed him. From that time he was able to fly a little each day, and the wings grew stronger. Soon all the baby robins were out of the nest and had to be kept together.

The babies enjoyed their lessons in flying and singing; of course, they had to be taught to feed themselves, too. They grew so fast the birdies could soon take care of themselves. They loved the songs the robins sing. This is a well-known robin song: "Cheer-up, cheer-up, chee-chee!"

After these robins were old enough to care for themselves, what do you think the leaves that shaded the old nest saw? Well, I'll tell you; four more blue eggs—yes, the robins were going to have more babies that summer. The robins were very proud of this nest of blue eggs.

Sometimes the sycamore would hear Mamma Robin call out "seep—seep."

Papa Robin sang "he! he! he!" so many times that I think some little baby-boy robins must have come out of those blue eggs.

We will now leave the robins and four blue eggs in the care of good Mamma and Papa Robin, and we know they will be well cared for from this story.

Sometimes the robins are delayed in their nest-building because they cannot find mud. —Child Garden.



## Woman's Work.

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

### MAKING A "SUNNY HOUR."

MARY D. BRINE.

How do you make a "Sunny Hour"?  
Just take some right good will,  
Some love, some trust, and faith as well,  
Enough to fairly fill  
A good-sized heart—and you will find  
There's still some room to spare  
For impulse, which will prompt kind words  
And actions, here and there.

Mix all together with a smile  
That's spiced with willingness,  
And daily use of this, my friend,  
Will help you to confess  
That wheresoever you may seek,  
You'll find no recipe  
Like this, to make a Sunny Hour,  
Wherever you may be.

A RULE for benevolence that we heard some time ago was this: "Give until you feel it, and then keep on giving until you no longer feel it. Then you will know what true benevolence really is."

A man who is known as one of the wealthy men of the world said recently to a friend, "One never knows the real value of money till he knows how to give it away." Blessings shared are blessings doubled.

RESOLUTIONS of respect were published on the Woman's Page some weeks ago in memory of Mrs. Addie C. Stillman of Gentry, Arkansas. This week we have received a similar communication from the Ladies' Society of the church at Nortonville, Kansas, accompanied by a letter of explanation. The writer says: "The family lived here for thirty years and reared their children among us. They were enshrined in the hearts of our people. It was hard for her to leave her home here, and she had been in Gentry but one short year when she died. She had been a member of our Missionary Society since its organization, and was a member at the time of her death. We could but feel that she was one of us, and it is a privilege to show our respect to her memory in this way."

### REPORT OF THE WOMAN'S HOUR AT THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

FANNIE E. CLARKE.

The Woman's Hour at the Central Association, First-day afternoon, June 1, was conducted by Mrs. T. J. VanHorn. 1 Cor. 12 was read by Mrs. W. C. Daland, followed by prayer by Mrs. D. D. L. Burdick. A solo, "Thy Will be Done," was beautifully rendered by Miss Clara Wells.

The reports from the Ladies' Societies of the several churches were an interesting feature, showing continued effort on the part of the ladies to do all in their power to bear their full share of the church responsibilities. Many of the Societies reported more than \$100 raised during the year for church expenses, benevolent work, home and foreign missions.

Mrs. A. C. Davis and Miss Wells then sang a duet.

Mrs. Eleanor Burdick read a poem entitled, "Go and Come," in which the Master's "Go, ye and preach the Gospel" was the key-note for all missionary effort, and the call, "Come and help us," from the nations in foreign lands shows the need of consecrated effort on our part to obey these calls.

A paper, "Higher Aims for Women," was read by Mrs. C. P. Maxson. It was replete with thoughts of what our noble Christian women have accomplished. As temperance,

medical or mission workers, or in the home, the trend of women's lives has been leading upward, in accordance with the invitation of the Master, "Come up higher." What better can be said of any woman than that she hath done what she could?

A paper, concerning the Work of the Women in our China Mission, written by Miss Susie Burdick and read by Miss Agnes Babcock, set forth the magnitude and importance of the work done by Miss Palmberg as Medical Missionary, and by Mrs. Davis, in whatever branch of the work her capable ministrations are most needed.

A collection was taken for the education of young women.

With the singing of a hymn, the Hour came to a close; an hour of pleasure and profit, during which the members of the various Societies had gained strength from each other to carry on another year's work.

### IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS: Death has taken away our sister, Mrs. Addie C. Stillman, the Woman's Missionary Society of Nortonville, Kan., do unitedly add our tribute of respect to the memory of our departed sister. She has been associated with us in the work of the Society from its organization until the present time.

She was kind and sympathetic in her nature, and was ever ready with heart and hand to help in the work there was to be done both for home and abroad. She has passed through unusual trials, and we are thankful that it has been our privilege to minister to her and to the family when affliction and sorrow entered their home.

We tender our heartfelt sympathies to her husband and children in the loss of a faithful wife and loving mother, and pray that our Heavenly Father may sustain and comfort them with the thought that he has taken their dear one where she is free from all sorrow and pain, and in the

"Sweet by-and-by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

MRS. SARAH TOMLINSON,  
MRS. LEE M. CLARK,  
MRS. KATE E. PERRY, } Com.

### TIRED.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

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.

### LADIES' SOCIETY AT MARLBORO, N. J.

ELIZABETH A. FISHER.

Our Editor of the Woman's Page has asked the Ladies' Aid Societies to report the ways and means by which they raise money for the church and denomination.

Our Marlboro Ladies' Aid Society has about twenty members. President, Mrs. Perie R. Burdick; Vice-President, Miss Lottie D. Schaible; Secretary, Mrs. Frank Buzby; Treasurer, Mrs. Eber Davis.

In January the Ladies' Aid and Christian Endeavor Societies joined and gave a very creditable literary entertainment.

April 16 the men of the church gave a ten-cent supper. The food (except meat, which was bought by the men,) was furnished by the members of the Ladies' Aid; but the men took entire charge of cooking and serving the supper. The supper was a great success. The basement of the church was thronged. However, the managers, Messrs. Eber Davis and George Schaible, with their able assistants, handled the crowd in a very skillful manner.

April 23, at the request of the Ladies' Aid,

Miss Elizabeth A. Fisher gave an account of her work and experience in the Southwest. An admission of ten cents was charged, and refreshments were for sale at the close of the lecture.

Over a month ago, it was proposed in both the Ladies' Aid and Christian Endeavor Societies that each member do without something which they had intended to have, and give the money value of that which they had done without into the treasury of the Societies, to be used for some good cause. The majority of the members agreed willingly to this plan. May 26 the two Societies met in the church. After a few selections by the choir, all members told what they had done without and gave in the money thus saved. Some of the various things mentioned were window-curtains, shirt-waists, pictures, hens, pleasure trips, shad, bonnet-trimmings, candy, belt-buckles, gloves, chewing-gum, etc. The treasury of the Christian Endeavor Society was increased by \$4.75, and that of the Ladies' Aid by \$6.75. Mrs. Perie Burdick made interesting remarks on self-denial, and hoped that the Societies would not let the effort made be the last of its kind, as true giving is giving that which we would like ourselves. Refreshments were sold at the close of the meeting.

Two young ladies, members of the Aid Society, and two other young ladies, one of whom furnished the horse, recently carted a load of wood to a family where the husband and father was unable to work. Our Society wants in reality to be an *aid* Society, and while there are many ways to use money raised at home, still there is an increasing tendency, and we think a very commendable one, to contribute more freely to our various lines of denominational work.

### FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPAL.

The people of the country are waiting with increasing impatience for the settlement of the various strikes now in progress—the great coal strike, which may be vastly extended by the sympathetic strike in the soft-coal regions, the strike of the motormen in Providence, and that of the workers of the silk-factories in Paterson. Without regard to the merits of these strikes, the public patience is beginning to be exhausted by the indifference shown to public needs, and in some cases the indifference shown to public law. These industrial struggles are being conducted precisely as if there were no parties in interest except the employers and employees—the men who control the financial interests and the men who do the work. As a matter of fact, both are the servants of the public, in so far as their work is carried on under laws enacted by the states and the general government, and the product of their work is disposed of to the people at large. Amid the mass of details, of conflicting reports, and the general confusion regarding questions of fact which prevails, it is well to fasten the attention upon a few cardinal and fundamental principles which are to control every industrial struggle.

First. This is a free country, with a republican form of government, and that form of government must be maintained everywhere, at all times, and at any cost, as a basis for the free working out of the great economic and social problems. The United States has built a firm foundation of order; that foundation is not subject to change.



Every man must obey the law at all times and in all places, whether he is a capitalist or a laborer. So far as the state is concerned, it is a matter of absolute indifference whether a combination of men is made up of capitalists or of laboring men; all men are simply citizens in the eyes of the law, and every citizen must obey the law. Perfect order must be maintained everywhere; and the way to maintain perfect order is to preserve it from the start, and not to allow the slightest infringement. Nothing is more dangerous than laxity in maintaining order; laxity at the beginning means the iron hand in the end. The Mayor of Paterson will have the whole country behind him in rigidly repressing disorder in Paterson. The Anarchist may think as freely as he pleases in this country, but he must obey the law both in word and deed. On the other hand, the employer must depend for protection upon the authorities, not upon the exercise of private force except under the regulations defined by law. There is no place here for the lawbreaker.

Second. Because this is a free country every man has a right to work where he chooses and for such pay as he is willing to receive. Freedom of labor lies at the foundation of free institutions. Having, at great sacrifice and in the face of great perils, established a free government on this continent, the American people will not permit labor unions, or any combinations of workingmen, to establish a tyranny over the laboring man. They do not propose to exchange one form of tyrant for another. The man who cannot find his job where he chooses and hold it without molestation does not live in a free country or under a free government. Nothing, in the long run, could be more disastrous for the labor unions, and for the men whom they represent, than that they should become identified in any way with efforts to repress freedom of action among working people in America. The labor unions are very strong so long as they are in harmony with the spirit of American institutions, and so long as they fight their battles with American weapons; but the moment they attempt to introduce Mexican methods, or to prevent other men from working, they will instantly lose their power. The people of the United States and not a section of the people will rule this country under all circumstances.

Third. Freedom of labor must be preserved and at the same time absolute freedom of organization must be recognized and preserved. The workingman has precisely the same right to organize that the capitalist has; the labor unions have the same right to exist that the combinations of mining operators have. Neither is above the law, and both can win and hold the confidence of the public only so far as they obey the law. If labor unions are to enter into contracts and make engagements, they must live up to those contracts and perform those engagements. If the bituminous miners strike in violation of their promises, they will inflict a very heavy blow on the prestige and influence of their unions.

Fourth. Sympathetic strikes are not justifiable and will not find public support. The attempt to ally different groups of workingmen together for the purpose of forcing the employers of one group of workingmen to accept certain terms is not consistent with sound economics and is not a fair method of industrial warfare.

Fifth. The supreme party in interest in such a strike as that which is going on in the coal-fields, one which affects a commodity absolutely essential to carrying on the business of life, is neither the capitalist nor the laboring man, but the public; and the time is fast coming when the public will not stand off and suffer while the two other parties in interest endeavor to settle their disputes. That public, the third party in all these strikes, is not a mere onlooker; it represents the determining force, the power that rules. It not only has its rights, but it has an authority which neither of the other parties can for a moment resist if it is exercised. The public means to be patient and the public has been patient; but it will not much longer permit these vast disturbances which affect its peace and interfere with its prosperity. It will serve notice on both the other parties that these small civil wars must come to an end for the sake of the larger interests which neither of the parties seems to take to heart; and it will impose a just and equitable method of settlement upon both the other parties, unless they accept such a method for themselves.—The Outlook.

### 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.

VERONA MILLS, N. Y.—We came to this field of labor the first Sabbath in June. The people had anticipated our arrival by repairing and repapering the parsonage. We also found a garden plowed and planted and up. It has rained almost every day since we came, the sun shining but a small portion of the time. On last Sabbath evening the church resolved themselves into a sunshine band, and visited the parsonage, filling the house with people and sunshine to cheer up the pastor and his family. An excellent literary program and music was furnished, with remarks by Rev. D. H. Davis, of Shanghai, China, after which refreshments were served. A general good social time was enjoyed by all. After they were gone the pastor realized that he had been severely pounded by these good people, as many pounds of a substantial character were found in the kitchen and pantry.

We thank God for the kind, warm and helpful hearts back of it all. We feel that our lot has fallen to us in pleasant places.

L. D. BURDICK.

JULY 10, 1902.

SCOTT, N. Y.—The Quarterly Meeting at Scott the last Sabbath of June was a time of interest and profit. They had been without a pastor since Elder J. T. Davis closed his efficient labors in May, and they were waiting and praying for a good meeting. On Sabbath evening there was preaching and a short prayer-meeting. On Sabbath morning the regular service was largely attended and a deep interest expressed. In the afternoon the Sabbath-school was ably conducted by Mrs. Barber, the Superintendent. Then followed another sermon and a closing conference. It was certainly a profitable meeting all through. May God send a faithful pastor to this time-honored church.

L. R. S.

MODERATION is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.—Bishop Hall.

### OUR COUNTRY'S COMMERCIAL GROWTH.

Commerce between the United States and its newly-acquired territory is growing with remarkable rapidity. In 1897, the year preceding that in which Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines came under the American flag, the shipments to those islands were, according to the figures of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, \$6,773,560. In 1901 they were over \$30,000,000, and in the fiscal year just ended they will be, according to the best figures that the Bureau of Statistics can obtain, fully \$35,000,000. To this may be added the estimate of \$15,000,000 of shipments to Alaska in the last year. This would bring the total sales of American goods in the non-contiguous territory of the United States up to about \$50,000,000 in the last fiscal year, against about \$10,000,000 in that same territory in 1897.

Considering the figures in detail, the Bureau of Statistics finds that the exports from the United States to Porto Rico, which were, in 1897, \$1,988,888, were in 1900, \$4,640,449; in 1901, \$6,861,917, and as they were \$9,651,000 in the eleven months ending with May, it is safe to assume that the figures for the fiscal year will show a total of over \$10,000,000 of shipments to Porto Rico for the year ending June 30, 1902. To Hawaii, the exports in the fiscal year 1897 were \$4,690,075; by 1899 they had reached \$9,305,470; in 1900, \$13,509,148. Subsequent to that time the Bureau of Statistics of shipments to Hawaii are based upon estimates supplied by Collectors of Customs at San Francisco and Honolulu, and are put at \$20,000,000, as a conservative figure. To the Philippines the exports in 1897 were \$94,597; in 1899 they were \$404,193; in 1900, \$2,610,449; in 1901, \$4,027,064, and in the full fiscal year 1902 will be fully \$5,000,000. To Alaska the shipments in 1894 were, according to the best figures that the Bureau of Statistics have been able to obtain, \$3,924,000, and for the calendar year 1901, \$13,500,000, and for the fiscal year just ended will probably be \$15,000,000, bringing the total shipments from the United States to its non-contiguous territory up to \$50,000,000.

On the import side, it may be said that the non-contiguous territory of the United States now supplies \$50,000,000 worth (per annum) of its products for use in the United States. In 1897 the imports from Porto Rico were \$2,181,024; those from Hawaii, \$13,687,799; and from the Philippines \$4,388,740. By 1900 the imports from Porto Rico had grown to \$3,078,648, from Hawaii, \$20,707,903 and from the Philippines \$5,971,208. In the fiscal year just ended the merchandise received from Porto Rico will be in round terms \$7,000,000; from the Hawaiian Islands, \$26,000,000; from the Philippines, \$7,000,000, and from Alaska about \$7,000,000 in fish, furs and other products of this character, and an equal amount in gold and silver, thus bringing the total contributions of the non-contiguous territory considerably above \$50,000,000.

During the same time commerce with Asia and Oceania has also increased with very great rapidity, especially the exports. In 1897 exports to Asia and Oceania were \$61,927,673; in 1900, \$108,304,082, and in the fiscal year 1902, the total, including shipments to Hawaiian Islands, will amount to about \$120,000,000.



## Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

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

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1902.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 5.	The Giving of the Manna.....	Exod. 16: 4-15
July 12.	The Ten Commandments—Duties to God.....	Exod. 20: 1-11
July 19.	The Ten Commandments—Duties to Men.....	Exod. 20: 12-17
July 26.	Worshiping the Golden Calf.....	Exod. 32: 1-6, 30-35
Aug. 2.	The Tabernacle.....	Exod. 40: 1-13
Aug. 9.	Nadab and Abihu—Temperance Lesson.....	Lev. 10: 1-11
Aug. 16.	Journeying Toward Canaan.....	Numb. 10: 11-13 and 29-36
Aug. 23.	Report of the Spies.....	Numb. 13: 26-14: 4
Aug. 30.	The Brazen Serpent.....	Numb. 21: 1-9
Sept. 6.	The Prophet-Like Moses.....	Deut. 18: 9-19
Sept. 13.	Loving and Obeying God.....	Deut. 30: 11-20
Sept. 20.	The Death of Moses.....	Deut. 34: 1-12
Sept. 27.	Review.....	

#### LESSON IV.—WORSHIPING THE GOLDEN CALF.

For Sabbath-day, July 26, 1902.

LESSON TEXT.—Exod. 32: 1-6, 30-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.—  
Exod. 20: 3.

#### INTRODUCTION.

We are to look upon the Ten Commandments as the very center of the law. A further expansion of the moral code, embodying various specific regulations, is given in chapters 21-23. Several of these laws reflect the situation of the people after they were in possession of the Promised Land.

There is also recorded between last week's lesson and this, in chapters 25-31, a series of minute instructions in regard to the construction of the ark, the tabernacle and its furniture, and the sacred garments of the priests; also in regard to the consecration services, the regular sacrifices, the half-shekel tax upon the people, the incense, and the sacred oil. At the close of this section there is a paragraph of instruction in regard to the observance of the Sabbath.

But even while Moses delayed to return from his meeting with Jehovah upon the mountain, the people under the leadership of Aaron were breaking the law of the Ten Commandments and the covenant into which they had entered with Jehovah, the covenant which had been solemnized with sacrifices and the sprinkling of blood.

We are not to understand, however, as our Golden Text implies, that they broke the first of the Ten Commandments, but rather the second. They did not turn away from Jehovah entirely, but chose to worship him as represented by an image of a calf.

TIME.—A few weeks after last week's lesson.

PLACE.—Near Mt. Sinai in Arabia.

PERSONS.—Moses and Aaron and the Children of Israel.

#### OUTLINE:

1. The Making and Worshiping of the Golden Calf. v. 1-6.
2. Moses' Intercession for the People. v. 30-35.

#### NOTES.

1. *And when the people saw that Moses delayed*, etc. The forty days doubtless seemed to them a very long time. Perhaps they thought that Moses had perished in the fire upon the mountain. Although this people had trembled before the mount at the voice of Jehovah, now through their desire to have visible gods like the Egyptians and the other nations they are ready without thought to break the law which they had solemnly agreed to obey. They came therefore to Aaron with their request. See chapter 24: 14. *Up, make us gods.* We are not to suppose that they thought that a graven image could lead them nor that they had utterly turned their backs upon Jehovah. They wanted an image to represent Jehovah. Compare at the end of verse 5. "To-morrow is a feast unto Jehovah." In the Hebrew the word translated gods is precisely the same as that so often translated God, and there is no capital letter to distinguish. *The man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt.* There had been for them an outward sign of Jehovah's presence in the person of Moses; but now that he is gone they must have a substitute, and they are not content with another man as leader.

2. *And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden rings*, etc. It is possible that Aaron yielded at once and suggested the means by which their wish could be most readily fulfilled; but it is more charitable to suppose that he asked the people for the greatest possible sacrifice, thus hoping to make them desist from their pur-

pose in view of the great cost. He made, however, a great mistake in even appearing to yield. He ought to have made a vehement protest.

3. *And all the people break off the golden rings*, etc. The people were in earnest in their desire, and obeyed the suggestion with readiness:

4. *And he received it at their hands*, etc. It seemed to him now that there was no course but to yield to their desire, since they had done as he directed. He ought, however, to have acknowledged his error and to have handed back their gold with an earnest entreaty to return to their allegiance to Jehovah and his law. *Fashioned it with a graving tool and made it a molten calf.* The idol was probably made at first of wood. Then the gold was melted and cast into a plate and laid on over the wood and hammered and smoothed into shape. *These are thy gods.* The people at once accept the image. The plural number is to be understood as used for emphasis. What is called the plural of majesty. We might translate, "This is thy God."

5. *He built an altar before it.* They were enthusiastic in their new service, and left nothing undone.

6. *Offered burnt offerings and brought peace offerings.* Thus did the people with joy serve their new god. The burnt offerings were consumed in honor of the deity; the peace offerings eaten in a sacrificial feast. *And rose up to play.* The word "play" does not necessarily have an evil meaning. They danced and sported before their idol. It is very likely, however, that in imitation of the heathen worship, they fell into wanton license. 1 Cor. 10: 7. The form of their idol—a calf, or a little bull, perhaps—was an imitation of the Egyptian god Apis, although that was represented by a real bull rather than an image.

7-14. Jehovah tells Moses in the mountain of the apostasy of the people and proposes to destroy them and make of Moses and his family a great nation. Moses shows his greatness of character by interceding for the people. He does not forget his office as mediator for Israel, and accept the great honor proposed for his family. The representation of God as moved by anger, as convinced by sound arguments, and as repenting or changing his mind are what are technically called anthropopathisms, that is, pictures of God as moved by the feelings and motives of men. Of course God cannot be moved by passions like men, and cannot change his mind; but it is difficult to give practical representation of him without using these figures.

15-20. In his righteous indignation Moses breaks the tables of stone upon which the law was written which the children of Israel had broken, thus by an outward sign showing his sense of the enormity of their crime. Then without any fear he proceeds to destroy their precious idol and to cast the dust of it into the water which they must drink.

21-24. He then proceeded to admonish Aaron for his fault. Aaron makes an excuse, trying to throw the blame upon the people. His explanation that the calf came out of the fire as of its own accord is too ridiculous for any answer from Moses.

25-29. Moses now turns to the people who with unbridled desire for iniquity had turned aside from Jehovah. He calls for those who were on the side of Jehovah, and the Levites respond. He sends them to slay their fellow countrymen who have been guilty of this apostasy. We are surprised at the severity of the punishment; but the sin was great, and the danger of a repetition was great. If they could not keep the law in sight of Mount Sinai, how long would it be after they had left this hallowed place before they would be in the depths of heathenism. Just as the sin of Ananias and Sapphira demanded the most severe punishment on account of the danger of hypocrisy within the infant church, so here this sin required a most severe punishment at the beginning of the training of the Chosen people.

It is apparent that there was no resistance made to the executioners, just as none dared to resist Moses as he destroyed the calf.

30. *Peradventure I shall make atonement for your sin.* That is, through intercession. Moses seems not to be aware of the result of his former intercession. v. 14. Those who hold to the theory of the use of different documents by our author of Exodus recognize vs. 7-14 as from a different source from vs. 30-34.

31. *This people have sinned a great sin.* Moses does not plead any extenuating circumstances, or try to make the sin appear as small. He confesses for the people and prays for pardon. *And have made them gods of gold.* Or, "a god of gold."

32. *If thou wilt forgive their sin.* The breaking off of the thought is more emphatic than any words. *And if not, blot me*, etc. In the intense earnestness of his desire Moses cannot bear the thought of having his name re-

main in the list of God's people, if the whole nation of Israel is to be cast aside. He does not ask to be excluded in their stead; but to be counted along with them, and to be thrown out if they must be thrown out.

33. *Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book.* Moses' request cannot be granted. Each man must answer for his own sins.

34. *And now go, lead the people*, etc. However, God in his mercy will not quickly destroy all those who have sinned against him, and sends Moses back to lead the people to the Promised Land. *Mine angel shall go before thee.* A gracious promise of guidance. *I will visit their sin upon them.* The punishment is postponed; it will, however, certainly come upon those who do not repent.

35. *And Jehovah smote the people.* Some have thought that this sentence referred to some sort of a disease or plague; but this is more likely a general reference to the killing of the three thousand before referred to. *Because they made the calf which Aaron made.* Even those who had not touched the calf were guilty of making it, because Aaron acted as their agent.

## MARRIAGES.

GIBBS—MAYNE.—At the Seventh-day Baptist church, Brookfield, N. Y., June 30, 1902, by Pres. B. C. Davis, assisted by Pastor T. J. VanHorn, Mr. Leonard W. H. Gibbs, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Jessie Mandana Mayne, of Brookfield, N. Y.

## DEATHS.

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

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

BROOKS.—Near Deansboro, N. Y., June 22, 1902, Ruth Elizabeth, daughter of Frank A. and Lina Langworthy Brooks, aged 1 year, 4 months and 18 days.

T. J. V.

WILLIAMS.—At his home, near Boulder, Colorado, June 16, 1902, Rev. O. D. Williams, in the 52d year of his age.

An extended notice will be found in another portion of this paper.

S. R. W.

BRACKETT.—Near Boulder, Colo., Mrs. Eliza J. Brackett, of diabetes, in the 62d year of her age.

Sister Brackett was born Sept. 15, 1840, in Indiana. Her first husband was Wm. C. Hunter. She was left a widow, with three sons and five daughters. December 5, 1883, she was married to T. W. Brackett, who survives her. She died April 2, 1902. She confessed Christ in early years. Later she became a Seventh-day Baptist and united with the Boulder church. Her public testimony for Christ was always earnest and heartfelt.

S. R. W.

WHITE.—At Loughton, Kan., July 11, 1901, Mrs. Harriet Melissa Vincent White.

The deceased was born in Alfred, N. Y., May 24, 1826. In May, 1846, she was married to Charles White, and soon moved to Wisconsin. They afterwards moved to Illinois, and finally settled in Loughton, Kan., where they lived till her death. She was brought up a Sabbath-keeper, but left the Sabbath, and soon became an unbeliever. Through a friend she was persuaded to again study the Bible, which resulted in bringing her again to the foot of the cross. She became a fervent Christian, and, of course, an enthusiastic Sabbath-observer. She departed this life in the triumph of faith.

STEVENS.—Margaret Batten Stevens was born in Liverpool, Eng., June 26, 1875, and died of heart failure in Andover, N. Y., July 3, 1902.

She came to this country with her father and twin-sister when about thirteen years of age, but was soon left alone in the world. She came to Alfred some years ago, where she has lived nearly all the time since. She married Charles A. Stevens Feb. 3, 1897. To them have been born three boys. She was home-loving and kind-hearted, a tender mother. She trusted in God and had a religious experience. She was a member of the home study Bible-school, and loved to read the Bible. Pastor's text 1 Cor. 13: 12.

L. C. R.

DAVIS.—Rev. James B. Davis, son of Jacob and Prudence Davis, was born in Lewis county, W. Va., Oct. 1, 1814.

In his sixteenth year he removed to Ohio, and that same year was received into the fellowship of the South Hampton Seventh-day Baptist church. In the year 1840 he was licensed to improve his gift. In the year 1835 he was married to Jane Hopkins. Bro. Davis acted as pastor in Ohio for a number of years before the loss of his wife. His second marriage was to Miss E. V. Davis, daughter of William F. and Rachel Davis. In 1857 he



removed to West Virginia, where he was ordained to the gospel ministry soon after the close of the war. He served the Middle Island, Ritchie, Green Brier and West Union churches for some years. In 1889 he moved to Salem, where he has since resided. He was a strong believer in the value of family worship, and his children bear testimony to its benefit to them. After a long-continued feebleness of body, he passed away the night of July 2, 1902, being 86 years, 8 months and 2 days of age. A wife and large family of children are left to mourn their loss. Burial services were held at the Seventh-day Baptist church July 4, conducted by the pastor. Text, John 13: 7. E. A. W.

**A STRANGE PRISON.**

**A TRUE STORY.**

The Editor of the RECORDER has seen the old canon Mons Meg.

Mons Meg is the name of a large old-fashioned cannon which stands in the grounds of Edinburgh Castle.

Two little boys were playing round this cannon on a summer's day in 1839, when one of them, George Harvey, aged ten, took it into his head to crawl inside the cannon. He managed very well at first, and, having reached the touch-hole, he shouted triumphantly through it to his little friend, and then meant to crawl back into the free air again.

Easier said than done! It had been easy to crawl in, but it seemed impossible to get out. 'Twas a tight fit, and as human bones are not flexible, his thigh-joints being unbendable, the legs could not help him in his attempts to crawl back.

So there he stuck, till his companion, becoming frightened, ran to George's mother, who happened to be not far off. She came, but being unable herself to help her boy, at once called the sentry.

The sentry did his best to poke out the little fellow with the muzzle of his musket, but as that was useless, he sent for the sergeant of the guard.

The sergeant came and shouted at the boy, and in sentorian tones commanded him to "Come out!" All in vain!

There the child stuck, and it seemed as if he must stick there forever!

In despair, the sergeant sent for the Captain of the day. He came at once, bringing with him a squad of soldiers, but one and all could do nothing!

At last the mother's heart found a way to release her boy. The boy himself tells the tale:

"She proposed that a rope should be procured and passed to me with the aid of a long stick; that I should grasp the end and so be dragged out backwards.

"The idea was approved by the Captain. A rope and stick were brought, I hooked myself on to one end of it, and was slowly dragged from the cannon, humbled with shame, and covered with cobwebs, rust and dust."

This little boy in after life became a celebrated London physician, but it may well be imagined he was a more cautious man all his life because of this early adventure.

**DIRECT PERSONAL WORK.**

Personal work is the warp and woof of Christian activity; therefore this important element of service has the largest place in the extension of Christ's kingdom, and every disciple of Jesus Christ is under obligation to engage in it. It does not necessarily involve the conversion of the person approached, but the attempt to win him, which is the ultimate object always in the mind of the worker. The work itself consists in directing the attention of men to Christ and with discretion urging them to accept the invitation of the Gospel and order their lives by its teaching.—S. M. Sayford.

**Popular Science.**

H. H. BAKER.

**A Great Cavern.**

There is known to be a wonderful cave of large dimensions in South Dakota, about twelve miles from the town of Custer, in a southeast direction. To some extent it has been explored by members of the Geological Survey. Their report shows it to be the most wonderful cavern in the world, rivaling the one near Matanzas, in Cuba, and the one near Luray, in Virginia; also the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

The cave has many miles of galleries along the planes of carbonaceous limestone, and has numerous chambers having stalactite and stalagmite formations. There are numerous chambers, some of which are of great dimensions, and very beautiful, having thin veins of carbonate of lime projecting from the walls and ceilings.

The indications are that the cave extends at least one mile north and one mile east, and from two to three miles in a south and west direction. There are, so far as explored, three principal alleys, as indicated above, and from these alleys small openings or crevices between the rocks are seen, but not large enough to enter. These crevices may lead to other chambers even more extensive.

It is thought that one of the chambers surpasses the wind chamber in the Yellowstone Park. It is estimated that in it there are at least three thousand rooms and one hundred miles of passages. It is known that there are two more chambers that cannot be reached until a passageway is cleared.

So far as observed, there is but one chamber where there are any stalagmites, which shows that no water percolates from the surface, for the surface of many of the rooms vary more or less from white to dark blue in color.

There are some very thin projections of crystalized lime and gypsum from the cracks in the wall, so thin and hard as to give a musical sound when lightly struck. So far no traces of animal or vegetable life have been found.

Quite an interest is being aroused in scientific circles in relation to this wonderful phenomenon in nature.

Of course we shall hear more about this cave hereafter, as it opens a crevice, through which can, by aid of an X-ray, be seen the vaults of the United States treasury, wherein are stalactites and stalagmites of beautiful formations (Congressional underground park).

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**DIRT, OR DIAMONDS?**

Criticism enables a true man to see and to show beauties that cannot be seen by inferior men. Yet there are those who think that it is the work of a critic to disclose defects. Such men pride themselves on their ability to point out errors and imperfections; they seem to confound criticism with censure. These two classes of men are like the two sorts found in a diamond field. There are diamonds and there is dirt or gravel in the field. It requires very little ability to find the dirt. One can see it without searching. But it requires a keen eye, and a mind intent on the search, to discover a diamond. Yet a single diamond is worth more than a ton of dirt, and it is the superior man who finds it. What occupies your time and thoughts day by day? Is your mind intent on dirt, or diamonds, as you observe your fellows? The answer fixes your place among men.—Sunday-school Times.

**CONFERENCE MINUTES FOR 1802-1806.**

The above minutes in manuscript form are believed to be in existence somewhere. Information contained in them is needed by the writer of a paper for the approaching General Conference. Knowledge respecting them would be most gratefully received by the undersigned.

A. E. MAIN.

ALFRED, N. Y.

**Special Notices.**

**North-Western Tract Depository.**

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

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

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. 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 their new church, cor. West Genesee Street and Preston Avenue. Preaching at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school at 3.30. Prayer-meeting the preceding evening. An invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath, to come in and worship with us. I. L. COTTRELL, Pastor. 29 Ransom St.

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

THE Seventh-day Baptist church of 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.

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