

# THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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

VOLUME 58. No. 33.

AUGUST 18, 1902.

WHOLE No. 2999.

## LIFE.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Let me but live my life from year to year  
With forward face and unreluctant soul,  
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;  
Not mourning for the things that disappear  
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear  
From what the future veils; but with a whole  
And happy heart that pays its toll  
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer:

So let the way wind up the hill or down,  
Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;  
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,  
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,  
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,  
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

—The Outlook.

The  
Centennial  
Is Here.

WHEN this number of the RECORDER reaches its readers our Centennial Conference will be in session at Ashaway, R. I., on the historic ground of the old First Hopkinton church. Not until the week of consultations, reports and plan-making is over, and not wholly then, can the importance of this Centennial Year be fully realized. The discussions, revelations and conclusions of these Centennial days will be closely and vitally related to our history and future work. A study of the situation shows beyond question that in several features our history and work have reached a critical period, if not a marked crisis. This is the result of several concurrent and converging lines of influence. Some of the stronger currents are outside the lines of our denominational responsibility, but their effect upon us and our future will be none the less powerful and permanent. Speaking in general, these currents combine in the dominant and destructive theories and practices which have culminated in theoretical or actual no-Sabbathism. The majority of people deem the Sabbath question and Sabbath Reform, from the standpoint we occupy, as meaningless. Our position and work appear to them the height of folly and futility. They have weak praise for our useless bravery, and wholesale condemnation for our contention. Even if we were to succeed, they would laugh at our empty victory. The few who take more careful note of our work condemn us for continuing a useless and hurtful discussion among Christians, and reckon us as enemies in proportion to our success. We are an island-like speck in this ocean of adverse surroundings. Ordinary results and natural conclusions indicate our early disappearance under the surge and sweep of these outside influences. Seen in the light of public opinion we have no future, except decreasing vitality and certain removal from the field of active influences in the religious world. From the

popular standpoint, our position is not important enough to be critical. Rightly apprehended by ourselves, in the light of outside influences, our position is more critical than at any previous period.

\*\*\*

Within  
Ourselves.

SURROUNDED by such influences, and appearing thus to others, we shall be unwise and undutiful if we do not subject ourselves to a scrutiny prolonged and thorough. We must go under the powerful lens of sharp introspection. What that scrutiny will reveal cannot be discussed at length here, but some of the facts which will appear are suggested.

1. There are two many evidences of decay in the sentiments and practices of Seventh-day Baptists touching Sabbath-observance, Sabbath Reform, and the place and mission of our denomination. That we are not sufficiently conscious of this decay makes the situation all the more dangerous and difficult. We are too nearly like a swimmer who is being carried out to sea, but is deluded with the idea that he is safely moving in the right direction.

2. The meager supply of students for the ministry and of prospective pastors for our churches during the twenty-five years immediately ensuing is cause for serious anxiety. To meet the demands which that period will bring in the matter of denominational leadership, we must have a full supply of men of broad views, of intense denominational spirit, and of that thorough training under denominational influences which only many years in our denominational schools and in our Theological Seminary can give. Men without such antecedents cannot meet the demands, and at least one-third of a man's active life must be passed in preparation before the ideal Seventh-day Baptist pastor for the first half of the twentieth century can be made ready. Even now, as our pastors pass from work to reward the churches call in vain for men competent for what is and must be demanded. Our Theological Seminary offers greatly improved facilities, at the hands of able and consecrated men, but nothing like an adequate supply of students is at hand. This situation is closely and quickly vital to our future in every particular.

3. The treasuries of the Missionary and Tract Societies show a marked decline of interest in these older forms of denominational work. This is notably true in the support of those publications which are among the most essential agencies in our denominational life and in the spreading of Sabbath truth. The

seriousness of the situation in this direction suggests the necessity and desirability of some readjustment of our publishing work and the conduct of our periodicals.

4. The present situation indicates that our denominational methods need simplifying as to machinery, and unifying as to plans and methods of action. As an immediate and practical question, this is one of the most important themes for consideration at this time. But back of all immediate questions lies the larger and absolutely vital one—of our place and mission in the world. This centennial year forces that question to the front and forbids us to refuse it consideration. In depth of sentiment, in seriousness of consideration and discussion, in largeness of view and clearness of vision concerning the future, the anniversaries this year must surpass all others, or the demands of the present and the future will remain unmet, and pressing problems will remain unsolved.

\*\*\*

Unlocking  
the Past.

ONE of the most valuable archaeological finds of these investigating years has lately reached the University of Pennsylvania, which has been doing special and excellent work in that department for several years, through Professor Hilprecht. This treasure is a library of many volumes, all of which were written before the time when Abraham left his home in Ur of Chaldea, and began his wanderings toward the promised land. The library was shipped from Constantinople in twenty-two large cases, each one containing several smaller boxes. It is about twenty-five years since Layard and Smith, English antiquarians, found parts of the library of Ashurbanipal with its accounts of the Creation and Deluge, so nearly resembling those of the Bible. These accounts were seen to be parts of still older Babylonian libraries, and interest in the covered treasures of Southern Babylonia was greatly enhanced. For some time it has been accepted that every city in that country had its own library, and that these unknown records hold many facts necessary to a reconstructing of early history. Prof. Hilprecht began his work on the field about twelve years ago. He located a mound at Nippur, known as Tablet Hill, and pushed the examination of it with persistency, and on a large scale.

\*\*\*

Some of the  
Treasures.

IN the uttermost stratum of this mound the excavators found coffins, which had been buried in the early centuries of the Christian era. A great many antiquities were also

gathered, which belonged to the Jews who continued at Nippur after the return of Ezra and Nehemiah. Prominently among them were terra-cotta bowls containing incantations and charms inscribed in Hebrew and Mandæan. Down the excavators went, through twenty-five feet of accumulations of debris, representing several thousand years, when they finally came upon the library. Here were a series of rooms, a number of which contained ledges built out from the wall, for the purpose of laying out the tablets in rows. The library seems to have been divided into two parts. There was a business section for keeping accounts, and the educational department, with its vast library of literary character. Only the southeastern and north-western wings of the immense edifice have thus far been cleared; in all about one-twentieth part of the entire library. Professor Hilprecht estimates that when the entire mound has been completely excavated it will have yielded at least 150,000 tablets, every one of which belongs to the third millennium before Christ.

\*\*\*

**The Temple of Bel, the Sun-God.** This library is but one of the important discoveries of the recent campaign. Considerable attention was paid to the excavation of the great temple of Bel, the foundation of which was laid six or seven thousand years before Christ. A government palace, where the kings resided, belonging to the fifth millennium before Christ, and one of the ancient gates of the city were uncovered. Another palace erected about 300 B. C. was completely and systematically examined, besides numerous other buildings of less importance. Most valuable inscriptions in stone belonging to the earliest rulers of Babylonia were found, by the help of which the early history of mankind in the valley between the Tigris and the Euphrates will be reconstructed. Antiquities in coins, jewelry in gold, silver and bronze in great quantities; vases in enameled and plain pottery of all periods; seals and seal cylinders, such as the Babylonians used in connection with their business transactions; images of gods; playthings in terra-cotta; bas reliefs, weights; utensils of bronze iron and silver were gathered, all illustrating the ordinary life affairs of that period.

\*\*\*

**What Yet Remains.** WHEN we remember that until recent times our knowledge of the period prior to Abraham was entirely dependent upon the first eleven chapters of Genesis, and that here is an entire library which contains many thousand volumes written in that early age, we can see that future generations will have definite knowledge of those early days, which until recently were regarded by many scholars as mythical, and yet no one can conjecture what is contained in the larger part of the mound which remains untouched. Several versions of the creation and deluge stories older than those found in Ashurbanapal's library have been discovered at other places. One of these is dated at about 2,000 B. C. It would not be surprising if versions of the same accounts older than those already recovered should be found in the great Nippur library, besides other documents which throw additional light on the early chapters of Genesis. Surely God is in history,

and his providence is in the unearthing of these records.

\*\*\*

It is of interest to all friends of Prohibition or temperance reform that in New Local Option. England there is a renewal of the issue between prohibition and local option. The autumn campaign, in the state of Vermont, will be specially characterized by this issue. Temperance reform movements in the United States are now about one hundred and twenty-five years old. The province and power of civil law as a factor in this reform is not yet settled. Of the growth of total abstinence and the desire for the destruction of the liquor traffic there is no doubt. That the present license system protects the traffic is equally clear. Hence it has come about that the friends of temperance, so far as the legislative side of the question is concerned, cannot fail to look with deep interest upon the partial or full solution of the question as it is related to the situation in Vermont.

\*\*\*

**The Fall of the Campanile.** THE destruction of the Campanile or Bell Tower of the church of San Marco at Venice, Italy, has aroused a remarkable interest throughout the Christian World. Thousands of telegrams of sympathy have been sent to the mayor of Venice, and the Pope has called for contributions to rebuild the venerable and beautiful structure.

The Campanile and church of St. Mark were built more than a thousand years ago, and the tower has always been the most conspicuous object of the city. From it a watch was kept for the return of the richly laden vessels in the palmy days of the city's commercial prosperity and for the victorious galleys in the time of her military and naval supremacy. But most of all was the tower associated with the religious and social life of the Venetians. The bells of the Campanile called the laborer to his work, the merchant to his counting room, the councillor to his office, the devotee to his worship, and tolled the requiem for the dead.

It seems remarkable that the tower, which was one of the heaviest structures in Venice, has stood so long. The Campanile, like other buildings, was erected on a wooden platform placed on piles sunken in the bed of clay which underlies the city. In 1885 the foundations were examined and found to be perfectly sound. The fall of the tower seems to be due rather to undermining the foundations by dredging the Grand Canal to allow the entrance of modern vessels of greater draught. It is feared that other buildings in the city may suffer from a like reason.

\*\*\*

**Its Associations.** To many the associations of the Campanile and the church of San Marco in Venice will be charmingly remembered by the hundreds of tame pigeons which flocked about the visitors, gently asking to be fed. This was one of the regular pleasures of the city of the sea, and with the graceful gondolas gave a touch of life to the historic scenes and artistic beauties of the Queen of the Adriatic.

The writer ascended the Campanile one summer morning in 1882, and read letters from home, which were handed him at the foot of the tower. The news contained in

those letters is distinctly associated with the scene from the top of the tower, 322 feet above the city and the waters of the Adriatic. The memories of the Sunday include the Doge's Palace, with its Bridge of Sighs, and dungeons as dark and damp as the record of what they once knew is cruel and bloody. From the top of the Campanile to the dungeons gives a contrast like Paradise and Paradise Lost.

#### A LIGHT FOR REMEMBRANCE.

LOUISE HARDENBERGH ADAMS.

Her face attracted me as I passed, it was so white and worn and so patient. In the restless crowd of shoppers she seemed to be the only quiet one. She sat back in her chair smiling, while the young girl clerk filled the table near her full of lamps.

"Don't trouble," I heard her say, "to bring any that cost more than four dollars. I can't pay more than that, yet I want just as good a one as I can find."

She coughed a little, and I lingered at the next table and looked again in her face. Its worn lines told me much as I listened to that racking cough.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, half-panting for breath, "I'm so thankful I could get here." She smiled at the sympathizing face of the girl who was waiting on her. "You see I've only been able to save four dollars, and I'm going home so soon now I want to leave my children something that will be a comfort and cheer—a real help. So I have thought and thought of what I could get. I puzzled over it often at night when I could not sleep, and every time I seemed to see a good, clear, bright light burning on the table, and the children looked at it and said, 'Mother's light, we can see best by mother's light.' I've so little to leave or give them, but I want them to always remember that I shall love them just the same where the light shines forever. So to-day when I found I'd been given a little more strength I came to buy my lamp, as a remembrance for my dear ones."

She stopped for another paroxysm of coughing. I feared it would utterly exhaust her little strength, but she rested a few moments, then bought her lamp.

"It must be plain; she was plain." Ah! not with that look in her face. God's ripeness are beautiful, even when they shine through the plainest of masks.

"It must burn clear and bright." Like her faith, "The shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

"It must have the soft white shade for comfort." And to rest the eyes that would weep bitter tears over a mother's going before they saw in her light of remembrance the beautiful emblem of her love, burning brighter and brighter for them in our Father's home.

She found all she wanted. It was to be sent home to her children. "They won't understand it all at first," she said, tenderly, so I wanted to tell some one about it, and told you, dear." Her smile was a blessing as she looked up at the young girl. "You've been so kind to me, I know you're good to your mother."

The girl's eyes filled with tears. Her voice trembled. "My mother!" she cried, "Oh! I've just lost her."

"No, no!" cried the woman, "we never can lose our mothers. God gave them to us forever."—Congregationalist.



## Prayer-Meeting Column.

TOPIC FOR AUGUST 29, 1902.

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

Topic.—The Breadth of Christian Charity.

Luke 10: 25-37.

25 And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and made trial of him, saying, Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? 26 And he said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou? 27 And he answering said, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. 28 And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live. 29 But he, desiring to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor? 30 Jesus made answer and said, A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, who both stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead. 31 And by chance a certain priest was going down that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. 32 And in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side. 33 But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, 34 and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring on them oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. 35 And on the morrow he took out two shillings, and gave them to the host and said, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay thee. 36 Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him that fell among the robbers? 37 And he said, He that showed mercy on him. And Jesus said unto him, Go and do thou likewise.

One of the weakest points in the religious thought of the Jews, in the time of Christ, was narrowness of definitions. In the story of a "certain man," as it appears in the lesson, Christ takes occasion to break up their narrow definitions of brotherly service and to teach the larger truth that wherever want and suffering can be relieved, the duty of granting relief rests upon his followers. According to the prevalent rules among the Jews at that time, the priests and the Levite were justified in leaving this suffering man uncared for. That a Samaritan should exceed them in the spirit of mercy and helpfulness was one of the important truths Christ sought to teach, for they deemed the Samaritans less holy than themselves and less instructed in the ways of righteousness. An important lesson for us to draw from the story has already been suggested when we said above that the ability and opportunity to bring relief of any kind carry the duty of thus doing. The smallest part of Christian duty in the relief of suffering is found on the physical side. While that duty must not be neglected nor minimized, we must remember that he who teaches a new truth concerning right-doing awakens a new hope in matters pertaining to righteousness, brings new spiritual sight to those who know not God, or adds even the slightest comfort to the souls who are seeking after God, is doing God's will supremely. In this thought is found the source of all mission work, and all true reformatory work, and all efforts to promote moral reforms and the social advancement of men. This enlarged view of Christian duty does not justify unwise efforts. Because all men are akin in Christ, and because the world is the field of Christian duty, one must not frustrate his own efforts and God's purposes by failing to cultivate some part of that field carefully and well. This, and kindred truths, are embodied in the theme for the evening.

REVERENCE is the chief joy and power of life.—John Ruskin.

## HOW TO BE A PASTOR.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

What is the chief object of the Christian ministry? It goes without saying that it is to win souls to Jesus Christ. The chief element of power with every true minister should be heart-power. The majority of all congregations—rich or poor—are reached not so much through the intellect as through the affections. This is an encouraging fact; for only one man in ten may have the talent to be a very great preacher; but all the other nine, if they love Christ and love human souls, can become great pastors. Nothing gives a pastor such heart-power as personal attentions to his people, for everybody loves to be noticed. Especially is personal sympathy welcome in seasons of trial. Let a pastor make himself at home in everybody's home; let him come often and visit their sick rooms, and kneel beside their empty cribs and their broken hearts and pray with them; let him go and see the business men when they have suffered reverses, and give them a word of cheer; let him recognize and speak kindly to the children, and he will weave a cord around the hearts of his people that will stand a prodigious pressure. His inferior sermons (for about every minister preaches such sometimes) will be kindly condoned, and he can launch the most sharp and pungent truths at them from the pulpit, and they will not take offense. He will have won their hearts to himself, and that is a mighty step toward drawing them to the house of God and winning their souls to the Saviour. "A house-going minister," said Chalmers, "makes a church-going people."

The chief end of a minister's work must never be lost sight of. It is to awaken the careless, to warn the endangered, to comfort the sorrowing, to help the weak, and to edify believers; in short, it is to make bad people good, and good people better. Preaching strong Gospel sermons is one of the most effective means to this end. But it is not the only one. Outside of the pulpit every messenger of Christ can come to close quarters with the individual soul and preach eye to eye; no one can dodge such preaching, or go to sleep under it. If the shepherd can only save the sheep by going after the sheep, then woe be unto him if he neglects his duty! As many souls are won to Christ outside the pulpit as in the pulpit. Every discourse, too, can be made thoroughly practical and can be lodged more securely in the hearts of the people by constant and affectionate intercourse with them during the week. I am firmly persuaded that if many a minister would take part of the time that he now spends in polishing his discourses, and devote it to pastoral visitation, he would have larger congregations and a far larger number of conversions to Christ. He would be a healthier man for the physical exercise; he would be a more fluent speaker from the practice he would gain in personal conversation; he would be a much more tender, eloquent, and heart-moving ambassador of Christ.

"How shall I become such a pastor?" To this question I would reply, Determine to become one, cost what it may. If you are shy and bashful, conquer your diffidence; a man has no business to be a shepherd if he is afraid of his sheep. If you are naturally reserved and reticent, unlock your lips. Go and talk with your people about anything or every-

thing, until you get in touch with them; and then if you have any grace or "gumption" you can certainly manage to say something to them about the "one thing needful." It is not best that a minister should talk exclusively about things spiritual. Talk to them about their business, and show your interest in what they are doing. Encourage them to talk with you about your discourses; you will discover what shots strike and what are only blank cartridges. Watch your chance to put in a timely and loving word for your Master. You are Christ's man on Christ's business. If you can only gain your point by going often to the house, then go often. One soul won wins others. You can reach the parents sometimes by reaching the son or daughter. These personal conversations with individual souls will train you to be a closer, more suggestive, and practical preacher. They will make you colloquial and simple and direct in the pulpit. Half of all the preaching is fired into the air. By knowing your auditors thoroughly you can learn how to take aim. You will gather also most precious material for your sermons by going about among your people and finding out what they are doing, what they are thinking, what they are suffering, and what they need.

Resolve to devote a portion of every day to pastoral service. To visit a large congregation consumes a vast amount of time; but can you spend it more profitably elsewhere? Be on the lookout for sermon hints wherever you go; one hour with a live man may teach you more than two hours with a dead book. Do your book work and your Bible study in the forenoon, when your mind is fresh; devote your afternoons to making or receiving visits. Your evenings can be used for religious services and for some social recreations, and for occasional pastoral visits and for general reading. But be wise enough not to burn out your brains in writing sermons by lamplight. Morning is the time which God gives you for study; midnight is the time which some fools steal from needed sleep. A minister who does not sleep during the week will not long keep an audience awake on the Sabbath.

Go about your pastoral work systematically. Try to visit every family during each year, and some families will require your visits oftener. Go where you are needed most. Never neglect the poor and the unfortunate. If some querulous folk complain that you do not come often enough, and greet you with, "O, what a stranger you are; we thought you had forgotten us!" do not pay any attention to such grumblers. Do your utmost duty, and even then there will be some who will not stop growling until they go to heaven.—Lutheran Observer.

## READERS OF THE RECORDER.

I have been wondering how many of us have a proper appreciation of the RECORDER as an educator, and as a tie to bind and hold in strong fellowship the remote quarters of our dear Zion. As we read, week by week, those clear-cut editorials, are we conscious that they come to us as the treasures of a heart and mind lost to every sense of self in its desire to lead others into fuller life and sweeter fellowship with the Master? Who can read and not be conscious that they are even dripping with the fresh, sweet dews of the divine love, and are fragrant with the sweets of divine grace. Dear reader, let us show our appreciation by more careful reading, and some effort to extend the circulation of this most excellent paper. E. A. WITTER.



## TRACT SOCIETY—EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, Aug. 10, 1902, at 2.15 P. M., President J. Frank Hubbard in the chair.

Members present: J. F. Hubbard, L. E. Livermore, A. H. Lewis, F. J. Hubbard, J. D. Spicer, H. V. Dunham, Esle F. Randolph, G. B. Shaw, C. C. Chipman, J. A. Hubbard, F. S. Wells, J. M. Titsworth, A. L. Titsworth and Business Manager J. P. Mosher.

Visitor: H. H. Baker.

Prayer was offered by Rev. L. E. Livermore.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Treasurer presented his usual financial statement.

Correspondence was received from Dr. A. E. Main in relation to Rev. J. L. Gamble's completing the History of the Denomination as begun by the late President W. C. Whitford, of Milton, Wis.

Voted that the matter lie on the table for the present, in order to ascertain more fully the exact condition and completeness of the manuscript already prepared.

Rev. A. P. Ashurst reported on his work for the past month, noting the distribution of 20,500 pages.

Rev. J. T. Davis reported his arrival in California and readiness to begin his labors on behalf of the Society.

The Annual Report as prepared by Corresponding Secretary A. H. Lewis was read and, on motion, adopted.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH, *Rec. Sec.*

## "MAY I GO ACROSS WITH YOU?"

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

I was just going to cross Broadway the other day in company with a gentleman with whom I was conversing. The trolley cars were thick and the carriages and trucks were thicker, so that we had been hesitating a moment until they should clear a little before making the attempt. As I saw a way opening, I reached my right hand up, and caught my friend by the arm, and said, "Now is our chance." Just then a trembling voice attracted my attention from just behind me on the other side. The voice said, "Won't you please let me go across with you?" I stopped and looked back, and there was a very, very old, white-haired lady, very feeble, far too feeble to have been in such a place unattended.

Instinctively I put up my arm, and, taking her hand, drew her arm through mine, and said, as if I were her own boy, "Certainly, you shall go across with us; and we big boys shall be very glad of your company."

When we got across to the other side, she looked up in my face in a pathetic way that touched me and said: "I thank you very much. When we get old, we feel a little scary and uncertain going alone."

All the afternoon the pathetic old face framed in white hair kept coming back to me, and I thought how much happier the world would be if all the time the strong people were quick and sensitive to hear the cry of the weak, who are saying, "Won't you let me cross with you?"—C. E. World.

A WICKED hero will turn his back to an innocent coward.—Benjamin Franklin.

## JOSEPHINE WILCOX ROGERS.

Josphine Wilcox Rogers, the widow of Rev. Lester Courtland Rogers, was born in Homer, Cortland county, N. Y., August 30, 1830. She was the daughter of Deacon Martin and Mehetabel Wells Wilcox. She was baptized and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Scott, N. Y., when about thirteen years of age. Her church-membership has been transferred from one locality to another several times, as she has lived in different sections of the country, her membership being with the first Seventh-day Baptist church of Alfred, N. Y., at the time of her death.

In youth she had all the advantages for culture afforded by her Christian home, by public and private schools and by DeRuyter Institute, where she received instruction, and was well equipped for the social and literary demands that should be made upon her in after years, as the wife of one of our able ministers, and for the last ten years of his active life a Professor in Alfred University.

She graduated from DeRuyter Institute, then our leading denominational school, in 1821, and for the next six years was retained as one of its efficient teachers in English, modern languages, botany and other branches of learning.

In June of 1857, she came to Westerly, R. I., and on August 31, of the same year, was united in marriage to Rev. Lester Courtland Rogers, of Waterford, Conn., the Rev. Alfred B. Burdick officiating. Removing to New Market, N. J., Mr. Rogers became pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church at that place, and while he was serving the church and persuing theological studies at the seminary in New Brunswick, Mrs. Rogers served as Principal of New Market Academy, a flourishing local school of that day.

When, in 1861, Mr. Rogers completed his work in the seminary, and they commenced housekeeping, they established a home that was of itself a means of Christian culture in the community, and wherein they were not slow to entertain either stranger or friend. In all her husband's pastorates, in his labors as an evangelist and during his professorship at Alfred, the influence of Mrs. Rogers for good was especially marked, and her helpfulness most constant.

There were born to Mr. and Mrs. Rogers three children: Lester Wilcox, Hortense and Chas. Potter Rogers. Of these the first two were called from earth just as they had reached young manhood and womanhood. Great grief came to this home on account of these bereavements, but they bore their sorrow with Christian fortitude, and faith that was unwavering.

When, because of failing health, Prof. Rogers gave up his work in Alfred University, they moved, in June, 1899, to Westerly, R. I., where he died January 20, 1900.

Since her husband's death Mrs. Rogers's health had been gradually failing till she passed to her rest from the home of her husband's brother, August 5, 1902, her death having been hastened by a serious fall, which she received near a month previous to that date. In all her suffering she was patient and thoughtful for those about her, and her mind dwelt much upon those of her family who had gone before, and upon the one son and three sisters who now so deeply mourn her loss.

Just a few weeks before the fatal accident,

in concluding a brief autobiography, which she wanted to leave to her son Charles, she wrote: "I feel that my work is nearly done, that this is only a waiting time. God is kind and merciful, and when the last summons comes, may I too be prepared to enter in and hear the glad welcome given those redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. And when dear Charles's work is done may we all be reunited in the kingdom above, to go no more out forever.

The mistakes of my life have been many,  
The sins of my heart have been more,  
And I scarce can see for weeping,  
But I'll knock at the open door.

I know I am weak and sinful,  
It comes to me more and more;  
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in  
I'll enter the open door."

The funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist church, assisted by Rev. A. H. Lewis and Rev. O. U. Whitford. Interment was at Riverbend Cemetery, Westerly, R. I.

## BROTHERHOOD BY WAY OF THE CROSS.

AMORY H. BRADFORD, D. D.

"Beloved, if God so loved us we ought also to love one another." 1 John 4:2.

At the meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society at Syracuse, N. Y., June 3, the opening sermon was by Dr. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J. By his kindness we are able to give to our readers an abstract of his weighty words.

Dr. Bradford began by referring to the approaching coronation of King Edward VII. as an illustration of the fact that we have not yet reached the era of simplicity and reality. The formalities and display of the Middle Ages still have large influence. The coronation pageant illustrates the spirit of this world; a gathering of Christian workers is prophetic of the time that is to be.

The chief problems which are facing the American people are those of the races, of territory, of the classes, of expansion, and of the persistence of lofty ethical ideals.

No other nation ever had a population so heterogeneous; no great nation of history ever had a territory extending so far north and south; the capitalists and labor unions are both organized into trusts, and the social question to-day is as to which trust shall prevail; expansion, whether a blessing or not, is a fact; the mingling of so many races, and of persons of such diverse conditions is sadly weakening the stronger and nobler ethical ideals.

Serious dangers are impending. How are they to be averted? By commerce? No, for commerce is selfish, will separate rather than unite. By armies and navies? No social or spiritual problem was ever solved by force. We have won our supremacy by our inferior army and navy, in spite of them. A large army is a temptation to aggression.

Neither will education be a panacea for all our ills. Education without moral principle may be a greater danger; and education has co-existed with tyranny and sensuality. Education can do much but not everything.

The only solution of our problem is to be found in the prevalence of brotherhood. Brotherhood is the practical recognition of a common origin, common rights, common responsibilities and a common destiny. It is the spirit of love for man as man.

Brotherhood seeks not its own but another's welfare. It is the realization of love in the life of humanity. Where it prevails, conflict between races is impossible; a man is



not judged by the shape of his nose, or the color of his skin.

Far extending territory is no menace to peace and progress, since men of all temperaments have the same desires and aspirations; class conflict must cease when capital no longer regards men as commodities but as children of the same Father, and even expansion, which troubles so many, will be used only in the interest of mutual service.

The speaker then traced the marvelous growth of the race toward brotherhood, declaring that it is the doctrine of the twentieth century, and that there is no peace or hope for any individual nation, or for society, except it is realized.

To the question as to the basis of brotherhood, Dr. Bradford replied: "No brotherhood without Fatherhood." Fatherhood is fundamental. All social theories and all societies exalting brotherhood which do not first recognize Fatherhood are of necessity ephemeral.

The noblest revelation of Fatherhood is to be seen in the Cross, which is the expression in time of the everlasting passion of God to save all who suffer and all who sin. The Cross is also an expression of the ideal brotherhood which will suffer most for those who are weakest and need most.

The missionary service, both at home and abroad, is the sublimest exemplification of the spirit of brotherhood, which is always the spirit of Christ, that the world has ever known, because it is inspired solely by love for men, seeks no reward but the privilege of doing good, and is ready to give all that the best interests of the individual and society may be promoted.

Brotherhood is an universal, beneficent and enduring reality where men have learned from Jesus that all have one Father, that all have common rights, and that no privilege ever given to man is more sacred than that of ministering to his fellowman.

When the spirit of the Cross prevails there will be brotherhood, and of necessity therefore, peace, progress, love and service among all classes and a swift approach toward a united world.—The Evangelist.

#### THE TIME SPIRIT.

G. C. LORIMER, D. D.

Oh, men and women, do not be afraid of changes. Remember that changes have their place and their function. Do not allow them to carry you off your feet, and by every change imagine that religion has been swept away. Sometimes when you look over a valley as I have when it has been inundated you lost sight of the rivers. The banks have overflowed and the torrents sweep down and you see nothing but a mass of water. Then you say, "Dear me, dear me! there are no more rivers!" Let me tell you, the rivers are flowing on just the same beneath that overspreading flood of water. So it is with truth to-day. The floods have come down, the people wring their hands. The river of Sanctification is gone. The river of Justification is gone. All these rivers are gone, they say. Beloved, none of these are gone. The time spirit has rolled over them and obscured them. In a little while the floods will roll back again, and the grand old rivers will continue their course on to eternity. Ah, young men and women, how I envy you! For it is your work to keep the church steady in its mission amidst the changes of the time spirit.

When I was in Florence, in 1883, there was a great controversy in the city. I saw men and women and the boys and girls voting. I inquired, "Why are these people voting?" "Ah," was the answer, "you see this marvelous campararia? You notice that the facade has not been finished, and the people are voting whether to finish it in the basilical style or in the dromical." "And why do you allow working men and children to vote how to finish so great a building as the Duomo?" "Ah, yes, but they have all been educated in art and they will vote right." Be educated in religion and we will make no mistakes. We shall finish the tower, we shall glorify all time, and when I am dead and gone and these boys and girls have passed on and other generations have come, Christianity will be nobler and stronger. Ah, suffice it then—

"In times to be shall purer altars rise to thee,  
Thy church our broad humanity,  
White flowers of love her walls shall climb,  
Sweet bells of peace shall ring her chimes.  
Her days shall all be holy days,  
Then shall a sweeter song be heard,  
The music of the world's accord  
Confessing Christ, the incarnate Word."

#### GOOD SECURITY.

"Mister, do you lend money here?" asked an earnest young voice at the office door. The lawyer turned away from his desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly-dressed lad of twelve years, and studied him keenly for a minute. "Sometimes we do—on good security," he said gravely.

The little fellow explained that he had a chance "to buy out a boy that's cryin' papers." He had half the money required, but he needed to borrow the other 15 cents.

"What security can you offer?" asked the lawyer.

The boy's brown hand sought his pocket and drew out a paper, carefully folded in a bit of calico. It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of intoxicating liquor and tobacco. As respectfully as if it had been the deed to a farm, the lawyer examined it, accepted it, and handed over the required sum.

A friend who had watched the transaction with silent amusement laughed as the young borrower departed.

"You think that I know nothing about him," smiled the lawyer. "I know that he came manfully, in what he supposed to be a business way, and tried to negotiate a loan instead of begging the money. I know that he has been under good influences, or he would not have signed that pledge; and that he does not hold it lightly, or he would not have cared for it so carefully. I agree with him that one who keeps himself from such things has a character to offer as a security."  
—Christian Observer.

SAYINGS ABOUT BREADCRUMBS.—In the days when the "bread-loaf" was dear, careful mothers had a set of thrift sayings which are seldom heard in this time of the big, cheap loaf. Crumbs were regularly swept up and kept for some useful purpose. If a child threw crumbs in the fire, the old-fashioned mother lifted a warning finger and said: "If you throw crumbs in the fire you are feeding the devil." Children were told that the better part of a loaf was the crust, and when a child was sent to the shop for bread, the order was to ask for "a crusty loaf." If a child left its crust came the warning: "Yes, my lady (or my lad), you'll find hunger's a sharp thorn."—Notes and Queries.

#### THE WORLD'S DREAMERS.

We are not prone to give the place of honor in this material-seeking life of ours to the dreamers. We say that they are too impracticable. It is the "hustler," the individual who measures success in any line by the number of dollars he gains, to whom we give the first place. "The man of affairs" is the personage who is first in our estimate of life. Let two "old boys" meet when they have become men, and they will be pretty sure to measure the success of those whom they knew in their youth by the size of their respective bank accounts. This is not confined to any particular locality nor to any particular lines of business; it belongs to them all. The present is an age of worship for the material things of life.

Yet it is to the dreamer that the practical man largely owes the opportunity which he has grasped to his personal advantage. It is the dreamer who sees things not alone as they are, but as he conceives they might be. It was the dream of a few patriots that made real the Declaration of Independence. It was the dream of a theorist which caused the agitation that made a slave race free. It was the dream of a boy who watched a kettle lid dance because of the steam which could find no other escape which made possible the locomotive that to-day draws us through space at more than a dreamer's speed. It was the dream of an inventor which made it possible to flash our messages across the land and under the sea. It was the dream of a speech-student which opened the path for spoken words to be sent between far-separated peoples. It was the dream of a boy which resulted in the light which to-night illumines every city and town in the land. These dreamers saw in the future what their more practical fellows did not conceive could become realities, and yet the material-seeker is the one who has turned the dream into dollars. But the dreamer? Was it not he who made the world's progress?

All dreamers may not stimulate others to action as did Jefferson and Garrison and Watts and Morse and Bell and Edison, and yet the dreamers are those who blaze out the paths by which the more material of us reach the goals which men call success. From the very first the dreamer has been the pioneer. He sees a future which is unsuspected by others. He sings its praises, he pictures its rewards, he describes its beauties. The dreamer is the pilot of the world. All honor to those who dream and see visions, that the rest of us may find the way to better and higher and nobler things!

The land of the dreamer is youngland. And youth is not measured by years but by spirit. The person who dwells upon the past is old, no matter what may be the number of his years; but the person who looks ahead, who sees in the future, is young, no matter if his hairs are whitened and his physical eye dimmed. He lives not for the past or even for to-day; he lives for to-morrow and the future. It is in this looking ahead that one keeps his age. The parent who lives with his children lives twice, and he who lives with his children and then with his grand-children lives thrice. Strange, is it? Not a bit! It is the way that Nature has provided to keep us youthful. It is the way Nature has provided reward for those who dream.—Westerly Sun.



## Missions.

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

SPASMS are not healthy, physically, mentally, religiously. Spasmodic methods in running business or in carrying on the work of Christ's kingdom will not be, and are not, a success. It is the steady pull and the hard pull that brings the heavy load to the top of the hill. The general work of a denomination, the every-day work in missions, in Sabbath Reform, in education, in evangelism is what maintains and builds up a people. It is settling down to regular business in these lines, giving regularly, praying unceasingly for them, and keeping up a steady and growing interest in them that gives success to them. A pastor has written us that it is hard work to keep his church up to a steady interest and a steady giving to sustain and carry on our general work as a people. If a special interest is boomed they become interested and give, but must we carry on our work by booms? That is not healthy, it is abnormal, and in a little time the interest will die. It is time that our people settled down to a steady pull and a hard pull in all lines of our work.

Our pastors must not get discouraged in their effort to keep up a continuous and unflagging interest in our lines of general work as a people. In such an interest is our life and growth. Let our pastors keep on bringing before our people our various denominational lines of work, giving facts and items of interest, presenting matters of information, stirring up the hearts and consciences of their congregations in the lines of duty, privilege, giving, and of personal service.

FROM O. S. MILLS.

I have closed my three months' engagement on the Coloma and Rockhouse Prairie field, and, perhaps, you would like a brief statement of my work there.

Of the fourteen Sabbaths there I spent ten at Coloma and four at the Rockhouse Prairie church. We have held no so-called revival meetings; but in addition to regular Sabbath services, I have preached three times in the D. F. Greene school-house, three times in South Colbourn school-house, three times in Congregational church at Glen, and twice in the school-house in Bro. Babcock's District; also two funeral sermons—making a total of thirty-four.

The prevalence of small-pox throughout this section has made it seem unwise to hold a series of meetings. Some of the recent cases are very severe, and more attention is being paid to quarantine regulations. An aged sister recently died with it.

Since the dedication of our new church at Coloma, which occurred in connection with the Semi-Annual Meeting there, on the 8th of June, we have held a prayer-meeting on Sabbath evening, which has been very interesting and helpful, although the attendance has been small.

On July 19, after our regular services, we went to Round Lake, where I baptized into the fellowship of the Coloma church the wife of Bro. Robert Lowe. This worthy brother has been called to the office of Deacon, and the church gave a most hearty welcome to his devoted wife who had been a firm Sabbath-keeper and faithful helper for

some time. She had been sprinkled in the Methodist Episcopal faith several years ago.

On Sunday afternoon, July 27, according to arrangements made on a previous visit, I had the pleasure of baptizing into the fellowship of the Rockhouse Prairie church Sister Margaret Smith and her daughter Pearl. The day was favorable, and a large crowd gathered in the grove on the bank of the lake and listened to an excellent sermon by Sister M. G. Townsend, preceding the baptism. This mother and daughter had accepted the Sabbath several years ago, under the preaching of the Adventists, but in following Jesus in baptism they met strong opposition, the mother still being a member of the Congregational church. At the time the daughter made her offering and we arranged for the baptism, the mother was somewhat undecided; but in the meantime Sister Townsend came and united her influence and prayers with ours, and now mother and daughter are happy in this new consecration.

In all these different places where I have held meetings one or more families of our people reside. The field covers a radius of about forty miles. Our people and their neighbors generally have shown a commendable interest in the work, and they need continued labor among them.

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis., July, 1902.

ROCK HOUSE PRAIRIE, WIS.

This church has been receiving of late a great refreshing from the labors of earnest workers. Rev. O. S. Mills came to us about the middle of May, and during his three months' pastorate at Coloma visited us several times, preaching on Sabbath and Sunday and as often as could be arranged during the week at different points of the work. By his sound, practical sermons, together with his faithful personal work, the way was paved for the evangelist, Mrs. Townsend, who spent three Sabbaths with us preaching the Word in her kind and impressive way. Although the rainy weather hindered both these workers from doing all that might otherwise have been done, we feel that we have had a spiritual uplift; the church has been strengthened, not by any spasmodic effort, but by a gradual growth in grace.

Through the influence of these workers, two, a lady and a daughter, who have long kept the Sabbath, received baptism and united with the church, bringing with them strength and encouragement to those who have through difficulties been holding up the banner of truth and righteousness.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of good that has been done. The seed has been scattered over a radius of fifteen miles. Mrs. Townsend has a marvelous power of physical endurance, judging from the long rides she has taken, often preaching three times a day on Sabbath and Sunday, and a number of evenings during the week, presenting the Sabbath truth at one point, the temperance cause at another, and filling odd moments speaking words of cheer and doing deeds of kindness to those she chanced to meet. The work is done, the seed is sown; what shall the harvest be? MRS. L. P. CRANDALL.

THE CROSS.

From the very beginning of Christian history until to-day the cross has been the supreme symbol of our religion. To those who were on the outside it has seemed a

stumbling-block, or even foolishness; to those on the inside it has proved to be the sign which has made all our spiritual victories possible. When the "King of Jews" was hanging on the Roman cross, and dying amid the jeers of the crowd and the taunts of the priests, it seemed both to friend and to foe that the work of Jesus of Nazareth was over. The cross had stopped his remarkable ministry and scattered his followers. They saw no outlook, and nothing more to live for. "We had hoped that it was he who should have redeemed Israel," but, alas, the cross had ended his career! The onlookers see only weakness and humiliation in the scene, and their jeers tell how they regard the event. "If thou be the Christ, come down from the cross." To die on the cross clearly proved to their minds that the victim was no Christ. They were looking for a Messiah who should captivate them with his displays of the marvelous. They were asking for a sign of superhuman power. The Person on the cross knew that not thus could men be saved. He who was to be a Saviour of men must rather exhibit his power of enduring suffering for them, his readiness to sacrifice himself, and he must rather give a sign of his superhuman capacity of love. They would have him prove his Messiahship by coming down from the cross; he proved it by staying on the cross.

Like the tide of an incoming sea the meaning of all this swept over the disciples, after the Resurrection. They saw how infinitely love and sacrifice were higher than mere power, and that the supreme proof of his divinity was this miracle of love—this unspeakable sacrifice. They turned the instrument of shame and defeat into a symbol of glory and victory. They told both Jew and Roman that this very crucified Person was not only the expected Jewish king, but the Saviour of all mankind forever to every one who has faith to live by him. "He loved me and gave himself for me" is their interpretation of the cross. It stands above everything for the divine sacrifice. It shows, in one terrible exhibition, what sin means to God—that he himself bears it and suffers for it, and it is the eternal proclamation of forgiving love.

Has any mother or father agonized over a wayward child and suffered over his sins? Such an one may dimly imagine how the Father feels toward his prodigal sons clutching the swine husks in their lean hands, and squandering all the infinite possibilities of spiritual souls on the momentary bubbles of sense. How shall he reach them and touch their hearts, and draw them unto himself? There is only one thing which can touch a heart and save a soul—it is love. "He loved me and gave himself for me." Here in the cross, then, is the eternal revelation of God. The heathen trembled at his power and tried to appease him—the Christian looks at the cross and cries, "My Father loves me like that; I will arise and go to him." But there is one word. The cross marks the complete sacrifice for sin, but it calls for a participation with Christ by all who have found joy in his forgiveness. If Christ has borne my sins I may not live a moment longer in them. I, too, must be crucified to them that I may live alone unto him. The cross of calvary has revealed the heart of God, but from it must spring a cross for every human self to die upon, that that precious blood be not shed in vain.—The American Friend.



## Woman's Work.

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

If we could sit down at set of sun  
And count the things that we have done,  
And counting, find one self-denying act or word  
That eased the heart of him who heard,  
One glance most kind that fell like sunshine where it  
went,  
Then we may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the live-long day,  
We've eased no heart by yea or nay—  
If through it all  
We've done no thing that we can trace  
That brought the sunshine to a face,  
No act most small,  
That helped some soul and nothing cost—  
Then count that day as worse than lost.

ALL who know of the good work of the Red Cross Association, and of its noble President, Miss Clara Barton, will be interested to hear of her reception by the Czar of Russia. She was in Russia attending the Conference of the Red Cross Association. Concerning the kind treatment that she received from the Czar, she says:

"Fifty nations were represented by the hundred delegates to the Conference. The Czar personally decorated me with the highest order with which he can honor any one not of royal blood, a decoration which he has bestowed upon many of the crowned heads of Europe."

A friend who witnessed the affair thus describes it: "When Miss Barton was presented to the Czar she bent to kiss his hand, as is the custom. But he said, 'No, not you, Miss Barton,' and shook her hand instead."

By the time this issue of the RECORDER reaches its readers, the General Conference will be in session. It is hoped that many of our women will be present, but there must be those who of necessity cannot be there. Many questions of importance will arise that will need wise and clear judgment. Those who stay at home can aid by their prayers. Pray that a clear insight into the future needs and welfare of our people may be given to the men and women who strive to solve the problems of the future for our denomination.

### WOMAN'S HOUR AT THE NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

[The program has been held waiting for one of the papers, but as it has not appeared, we print the program without it.—Editor Woman's Work.]

The Woman's Hour at the North-Western Association was presided over by Mrs. Albert Whitford, and the time was pleasantly filled as follows:

Singing by the congregation, "The Everlasting Arms."

Scripture reading and prayer, Mrs. R. B. Tolbert.

Duet, A. B. Crouch, Myrtle Crouch.

Paper, "Child Training for Christian Living." Prepared by Mrs. Adelle Howard, Farina, Ill.; read by Miss Phoebe Coon.

Music, Ladies' Quartet from Edelstein.

Paper, "How can we influence our children and young people to become loyal, consistent and cheerful Seventh-day Baptists?" Prepared by Mrs. Kate Babcock, Albion, Wis.; read by Mrs. Nellie Spicer.

Paper, "Building on a Sure Foundation." Prepared by Mrs. Evans, Nortonville, Kan.; read by Mrs. Oliver Davis.

Rev. L. A. Platts ably presented the subject of the Scholarship Fund, a line of work recently taken up by the Woman's Board.

Singing, "Blest be the Tie that Binds."

### THE STORY OF "MME. TSIKA."

Many people in England and America are wondering who was the companion of Miss Stone in captivity and peril. The name of Mme. Tsilka has become familiar enough, but details of her life and character are not gen-

erally known. Though married to a Bulgarian, she is a Macedonian by birth. Her maiden name was Katerina Demetrova Stephanova. Her father was a priest of the Orthodox Greek church in the village of Bansko, Macedonia.

The childhood of little Katerina included some romantic experiences, and her life has been one of strange and exciting episodes in quick succession. Mme. Tsilka might write a very sensational biographical record. Her father was not a priest of the commonplace, ignorant, superstitious order. Early in life his little daughter felt the passion for knowledge stirred within her soul. In the next village was a school whose teacher had been trained in an American mission. Of this school little Katerina Stephanova had often heard. She wished to learn, but her father did not dare to apply himself for his child's admission. He knew what trouble there would be in store for him were he to take any such step. Not only were all the converts of the mission despised by the members of the Orthodox Greek communion, but parents were strictly forbidden to send their children to any schools connected in any way with those foreign religious institutions.

One day Katerina found her way to the school, whose teacher was known to be one of the students from the mission college. But the poor child was afraid to go in. She stood outside, longing to enter, but unable to overcome her natural hesitation. The superintendent, being told that a strange little girl was standing outside, came out to her and affectionately invited her in. The girl said afterwards: "It seemed like heaven in that school; everybody was kind and loving." The end of the session came all too soon. But at the end of the day she dared not confess what she had done.

She was afraid to let her parents know which school she had attended. Without saying a word, she quietly went the next morning to the place she had enjoyed so much. When at length she acknowledged the step she had taken, the priest and his wife were terribly alarmed. They stringently prohibited her future attendance. But the perplexed parents at once discovered that they had to encounter in their child a will stronger than their own. Though only eight years of age, she declared, "If I cannot go to that school I will die." They did not know what to do with her. She refused to rise, would not eat, and for two days would not touch a morsel of food. The priest knew that he had himself awakened in his little daughter's mind the thirst for learning, and at last gave way.

A much more serious test a few years later proved the striking independence of this extraordinary Macedonian girl's mind. She quietly and happily studied on for five years, and then, at the age of thirteen, her father arranged for her marriage. She herself, of course, was not in any way consulted. It never occurred to the parental mind that she would again assert her individuality of character, especially in relation to such a matter as this. But they experienced a strange awakening. The bridegroom was selected. All seemed to be smooth and regular. The elaborate arrangement for the marriage ceremony had been completed. But to the amazement of all parties, the bride disappeared. She bravely declared that whenever

she might be married it would be to a husband of her own choice. Fortunately for her, her teachers had won the respect and confidence of her parents, and therefore they were ready to listen when the kind instructors came to reinforce her by pleading her cause, revolutionary though her conduct was in the community.

After this the clever Balkan maiden went straight on to cut out for herself a noble career. She graduated with high honors at the American College at Samokov, but was not yet satisfied, feeling that she was not yet qualified for the work she desired to do. With indomitable enterprise of spirit, she set out all alone for America. She soon found warm friends. The late Dwight L. Moody received her cordially at his famous Northfield College, Massachusetts, and gave her a valuable two years' course. Then she went back to New York to study kindergarten methods. But all the time her mind ran on her home-land and her compatriots.

She reflected on their absolute destitution of real medical skill. She knew that in all that radius of thirty Macedonian villages there was not one qualified physician or even a skilled nurse. Determined to equip herself with the necessary diploma, the indomitable girl passed through the school for nurses at the New York Presbyterian Hospital. She then for a time supported herself by practicing her profession, until she had saved money enough to pay her passage back to Turkey.

But then came a trying delay, just as her plans were completed. When ready to sail she was called to attend a dear friend who was sick in the Adirondacks. With characteristic unselfishness she responded, and she received an unexpected reward. Another romance of the young lady's life ensued. She met in the Adirondacks a young Macedonian gentleman, M. Tsilka, who had been one of her little friends and fellow-students as a boy. He had come over to America for study, also. In very short time the two were married, and thus Katerina at last carried out the purpose she had announced to her friends, never to marry, but by her own will.

M. and Mme. Tsilka returned to Turkey in 1900, during the summer. They settled at Kortcha, in Albania, in a field of work entirely of their own choice, teaching, preaching and healing the sick where no missionaries had ever labored before.

Thus those missionaries in their devotion and self-sacrifice win their way with all classes, high and low. From her work at Kortcha Madame went, at the invitation of her old and beloved friend, Miss Stone, to join her on a tour. The two were taken into that captivity which caused so much solicitude for many months.—London Express.

### WHEN SHE'S AWAY.

When the good wife's away for a visit,  
And stayeth a week or two,

Pray tell me, kind people, what is it  
That maketh the home so blue?

There are ghosts from one end to the other,  
In parlor and chamber and hall;

Oh, tell me why is it, my brother,  
That gloom overspreadeth it all?

"She's gone!" How the doors loudly squeak it;

"She's gone!" saith the key in the lock;

"She's gone!" all the stairs fairly shriek it;

"She's gone!" sadly ticketh the clock.

The plants in the window turn yellow,  
Their souls seem to sigh through the room.

And home that was sunny and mellow  
Becometh a cavern of gloom.

Do you know, I've a notion that heaven  
Would truly be sorriest hell

With never a woman to leaven  
The place with her magical spell.

And I'm sure I'll be awfully dreary  
Up there in those mansions above

Unless they're made gracious and cheery  
With smiles of the woman I love.

—Good Cheer.



## THE CONFESSIONS OF A PHYSICIAN.

There is a period in the practice of every physician when he is baffled by the mystery of disease. At such a time he feels so helpless in the face of Nature's forces that he asks himself: "Am I, after all, fitted for my profession?" No physician is so pride-stricken or blasphemous as to believe that he can always heal the sick. But every physician, sooner or later, comes in contact with cases which he is unable to diagnose or to treat as they should be treated.

This is a crisis in the life of a physician. If he is a weak man he will succumb; if he is a strong man he will fight it out. In any event, there is a mighty struggle going on in that man's mind, and upon his decision rests his whole future.

I say this mental battle occurs in the life of every physician, in order that the allegation may be applied to the medical profession in the most general manner. If you pin me down closely and say that, while I am correct, there are still notable exceptions to the rule, I will, for the sake of argument, accept the amendment. I think I am generous, though, when I say that there is not more than one exception among every thousand physicians. This fact, which must appear so startling to the laity, is my chief justification for placing upon record a fragmentary story of some things that are supposed to be carefully guarded within college walls, consultation rooms and the sick chamber.

Men who enter the sacred precincts of medicine are supposed to have a vocation for this noblest of all professions. Is it really true? I do not mean by the question to intimate that all the men who select medicine as their life work are ruled by sordid motives. Heaven forbid! Many are attracted by the opportunities for benefiting their fellowmen; others are led by the allurements which are presented to the student of science; others still like the dignity and respectability inseparable from the profession, and, finally, most of us regard it as an excellent way of making money. But, as I have said, the very great majority finally reach a point where they wonder if they are really fitted for the profession.

I fervently hope that the time may come when a real vocation for medicine will be the first requisite demanded before a student can begin his studies. It should be a matter for prayerful consideration. I can illustrate what I am trying to explain by saying that it should be something akin to the state of mind demanded by the Roman Catholic hierarchy before they will consent to permit an applicant to enter upon his divinity studies.

I can begin my own story by saying that I never at any time had a "vocation" for medicine. But it was the fond desire of my parents that I should one day attach "M. D." to my name.

When my profession was decided upon I interposed no objection.

I received my authority to practice in the shape of a very small diploma with a very large seal. I had my photograph taken in a group with my classmates, all of us attired in gowns and wearing mortar-board hats.

After that solemn ceremony was over we were turned loose on an unsuspecting world. I hung out my shingle and had a long and weary wait for patients. They wouldn't come to me, and professional etiquette forbade me looking for them. One of the objections urged

against me was my youth. I waited on, satisfied that time would remedy this fault. My money, however, gave out before I had acquired years enough to satisfy the carping critics. I realized that the time had arrived for sound business methods.

My first step was to call on a druggist in my neighborhood and gently insinuate my desire for a little practice.

"But you have some patients?" he asked in a brisk tone.

"Oh, yes; a few," I replied. "But scarcely enough to talk about."

"Well," he said, with the tradesman's laugh. "I had no way of discovering that you had any."

"What do you mean?" I asked, perplexed at his tone.

"I mean," he rejoined frankly, "that none of your prescriptions ever come here."

"Well," I said, weakly, "I can't help that."

"Oh, yes; you can," was the blunt rejoinder. "You can instruct them to come to me."

There is no need to continue the dialogue further. I remained with him for an hour, and before I left I had made an arrangement by which he was to pay me twenty-five per cent on the gross amount received from all prescriptions sent to his store by me. I also agreed to pay him twenty-five per cent on all money received from patients sent by him to me. My ears tingled a little at the thought of the sordid arrangement, but only for a little time. His arguments satisfied me. He said they all did it; it was simply a game of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you."

After that I paid five hundred dollars in installments for the privilege of being the official physician of one of the largest hotels in my native city. Whenever a guest was taken sick in the hotel I was sent for as the hotel physician. I can assure you that I made the patients, who were generally well-to-do persons, pay me handsome fees. The installments of my five hundred dollars purchase money for the practice had to be paid. And, anyway, business is business.

A colleague of mine, who boasted the ownership of a horse and carriage, used to drive at breakneck speed through the principal streets of the town in which he resided. The neighbors all said: "What a tremendous practice that young doctor has. He scarcely takes time to eat his meals." It was all a ruse, but it inspired confidence in the people and finally they did flock to him.

So I resolved to "get busy." One morning I took the curtains off my parlor window and determined to be my own laundryman, for that day at least. Just at that awkward time two patients came in, one after the other—the first I had in ten days. My coat was off, my sleeves rolled up and I was deep in my work. What was I to do? Why, turn the incident to advantage, of course. So wiping my hands quickly, I opened the door slightly and said: "Pardon me for a few minutes. I am busy with an operation."

Then I closed the door and resumed my operation, which was certainly important to me. When it was concluded and I had removed all evidence of my crime, I opened the side door, as if dismissing a patient, and said in a loud tone:

"Now walk very slowly. Don't exert yourself unnecessarily. Good-by."

I walked down the hallway and opened and closed the front door with a bang. Quickly

regaining my office, I opened the sliding door and cried out distinctly:

"Next, please!"

A special opportunity comes in the life of every physician, which, if swiftly seized and securely held, leads to a good practice. My opportunity, all things considered, came sooner than I expected. A street car turning a corner and giving a sudden lurch threw a well-dressed, elderly gentleman into the street. The usual crowd surrounded him and the usual voice cried out:

"Is there a doctor present?"

But the usual number of physicians did not step forward, and I felt it my duty to push my way through the crowd and proclaim my profession. I compelled the gaping spectators to fall back and give the injured man air. Then I tore off his collar and tie and opened his shirt front. After that I administered a stimulant. The man, who had been in a faint, revived at once.

Thus far I had been successful. A further examination showed that the man had broken his right arm. I directed that he be removed to his home.

"This is my home right here," he said in a feeble voice, indicating a handsome brownstone house only a few yards away.

He was carefully carried to his room, and then the first crisis in my career confronted me. I was a medical and not a surgical doctor; and while, in common with others of my profession, I possessed an elementary knowledge of all the branches of the healing art, I felt some doubt about my ability successfully to set this particular broken arm, which presented unusual difficulties, dismaying to my small experience. However, it would never do to yield to such misgivings in the presence of the patient. Assuming my most pleasing manner I said:

"Perhaps you have a family physician and would like to have him take charge of this case."

"I want my arm set," he replied testily, "and I want you to do it—if you can."

This was a command and a query. I obeyed the command and ignored the query. The job was a hard one, but it was not to be compared with the mental struggle that I underwent. Suppose I should bungle the case and lame the man for life. This and a score of similar thoughts flashed through my mind. I realized that confidence—assurance, if you will—was necessary, and I nerved myself up to it so well that my work was completed without a flaw. I received a handsome fee and more free advertising than any young man of my age in our town. The papers spoke of my skill, and my distinguished patient informed all of his friends that I was a wonder. Little did they dream of the nervous trepidation with which I approached a task which was to bring me so much unearned praise.

One of my most valuable experiences was in a hospital. If I do say it myself, I performed some good work there and gained information that could not be learned from the text books. The best thing I learned was the importance of decision in emergencies. One night, while I was on duty, a nurse came to me with blanched face and whitened lips to say that she had accidentally given the wrong medicines to two patients. I rushed to their bedsides and found that the mistake was



likely to prove doubly fatal. Both cases required the instant use of the stomach pump.

Two men were dying from poisoning and there was only one stomach pump in the room.

What was I to do? What could I do? Simply operate on the man nearest to me. The nurse ran for assistance and another stomach pump. But it was too late. I saved the man I operated on. The other died.

On another occasion I received a request to call from an old patient who was afraid she was taking scarlet fever. I responded at once. The patient was one of two elderly sisters whom I had attended for many years. I greeted her in the sitting-room and noted her pulse while in the act of shaking hands with her. By some witty remarks I contrived to make her laugh, which enabled me to see her tongue. Then I said in playful tone:

"If you will get me a glass, I will treat you to some of my patent soda water."

She did so. I put a tablet in the water and she drank it.

I want you to know that I take pride in my original methods. I try to educate my patients to like and not to dread the visits of the doctor. In this case all of my work had been done without the direct knowledge of the patient and I felt very good over it. So I bade my patient good-by with extreme cheerfulness. She looked surprised and then said:

"Of course you will come up stairs and see my sister?"

"Not to-day," I said. "Give her my respects."

"Why," she said, looking mystified and startled, "how strangely you talk."

"Strangely?" I echoed. "Why?"

"Because I sent for you to prescribe for my sister and you decline to see her."

It flashed over my mind in an instant. I had prescribed for the wrong sister. I was entirely too clever. Fortunately, no harm was done. The medicine given the well woman was simply to head off possible fever and could do no harm. I was too mortified to confess my mistake, and after giving the right medicine to the right woman, I left the house.

One day a wealthy Chicago man came to be cured of heart disease. He had fainted in his office and thought he was surely going to die. A hasty examination convinced me that his heart was all right and that he was troubled with an acute and peculiar form of indigestion. He would not believe that. Should I tell him and be laughed at for my pains?

My conscience, my tact and my judgment were in turmoil. But the habit of quick decision, which I had acquired in the hospital—and the saving grace that helps a man who tries to be as honest as circumstances will allow—came to my aid.

"My dear sir," I said emphatically, "whatever trouble you have with your heart originates in your stomach. And the trouble in your stomach originates in your mouth, and the trouble in your mouth originates in too much whisky and tobacco.

That pleasing glow of honor satisfied, which follows every deed of duty done, spread all over me. I felt like curing him for the glory of the profession. But my patient was determined upon diagnosing his own case—and paying high for it.

"Stomach, Oh!" he rejoined, and his face turned white with anger. "Look here: I have been to seven other medical jackasses, who knew about as much as you do. I've got heart disease. If you want to cure me, you can, and I can afford to pay you. But if you are going to load me up with bread pills and charge me one dollar a visit, I'll drop the whole lunatic asylum of physicians and cure myself."

If he attempted to cure himself he would be a dead man within six months.

"This is a remarkable case," I said, very slowly and very gravely. "In all of my experience with disease I have never come across anything exactly like this."

This was perfectly true. But it alarmed the money king. There was just the suspicion of a tremor in his voice as he asked:

"Do you think there is any hope for me?"

"Y-e-s," I replied, drawing out the vowel of that simple word in the most painful and reluctant manner. "Yes; if you will subscribe to my conditions."

"What are they?" he asked anxiously.

"That you will place yourself unreservedly in my charge—that you will follow my directions to the letter."

"I'll do that! I'll do that!" he cried out with an eagerness that was truly laughable.

But I was not through with him. I sat down at my desk, sighed pensively, and gazed through the open window.

"I do not know," I said, speaking again with that professional slowness and exactness, "I do not know whether I should undertake this case."

"Why not?" he exclaimed in some alarm.

"Because it will take up so much of my time—and my time—you know—is very valuable—"

"So is my life," he interrupted, with a feeble attempt at humor.

"Very valuable," I continued, without a change of muscle and as if I had not heard the interruption. "I may have to see you twice a day for several weeks."

"How much do you want?" he asked excitedly, as if eager that I should not get away from him.

"The true physician," I said, "has no price. I will cure you first; you can pay me afterward."

"How would five hundred dollars do?" he asked.

"Sir!" I said, in a voice that was absolutely meaningless.

It might have meant that the amount was entirely too much, or that it was ridiculously low.

"I will give you one thousand dollars!" he shouted, with the air of a man at a public auction.

I cured him in a month and received one thousand dollars for it.

Did I do right or wrong? I leave you to decide.

One night I was called in to see a little child suffering from malignant diphtheria. It was a bad case. I did not think she would last until morning. From all of the conditions I can say now that I would have been justified in leaving that child to its fate. Did I? Not at all. I was affected by the violent grief of the mother and I remained at the bedside of the tiny sufferer all that night and all of the next day. I did not do it for financial reasons. The family was poor. I did not do it

for fame, for this is the first time it has been mentioned, and even now it is told anonymously. I liked the child. I acted from motives of pure humanity.

This little incident brought me in contact with an extraordinary young physician. Small-pox was epidemic in the city, and most of the doctors who could do so with a show of decency shirked small-pox duty.

Some of them said that they were not feeling well; others said they had families of their own to consider, and a few were honest enough to say that they were afraid of the disease and did not propose to take any risks.

The young physician I speak of, filled with lofty ideas of duty, determined to devote himself entirely to small-pox practice. He took all the precautions that were counseled by science and human reason, but otherwise he was absolutely fearless. He used to vaccinate himself every other week, and as the siege lasted nearly three months, his arms were almost covered with scars and scabs from the virus. He did wonders for humanity. He waited on poor and rich alike. If they had no money he looked for no compensation. Where they had he expected a fee in proportion to his work. He saved many lives. It is such men, and they are not rare, who ennoble the profession.

It is a profession whose days are made of diplomacy and whose nights are composed of crises. There is always a high duty calling, and there is usually a mere human man trying to respond. Had I possessed in the beginning the vocation for my profession which belonged to my friend who built a great career upon the foundation of a small-pox epidemic, I should long ere this have been either famous or dead. Such fame comes to a Jenner; such death comes to a Damien, who, if he had not been a priest, would have been a physician. All that I would say is, that the physician should possess the intellect of a Jenner and the heart of a Damien.

As for me, I am a doctor, practicing medicine.—The Independent.

#### CANDID.

The reporter who lied to the Chinese minister at Washington, Wu Ting-fang, about his salary, no doubt deluded himself with the thought—if he gave the matter a thought at all—that it was a "white lie" that would hurt nobody. But let us see the sequel:

On the first occasion when he called to interview the minister, he was asked what salary he received. "One hundred and fifty dollars a week," glibly replied the youth. "It is too much. It is altogether too much. It is altogether too much," said the more candid than polite Wu Ting-fang. "You are not worth more than twenty-five dollars a week."

The Chinese minister, it is said, learned later, through other newspaper men, that the reporter had not spoken the truth, and that, instead of one hundred and fifty dollars a week he received but sixty. Consequently, when he again presented himself at the Chinese legation for information for his paper, he was curtly dismissed by Wu Ting-fang with these words: "You lied to me about your salary. If you will lie about such a thing as that, you will lie about anything. I do not trust you. I have nothing to say to you. I want to revise my former estimate of your value. Instead of being worth twenty-five dollars a week you are not worth anything, sir."—Success.



## Young People's Work.

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

### Induced Currents.

A small but select company is on Erie No. 4, headed for Northfield. What a luxury it is to be leaning back against the soft cushions, with no responsibilities except to look after a half-dozen tractable fellow-travelers. Friday, at 2 P. M., your Editor gave his last tribute of love over a dear and saintly face, coming home, eight miles by trolley, fifty-five by rail and twelve by carriage, to administer baptism in the evening; Sabbath morning preached to one of the most inspiring congregations in America, taught Sabbath-school class, attended Christian Endeavor in the afternoon, preached at the Quintet Cross Roads in the evening, at a neighboring city the next morning, and another city in the evening—and now, after an early breakfast at the Owl restaurant, here we are, fresh and happy. It does not hurt people to work hard if they do not worry, and if they take sufficient food and sleep (that food for tired nerves). Public and private preaching need not wear you out, if you have a steady, quiet optimism.

We just passed through Corning, with Horseheads off the left. One of the party remarks that provisions must be scarce in this country, if they have gone to corning horseheads. (Groans from the passengers.) What a marvel is the development in modern mechanism! No wonder that President Roosevelt makes it a point to shake hands with the engineer and fireman after every trip which he has taken behind their sinewy steed! The fields where God and man work together fly past. God does by far the most; for there is wondrous life and color on many a prairie where the hand of man never grasped the plow-handles.

You would tire of such a profusion of colors on a mansion or a lady's dress; but God always dresses his world in good taste. The greens are never ugly and the yellows are never gaudy; the reds are never flaring and the browns are never dingy. The colors riot from the azure of the sky to stubble-brown, and back to the restful verdancy of the forest. O, the pure white of the buckwheat blossom and the old gold of the corn tassel, the indescribable sheen of the meadows of ripening grass! Little wonder that the small boy loves to "ride on the cars" with his face placed against the window-pane.

The great blessings of life are for all alike who take them reverently from the Father's hand: The glorious sunlight, the pure air, the clear running water, the procession of the stars, the fathomless charm of the milky way, the panorama of the seasons, love, fellowship, the joy of labor, the sympathy of true hearts, the communion with our Father in heaven. And to the man of two talents, equally with him who hath five, comes day by day, hour by hour, the sentence, "Well done; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

### A Memory of Shiloh.

"In the after-meetings it was a glorious thing to see and hear the testimonies. One night the choir of young people, ten or fifteen, rose in a body and gave witness, one after another, to God's goodness and love. One young lady presented herself for baptism. She had long been considering the

question. A number of young people hope to come to Alfred this autumn."

### The Eastern Quartet.

They arrived in Plainfield N. J., Friday, July 25, and sang at the evening prayer-meeting. Sabbath morning the interests of the Theological Seminary were presented by Jordan and Loofboro, at which time pledges for the coming year were taken. In the afternoon the same was given at New Market, assisted by Rev. L. E. Livermore. The Quartet sang at the Plainfield Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon, and returned and held an evening evangelistic service at New Market.

July 29 found the Quartet in Berlin, N. Y., and for a week evangelistic services were held every night. Sabbath morning the Seminary work was presented and pledges given. The last service Sunday night was a union service.

The Quartet appreciate the kindness of all Berlin in the spirit shown in this meeting, both in attendance and in the offering taken at its close. The boys spent two days at Northfield, en route for Rhode Island.

### Life as A Painter.

I leaned over the pulpit and looked down upon a face I had not seen before for two and a half years. The last time I saw it, it was lit with a genial, cordial welcome to her hospitable Chicago home. To-day the smile was still there, though the spirit had departed. What a world of sweetness and unselfish love was there! No painter could paint that picture. No sculptor could chisel those features. It takes fifty years of living to make a face like that.

## METHODS OF FIGHTING THE SALOON.

### PRESS AND SCHOOL.

Last Address on the Saloon Discussion at the Western Association.

The subject of this symposium, as you have learned from the other speakers, is not quiet sunsets, gentle breezes, balmy zephyrs, delightful honeymoons, but fighting. Fighting one does not mean playing with him; it does not mean joining in the plunder with him and thus dividing the blood-stained spoils; it does not mean sleeping with him.

We in this country have fought the savage Red Man, the hostile Spaniard, the barbarous Filipinos; we have had mortal combats with infuriated animals, wild beasts of the forests and jungles, with mad dogs and with cold, slimy serpents of enormous size; but never with an enemy more cruel, treacherous, diabolical and dangerous than the saloon.

The subject is not whether we shall fight the saloon or not, but the method.

John B. Finch summed up the situation when he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I would go half way around the world once, and pay my own fare, to find a man with cheek hard enough and impudence great enough to stand on the public platform and claim that the public barroom, judged by its history in the country, its record and its results, was entitled to live in any decent state, any decent nation. . . . No business is guilty, and the only question is the method of dealing with the criminal."

So it is.

The question of methods has been discussed for years, years before we who have taken part to-day were born. It has been agitated

from pulpit and platform, written about in the press, prayed over in the prayer-meetings, and sworn about at the political caucus and election, particularly after the election.

Though I am under the necessity of confining myself to the prosy side, press and school, yet I wish to give my approval to the other methods that have been advocated this morning. One may declare that the only way to fight the devil is with prayer, another contends that it is all in preaching, while still another says it is by doing; but when he is successfully met, it is with all of them. Some have thought that the only method of fighting the saloon is moral suasion; others that it was all in legal enactment, statutory and constitutional; while others still have recognized no method except that of education. But if the upright Christian people of America can conquer the hydra-headed monster it will be by a combination of all these methods, with no antagonism between the advocates of the various ones.

The press and school both belong to educational methods.

We turn first to the press. For reasons which need not be mentioned, the press has to-day become one of the most, if not the most, potent force in existence for molding public opinion and determining the course and destiny of individuals and nations. Its influence regarding the liquor traffic is as great as regarding any other thing. Where does it stand on this question? The religious press is supposed to be uniformly against the saloon.

The daily press, which floods our country, when put to the test has shown itself to be in league with the saloon. The history of non-partisan temperance campaigns, campaigns which were entirely separated from other elections and other issues, show that the vast majority of the dailies have been on the side of the liquor traffic, either openly opposing legal enactment or remaining supinely quiet.

What can be done under these circumstances? Not so much as we might wish. These papers are largely out of our control. If we could purchase them we might make them uncompromisingly the allies of temperance. With most of us, however, such talk is useless.

Christian people can, and should, do two things regarding the press. First, give their patronage to those papers, dailies and others, which have righteousness, courage and decency enough to oppose openly the traffic in any form.

Second. Parents and those in charge of reading-rooms should see to it that the homes and reading-rooms are constantly furnished and refurnished with such temperance papers and other literature as shall keep before themselves and their children the sickening and devastating work of the saloon. It is not enough to take those that sometimes refer to the subject. The seriousness of the situation demands that we furnish ourselves and our children with those papers which make this question their business.

We are told that we and our children need to be rooted and grounded in the doctrines which make us a denomination, and need to be kept posted as to the present state of the issue. So we do; our denominational life depends upon it. So it does. As citizens of a free state and builders and protectors of homes, we need to be kept posted and fired regarding



the saloon; the enormous waste which it causes in treasure and life; its awful wreckage of homes and happiness and ruin of immortal souls for whom Christ died.

As regards the school and the saloon fight I want to speak a word; first, regarding the schools of higher learning. It is theirs to do two things. These schools of higher learning have it in their power to insist that the student body shall cultivate such habits which shall not support the saloon—temperance loyalty. Our own schools have always done this, but it is a lamentable fact that some of the larger colleges have not, and are not thus doing. Banquets and drunken debauches are overlooked if not condoned. Such colleges should be branded as to their real character, and shunned.

Second, the young ladies and gentlemen who attend these schools of higher learning are soon to be the leaders of thought and activity in all departments of society. These schools are giving these young people both their opinions and feelings regarding the problems before society, and the saloon question with the others. It may be that of support, or that of indifference, or that of hostility to the death, but these schools of higher learning are helping create among the young people attending them the sentiments regarding the saloon which they shall carry into the world, and advocate. To make it that of indifference or not to make it of determined antagonism in view of the God-given opportunity is a sin against the student, the home from which he comes, and God.

For the last fifteen years the district and preparatory schools, largely through the efforts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, have been made to render far reaching service against the saloon by teaching the effects of alcohol and narcotics. Such laws have now been enacted in most of the states and territories, together with the District of Columbia.

It is in the power of the teachers, however, largely to nullify these laws. They can conscientiously set forth the blighting effects of the drink and tobacco habits, or they can pass them over in such a way as to leave no effect. Then, too, the young man who in the school-room teaches against liquor and tobacco, but goes and indulges in either is giving his teachings the lie; and the young lady who talks of the ruinous effect of liquor and tobacco before her class, but turns and gives her smiles and attention to a young man who is steeped in tobacco and sometimes drinks gives occasion for her pupils to doubt either the truth of what she teaches or her sanity on general principles, particularly in the choice of those from whom she shall receive attention.

It is the province and duty of school officers in selecting teachers to employ those, and those only, who are enthusiastic and determined regarding downing the saloon, and who will conscientiously instruct their pupils regarding alcohol and tobacco, and it is the privilege of the voters to see that trustees are elected who will employ such teachers.

The saloon to-day lays its blighting curse upon the home, the church, the school, the state, every free institution, upon the bodies and the souls of men. It is the devil's sharpest tooth and man's worst enemy, and it is the part of God-fearing and Christ-redeemed men and women not to slumber while it works, not to be at ease, but to immediately arise and put it down by whatever means possible.

W. L. BURDICK.

## Children's Page.

### A SUPPER OF SLATE-PENCILS.

JEANNETTE M. DOUGHERTY.

"I'm going round the corner to buy a slate-pencil," cried Teddie.

"You can't go out in the rain, dear," said mamma, looking up from her sewing.

"But I've got to have it now," urged the impatient voice, and the pouts and wrinkles pointed to a storm indoors as well as out.

"Teddie," said Aunt May, laying down her embroidery, "how would you like to make some slate-pencils?"

"I couldn't make slate-pencils," dolefully replied Ted.

However, he followed Aunt May into the kitchen, where she began setting on the table flour, baking-powder, butter, rolling-pin, and everything needed for a peach short-cake. But what smoothed the wrinkles and brought a smile to Ted's lips was that on the other end of the table Aunt May placed smaller dishes and pans, a tiny rolling-pin, a bowl of lump-starch and a little mallet.

"Oh!" exclaimed Teddie, his eyes dancing, "am I to mix something?"

"Slate-pencil dough," laughed Aunt May.

"Why, slate-pencils," said Ted, "are made out of rock—papa told me so."

"Yes," replied Aunt May, "but play those lumps of starch are pieces of slate, and pound them fine while I mix my dough. The real slate would be put into a large vessel shaped like my bowl, and steam would work the hammer to crush it."

"Now it's ready, auntie."

"Yes, ready to be made finer," said Aunt May. "After the slate is pounded, it is taken to a mill and put into a bolting-machine."

"Oh! I've seen them bolting flour," interrupted Ted. "They do it with big, long rollers, covered with white silk cloth, and these rollers whirl so fast that the flour flies through the cloth."

"Yes," said Aunt May, "and slate must be fine as flour; but they take soapstone flour and mix with the slate. Then it is put into a big tub and made into a stiff dough. Now I'll give you some of my dough, and you can put more flour in it, and make it stiff like slate dough. Of course, the slate dough is not kneaded by hand, but by machinery, with big iron rollers."

"How do you cut it into pencils?" asked Ted.

"After it is kneaded it is laid on a table and cut into pieces; then they take several of these pieces and put them into a great iron vessel."

"Like that big yellow bowl you're using, auntie?" queried Ted.

"Yes, something like it, only the iron bowl has a nozzle or nose in the bottom that they squeeze the dough through, and it comes out like a long cord. This cord runs over a slanting table where there is a row of knives that cut it into proper lengths."

"Are the pencils ready to use then?" asked Teddie.

"Oh, no!" laughed Aunt May, as she left the table to put the short-cake in the oven, "they must be baked first."

"Oh!" eagerly cried Ted, "am I going to bake my dough?"

"Of course," replied Aunt May. "Now roll it thin, and cut into strips like pencils, then

we'll bake them nice and brown, and have them for supper."

"That will be fun," laughed Ted, "to eat slate-pencils."

"Real slate-pencils," added Aunt May, "are laid on a board and dried for a few hours before they are baked; then they are placed on sheets of zinc that have little grooves in them for the pencils to lie in so that they can't warp or get twisted. When they come from the oven they are put under an emory-wheel and sharpened ready for you to use."

"Now my pencils are ready to bake," gaily said Ted.

"While they're baking," said Aunt May, "I'll get a small box in which you can pack ten to take to school to-morrow."

"Won't I have a good time fooling the boys," cried Ted, "asking them if they want a pencil to eat?"

"This little box," said Aunt May, returning to the table, "will hold only ten, but the real slate-pencil boxes hold ten times that number."

"One hundred!" quickly said Ted.

"Yes, and a hundred of these boxes," continued Aunt May, "are put in a wooden box ready for shipping. A great deal of the work is done by boys."

At supper Teddie's papa and mamma found at their plates something crisp and brown, tied with a bit of narrow ribbon.

"Hello!" said papa, "what are these? A new kind of bread-stick?"

"No," replied Ted, his eyes twinkling, "they're slate-pencils. I made them. Auntie showed me how. I'm glad it rained so I couldn't go out and buy a pencil. It's lots more fun to make them," Ted added, looking across the table to Aunt May with a beaming face.—S. S. Times.

### THE CAT AND THE HAWK.

It was a pleasant day. The air was cold, but the sun shone out bright and warm.

A little way from the city was a farm-house, and on the front lawn, in the shade, an old mother cat with her three little kittens were playing.

The old mother cat's name was Jane, and her little kittens' names were Dot, Spot and Dorcas.

They were playing happily when the old mother cat Jane, who had been sleeping, happened to glance up, at a cry from one of her kittens, and to her great terror she saw a large hawk had darted on Spot, one of her kittens, and was shaking it almost to pieces.

This was too much for her motherly heart to stand, so with a spring, she sprang upon the hawk with a fury that was surprising to see.

The fight was over in five minutes, but it had been terrible while it lasted.

The hawk was dead, and the mother cat Jane was covered with blood, and she had also lost one eye, but regardless of her wounds, she ran to her kitten Spot, who was crying "mew," "mew," and she licked its wounds until they were better.—The Evangelist.

### NOTICE.

The Treasurer of the General Conference would be very glad to hear from the few churches which have not yet paid their apportionment for last year. Address till Conference time,

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD,  
Ashaway, R. I.

AUGUST 1, 1902.



## MR. FARLEY'S DINNER.

WILLIAM W. WHITELOCK.

It was 10 o'clock, and Simon Farley was looking for a breakfast. There seemed but little chance, however, of his quest proving successful; the business of the city was now well under way, and no one had time to stop for a starving man. Mr. Farley had eaten nothing for two days. At intervals his legs wobbled and threatened to give way beneath him, and sudden dizziness forced him to seek support of the nearest building or lamp-post.

At the moment he was standing before the window of a cheap Sixth Avenue restaurant, longingly regarding the food therein exposed to view, and idly wondering what might be the price of yonder pie. Whether it cost ten dollars, however, or only ten cents could make no practical difference to him, as both amounts were hopelessly beyond his reach.

But suddenly an idea occurred to him—perhaps the proprietor of the place might need a man to walk the streets with the restaurant sign attached to his shoulders! For a moment hope rose in Mr. Farley's bosom, and he made a step toward the entrance. Then he checked himself.

"What's the use?" he thought, according to lifelong habit; "I never strike anything, anyhow; he wouldn't take me."

With a sigh he turned to continue his wanderings, when suddenly a man appeared at the door of the restaurant and called after him:

"Hey, there, you! Come back here! I want to see you!"

Mr. Farley turned in surprise, and, having assured himself that he was the one addressed, quickly advanced to the doorway.

"Did you call me, sir?" he asked half apologetically of the large, stout man standing on the threshold.

"Do you want a job?"

"Yes, sir, if I may make so bold as to ask for one."

"It's not a question of your askin' for one; it's a question of my askin' you. I want a man to walk the streets around here with my sign on his shoulders. What do you say—hey?"

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Farley, with a deprecating smile, "if you think I'll suit."

To this the proprietor vouchsafed no reply.

"Come along, then; get your sign on and get on the street. I'll give you twenty-five cents and your dinner and supper. That satisfy you?"

"Oh, yes; certainly," Mr. Farley hastened to say; "certainly, sir."

Then he followed his new employer to a little office at the rear of the restaurant, in which accounts were evidently kept and the financial business of the place was transacted. From the nearby kitchen came savory fumes to tantalize Mr. Farley's stomach, causing his momentarily forgotten hunger to return with redoubled keenness. Perhaps the proprietor might be willing to advance him a cup of coffee and a sandwich.

"There you are; there's the sign over in the corner," said the stout man sharply. "Come, now; get it on your shoulders, and get out of here."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Farley, and he advanced to the sign, which was mounted on upright carrying bars; picked it up and tried to raise

it into position. But it was beyond his strength.

"I don't think I can lift it alone, sir," he said. "I'm afraid I'll have to beg you to assist me."

"Humph! You're a beauty!" snapped the proprietor. "That ain't heavy; a child could lift it. That's the way. Now fasten it across your breast in front—so. Now you're fixed. Be careful, though, not to strike it against anything. And now I'll give you your route. You're to walk up and down Sixth Avenue between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-first streets, and along Twenty-third street between Fifth and Seventh Avenues; do you understand? And you're to keep movin', too. I'll be out myself to see you're not shirkin' your job, and if I catch you off your beat you don't get any dinner. Otherwise you can come back here at 1 o'clock for your grub. And now get out and go to work."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Farley, and he started to leave the room. At the door, however, he checked his steps.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, turning toward his employer, "but—would you—perhaps—mind—"

"Mind what?" snapped the man wheeling around in his chair so as to face him.

"Well, sir, I thought," stammered Mr. Farley, "I thought you might perhaps be willing to advance me a cup of coffee, sir."

"Advance you a cup of coffee! What do you man? You're crazy! Get out of here, and don't you dare to show your face again before 1 o'clock. Now git!"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Farley, meekly; "it doesn't matter in the least," and he hurried from the room and passed through the restaurant to the street, with the sign rocking above his head at each step. Having reached the side-walk, he turned toward the right and walked slowly to the edge of the gutter in the direction of Twenty-third Street. The sign was heavier than it had appeared, or was it that he himself was so weak that the slightest weight was a burden to him?

At the corner of Twenty-third Street Mr. Farley stopped to make up his mind which course to take. Lower Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, were crowded with shoppers, and he therefore decided in favor of the block to Seventh Avenue. The hands of a nearby clock pointed to twenty minutes past 10—two hours and forty minutes, therefore, must elapse before dinner time. And he was so hungry!

Mechanically, Mr. Farley continued his way till Seventh Avenue was reached; then, crossing to the south side of Twenty-third Street, he returned in the direction of Sixth Avenue. It suddenly occurred to him that he had not read the sign which he was carrying, and he advanced to one of the large show windows and tried to decipher the lettering. The background of the window was dark, and after a moment's difficulty he succeeded in reading the reversed reflection:

## THE ELITE RESTAURANT.

Cleanest and Coolest Place in New York.

Lunch, 20 cts. Dinner, 25 cts.

"Twenty cents!" murmured Mr. Farley, "twenty cents," and he took up the march anew. At the corner of Sixth Avenue he turned in the direction of Twenty-first Street, fearing to attempt the crossing of the crowded thoroughfare at the junction of the avenue

and Twenty-third Street. His legs, he felt, were not to be depended on to bear him out of danger's way in an emergency.

Owing to the crowd, Mr. Farley was forced to walk more slowly than in Twenty-third Street, and fully eight minutes elapsed before he reached the southern limit of his course. It was now quarter before 11, he saw, and consequently only two hours and a quarter remained till dinner time. To him, however, this seemed an age.

Waiting for a lull in the traffic, he left the security of the pavement and crossed to the east side of the avenue. The pangs of hunger had now almost entirely ceased, but his head felt strangely light and uncertain. For a moment he could not remember whether he was bearing the restaurant sign or his own head on the uprights fastened to his shoulders. But suddenly the fumes cleared away from his brain and everything became clear again—it was the restaurant sign which he was carrying, and in a little more than two hours' time he would have earned his dinner! The thought revived him, and for half a block he walked along with firm tread and head erect. Dinner—what would he get for dinner, he wondered. Would there, perhaps, be chicken pie, such as they used to have on the farm? How delicious it always smelled when his mother plunged the spoon into the crisp, firm crust and the steam escaped in a great, savory cloud! Mr. Farley's mouth watered, and he closed his eyes to enjoy the vision to the full. Ah, those were happy days!

With a sudden start he awoke—he had walked directly into a telegraph pole, and the recoil nearly took him off his feet.

"I must be more careful," he said to himself, "or I'll get a bad bump."

With the determination, therefore, not to lose control of himself again, he took up the march anew and kept his eyes open to avoid foot passengers or obstructions of any kind. And for two minutes he succeeded in controlling his thoughts. At the end of that time, however, visions of trees and hills and fragrant hay-mounds began to obtrude themselves between his eyes and the hot, crowded street along which he was walking. No, he would not close his eyes; he would not succumb to this weakness—in two hours' time dinner would be served!

Therewith he energetically shook his head, to aid in keeping awake, and, as he did so, his eyes fell upon a large, stout figure on the other side of the street, standing motionless on the curbstone. Was that not his employer? He felt sure that it was, despite the mist before his eyes. He did not dare look around again, however, but with a bracing of the shoulders he walked on with eyes fixed before him. Was the man still watching him, he wondered.

What was that noise? It was growing louder, louder in his ears. Oh, yes; it was the sound of the old mill-race—how strange that he should have failed to recognize it! What a delightfully cool, dreamy sound it was, to be sure!

"I think I'll lean up against this tree and listen to it a while, murmured Mr. Farley to himself; "just for a minute."

Hark! That was a bird singing—a blue-bird, the saucy fellow that always perched on the topmost twig of the apple tree down by the gate. Every year he came just at the same time in April and built his nest in the



old apple tree and sang to his mate while she sat on the precious eggs. How many eggs were there, anyhow, in a blue-bird's nest—three or four? He had forgotten. He must climb up the tree some time and investigate. At the present moment, however, he was far too comfortable in the shade of the tree listening to the blue-bird's song and the music of the brook. Some other time he would examine the nest. But how sleepy he was; he could hardly keep his eyes open. Fortunately there was no school that afternoon, so he could take a nap there under the tree before lunch time. His mother always came out on the front porch to call him, so he could not fail to hear her. Perhaps they were going to have chicken-pie to-day. He smiled at the thought.

"Chicken-pie!" he murmured, and with the words on his lips he fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yes, just a plain case of starvation," said the ambulance surgeon ten minutes later to the policeman who was unfastening the restaurant sign from Mr. Farley's shoulders. "Nothing to keep the fire going inside. And all the time he was walking around with a restaurant advertisement on his shoulders. That's New York for you, with a vengeance! Well, there's one comfort for him, anyhow; he's gone where they don't have restaurants."—New York Times.

#### OUR TRADE WITH ASIA.

Exports from the United States to Asia are showing a greater gain in the present year than those to any other part of the world. The latest reports of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics show an increase in the exports to nearly every division of Asia during the ten months ending with April, while to South America they show a decrease in the exports to nearly every division. To the Dutch East Indies the figures show an increase of from \$1,491,142 in the ten months of 1901 to \$1,683,185 in ten months of the present fiscal year; to Hongkong, from \$6,935,703 to \$7,396,270; to Japan, from \$15,118,532 to \$18,981,250; and to China, from \$7,423,343 to \$20,163,122. To China our exports for the full fiscal year seem likely to exceed those of any preceding year, and to Japan they will exceed those of any previous year except 1900, which was exceptional because of the large purchases of cotton made in the United States in that year for the Japanese market. Our exports to China, which in 1892 were \$5,663,497, seem likely to be nearly or quite \$25,000,000 in 1902. To Japan our exports in 1892 were \$3,290,111 and in 1902 seem likely to be \$23,000,000. To Hongkong our exports during 1892 were \$4,894,049, and in 1902 seem likely to be about \$8,500,000. To the British East Indies our exports in 1892 were \$3,674,307, and in 1902 will be about \$5,000,000. To the Dutch East Indies they were, in 1892, \$1,372,035 and in 1902 will be about \$2,000,000. To the Russian possessions in Asia our exports in 1892 were \$120,200, and those of 1902 will considerably exceed a million dollars. To all of Asia our exports in 1892 were \$19,590,350, and in 1902 they will aggregate about \$66,000,000.

GREAT men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force.—R. W. Emerson.

#### UNCLE SAM'S GREATEST SECRET.

If there is any secret which Uncle Sam jealously guards it is the process or manufacturing the fiber paper upon which his money notes are printed. He pays a Massachusetts firm forty-three cents a pound for it, and this firm does its work under the surveillance of a government agent. The paper is manufactured of the finest rags, cleaned, boiled and mashed into pulp. As it is rolled into thin sheets silk threads are introduced into it by a secret process. These are the distinguishing marks making imitation of the paper well-nigh impossible. The sheets of paper, already counted twice and placed in uniform packages at the paper mill, are stored in a Treasury vault and issued to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing as wanted. Before leaving the Treasury they are counted three times more, and the receiving official at the bureau must receipt for them. Then the bundles are unwrapped and the sheets are counted twenty-eight times by a corps of women. This is to insure that each printer gets the recorded number—no more, no less. If one sheet of this precious paper be lost, the entire force of men and women having access to the room where the misplacement has occurred are kept in, like so many school-children, to find it. Each sheet is issued from the vault for the printing of a definite amount of money upon it. If the lost sheet were intended to ultimately represent four thousand dollars' worth of notes, the group of employes to whom the responsibility of its misplacement has been traced make good that amount if they cannot locate it within a reasonable time. The most expensive loss which has thus occurred was a blank sheet issued for the printing of eighty dollars upon its face.—John Elfreth Watkins, Jr., in the January Ladies' Home Journal.

#### MOTHER.

REV. A. S. GUMBART, D. D.

Mother! How much is summed up in this single word. What memories it awakens. There is no word in human vocabularies the mere mention of which so mellows the heart. A mother's power for good or evil is utterly beyond our power to calculate. A mother's heart is the holy of holies to which the earnest loving soul of motherhood brings the welfare of the child. Here the blood of self-sacrifice is sprinkled upon the golden altar of devotion; here earnest, tearful prayer, like fragrant incense arises to God for the child even before it is born. Her cherubim spread out their wings in comfort over the soul often troubled concerning the misfortunes and the sins of the child that is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. The seed sown by a mother's devotion in the hearts of her children will bear fruit long after the mother herself shall have passed away. As a rose after it has withered and died still fills the room with its fragrance, so the memory of a mother's devotion fills the heart with sweetness and the life with strength when mother herself has folded her weary hands in the last sleep. A faithful motherhood—how much it speaks of silent heart-aches and secret tears, of sleepless nights, of uncomplaining sacrifice, of hopes urged into fruitfulness by daily devotion to the family! The mother's reward is not always found in this life, but we may hope that somehow it will find its reward in the life to come. If some angel could write for us the history of the world's motherhood, what a pathetic, heroic, noble record it would be!—The Watchman.

#### A NARROW ESCAPE.

Some time ago a London bank clerk was imprisoned in the strong room of the bank, and nearly died from the effects of it. He was on the point of leaving the bank after the closing hours, when his eyes fell upon a bundle of notes which he had forgotten to place in the vault. He stepped inside the strong room to stow away the notes, when the cashier, not knowing he was there, closed and locked the door before the clerk realized the situation, and went away, leaving the young man to his fate. In vain the clerk shouted and kicked at the unyielding door. His cries and struggles were unheard, and the terrible fact dawned on him that he was entombed alive and that long before the morning brought release he would be a dead man. At length, after what seemed an eternity of agony and vain crying and struggling, horror and the vitiated air overcame him and he fell insensible. When he recovered consciousness it was to find himself lying on the floor of the bank, outside the safe, with the cashier and his own wife bending over him. The explanation of his timely rescue from death was that his wife, becoming anxious at the nonreturn of her husband from the bank at the usual time, had gone to the cashier to inquire about him. They had gone to the bank, and, failing to find him there, the cashier, by a happy inspiration, had opened the strong room just in time to save the clerk's life.

The last incident carries a strong moral with it for all married bank clerks. The clerk who was shut up in the safe was a man of exemplary habits, and always went straight home from the bank. Hence the wife's anxiety when he did not show up at the usual time. If he had been a frivolous bank clerk, accustomed to loiter with the boys on his way home, she would not have been anxious, and he would have been a dead man.—New York Press.

#### QUIPS AND QUIRKS.

A visitor asked one of the Roosevelt boys if he were ever naughty, and what his punishment was. He said, with frankness, after thinking a minute, "Well, if I'm a pretty bad boy, I have to go with father into that little Dutch church on Sunday morning; but if I've been a real good boy, I go with mother to St. John's."—Saturday Evening Post.

Bishop Potter, says the New York Times, is accused of having given currency to the following anecdote: A Chicagoan had been taken around Boston all day to observe her bulwarks, but had failed to exhibit any of those symptoms of paralysis which are acceptable to the Bostonian mind. "Now confess," said the Bostonian host, after the burden and heat of the day, "isn't Boston a unique town?" "Unique?" mused the Westerner, "I believe that word is derived from two Latin words, *unus*, one, and *equus*, horse. I think Boston is a unique town."

Photographers were kept away from Miss Roosevelt as long as possible. But, finally, a hurried sketch by an alert artist was sent to the President, with the intimation that it must be reproduced unless he furnished her photograph. Miss Alice was summoned to the family council, and protested: "That picture must not go. Why, the hat is several years out of date." "Is that important?" queried the President. "I should think, papa," was the answer, "that you would be the last to question the utility of the proper hat in one's career."



## 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 IX.—THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

For Sabbath-day, August 30, 1902.

LESSON TEXT.—Numb. 21: 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.—John 3: 14, 15.

#### INTRODUCTION.

For their lack of faith in God, as shown by their reception of the report of the spies, and their proposal to revolt against the leadership of Moses and to return into Egypt, the children of Israel were punished by being excluded from the Promised Land for thirty-eight years longer until all the men of that generation should have died in the wilderness. There were a few who soon repented of their faint heartedness and in arrogant presumption went up without the command of Moses to fight with the Canaanites. They were speedily defeated and put to rout. Little is told us of the wanderings of the children of Israel until the fortieth year. It seems very probable that the ark rested at Kadesh during all this period, and that the people, divided up into small companies, went about in search of pasturage for their flocks, returning at irregular intervals to this meeting place.

There were during this period occasional rebellions against the authority of Moses and Aaron, and so against the guidance of Jehovah. Korah was the leader of a revolt of the Levites on the ground that Aaron and his sons were too exclusive in the administration of the priests' office seeing that all the congregation were holy. Dathan and Abiram, of the tribe of Reuben, tried to usurp the authority of Moses, and reminded him that he had not led them into a land flowing with milk and honey. These rebels and their followers perish miserably at the hand of Jehovah. Still it seemed almost impossible for the people to learn not to murmur against Moses.

At the waters of Meribah Moses' patience seemed to have been worn out. He spoke unadvisedly with his lips when he smote the rock, and failed to sanctify Jehovah in the eyes of the people. For this short-coming he was denied the privilege of entering the Promised Land.

When at length the people had reassembled at Kadesh they thought to go up to the Promised Land by passing through the land of Edom, but the king of Edom refused them the privilege. They were obliged therefore to make a toilsome detour to the south and to pass through a region that was desert in the strict sense of the term.

Just before our present lesson the death of Aaron is recorded and accession of his son Eleazar to his father's place.

TIME.—In the fortieth year of the Exodus.

PLACE.—In the wilderness just south of Canaan, in the vicinity of Mount Hor, and in the neighborhood of the Red Sea.

PERSONS.—Moses and the children of Israel. The Canaanites are also mentioned.

#### OUTLINE:

1. Conflict with Canaanites. v. 1-3.
2. The People Murmur and are Bitten by Serpents. v. 4-6.
3. Moses Prepares the Brazen Serpent as a Means of Deliverance. v. 7-9.

#### NOTES.

1. *And the Canaanite king of Arad, etc.* This paragraph presents a number of difficulties. In the first place the construction of the first line in the Hebrew is scarcely grammatical. Many have supposed that the phrase "the king of Arad" is a gloss, and that we

should read "And the Canaanite who dwelt in the South," etc. This supposition is confirmed by Josh. 12: 14, which shows that Arad and Hormah were separate cities. In the second place it is hard to understand how, if the Israelites conquered these cities and destroyed them now, they should be rebuilt and have to be conquered over again when the people entered the land under Joshua, a year or so later. Some have conjectured that this attack on the part of the Canaanites is the same as that mentioned at the end of chapter 14, when some of the Israelites proposed to enter the land without the guidance of Moses; for why should the Canaanites attack them now that they are moving toward the Red Sea. It seems very probable that the defeat of the Canaanites and the destruction of their cities is here mentioned by anticipation, and that this was actually consummated after the people had entered the land under the leadership of Joseph. *Atharim*. The American revisers evidently regard this as the name of a place, not elsewhere referred to. It is, however, probably better to follow the Authorized Version in this case, and translate it "the spies."

2. *If thou wilt indeed deliver this people, etc.* This is hardly to be regarded as a bargaining on the part of the people with God. Compare Jacob's vow at Bethel, Gen. 28: 20-22. The people plead for the help of God in overcoming their enemies, and promise that when in their power they will put them under the ban of utter destruction.

3. *Hormah*. This word is from the same root as the verb translated "utterly destroy." The noun corresponding is sometimes translated "the devoted thing." The place thus called is the field of their victory, or perhaps a neighboring city. Compare Numb. 14: 45.

4. *And they journeyed from Mount Hor*. Where Aaron died. If Aaron's death was before the time of our lesson, as we infer from the present arrangement of the narrative, we must look for Mount Hor on the western border of Edom rather than on the eastern near Petra about half way between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Akiba. For if Mount Hor is on the east of Edom and the people are already there, they have no necessity to go southward to compass the land of Edom. But many scholars hold to the view that the paragraph concerning the death of Aaron is here inserted too early in the narrative, and that the children of Israel are really journeying from Kadesh rather than from Mount Hor, and so are able to hold the traditional theory of the location of this mountain. *And the soul of the people was much discouraged*. Literally, "shortened." Perhaps "vexed" would be a good translation.

5. *And the people spake against God and against Moses*. It was the old story again. They were ready to blame God for present adversity and to forget the blessings both present and past. *Our soul loatheth this light bread*. Later tradition magnified the excellence of the manna as bread from heaven. It doubtless may have had a sickish taste; but the children of Israel ought to have been thankful for any provisions at all in the desert. The word translated "light" may mean vile.

6. *And Jehovah sent fiery serpents*. The serpents are probably called "fiery" not from their appearance, but from the terrible effects of their bites, filling the body with inflammation and poison. To this day there are many venomous serpents in the southern part of Arabia. It is probable then that God used natural means to punish rebellious Israel. *They bit the people*. The word translated "bite" means "to bite with fatal effect."

7. *We have sinned, etc.* Their punishment caused the people to reflect, and they came to repentance. The narrative is in mere outline. It may have been weeks or months before they were ready to confess their sin.

8. *Make thee a fiery serpent, etc.* The means of deliverance was to be such as to test the faith of the people. They were not bitten by one serpent and healed by another. Their salvation came through trust in God, against whom they had formerly complained. The serpent of brass upon the standard was the symbol of the living serpent overcome and made motionless and powerless.

9. *The serpent of brass*. It seems that this serpent was preserved after it had served its purpose, and having become an object of worship on the part of the people was destroyed by Hezekiah. 2 Kings 18: 4. There is nothing in the Biblical narrative to imply that the snake itself was the means of healing.

WE need never be alarmed at the perilous situation of truth. Of all things in this world that is the one thing which is best capable of taking care of itself.—E. D. Rand.

## MARRIAGES.

SHERLOCK—WALDO.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Waldo, of Blystone, Pa., June 24, 1902, by Rev. Lukens, of Cambridge Springs, Pa., Burton E. Sherlock and Mabelle E. Waldo.

## 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.

ROGERS.—Mrs. Josephine Wilcox Rogers, Widow of Rev. Lester Courtland Rogers, in Westerly, R. I., Aug. 5, 1902, in her 72d year.

For sketch of her life see another column of the RECORDER. S. H. D.

DAVIS.—Adolphus A., son of Rev. Jacob and Jamima Davis, was born in Greenbrier, Doddridge Co., W. Va., Sept. 9, 1860.

He was converted when about eleven years of age and united with the Greenbrier church, of which he remained a member until death. He was married to Martha C. Davis Sept. 28, 1885. Three sons and a wife are left in the lonely home. Mr. Davis lived an industrious and exemplary life. Funeral services were conducted by the writer at Greenbrier, July 17. Text, Matt. 24: 44.

E. A. W.

JEFFREY.—William Francis Marion Jeffrey was born at West Union, Virginia—now West Virginia,—May 22, 1824, and died at Wichita, Kansas, August 8, 1902, of a complication of disorders, the most prominent of which was cancerous.

On September 30, 1847, he was married to Miss Mary A. F. Randolph, at Salem, West Virginia. Of the ten children of this union eight are still living. The subject of this sketch came with his family to Kansas in 1868, and settled near Emporia; later at Elmdale, which was his home at the time of his death. At first he was a farmer and cattle dealer. He was also contractor on the construction of the Santa Fee railroad. Later he became more especially interested in real estate and banking. At the time of his death he was President of the People's Exchange Bank of Elmdale, of which his son Elsworth is cashier. He was also one of the heaviest stockholders of the bank at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, and a member of its Board of Directors. In 1873 he was honored by the citizens of his district with a seat in the Kansas Legislature as their representative. He was very active and vigorous in his habits of life, possessing a strong individuality. He became a Christian in early life and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Salem, W. Va. Pastor Hills, of Nortonville, Kan., was called to preach the sermon at the funeral. G. W. H.

CROSBY.—In Adams Centre, N. Y., July 31, 1902, Mrs. Juliett Crosby, daughter of Joseph and Prudence Whitford Hull.

She was born September 29, 1835, in Berlin, Rensselaer Co., N. Y. While very young she moved to the vicinity of Adams Centre, N. Y. First in Rodman, then upon the farm south of the village of Adams, where the remainder of the days of childhood were spent. In the seventeenth year of her age she became a subject of heavenly grace, was baptized Feb. 21, 1852, and became a member of the Adams Centre Seventh-day Baptist church, Rev. J. Summerbell then but recently having assumed the pastorate. At that time he was assisted in meetings by Rev. A. B. Burdick, then pastor of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist church, Westerly, R. I. She was married Aug. 11, 1859, to Henry H. Crosby. Three children were given—Nettie, Lena and Mary. The two former the Heavenly Father saw fit to take to himself in childhood. Twenty-two years after her marriage Mrs. Crosby was left a widow, and since the death of Lena, in 1887, mother and Mary have been devoted companions. Mrs. Crosby was a faithful member of her church. She was a constituent member of its Ladies' Aid Society. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." Services were held at the home on Sabbath-day, Aug. 2, by the pastor. S. S. P.

ORDWAY.—At her home in Chicago, Ill., August 5, 1902, of a paralytic shock, Amelia Crandall Ordway.

She was born in Ceres, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1847, the second of seven children born to Daniel L. and Susan Dennis Crandall, five of whom are still living. Her oldest son, Charles Eugene Peckham, also survives her. She experienced religion in a revival when about seventeen years of age; was baptized and joined the Portville Seventh-day Baptist church. She was afterward a member of different churches where she lived. In 1898 she was



married to Ira J. Ordway, and was received into the Chicago church, in whose fellowship she died. She was a woman of strong, simple, unquestioning faith, and of sweet, unselfish life. In days of trial she was true. She was dearly loved by all who knew her, for her whole life was characterized by steadfast, unselfish regard for the welfare of others. She was a most hospitable hostess, active in church work, faithful and winning in the more intimate relations of life. Hers was a face beautiful with sympathy. Services were conducted at the Chicago home by Pastor Wayland Wilcox. The funeral at Main Settlement, Aug. 8, was conducted by former Pastor L. C. Randolph and D. B. Coon. Text, 1 Cor. 13: 8. "Love never faileth." A large congregation assembled to pay the tribute of love.

L. C. R.

ROSE.—At Alfred Station, Aug. 8, 1902, Mr. Thomas Rose, aged 81 years.

The subject of this notice was a native of Alfred, and a life-long resident of the town. For a time previous to his death he had been kindly cared for in the home of Albert Potter. He was a man held in esteem by his fellow townsmen, and had been quite successful in the accumulation of property. He had not, at least in his later years, been a regular attendant upon divine worship, nor seemed especially interested in religious matters, but during his last sickness his mind was turned to the consideration of the more serious concerns of his soul's eternal interests, and gave such evidences of his trust in a crucified Redeemer as to leave with his friends the comforting assurance that it was well with him. Mr. Rose was twice married, and by his first wife had one son, who died in the army of the Rebellion. He leaves to mourn his loss an adopted daughter, Mrs. Maud Page, of Jamestown, N. Y., who, with her family, were present at the funeral. He had also two brothers and a sister living in the West. His brother Nathaniel, of Milton, Wis., arrived in time for the funeral services, which were held at the home of Mr. Potter August 10, 1902, Rev. B. F. Rogers officiating. Text, Heb. 9: 27.

B. F. R.

CUMMINGS.—George Cummings was born in Jefferson County, N. Y., July 28, 1833, and died in Little Genesee, N. Y., July 23, 1902.

When eighteen years of age he went to Ceres, N. Y., to live. Here, in 1854, he married Susan E. Barber, who lived but four years. On Feb. 29, 1860, he married Emily L. Coon. His widow, two sons and a daughter live to mourn their loss. From 1851 to 1872 he lived in Ceres and Portville, N. Y. Since then he has lived in Little Genesee. Thirty years ago he united with the First Genesee church. He died trusting in Jesus. Funeral services were conducted at the home by the pastor. Burial took place at Main Settlement, N. Y. D. B. C.

PECKHAM.—Mrs. Mahitable, at Berlin, N. Y., July 30, 1902, of dropsy of the heart, aged 67 years.

Sister Peckham was born in Berlin, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1835. Forty-six years ago she was united in marriage to Jefferson Peckham. They became the parents of five children, one of whom is still living, Mrs. Eltrice Cowen, of Chatham, N. Y. Mrs. Peckham had been a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church, Berlin, a number of years. She was a good woman, showing her love for God by special devotion to her aged deaf sister, who survives her. The funeral service was held from the home, and was conducted by her pastor. M. S.

#### FROM A RECENT SERMON BY E. A. WITTER.

We believe the people turn naturally to the pulpit for direction and correction. The pulpit need not become warlike in its attitude, but it must be clear, thoughtful and earnest in its utterances. It must have the power of conviction, the force of truth and the strength of an abiding love for God and man.

Addison once said that "charity is a virtue of the heart and not of the hands." That is true, and if all God's children could realize that fact, how much less worry would there be because of the little we have to give.

It has been said that "even a drop of water, if it be given in love and unselfishness, will become for the giver a living fountain in Paradise." How important we cultivate this spirit that the blessed fountain may be ours; that some of its refreshings may be had here.

THE poetic instinct turns whatever it touches into gold.—J. G. Holland.

## Popular Science.

H. H. BAKER.

Science Eight Thousand Years Ago.

Dr. Elliott Smith, Professor of Anatomy at Cairo, Egypt, has been investigating human remains found at Girga, in Upper Egypt. Graves in which the remains are found are in a continuous series extending back for at least 8,000 years, carrying us back to the primitive or prehistoric periods.

The bodies are so well preserved that not only the hair, nails and ligaments can be made out, but the muscles and nerves, thus showing the scientific perfection with which bodies were embalmed and prepared for interment at that distant day.

In almost every one the brain was preserved, and in two cases the eyes with lens were in good condition. Prof. Smith has already observed the limb plexures and great splanchnic nerve.

They have now unearthed a series of later prehistoric graves, ranging throughout the first fifteen dynasties, others of the eighteenth, and yet others of the Ptolemaic, and the recent and Coptic periods.

Dr. Reisner, of the University of California, has also been excavating in this early prehistoric cemetery.

We shall watch with deep interest full reports from those gentlemen.

#### A New Way to Sharpen a Razor.

It has long been known that a razor was simply a saw. Let any one look through a microscope at the edge of a razor, and we think they will agree with us that it is really a saw, having very fine teeth. Now here comes an inventor with a patent article for what he calls "sharpening a razor."

All carpenters and cabinet-makers understand that the saw should be pushed to save muscle; and, therefore, the teeth of the saw should have a little forward trend to save pressure.

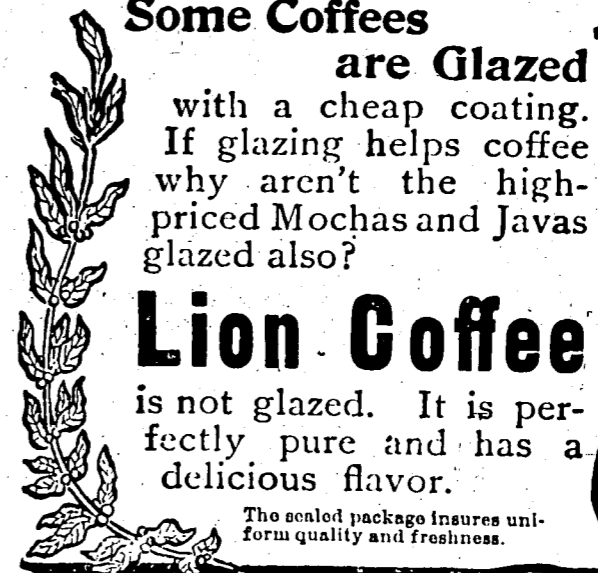
This new invention consists in the use of a simple bar-magnet, and the inventor claims (if we understand him) that when the barber saws off the beard the teeth of the saw get bent into all sort of angles, and will not perform good work.

When not in use, by placing the magnet in a proper position to the teeth of the razor-saw, and allowing it to remain until needed, the magnet will straighten out all these crooks and tangles, and give each tooth its proper position.

We think that, to become universal, the power of the magnet should be graded to meet the demand for moving the teeth of each razor, as our experience teaches us that some razors have teeth that are harder to move forward than others.

WHAT inexpressible joy to look up through the apple blossoms and the fluttering leaves and to see God's love there; to listen to the thrush that has built his nest among them, and to feel God's love, who cares for the birds, in every note that swells his little throat; to look beyond to the bright blue depths of the sky and feel they are a canopy of blessing—the roof of the house of my Father that if clouds pass over it, it is the unchangeable light they veil; that even when day itself passes, I shall see that the night itself only unveils new worlds of light; and to know that if I could unwrap fold after fold of God's universe, I should only unfold more and more blessing, and see deeper and deeper into the love which is at the heart of all.—Elizabeth Charles.

### Some Coffees are Glazed



### 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. W. D. WILCOX, Pastor, 516 W. Monroe St.

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.

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.

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.

THE Twenty-seventh Session of the Annual Meeting of Seventh-day Baptist churches of Iowa will begin on the 5th of September, 1902.

Preacher of Introductory Sermon, delegate from Minnesota. Essayists, Horace Loofboro, Mrs. Burdick and O. W. Babcock of Welton, Iowa; Nettie VanHorn, Grand Junction, Iowa; Bernice Farrow, Lydia Knight and Eva Hurley, Garwin, Iowa.

Committee, J. O. Babcock, Welton; L. A. VanHorn, Garwin; W. L. VanHorn, Garwin.

T. S. HURLEY, Moderator.

O. U. VANHORN, Secretary.

### AN OPPORTUNITY.

If this property is taken soon, I will give the purchaser a SPECIAL BARGAIN.

A business and residence property at Milton Junction, Wisconsin. All opportunity for Seventh-day party. Correspondence solicited. Address A. B. JONES, Milton Junction, Wis. Reference, W. B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.



TABLE OF CONTENTS.

**EDITORIAL.**—The Centennial Is Here; Within Ourselves; Unlocking the Past; Some of the Treasures; The Temple of Bel, the Sun-God; What Yet Remains; Prohibition or Local Option; The Fall of the Campanile; Its Associations.....513, 514

A Light for Remembrance.....514

**PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.**—Aug. 29, 1902, The Breadth of Christian Charity.....515

How to be a Pastor.....515

Tract Society—Executive Board Meeting.....516

Josephine Wilcox Rogers.....516

Brotherhood by Way of the Cross.....516

The World's Dreamers.....517

**MISSIONS.**—Paragraph; From O. S. Mills; Rock House Prairie, Wis.; The Cross.....518

**WOMAN'S WORK.**—Poetry; Paragraph; Woman's Hour at the North-Western Association; The Story of "Mme. Tsilka"; When She's Away, Poetry.....519

The Confessions of a Physician.....520

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.**—Induced Currents; A Memory of Shiloh; The Eastern Quartet; Life as a Painter; Methods of Fighting the Saloon.....522

**CHILDREN'S PAGE.**—A Supper of Slate-Pencils; The Cat and the Hawk.....523

Mr. Farley's Dinner.....524

**SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.**—August 30, 1902.—The Brazen Serpent.....526

**MARRIAGES**.....526

**DEATHS**.....526

**POPULAR SCIENCE.**—Science Eight Thousand Years Ago; A New Way to Sharpen a Razor.....527

**SPECIAL NOTICES**.....527

The Sabbath Recorder.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT.

Transient advertisements will be inserted for 75 cents an inch for the first insertion; subsequent insertions in succession, 30 cents per inch. Special contracts made with parties advertising extensively, or for long terms. Legal advertisements inserted at legal rates. Yearly advertisers may have their advertisements changed quarterly without extra charge. No advertisements of objectionable character will be admitted.

ADDRESS.

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

HELPING HAND IN BIBLE SCHOOL WORK.

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

THE SABBATH VISITOR.

Published weekly, under the auspices of the Sabbath-school Board, by the American Sabbath Tract Society, at PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

TERMS.

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

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications should be addressed to The Sabbath Visitor, Plainfield, N. J.

DE BOODSCHAPPER.

A 20 PAGE RELIGIOUS MONTHLY IN THE HOLLAND LANGUAGE.

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

PUBLISHED BY

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

THE BOULDER COLORADO INVESTMENT CO.

Incorporated. Capital, \$10,000.

Deals in Mining and Oil Securities. Buys and Sells Lands.

Descriptive Circulars Furnished.

Correspondence Solicited. Inquiries promptly Answered.

L. F. RANDOLPH, President and Manager, 1420 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado.

REFERENCES.

Rev. S. R. Wheeler, Boulder, Colo.; Mr. O. W. Babcock, President First National Bank, Nortonville, Kan.; Hon. A. A. Goddard, Attorney General, Topeka, Kan.; Mr. Ira J. Ordway, Fort Dearborn Building, Chicago, Ill.; Hon. A. B. Cottrell, Vice-President University Bank, Alfred, N. Y.; Mr. J. P. Mosher, Plainfield, N. J.

Convent Cruelties

Is the title of a 32 page pamphlet, by an ex-monk. Besides the introduction the pamphlet discusses "How Girls become the Brides of Christ—A Peep into the Convent." "The Convent Horror." "Taking the Veil, etc." Its tales are thrilling. Send 10 cents (silver) to Henry A. Sullivan, 99 South 41st Ave., Chicago, Ill., for a sample copy.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

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

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

Proposed Centennial Fund.....\$100,000 00 Amount needed, June 1, 1902.....\$97,371 00 James G. Olive, Cuba, N. Y. Charles A. Taylor, Canistota, N. Y. F. A. Owen, Dansville, N. Y.

Amount needed to complete fund.....\$ 97,306 00

Autumn Term Milton College.

This Term opens WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10, 1902, and continues fifteen weeks, closing Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1902.

Instruction is given to both young men and young women in three principal courses, as follows: The Ancient Classical, the Modern Classical, and the Scientific.

Milton Academy is the preparatory school to Milton College, and has three similar courses leading to those in the College, with an English course in addition, fitting students for ordinary business life.

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

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

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

For further information, address the REV. W. C. DALAND, D. D., President, or Prof. A. E. WHITFORD, A. M., Registrar, Milton, Rock County, Wis.

Salem College.

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

FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 2. WINTER TERM OPENS DECEMBER 2.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue to

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

Seventh-day Baptist Bureau of Employment and Correspondence.

T. M. DAVIS, President. E. P. SAUNDERS, Vice-President.

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

FEES.

Application for employment..... 25 cents. Application to Correspondence Dep..... 25 cents.

One and two cents stamps received. To insure attention enclose stamp for reply.

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

Business Directory.

Plainfield, N. J.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY. EXECUTIVE BOARD.

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

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

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND.

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

THE SABBATH EVANGELIZING AND INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION.

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

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

W. M. STILLMAN, COUNSELOR AT LAW,

Supreme Court Commissioner, etc.

New York City.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD.

GEORGE B. SHAW, President, 511 Central Avenue, Plainfield, N. J. FRANK L. GREENE, Treasurer, 490 Vanderbilt Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. CORLISS F. RANDOLPH, Rec. Sec., 185 North Ninth St., Newark, N. J. JOHN B. COTTRELL, Cor. Sec., 1097 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Vice Presidents—Mrs. Henry M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.; M. H. Van Horn, Salem, W. Va.; L. R. Swinney, DeBuyer, N. Y.; I. L. Cottrell, Hornellsville, N. Y.; H. D. Clarke, Dodge Centre, Minn.; Miss Elizabeth Fisher, Fouke, Ark.

HERBERT G. WHIPPLE, COUNSELOR AT LAW.

St. Paul Building, 220 Broadway.

C. C. CHIPMAN, ARCHITECT.

St. Paul Building, 220 Broadway.

Utica, N. Y.

D. R. S. C. MAXSON, Eye and Ear only. Office 225 Genesee Street

Alfred, N. Y.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY. 67th Year Opens September 16, 1902. For catalogue and information, address Boothe Colwell Davis, Ph. D., Pres. ALFRED ACADEMY. PREPARATION FOR COLLEGE. TEACHERS' TRAINING CLASS. Earl P. Saunders, A. M., Prin.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY.

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

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

W. W. COON, D. D. S., DENTIST. Office Hours.—9 A. M. to 12 M.; 1 to 4. P. M.

West Edmeston, N. Y.

D. R. A. C. DAVIS, Eye and Ear. Offices:—Brookfield, Leonardsville, West Edmeston, Bridgewater, Edmeston, New Berlin.

Westerly, R. I.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

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

BOARD OF PULPIT SUPPLY AND MINISTERIAL EMPLOYMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

Ashaway, R. I.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Next session to be held at Ashaway, R. I., August 20-25, 1902.

PROF. H. M. MAXSON, Plainfield, N. J., President. REV. L. A. PLATTS, D. D., Milton, Wis., Cor. Sec'y. PROF. W. C. WHITFORD, Alfred, N. Y., Treasurer. MR. A. W. VABS, Dunellen, N. J., Rec. Sec'y.

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

Milton, Wis.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

President, Mrs. S. J. CLARKE, Milton, Wis. Vice-Pres., Mrs. J. B. MORTON, Milton, Wis. Mrs. G. J. CRANDALL, Milton Junction, Wis. Rec. Sec., Mrs. E. D. BLISS, Milton, Wis. Cor. Sec., Mrs. ALBERT WHITFORD, Milton, Wis. Treasurer, Mrs. L. A. PLATTS, Milton, Wis. Secretary, Eastern Association, Mrs. ANNA RANDOLPH, Plainfield, N. J. South-Eastern Association, Miss ELSIE BOND, Salem, W. Va. Central Association, Miss CORA J. WILLIAMS, New London, N. Y. Western Association, Miss AGNES L. ROGERS, Belmont, N. Y. South-Western Association, Mrs. A. H. BOOTH, Hammond, La. North-Western Association, Mrs. NETTIE WEST, Milton Junction, Wis. Editor of Woman's Page, Mrs. HENRY M. MAXSON, 661 W. 7th St., Plainfield, N. J.

Chicago, Ill.

BENJAMIN F. LANGWORTHY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.

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

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PERMANENT COMMITTEE.

M. B. KELLY, President, Chicago, Ill. MISS MIZPAH SHEBBURNE, Secretary, Chicago, Ill. L. C. RANDOLPH, Editor of Young People's Page, Alfred, N. Y. Mrs. HENRY M. MAXSON, General Junior Superintendent, Plainfield, N. J. J. DWIGHT CLARKE, Treasurer, Milton, Wis. ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES: ROY F. RANDOLPH, New Milton, W. Va.; MISS L. GERTRUDE STILLMAN, Ashaway, R. I.; G. W. DAVIS, Adams Centre, N. Y.; B. FRANK WHITFORD, Nile, N. Y.; MISS ABIE I. BABCOCK, Albion, Wis.; LONA HUMSTON, Hammond, La.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

**PATENTS**

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C.

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

**Scientific American.**

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

**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington, D. C.