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HISTORY is an organic development. The phenomena which appear on the surface are the result of underlying principles, true or false. Nothing in history comes by chance. If human choices did not lead men to disobedience of God's laws, and to a disregard for truth, there would be no discord, but rather a continuous, straightforward advancement. What men call the "power of truth," "the logic of events," and the "guiding hand of Providence," is but another way of saying that truth, God's ideas, his eternal laws concerning right and wrong, are stronger than any or all human choices and will ultimately prevail. It is the unfolding of God's ideas in history that gives to it organic power and irresistible force. Human disobedience, designed or undesigned, may check or deflect the progress of truth. This is always possible where freedom of choice is granted to the finite intelligence, under the general limitation of the Infinite. All such checking or deflection must be temporary. Disobedience is the conflict of the less with the greater. It may go so far as to destroy the less, as an individual, but it can never attain a permanent triumph in the general field of moral government.
Yrs ago we became deeply impressed with the worth of ideals. Every teacher feels this in dealing with childhood. Every pastor appreciates the value of high-ideal work on the part of those whom he seeks to lead to higher life. There is quite a different thing above one. Nothing below us can lift us. Nothing within us can lift us, except as it grasps something higher. This is as true of soul life as it is of mountain climbing. Ideals that are born of eternal truth have the power of the eternal in line to draw us up. They float before us, not as dreams, but as powers which hold our souls by invisible threads with an everlasting grip. If you were to study and dream for the next twelve months concerning your life, with your energies devoted to an ideal self, that self bearing your name, with a face like your face and surroundings like your surroundings, the creation of that ideal, as the thing toward which you would henceforth strive, would bring richer results than your life has hitherto attained. No life can be great without a great ideal. No life can fail to be great which follows after a great ideal. It is not that you have attained your highest ideal that blesses you, but rather that you have addressed yourself toward it, and that at the last moment, when you seem to have reached all that your ideal has asked of you, it rises, by some invisible influence, just beyond your reach, and tells you to begin anew making yourself like itself. Ask God to help you in creating such an ideal as he would have for you, and then, with an endless struggle, and therefore with continual victory, seek to be all that your ideal asks of you.

Fear as to the future of Sunday grows in the hearts of our earnest friends. Nothing which they attempt toward the enforcement of Sunday laws gains any essential success. On the contrary most efforts made strengthen the hands of the Sunday desecrators, especially by increasing the conviction that civil law has lost all power to help matters. And yet few will stop to give God's day any consideration. But as right is right and God is God, the time will come when he and his Sabbath will be heard and heeded.

We notice that Rev. Frank W. Warner, B. D., of Calcutta, India, has published a pamphlet entitled, "Saturdarianism, or Is the observance of Lord's day by Christians?" The sneer against God and his Word, which is contained in "Saturdarianism" follows a certain type of Christianity, even to pagan lands.

Special efforts have been made to enforce the Sunday law against barber shops and saloons in Paterson, N. J. The movement was instituted on low grounds and resulted in marked failure, as all similar movements do.

BISHOP POTTER ON THE DECADENCE OF SUNDAY.

At the opening of the annual Convention of the New York Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal church, held late in September, 1899, Bishop Potter made some earnest and significant remarks concerning the evils which have come and for which all Christian people have cause to grieve. There are, indeed, those whose hard tasks and scant leisure on week days may in some measure employ them in a Godly inno- cent, but plans of the sort in the mouths of many who urge it, deserved on the conviction of the conviction of the.

Sharp discussion arose when the address came under consideration by the Convention. The Bishop spoke with equal earnestness against easy divorce and the decay of regard for the sanctity of the family, and those two were brought up to him, not to a special committee. On the second day of the Convention the committee, Dr. Morgan D. chairman, reported strongly sustaining the Bishop's words. The report said:

"Your committee profoundly impressed by the danger signified by those facts, and, in conclusion, the Bishop for his strong words and valuable suggestions offer for adoption the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the thanks of the clergy and laity of this Diocese be given for Bishop for his upbraid its views upon the subject of the Lord's day and the ordinance of holiness of the Lord's day."

Resolved, That we view with sorrow and fear the wide decay in the observance of the Lord's day and other sacred times and seasons of the Christian year.

Resolved, That we regard with similar dread and un- ease the decay of the idea of the sanctity of marriage and the ease with which the marriage tie is disregarded.

Resolved, That it be repeatedly suggested to the clergy of this Diocese, that they call the attention of their congregations at such time or occasions suitable, to the recent counsels of the Bishop in these passages of his address relating to Lord's-day and holy marriage, adding thereto their own counsel and advise on these unspeakable and important subjects.

In the discussion of these resolutions some of the prominent clergymen took the ground that Sunday ought not to be held as a Sabbath as a "Sabbath," but as a "festival." This means a holiday with the masses. But something is gained when men see the danger, and we hope the agitation will go on among Episcopalians until they are forced to return to the Sabbath of Jehovah.

DOCTOR DALAND IN LONDON.

Copies of the Sentinel, of Wood Green, London, England, are at hand. It is a keen-eyed sheet and fully alive to the local issues in that part of England's great metropolis. Local meetings and discussions have made theological questions prominent in and about Wood Green during the past few months, and Bro. Daland, pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church has been quoted as powerfully in Biblical and ecclesiastical learning, etc. He has spoken also on the Sabbath question and other themes at various public meetings. Our readers who know Dr. Daland will understand how he has made himself felt so that the Sentinel was glad to "draw him out" for the sake of its readers. Being ready to give a reason for his faith, Dr. Daland wrote for the Sentinel of Sept. 22, 1899, from which we extract some representative passages of a correspondent of the same name. Dr. Daland was not an "Ordinary D. D.," which called out his breezy answer on that point.

Next, as to the "Ordinary D. D." If I only just knew what he is like, I might be able to tell whence I differ from him. At all events, it is comforting to infer from
your correspondent's words that I, at least, am not "one who thinks that 'Sabbath' is a word of small meaning—people and things are so important! I wouldn't be like that for the world! Nevertheless, I have always had to fight for the day that my birth was on. But I think that this day is the Sabbath of the Christian Church, and that its observance is essential to secure the end of the world.

To enumerate some of my beliefs. I believe most firmly in God Almighty, All-wise, and All-good, our only Creator and Heavenly Father. I believe most sincerely in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, which the Reverend the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost is one and the same. I believe in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting. I believe that the Holy Scriptures are the word of God, and that they are to be observed in all their parts.

Furthermore, let us not be troubled by the sophistry of those who teach us to keep Saturday instead of the Sabbath. The word "Sabbath" is a word of small meaning; people and things are so important. I wouldn't be like that for the world! Nevertheless, I have always had to fight for the day that my birth was on. But I think that this day is the Sabbath of the Christian Church, and that its observance is essential to secure the end of the world.

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to idolatry. Therefore disputed he in the synagogue with the Jews, and with devout persons, and in the debate they were met together, with certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics encountered him. And some said, What will this babbling be, what need to be taken with us? 2. And others said, He seems to be a preacher of strange doctrine: as he taught them Jesus and the resurrection. Acts 17:1-4, 16-19.

Let the reader not fail to note that Paul is here preaching far from Jerusalem, at Athens, among the Greeks, and preaching about "Jesus and the resurrection," as a Sabbath-keeper, with no hint or word about a "resurrection-day," or a transferred Sabbath.

Passing to the next chapter, the Holy Spirit takes pains to tell us of the continued habit of Paul in Corinth, the heart of Gentiledom, as a Sabbath-keeper, and how he continued in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks.

And he continued there a year and six months teaching the word of God among them.

And Paul after this tarried not a long while, and then took his leave of the brethren, and sailed thence into Syria, and with him Crispella, and Aquila; having shorn his head in Cenchrea: for he had a vow. And he came to Ephesus, and left them there: but he himself entered into the synagogue, and reasoned with the Jews. When they desired him to tarry longer time with them, he consented not; but bade them farewell, saying, I must by all means keep this feast that cometh in Jerusalem: but I will return again unto you, if God will. And he sailed thence into the region of Cilicia.

Before returning to Ephesus Paul visited Cæsarea, Antioch, and "all the country of Galatia and Phrygia." Returning to Ephesus, we find him still observing the Sabbath as shown by the following:

He went into the synagogue, and spake boldly for prepared and sent to Bro. Ashurst, and with devout persons, and in the temple, and the Jews, and with him Priscilla, and Aquila; having continued, as we have said, at Ephesus three months, disputing and persuading the Jews, and with him Priscilla, and Aquila; having

Correspondence also bore the signature of the Rev. P. J. Mosher, Agent. to apply on account of the D. W. Leath had been printed and shipped.

Correspondence from Rev. A. P. Ashurst stated that he accepted the proposition to engage as the representative of the Tract Society in the South, and that he began work as such on the 15th of September. The correspondence also bore the tidings of the recent death of the son of Bro. Ashurst, and by unanimous vote of the Board expressions of our sympathy in this affliction were ordered prepared and sent to Bro. Ashurst, and a prayer on his behalf was offered by Rev. A. E. Main.

Correspondence was also received from Rev. G. Velthuysen, of Haarlem, Holland, evidencing a marked improvement in health, and pursuant to the reading of the letter, Rev. A. H. Lewis, the Corresponding Secretary, offered a prayer of thanksgiving for Bro. Velthuysen's restoration to health.

Correspondence was read from Ch. Th. J. Stankian, Austria, reporting on his work there.

In common with the correspondence, the Corresponding Secretary called attention to the words of Bishop Potter, of New York, spoken at the Episcopal Convention a few days since, concerning grave dangers now threatening the Christian church and the public through the loss of regard for Sunday, and to similar expressions made at a meeting of the Sunday-school Convention of Gloucester County, N. J., held last week.

On motion, it was voted that Dr. A. E. Main and Supt. H. M. Maxson be a committee with power, to consider the question of preparing for publication, in tract form, material furnished by a correspondent on the topic: "The Great Sunday Convention.

Voted that Dr. Main be a Committee to consider and report on the advisability of adding to the tract subject of "The Conference" by Rev. J. Bailey, the history of Conference to the end of the century, and of incorporating summaries of the work of the Missionary, Education and Tract Society, and publishing the same in one volume.

The Treasurer presented his report for the first quarter, which, on motion, was adopted.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.
Two Ways of Meeting Criticism.

Night before last, in one of the homes of Chicago, a meeting was held to discuss methods of extending our work in general and the feasibility of starting a mission in Chicago in particular. The meeting was quite largely attended, several old-time clergymen being present. It is not our purpose to present here the plans discussed. That may come later. But we wish to register our conviction of the great importance of such meetings. There were sharp differences of opinion expressed both for or against creating an evangelistic agency in the West, and for the greatest nation under the sun, he goes home, puts on his slippers, sits down in the peaceful gloam of his home, and says: "Ah, there's no place like home—catch me in such an awful jam again!"

Of course he will be the next morning in the sight of the next Presidential election shouting over the success of his candidate, but for some time to come his hundred round of life, the labors of the cares and the blessings that are ours every day, like the sunlight and the air of heaven. A bit of sharp contrast thrown in now and then makes for thoughtfulness.

The Crowning Blessing of the Conference.

Now that is one of the good things about going to a meeting or going to church, the long strung of constant burden, responsibility and perplexity, and he goes to Conference for spiritual renewal. At three o'clock in the morning on the special train the roosters begin to crow, and he awakens to find a friendly wail. The days of the sessions are busy and the nights are short. The speeches are so rich in good things that the next morning he is so glad to get home back all aglow, but tired out. Oh, that beautiful long night's rest in his own bed! He puts on his coat and his hat, and walking God for the common-place work of life—eager to be in it once more. His study invites him with its old-fashioned welcome. He turns up the coal fire and turns the clock back to the afternoon, and the faces of the people, his people, never before looked so good to him.

This is such inspiration and instruction in our annual gatherings of inestimable value, but the crowning blessing is when the meeting is over, and the two or three days at home with a keen, eager joy for the home work transfigured with a noble purpose. The blessing is in the sunshine of the next morning, the quiet of the huckster-pin, the resounds in the hum of the school-room, sings its song on and on in the whirl of machinery and the glow of earnest thought.

An Uncomfortable Comparison.

Somebody thought that the contributor was discouraging attendance at Conference because he compared the amount we spent to travel thither with that contributed to either of our Societies last year. That was an awful contrast, and we felt a shame in presenting it, but we believe it is good for us all. More spent in traveling to and from the General Conference than was contributed for the work of either Missionary or Tract Society last year. Think of it.

The remedy is not in staying away from Conference. We have heard of only the one case where any money saved by staying at home was given to extend the Lord's work. The contrast hits both those who went and those who stayed at home. The attendance at Ashaway is one of many indications that we have the money to use when we will. There isn't a subject but what we can use—or any use of writing on it unless it will help us to do better.

The secular forces tending to draw away from the Sabbath are especially strong in the cities, and Boulder does not escape. In such a community it is pre-eminent that the circuits should not stand still. The church must go forward or lose. The tide of evangelism ought to rise high enough to lap the Rocky mountains.

SUNDAY GOLF.

In Christian Work, for Aug. 24, a correspondent writes under head of "The Lord's Day," calling the startling evidence of the decadence of "keeping Sunday" on the part of professing Christians," of which decadence he says: "It is greater than we would seem possible," and continuing:

But it has been a surprise to me, while visiting in one old college town on Sunday, and distinctly religious communities, to see what Sunday golf playing has come to mean.

Fors and young people who two hours before had come home from God's house, and even from the sacramental table, set out regularly on Sunday afternoon, by car, wheel or on foot, to the golf links! And this going "only to play a quiet game of golf on Sunday afternoon" means staying to supper at the golf house, with a golf company amusing itself in a lavish gathering. Is it to be wondered at that those who do not claim to be Christians—as in the instance of a young girl of sixteen, a golf club a night, and no religious teaching in faith or purpose, and who take unenthusiastically all of Sunday for golf, bicycling and all self-pleasuring—should reply, when it was suggested to her that "Sunday is the Lord's day?"—"Why, I do not see why any one is happier or better who is a 'Christian,' as you say, or who keeps Sunday; the same people who go to church a little while in the morning do just as I do, we are not religious at all, the rest of the day!"

Other examples of disregard for Sunday, as regards the time spent in bicycling or farm labor, lumber camps, railroad and various other businesses, are given. The article closes with such a confusing of the Sabbath and Sunday as one seldom sees from the pen of an intelligent writer, and in a journal like Christian Work. Here it is:

We have no accurate date of when a "Sunday closing movement" was carried out in Jerusalem. But we do know that the first marked census to merchants who kept Sunday was in the year 1839. The occupation was when "the Lord of the Sabbath" overturned and threw out from the synagogue the desks and pictures, the tables and book case, the organ and the piano. A night of Saturday, with an anathema upon those who were spending his day as they did the other six! That was before the Sabbath took his name! It is noticeable that this "Lord of the Sabbath" walked in the form of his friends on Sunday, plumbing the sweet growing corn for their evening meal; that he went into country fields and by brookside, on the banks of Jordan, and performed his mighty works in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! They ate supper together in the evening glow of a summer Sunday by a lake-side.

We know that he did some of his most blessed miracles of healing, comforting and feeding the hungry, on the Sabbath-day, thus rebuking a mere pharisaical or legalistic interpretation of the Sabbath. We know that he did some of his most blessed miracles of healing, comforting and feeding the hungry, on the Sabbath-day, thus rebuking a mere pharisaical or legalistic interpretation of the Sabbath.}

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We have received two letters from Bro. J. W. Crofoot, written while they had reached Oakland. They stayed at Jackson Centre, Ohio, until September 15. Mr. Crofoot spoke briefly to the Jackson Centre people on the evening of September 10. They went from Jackson Centre to Chicago, where they arrived in the evening of September 22, when they took the train for Oakland. On Sabbath morning, September 16, Mr. Crofoot spoke to our people, and on Tuesday evening, the 19th, a reception was given them, at which some twenty-five of our people were present, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed. The trip overlaid lasted seventy-six hours, the train was two hours late in reaching Oakland. They were the guests of Mrs. Lizzie Fryer until they sailed. While they dreaded the overland journey, fearing the fatigue and alkali dust, they stood the journey remarkably well, not being as tired when they reached Oakland as they were when they arrived at Jackson Centre from the Conference. They enjoyed the grand scenes over the mountains, but there was no full satisfaction in it in having to pass through such scenery so hastily. Through nearly all of Wyoming and the great alkali plains of Nevada the dust was almost unendurable.

The next day after their arrival in Oakland, Mr. Crofoot went with Dr. Fryer over to San Francisco, and made several calls in "China-town." They visited two mission schools and the public school for Chinese, maintained by the city and conducted by an American school-mam of the good sort. The boys were writing, spelling lessons just as American boys might, do, yet not quite as American boys do, for one of the boys in the school took the first prize in writing in competition of the public schools of San Francisco. From these they went to the school conducted by the Chinese government through the Consult there. This school was the kind we read about. The boys were studying their lessons at the top of their voices, and one stood with his back to the teacher, chanting his lessons from the classics. The speech of some may be incorrect, but not decried. The teacher was the genuine article with a foot foote, and finger nails an inch long. He did not understand a word of English. Mr. Crofoot writes that he did not watch Dr. Fryer closely enough to be able to tell from the evening that he was making a low bow. He gave Mr. Crofoot his card, which was a red paper about eight inches long and four wide, with Chinese characters upon it.

The mission came in and his tone was of light blue instead of dark blue like the Secretary's, or black like the teacher's. It was probably his every-day dress. He has learned to speak English since he was fifty years old, and he asked Mr. Crofoot some questions direct, among them his name. Not having another card with him, Mr. Crofoot wrote his name at his request on the back of an invitation to the wedding of Miss Julia Dent Grant and the Russian Count. The Secretary of the Legation is going to Shanghai next year, and has promised to call upon Mr. Crofoot and expect him to be able then to talk with him in Chinese. Mr. Crofoot thinks he made the proper number of bows in going out of the Consulate.

On Monday night of their journey he made the acquaintance on the train of Mr. Sweet, a Baptist missionary, with his family to Hong Chow, by the Coptic, to Shanghai. While in San Francisco he also visited the camp at the Presidio, to see an old friend who had just returned from the Philippines, with a large regiment.

The second letter was written on board the Steamship Coptic, and sent ashore by the pilot who left the steamer just outside the Golden Gate. He writes: "We are fairly started on our voyage. Baggage, state-room, everything else seem to be all right. Mrs. Crofoot is not feeling well this trip. We have taken ourselves off, and expect to be better. There was something in my throat that I keep swallowing. I am afraid, however, that in an hour or two I may renew the process."

From the Quarterly Report of Bro. G. H. Randolph, laboring as Missionary Evangelist on the South-Western Field, I make the following extracts: "Have maintained my regular appointments up to date. Have also, since last writing, worked on the minutes at Crofoot's Ridge and Wynne. Returned from Wynne last Friday, and that night began extra meetings here at Fouke. Was not able to accomplish all I hoped for on the Crowley's Ridge field. Circumstances rather compelled one to divide the work into two parts, Crowley's Ridge and Wynne. The interest was extra good at Crowley's. At the end of one week's work, eleven covenanted for daily prayer for the Lord during the week. Would gladly have continued the work there longer, but was convinced less harm would come from closing the meetings than from ignoring appointment already announced for Wynne. Much earnest personal work is needed on this field before we can hope to reap much in way of permanent results. At Wynne I met with hard work, opposition, moral degradation and indifference. What a combination! But I am glad that in all the Lord manifested the best of the situation. Our people on this field are much encouraged. Surely it does look a little more hopeful. The interest seems good here at Fouke, and if circumstances seem to warrant it we will continue the meetings now in progress for two weeks or more here these next two weeks. They seem happy. The work is encouraging more so than at former writing.

The Preaching Needed.

Several correspondents write us in substance that one reason for short pastorates and the unrest of ministers and people in the pastoral relation is to be found in the increasing secularization of sermons. In the attempt to please the public and impress the audience, it is said that ministers take their subjects from current political and social discus-
**Woman's Work.**

By Mrs. R. T. Rogers, Alfred, N. Y.

**Have you and I to-day**

Stood side by side, apart from joy or joy of life, to see by faith his face;

To look, if we were women, at his grace,

And grow by brief companionship, more true,

To serve to lead, to do, to be.

For him at any cost? Have we to-day

Found time, in thought, our hand to lay

In his, and kiss the hand?

His will with ours, and wear

The breath of his wishes? Be sure

Such contact will endure

Through all his agencies at home and forward

Following lines of work, in foreign lands.

A young maiden of twenty had decided

That the men of the denomination provide

That the women of the denomination spend our efforts till nearly time for our next destination! The work there has been closer in interest to missionary work there and in other parts of the world. It is a disgrace that the Sunday labor must be reduced to the minimum of real mercy and necessity.

In enumerating the open foes of their movement, they mention first, "Sabbatizers, a small, compact, conscientious group of mistake lovers, who put the Jew's day in the place of the Lord's day." Second, "Indifferentists, who care for none of those things but whose contempt of silence arrays them against Christ and his day." The third class are those who "plead for personal liberty." We insist, they say in their Sunday reformation bulletins, "that Sunday labor must be reduced to the minimum of real mercy and necessity."

The dying statesman thrilled with the thought that his granddaughter had chosen the better part. To his dying in this world was worth talking of, or living for, save the great commission to preach Christ and him crucified, as the living witness of the love of God for man. There is nothing better than that; nothing to be compared to that. Again and again we refer to it, but always with complete, triumphant joy—Life and Light.

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**Sunday League Work in Mississippi**

By E. R. Owen.

The Sunday-law advocates seem to make Mississippi their special field of operations at the present time. They have already got their "stake set" and are getting their ropes ready to "scoop us all in." I am informed by the president of the Sunday League of Columbus that auxiliary Sunday leagues have been formed in every county of the state, acting under the direction of state officers of the Sunday League of America, an incorporation of ministers and deacons of the Baptist denomination, of Columbus, Ohio, with general manager's office in Atlanta, Ga. They are planning to work on the legislature of the state to secure a more stringent Sunday law.

"We insist, they say in their Sunday reformation bulletins, 'that Sunday labor must be reduced to the minimum of real mercy and necessity.'"
Our Reading Room.

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

MILL YARD CHURCH, LONDON, ENG.—I believe some have heard a few open-air meetings held the latter part of the summer, in which the Sabbath truth was presented. These meetings certainly brought the subject to the attention of hundreds who perhaps never thought of it before, although it is done far better to have been awakened. An instance of the way in which some have ears and yet hear not may be told. At the second open-air meeting I explained the subject of the Sabbath from the New Testament, showing clearly (as I thought) that Jesus did not change the law; that He observed the Sabbath, as did his disciples; that all through the New Testament there is not a hint of the abrogation of the Sabbath law nor of any teaching to observe the first day of the week. In the parables, He gave account of the history of the origin of Sunday, and at this time I gave more. Some questions were asked, and the meeting closed as before. After the meeting a man came up and shook my hand and said, "I wish to tell you, young man, that Jesus never taught us what day we are to keep, and that it doesn't matter as long as we keep one day in seven. That is what I have always said!" This was not a joke, nor yet sarcasm! Readers of the Exodus may judge of my feelings. It has always been a fond delusion of mine that, whatever faults I may have as a speaker, one thing I can do, and that is make clear what I try to say. This evidence to the contrary has fairly humbled me. But it shows further that it takes much to get the multitude to apprehend it.

Mrs. Daland and I went to Portsmouth to attend the meetings of the General Baptist Assembly on the 18th and 19th of September. The reports from the churches and the general effect of the meetings went to show that a negative spirit was quite as great as the desire to bring the subject to the principle which underlies all the Christian bodies of the Baptist family, namely, loyalty to the teaching of the Bible and obedience to its plain precepts, do not contribute to the spiritual growth and prosperity of the churches. Many of these churches might better be termed Unitarian or Congregational churches than Baptist churches, for they are the former and not at all the latter. They might be a great power in the world for him to engage in a winter campaign upon the Sabbath question to get the multitude to apprehend it.

DeRuyter, N. Y.—Rev. U. M. Babcock made us a visit and preached excellent sermons at DeRuyter, Cuylertown, and South Cuylertown. Rev. J. G. Burdick and Bro. Cook from New York came also last Thursday to be present in the day of the Quarterly Meeting convenes at DeRuyter October 29, and we hope that Bro. Cook will be with us then and also the new pastor at Scott, to preach at the Sabbath morning service. New interest has been awakened in the Missionary society, and the Conference. We pray for a great work all along the line.

L. R. S.

PRESSTON, N. Y.—On the 5th instant we were pleased to meet at the depot Rev. J. G. Burdick, who has just returned from his vacation and his visit abroad. He is looking quite well, and is ready to complete his plan for work on this field. We also met Mr. Cook, from the New York church, who is to assist him in evangelistic work in Preston and vicinity. We were much pleased with an introduction to Bro. Cook. We thank the brethren of the New York church for the interest they feel for the little churches on this missionary field. May the Lord help the people of Preston to secure a large blessing for themselves, and real strength for our common cause.

On the evening train we welcomed to our place Rev. U. M. Babcock, from Alfred. He preached for Eld. Swinney on Sabbath evening, and for Cuylertown in the afternoon and at South Cuylertown, Sunday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Bro. Couttrell not being as usual, Bro. H. C. Coon went with him to the appointments. Bro. Babcock's sermons at DeRuyter and at the other appointments were well accepted, and spoken of with real interest. In view of the condition of his health, he did not think it was best for him to engage in a winter campaign upon this field.

Milton Junction, Wis.—We are enjoying our work here very well. Since the return of most of the brethren from Conference, the attendance and interest in our meetings have been increasing. The prayer-meetings are a great blessing to the church, many of our people praying and earnest testimonies for Christ. The Sabbath-school is also very interesting.

The last Sabbath in September it was our great pleasure to baptize two of the grandchildren of Eld. Hanover Hill. May God enable them to be faithful.

Geo. J. Chandle.

October 10, 1899.

Salemville, Pa.—After two years and three months acquaintance with the people of Salemville, enjoying their kind hospitality and Christian forbearance, it was with a feeling of sadness that we bade them adieu on the morning of September 30, 1899. As the train started, we stood on the steps of the depot and looked at the faces of those who brought us to the station, and said God bless them and the dear people of Salemville. We tried to do what we could to build up the cause of our Lord and Master and strengthen those who were engaged in the work. We regret that we could not have done more; but we are glad we spent those days and months with them. These days, freighted with so many precious opportunities, so many good resolutions, with all their mistakes and failures, have passed on to eternity. What shall be the fruitage of all those days? When shall we see those dear faces again? Perhaps not until we meet at the bar of God. There ought to be a pastor on that field all the time; but it will be difficult for them to secure it unless the Annual Board is willing to assist them to do so.

We are comfortably located in the parsonage here at Salem, W. Va., intending to attend school and do what we can for the Master's cause by supplying the Salem church pulpit, assisting Bro. Gardiner to build up the work here.

Darwin C. Lippincott.

Salem, W. Va., Oct. 8, 1899.

TREE MURDER IN AMERICA.

At a recent public banquet, one of the officers of one of our largest states alluded to the efforts that have been made for the preservation of our forests. He said: 'There is a great importance the development of wood pulp and other industries in the threatened districts. To give a passing wage to a passing population is to destroy forests that, intelligently protected, would furnish work and wages for centuries.'

Americans are the most wasteful of people. They have a big and fertile country, and they act as though it were impossible to exhaust its resources. But the immense increase in its growth, the constant enlargement of its area, and the fact that the natural material must bring us to a pause. Natural gas was burnt without stint just after its discovery, with the result that only enough remains for three years. We are told that the anthracite supply in this country cannot last much more than a hundred years longer. Already some of the prairie lands that were believed to be inexhaustible, requiring but one plowing a year to keep them fertile, are tilled out, and demand to be fed. And most astonishing of our wastes is that land, in which most of our richest sources of wealth and on which we rely for water. Whether we use timber for houses and ships or not, we must drink, and in chopping off our forests we are reducing our springs: ergo, our brooks, rivers and ponds: ergo, the health of the land; ergo, the population thereof.

It has been explained again and again, yet seems ever to require new emphasis, that the trees act as umbrellas to protect the fallen rains from quick evaporation and give time for the water to sink into the soil; also, that they create, with their fallen leaves and decayed branches, the vegetable mould in which succeeding forms of plant life find their nutri-
Do you believe in that sort of a devil?" said I. Danvers turned his face toward me, and raised his hand on his high forehead. "It does not matter whether I believe in what preachers call a personal devil or not. That men are tempted to do wrong, and in most foolish ways, is certain. Let the theology of the church go to the dogs."

"One of the most effective ways of tempting men to do evil is through imperfect or vicious training in early childhood. In this respect, quite as much as in any other, the child is father of the man. It is of little account that a newspaper reported that this man was "well reared." To be well reared one must be well born. If this man had a proper inheritance, followed by proper training as to honesty, present results would have been impossible. Aside from the matter of inherited genius, the sun was wanted to teach the proper relation between "mine and thine."

Perhaps his father was unable or unwilling to furnish the lad spending money as he wanted it, and a weak and over-indulgent mother taught the boy to be dishonest by helping him to cunning and falsehood. "Mowing money by stealth and indignation. From some cause, either before or after his birth, or both, the soul of this young man's life was left unaided to dishonesty. His place in the band of opportunity for development, and this is the important thing, I said, "I ought to have been a preacher.""

"Non-sense," he replied, "that is not preaching, it is common sense applied to the question of cause and effect in the matter of honesty. Call it sanctified common sense if you want to, but nothing more."

It was growing cool under the shadow of the dune. The sun was touching the tops of the trees a mile back from the shore. The clouds out at sea were gloriously gilded and the sun were eager to light them good-night. The rising tide scattered foam over our feet as we rose to go. We sauntered homeward, flinging pebbles into the waves, and watching the undertow as it whirled back into the sea those which each succeeding wave from the broken shore has brought up. The sun slipped out of sight before we knew it, and as we were about to cross a bit of low pasture land that lay between us and the hotel, a new, soft light began to shine in the East.

Is it a low-lying fire, a burning ship just below the far horizon?" Danvers climbed the exposed remnant of a wreck, near by, for a better view. In a minute or two he said, with a smile, "Benton, it is the moon!" We waited a little, while the golden disk rose to full view, when Danvers added, "That is all they said when he wrote a certain passage in 'Tent on the Bench.' Unwilling to confess my ignorance of Whittier's famous poem, I said, evasively: "I do not recall it at this moment." Danvers defiantly shielded my ignorance, by replying: "This is the way it runs, you remember: 'I ceased: just then the ocean seemed To lift a half-faced moon in sight; And dark, dark, over the land, I gazed. From crest to crest, a line of light. From coast to coast, a line of light. In shroud of cloud, with solemn light. The fathers by Gennesaret saw. Who should o'er it walk the Son of God? Tracking the waves with light where his sandals stood.'"

The sympathizing sea softened its music that it might keep time and harmony with Danvers' reverent voice. A wavelet whispered, a wavelet. Danvers paused, said the hotel which was already flooded by the glory of the rising sun of that summer night..."
Young People's Work
By Edwin Shaw, Milton, Wis.

October 2.
The Letter and His Games.

In these times, when people are constantly on guard against the wiles of racketeers, it is necessary to take care of money and property. The "sharker" must make his scheme appear very fair and plausible, or he will find very few "suckers." The desire to get something for nothing, or a great deal for a little, has made many easy victims to the game. The insinuations are so numerous and so well known that even unsuspicious persons now hesitate and are slow to "bite" the "bait" set for them unless it is entirely surrounded by what appears fair and honest. A scheme of this nature has recently come to my notice, and I trust you will pardon the personal character of it, as my only purpose in publishing it is to put people on their guard against this particular concern or concerns who do a similar business.

About two weeks after the death of my brother Frank, who came to this city from the Alaska Commercial and Mining Co., Omaha Building, Chicago, Ill., the letter-head used indicated an incorporated company with a capital of $5,000,000, with the full quota of officers and branch offices at San Francisco, New York and London, Eng. The letter was addressed to "shareholders." It spoke in flattering terms of the results of the various claims in the Yukon district; of the purchase of a gigantic hydroelectric plant, which was to begin next year; of prospecting parties; of the loss of one of their large river steamers that was crushed in the ice while wintering at the Russian mission. The letter stated that the company had assumed a place among dividend-paying concerns, and congratulated its shareholders in having secured stock at a low figure, which was now worth $1 per share, with a possibility of a rise in the near future to $1.50 or $2. This letter was given to Frank's father, J. L. Shaw, who gave it but little attention, thinking it was a mere advertising scheme.

October 4.
Express, C. O. D.

A few days later another letter came from the same company, saying that the final payment of $10 was due Sept. 15, and inasmuch as no word had been received from Frank, the company had sent its certificate of stock, No. 8,012, for 100 shares, by express, C. O. D., to his address. The letter congratulated him on securing stock in the company at low figures, and stated that all stock must be paid up in full by Oct. 10, or it would be forfeited and cancelled, for a dividend was to be declared as soon thereafter as the trustees could settle up the accounts. When father received this letter he brought it with the former one to me, and after looking over the papers of brother Frank, and finding not a particle of evidence of any dealing with such a company, we concluded that it was a fraud. There was, however, a package with a bill of lading indicating a certificate of stock at the express office, to be had for $10. This was left at the office.

October 3.
An Exchange and a Bluff.

Poetically, I wrote to the company, saying that my brother Frank was dead, and that I had received a communica-

tion with an inference that he held stock in the company, of which I had no knowledge. I asked for an explanation.

By return mail came a letter stating that reference to the records of the company showed that Frank Shaw, of Milton, Wis., was a subscriber to 100 shares of stock for which he was to pay 50 cents per share; that $40 of this had been paid, leaving a balance of $10 which had become due Sept. 15, and since no word had come, the certificate of stock had been sent to his address. The company added, however, to transfer the certificate to me as Frank's administrator if I would send it to the Chicago office. Inasmuch as it required the payment of $10 in order to get the certificate before I could send it away, it was left at the office. We looked over Frank's books and found that he had kept a cash account from Jan. 1 to Aug. 1, which was balanced at the first of every month, and which accounted for every cent received and paid out. I wrote to the company, however, asking for the dates and amounts of the several payments which made up the $40. By return mail again came the indefinite answer that the first payment had been made some time last March, adding that if I did not care to take up the stock, it would be returned to Chicago and cancelled.

October 5.
The Sequel.

I wrote again asking for the time, and requesting an answer as to how this money had been paid, by draft, check, post-office order, or how. Also whether brother Frank had dealt directly with the company or with some local agent. Straightway came the response that Frank had paid the money to their traveling agent, who had remitted the same to them. Again I wrote asking for the name and present address of this traveling agent, also offering to sell out the stock for $10. Soon after the reply showed a little irritation (no wonder), for it read, "We are entirely too busy to devote a couple of hours' time to look up the information that you require, and we think it sufficient for you that we admit the receipt of $40 on account, leaving a balance due of $10, which must be paid on Oct. 10, or the same will be forfeited and the stock cancelled. If you do not want the stock, we will be very glad to cancel the same, which will be much cheaper than buying it of you for $10.

In the meantime I had written to two friends in Chicago, asking them to visit the company at the Omaha Building and find out what kind of a concern it was. And this is in substance their report: No evidence at all about the building of any such company. After considering several elevator boys said there was an office on the top floor that received mail thus directed. In a little back room on this floor, with a plain glass door, inquiry was made of a type-writer girl. She knew everything about the company, said that the manager was out, and would not be back for a day or two. The room, small as it was, was cut in two by a glass partition, and visitors must converse through a window. There was absolutely no sign whatever to indicate the nature of the business transacted.

You say, "have them prosecuted." Yes, if you can find anything but a type-writer girl, who knows nothing, to prosecute. The chances are that every name on the letterhead of this $5,000,000 incorporated company is fictitious, and very likely if the police would make a raid on the office, nothing would be found that would incriminate even the clerk. No! about all that can be done is to publish the facts, and thus warn people to be on guard against such "sharkers" and their games.

OUR MIRROR.

President's Letter.

Dear Young People:

In accepting the presidency of the Young People's Permanent Committee, I realize that a new and very great responsibility has come upon me. The issues before our people are manifestly becoming so great, and the young men and women, the boys and girls of our homes, are destined to figure so large a part in meeting these issues, that I must confess to having been in a position of constant anxiety. As men and women, the boys and girls of our homes, are destined to figure so large a part in meeting these issues, that I must confess to having been in a position of constant anxiety.

The summer has passed into eternity; the autumn, with its glorious possibilities, is with us. It is possible for us to make the last three months of 1899 count more for the advancement of God's kingdom than all the former months have done. Let us try.

You will notice that our Home Readings for the week beginning with October 15 are under the general topic of "Men sent of God." I want to ask every Christian Endeavorer to prove what he would be willing, to write me your thoughts upon it.

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I find myself thinking of your words and comments regarding the integrity of the Decalogue. There is no escape from the fact that each command, however inconvenient, must be upheld with the same unabating vigor that you uphold the fourth. You can have no idea what that means in this country. If it costs my life I shall not be surprised, and that quite likely at the hands of white men.

I, and the first two Ajawa Christians who seem likely to accept the Sabbath and come out from the Sunday Christians, we slept last night in a hut let us by the headman of this village, four days east from Blantyre. Our provisions had to be left at Chinde, 400 miles away, at the mouth of the Zambezi; so I had to breakfast upon roast corn and coffee; other meals were from fowls and native porridge made from crushed corn. After food we had divine worship under four huts; many Aguru and Ajawa sat around on the ground; to meet this being the first time of hearing the Word of God.

I do not use the same words as formerly, with the gospel first; but I put God's law first, which makes the need of the gospel manifest. The people were quick to perceive that the law places them under condemnation; then are they more ready to hear of the deliverer. They will not say, as our families, but now we will rest on this day. I say there are many lions, but I have listed among our white neighbors on the east, and only one to see our return. For the natives know well that I have been here long enough. I am astonished to see how many eyes and hearts are turned to watch what we shall say and do on this return, for the natives know well that I have been hard treated by my own flesh and blood in this land. Hence the native heart is very kindly disposed and glad to see our return.

The native Zipponei is one who saw Emily and me arrive seven years ago. He is the man who volunteered at that time to carry the heaviest load, about seventy pounds, a day through the jungle, and I walked with him carrying nothing, but he never allowed me to pass him. Since I went to America his wife, mother and child were killed in one night by a lion. In the part where we now are the people say there are many lions, but I have listened each night and so far have heard none. As our goods had to be left behind, I am walking this trip. (We have not sufficient funds to buy land and build before the rainy season begins, the huts have been so much higher than formerly.) I walk about 20 miles a day and am thankful for the last day's rest. I had purposed to settle near the southeast end of Lake Nyassa, and may do so yet; but I find that country pretty well occupied, while as yet there is no mission east of Lake Shirewa. The last three Europeans who tried to settle there were killed. So far a good opening appears probable.

At daybreak I found the band of Aguru people, who seemed wishing for a mission in their country, had taken fright at seeing me write the foregoing article. They concluded I was going to perform missionary work and said to have done at Blantyre, viz., sent letters to call for the men of war who take their land, kill as they choose and tax the people who remain. They fled in the night, and all local natives as I see the second and third day after stated that an expedition of some thousands of natives with white leaders is shortly to be sent to their country, and feared we were spies deceiving them by talking good words.

Crosse Lake Shirewa in native canoes and found the island inhabited by a few hundred Monganja people, who gave an earnest, quiet hearing to the commandments of God and the gospel. They called the nine headmen of the village the first day, to consider the words, and asked for our letters and any word to be taken up by questions and their decision what to do with this message from God which came to them for the first time.

It would take too much time and space to repeat what passed; their deliberate decision was: they wish to receive God's words, keep the day of rest and worship which he has appointed, and desire that I shall return quickly and build a school in which to teach the young as well as unfold the Word of God to the grown persons. They do not wish to sell an inch of native land, which is twelve to six hours to walk around, and the land is not suitable for a plantation; but unless some unseen hindrance occurs it should form an excellent center for school and hospital work, not for the islanders only, but for the scores of native villages around it on the shores of the lake. It may become an important center from which to distribute Sabbath and gospel truth, whilst the industrial center will need to be elsewhere on less stony ground. I have now to present the integrity of God's law as their guide for the future, declaring his words to be above all others they have yet heard. According to the map, this island is just beyond the British boundaries, thirty miles east from the little island on the shore of the Aguru country, who keep deadly enemies of the Monganja at present, (this I hope to get altered at an early date). The Monganja, themselves, during our long meeting, acknowledged it was both wicked and foolish to be at enmity with their nearest neighbors on the east, and openly said they would go with me to carry the good words of God there. The water of the lake is shallow and brackish, but abounds in fish. Mosquitoes are abundant there, I regret to say. The island is free from wild beasts, though not from snakes, which are numerous.

Walked home by way of Zomba, 65 or 70 miles. The first four nights on this trip I slept with my two native friends in native huts at the village we passed through, but last four I preferred sleeping in mats on the open ground, owing to the bad behavior of the numerous rats and vermin of another kind in some of the huts. Of course it is not pleasant to wake in the night with the fancy that you hear some wild beast snuffing at you through the native mat in which one is rolled, but the good words of God in my heart preserved us from the terror by night, according to his promise. Three nights the mosquitoes were terrible. I have not yet found a promise to fit the case of these dreadful little beings.

Before closing, let me speak of one or two larger matters. I believe there will come a great victory here for the true Sabbath. So
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far as I can judge, the whole of the missions must soon find themselves in a dilemma. They have never let the natives know that Sunday is the first day. They all teach that it is the seventh day; hence they are all on the same plane to which we can come to the conclusion that they are keeping the seventh day at present according to the commandment? I replied we would go into that matter pretty carefully at a later date. I wish to go gently for I see a large and sure victory is coming. I would give to the mission leaders a chance to announce the change of day themselves, and so shall suggest a conference.

I am glad to say that my wife and little Mary, with myself, are enjoying good health.

Fraternally yours,

JOSEPH BOOTH.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

It used to stand in the kitchen, in a corner cherry and

Where the burning logs in the firelight shot up glowing red-

And the crackling flames played hide and seek with the shadows bobbing up.

In the yawning mouth of the chimney, so awfully huge and gray,

Or leaped out on the red brick hearth and danced with the shadows there.

While the old wheel kept the best of time in the fireplace's fifth glee.

Singing and spinning, Spinning and singing, Not as fast and faster it turns, And the flames leaped high, And the shadows danced away.

If grandmother used to spin.

The wool on the brown spindle was as smowy as the snowfall.

And seemed as we watched it whirling round like a snowball taking a ride.

Then winding the yarn in a big round ball, so firm and soft and white.

We were almost afraid it would really melt in the heat of the open firelight:

But tossed it about and watched it grow, as the wheel kept beauty round,

And leaped and reared in the ruddy glow, and thought it the sweetest sound.

Singing and spinning, Spinning and singing, Not as fast and faster it turns, And the flames leaped high, And the shadows danced away.

-From grandmother's song.

GROWING OLD AND KEEPING YOUNG.

by rev. thaddeus l. clymer.

Since the time when Cicero wrote his immortal treatise on Old Age, innumerable sermons have been written on this venerable topic; but as it is an experimental matter, there is always room for another one's experience. Some people regard old age as a disgrace, and practice various devices to conceal it. Their wigs and other "simulators" wear out, and every few years they follow the directory that a hoary head is a crown of glory. If it be found in the way of righteousness.

That old age is an incurable malady is only partially true, for some vigorous persons pass fourscore years without ever having caught it, or cleverly that nobody suspects them. "Old" is a relative term, after all. I have known people who were pliably old at fifty; and when I met that swift-footed Christian, the late William E. Dodge (senior), at the age of seventy-five, with the brisk gait of a man, yet with a slightly gray hair on his head, I said to him, "You are one of the youngest men in New York."

How to keep young—that is the problem; and it is a vitally important problem, for it really means how to make the most of life, and to bring in the largest revenue of service to the Master. Healthy heredity counts for a great deal. Longevity runs in certain clean-blooded families. East Alawald, the Scotch philanthropist, Neal Dow, alert at ninety-two, told me that his Quaker father reached ninety-four, his grandfather eighty-five, and his great-grandfather ninety. Such inherited vigor is a capital to start with, and not to be wasted. It is one of the most atrocious crimes that is committed by some parents, who not only shorten their own days, but make life long an impossibility to their offspring.

Supposing that a man has a fairly good and unencumbered constitution to start with, there are several methods to ward off the infirmities of a premature old age. The first and most important is to keep the Commandments. Our Creator has written certain laws on our mortal bodies—laws as irrepealable as those written on the stone tables of St. Peter for the breach of which Jesus Christ has made no atonement. To squander vital resources by violating these laws, or even by neglecting them, is an unpardonable sin. There are also Christian rules—yes, in some Christian pulpits! Rigid care as to a digestive diet does not mean fussiness. It means a clear head, clean blood, and a chance for longevity. Stimulants are dangerous just in proportion as they become indispensable. Brain work, hearty eating and little or no physical exercise are a short road to a minister's grave. That goes for human clerics and apostles, too. That famous patriarch of the New England pulpit, Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, who was vigorous at ninety-four, used to say, "I always get up, have my breakfast, and go about it from the table a little hungry." The all-comprehensive rule of diet is very simple—whatever harms more than it helps, let it alone! Willful dyspepsia is an abomination to the Lord.

A second essential to a healthy longevity is the repair of our resources by sound and sufficient sleep. Insomnia is worse than any of the plagues of Egypt; it kills a man or woman by inches. How much sleep is absolutely necessary to bodily vigor must be a natural question. You and I are as free as a bird in the air, and we can breathe the air and live. "Birds are free, and you are not," says the Lord. "Burning the midnight oil" commonly means burning out your life before your time. Morning is the time for work; one hour before noon is worth five after sunset. When a man who has as much strain on his brain and on his nervous sensibilities as most ministers have goes to his bed-room, he should school himself to the habit of missing all thought about outside matters. If he has difficulty in doing this, he should pray for divine help to do it. This suggests him as also applicable to all worked business men and to care-laden wives and housekeepers as it is to ministers or to brain-workers in any profession. That wonderful physical and mental phenomenon, Mr. Gladstone, once told me that he hardly took this pocket watch off every hour of state and every other worry outside of his bed-room door. To this excellent rule he attributed his sound sleep, and to his refreshing sleep he largely attributed his vigorous longevity. Paddy's rule is a good one, and it is not foolhardy to adopt it. Personally, I may remark that it is to a full quota of slumber at night and a brief nap after a noon meal that I mainly owe my three years of steady ministerial work without a single Sunday on a sick bed.

To keep young, every man or woman should endeavor to graduate their labors according to their age. After threescore and ten, or as late as the poor man can, he should be a worthier and less work-the-wearer, so that he may open the burdens of the pastorate, let him keep his tools sharp by a ministry-at-large with tongue and pen. While a merchant or tradesman retires from business for himself, let him serve the public, or Christ's cause by enlisting in enterprises of philanthropy.

Rust has been the ruin of many a bright intellect. The celebrated Dr. Archibald Alexander of the Princeton Theological Seminary kept young by doing a certain amount of intellectual work even after he should not lose his touch. He was as full of sap on the day before his death as he was when a missionary in Virginia at the age of two and twenty. He prepared and often used a prayer that was so beautiful that I quote a portion of it: "Willingly, since I follow the course of Christ, whose life-clock has struck threescore and ten:

"Oh, most merciful God, cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not if my strength faileth. May my hoary head be bound in righteousness. Preserve my mind from dotage and imbecility, and my body from protracted disease and excruciating pain. Deliver me from despondency in my declining years, and enable me to bear with patience whatever may be thy holy will. I humbly ask that my name may be continued to the last; and that I may be so comforted and supported that I may leave my testimony in favor of the reality of religion, and of thy faithfulness in fulfilling thy gracious promises. And when my spirit leaves this clay tenement, Lord Jesus receive it. Send some of the blessed angels to convey my inexperienced soul to the mansions which thy love has prepared; and oh, may I have an abundant entrance ministered unto me into the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ." This beautiful petition floated his closing years with sweet peace, and a strength unbroken to the last.

A sore temptation to the aged is a tendency to quarrelsomeness and pessimism. Losses are unduly magnified, and gains are not rightly appreciated. While we cherish and cling to many of the things that are old, and are all the better for having been well tested, let us not seek to put our eyes in the back of our heads and live out our past. Keep step with the times; keep sympathy with young hearts; keep in touch with every born, from the beginning of charity, and in line with the marchings of God's providence. A ten minutes of chat or play with a grandchild makes the young man young again. I have been a companion with an old companion, or over an old book. Above all, keep your hearts in the love of God, and walk in the sunshine of Christ's countenance. Our "Indian Summer" ought to be the most golden period of our lives consecrated to him who bought us with his precious blood.

"No tongue hath not told tongue; No ear hath not heard what is said. How buoyant and fresh—though it seem to grow old, is a beauteous young."

-Evangelist.
Children's Page.

THE BOYS' CAMP.

Myron and William had met with a great disappointment, but they were determined to bear it bravely.

All through the spring their father had been hoping to take them with their mother to camp out in the Adirondacks. They were to leave home in July, and to be absent all through the month of August.

Many were the plans made with regard to the stay in the mountains. Lines and fish-hooks were bought, and the boys constructed a trap in which they aspired to catch any wild animals that might be wandering near their camping-out place.

In the daytime they read stories of life in the woods. In the evening they amused themselves by imagining various predicaments in which they might be placed, and sundry hair-breadth escapes. By night they dreamed that all these and other startling experiences actually occurred.

They were enjoying by anticipation all possible vacation pleasures when suddenly their father was requested by his employers to make a business trip which would cover all the remainder of the summer. This unexpected demand was a death-blow to the Adirondack project.

Mr. Hulmes could not in any wise afford to refuse to perform the business required of him, and it could not be postponed.

Sadly he told the boys of the breaking up of the family plans. He loved his children and was extremely sorry to disappoint them, but he made them understand that the change was something unavoidable, besides being real, for their benefit in the end. Then, too, he wisely consoley them by the promise of new home amusements.

"But what shall we do with our tent?" asked Myron, as though raising a difficulty which could not be disposed of.

"I'll tell you what we'll do with it," answered their mother, promptly and cheerfully. "We'll put it up in our yard, near my bedroom window, and you and Myron shall camp out there just as if you were in the woods."

"What! May we eat there, and sleep there and live there?"

"Yes, if you want to. We'll play that the house is a hotel, and have your food cooked there, and I'll live at the hotel, where you may visit me at any time. We'll have a new hammock and swing it out under the maple trees, and you may lie in that and read stories when the weather is too warm for playing about. Then, sometimes we'll go down to our own little brook and fish there, just as if we were in the mountains. I'll try not to do any more work than if we were really away from home, and we'll have just as much enjoyment as we can."

All this seemed very delightful to the boys, and consolated them in large measure for the loss of the projected trip.

Myron had only one single day in which to prepare for his Western tour, but during that day he found time to help the boys erect their tent and to raise the stars and stripes above it; to get a new hammock and swing it in the shadiest spot available; to purchase two traps, a bed and a quantity of camp supplies. The only thing to be done when evening came was to invent a name for the boys' temporary abode. William pro-

posed to call it "Camp Lookout," because you know, papa, that all the time he is looking out for your coming home."

Myron favored this proposal, and the motion was carried.

The morning of Mr. Hulmes' departure was spent by his sons in getting things in place. By dinner-time they had made such progress that they were able to invite their mother to dine with them in camp. A packing-box served as a table, but it was covered with a white cloth and properly arranged, for the two boys had been taught to do things decently and in order.

In the afternoon they paid a visit to neighboring woods and performed all sorts of imaginary exploits. Night found them regularly camped out and brought them slumberous sound and sweet.

So matters went on for the first week. There were plenty of things to be done, and it was delightful to know from day to day that Mrs. Hulmes' time was to be largely devoted to the entertainment of her sons.

But there is a fable which relates how, once upon a time, a camel, having gained permission to put his nose into a man's tent, gradually went in, then its head, and afterwards its whole body. So a big, ugly animal, called Selfishness, introduced itself into Camp Lookout and spoiled the pleasure of the occupants.

William encouraged the advances of this beast by clapping his name to himself the larger share of theainties that appeared upon the table one evening. Then, when bedtime came, Myron declared that the tent was close with two boys in it, and he wished he had it to himself. William took him at his word and retired to the house. Then Myron, feeling lonely, followed him indoors. So the camp that night was deserted.

It may be doubted whether its occupancy would have been resumed had not a cousin of the boys, Sinclair Jackson, most opportunity come for a visit.

"He was a kind, cheerful boy, good tempered and obliging. In the sunshine of his genial nature ill feeling melted away. He found so many things to enjoy, and invented so many pleasant occupations, that happiness returned with more force."

At evening the trio agreed to sleep in the tent.

"But how can that be?" asked Mrs. Hulmes of her two boys. "I'm afraid that one of you will need to sleep in the house. You know that last night you considered Camp Lookout to be rather crowded even when you were alone. How will it be when there is still another in it?"

"Oh, we could make room for three boys," like Sinclair replied, William, truthfully. Here is a question to be answered. How did it happen that the tent which had been too small for two was plenty large enough for three? Can any one reply? — The Christian Intelligencer.

The master was asking questions. "Now, boy," he said, "how many months have twenty-eight?"

"All of them," replied a sharp lad at once. — Pittsburgh Bulletin.

It is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater pleasure, a rest that is to be found in loving obedience. — George Eliot.

THE IOWA YEARLY MEETING.

[Owing to the press of work by Mr. of the Meeting, the following report of the Iowa Yearly Meeting by the Garrison Tribune is forwarded with request to publish it in the Sabbath Recorder.]

The Seventh-day Baptists are not a numerous people in the state of Iowa, but they are scattered about over the state in Cedar Rapids, Lake City, Calamus, Dow City, Gowrie, Eagle Grove, Gray, Marion, Gladwin, North Union, New Franklin, Oskaloosa, City, Shell Rock, Shelburt, Zearing, Grand Junction, Welton and Garwin. The Welton church is the largest in the state and Garwin, with its eighty members, is second in size. Not all these places have churches.

The scattered people have a custom of coming together once a year in the month of September for a three days' meeting, and it is called the Iowa Yearly Meeting. The Minnesota Semi-annual Meeting sends one of its ministers as delegate to Iowa, and Iowa in return sends one each year to Minnesota. This year Rev. James Hurley came down from Minnesota as their delegate, and Rev. H. D. Clarke, of this place, was elected to visit the Minnesota meeting next year.

The meeting convened last Friday morning with Mr. Theo. S. Hurley as moderator, and Otto VanHorn as secretary. Committees were appointed to arrange a program for the meeting, and to arrange the time and place for the next, appoint appointees, preacher to de-}
Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY RABBI-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

REV. W. E. WILSON, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1899.

FOURTH QUARTER.


Description of the need of the Gospel, which is a call to repentance and faith. This need is shown in the present, as there is sin and suffering in the world.

Psalm 129 belongs to the collection of Pilgrim Songs. The Psalmist has in mind the change of fortune that had come to the Jews as a result of the captivity. The Psalmist felt the need of the favor of God, and prays for salvation. He expresses his confidence in God and sees the reunion of rights and hopes of the people.

The combination of joy and sorrow, of the essence of God's favor and of the prayer for this favor as if it had not been taken away and explained by the situation shown in the fourth chapter of Nebiun, and in chapter 1:3. The first returning exiles had been restored to Jerusalem, but they were in distress and poverty, and were harassed by numerous enemies.

Notes:

85th:—1. Lord, thou hast been favourably unto the land. The Psalmist recognizes that God has been delighted in his people. The land is often used to represent the people, and the prosperity of the land suggests prosperity of the people. Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob. This line is parallel to the first line. In modern English we would be more apt to say "captivity" instead of "captivity." Jacob is used of the nation.

2. Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people, a mark of gracious favor parallel to the thought of verse 1. Iniquity was shown by the restoration. Thou hast covered all their sin. This is a synonymous expression to that of the first line. Sin is likely a direction for the musician who should sing its song. It has nothing whatever to do with the thought.

3. Thou hast taken away all thy wrath. The Psalmist represents God as having the passion of man. Many of the biblical writers thus speak of God in order to refer in concrete language to the apparent relations of God with mankind. The Divine Being is not of course moved by the passion of love or of hate, as men are moved. But as it is far beyond the realm of human expression to explain the thought and feelings of God, the sacred literature often uses the analogy of the passions and thoughts of men, and expresses themselves as vividly as possible. Thou hast turned thyself from the soreness of thine anger. Much better with the omission of "thyself.

4. Turn us to God of our salvation, etc. The thought of the Psalmist now turns to the lack of Jesus, even with the present meaning of the favor of God. He prays, therefore, for the restoration. God's anger seems to be turned away since they were restored to the possession of the land, but they might be against them still, since they are not in prosperity.

5. With thee be anger with us forever? The emphatic word with is used to show their present state of distress, although they were, technically speaking, restored, was not real life. That thy people may rejoice in thee. Not a dry earthly prosperity, but in the God of their salvation.

LESSON XIII. PSALMS OF DELIVERANCE.

For Sabbath-school, Oct. 28, 1899.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thy name shall be even in joy, Ps. 128:4.

INTRODUCTION.

These two Psalms reflect the period of the Restoration from the Exile. Psalm 85 is a Messianic prophecy, picturing the reign of Jehovah. The land is at peace and prosperity, but the Psalmist still feels the need of the favor of God, and prays for salvation. He expresses his confidence in God and sees the reunion of rights and hopes of the people.

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It is said that Sir John Gayer, who was at one time lord mayor of London, while traveling in an eastern country, was suddenly confronted with a painful dilemma. As he was following the worthy knight fell on his knees and asked God to deliver him. The lion looked at him and the man turned to walk, and walked on another direction, leaving the appallant unharmed.

Sir John then rose from his knees, resolved that he would show his gratitude for his miraculous escape, and subsequently gave a sum of money to a poor man, and walked on another direction, leaving the appallant unharmed.

THE LION SERMON.

THE LION SERMON is preached every year in St. Cloud, Minnesota, the city of the service, which has been held on October 16 for the last 250 years, had a curious origin.

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The next step he had to take was to use rock salt and limestone together again, was in the night and casting the slag on the pile as before, the flame appeared, and Mr. Wilson was much struck with the brilliant white light that was produced; this caused him not to dispose of any more of his grayish stuff in this manner.

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Very many scientific principles have been developed by combinations taking place incidentally that have been of immense value, and have contributed greatly to the health and happiness of the people.

New Covering for Cotton Bale.

On one occasion, in making a search in the Patent Office at Washington, D. C., I noticed that a large number of devices had been patented for compressing the cotton bale. The inventions were so numerous and of such varied character, as seemingly to preclude the possibility of any further improvement in this particular direction. Another device, however, has been invented, which appears to have reached perfection in securing and protecting this staple in a condensed form, while in transit to market.

The latest invention may be a metallic envelope, and is made of a thin sheet of steel, rendered rust proof, and which is so formed as to entwine considerable consider rock salt, and also limestone in his furnaces as a flux; whenever the salt and limestone were used together the slag produced by the intense electrical heat produced a dirty frothy substance unlike anything he had ever seen before, which he dumped into a stream of water that was near; the water being shallow, after a while the pile of slag arose above the surface of the water.

One day he dumped some slag and some remained on top of the pile, and some fell down below the surface of the water; that above the water remained in a red hot state; that which fell beneath the water caused a steam to rise, which on reaching that which was red hot above, burst out into a flame.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by the surgical process. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the ear. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed. There is a variety of ten cures by cautery, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for Circular.

"MAMA, what would you do if that big vise in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy.

"I should spank whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy, glibly. "Too papa's broken it."—Harper's Bazar.

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

The Sabbath-keepers in Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Bible Class, held every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, at the residence of Dr. E. L. Irons, 234 Grace Street.

The Seventh-day Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Sabbath-day, corner of Church and Genesee streets, at 2.30 P.M. Sabbath-school and following preaching service

The Sabbath-day Church of New York City holds services in the Boys' Room of the Y. M. C. A. Building, Twenty-third and Fourth Avenue. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A.M. The preaching service is at 11.45 A.M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.

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For paint stains, either ketone or turpentine to start the paint, then wash. This will also remove tar. Some rub the spots with lard, then let remain several hours and wash in a pearline-suds.

Ink stains may be removed by soaking in ripe tomato juice, or by soaking in strong brine and then wetting with lemon juice. Soot is removed instead of the lemon juice. Resin, wax and turpentine pitch may be removed with alcohol. Hard pitch may be softened by lard, and removed by turpentine and soap.

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For iron rust use lemon or pie-pluck boiled with starch, then lay in the sun. Bruised sorrel leaves in place of the lemon is said to get rid of rust without so much taste to the paste, and others soak the spots in sour milk, then expose to the sun.

For searched places soak the spots in soap-suds or a solution of borax, and hang in the sun. Repeat if necessary.

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For tea, coffee, or chocolate stains pour boiling soft water through, then wash, or moisten the stain with turpentine until the residue is loosened, then wash in a little ammonia. If the stains are of long standing, soak in glycerine and wash out with cold water, or take one-half pint juice water to one quart clear water, and let stained part soak in it several hours, then rinse well in two waters.

For blood stains wash in kerosene, then in a pearline-suds, or add the kerosene to the suds and wash. If this does not remove it, apply iodine of potassium di-chloride about four times its weight of water.

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