GREAT truths are greatly won. Not found by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream,
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

—Horatius Bonar.
Sabbath Recorder.

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

Entered as Second-Class mail matter at the Plainfield, (N. J.) Post-Office.

ONE most encouraging sign of the times is the revival of interest in the instruction of children in matters religious. The opinions which obtained fifty years ago, that children must pass well on toward manhood and womanhood before they were old enough to understand the mysteries of religious experience, and, therefore, old enough to be converted, have passed away. This is well. In turning our attention to the early Christian nurture of children, the church is meeting a demand vital to its own existence, and also coming into a better knowledge of Christ's kingdom, and of his teachings concerning children. He said distinctly and repeatedly, speaking of children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

This advance on the part of Christian people, both as to doctrine and practice, promises well for the future. Every student of child-life knows that the first religious age comes with the consciousness of the power of choice. Roughly stated, this first period is between the ages of eight and twelve. Children born in Christian homes, and trained according to the teachings of Christ, will come to an open profession of faith in him at this early age, by a healthful and natural law of soul development. Their experience will be quite unlike the experience of those who have sown wild oats, played the prodigal, and are forced to come back over mountains of unbelief, and through storms of conviction. But the more quiet experience of properly trained children will be quite as genuine, and the resultant religious life will be more healthful and permanent.

We commend this view of Christ's words concerning children to the attention of all parents and teachers.

Do not mistake tendencies of evil, if they appear in childhood, for inherited guilt. Taint and weakness may be inherited. Equally so may right choice, and consciousness of the power of choice. Roughly stated, this first period is between the ages of eight and twelve. Those who have passed on to something better are fitted to undeveloped powers, and will never do the thing which, if left alone, will continue to mock over what has been forgiven, thus checking growth, and clouding faith. We are not to doubt the love of God expressed in forgiveness, however dark may have been the sins forgiven. The practical point to be gained is this: Remember the mistakes and failures of the past, in so far as such memory will help to avoid like mistakes in the future. Do not hinder growth by dwelling upon past failures. Do no distrust the forgiving love of God because whether one has really forgiven that of which you have truly repented. Look up, and not down. Look out, more than you look in. Keep the past in memory as a power for pushing yourself forward to something better.

The firm belief that you can improve upon the past lies at the foundation of real improvement. Discouragement, because of the past, prevents success in the future. We never do that which we believe we can not do. We never gain victory by putting forth feeble efforts, under the conviction that they will be futile. F-a-i-t-h is but another way of spelling success. This thought applies to undeveloped powers, and untested sources, intellectual and spiritual. To believe that a difficult problem can be mastered is half the work of mastering it. To believe that we cannot solve a problem makes failure doubly certain. Women who go through life with latent powers untouched, because they do not believe in the existence of such powers, or have not the bravery to attempt their development. Failure in this direction, in external things, is far greater than failure elsewhere. The ground for faith in such things is abundant, because the divine help is assured to every one who strives in faith. Whatever thing is possible from the human standpoint, if it ought to be done, attempt it instantly, determine to gain that one possibility. If it seems impossible from the human standpoint, go forward in faith that divine help will over come human impossibility. "All things are possible with God." It would be wrong to accept that statement as applying to the help God gives those who struggle to do his will.

In any one in whose memory thoughts linger of the old-time theology and of the doctrine of original sin, shrinks from this higher conception, we urge that it is based upon the statements of Christ, and is fully supported by experience. Our observation demonstrates the fact that the most reliable members of the kingdom of Christ are, as a general rule, those who have been brought into the kingdom in accordance with the suggestions expressed above, and have made public profession of their faith, in childhood. Those who have been brought into the kingdom after great struggles with the power of evil, are comparatively weak, and more likely to fall under stress of temptation. The development of their faith, the work of Christian Endeavor Societies, and the Sabbath-schools, illustrate and confirm all we have said which had been taken in a trap, and which, as a mere child, I was permitted to see, remains in my mind with great clearness. Those eyes seemed to have supernatural characteristics, which my boyish fancy enlarged upon. In the careful and minute study of birds is revealing the fact that the eyes of the owl are covered with a white membrane which practically protects the sight while the eyelids are wide open. It is said that birds which in among bushes have the same protection, and that the change from dim to bright sunlight, shuts out the glare by drawing such a curtain. This curtain, when not in use, folds back into the corner of the eye. Another peculiarity connected with the eyes of those birds of prey which see their quarry on the ground, from a great height in the air, enables the eye to pass from a state of far-sightedness to one of near-sightedness almost instantly. This result is secured by a thin folded membrane, which affects the lease of the eye and so gives the rapid changes as to convexity, making the bird at one moment far-sighted, and as it nears its prey with a swift downward flight, making the eye near-sighted, so that the success of its attack is assured.

It is said that thousands of little apple trees are found growing on the shores of Mull and Lorna Islands, on the west coast of Scotland. These seedlings have grown from apples cast ashore when the steamer Labrador was wrecked there last autumn. It is said the snows did not reach the waters, it illustrates the great truth that life, in whatever form, overcomes the most difficult of surroundings and keeps on its work of bearing fruit.

We have all heard of the baker's dozen; that is, thirteen. It is said that there was an old law which compelled cobblers to put twelve nails in the heel of each shoe. In time it came about that the cobblers drove the thirteenth nail in the center of the heel for good luck. So we have also a cobbler's dozen, made up of thirteen.

Although the paper on "Student Evangelism in the Early Seventies," from the pen of President Gardiner, is prominent in this issue, we are sure that our readers will enjoy it all the more. Read it with care.

Suggestions to Young Pastors.

Among the most important duties which your new relation puts upon you is that of visiting and caring for the sick. Christianity, as exemplified by Christ, and as developed along its better lines, is prosominently a religion for the suffering and unfortunate. To be fitted to visit the sick, one needs, not only tenderness of soul and insight into spiritual conditions, but a somewhat extended knowledge concerning disease, remedies, and the best influences for the sick room. President Allen used to say: "My model for a preacher is at least a year's study in medicine, a year in law, a full college course, and all the theology he could get." The presence of the pastor in the sick room, and also the general influence of his brief visits are one of the first and most important features of his work. You are expected to know your patient, and to have in mind constantly the physical and spiritual good. All efforts to secure these must depend largely upon the...
THE OLD SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST NUNNERY.

Interest in the German Seventh-day Baptists of Eastern Pennsylvania has been awakened by the fact that the state of Pennsylvania has a legal provision to secure possession of the nunnery, and the land connected therewith, of the German Seventh-day Baptists, of Snow Hill, Franklin County. Our readers will remember that this property was established about 1795. Religious meetings have been held on the grounds since 1775, and perhaps earlier. The most prosperous period in the history of the Snow Hill Institution was during the present century, say from 1820-1840. The school connected with the nunnery was at that time prosperous and efficient. The old building at Snow Hill, and a similar one at Ephrata, Lancaster County, are said to be the only two representatives of a monastic order, founded by Protestants, in the United States.

The state claims the property under a general law, since there are no direct heirs. It is not certain, however, but that the trustees who have been active in the cause will make defense in the courts, and attempt to preserve the property in the interest of the German Seventh-day Baptists of Pennsylvania. The founding of these monastic orders arose from a peculiar phase in the faith of the early German Seventh-day Baptists. They were a deeply religious and spiritual, minded people, and their mysticism led to the idea that solitary life, and monastic practices would help them gain that higher development in spiritual things which they longed for. The outward peculiarities of such a people often bring criticism from the superficial, but those who look deeper discover in such movements, and in the purposes of such people, much that is highest and best. They were industrious, frugal, deeply religious, highly educated, and given to works of mercy and charity. Their record is a choice legacy for those of like precious faith.

WHAT OF THE NEGRO?

The years which have passed since the Civil War have added little momentum to all questions touching the future of the Negro in the United States. He was not responsible for the situation in which the Civil War found him. He was not fit for many of the responsibilities thrown upon him after the war. Seen from some standpoints, the granting of the elective franchise to the Negro was a serious mistake. But the problem was difficult, and that may have been the best solution. In his case, however, the real question was not so much what rights the Negro should have, as what should be done to develop in him the character and ability to take higher ground and assume more important obligations. The Negro, it must be legiti- mated into higher life, nor deposed from it by an act of Parliament. The real question in the Negro problem is, What character shall the Negro attain? That question, applied to the people who formerly enslaved the Negro, means, what shall they do in helping him to attain such character and position as will fit him for a better place and higher work.

Schools, churches, educational, social and religious development; these are the features which stand out in the Negro problem. The Negro has a right to demand opportunity and help, but these must be graduated, and applied in ways best calculated to develop character and bring permanent spiritual enlargement and growth. The difference between the races is so strongly marked, in many particulars, that it will never disappear. It is not best that it should disappear. It is best that, under the better behalf of duty it is imperative, such uplifting and de
c

enlargement and growth. The difference be

tween the races is so strongly marked, in

many particulars, that it will never disa

appear. It is not best that it should disap

pear. It is best that, under the better be

half of duty it is imperative, such uplifti

ng and development as we have suggested. Booker T. Washington has done much, perhaps more than any other individual, to aid his own people, and to place before the country a proper conception of their duty to the Negro. Much has been done; much remains to be done.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A few years since, the writer spent a number of weeks very pleasantly at work in the Library of the British Museum. It is the largest and best working library in the world. The basis for the Museum was well laid by gifts and by purchases previous to 1753. In 1759 it was opened with eighty thousand volumes of printed books and pamphlets. Among other things, unique manuscripts and manuscripts of great value. This original material embodies the most important elements of early English history. Royal libraries and gifts from wealthy private collectors have been added from time to time. During the twelve years, from 1823 to 1835, it is esti

mated that the gifts amounted to two mil

dollars, and the income for the purchase of books at the present time, aside from rentals to tenants to ten thousand pounds per year.

During the period when the writer was at work there—the summer of 1889—the average number of readers per day was six hun

dred and forty. These represented almost every part of the world, and almost every subject was included in their investigations. One appreciates the value of the printed page when considering the worth of such libraries, when one comes to the fact that its value cannot be estimated entirely, nor is it esti

mated. Besides the books which the Museum contains, the various departments, ar

chaeological and scientific, present corresponding special departments in every depart

ment. The English Government makes lib

eral provisions for the growth and enrich

ing of the Museum, and year by year the world of scholars is laid under renewed obligations to this government for the material which is gathered there.

The wanton destruction of the great Alex

andrian Library in Egypt annihilated the

sources of information and the threads of knowledge which have made the world poorer ever since. The little we are now ob

taining by excavations and searching in

Egypt, Palestine and Babylonia only increases the grief one must feel that so rich a source of information as the Alexandrian Library was destroyed. History will not forget the world if the great libraries now being built up in the world shall be preserved and enlarged as the centuries go by. On the other hand, if the theme, one is better able to understand the Levant, and what follows: "He who has never written a book by himself has never lived in vain." Those who have at

A true worth of a man is to be measured by the objects he pursues.—Marcus Aurelius.
CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.
By L. C. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y.

"As his Custom Was."—Jesus, "as his custom was, went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day." It is a good custom, for any man, young or old. There is strong tendency toward the entertainment idea in religious services to-day. "Who is to speak?" or "What special music will there be?" is the question. There are church-members in this last year of the Nineteenth Century (never mind, call it the first year of the Twentieth, if you want to) who languidly sit on the question whether it is worth while to attend church this time, and capriciously decide it.

Now, the chief purpose of going to the synagogue on the Sabbath-day is to worship. Between the person who goes in the spirit of prayer and reverence and the finical sight-seer, there is a great gulf. Happily it is not fixed; for it is better to go to church from lower motives than not to go at all. Let everybody come, and may the influence of the old Gospel, applied in the power of the Spirit, awaken cold hearts to a new life and motive.

The Right Instrument.
I spent half an hour the other day trying to accomplish a homespun purpose—all in vain. Then I sent over to the Deacon's for the proper tool, and in the twinkling of an eye the prayer was our own, not to Watts, but I think to Bates and Brady:

"Behold how good it is, And how it pleaseth well, For brethren to know they are there, even though, we acknowledge that earlier, which is of the Baptist Hymn Book, published in 1857 by the compiler in Kentucky. Of course its loveliest strains would be given to the foremost doctrines in their creed, as illustrated in the baptism of our Lord himself, thus:

"The holy Jesus said demand His right to be baptized then, The Baptist gave consent, On Jordan's banks they did appear, His right to be baptized then; His name as in unity Together so to dwell."

"Who is to speak?" or "What special music will there be?" is the question. There are church-members in this last year of the Nineteenth Century (never mind, call it the first year of the Twentieth, if you want to) who languidly sit on the question whether it is worth while to attend church this time, and capriciously decide it.

The courage of belief?

"A Love Letter."—You may be interested to know that the "love letter" which Brother Shaw mentioned in the last RECORDER came in answer to a beautiful one of his own. The recipient has permitted me to make an extract from it as a further suggestion for "the genial art of writing letters.""

Dear Friend,—How the years go by! It seems but the other day that we were almost inseparable chums in added, but almost in the twinkling of an eye the power behind Paul's needle. It is the distinction of the religion of the Bible that it finds people where they live.

Student Evangelistic Prospects. It may be that you noticed a slight rumble at 10 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 28. It was the contributing editor saying "Amen" to Brother Parker's article of last week. Read it if you have not. Of course there is only one C. U. P., and he has his personal equation. But, modifying his streak of pessimism with Dr. Lewis' reassuring salt, it must be acknowledged that Brother Parker has the subject several times squarely between the eyes.

For instance: "General contributions will never increase while we are cold and indifferent," "Preach, pray and practice tithe." "Spectrum combines all three (missions, Sabbath Reform and education) in one harmonious whole," "We have the machinery and the steam. Unite them and put this gospel charet in motion."
It is, indeed, most cheering to see the growing enthusiasm for evangelistic work by our young people. The prospect appears bright at Alfred for sending out several more young men than were sent last summer. There are about a dozen here who are understood to be looking towards the ministry. Personally, your contributor is strongly in favor of sending one quartet to Hornellsville, where Bro. Cotrell is doing such splendid work. We predict a strong church for this city under continued, wise and faithful labor.

And now how about quartets of young women? We have been thinking about this for some time, and Brother Shaw's item brings it up afresh. What plans have anyone along this line? What can you offer from experience or observation? What do the young women themselves think of the practicability of going out for gospel campaigns?

"A Love Letter."—You may be interested to know that the "love letter" which Brother Shaw mentioned in the last RECORDER came in answer to a beautiful one of his own. The recipient has permitted me to make an extract from it as a further suggestion for "the genial art of writing letters.""
To study the birds in the Rocky Mountains, that had long been my cherished desire, and at last, in the spring of 1890, fortune smiled upon me in her cheeriest way, and I found myself passing through the deep canons and climbing the alpine heights in pursuit of feathered rarities.

In this brief article I dare not venture into detail; else it will not be brief, but will simply call attention to a few general facts relating to the life of the Rockies. The presence of these towering elevations has, as might be expected, a modifying influence upon the movements of the winged tenants, some of it a truly unique character. For example, there is here what might be called a vertical migration, besides the usual avian movements north and south which are known to the more level portions of North America.

These migratory journeys up and down the mountains occur with a regularity that amounts to a system, although each species must be studied for itself, as each has manners that are all its own. In the more level portions, many birds migrate to the far north to find the proper climatic conditions for raising their broods and spending the summer vacation, going at least to what are known as the subarctic regions. How different the subalpine height of the Rockies! Here they need to make a journey only a few miles—say from five to seventy-five, according to the locality chosen,—up the defiles and canons or over the ridges, to find the conditions as to temperature, food, etc., that are precisely to their taste. The wind blowing down to their haunts from the snow-mantled summits carries on its wings the same tangy coolness that they would find if they went to British America, where the brues would descend from the regions of snow and ice beyond the arctic circle.

It will add a little spice of detail if we take a concrete case. There is the handsome and lyrical white-crowned sparrow. In my native state, Ohio, only a migrant for the summer far up into Canada to court his mate and rear his family. Now, remember that Colorado is in the same latitude as Ohio; but the Buckeyes State, famous as it is for furnishing Presidents, has no Rocky Mountains, and therefore no white-crowns as summer dwellers. However, Colorado may claim this honor, as well as that of producing silver and gold and furnishing some of the sublimest scenery on the earth; for on Pike's Peak, in a green, well-watered valley just below the timber-line, I was thrown into transport—this is no hyperbole—to find the white-crowns, and listen to their rhythmic chorus, and discover their grass-lined nests by the side of the babbling mountain brook. Attitude accomplishes for these birds what latitu"de does for their brothers and sisters of eastern North America.

A curious occurrence is that one species vary in the avian life of the Rockies. Some species bred far above timber-line, in the presence of perpetual snow, ranging over the loftiest peaks in summer at an altitude of fourteen thousand feet, are the same species that may be seen in the brown-capped fly-flaches, which are about the size of the well-known song-sparrows. Then, there are species that have representatives as summer tenants both on the stretching plains far up in the mountains and the parks and valleys. One species that I observed with intense interest was the desert horned lark, which breeds on the treeless plains of Eastern Colorado, and also, oddly enough, on the peaks. Now, traveling through the above timber-line in the mountains, avoiding, at least in the breeding season, the timbered and canion-rived regions lying between. These unique little birds I found in the latter part of June at the summit of Peak, 14,147 feet above the sea-level, giving many evidences of having begun the work of nest-construction.

In this wonderful country there is every style of migratory habit. A two-fold migratory current must be observed. While there is a movement up and down and the mountain heights, there is at the same time the ordinary north and south movement, making the migratory system a perfect network of lines of travel. Look at these complicated movements. Some species summer in the mountains and winter on the plains; others summer in the mountains, pass down to the plains in the autumn, and then wing their way faster to the high plains of New Mexico, Mexico, Central America, and even South America, where they spend the winter, and then reverse this order on their return in the spring to the north; others simply pass through the mountain passes and make their autumn pilgrimages; spending neither the summer nor the winter in this latitude: still others come from the far north on the approach of autumn, and winter in this state, either on the plains, or in the more sheltered ravines of the mountains, and then return to the north in the spring; and, lastly, there are species that remain here all the year round, some of them in the mountains, others on the plains, and others again in both localities. There are a number of hardy birds—genuine feathered Vikings, one is tempted to call them—which brave the Arctic winters of the upper mountain regions, fairly reveling in the tempest. It must be a terrible tempest, indeed, that will be severe enough to drive them far down toward the plains.

Does the avifauna of the Rocky Mountain regions differ from that of the Eastern States? The reply must be made in the affirmative. First, there are the western sub-species and varieties, which differ in some respects, though not very materially, from their eastern cousins; for instance, the western meadow-lark, the western bluebird, the western robin and the western chipping sparrow. Besides, the intermediate forms are to be met with and classified, the eastern types shading off into the interesting process into the western. It would be impossible for any one but a systematist with the birds in hand to determine where the intermediate forms become either typical easterners or typical westerners.

But most interesting of all to the bird student is the fact that there are so many species that are peculiar to the West, so that he must be continually on the alert and have frequent recourse to his bird manuals. In Colorado, on our Colorada, the solid, the mountain, the public, with more, than that, there are seven different species over against our common blue malapert of the East; the woodpeckers are different, with one exception, and so are the flycatchers, the grosbeaks, the orioles, the tanagers, the humming-birds, and many of the sparrows. Instead of the purple grackle, the Rockies boast of Brewer's blackbird, whose habits are not as prosaic as his name. "Jim Crow," shuns the deep western canons, but takes to the raven, and that mischief-maker, Clarke's crow. All of which keeps the bird-lover from the East in a ecstasy of surprises.—Christian Endeavor World.

**TRUST IN GOD.**

Urgent calls are heard to spread the truth as it appears on the printed page, and by evangelists. We are urged to unite our efforts, to consecrate our money, and give our lives in prompt and patient doing for the Master. Bro. Sindice advises us to stand together and not scatter our strength and money by investing too much in organisations which claim to be better than the church, because they aid men in sickness, and give benefits to their families, provided their "dues are paid."

The cause of truth calls for money and for consecrated lives to serve him who gave life for us, and it is wrong when Christians spend time and money for other things, and give a little to the cause of Christ, if they have anything. Such a course is not right. The world is looking in man rather than in God. When a stone can swim, then a true Christian may distrust God. The cause of truth is likely to be neglected when men give so much of their time and efforts to earthly things.

My heart is yet thrilled by the inspiring words of truth which we heard from the lips of our beloved Field Secretary, at Milton, last autumn. As he scanned the field, discovers the camp of the enemy, marks the picket line, and points out the many dangers which threaten us, we ought to heed, and give quick response. He tells early and late, to the full extent of his ability, to keep the free of truth against error, and to answer the call, "Every man to the front," knowing that when any soldier falls, or when one is captured by the enemy, a gap is left, and the ranks must be closed up. Our forces are withered, scattered, and we must act in harmony and concert, if the cause of truth is advanced. They who would win must trust God in everything. A life given wholly to the service of truth can stand in the front ranks, and though such ones fall, they are yet conquerors through him in whom they trust.

The greatest of opportunities and possibilities are before us. Each one may have a full equipment, and find strength sufficient for the battle in the which the Master demands. One else can take your place, or use the equipments which God offers you. Christ is so near that we can call him to him in every emergency. We can give him only our finite resources, but his infinite love gives to us all things.

**FRANK.**

There is more Cataract in this section of the country than in other diseases put together, and not more than the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years, patients performed thousands of dollars in local and homeopathic medicines and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to relieve any of the diseases, became poorer and poorer. Science has proven Cataract to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional cure. Hall's Cataract Curre, manufactured by F. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally, in doses from 10 drops to one ounce, according to the size of the eye and the size of the Cataract, destroying the mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred and twenty cases of cataracts to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. C. CHENNEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, etc., Hall's Family Pills are the best.
It was our privilege and pleasure to spend a few days at Alfred. Pastor L. C. Randolph and family were in the parsonage, and were getting settled. He was holding meetings two or three evenings in the week in the neighboring school-houses, assisted by the young people. Dr. J. L. Gamble was preaching in the Alfred church, every other Sabbath, to enable Pastor Randolph to get settled, visit his parishioners, and do some outside work. A number of our men in the church and college are drilling in quartet singing, getting ready for evangelistic work next summer’s vacation. There is a good attendance of students in Alfred University. It was a great pleasure to us to attend chapel service in the Academic department, one morning, and in the college another morning. President Davis was away in the interests of the University. He is a broad and earnest worker, and is building up the institution in every possible way. It did our eyes good to see so many students in the seats in the two chapels, and we hope the time is not far distant when all the seats will be filled. The faculty went to work, giving warmth and character to the school. The students are not one whit behind them in their effort to give influence and success to Alfred University. Our second Sabbath in this trip was the Andover church, Rev. Stephen Burdick is the pastor, and he has called to serve the church another year. He supplies the Wellesley and Scio churches with preaching in alternation Sabbath afternoons. Rev. Burdick is bettering his mental and physical powers, and is the same strong, sound and logical sermonizer. We received a hearty welcome, and presented to a good congregation our missionary interests and the monthly pledge-card system of raising funds for the support of our missions and evangelistic work. The most of the week following the Sabbath was spent in calling upon our families in Andover and Wellesley. The income for our mission was considerably increased. The third Sabbath we were in Independence. Because of sickness and death, the congregation was small. The weather was also unfavorable. Pastor W. L. Burdick gave us a hearty reception. He seems to have entirely recovered from his long and serious illness, and appears to have usual health and vigor. He is very much beloved by his people, and in the whole community. On the Sabbath we outlined in detail all of our missions at home and abroad, and all of our evangelistic efforts, and the congregation seemed to be much interested. The Independence church uses the weekly-envelope system of raising funds for the Missionary and Tract Societies, and our effort here was to make its adoption and use more general by our people. The church, young people, and the whole community were in deep sorrow because of the death of Miss Laura Putnam daughter of Bro. Maxson A. Crandall. She had been in poor health for nearly six years, and at several times it seemed her death was at hand. This young woman was a devout Christian, a noble, God-fearing, working spirit, beloved by all, and will be greatly missed by the church, Sabbath-school, Young People’s Society, and all of her associates.

In traveling among our people and in coming in contact with them, we meet with some things hard to understand. Why it is that so many are indifferent to the cause of the Master and to our mission, as a people. Why it is that so many do not know what we are doing, or are trying to do, as a denomination, and do not even take our denominational paper that they may know. Why is that there are so many who are considered by their neighbors to be in good circumstances, financially, but from various excuses, give nothing at all for the support and advancement of our denominational lines of work; and if some are induced to give, do it out of mere expedience? Why is it that so many who read their Bibles, are saved by Jesus Christ, whose dying love and atoning sacrifice was as broad as humanity and as wide as the whole world; who died not merely for them, but for all men, black or white, bond or free; who called men to be apostles to the Gentiles, should declare that they do not believe in foreign missions, and will not give anything for their support. Why is it that there are so many in our Sabbath school, and subject to the many inconveniences and disadvantages, in every way, as they claim, in keeping it, and will argue long and long for the Sabbath, and yet say they do not believe in Sabbath school, and will not give anything for its support and advancement in the world. Thank God, these classes among us are not the majority. There are a great many, many more, who are deeply interested in these things, are praying, and giving for the advancement and success of our cause. But why is it that these others are not with them? The above things stated are some of the things we do not yet understand. We are trying hard to understand them and solve the difficult problems. But ye wiser ones, will you not help us to understand and to solve the problem? Come, ye wiser ones, who have a deeper insight of human nature, a clearer vision of the spiritual condition and workings of human heart, will you arise and speak? Who will be the first?

GENERAL REPORT OF ELEVEN AND A HALF YEARS OF MISSIONARY LABORS.

By E. E. Bowell

(Continued.)

VISITING.

Since July 13, 1890, 579 prayer-meetings have been attended in the various places where labor has been performed. The largest number attended in any one quarter was 48, and the smallest number was 7.

MARRIAGES.

Since we have but three small churches in Iowa, the number of marriages among our own people has not been as large as in some other locations. Twenty-eight marriages have been solemnized upon the field, of which number 15 were at Welton, 2 at Garwin, 7 at Delmar, 1 at Des Moines, 2 at Grand Junction. Our young people have been such loyal Seventh-day Baptists; and so intent upon having their weddings solemnized by a deacon of our own faith, that I have been called to points over 200 miles distant, several times, upon such occasions.

GROWTH OF CHURCHES.

During the five and one-fourth years spent at Garwin, 35 members were added to our church, 15 of whom united by baptism. This five and one-fourth years spent at Garwin constitutes the longest pastorate this church has ever experienced, and the salary for the last year of this period, but the largest the church has ever paid. At the close of this pleasant pastorate the church had attained its largest number of members since its organization and was in excellent spiritual condition.

The pastorate at Welton extended over five and one-third years, at the close of which time seven months were spent with the church as supply, making in all six years with the Welton church. During this period 20 members were added to the church, 10 of whom united by baptism. Although this church has suffered depletion by deaths and removals, yet, during these six years, it made a net gain of 12 in members, and at least nine others among our young had been taking an active part in prayer-meetings, and had the parents co-operated heartily in the matter, nearly all of them would have been baptized into the fellowship of the church.

I trust they will all soon be gathered into the church.

The pastorate at Grand Junction began with the organization of the church in 1888, and continued during the entire time spent on the Iowa field. The membership of this church was increased from 10 members—the number at the time of organization—to 47 members. The high rents, high prices of land and hard times caused several persons to leave this vicinity, till the number of members has been greatly reduced—the present membership numbering 36. During the time spent with the Grand Junction church 43 members were received into the church—12 by baptism.

The limited amount of evangelistic labor performed among other churches resulted in the addition of 34 members, 21 by baptism, making the total number received in the various churches where labor has been performed 382, of which number 58 received baptism.

FUNERALS.

The conducting of funerals has been no prominent part of my labor. Thirty-one funerals have been conducted during these eleven years. Of this number 13 were at Garwin, 14 at Welton, 1 at Gladbrook, 1 at Marion, 1 at Rock Creek, 1 at New Auburn.

MILES OF TRAVEL.

In the performance of varied duties devolving upon the general work, we have traveled 62,767 miles by railway, of which amount 40,979 miles have been through 80 counties in Iowa; 2,785 miles in other states, and 280 miles by steamship line along the Atlantic coast—making the total amount of 63,047 miles covered during the 11 years and 5 months. In this travel not a meal has been eaten in a dining-car, and passage in a sleeping-car has been used once; though, upon more than one occasion, three consecutive nights have been spent in a common day-coach, while in the performance of missionary duty.

Travelling expenses have been reduced to the lowest possible point; and at the end of the quarter they have appeared quite large, I have paid part of the amount rather than report it. In this way the travelling expenses have always been kept below $25 per quarter.
Woman's Work.
By Mrs. R. T. Rogers, Alfred, N. Y.

THE WORKERS AND THE WORK.
By M. B. CLARK.

One by one they near the gates of heaven,
Each one by one they open the doors,
One by one they hear the call,
One by one they answer the call.

They are Christian workers, trained in Christian schools.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.
As the Conference for "world-embracing" mission work, Conference of Foreign Missions will be held in New York City, April 21 to May 1, 1900, and as one day, Thursday, April 26, will be given entirely to women, it may be well to review the Conference that was held in New York City little more than a year ago, or January 11, 12, 1899. It was called Third Conference of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions in the United States and Canada, similar Conference having been held in 1897 and 1898. It was said by those who attended the three, that this Conference showed growth in members and in value.

Mrs. Judson Smith, of Boston, President of the Congregational Woman's Board, presided at every session. We wish to refer to a few of the excellent papers presented, and the helpful suggestions brought out by their discussion.

In discussing the topic, "The Forward Movement," the fact was prominent that all Missionary Boards face similar conditions, namely, the wide open door in every land, and the need in the home land of greater knowledge of missions, need of prayer for the work and the workers, and great need of systematic work.

A plea for higher education for native girls in foreign schools was forcibly presented by Mrs. J. B. Mott, who, with her husband, is widely known in connection with the Student Volunteer movement. She advised: 1. Giving the children a better practical, mental, spiritual culture they were capable of receiving, so that through them there could be provided well ordered Christian homes. 2. Education will enable them to reach classes of people who are accessible to gospel. 3. To provide Christian teachers in schools, and to train for Christian leadership wherever needed. One native daughter, such as Rami Bai, could do more for the people than many of the best trained foreign teachers.

When asked what influences are going out from mission schools, and what results are apparent, Mrs. Mott replied: "They are Christian centers from which Christian teachers go out, this fact being true that the majority of them are Christian women. In a school in Ceylon, of which Eliza Agnew was the head for forty-one years, six hundred and sixty girls were graduated, and every one a professed Christian.

A paper by Miss Kate G. Lamson on "The Kindergarten in Missionary Work," was most interesting. She said if money could be furnished to establish Kindergartens, thousands of pupils could be easily obtained. It seems to interest all classes, and parents are not afraid of religious influences on the little ones. It is wonderful how much better pupils they make who have had this training.

Dr. Grace N. Kimball, of Vassar College, presented a paper on "The Development of the Missionary Spirit in the Woman's Colleges of America." She said the development of this spirit in a college cannot be separated from the spirit which led to its founding. We may ask when and by whom was the college founded. Oberlin, Holyoke, Wellesley and Vassar were each the outgrowth of the deep spiritual missionary purpose of the founder. She said boards can do much to help college missionary work, and they will do more prominently to the attention of the students, by supplying the colleges with the various missionary magazines.

A very unique paper by Miss Susan Hayes Ward on "The Christian Service," closed the sessions, which were remarkable for unity of purpose, Christian charity and abounding faith in the Christianization of the world.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

God has always required a high standard of life in his people. Under the old Mosaic dispensation, the priests and Levites could not minister before the Lord if they were in any way unclean. If any did come to minister before the Lord with such uncleanness upon him, he was to be cut off from the presence of the Lord. Isaiah says: "Touch no unclean thing, go ye out of the midst of her, ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." Under the Christian dispensation, we are all to be priests unto our God. "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." God wants his people to be just as clean and to guard the sacred trust he has placed in their hands just as carefully to-day as he did in the days of Aaron or Isaiah. Every Christian is entrusted with the divine message from God to a dying, sin-cursed world.

Paul reminds Timothy of this when he says: "That good thing which was committed unto thee, keep by the Holy Ghost, which dwelleth in thee, which delivered us from the ancient world, by the power of God to a dying, sin-cursed world.

The message is this: God gave us such great promises, let us examine our hearts, and find whether we are cleansed and fitted to bear the sacred name of Jesus before the world. Have we crucified the "old man"? Have we "put away wickedness and all guile, and hypocrisies and covets, and all evil speakings"? Have we also "put off all anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth?" From all these things we must be separate and clean.

How many of us have tried to get rid of some of these unclean things, and yet we find they will cling to us? We can only cast ourselves fully upon Christ, saying, I want to be free from this uncleanness. "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" and we must, in our hearts, at once, and for all time, set our wills against it, and he who bids us "ask and ye shall receive," will surely take away the inclination to sin, or give us the power to overcome it.

The trouble with us all in trying to live the overcoming life is, that when we find we have sinned, or some weight is hindering us in the Christian life (for we have sins and there aren't any of us who can say), even aside, we do not absolutely set our wills against that thing, whatever it may be. You remember how it was with the man out of whom Christ cast the devil. He did not fill his heart with good thoughts and motives, but he left it empty, ready for the same old spirit to find entrance with greater power than before. We cannot drive out the evil, except with the good seed of truth.

Hungering after righteousness, we have the promise that we shall be filled; "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him," not for the eternal home only, but even here, in this present time, if we are "rooted and built up in him," and our life "hid with Christ in God." There is a beautiful life before us, a consciousness of peace with God, a freedom from sin; our wills are at one with his will, which brings, untold, and as David said, "our peace floweth like a river," deep and full.

Soul-winning is the real work of every Christian. We stop to think, each morning, that to-day we are aliens, strangers, and pilgrims on an ideal highway. Every day we come into the presence of God to plead for man, and then we come away to talk with men, trying to persuade them to receive the divine message sent to them from God. Oh! how far short we have come from God's plans for us. How unworthy we are to carry this blessed Gospel of Love. As we search our hearts, with the Holy Spirit bringing up the word of truth before us, we do not wonder that we are condemned, and as he claimed: "Woe is me, for I am an unclean thing, because I am a man of unclean lips." Oh, that the angel might touch our lips with a live coal from the altar, that we might be fitted to carry this message to the world.

M. B. CLARK.

LITTLE THINGS.

There's never a rose in a world
But makes some green spray sweater
There's never a wind in the sky
But makes some leaves begin to hover
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some sciences accessible to man
And never a cloudless sky
But brings some beauty, some sublime

No robin may thrill some heart
His dawnlight gladness pleased with:
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To write world rejoicing.

Anonymous.
STUDENT EVANGELISM IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES.

BY REV. THOMAS GARDNER, D.D.

Having been urged to write an account of the students’ evangelistic work of thirty years ago, it has come to seem my duty to comply with the request.

This is partly because no other person now living could write the particulars concerning much of that work, and partly because much of it was volunteer work, which was never reported to any denominational board, and therefore has no place, as yet, in the written history of our people. In regard to much of the work, my data is so meager as to particulars, that the history must needs be imperfect. It must be written from memory largely; but fortunately the experiences were so precious, and the scenes were so impressive, that they never can be forgotten.

The one thing that gave several of the boys such a strong spirit of evangelism was undoubtedly the great revival in Alfred University during the latter part of the winter and spring of 1868. It broke out in the students’ meetings, held in the bell room. There were two quite extensive revivals in the school within three years, but this one was known as the great revival. It was characterized by wonderful power of the Spirit from the very first, and soon overflowed into the chapel, where, for several weeks, every night witnessed crowded meetings, that stirred the hearts of the most stolid.

President Allen, filling with the spirit of the hour, came to our aid, and I can see his grand and inspiring form as he stood before us night after night, and calmly, hopefully, would set down the names of those unconverted. After the great meeting was dismissed, workers among the students would start for the bell room as though moved by one impulse, taking with them all who were under conviction, and there hold the after-meeting. Here many souls found the Saviour. The power of these after-meetings was simply irresistible, and no one whose heart was set to resist the Spirit would allow himself to be drawn into them. The boys felt sure of the conviction of those who went with them into the bell-room meeting. The revival soon overflowed into the village, and the best homes in Alfred were thrown open for cottage prayer meetings, where the melting power of the Spirit was felt. Every hotel was the scene of several powerful meetings, and wherever a few students could get together in a student’s room they would be found holding a prayer meeting. The boys went two by two, out into the homes surrounding the village, to talk and pray with the people. One of the brightest days in our memory was spent in this way with Bro. D. H. Davis, now in China, for a companion. Ever after this revival, the theological boys were enthusiastic in evangelistic work. Each Sabbath would find certain ones headed for Five Corners, McHenry Valley, East Valley or Goose Pateure to hold afternoon Sabbath-school meetings.

In the spring of 1869, while on one of his preaching trips, Bro. J. L. Huffman made an appointment for meetings at the “Head of the Plank”—now Allentown, eight miles from Scio, toward Bolivia. There were a few indifferent people living near, but they wanted to help; indeed, the entire town in those days was in sore need of some Christianizing power to transform its people.

There was no church near them, and all meetings were held in the school-house. God blessed Bro. Huffman’s efforts with a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit; and a wonderful revival, with some seventy-five converts, was the result of this first great revival. Out of it was organized a Baptist church, which built a good house of worship; and Bro. Huffman rallied the Seventh-day Baptists for regular worship in the school-house. He held revival meetings there, after which he made regular trips to these two points every two weeks during the school year, preaching Sabbaths in both places. In November, 1870, the writer engaged to care for the little Rock Church of Plank, and visited them each week for eight months, until the close of the school year. In May, 1871, they were organized into a branch of the Sco church.

On these trips we frequently filled appointments at Niles’ on the way home. The mission work of those days was under the auspices of the Executive Board of the Western Association, which had not then turned its work over to the General Missionary Board.

In the summer of 1870, while the writer was working in Sherman’s mill at Alfred, having left school for a term to earn means with which to go on this board engaged him to go on mission work to the church in Belton, Pa. The 14th of July found him there, with the work begun. He had never preached but one sermon at that time, and only those who have been in similar circumstances can know what a burden it was to him. What an awakening from the realthedwriting trance, when seated with a good company of invited friends to meet the new preacher, around the tea-table of good old Deacon Hydorn, the lady of the house said: Elder, is your tea out? This was repeated two or three times; but the writer never dreamed that the remark was intended for him. Soon there came a silence that could be felt, and the boy preacher awoke from his dreaming to find all eyes fixed on him. He stood there again: Elder, is your tea out?

He does not remember at this writing whether it was or not, but he does remember what a relief it was when the clatter of knives and forks was again resumed, and how good the fresh air felt when he got away from the upper table.

Of the tremblings and misgivings, the anxieties and heart-struggles of those eight weeks we need not speak. Every one in the ministry can remember similar experiences, and no other person can be made to understand them. One thing is certain, if the trees of those magnificent Potter county forests had been men, many of them might have been converted that summer, as the heart-burdened boy preacher practiced the sermon over which he had been praying and working, in view of coming Sabbaths. Little did the good people who filled the houses know what a struggle the sermon had cost before they heard them.

The time was divided between the church at Crandall Hill and the Greenman Settlement three miles away. When the day of parting came, it was sad indeed, and many were the tears shed. Many of those once holden must again be left alone. We promised that we would persuade some of the student friends to return with us on winter vacation, and hold revival meetings. The matter was laid upon the hearts of the boys at a students’ prayer-meeting near the close of the term, and four of us agreed to go on our own account, and spend vacation with the Hebron with the members of the Sco Baptist Quartet were J. L. Huffman, W. D. Williams, G. M. Cottrell, and the writer. It was not a quartet of singers, as you well know. One could not carry a part alone, to save his life, and the other could not sing, but a poor fellow; yet he was famed of music; but the other two were good singers.

In some of his last meetings, Bro. Williams would move his audience to tears, and melt all hearts, singing alone. It was worth a trip to East Valley to hear him, when moved by the Spirit, sing “The far away home of the soul,” which was so popular in those days. Dear boy, that home of the soul was not so far away after all, and he passed over the river to enjoy its sunshine a year or two later.

The last week in December, 1870, found us under way with meetings at the Greenman Settlement, three miles east of the church at Crandall Hill. Bro. Huffman had preached a few more times than any of us, so we learned a little heavy on him, and he did a greater share of the regular preaching, while the other three took hold in good earnest in the after meetings. During the day we would all go about the neighborhood, talking with the people concerning salvation. Bro. Williams had a special gift for this line of service. One day as we were traveling together, calling at the homes, we heard the ring of a bell, and Bro. Huffman informed us of the fact that Williams started straight for the chopper. Guided by the sound, we soon saw the man; and there, standing in the deep snow, pleading as for eternity, Bro. Williams held him by the hand and sought to reach his heart, until the man was melted to tears. Almost from the beginning, sinners began to seek the Saviour, and wanderers to return. The meetings were carried to the church at Crandall Hill, at the church of the second order. This church was full of crowds were in attendance. The Boys were in excellent spirits and full of hope, and those who had been blessed in the meetings at Lebanon followed us here. There had been quite serious trouble over disturbances in meetings at a previous time, and several young men had been fined in the courts. This made a serious breach between them and the church leaders. For a day or two the ice seemed hard to break, and a great burden of soul came upon the workers. They besought the Lord mightily for the outpouring of the Spirit to melt the hardened hearts. The answer came in such abundant measures as to exceed our highest hopes. After one of Bro. Huffman’s searching meetings, the people were responding in the spirit of humble confession, all at once the overpowering presence of the Spirit seemed to melt all hearts. The one song which had come to be very popular during the meeting, and did my Saviour bleed,” with the chorus, “And when thou sittest on thy throne, dear Lord, remember me.”

One of the leaders among the young men, in a group on the back seat, was an excellent young fellow, who enjoyed joining in this chorus; but right in the midst of it that night, his face grew pale as death, and his head fell upon his arms on the deck before him. When
the song died away, the sobs and groans of this stricken soul were heard by every one in the house. Soon he was upon his feet giving his heart to God. He was followed in quick succession by every one in that group, seven or eight, as the events were repeated. The last one was a man over sixty years of age.

The scenes that followed are given to me to witness, but seldom in a lifetime. When these young men and the old brethren with whom they had bad trouble came together, with tears and sobs, and embraced, confounded and forgave, the scene was enough to melt hearts of stone. Each day saw new conversions, both in the meetings and in private work in the homes; and the end of vacation came all too soon. While some of us were obliged to return to school, it was thought best for part to stay and attend to the organization of a church. The pastors of the different churches came all too soon. It is too good an outlook for the church at Boulder.

Boulder is a growing city, the gateway to the Pacific slope, a beautiful resort, where many come to spend a year or two for health and restoration in the exhilarating atmospheres. Our order ought to be strengthened, that it may give home-like welcome and a place of rest to those of our faith. Evangelistic aid should be given to it every year. Evangelists will meet a right sort of welcome, religious service and cooperation. Souls will be kept in the service of the Lord, and others will find a Bethesda of peace.

A BIT OF THE OLD SOUTH.

A real bit of the old South, though, as one sees it in Washington, is the old black mammy who trudles to and fro a little baby carriage with its load of laundry work, but who tells you pride, "yes, s'uh, I has nussed, off’n, on’ mo’ a dozen chillun of de X famly, an’ some of de men dat’s giuns now or en’ cosmos was jess nacuhly raised up off’n me."

But she, like so many others, came when it was in the Mecca for colored people, where lay all their hopes of protection, of freedom and of advancement. Perhaps in the old days, when labor brought better rewards, she saved something and laid it by in the ill-fated Freedman’s Savings Bank. But the story of that is known; so the old woman walks the streets to-day penniless, trundling her baby carriage, an historic but pathetic figure.

Some such relics of the past, more prosperous withal, is the old woman who leans over the counter of a tiny and dingy restaurant on Capitol Hill, selling coffee and fried pork to her colored customers. She wears upon her head the inevitable turban or handkerchief in which artists delight to paint the old mammas of the South. She keeps unwavering the deep religious instincts of her race, and is mighty in her activities on behalf of the church. Under her little counter she always has a contribution box and not a cent more, nor does she collect for the Sunday morning offerings. But she who has sat and listened to, as her weird superstitious stories of the night dozes ‘round the “afraid judgment on a sinner man,” is not unwilling to be put at some expense for his pleasure—

Harper’s Weekly.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY?

CAROLINA, R. L., Feb. 21, 1900.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:—

Dear Sir—Having listened to an argument regarding the commencement of the Twentieth Century, the disputants agreed to accept the decision of the Sabbath Recorder, if, at my request, the Editor would confine himself to settle the question by Long's columns. I therefore write the query in the form directed:

When does the Twentieth Century begin, at the commencement of 1900 or on January 1, 1901?

Respectfully yours,

ANNIE L. HOLLISTER.

ANSWER

The Recorder may not be able to prevent further discussion concerning the oft-repeated inquiry, when does the Twentieth Century begin, but it has no difficulty in reaching the following conclusions: It takes one hundred years to make a century. It takes nineteen hundred years to make nineteen centuries; therefore, the Nineteenth Century will not be complete until the present year is finished. The Twentieth Century will begin with the first year after 1900, that is, nineteen hundred and one. It is a neat and simple year, and one realized means that 1900 years of the Christian era have passed, and the first year of the Twentieth Century has begun. In the ordinary language of the calendar we call that first year the Twentieth Century 1901. So it sounds to the Recorder.

THE BOBOLINK’S VALUE TO THE FARMER.

The bobolink’s food is chiefly the grubs and other de­structive insects of the South. But one may wonder there the bird must be very beneficial to agriculturists. Suppose that a pair of bobolinks arriving in the Empire State on the 5th of May remain until the 5th of Sep­tember before returning to the South; and that by the 5th of June their brood of four young birds from the eggs that they carry with such wise departure. Let us suppose further that the birds are awake each day, or mainly interested about securing food, from five o’clock in the morning until six in the afternoon—all hours. At the very lowest average each bird will require one insect every six minutes, or ten per hour, which gives us 120 for the day. Granting that much, both old birds would destroy 260 insects in one day; and for the 120 days they abide with us the total number would be 31,200. Probably disposed of no more food than the parents—which is a most doubtful truth—during the ninety days they are here, the pair of birds would require 375,000, which added to that of the old birds, makes a total of 78,000. Now if each insect is a menace to vegetation to the ex­tent of $0.50, the cost of raising one of these would be $38. But wide is on the average $1,750. Let us carry the thought still further. Suppose that a county contains 400 square miles, which on the average contains a pair of bobolinks and their family of four for every square mile, and that each family while in the North destroys 78,000 insects. Then the 400 families within the county would save in the same time $31,200,000, on the average $15,000. While if my estimate was more precise the sum would doubtless be nearer $30,000. This is merely a representation of the economic value of one of that county’s insecteaters; and the figures presented will surely furnish thought for whose alludes the worth of the feathered throng—Self Culture.

SLEEP VERSE TO A GUEST.

A large summer hotel put these charming lines in each guest’s chamber this season:

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room, O SLEEP, the friend of sadness, and let no mournful yesterdays disturb thy peaceful dreams.

And let no morrow’s troubles rise to cloud thy waking hours, nor let to-morrow scare thee rest from restful dreams of peace.

Thy Maker is thy changeless friend, His love surrounds thee still, and Forget not thyself, and all the world, while in the silent, sleepless, guarded house.

The stars are watching over thee; Sleep sweetly, then—Good Night.

Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop, than when we soar. —William Wordsworth.
Young People's Work

BY EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.

MAIDEN FANCIES.

BY M. L. F.

Little dreaming maiden, When you have gazed upon your beauty, Are you lost in fancy's forest? Grace and brightness, new birding soarest; Are your glistening thoughts lightladen? Where his heart that you have made?

Thinking, are you, maiden, Of those golden curls Softly round your fair throat clinging In a way so wondrous winning, His heart's smile you'd gladden More than other bright-haired girls?

—Childhood, are you gilding Into future days, Where you see a sweet reflection, Grace and beauty and perfection, Shining shyly, as if hiding From a world of love and praise?

Do you dream, dear maiden, Of a happy day, When to you come the pleasure To be mistress in a measure; When you'll bear your dear mother's burden, And her sweetest cogwort be?

Faintly love, dear maiden, For thee there are but shared, And may the prov'n even brighter And the heart be ever lighter when With duties you are laden For the theory of busy earning.

But, my little maiden, Leave your dreaming now: There are duties both doing; Even now they're gently woosing You in all that is fair and hidden, And bring shadows over your brow.

Castles you are building Untelefully lie, Do the duty that few hear. If you'd live those dooms the surest: For the time of happy dreaming Was written "by hobby.

February, 1900.

The new officers of the Young People's Union of the churches of Southern Wisconsin and Chicago, for the year 1900, are: Carl U. Parker, of Chicago, President; Edgar Van Horn, of Rock River, Vice-President, and Miss Bertha Lawton, of Milton Junction, Secretary.

Miss Mipah Sherburne, the Corresponding Secretary of the Young People's Permanent Committee, prepared an excellent paper for the Young People's Hour of the Quarterly Meeting, which was read at Milton Junction. She was not able to attend, and the paper was read by Mrs. Geo. W. Burdick.

The Milton College Evangelistic Glee Club, consisting of eight young men, furnished part of the music at the session mentioned above. The following is an item from the local paper in reference to the singing of this Club at a late concert: "An especially attractive feature was the singing of the male quartet. The boys have been carefully drilled by Dr. Stillman. The result is one of the best quartets Milton has had for a long time. They appeared on the program three times, and were vociferously encored each time."

Mrs. Nettie Ladwig, the retiring President of the Union, is to be complimented for the work she has done in the past year in making the sessions so helpful and interesting. These sessions always close with a consecration service. The last one was led by Jesse Hutchins, of North Loup.

The reports from the Societies were encouraging on the whole, with the one exception, which is so common, an indication of carelessness to do the work, and the record of the work during the year, and of neglect in making out reports accurately and promptly.

Miss Abbie Babcock, of Albion, presented an interesting paper on "What was the original purpose of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, and has it, been accomplished?" A question box was conducted by Edwin Shaw for the Sunday schools, and the Standing Committee to correspond with and keep a list of Ione Sabbath-keepers in Southern Wisconsin and Northern Illinois gave a report of progress. As usual, the hour yielded a great deal of encouragement.

THE VISION MY FRIEND HAD OF THE "MANI MANY MAN SIONS." 

BY ED. LEWIS.

I repeat it as memory retains the picture. My friend is a man of few words, but of strong faith. He is ready to go hence when the Master calls him, trusting confidently in divine love. This is what he told me: "While sleeping, without any thought of death or that anything unusual had occurred, I found myself in a building more beautiful than any I had ever seen. I compared it at once to the National Public Library at Washington, which is the most beautiful building I have ever seen. Delicate arches, pillars beautiful in symmetry, ceilings indescribable as to architecture and harmony of color, floors as white as purest marble, and great provision of happiness. They all looked so beautiful and so alike, and all seemed alike happy, only there were adults and children mingling promiscuously. Expressions of joy and good-will were everywhere. People were dancing, gliding about or leaping up with expressions such as we associate with the highest physical strength and happiness.

A man, large as to stature and of noble mien, was surrounded by people who were conversing with him, and having questions to answer which questions seemed his special delight. I felt sure that this was heaven. Joining the group which pressed around the man whom I have described, I came near and said to him, 'When on earth, I used to think that the first one whom I should meet in heaven would be St. Peter.' He smiled, and said, 'That is my name.' He added, 'I am not compelled to stay in this place, but I most joyfully give my presence here, if you, for yourself, need someone to answer their many questions and to direct them in their new home.' Continuing, he said, 'As you come in here your clothing comes to you as though it were a part of your being. It is given of God, and he makes no mistakes. Therefore, as you see, everybody is clothed alike and beautifully. You will remain in this mansion for 25 years. You will not be able to taste the fruits of your labors, because you are not able to do the work you do in life. Your clothing will be new at the end of the 25 years as now, for there is neither dust nor wear. Everything is eternally new. You will know nothing of fatigue or pain. You will neither eat nor drink, for life is sustained at full tide without any such nourishment."

"Note the voices of the people. They all are of sweet music. What power you have to see, feel, speak and enjoy. Each voice is perfect as to harmony. Everyone sings, and each one equally well. The music of which you hear so much is all in perfect harmony, and they all are passed by one whom I am to name as one voice, and to end in the same way. Wearness, pain, sorrow, disappointment, are unknown. This is the first stage of your existence in heaven.'

"At the end of 25 years you will pass to a second mansion, which will be more beautiful than this, exceeding it in the elements of delight and glory. You will find no children here, for all will have passed on to adult life. Childhood in heaven does not extend beyond this first mansion. As time goes by, or what we call periods, after the manner of speaking with which you were familiar, you will after 25 years, pass to the second mansion and so on through 25 succeeding mansions, each more beautiful than this. In each of these mansions you will spend a period equal to 25 years. Leaving the 25th mansion you will pass through a series of 25 mansions more, in each of which you will spend a brief period equivalent to one year of time on earth. Having reached that point you will be prepared for full entrance into eternity in which there is neither memory of periods nor of time, but where all is endless, and where happiness finds perfection. Life in these mansions is the gradual preparation of each of us for the life coming from earth. Passing through them we become fitted for perpetual immortal life.'

"You will not care to seek after your friends as you did on earth, and yet your communion with them will be complete and all that makes for joy, purity and peace.'"

My friend told me this story of his dream, prefacing it with this remark, "The question of heaven is all clear to me now. I have seen it and am content with it and any special experience, as of conversation or reading, had immediately preceded the time of this vision. My friend was temporarily ill, but there had been no special reason why his mind should have turned in this direction. He had been much accustomed to think of heaven, to find pleasure in the pictures which appear in the Bible telling of the bliss which awaits the redeemed. He is a man of all others most unlikely to be moved by a fancy. He is in no sense sentimental. He has none of those superficial traits which are associated with wild ecstasy or "gush." My explanation of the case is simple. The Master, finding his disciple dwarfed by the incessant desire to reveal, through the vision, truths concerning the joys that await him and all who believe in Christ, gave him this experience to strengthen faith and fulfill, in part, even now, the hopes which grasp things yet to be revealed.

We walk closer to the borderland, whether in health or in sickness, than we are wont to realize; and when the spiritual vision is made clear, the spiritual bearing acute and the soul sensitive to influences from the other side, sometimes in what we call day dreams, and again in visions of the night, we catch glimpses of those mansions you will spend 25 years in, built for you and me, which came to the beloved disciples on the mount of transfiguration. My friend told me this vision, and I have shared it with you, hoping to reveal, through the vision, truths concerning the joys that await him and all who believe in Christ, gave him this experience to strengthen faith and fulfill, in part, even now, the hopes which grasp things yet to be revealed.

We walk closer to the borderland, whether in health or in sickness, than we are wont to realize; and when the spiritual vision is made clear, the spiritual bearing acute and the soul sensitive to influences from the other side, sometimes in what we call day dreams, and again in visions of the night, we catch glimpses of those mansions you will spend 25 years in, built for you and me, which came to the beloved disciples on the mount of transfiguration. My friend told me this vision, and I have shared it with you, hoping to reveal, through the vision, truths concerning the joys that await him and all who believe in Christ, gave him this experience to strengthen faith and fulfill, in part, even now, the hopes which grasp things yet to be revealed.
Children's Page.

TOMMY AND THE GUM DROPS.

Farmer Pritchard took little Tommy, four years old, to father or mother, from the poor-house, on trial. "He's bright," said the farmer, "but I don't know whether he's honest. That's the thing on my mind." Tommy had been there a week—one week of sunshine—when the black cloud came.

Farmer Pritchard had a cough at night, and on the bureau, near the head of the bed, he kept a few gum drops, which he could reach out to get to soothe his throat. One forenoon, changing to go into the bedroom, his eye fell on the little paper bag, and he saw there was not a gum drop left.

"Tommy has been here," he said.

"I know there were five or six there when I went to bed last night, and I did not take one. Tommy! Look here! Have you been getting my gum drops?"

Tommy, who was playing in the door, looked up brightly and said:

"No, I didn't!"

"Did you take them, Lucy?" asked the farmer, turning to his wife.

Mrs. Pritchard had not touched them, and her heart sank as she said so, for who was there but little Tommy? Her husband's face grew grave.

"Tommy," said he, "you need not be afraid of the truth! Did you take the gum drops?"

"No, I didn't," replied Tommy.

"Oh, yes, you did, Tommy. Now tell the truth."

"No, I didn't."

"This is very bad, very bad, indeed," said Mr. Pritchard, sternly. "This is what I have been afraid of."

"Oh, Tommy!" pleaded Mrs. Pritchard, if you took them, do say so. "If he took them!" repeated her husband. "Why, it's as clear as daylight!"

Tommy had been running in and out all the morning. But Tommy denied, although the farmer commanded and his wife enjoined. Mr. Pritchard's face grew ominous.

"It's time now to tell the truth," he said, "and then if you don't confess, why I'll have nothing to do with a boy who lies. We'll ride back to the poor-farm this afternoon."

"Oh, Joseph!" said Mrs. Pritchard, following her husband into the entry, "he is little. Give him one more trial."

"Lucy," he said, firmly, "when a youngster tells a falsehood like that with so calm a face, he is ready to tell a dozen. I tell you it's in the blood. I'll have nothing to do with a boy that lies."

He went out to his work, and Mrs. Pritchard returned to Tommy and talked with him a long while very kindly and persuasively, but all to no effect. He replied that he had not touched the gum drops.

At noon farmer Pritchard went into the house and they had dinner. After dinner, he called Tommy.

"Tommy," he asked, "did you take the gum drops?"

"No, I didn't," said Tommy.

"Very well," said the farmer. "My horse is harnessed. Lucy, put the boy's cap on. I shall drive to the poor-house, because he will not tell the truth."

PETER PEACOCK.

Tommy was sitting on the back porch, in the sunshine. With his elbow on his knee and his chin in his hand, Tommy smiled lazily at Tommy's missing manners, he tiptoed back and forth on the stone walk.

Peter was Aunt Lizzie's pet peacock, and a most beautiful object to behold. Just now, with his gorgeous tail fullspread, he was wondering why Tommy didn't toss him bits of bread, as people generally did who sat on the porch, and he continued to step back and forth, back and forth, expecting that Tommy would throw the bread. Tommy thought Peter acted like a sentry in uniform on duty, pacing his beat, and when Aunt Lizzie came to the door she agreed with Tommy that Peter Peacock made a very magnificent sentinel.

And he acts as if he felt proud of himself, doesn't he?" said Tommy. "I wonder if he knows how handsome he is! I wish Peter could see himself."

"We might let him have a look," said Aunt Lizzie, as she went into the house and brought out a mirror. She placed it on the ground, leaning it against the churn, which was standing in the sun to dry. It was quite a tall mirror, one in which Peter could see himself, full-length. Then Aunt Lizzie sat down beside Tommy.

Peter came mincing slowly up to see what the shining object might be. Peter was always much interested to examine anything new. As he came nearer and nearer, Peter lowered his crested head, stretched out his neck, and at last put his face close to the glass. To Peter's great surprise he saw a peacock, with lowered head and outstretched neck, grating at him.

Aunt Lizzie and Tommy could see that Peter thought he had discovered an intruder in his garden; also that he thought it depended on his smartness and quickness to catch him and put him out.

Darling around back of the churn, he stopped in astonishment not to find him there. Raising his head, he looked sharply all about the yard to see where the other peacock had gone.

Three times did Peter come back in front of the mirror and assure himself that the other peacock was gone. Each of the three times did Peter dart back of the churn to pounce upon him—only to be too late.

At last Peter Peacock stood still, and thought for as much as a minute.

One more he came back. This time he looked long and carefully at his gorgeous enemy, all green and blue and bronze. Then, with a quick spring, he leaped straight up right at the mirror, and came down on the o'clock with an air which plainly said:

"This time, my boy, I have you!"

Aunt Lizzie sprang, too, but too late. The sudden flirt of Peter Peacock's long, silken tail had knocked down both mirror and churn. But the crashing glass and rolling churn did not disturb Peter. He seemed to think that his enemy was buried under the ruins. Spreading his tail, and settling his head down into his shoulders after the fashion of all Peter Peacocks, he gave two or three piercing war-whops of victory, and minced daintily away.—Little Folks.
Our Reading Room

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us work ev"er towards the good pleasure of our Lord, and the happiness of the family of faith."—Gal. 6:10. "But to do good and to reign is the full armor of God." Eph. 6:16.

HOPKINTON, R.I.—We find much pleasure in the Reading Room of the Recorder, though our contributions to it are few and far between. There is much sickness in the community; no cases fatal recently. A singing-class, under the supervision of the church, is being held in the meeting-house. The class is doing well and gives promise of permanent good results. An Easter concert is planned. The Sixth-day evening prayer-meeting is largely attended. The young people, especially, are very faithful to this appointment. Some of the more aged ones attend, often under very unfavorable circumstances. We are hoping for a continual study in the future, as in the past, of the Bible in the Sabbath-school, under the supervision of John Kenyon, a young man, recently chosen superintendent. The church has newly been newly shingled and is now being painted; when finished, will make a fine appearance to the passer-by. A number of our young people are away, attending either College or School. We hope these, and many others, will take some part in the arduous and God-given work of life. We are expecting additions to the church in the near future. Do not fail to read Bro. Dalo's correspondence. Do not put the Recorder in the back basket. I have read it thoroughly. If you should keep it on file, you may be glad some day.

L. F. R.

February 26, 1900.

Brookfield, N.Y.—Evangelist J. G. Bur- dick has been with us nearly three weeks. Through his energetic preaching the church is awakening to a sense of her responsibility and duty. We are realizing, as never before, the joy and blessedness of consecrated service for Christ and the church. There has been a steady growth of interest from the first meeting, Wednesday evening, Feb. 21. Naturally the Christians fall into line ready for better service. We are beginning to realize more clearly the magnitude and importance of the work we have to do. The cottage prayer-meetings in the afternoon are seasons of deep religious enjoyment. Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon, the Christian Endeavorers conducted seven such meetings as at many different homes in the village, without the evangelist or pastor. The oft-repeated message of this evangelist to the churches is, the unconvered acres when the churches are fully prepared to receive them. The excellent work done at West Edmonton is shown by the ringing testimonies for Christ, which some of the converts from that place give in our meetings here. With renewed hopesfulness and courage we press forward in this work. Lord, give us the victory, we pray, and thine shall be the praise.

T. J. V.

February 26, 1900.

Daytona, Fla.—We are asked the question so often, "Do you Sabbath-keepers in Daytona have services?" that it may be well to state that the Sabbatharians here meet at the homes, in turn, on Sabbath afternoon, for Bible study, and we find it not only profitable but pleasant. Miss Amelia Potter is Superintendent. The usual attendance is about two dozen, generally a number. Sunday afternoons people and occasionally pastors of the churches here come in and take part in the study of the Word. Rev. J. Hendrick, pastor of the Baptist church, is a frequent visitor. He taught at Stratton about fifty years ago, and was well acquainted with our people in that vicinity, at that time. One visitor said, last Sabbath, that she often entertained Seventh-day ministers at her home in the North, and that some person was kind enough to send her the Sabbaths Records, for which she was very thankful, especially for the Sabbath Number.

The wife of a neighbor of long standing, near the writer, a few days since, "I have been thinking for some time, and now am de- cided to keep the Seventh-day as the Sab Baths, but I shall have opposition in my family."

My reply was, "If your heart is right in this matter, and that you love the Lord, he will open up the way that you may do his will; but he may allow you to be tested, to show you how much you mean what you say."

The oft-repeated message of this evangelist is magnitud and importance of the work we have to do. We are beginning to realize more clearly the importance of the church and the work of the pastor. The Superintendent, Dr. Lewis, Sabbath-school and Endeavor workers, parents and others, have cooperated with the pastor. The subject of the prayer-meeting, Friday night, February 23, was "Ourselves and our Children!" on Sabbath morning, Dr. Lewis and the pastor spoke upon the relation of children to the kingdom and church of Christ; and the Sabbath-school, preceded by a teacher's counsel and prayer-meeting, was a day, prayer, and testimony service. Special invitations to attend these three meetings had been sent out, and we are very grateful to be able to say that all but one came. The pastor taught the hearts of many Christians, and that twenty-six persons have decided for Christ, confessing their love and faith for the Saviour and their purpose to obediently follow him. On Friday evening, March 2, six were baptized, one by baptism, the next morning after the laying on of hands and prayer, received the right hand of welcome and fellowship, together with three others, who presented church letters.

March 4, 1900.

MADE TO BE WORN OUT.

By C. F. Goss, D. D.

He was breaking stone on the Paddock road, a coal-black Negro, stoop-shouldered, dressed in a cotton suit, and yellowed from the wear. Something or other in his attitude or manner (some elective affinity, I suppose), drew out my heart toward him, and so, to make conversation and exchange that electric spark of sympathy which passes between two spirits making a common journey across the stage of life, I said: "You have broken the handle of your hammer." "Yes, dey don' las' long here." "How long?"

"Not mohn a week." "How long will the hammer itself last?" "De hammer? Lord! Boss, dat hammah made of de bee steel. I reckon dat hammah'll wear out in de ear Dah dat de Lord put in enuf watura to carry out de laws for enuf years."

"Well! Seems kind of hard to think that a little piece of steel will wear out a living man with all his powers of happiness and usefulness. Don't you think so?" "Dey wu enuf watura to make a man a mammah. Reckon we all just push heah to be worn out."

I had just been reading Markham's "Man with a Hoe," and what he said struck me hard. The poet had pictured by his imagination, a laborer crushed down and embittered by his toil, inwardly chafing against his conditions and soon to rise in brute power and smash the existing order. Here I saw a genuine laborer, right out of every-day life itself, quietly and uncomplainingly asserting that he thought we were all put here "just to be worn out!"

"Don't that seem hard?" I asked.

"Maybe so, Boss. But it don' no good to object. "Don' you get embittered by it?"

"No use in dat. Everything wears out in time; men, mammahs, stones, de ole arth himself. Don de Scripture say de firmament itself gwine melt with fervent heat? De mammahs las me out; I sho' dis yere road! My life ain' gwine ter be all los! I reckon wess all made to jes be worn out!"

"I do not say that the "conditions" of the modern laborer ought not to be and cannot be changed for the better. I say they can. But I do say that no scheme and no revolution will ever alter the fundamental principle enunciated by this black Socrates. "We are all made to be worn out in service for the whole human race!" This is the unalterable decree of life. We must wear out or rust out, one of the two; "out" we shall go! And a man is a fool who chases his heart to pieces fighting against this inevitable decree of heaven. And yet what multitudes of people are who are embittered and maddened by it!

Here is the father of a family, for example, whose health is poor and whose business is unsuccessful. Day by day he feels that the very fountain of his life is being dried up. He feels that the means of the covenant family are passing away, and that he must burn down toward the socket, often with a trembling and en- ranged heart. "Why is it," he says, bitterly, to himself, "that I have got to be consumed at this stake to which I have been tied. I love life! No one is more sensitive to all its myriad pleasures! But here I am steadily wearing out for others. It's hard. It's wrong."

Now and then, when he feels as if he cannot stand for another moment, he tells his wife that he thinks he has almost reached the end of his rope, and imagines that she will break down and tell him that it must not be, that they will leave the city and go out on a farm, and that the children will earn the living, and he can sit out on the front porch and do nothing but drink in the warm sunshine. Not she! She just tells him that he has got another fit of the blues and that he must go back to the job and stand another day. "Idiot! for ever thinking that I can get sympathy in this accursed world!" he says bitterly to himself, and setting his teeth goes back to his tread-mill.

But a few hours go by, and the poor old...
fellow "comes to himself." "Mary was right," he says. "What, on earth is the use of grumbling? I am here to be worn out! A man wants rest. He has his work to do. Let him do it. It is the law of life. What is the use of chafing against the inevitable? The candle does not mourn—because it is burning to the socket. The watch does not complain. New Year, old year, spring gets weak and its wheel-teeth ground off. I guess I will quit my grumbling. I won't be hinting around for sympathy. I will do my work and do it cheerfully." A man is not like a handle of the old broom. He cannot nor like the hammer itself. His body is like the shell of the bird's egg, which has to be broken to let the true life out. We think that the destruction of the life comes from attrition from the outside. Perhaps it is the soul wearing itself out, from the inside.—Evangelist.

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

BY REV. HARRISON AVOY.

Suggested by Holman Hunt's Picture, "The Light of the World." Knocking, knocking, ever knocking! Who doth knock? The pilgrim, strange and thirsty, Never has he seen before.—Ab, sweet soul, for such a wonder Undo the door.

Not the door is hard to open; Hinges rusty, latch is broken, Old Him. Wherefore with that knocking dreary Scares the sleep from one so weary? Say, open, open.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking! What? Still there? O sweet soul but one behold Him With the glory-crowned hair; And some eyes, so strange and tender. Waiting there. O, open! One behold Him Him, so fair!

Did she open? Was she? Will she? So, as wondering we behold, Grows the picture to a sign, Pressed upon our soul and mine; Ever is she in this mystery. Is that strange, mysterious door? The forlorn and belated, Ivy-garbed and wood-béjaded, Dusty, rusty, and forgotten; There the pierced hand still knocketh. And with ever patient watching. Was he not one who is true and true?—With the glory-crowned hair,— Still a God is waiting there.

THE BIBLE IN THE PHYSPITES.

The Rev. Jay C. Goodrich, of Manila, the first Agent there of the American Bible Society, New York, arrived there Nov. 26th, 1899. He and his wife took an abundant stock of Bibles and Testaments, not only in Spanish and English, but in some of the unnumbered languages and dialects that scholars must grapple with, translations into Tagalog, Visayas, and Pangasinian having been begun. He has forwarded to the American Bible Society an account of his first experiences. "One of the scenes of the chief harbor of Luzon," he writes, "were very pleasant. In the background lofty and wooded mountains seemed like sentinels guarding the fifteen or twenty miles of fertile, low-lying lands covered with tropical vegetation which lies beyond the city, stood the Castle. This whole valley is a verdant garden of beauty." It is well that the Bible Society should hasten its work for righteousness in these new and needy possessions.

A MOMENT'S INSIGHT IS SOMESWAT WORTH A LIFE'S EXPERIENCE.—O. W. HOLMES.

For those who love, the world is wide; But not for those who hate.

—T. B. Adlack.

NEARING THE GOAL.

BY LYTTEL COURTLAND ROGERS.

A strange and wonderful city was—the goal. A glimpse of glory and of God! My feet scarce touch that mortal sod.

The naphtha blow divinely sweet.

The Wilti in the sky air: Are heaven and earth about to meet? Who can this vision bright declare?

I turn aside. To yonder place, the rustle of an angel's wing; Do signs like these to earth belong? Do not the angels sing?

Life's journey seems about complete; Truth, I know, yet know not why. My heart with joy, my soul with praise; And yet I do not long to die.

A holy life's completed. And silence like the bash of mourn; Such joy through all my being thrills Its sweet men's hearts when Christ was born.

Among the crowds I took around To see whose breath love's fragrant flower; I but would walk on holy ground Made sacred by the Spirit's power.

God has kept the keeping of my ways. His laws I reverence and obey; My prayers seem almost turned to praise, And yet I cannot cease to pray.

If this is death, I do not dread To lay me down in peace to die, To be with all that is dear; Far, far beyond the arching sky.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The opening of the Lenten season has brought special religious services in the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian churches, throughout the country, and has quickened, somewhat, the religious sentiment in general.

The Presidency of New York has decided, wisely, to throw the case of heresy against Prof. McGiffert out of court. Dr. Birch, who entered the complaint, will make appeal to the General Assembly.

A commendable movement has been inaugurated, to be known as the Berkshire Industrial Farm, at Canaan, N. Y. Boys from 7 to 16 years of age, who have marked criminal tendencies, but have not yet become professional criminals, are to be sent there for instruction and reform. The treatment to be adopted is borrowed from a similar French school at Mettray, France, and the German school, Ranke Haus, near Hamburg. Work, recreation, sound physical health, and instruction in some simple trade, together with moral and religious influences and judicial treatment, will form the basis on which the new enterprise is to proceed. There will be no restraint by way of bolts and bars, but the roll-call will be frequent, and members will be placed upon their honor, in so far as possible. A system of grades will be established, through which boys will be advanced, according to their conduct and attainment. Family and cottage systems will be used in dividing the boys and locating them in homes.

The most important news from Congress, for the week, is the suspension of the Tariff Bill for Puerto Rico, and its final passage. A majority of eleven in favor of the bill was secured, not wholly on party lines, although the friends of the Administration are the main sponsors of the bill. It provides a modified tariff for two years, the receipts from which are to be devoted to internal improvements on the island. It is claimed that this is one of the best ways of opening up and advancing that island. Opposition to the bill seems to have been mainly on the part of those who desired to entangle the Government in technical questions concerning our new possessions. The debate during the week was sharp, and some very able speeches were made.

Upon the passage of this bill, President McKinley sent a message to Congress, March 2, 1900, recommending that an amount of money—over two million dollars—equal to all the duties collected on imports from Puerto Rico since Spanish dominion began, be appropriated for the relief of the island, in the establishment of schools, opening of roads, etc. A bill to this effect was passed by the House, after forty minutes of debate. Georgetown will follow this action.

The change of situation in South Africa, which our report of last week foreshadowed, has gone forward rapidly. The Boer forces, under General Cronje, were compelled to surrender, after holding out for more than a week under circumstances which were marked with persistent bravery, seldom, if ever, surpassed, and not often equaled, by any people. It was practically the fight of four or five thousand men against the main British forces in South Africa. The surrender was unconditional; but the prisoners were treated liberally. The relief of Ladysmith followed as a natural result, since the besieging forces were driven from Ladysmith; these have been massed in front of Lord Roberts, to contest his advance toward the capital of the Orange Free State. The belauded garrison in Ladysmith were in such distress, as to food and health, when relief came. These movements indicate the beginning of the end of the South African trouble, unless foreign interference should follow. The Boers will still maintain their ground, and great loss of life may yet ensue before the war is ended. The whole scene is pitiful, and makes us long more eagerly for peace between these little republics and the greatest empire on earth. Great Britain rejoice on the one hand, and weeps on the other, whenever "report of casualties" comes in, since these victories have been gained through terrible loss of life.

The latest advices indicate that the Boers are planning for vigorous opposition. At the same time rumors are afloat that the Boers are considering the question of seeking peace. All probabilities point to their final defeat, and on the honor for bravely, and persistently, and yet fairly, and which be considered, they have gained it in a large degree, from the world. We hope for an early peace.

Affairs in the Philippines are improving steadily. The Congress, during the recent opening of the island ports to commerce, 13 thousand tons of hemp and 70 thousand bales of tobacco have been received at Manila.

A storm of snow, and low temperature, have been reported from the Northwest to the Atlantic coast, during the week. Railroad traffic has been much interfered with.

March first the Senate passed the twenty-third Amendment, to the Constitution, providing that Congress shall have the power to enfranchise the African American male.—By Lester.
Popular Science.

Sabbath School.

Conducted by Sabbath-School Board.

Rev. William C. Wattston, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

International Lessons. 1900.

January, 1900.

LESSON XI.—JESUS AT MATTHEW’S HOUSE.

For Sabbath-day, March 17, 1900.


Golden Text—He said unto him, follow me.—Luke 5: 27.

Introduction.

The call of Matthew occurred very soon after the healing of the paralytic. It is very probable also that the feast given by Matthew, and our Lord’s teaching in regard to fasting, followed very shortly after the call of this disciple. In taking this view of the order of events, we have to follow the order of Mark and Luke and neglect that of Matthew. For Matthew connects the teaching of fasting with the healing of Lazarus’ daughter, which was certainly earlier than the healing of the paralytic, after the sermon on the mount and after Jesus had crossed the Sea of Galilee and returned. See in Matt. 9: 18, “While he spake these things.” Matthew did not give as careful attention to the order of events as the others. We may also explain this seeming discrepancy on the ground that Matthew was teaching about fasting, and Matthew records it in consequence.

Mark and Luke speak of the call of a publican by the name of Levi; Matthew tells of the call of the publican, Matthew. There can be scarcely any doubt that the three evangelists refer to the same incident. It was very common for people to have two names. In the list of the twelve as given in Matthew’s Gospel we find the explanation, “the publican” added to the name of Matthew. In the lists of the twelve in the other Gospels and in the Acts, we find also the name Matthew; and in none of the lists Levi. In the case of the call of the publican, it is mentioned that he made a feast and that the Pharisees found fault with Jesus for associating with publicans and sinners.

A few days or weeks after our last week’s lesson, in the winter or early spring of the year 28, Jesus went over for the earlier part of the lesson the place is in and near Capernaum; the discourse concerning fasting may have been given in Capernaum; but possibly elsewhere in Galilee.

PERSONS.—Jesus and his disciples; Levi [also called Matthew]; publicans and sinners; certain scribes.

Outline.

2. The Call of the Scribes. v. 15-17.
3. Jesus Teaching about Fasting. v. 18-22.

Notes.

13. And he went forth again by the sea side. And great multitudes followed him; and he healed them there.


15. They that sit at meat in his house. In the case of Matthew, but more likely in Matthew and Mark. In the case of Matthew, the verb in the Greek implies continued action. It is the verb here is one of continuing unto him, and he was teaching them.


17. They did not think to send to him no reason for identifying Mark and Luke. We may think of the order of events as the others.

18. John and the Pharisees were fasting. That is, they were in the habit of fasting. In Mark, in regard to fasting may have occurred at the same time and place as the feast of Matthew; but more likely a few weeks before.

19. Can the children of the bridegroom fast in the wedding season? Is it not the custom? Our Lord replies that it is not appropriate for his disciples to fast. Fasting is a sign of mourning, and of supplication.
Baptist church of Alfred. He was a careful and conscien-
tious man in the discharge of his duties in public life. He
had an elegant solid gold watch and chain, which were
presented to him, bearing the following inscription:
"Presented to Charles B. Burdick as a token of uni-
versal esteem, won by years of faithful public service.
Norwich, May 7th, 1865.
He was mindful and considerate of his friends, soliciting
their welfare and appreciative of kindness. He was no
infidel. It is said that before he came to Roseville, he
left three brothers, Daniel A. Burdick, of Alfred; O. L.
Burdick, of Ocala, Fla.; and Ira B. Burdick, of Northville.
Several services were held at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
Remington, in Roseville, and interment was at Alfred.

Literary Notes.

In the March number of McClure's Magazine, Mr. Wal-
ter Wolman will tell another story from his recent ex-
terordinary experiences in the Arctic. He will also give
the conclusions from his own experience regarding the
only feasible way to reach the Pole, telling what it is
and what it involves.

The last verse of the following poem, written in随之环
for the friends and

The flavorful's end
The good die not.
God crying 'Thus, if you love not
The lives you save,
As in His beam.
—Priestley.

MARRIAGES.

Stephens—Rogers.—At the Seventh-Day Baptist church,
Leonardsville, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1900, by Rev. T. J. Van Horn,
Mr. Emmett C. Stephens, of Edmeston, and Nellie J. Rogers,
of Lexingtonville.

DEATHS.

Not up to our or the colonial angels
The fervent were not with the young
The good die not.
God crying 'Thus, if you love not
The lives you save,
As in His beam.
—Priestley.

Chandler.—In Independence, N. Y., Feb. 24, Elia May
Carroll, age 5 months and 2 days.
A fuller statement will be furnished later.

Burdick.—Joel W. Burdick, son of William D. and
Hannah Burdick, was born in the town of Hornellsvillle,
now Hartsville, Jan. 25, 1829, and died in Hartsville,
Feb. 13, 1900.

In early life he united with the Seventh-Day Baptist church
of Hartsville. June 10, 1857, he was married to Miss
Nellie J. Rogers, daughter of Dea. H. W. Rogers, of
dale, Minn. Mr. Burdick left a wife and three chil-
dren. Funeral services were conducted on the 14th inst.
by Rev. L. C. Cottrell, pastor of the Floydsville church,
assisted by Rev. H. P. Burdick, of Hartsville. A large
congregation of friends and neighbors were present.

Burke.—At her home, near South Brookfield, N. Y.,
Jan. 22, 1900, after a lingering illness, Edith C. Burke,
in the 48th year of her age.

Edith was a lovely girl, greatly esteemed by all who
knew her. The last two years of her life were years of
great suffering, not only from a disease from which she
was ready for the change which came. Brief funeral services
were held at the home on Wednesday afternoon, Jan.
24, conducted by Rev. George S. Royston, of Madison,
son, of West Edmonton, where a large circle of friends and
relatives met to pay their last tribute of love to the
departed.

Brown.—Charles B. Burdick was born in Alfred, N. Y.,
February 20, 1828, and died in Hornellsville, N. Y.,
February 7, 1900, in his 72nd year.
He was the son of Asa and Llanas (Coon) Burdick.
He attended school at Alfred for some time. At 19
years of age he went to Westley, R. I., where he work-
ed for a time. He was married to Miss Nancy Taylor,
of Westley, and later moved to Northville, Conn. About forty years he entered the United
States Navy, and served on the New England ships.
He continued in this service thirty years. More than six years since he severed his commis-
sion on account of failing health and came to Hornellsville, where he made his home with a son, Asa O. Remington, and his
family.
In early life he joined the First Sabbath-day
SABBATH-SCHOOL INSTITUTE.

Nils, N. Y., March 13, 1900.
TUESDAY AFTERNOON, 2 P.M.
Prizes Service.
Welcome, Pastor W. D. Burdick.
Response, Mrs. E. A. Lyon.
The Importance of the Sabbath-school, Rev. L. C.
Randolph.
British Parliament.—How to awaken an interest in
the Sabbath-school, Miss Mary E. Bowler.
EVENING SESSION.
Opening Service.
House to House Work, Rev. L. L. Cottrell.
Sabbath-school Music, Mrs. W. D. Burdick.
Confidence—How to get Scholars to Prepare their Les-
tunes, Mrs. Evelyn Clarke.
Wednesday, 10 A.M.
Devotional Services.
How to Prepare a Bible Lesson, Rev. J. L. Gamble.
Music—How to Teach a Bible Lesson, Rev. W. C. Whittford.
The Superintendent, Rev. F. E. Pettibone
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.
Opening Exercises.
The Needs of our Sabbath-schools, by General Superintendents.
Sabbath-school Library, Miss Eva St. C. Champine.
Music—Primary Lesson, taught by Mrs. Mary Whittford.
Decision Day and Illustrated Talk to Children, Rev. L.
L. Cottrell.
It is hoped that it will be possible for the village
people to attend the last session from three to four
o'clock.
The home Department work is to be presented at the
First Annual Meeting, in the Sabbath-school room, and
some time may be given at the Institute both for the
Home Department and for Cradle Class. "Graded
Sabbath-schools" will also be treated at the above-men-
noned time.
We hope there will be a large and enthusiastic gather-
ing, and we trust that the Semi-Annual Meet-
ing at Richburg, March 9-11.
SALEM

SALEM College

Situated in the thriving town of SALEM, 10 miles west of Carthage, on the B. & O. R. R., is a College occupying the beautiful Normal School building. Special Teachers' Rooms Classes each spring term, filled from the regular class work in the College Courses. No better advantages in this respect available in the state. Classes not so large but students receive all personal attention needed from the instructors. Expenses a marvel in cheapness. Two thousand students enrolled. All free to students, and plenty of apparatus with no extra charge for the use thereof. Certificate to graduates on some conditions as those required of students from the State Normal Schools. EIGHTY COURTS and THREE STATES are represented among the student body.

SPRING TERM OPENS MARCH 29, 1900.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue to
Theo. L. Gardner, President,
SALEM, WEST VIRGINIA.