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LIFE'S PROBLEM.
BY ANNIE L. HOLBERTON.
ORD, give us strength from day to day
To bear the trials on our way!
Patience to bear the little ills,
The common care that each day fills,
Until we pause and ask,
Where is the grand design of life,
When trammeled with its petty strife
That jar and crowd the good half wrought,
And higher aim the soul has sought,
Beyond this weary task?
The toil of swift receding years,
The happiness dissolved in tears,
Seem fruitless, and of less avail
The fondly cherished hopes that fail,
While wintry days draw near.
What might have been, yet will not be,
The yeering heart some day may see
Why a wise Providence denied
The gifts for which the soul has sighed,
The wishes held so dear.
The prayers we raise in mute appeal,
A clearer light may yet reveal
Their answer from Almighty hand,
In ways we do not understand,
While Heaven's record holds
The tracing of our best resolves,
Eternity the problem solves,
The world's injustice to requite,
All that was shadowed bring to light,
When God life's page unfolds.
Sabbath Recorder.

A. H. LEWIS, D. D.,
Editor.
F. P. MOSHER,
Business Manager.
Entered as Second-Class mail matter at the Plainfield, (N. J.) Post-Office, March 31, 1870.

We have seen, somewhere, an essay on "The Advantage of Being a Sponge." Among the advantages named were these: The sponge has no lungs, and therefore cannot have pneumonia. A sponge has no stomach, and therefore cannot have dyspepsia. A sponge has no intestines, and therefore cannot have appendicitis, or Asiatic cholera. A sponge has no nervous system, and therefore cannot have nervous prostration, hysteria, nor epilepsy. A sponge never seeks for a doctor, and therefore never quarrels with a neighbor about the value of different schools of medicine. A sponge is necessarily a hydropathist; he is a great drinker, but never gets full, after the manner of some men.

These characteristics may seem to be an advantage, if one has only a low standard of living, but he who has aspirations for something better and higher will take the chance. To be subject to the possibilities of all those things which the sponge avoids, for the sake of being something more than a sponge. To be fixed on some rock and accept what comes, with little choice and no sensation, is mired to the soul inspired and awakened by truth, and anxious for high endeavor. Better run the risk of nervous prostration, than be unable to receive inspiration from great ideas, or be thrilled by the in-coming of great purposes. To be fixed on some rock and accept what comes, with little choice and no sensation, is mired to the soul inspired and awakened by truth, and anxious for high endeavor. Better run the risk of nervous prostration, than be unable to receive inspiration from great ideas, or be thrilled by the in-coming of great purposes.

Some people wonder why their pastor's sermons do not accomplish making people good. They say, he preaches well, but it has little effect in the church, and there must be some fault in him. If all the facts were known, the fault may be with the man who makes the complaint; for it is true that the congregation preaches on six days of the week, while any man can in a half hour on one day. The difference which some professing Christians evince concerning the interests of the church to which they belong, reacts with far-reaching influences. It is true that the gospel is preached in every pulpit, but the pulpits are not all equal. The difference is in the results that follow neglecting the pulpits can offer. When you feel like complaining because the pulpit has no greater power over men, be sure that your own preaching, day by day, is not as great as to neutralize what your friends and neighbors hear from the pulpit.

Some Christians remind one of an old clock, the spring of which is cracked or wholly broken. If you push the pendulum there will be a few faint ticks, followed by an oppressive and continued silence. Richard Baxter called that sort of thing "wheelbarrow religion;" something that never moves unless it is pushed from behind. Perhaps it is cause for thankfulness that some men can be made to move when pushed, but, like an old wheelbarrow, the bearings of which are dry and rusty, there is likely to be a good deal of cracking and scolding whenever the wheelbarrow is urged into anything like decent pace.

We TING-FANG, the Chinese Minister, is one of the most interesting characters in Washington. He is an Oriental to his finger-tips, although he parries his nails, the only concession he makes to the conventionalities of Western civilization. His dress is the flowing silk and broadcloth robe, with the curious, thick-soled, high and loose silken boots, and the round, imbroiled hat of China. He speaks English with hardly any accent. His politeness is of an order better than the Chesterfieldian. Persons who interview him often find the tables quietly turned upon themselves. When he has answered the questions propounded to him, he takes it for granted that he should have a turn. He is very shrewd. His inquiries are inclusive. His public addresses, to which we have referred from time to time, rank among the best from our own statesmen.

We are all aware of the wrong-doings that are perpetuated in the business world, whenever and wherever hearts of Western civilization. His presence, even are known, by searching find out other hand, those who have existence in which the physis has worn Lord is with them the risk of nervous prostration, than be una-

THE READER hastens to correct a mistake for which it is responsible, with reference to the time between Adams Centre and Thous.

AIMING RIGHT.

People waste much time and hinder their progress in Christian living by measuring their actions. Purpose is the first thing in Christian living. It aims at the accomplishment of something important than measured attainments. By purpose we do not mean wish. By aim we do not mean lazy desire. If your face is set toward Zion, though your pathway may be crowded with obstacles, though you are hindered, and, for the time being, may seem to be checked as to progress, there is no cause for despair or doubt. One purpose fills your heart; that is to reach heaven. Every struggle of your life points in that direction. Hence it is that you must have a purpose. Every struggle, though the highest attainment may be far away. A steamer from New York to Liverpool is often baffled by contrary winds and opposing currents. Under these influences its progress is checked; its course is deflected, and in fierce storms for the time, it may be compelled to turn backward; but the heart of the captain and the purpose of every man connected with the ship are set on reaching Liverpool. In spite of storms and tides, the day comes when that ship casts anchor inside the haven. This picture is a fair one, and the analogies are true when applied to Christian living. Hindrances may fill the pathway, and passion sometimes may turn the feet aside; but he who holds to the one sanctified and all-increasing purpose of being a child of God, cannot fail. His highest aspirations may be delayed as to attainment, and the richest enjoyment may sometimes give way to deepest trouble. Bor-
"Father, Thou knowest that I desire Thee and Thy love above all things. Thou knowest how the weaknesses of my heart come between Thee and my best aspirations. Thou knowest how temptations assail. Confessing all this unto Thee, and holding to the hand of Thee and fasting. Divine has been the purpose of my heart to be fulfilled." No soul, though overwhelmed by temptation, can thus pray without rising to new life, with all holy purposes strengthened and all higher attainments made more sure.

**HORSE SENSE.**

The Interior tells the story of a horse, and draws from it an excellent lesson. The writer represents his horse as being very intelligent and having an unusual number of virtues, with only one fault: "Nearly every morning she complains because I will not turn her out to kick up her heels and roll and seems unable to understand why I do not enjoy the grooming as much as she. On one point she has always been unreasonable and insistent, that she be permitted to go about free from restraint." As time went on this vice developed and she became more of the desire to be free from restraint. She chafed under the harness, and insisted that to be kept always between the shafts was unworthy of a horse born for freedom. Indeed, if a horse can be said to ride a hobby she became a hobby-rider. Neither argument nor persuasion could turn her aside. One day, when her master was driving, she became frightened, and as he attempted to restrain her from running away, she grew more impatient and the reason for which she insisted that he must control her for her own good. While the discussion was going on between them, the cutter to which she was hitched came in collision with a sled, and she broke loose. Finding herself free, she rushed away with great delight, running a dozen blocks or more with the cross-bar of the shafts banging her heels at every jump, and at last was caught, floundering in a snow-drift. The writer tells he said to the horse: "I was glad to be caught; I got to going and could not stop with this banging my hind legs, and I guess I was a bit frightened and perhaps a little hurt." She was a good deal injured, but submitted to the dressing of her wounds, which was soon accomplished, with quiet patience. That night, as her owner was making her comfortable, she said in a confidential way: "I have had a taste of freedom, and I guess it will last me the rest of my life."

The writer of this article makes application, by way of a parable, to those church-members who are always fretting because of the restraint which their obligations as Christians put upon them. He makes special application in the line of dancing, and other forms of amusement, of the liberty to stay away from church and prayer-meeting, and the like. "Sister Brown is of the opinion that she ought to be allowed to attend card parties at a very, very, very low price for her husband. Miss Jones and her church sisters are not enthusiastic when she wins the head prize." In short, under this parable of the runaway horse, the writer suggests several excellent sermons concerning the preservation, and the experience of the people in connection with Christianity, unifit them for that independance of thought and that appreciation of truth which is necessary to anything like success in the sacerdotal church. He hates the Roman friars is true; but they yet love and believe in the Roman church. The forms of church government which are necessary to Protestant ideas would find little or no place there. The object here is to preserve traditional discipline and development which three hundred years have given, under despotic civil government, and the Roman church, has left little soil in which individual freedom of thought can grow. Education, in a general way, carrying with it as far as possible the better elements of religious thought, must precede any permanent establishment of Protestantism in the Philippines. There, as elsewhere, it must be recognized that the religious system, by the sacredness of the religious acts, and the spiritual uplifting of the people in social and religious matters is a step toward definite and successful church work. Protostuitas who seek to extend their views in the Philippines must look for fruition at some time far in the future, as compared with immediate results.

**PURIFYING THE PRESS.**

A friend who mingles much with the business world, speaking of Mr. Sheldon's attempt at newspaper making, says: "Before Mr. Sheldon attempted to publish the Topeka paper for a week, I know of at least two publishers who had notified certain advertisers that after their contracts expired the texts of their advertisements must be changed, or the advertisements would be declined for another contract. In one case, to obviate the knowledge, the publisher declined amounting to over $150,000 per year. When this was made public, it was my privilege to write to that publisher saying that I thought his method of purifying the press beat 'Sheldonizing' it all to pieces. No doubt Mr. Sheldon was honest in his intention, but his zeal ran away with his judgment, in my opinion."

This from a thoughtful man, who, familiar with the newspaper world, reveals a side of the situation that will not be repudiated. A tremendous credit is given. While evil, through the payment of money, debases newspapers by advertisements which are fit only to be burned, there are not a few men conducting secular newspapers who have conscience, and, as in this case, who set aside commercial interest for the sake of principle. The main value of Mr. Sheldon's experiment will be in what it suggests rather than in what it has accomplished. He was reported by a correspondent to know that men who have a larger knowledge of the situation than Mr. Sheldon could have, aim to check the difficulty and to lift the tone of the newspaper world. They deserve full credit, and such efforts cannot fail to produce lasting effect.

The controlling idea in the commercial world is to produce something which the world desires to purchase. Ordinarily, he is praised as being wise and successful who bends all his energies to meet a given demand. Taking advantage of this element in commerce, evil, in the guise of various advertisements, has sought the influence of the newspapers under the same law that just and legitimate business does. The reaction which has already set in divides clean journalism from what is well called "yellow." There are many newspapers to which a man would not appeal who seeks a place to advertise evil. There are others to which he would confess that the law of the land is the only course. If a man in whatever space is needed, if the evil is sufficiently disguised to escape arrest at the hands of the law. When religious journals will follow the highest standards in regard to advertisements, there will be a correspondence in the same direction, shown in the conducting of secular papers. It is wise to refrain from sweeping denunciation; and equally wise to conclude that the newspaper world is..."
whole in the group of evil men, or that it will not rise in character in proportion as public sentiment is lifted along all lines.

For these many reasons we are glad that Mr. Roosevelt has accepted the methods of higher ideal; which ideal is to be commended in its purpose more than in the method of execution which he adopted.

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**

Some sharp fighting has occurred in the Philippines during the last ten days. The irregular warfare by roving bands rises and falls as to activity, with final defeat for the rebels. But the report that the Filipinos are being killed, is probably true.

The great daily papers of New York have given much space to the doings of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference. The Times furnished special features. The cause of missions is at the present time of no more importance to the position taken by the secular press. It may pass the notice, but the vote indicates the popular feeling.

Secretary Allen has been inaugurated as Governor of Puerto Rico. Relief measures and the details of civil government will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

The great daily papers of New York have given much space to the doings of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference. The Times furnished special features. The cause of missions is at the present time of no more importance to the position taken by the secular press. It may pass the notice, but the vote indicates the popular feeling.

Large quantities of coal are being sent to England from the United States. The supply in England has decreased for several years, and it is no longer a foolish thing to call coal on by itself.

The Conference opened in Chicago on the 2d of May. At the opening session a good, serviceable binding is what your library shall have. This catalogue is valuable to the librarian and publisher alike.

**SABBATH-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.**

By Eva St. Clair Champly.


(Concluded from last week.)

How shall we secure good books and make them of as great service as possible? In the first place there must be some sort of shelf-order or classification. One will prefer fixed location, another relative; one an expansive system modeled after the Boston Athenæum; another a system modeled after the fixed and relative. And, perhaps, there will be the same difference of opinion with regard to book-plates and cards, shelf-list, catalogue. After all is said, whose opinion shall we credit for the fixed and relative? And, perhaps, there will be the same difference of opinion with regard to book-plates and cards, shelf-list, catalogue. After all is said, whose opinion shall we credit for the fixed and relative?... After six years' experience in various libraries in various places and observations in many more, one has come to some conclusions, which are embodied in the following system for Sabbath-school libraries.

Perhaps a word with regard to binding. A good, serviceable binding is what your library requires. Cloth, I believe, answers this requirement, and especially should deck be recommended. When you have secured well-bound, good books, great many are being well cared for. Keep books erect on shelves! This requires plenty of room between shelves. If your shelves are not adjustable, have them made far enough apart to admit any book. Up-to-date libraries have book-supports or dummies to put where a book is removed. This prevents the leaning, and consequently the deformity of the books. A good book—is it not sacred? Think of its value, the power of a good book over a great many books, if possible, an author catalogue on card, with final defeat for the rebels. But the report that the Filipinos are being killed, is probably true.
THOUGH GONE, HE SPEAKS AGAIN.

EXECUTIVE, Cal., April 10, 1900.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

Dear Brother,—I have been so interested and grateful to read Mr. Titworth's letter to another troubled girl, that I am going to seed you on quite a different subject, seeking from you the wise words and counsel you went South from Alfred,—never to return.—I wish all pastors could make their children love them as we did him. It has been a pleasure to copy his words; so if you think best not to print another, I shall not feel that the time has been mispent on my part.

Sincerely,

ELIZABETH CARPENTER.

Hammond, La., March 19, 1890.

My Dear E,—I have not answered your letter right away, because I wished to think over the matter of which you ask, so as to give you an answer honestly representing my thoughts on the subject.

There are some things that make dancing wrong just as they make anything wrong though it may of itself be innocent. It would be wrong for you to dance if you thereby were to wound the feelings of your father and mother by disregarding their wishes and judgements, and to become engaged with a young man associated with what is, and can only be, an amusement that you could not think or talk of anything else much, and your attention so taken up by it that you forgot and had no wish for the serious and real and common duties of life.

It would be wrong for you to dance in bad or questionable company. It would be wrong to dance in the evil, to, having spent many hours, to allow dancing to interfere with the good order and discipline of the school or your studies, or with your exercises and your work. It would be wrong to dance for reputation, be wrong for you to dance the "round dances," so-called, in any form. And I do not think I need give you any more reason why it is wrong for you to dance, because you are plain.

For dancing to be proper for young Christians, it must be entirely subordied to the good judgment of those who have had more experience of life than yourself; of as to time and place and frequency, you consult not your own impulses but the judgment of older persons; if you violate no law of good and pure society, good manners, good health and Christian conduct, and you are thoroughly conscientious in making it a recreation simply and not a pursuit of your life, I do not see any objection to it. It may, indeed, in any case, be better, more enjoyable than the kinsing games so often played by young people, which, in my opinion, are as objectionable as those of the dance in which you are engaged.

My answers so far have been upon a foundation of general principles. There are some things I would not do if I now knew. I have never danced in a home where any objection is made to it; I would not introduce dancing where there are young people who are opposed to it, and cannot share in it without a feeling that they are doing wrong. I would never allow dancing, or any other recreation, for that matter, to keep me away from a place where I ought to be, e.g., from a literary society or a meeting of the church. Dancing must be conscientiously held to its place, and it is difficult for young people to do this. It is insaturating and exciting, and a very little is all that one should allow himself, for against much dancing there are very good physiological reasons, and this is why it may easily dance itself into ill health for the remainder of life. But there is no recreation in which there is no danger. So far as my wishes are concerned, I wish this: Nothing that can give me so much pain as to give our community go to recede from the matter of dancing. Nothing would sooner affect the school and every one concerned in the school. I do not speak of the others who do not trust you, for I have the complete confidence in your ability to do this. It is us who need help and support in the whole community on our minds and hearts. I am perfectly willing to leave the matter to the consciences of yourself and the Lord, but I beg of you to be careful not to permit even little matters to make the boys and girls there. I believe you will do right in a thing of this kind.

I have written you quite a letter—I hope you can read it. I have not been able to write a good, full, strong, readable letter the last time, because the gist of what I would say is here.

I was glad to get your letter, and would be glad to hear from you again.

Your pastor,

C. T. Trisworn.

IN MEMORIAM.

SOPHONIA WELLS STILLMAN.

Entered peacefully into rest at her home in DeRuyter, N. Y., March 6, 1890, Sophronia H. Wells, wife of Barton G. Stillman, aged 80 years and 4 months. For five weary weeks she suffered patiently, eager for the summons that should call her home; and, with the comforting words upon her lips, "We shall meet my husband on the river," her sweet spirit took its flight.

She was the eldest daughter of Matthew and Welta Alba Wells, in a family of eight sons and four daughters, all born on the Wells homestead near Owego, north of DeRuyter. In early womanhood she was a student in DeRuyter Institute, and later taught school for a time.

At the age of 20 years she married Barton G. Stillman, Nov. 19, 1839, and they founded the home which was theirs for more than sixty years, the hospitable doors of which stood wide-open, where friend and traveler found a hearty welcome. It was a place where children loved to gather, sure that their mother was always there, who has been made a privilege which another would have denied, because she loved to see them happy.

Seven children came to gladden her heart, all but one of whom grew to mature years, a blessing to all under her loving care. The eldest, Welcome F. Stillman, preceded her by ten years. The remaining members of the family circle are Mrs. T. R. Williams, of DeRuyter; Barton G. Stillman, Jr., of Brookfield; F. M. Stillman, of Rome, N. Y.; George A. Stillman, of DeRuyter; and Mrs. William H. Cooseum, now in Dougosh, China.

Hers was a busy, happy life, unselfish, and thoughtful for others to the last degree; broad in her sympathies and always loyal to what she believed to be right. She was a faithful member of the Woman's Benevolent Society and of the W. C. T. U., and was a regular attendant at their sessions as long as health and strength would permit. There came a time when a serious heart trouble incapacitated her for work; but until she had so much enjoyed, but she yielded without a murmur, and with scarcely an expressed regret, though she felt a lively interest in all benevolent and reformatory work, to the last.

In early life she publicly professed faith in Christ and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of DeRuyter, of which she remained a valued member during the entire period of her active duties she endured. While life lasted, she was always interested in the work of the church, and to bless, while the strain of their rejoicing float down to us from their heavenly choir, as they join the song of the redeemed.

L. R. S.

DEARLY beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. Rom. 12: 19.

THE MORNING WATCH.

Mighty men of God have always been men of prayer. It has been a common practice with Christ and his apostles to arise early to study God's Word and to commune with him. Probably most have the practice of daily Bible reading and prayer. Shall we not give it the place of honor among the day's duties, beginning it first of all? At many a nightfall we feel that the day has been frittered away. We scarcely know whither it is gone or what we have to show for it. Perhaps our hearts have not been right in the sight of God. Perhaps we worked to disadvantage, because our plans were hasty and haphazard.

I am persuaded that if we would enter the day, listening to his voice, well-balanced, alert, calm and systematic, the fruitage would be far greater at the set of sun. Sometimes we do a good deal, but it has little significance. We fuss and fret at the details of duty while the grand issues of life remain almost untouched. When God worketh in us both to will and to work, of his good pleasure, a shall accomplish more of the results which affect character in five minutes than in a whole day's aimless endeavor.

L. C. RANDOLPH.

THINK how often you have been mistaken; how often you may be mistaken yet again. Think how, in the warmth of your own better feelings, you may have taken a hard and cold heart has melted, and you may fairly hope and believe that the same genial warmth will spread toward whom it is directed; and many a proud spirit that would have long met scorn with scorn, and that would have bowed down to the dust by one kind word: may a hard heart will be melted down by the morsel of bread and the cup of cold water, that would have resisted a whole furnace of angry incentives.

This is the true Christian vengeance, the true Christian victory over those who wrong or offend us. Charity no less than honesty is the best policy, and also the noblest revenge.

—Dean Stanley.

Many persons seem to think that they are too busy to enter into the ministry of the Lord when they become Christians, instead of the joy of the Lord.—D. L. Moody.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

J. F. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known W. J. Cossum, for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honest in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

First & Twelfth, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, know W. J. Cossum, for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honest in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

Rowland & Martin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Cather Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family Pils are the best.

WANTED!

The following Publications are needed to complete the work of placing our related matter in person. These are to be placed in the Libraries of our Schools and Publishing House.

For any who can help us, we hereby give a good help. Send to J. P. Mosher, Manager, Publications. J. P. M.

All cheques will be paid at the Publishing House.

Conference Minutes, 1867-1882.

Seventh-Day Baptist Register, Vol. 1, No. 4.

Sabbath School Collector, Vol. 1, No. 1.

Vol. XLI., Nos. 18, 19.

Vol. XLIV., Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

Vol. X., Nos. 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43.

Vol. XI., Nos. 45, 46, 47, 48.


Vol. XXI., No. 4.

Vol. XXVI., No. 1.

Vol. XVII., No. 35.

Vol. XVIII., No. 36.

Vol. XIX., No. 1.

Vol. XX., No. 2.

Vol. XXI., No. 42, 43.

Vol. XXII.-XIV., nos. 1-5.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.
Missions.

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

THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

It will be impossible to give an elaborate report of the great Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions just held in New York City. It was too immense. It no doubt was the greatest and most distinguished Missionary Conference ever held in the history of the Christian Church. We will therefore give the readers of the Recorder but a faint glimpse of it. The Conference was held in Carnegie Hall, on the corner of 57th street and 7th avenue. The main auditorium will seat, platform and all, about 5,500 people. Perhaps 4,000 people could be crowded into it by extra seats and by standing, but this was not allowed at any of the meetings of the Conference. The overflowing crowds were sent to the neighboring churches and smaller audience rooms in the Hall, where meetings were being held. The great auditorium, filled from the platform to the doors, was nearly always filled. It was a presence as to either awe, or to inspire with magnetic power, one who addressed such an assembly.

In this great Conference there were represented about 200 Missionary Boards and Societies from the United States and Canada, Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Australia, Finland, New Zealand, Jamaica, and other lands. There were in attendance over 2,000 delegates, and over 600 missionaries, men and women, from all lands, some of whom were retired, but the great majority of them in active service. These missionaries were from China, Japan, India, Persia, Egypt, Turkey, Korea, Madagascar, Burma, Congo, U.S.A., South America, Eastern, Central and Western Africa, Australia, Hawaii, Assam, Costa Rica, Syria, Bulgaria, New Hebrides, Ceylon, Borneo, Austria, West Indies, Philippines, Palestine, and other lands, and of the islands in the sea, which we have neither time nor space to mention. There were present also some 200 honorary members of the Conference, and hundreds of distinguished clergymen, noted laymen, and business men interested in missions.

The Young People's Societies of various names and in all parts of the world were largely represented. There were Presidents and Vice-Presidents, Home and Foreign Missionary Secretaries, Treasurers and various officials of Societies and Boards present to swell the vast gathering. What a conourse of God's people, wise, good, consecrated men and women, veterans and warriors, old and young, so many right from the mission fields, with gathered wisdom and experience, all in the interests and for the advancement of world-wide evangelization! It was the opportunity of a lifetime, one never to be forgotten, to behold and be a part of such an assembly of God's people.

Only one convert with missions and missionary matters could think that there are so many important and vital questions coming out of missions and connected with them to be considered and discussed. There are many, many phases of thought, fact, necessity, method and action connected with and springing from the operation of foreign missions. The following are some of the general topics and themes discussed at this Conference on Foreign Missions:

- Survey of Fields: A Century of Missions; The Mission, its Administrative Problems; The Missionary Staff; Wider Relations of Missions; Missions and Governments; Comity and Division of Fields; Self-Support by Mission Boards; Missionary Boards and Societies; Non-Christian Religions; Social Progress and Peace; Outlook and Demands; Evangelistic Work; Educational Work; Medical Work; Translations of the Bible; Mission Presses; Bible Societies; Missionary Literature for Home Churches; Home Work and Home Churches' Support of Missions; Industrial Support of Missions; Students' and Other Young People's Work in Missions; Woman's Work. These general topics of the program were subdivided into many subjects and questions. These were first treated in papers or addresses by persons chosen from all lands, and then followed by general discussion. Those who opened up the question or topic on a slip of paper or address usually had from twenty to thirty minutes; those who participated in the general discussion had five minutes. Any one could speak in the general discussion by sending up his name on a slip of paper provided, giving his name, address, to what Missionary Society or mission he belonged. The opening papers and addresses were presented by noted and distinguished missionary workers, officers and missionaries, men and women, and the general discussions largely by missionaries fresh from the mission fields. This made the discussion very interesting and instructive.

There were three meetings a day, morning, afternoon and evening, in the large auditorium of Carnegie Hall, and at the same time usually four sectional meetings were held in the neighboring churches, where divisions of the same general topic were presented and discussed. Each meeting was preceded by some noted man or woman, known for his work. The Ecumenical Conference had a stenographer at every meeting. There were reporters from almost every newspaper of the city at these meetings. The sessions of the Conference held in Carnegie Hall were the largest attended, because, as a rule, the weightiest subjects and questions were presented and discussed there. The sectional meetings treated special subjects, and those interested in those special subjects attended them, sometimes filling full the church. A reporter at all the doings of this great Ecumenical Conference is to be published, consisting of two volumes, which will be very valuable for instruction and reference.

A list of the names of the delegates, missionaries, missionary officers and honorary members of the Conference in attendance, with their address and the Missionary Society they represent, was published for the benefit of those in attendance. We cannot give you this list on our Missionary page, but it will be sent to you by one of the leaders of the Conference. Rev. Judson Smith, D. D., Chairman of the General Committee of the Conference; Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D., General Secretary of the Conference; W. Henry Grant, Assistant General Secretary. To these three men we owe the most for having this great Conference on Foreign Missions. Their labors have been very great. Dr. Baldwin broke down under it and needed a month of strict prostration, so that he could not attend a meeting of the Conference.

Rev. W. H. Harding, Dean, Dean of the Conference for Foreign Missions, Secretary of the London Missionary Society; Mr. Eugene Stock, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, London; Rev. Canon W. J. Edwards, Exeter, England; Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, China; Dr. Harry Guinness, London; Right Rev. Bishop Ridley, British Columbia; Rev. A. Schreiber, D. D.; Rev. A. Merensky, D. D., Germany; Rev. W. Ashmore, D. D., Veteran Missionary from China; Rev. J. G. Paton, an aged and distinguished missionary among the cannibals of New Hebrides; Bishop J. M. Thoburn, of India; Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, a veteran medical missionary in India; Dr. F. Howard Taylor, son of J. Hudson Taylor, medical missionary of Inland China; Rev. George Waddam, D. D., President of Roberts College, Constantinople; Rev. Charles Phillips, of Johannesburg, South Africa; Rev. J. L. Dealing, President of the Baptist Theological Seminary in Yokohama, Japan; Rev. J. Soper, D. D., Japan; Rev. Joseph King, D. D., South Seas; Rev. Dr. J. Daly, Scotland; Rev. Alex. Sutherland, D. D., Canada; Miss Lilavati Singh, a missionary worker among the Rajputs; Hindu Caste, India; Mrs. A. J. Gordon, Boston; Miss A. B. Child, Boston; Mrs. J. T. Gracey, Rochester; Mrs. Judson Smith, Boston; Miss Isabella Thoburn, India; Mrs. Joseph Cook, Boston; Hon. William T. Harris, Baltimore; Miss Nathan Northrop, of Georgia; Ex-President Benjamin Harrison; Hon. James B. Angell, LL. D., President of Michigan University. These are but a few of the distinguished names of those constituting the Conference, but we mention these as they came to our attention.

Different Denominational Boards and Missionary Societies, and some cities of New York, gave receptions to foreign delegates and missionaries, and also to some home delegates and missionary officers. These were very enjoyable social events. Mrs. P. J. Wait, M. D., gave a royal reception on Sabbath night, April 28, at her home, to the Seventh-day Baptist delegates and visitors in attendance at the Conference, and to the members of our church and the various friends in New York. It was just like Dr. Wait to give us all this very enjoyable social opportunity. School-mates and friends, who had not met for years, were in this way permitted to see each other again and give the hearty hand-shake and learn the way-marks in life's history. There were seventy at this reception. Quite a number who could not, because of sickness and other causes, attend this reception, were deprived of a fine social privilege. Many thanks to Dr. Wait. May she live long to gladden many hearts.

FROM G. H. F. RANDOLPH.

I started on my anticipated visit to Texas Friday evening, March 9. The Sabbath was spent in Texasarka, filling my usual monthly appointment... Sunday night, at 9 o'clock, I took the 'B' Limited for Central Texas, and I with it. When daylight appeared, we were passing through as fine country as one need ask to see. By the way, Texas is no fine state as I ever had the privilege of seeing; and the people of the
state made a very favorable impression on me, too. Indeed, I was surprised in both the country and people. At 1 P. M. the train reached Gatesville, having gone a distance of 304 miles. Here Bro. H. S. Witt met me and took me out about five miles to his home among the hills. Bro. Witt and his family of little children are all the Sabbath-keepers living in this vicinity. They are not very "well off" in this world's goods, but they are rich in faith and earnest in good works. An announcement was made for preaching the same night I arrived. There was a pleasant little gathering, considering the short notice, and the people were very attentive. The next night the congregation was somewhat larger. The reception met in this community was very encouraging, and the courage and comfort the visit gave these "true Sabbath-keepers" is reason sufficient for such effort.

Wednesday found me moving on again, this time to Port Lavaca, about 27 miles, by rail. There was a great deal of changing cars and delay on this trip. However, the hearty reception I received here from Elder M. F. Whaley and his son, Dr. Whaley, and the royal entertainment from Dr. Whaley's kind friends, more than made up for delays and lack of comfort on the way. The weather was unfavorable for services here. It gave opportunity for a quiet Sabbath rest, though. We had preaching night after Sabbath, Sunday morning and Sunday night. The congregations were not large, but the services seemed to be profitable occasions. The young people of the place had just secured an organ and placed it in the school-house, and they helped us very much, with music for our meetings. The Brothers Whaley are leaders in every good work here.

Early Monday morning I started on my way to Port Lavaca, where Bro. D. S. Allen lives. This point is about 70 miles southeast of Berc irresistible. Bro. Allen, with his usual thoughtfulness, came up to Victoria, a distance of 27 miles, to meet me. The seven and one-half hours we waited here for train connections were spent in getting dinner at the home of Bro. Allen's daughter, and hustling about finding old friends of his. We got into Port Lavaca in time for supper and to attend revival services at the Methodist church. But these meetings closed that same night owing to the prevalence of small-pox in town. The weather was also unfavorable again. But arrangements were made for holding services at the court-house the next night, Bro. Allen going to the expense of having bills printed, and distributed from house to house. He entertained us very well, and we decided to try the next night also. The attendance the second night was not as large; owing, doubtless, to the rainy weather. But I was glad of this privilege, even under such unfavorable circumstances, of preaching at this point. Thus my visit is one long to be remembered for other reasons. That bracing Gulf wind! The invigorating atmosphere! and Sister Allen's great oyster pie! No, I shall not soon forget the pleasant surprise and short visit.

Thursday morning I started to visit the friends around Eagle Lake, about 150 miles north. Most of these friends are children of the late lamented Bro. Wilson. The first I visited was the second daughter, Mrs. Lola Smith, who lives at Border, about 25 miles from Eagle Lake. The people at this place had never seen a Seventh-Day Baptist minister, nor any one of that persuasion till Mrs. Smith moved there recently. My stay here was only from Friday afternoon till Sunday. But during this time, in spite of rain, we had two preaching services, in which there was a good attendance and interest. I believe this is a favorable place for extra work.

My next stop was with Sister Estella (Wilson) Lammes, the eldest daughter of Bro. Wilson, about six miles farther from Eagle Lake. Her brother Watson, the youngest child of the family, lives with Mrs. Lammes. This brother, now about 10 years of age, is faithfully striving to live a Christian life. He will, doubtless, be baptized and unite with the church soon. It was so rainy while here that it was impossible to hold any public service. But our visit was very pleasant, and our little song and prayer services were precious occasions. The rain held up long enough for me to drive down to Alleyton, about three miles, to call on the family of the former Deacon Peikert, of the Eagle Lake church. Bro. Peikert works on Sabbath-day, but does not keep Sunday, but claims it is impossible to make a living and keep the Sabbath. Sister Peikert and her daughter, Sister Lyons, are faithful Sabbath-keepers.

My last visit was at Cheetham, where Sister Minnie (Wilson) lives. This point is about 20 miles from Eagle Lake, in another direction. I had only about 24 hours to stay here. There was no preaching on the way. There were two appointments for me to preach, but we tried as nearly as possible to unite them into one. We had a large congregation of interested men and women, who, I hope, were interested in seeing a Seventh-Day Baptist here, too. Many of the people did not know that any such person existed. I was sorry not to have had at least one more day with these kind friends. But I was compelled to hasten away so as to reach Fouke before the Sabbath, and be there to fill my regular appointment. As it was, I came into Fouke on Friday evening, on the same train by which I left just three weeks before.

FOUKE, ARK., April 11, 1900.

WISCONSIN LETTER.

President Gardiner's letter, in a late issue of the Sabbath Recorder, describing the student evangelistic work of two years ago, awakens memories which have long been slumbering. Your Wisconsin correspondent preached his first sermons to those same stately trees when as yet Bro. Gardiner never dreamed of being a preacher. There were no evangelical quartets in those days, and Moody had not yet found his Sankey to sing the Gospel message to hearts unmoved by the preacher's words. Imagine, then, an awkward, bashful boy, going alone among entire strangers. Not so much as a sermon outline in his pocket, and expected to preach two sermons every Sabbath, besides visiting from house to house, and attending various prayer-meeting appointments during the week! It was a comfort to go out and preach to the graceful beech and maple trees. They seemed so attentive and sympathetic! I am not so certain of the effect upon the trees, but one dear old pine stump was converted unto pulp, upon which I laid my Bible and the usual outlines of the sermons I tried to make. Alas, like all other merely man-made conversions, I fear it has long since gone back to the "weak and beggarly elements of the world." Whatever else may have come of it, that summer's work, with the kind and sympathetic forbearance of the good people of Hebron, did the boy good.

How often do we think and speak of ourselves as so small a people that no one knows anything about us away from our own doors. But this is rarely the case. We often meet with will show how far from this is. About a year ago, riding in a railway car from Milwaukee to Racine, I took a seat with a stranger. The fact that we each had tickets served as an introduction; and when, in answer to his query as to my "connection," I told him that I was a Seventh-Day Baptist, to my surprise, he began to speak familiarly of certain of our churches and ministers in New York state, concerning whom he inquired with much interest. I was more surprised still when, of his own accord, he said, "your people are right," and expressed the wish that everybody could see the way to keep the Sabbath. Two or three of us, in fact, visited Philadelphia one morning in a Presbyterian church in a little city of Northern Wisconsin. I supposed, of course, a live Seventh-Day Baptist, except for two or three familiar specimens, would be something out of curiosity. I was surprised to hear a young woman, to whom I was introduced, say that her mother was once an in-
**Woman's Work.**

By Miss R. T. Ruggles, Alfred, N. Y.

We are indebted to our sister, Dr. P. J. B. Wait, for a series of papers on the Ecumenical Conference which is being represented in our column, beginning with the issue of April 30.

Before this issue of the Recorder reaches our readers, the Ecumenical Conference will be a thing of the past. Those of us who have not had the privilege of attending the meetings have missed some of the greatest tests to the truth of the revelation of God's glory, and to the living power of the nations. But we trust the brief glimpses that shall come to us from those who have been in attendance will inspire us all, and draw us into closer sympathy with God's purposes for the whole world.

The evangelistic, educational and medical problems, as well as the methods for training our young people and children, and the necessity, or systematic study of missions, are the most prominent subjects that were to be represented. This free interchange of ideas, and the abundance of information given by such a variety of workers, as to methods of work, must be long remembered, helping to bring the world to Christ, of the necessity for, and of the blessing which comes, from Christian missions. We shall welcome any and all information which our sisters in attendance can give us.

The Ecumenical Conference for which plans were first made in Jan. 1896, met in Carnegie Hall, New York City, April 21, 1900. One thousand, and sixty-six delegates, 750 missionaries and representatives of various societies, making a total of fully 2,500, with thousands of interested people, daily filled the hall to its utmost capacity. To most of those in attendance it is the opportunity of a lifetime. This marvelous gathering of earnest, cultured, enthusiastic men and women, cannot but hasten the coming of the kingdom of our Lord. No person or paper can possibly report it in its entirety, but it is hoped that for weeks and months years, we shall receive the priceless gems of thought, in items or reports, which shall fill us with gratitude to him who rules over the destinies of nations.

E. A. W.

**THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.**

Reported for the Woman’s Board.

Your delegate went last evening—Sunday—to see and hear probably the most interesting figure in the Conference, Rev. John G. Paton, who spoke to an immense congregation in the Fifth Avenue Collegiate church.

This church itself is interesting, as it claims the proud distinction of being the first Protestant church organized in America, and has an unbroken succession of ministers since 1628. The bell hanging in the belfry of the present church edifice was cast in Amsterdam in 1728, and has been in use ever since.

Dr. Paton not only speaks with considerable accent, which one soon forgets under the influence of his discourse. In early life he was, for two years, a city missionary in Glasgow; but, fired with zeal for foreign work, his heart turned toward the islands in the far-away Pacific, and when at last he sailed for the New Hebrides where there was a nation of wild savages whose only use for missionaries was to cook and eat them; five missionaries having shared that fate previous to Dr. Paton’s venture. He is a man to remember; not over tall but with a strong, kindly face and luxuriant hair and beard, white as wool. You should hear his story, his hairbreadth escape from honorable providences, and finally, as if by miracle, how he discovered a key to the language, from a beginning so slight that it rivals in wonder the revelations of the Rosetta stone.

From this beginning he created a written language, grammar, and reference works, translated the Bible into twenty-two dialects it would appear—though he calls them languages. He told of eighteen thousand Christians converted under his preaching, and said that while, among the eighty thousand inhabitants of those islands, there are some not yet brought under the gospel, and who yet remain cannibal in practice, they are all being rapidly won to Christ.

The collection of the evening was for Dr. Paton, who is one of the ablest and most interesting men of the Church, and the church, Rev. John G. Paton, who spoke to an immense congregation, and who had baptized nine converts. A few years later he baptized ten times in the field, told of his experience on that dark continent. Reaching Lake Ngarra, where he settled, after a tedious and ofttimes perilous journey inland, he was “weeks and weeks distant” from any missionary. Dr. Paton was in Doctor in Glasgow, where he labored until one year ago when he was called up higher.

At the Broadway Tabernacle meeting, Monday afternoon, the “Island World” drew out an audience almost equal to the capacity of the church, sixteen hundred, though an attendance can give us. To so many hundred, twenty-two thousand scholars, churches, industries and mission stations scattered all about, although he described the parishes as covering a hundred square miles apiece, and territory enough left to give a parish to every person within sound of his voice, probably fifteen hundred. One thing which claims attention at these meetings is the presence of so many policemen. One of them to whom we spoke told us that twenty-five were detailed daily to be constantly at Carnegie Hall, so much is it necessary to look out for the pocket books and other convenient valuables of our visiting friends. It seems a little incongruous to establish a cordon of police to maintain order at a missionary conference; perhaps it may be more practical to the city to Christianize the force.

The weather is everything which can be asked for, a little dusty to be sure, but light cloaks and overcoats are burdensome during the day, and men are running upon all street lines. Altogether New York is being seen at her very best.

P. J. B. W.

“I was it in my power to convey my experience to those people—often well-meaning people—who speak about the inefficiency of foreign missions. I think if they really could realize but a tenth part of the work that is being done and the work that has been done, they would realize that no more practical work, no more productive of fruit for civilization, could exist than that work being carried on by the men and women who give their lives to preach the gospel of Christ to mankind—the men and women who have preached, but have done; who have made action follow pledge, performance square with promise.”—Roosevelt.

A man has a very bad chance for happiness in that state, unless he marries a woman of very strong and fixed principles of religion.—Samuel Johnson.
RECIPE FOR A HAPPY LIFE.

The following recipe for a happy life, said to have been written by Margaret of Navarre, was found some years ago in a chest in the French National Library. It is as follows:

- Three ounces are necessary, first of patience, then of joy, and lastly of assistance.
  A pound entire is needful:
  Of pastimes, of all sorts, too.
  Should it be reared, as much as the hand can hold; Of pleasant memory and of hope three good draughts: There must be at least, but they should meander be With a liquor made from true pleasures which rejoice the
  soul.

- Then of love's magic drops a few.
  But no wind is so strong for they may bring a flame.
  Which naught but tears can drown.
  Grind the whole and mix therewith of merriment an ounce.
  To even. Let all this may not bring happiness
  Except in thy voice
  To him who holds the gift of health.

THE PARSON’S BABY, THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN.

BY J. B. BRISON HAMILTON, D. D.

A prominent manufacturer in a bustling little Western city took me to lunch with him during the session of the Methodist Conference which I was visiting. He was proud of the strength of his church and had much to say of its early history. I imagined from the zest of his recitals that he presented that which had been the principal source of his strength and had much to say of its early history. I imagined from the zest of his recitals that he had been a student and was a community leader who founded the first church. He was in the midst of a loving speech when I interrupted him:

- My dear, lie still and snuggle, Holy angels guard thee.

- I was so blinded with tears that I had to stop and wipe my eyes, and to conceal my weakness I pretended to tuck the clothes about the little one. The baby looked up into my face and cooed and gurgled and placed his finger in my baby’s little fist. The touch of the little hand and the truthful look from the baby-eyes did more for me than all the preaching and praying of a lifetime.

- We had some kind of celebration in the Methodist church, and the parson’s wife and baby made their first public appearance. As the little woman walked in, the men clasped her and dandled her on the floor, and the little one seemed to like the roar of the crowd. The horns blew louder and the baby tried to cry. I felt hot all over and blushed, but I seemed to be. The parson’s wife accepted the carriage with smiles and tears and made me kiss the baby as my reward. She promised that she would wheel it out for its first ride in the new carriage.

- It was several days before I received word that the baby needed a ride in the open air. I put on my best clothes and told every body I met that the boy would be on the look-out but they could see ‘our baby.’ Before the little woman gave me her baby she asked me if I was safe company for her little one. I knew she was not joking. I felt hot all over. I knew I was not worthy to be trusted and I started for the door as I said:

- Madame, I am not worthy to be trusted with your baby. I am a wicked man and ought to be ashamed.

- Her blue eyes were swimming in tears and her lips trembled as she said:

- Jack, you were once a pure baby yourself. Your good, sweet mother loved you as I love my child. It would have broken her heart to have you would grow up and become a wicked man. I would rather bury my baby than to have him become a man like you. I am going to pray for you while you are giving my baby a ride. I wish you would pray for yourself. If you will ask God for a chance, he will give you a chance to be pure and as you were when your mother held you in her arms. Go, now, and take good care of my darling.

- Although I was so awkward in starting that the parson’s wife laughed like a schoolgirl at my clumsiness, I was willing to get going without upsetting the carriage. I found every man in town on the lookout. I went up one street and down another. I found crowds everywhere. Everybody was happy.

- Some shouted and cheered and some bitterly cried. The roughest tongs in town seemed to be the heartiest in their cheers, and some of them cried the hardest. One bloated old bummer, who hardly ever drew a smile, was gaping in open-mouthed surprise, and took the hem of the carriage robe in his trembling hands and kissed it and wept like a whipped school-boy. He sobbed out:

- I had a baby like that once. It died and it made me sick. I broke her heart. I wish I had died before I had ever come to this.

- I had listened to many sermons by the parson and had laughed at the little talks of the parson’s wife, but I could not get away from the silent preaching of the baby. As I pushed the carriage along I saw my own sweet mother as she held me in her arms and rocked me and sang lullabies to me.

- The words all came back to me, and the tune, and I found myself humming:

- Ha, ha, my dear, lie still and slumber,
  Holy angels guard thee.

- I was so blinded with tears that I had to stop and wipe my eyes, and to conceal my weakness I pretended to tuck the clothes about the little one. The baby looked up into my face and cooed and gurgled and placed his finger in my baby’s little fist. The touch of the little hand and the truthful look from the baby-eyes did more for me than all the preaching and praying of a lifetime.

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- Ha, ha, my dear, lie still and slumber,
  Holy angels guard thee.
Young People's Work

By Edwin Swab, Milton, Wis.

I LIKE to see a boy leave a game of ball to go home to supper, not because he is hungry, but because it will make extra work for his mother if he is late at his meals.

I LIKE to see a girl close a very interesting book within ten pages of the end in order to go to prayer-meeting, not because she is tired of reading, but because the time needed to finish the book would make her late at the church.

A COMPANY of young men from Chicago recently went to the Transvaal with the avowed purpose of working in the hospitals, caring for the sick and wounded. It is reported that half of the company, when offered rifles, promptly tore off their Red Cross badges and took up arms against England. Such actions cannot be too severely censured; for either this was their plan from the beginning, or else they were very easily persuaded that a "handsome" offer was "ludicrous" undergild; they either practiced a premeditated deception, or they manifested a weakness in character by yielding to impulse and the excitement of the moment.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS, OR "DIDN'T SAY NOFFIN' BACK."

All of us have been preached to enough, heaven knows, about the cost of living. The tongue has been stung over an unruly member, particularly where women are concerned, and if we transgress in the matter of idle gossip, or scandal-mongering, or bearing idle gossip, or scandal-mongering, or bearing

SWEETNESS to our feet and cunning to our work, and we are paid for it a thousand times by the loving things that are said back." The reverse of this is equally true, and perhaps none of us know how heavy the burden of life is for those about us by our lack of sympathetic appreciation of the little sacrifices and efforts they make that our lot may be more pleasant. Surely the husband who toils all day that his family may live in luxury, surely the mother and wife, whose whole life is devoted to the comfort and welfare of those about her hearthstone, would like, now and then, for some acknowledgment of what they have done to be "said back." In a social way, no gift is better worth cultivating. We like no woman so well as the one who has the gracious tact to always say back the right thing to us—the little, kindly speech that betrays some remembrance of our whines, our likes and dislikes, and makes her feel of importance in the world. Such a woman "never neglects the small amenities of life." She writes the little note of thanks to the hard-worked professional man or woman who have put themselves to trouble to try and serve her. She is of the rudehness of never answering a letter, or of returning thanks for a gift in so dilatory a manner it bespeaks her lack of gratitude in clarion tones. Always and under all circumstances, she knows that the test of a real lady is appreciateativeness—the art of at least "saying something back" for favors received. New Orleans Picayune.

OUR MIRROR

The President of the Pawcatack Christian Endeavor Society, at Westerly, R. I., Charles B. Andrews, who was recently elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Emma S. Langworthy, suffered a severe attack of appendicitis April 7, and has since undergone a most successful operation for that disease. He has been missed from his accustomed place in the meetings, but it is hoped that he may be back within a short time. The duties of the President have been faithfully looked after by the Vice-President, John H. Austin. The last missionary meeting of the Society was led by the Secretary, Miss Grace E. Clasen, and the Secretary of the Missionary Society, Rev. O. U. Whitford, gave an interesting talk on the work in China.

R. A. TORRY AND THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The arrangement of Mr. Torry, of Moody Bible Institute and of Sunday-school fame, concerning Sabbath-keepers, noticed by Bro. Swab, in his mother's book, might come under the head of criticism from "imperfect knowledge," but more likely "unkind and prejudiced," as Editor Lewis describes it in his first editorial of April 28. What does Mr. Torry know of Seventh-day Baptists as individuals or communities? In what towns are the evangelistic work runs at high-water mark all the time? Is he acquainted with our ministry? Has he even a personal acquaintance with the Chicago Seventh-day Baptist church? Probably not, and yet he writes: "He is writing in his seat on the Sunday question." He is stirred over the trouble Sabbath-keepers give the conscience of men who have the Sabbath question brought to their attention, hence his fling at Seventh-day Baptists based on imperfect knowledge and prejudice. Bible students who have for years read Mr. Torry's "applications" on Sunday-School lessons, in the International Evangel, will wonder how he has the leisure to do with his many unscriptural, and historically false, statements. Does Mr. Torry, as a scholar and teacher of national fame, really believe that Nehemiah closed the gates of Jerusalem on Sabbath? Can he tell honest Bible students why the Evangel has had so much of that kind of teaching misleading the youth, all these years? Does the Holy Spirit have anything to do with it?

Now Mr. Torry knows nothing of the writer, and will never see this article, much less be convinced of his errors, if he should, but Seventh-day Baptists are well taught that the Holy Spirit and the Word agree. Mr. Torry does not agree with the Word on some vital questions, therefore the Holy Spirit does not agree with him when he writes that which is false. Seventh-day Baptists know that so far as they accept and teach the truth, the Holy Spirit honors them. The popular conception of the work of the Holy Spirit is strong in that good feeling, emotion; a glory-hallelujah time is evidence of the Holy Spirit's presence. Men go into ecstacies over their errors. Men are very zealous in their super-spirituals and superficial sentimental labors, and they call it "Holy Ghost religion," or a "Holy Spirit meeting." But that is no manifestation of freedom and power of the Holy Spirit. That is no proof of "Holy Ghost experience and power."

He has the Holy Spirit, its true freedom and manifestation, who obeys the truth as far as he knows it and seeks to know more that he may walk in it. Something may deprive us as a people of a great measure of the Spirit's power. That is a matter we would better look into. If Mr. Torry's arrangement will lead us to self-examination and greater concern for the salvation of souls that are being snatched out of his evil, and the wrath of man will praise the Lord.

If we are worldly-minded, though we have the truth in doctrine; if we are disloyal to our great trust, and are trying to subdue the world with our wealth and show something else without other denominations, than Mr. Torry's arrangement may have many grains of truth in it, and we need to accept his reproof with humility, and purpose to return wholly to the Lord.

Will Bro. Sotty tell us how to best demonstrate spiritual power to the world?

H. D. Clarke.

GARNER, IOWA.

LIKE the ancients, we too find a deity in each of the objects we pursue; we follow wealth till we worship Mammon; love till we see a Venue; are ambitious till our hands are stained with the bloody rites of the "in and out" system; in the physical world we are waging by our railroad and engines and, in the world of spirit, we are waging by our railroad and engines a war of utter extermination against time and space, we forget that it is these very things, as motives, that urge us on. We are exhibiting the folly of kingdom, and we are dividing against the Holy Spirit. But while in the physical world we are driving to annihilation time and space, is it for the sake of the things of time and sense that we do it?

—Jones Very.
Children's Page.

THE TREES’ BABIES.

BY EMMA L. DOBB.

High in the tree-tops, in little brown cradles,
Hanging the whole winter long; 
Rocked on the branches, and lulled by the breeze,
They were singing to hear the birds' first song.

The cradles rocked slower.

The breeze hummed lower—

"Rock-a-bye, little mother is near!"

Rock-a-bye, baby, nothing to fear; 
Something soft will twitter, snowflakes may fly. 
You’re safe in your cradles, mother is night; 
Softly the branches, as in a dream, 
Soon will go snowflakes—then birds will sing.

High in the tree-tops, in little brown cradles,

The branches were gently and dreamed of the spring; 
Roused by the raindrops, and warmed by the sunshine.

They heard the first bird songs, so clearly they sings.

The cradles still swinging;

"Rock-a-bye, baby, mother is near!"

Rock-a-bye, baby, springtime is here;

Raindrops will patter, raindrops will fall;

Wake up, dear babies, sunbeams will call.

Winter has left us, springtime has come,

The cradles still swinging, 

The branches are swinging,

The mother-tree’s singing—

"Wake up, my babies, the sunshine is bright;

Mother will dress you so daintly and light;

Sunbeams creep from your cradles—babies must sleep.

You are safe in your branches, dear babies, each one.

Summer is coming, springtime will go,

Creep from your cradles—babies must grow."

-Two Contended Boys.

A Boy's Story.

By Ellen M. Hurl.

"Isn’t this grand? Isn’t this fine?" exclaimed little Neddie Phillips to his older brother Rob. His rosy cheeks and bright eyes emphasized his words, as the two counted erratically down the hill in front of their homes, while mother stood at the window watching them with smiling eyes.

"Dear little lads," she said, "I hope they will always be as easily satisfied.

The sled was curiously constructed out of an old broken crate, while the two raced, fastened long branches underneath served as runners.

"This is fun!" responded Rob. "We don’t care if it isn’t a new sled like Joe Carleton’s, do we? We can have just as good a time with this, or even better, I think.

He picked himself out of a snowdrift, into which a sudden lurch of the sled had thrown them, "for Joe’s would go straight down the hill, and we should lose all the fun of getting into the snowdrifts, so I think ours is the best, don’t you?"

Rob was so occupied in getting the sled started down the hill again he did not notice that his little brother’s response was less enthusiastic than usual, so he continued, as they sped on more quickly, "Yes, this is much better than Joe’s; and if he should come this minute and offer me his sled I would not take it, would you?"

"Yes, that’s true!" from Neddie was lost in the excitement of arriving, with a grand flourish, at the bottom of the hill. The truth was Rob’s words had awakened in his brother’s mind visions of a lovely red and green aisle which he had seemed and admired the day before, with the intention of making a bed so as to possess just such a delightful treasure himself, but he was loyal to his more contented brother, and whatever Rob wanted he wanted. So, ashamed of his rebellious thoughts, he called out loudly, as they tumbled off into the snow, "I don’t want Joe’s sled—this is much better."

At this moment a burst of laughter from the top of the hill attracted the boys’ attention, and, turning around, they discovered a little boy with much jesting, holding the identical new sled of which they had just been speaking.

"Hello, boys! What you got there?" he shouted, as soon as he could speak. "Noah’s ark! What do you call it anyhow?" and another burst of laughter as he pointed at the two boys stoof, mute with surprise and dismay at the sudden appearance of the very one they had been talking about.

Rob was the first to recover himself and shouted back, defiantly, "You may laugh all you want to; we don’t care, we are having a good time, and our sled is as good as yours, now."

But Neddie was silent, for the sight of the red and green beauty had awaked his envy. He kept his eyes on the ground and trudged along beside his brother, wishing, in spite of what he had just said, that he could have one ride on the beautiful sled, but, in loyalty to Rob, he tried faithfully to put the desire from his mind.

Now Joe was really a kind-hearted boy, although he made fun of the primitive affair which the boys called a sled. And as he watched them toiling up the hill, dragging the clumsy thing after them, he felt sorry for them, and determined to give them a treat.

"I say, boys," said he, as they joined him and he saw Neddie’s eyes eagerly fastened upon his sled, “let’s change places. I’ll take Noah’s ark for a while and you try my new sled; it goes fine."

This was surprise number two for Neddie and Rob, and nearly took their breath away. Rob was on his dignity, however, and could not forget in a moment that they had been ridiculed.

"No, thanks," he answered, loyally, "Noah’s ark is good enough for us, though deep in his heart he had the same desire as his brother to try the new sled.

"O, come on, don’t be foolish! I didn’t mean any harm in laughing. I couldn’t help it. I believe I have laughed, you know. See Neddie, he wants to try it," for Joe had discovered his secret in his eager face. "You will have to take him down anyway."

"Well," said Rob, slowly descending from his dignity, "if Neddie wants to go that settles it. I will go to please him."

Neddie glanced ruefully at Rob, as if asking pardon for desiring anything that his brother did not wish, but he saw something in Rob’s face whichquieted his scruples and made him think that the pleasure was not wholly on his side. He took his place on the sled and the magic runners under Rob’s skillful management took them swiftly down the hill. When they reached the bottom the boys’ faces were radiant with happiness.

"Jeez," said Neddie, incoherent Rob, "this beats ours all to nothing, doesn’t it?"

"O, yes!" said Neddie, enthusiastically.

"But," continued Rob, sturdily, "ours is the best when we can’t get anything better.

"Yes, indeed, when we can’t get anything better," echoed Neddie, as they tramped happily up the hill together—Congregationalist.

The Hepatica Babies.

By Laura C. Ashby.

The winds of Spring in gladness sing, 
And pipe thro’ reed and brush; 
The wind flowers wake from sleep, 
And the warm sun brings the thrushes.

The Spring was just waking up. The winter has carried off all the snow. One fine, warm day Mother Hepatica thought she would venture out and see if it was warm enough to bring out her babies.

So she sent up a stalk and partly opened her eye. She dared not go too high for fear of being broken, but took a fine branch and held it along and chill her through. But she met only the sun who smiled at her in friendly fashion.

"Surely," thought she, "I need have no fear for my babies in this warm sunshine."

So she called softly to the Hepatica babies under the ground, and they came one by one until they were all out, and every day they opened more and more to the kindly sun.

All this time the wind had been mild and gentle. One morning he felt very boisterous. He blustered and tore around the corners and made a great noise. Mother Hepatica heard him coming and knew he would be very sharp.

"My poor little babies," she said, "I fear the wind will be too rough this morning. Close your eyes anduddle close to me."

The babies did as their mamma told them, and when the wind got to them they found them folded closely to their mamma.

"Hello, Dame Hepatica," he shouted as he came near. "Wake up the babies, I want to have a frolic with them."

"Go away," said she. "You are too rough.

"I didn’t dare to try my new eyes" emphasized his words, as the two coasted swiftly down the hill. Iceland!"

Mother Hepatica shivered as the wind began to blow roughly about her babies. But the babies cuddled so close together that blow as hard as he could he could only rustle their leaves.

At last he took himself off. The sun that had been behind a cloud all the morning, came out warm and bright, to the delight of the little Hepaticas who encircled themselves and were warmed and strengthened by the warm rays of the sun.—Child Garden.

ABOUT CHILDREN.

Dr. Endes: "There is nothing serious the man called Fredly, to the baby, I think a little soap and water will do him as much good as anything," Mrs. Blakly: "Yes, doctor, an’ will I give it to him before or after his meal?"

"You must let the baby have one cow’s milk to drink every day," said the doctor. "Very well, if you say so," said the perplexed young mother, "but I really don’t see how he is going to hold it all.

LITTLE BOYS: "Phew! It’s awful hot for just spring." Little Girl: "You ought to be thankful it’s not worse. S’pose we lived in Iceland! Wouldn’t that be awful?" "IcesLand! Why?" "You better study your geography lessons. The geography says Iceland is famous for its hot springs."

BE TRUE.

Listen, my boy, I’ve a word for you; "And this is the world you live in!"
At work or at play, in darkness or light, 
What you do today may matter tonight.

Lie, little girl, I’ve a word for you; "Try the same thing, "be true! be true!"
For truth is the sun, and a shade to fight, Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.

-Selected.
Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be working what is good, towards all, but especially towards them that are of the household of faith."—Gal. 6:10. But to do good and to communicate, is the matter of the commandment.—Heb. 13:16.

Westely, R. I.—At the Communion Sabbath last month, April 7, the Pawentuck church was gladdened by the reception of sixteen new members, twelve young people who had recently been baptized, and four married in the afternoon. He expect Eld. Edward Strong, here to-day, and we await a feast. Spring is late and very wet. J. L. Hull.

May 27, 1899.

MARRIAGES.

CROOK—HARMON.—In Independence, N. Y., April 29, 1900, by Elders J. Kenyon, at his home, Fred. Crook, of Green woood, and Harmon, of Andover, N. Y.

WILLIAMS.—At the home of the bride's parents, in Albnion, Wis., by Pastor Babcock, April 25, 1900, Mr. Edward Wins Williams and Miss Mary Berrien Head, all of Albnion, N. Y.

DEATHS.

HENDRICKS.—Jacob Hendricks was born in Allegany County, N. Y., May 17, 1813, and died in Edgerton, Wis., April 5, 1900.

While a young man he was married to Maria Judith Hendricks, who had recently been baptized, and had no children, but was cared for in his last illness by his nephew, Mr. G. W. Doty. Funeral services were held at the home of the Rev. Seventh-day Baptist church, Albnion, Sabbath, April 7, conducted by the pastor.

Hlavac.—Harriet Jane Popp was born in New Marlborough, Mass., July 29, 1822, and died in Albnion, Wis., April 16, 1900.

At an early age she experienced religion, was baptized and united with the Plainfield, N. J., Seventh-day Baptist church. After coming West, and during the pastorate of Elders James S. Shockley, and Lewis Vanmeter, she united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Albnion, Wis., Dec. 25, 1847, she was married to Elias F. Randall, and in the following spring moved to Milton, Wis. Two years later they purchased a farm near Newville, Rock County. Here they lived for seventeen years, after which, having purchased a farm near Albnion, they moved there. Here Mr. Randall died in May, 1891.

One year later Mrs. Randall moved to the village of Albnion, where she has resided since. She was the mother of four children, three sons and one daughter.

One of the sons died when a young man. The other two and the daughter, survive her. Funeral services were held in her late home, April 18, Interment in the Edgerton cemetery.

BARCOCK.—At the home of her daughter, Miss Evadna Babcock, and her family, Mrs. Sarah Babcock died April 20, in the 79th year of her age.

She was the youngest of twelve children of Pattons and Lois Babcock, of two of whom, James M. Flitch, of Ionin, Mich., and Elliott G. Flitch, of Brookfield, N. Y., survive her. She was married Feb. 3, 1845, to Oliver P. Babcock. Three daughters, Misses Marcella and Rosella Babcock, and Mrs. Annette Stillman, wife of Bartoun G. Babock, Jr., survive her.

In early life she came to Christ. In 1873 she united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Brookfield, of which she has been a consistent member. By her daily walk and conversation she gave positive proof that "there are charms of life and character that age does not dim nor correlo." This is the testimony of one who has observed her life for many years. She is greatly missed, but her presence is not absent. Our prayers are offered by the large company of friends, who have been her family, neighbors and circle of friends. A large company of people gathered at the home to pay tributes to her memory. The pastor of the First Alford church spoke from Rev. 14: 13.

Barker.—At the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Abbie Burdock, Unadilla Forks, N. Y., April 25, 1900, John Henry Burdock, of Brookfield, N. Y., died April 24.

He was married to Phoebe U. Haskillie in 1836. Two sisters, Mrs. Dewitt G. Cook and Mrs. Silas Whitford, and two brothers, Nathan and Paul Burch, have preceded him to the home of the blessed. Their sons, A. Bartoun, Barker of Londonderry; David H. Burch and Nathan Burch of South Brookfield, and one daughter, Mrs. Mortimer Burch, are left. In early life he gave his heart to Christ and united with the Third Seventh-day Baptist church of Brookfield, of which he has ever since been an earnest and faithful member. He was identified, during his long life, with all the material and social interests of his native town of Brookfield, and was a tower of Robinson. A morphological reformer. A large circle of relatives and friends were at the funeral, held at the home of Mr. Bur- dock, Unadilla Forks, April 26. "The children rise up and call him blessed." He came to his grave a victor of a full ripe forty.

Patrick.—At the home of her son, George Patrick, of Watertown, N. Y., Wednesday, April 19, 1899, Mrs. Francis Patrick, of Brookfield, of Seventh-day Baptist faith, who has been a member of the church since her marriage, April 29, 1831, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Green. In 1859 she was married to Jesse Patrick. She was a member of the church two years later, when the Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist church was organized, of which she joined in 1852. Although opposed in her Sabbath-keeping practice, yet she remained true to her faith to the last. The result in which she was held was shown by the large company of people who came to the funeral in the late afternoon.

Mars.—In New York City, April 24, 1900, of pneumonia, Susan Christine, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mars, of N. Y. City.

She was a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Howell, of Alfred, N. Y. Funeral services were conducted in New York, and burial services at Alfred, by the writer.

Burr—Benjamin Stillman Burdick was born in Linclael, N. Y., March 14, 1811, and died in Fabius, N. Y., March 20, 1900.

In early life he made a profession of religion and was a consistent member of the Linclael Seventh-day Baptist church in 1831, and is believed to be the last of the original members. In September, 1841, he was married to his second wife, Miss Ephraim Day, April 29, 1846, and their only child, Harriet H., cared for her during her last days. On Dec. 29, 1847, he married Laura Burdick, who died in exhaustion, Sept. 9, 1853. His home has been an asylum for the afflicted, and his loving heart sympathized with the sorrowing. He took a motherless child, Charles Nelson Justice, and reared him up to manhood. For years he has conscientiously accepted the Adventist belief, and was a worthy deacon in that church.

Dow.—Ellen Warner Drake, daughter of Edwin and Harriet Dow, was born August 22, 1890, and died April 11, 1900.

She was married in August, 1878, to Wiliard F. Mc-"James, of Fort Ann, N. Y., after his death she married, and she leaves a large circle of friends to mourn her loss. Funeral services were held at Shingle House, Pa., on April 12. Rev. J. G. Kenyon preached the sermon from Revelation 14: 13, "Righteous blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Drake.—In McHenry Valley, Almond, N. Y., near Alfred, April 28, 1900, of pneumonia, Caroline R. Ayers Burdick.

She was born in the town of Wirt, June 2, 1838, a daughter of Josiah and Phoebe Ayers. April 9, 1857, she was married to Martin Y. Burdick. To them were born six children, three of whom survived her. In early womanhood she accepted Christ and united with the Nile Seventh-day Baptist church, of which she remained a consistent member until death. She was devoted to the Christian, always bearing her burdens without complaint, and always ready to sacrifice her own pleasure for the sake of others. She will be greatly missed by her family, neighbors and circle of friends. A large company of people gathered at the home to pay tributes to her memory. The pastor of the First Alfred church spoke from Rev. 14: 13.

Chester.—At the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. B. Chester, Tiverton, R. I., April 28, 1900, Mrs. Eunice Willard Chester, her 77th year.

Mrs. Chester was born in North Hampton, Conn., May 21, 1828. In early life she accepted Christ and united with the First Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist church. Later, moving, with her husband, to New York; she united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of that city, continuing her membership there until God called her to her rest and reward. She was an earnest and exemplary Christian, a faithful companion and a devoted mother. During the last seven years of her life she was greatly afflicted, and much of the time called to endure severe pain. Yet in all her weary years of suffering she was patient and thoughtful for those around her, though she was in great pain, she trusting waited for the Master's call. The funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the Pawcatuck church, at the house of the deceased, the Rev. L. C. R. Smith, and the interment was at Ashaway. Her husband, a daughter and two sons, together with a large circle of relatives and friends, will ever cherish her memory.

Stillman.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., March 6, 1900, Mrs. Sarah Stillman, wife of G. A. Stillman, aged 80 years.

All the extracts are from the Sabbath Recorder, March 31, 1900.
Names, Assistant District Attorney Osborne, who con-
ected Mollenauer: Edward E. Higgins, editor of the
Street Railway Journal, and that of
William Dean Howell.

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Sabbath School.

Conducted by Sabbath-School Board.

By REV. WILLIAM C. WHITFIELD, Professor of Biblical Languages in Columbia University at Alfred.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS. 1800

SECOND QUARTER.


Apr. 21. Jesus Washes and Forgives. Matthew 10: 3-9

May 5. The Translation of the Parables. Matthew 10: 16-22

May 12. The Disciples of Jesus Baptized. Matthew 28: 19-20

May 19. Unbelief at the Parables. Mark 8: 17-21

May 26. Parables of the Kingdom. Matthew 13: 11-31


LESSON VII.—THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

For Sabbath-day, May 19, 1890.


GOLDEN TEXT.—The seed is the Word of God.—Luke 8: 12.

INTRODUCTION.

Of those who saw these miracles of Jesus and heard his teachings there were many who did not give particular heed to these teachings. They were deaf to the loving words of the Grecian oratory. They repudiated the healing of physical infirmities and delighted in the miracles of power, but were unmoved by the exhortations to repentance. They were not disposed to become the followers of Jesus. Their hearts were not near enough to speak to them. They did not realize that they were not evident to all. Nearly all the parables of our Lord are a way on our part from the light of understanding. They were not so manifest to us that we can hardly comprehend them, nor so clear that we can accept them as truths. And the thorns sprung up and choked them. The thorns started earlier and were of ranker growth, and thus crowded and overshadowed the strengthening shoot of grain, so that it failed entirely from the field. And the thorns grew with it. None of these are so manifest to us that we can hardly understand it. They have heard the message preached, but before the message was made in the Introduction, we find its exposition in this parable.

1. The Explanation of the Parable.

The Parable.—Jesus explained the parable. The verb ' knoweth it' is used by his exposition of this parable. The chief lesson of this parable and of the others is so manifest to us that we can hardly realize that it is not evident to all. We ought to be thankful to God for the message he has given us. 'The message of the kingdom, etc. was made in the Introduction, we find its exposition in this parable.

2. The Parable of the Sower.

Place.—By the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum.

Persons.—Jesus and his disciples, and the multitudes.

Outline.


2. The Explanation of the Parable. v. 18-23.

NOTES.

1. The same day. Evidently referring to the day in which he was tempted by the Devil and became seeking him. The house. By this is probably meant a house in which Jesus resided at Capernaum.

2. Great multitudes. Literally, ' many multitudes.' They went into the ship and sat. His object was evidently to escape too close contact with the people. He stood on the shore. They arranged themselves in suitable positions to hear. The verb ' standeth' does not require us to think that they remained standing.

3. And he spake many things unto them in parables. It is not likely that nearly all the parables of our Lord are recorded for us. Our Lord has in mind the Oriental farmer, who taught in parables.

4. Some seeds fell by the wayside. That is, upon the hard-beaten path crossing the field or by the side of it. We need not suppose that the sower was careless. If he sowed the seed close to the edge of the field it would be natural that some would be scattered in the path. And the fowls came and devoured them up. Those which fell upon the prepared ground were covered up by the ploughing; but those were easily seen by the birds, and picked up.

5. Some fell upon stony places. Rather than the rocks. The rock is the ground which is shallow, so in depth upon a rock, shallow ground. And forthwith they sprang up, joyfully realizing that they were not evident to all. They were not disposed to become the followers of this new Teacher. We may imagine that our Saviour as a man was bit­terly disappointed at the way that his message was received. He had been through the whole land, but had not brought greater results. However, if one style of teaching did not avail, he was ready to try another.

Our present lesson is an example of our Lord's teaching. This multitudes teaching serves the two-fold purpose of hiding the truth from the negligent, and preserving it for the diligent. Jesus explains to the disciples that by the teaching in parables the curse of Isa. 6: 9-10 is fulfilled. But for this the ignorant may be helped, their answer to the question: ' why didst thou not understand it?' ‘Because it is hidden from them, and the wisdom of God is made manifest to them.' The chief lesson of this parable and of the others is so manifest to us that we can hardly realize that it is not evident to all. We ought to be thankful to God for the message he has given us. 'The message of the kingdom, etc. was made in the Introduction, we find its exposition in this parable.

After an explanation of the reason for our Lord's speaking in parables, we are informed that allusion has been made in the Introduction, we find its exposition in this parable. A New Substitute for Rubber.

By R. B. BAKER.

Our bicycle and automobile friends will be glad to learn that a cheaper and better article for tires is on the way for their benefit. It is a native of South America, the land from whence most of our rubber is obtained. A Mr. William Prampolini, of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, informs us that he has succeeded in obtaining a composition having the elasticity of rubber, and capable of being vulcanized. It is better than rubber, because it is not so soon injured by stones, and is not so easily dried and washed. The gum is obtained from a shrub called 'piguiba,' which abounds in that country. This gummy substance is obtained by the use of hydro­carbons, such as benzine, gasoline, etc., and is cheaply formed into a mass ready for manufacturing into useful articles.

It really seems, that when any needful article grows scarce for any purpose, science at once comes forward and shows us that God has provided an abundance in nature to supply all the necessary demands for the comforts and happiness of men. It is curious to note the change in a few things since our remembrance:

First, iron, now steel, for mold-boards for plows, in place of those made from wood of winding oak trees, as the wood became scarce.

Petroleum manufactured into kerosene oil for light and fuel, which was becoming scarce for lamps, and tallow was wanting for candles.

Anthracte and bituminous coals for fuel, when long before this day our entire forests would have entirely disappeared, had the timber been taken to create heat for warming apartments and making steam for power, that has been employed in our factories and in navigation and locomotion.

There have been discovered mines of soda, that have supplied the demand caused by the loss of material for making pot and pearlash.

The use of Bessemer steel for making bridges, beams, column arches, and entire frames for our large ten, twelve and fourteen-story buildings, thus relieving the timber, yet making them more durable and stronger than timber could.

The large ocean steamers, also the vessels for the navy, are now constructed of steel. These were formerly made of white-oak, which has now nearly all been consumed.

Within the last sixty years the changes, both in material and manufacture, have been very great, and in the production of the rubber, a new substitute is still existent. When one material fails, science points the way for another, more prolific, to take its place.

The Plague of the World.

Science reveals the fact that the human family, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, the grass, the grain, the fruit and forest trees are subject to disease.

History informs us that nearly all diseases have their origin in Asia Minor; that these travel westward along the lines of commerce.

In early times they were called plagues; and in some instances, evidently, the people were punished for their disobedience by Divine permission, as in case of the Ark of the Covenant, at As idol, and at Ekvon (see 1 Samuel 4: 5), and the people of Egypt.

Almost everything, animate and inanimate, seems to have its enemy, which, for its own existence, or pleasure, seeks to destroy. The insects have their foes, the animals theirs, among themselves, from the smallest to the largest. The fowls of the air are careful to claim no exemption. The snake attacks the vine, and the weevil the wheat; all vegetation; even the lofty pine and the sturdy oak meet their doom, and are laid low, at the behest of tiny insects.

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from foes without and foes within than the fishes; evidently more in number of these suffer and die in infancy than of any other class. As for the human family, they seem to meet defeat at every turn from the cradle to the grave.

The traveling diseases above alluded to, such as leprosy, small-pox, cholera, yellow fever, the bubonic plague, now on its way here, together with our home-born typhoid, and other fevers, pneumonia, consumption, and various other troubles, are terrible, indeed; yet, after all, and more destructive, causing more suffering and deaths than all others combined, is the animal called man, when he makes and deals in whisky.

MY FIRST LITERARY BABY.

BY RUFUS N. KIRKLAND.

My first book was a collection of poems which had been published in an Indian paper, on which I held the position of sub-editor. This book was a lean, ombob docket, wired to imitate a department order envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deserved a clerk of twenty year's service.

Of these books we made some hundreds; and there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to hand. I took reply post-cards, printed the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order form on the other, and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore, and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no circulating十二s as thirties, no commissions, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest ruppes, and was transferred from the publisher, the left hand pocket, direct to the author, the right hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember, has since prevented me from injuring my health by sympathizing with publishers who talk of risks and advertisements.

The down-country papers complained of the form of the thing. The wire binding cut the pages, and the red tape tore the covers. This was not intentional, but heaven helps those who help themselves. Consequently, there arose a demand for a new edition, and this time I exchanged the pleasure of taking in money over the counter for that of seeing a real publisher's imprint on the title-page. More verses were taken out and put in, and some of that edition traveled as far as Hon- kong on the map, and each edition grew a little better, and, at last, the book came to London with a gilt top and stiff back, and was advertised in the publisher's poetry department.

But I loved it best when it was a little brown baby with a pink string around its stomach; a child's child, ignorant that it was afflicted with all the most modern ailments; and before people had learned, beyond doubt, how its author lay awake of nights, in India, plotting and scheming to write something that would "take" with the English-speaking people. —Success.

SABBATH LITERATURE

The following publications are on sale, and awaiting distribution from this office:

Books by the Editor of the "Recorder."

Paganism Surviving in Christianity. Large, 12 mo. pp. xv—309, gilt top, $1.75.


Biblical Teachings Concerning the Sabbath and the Sun- day, with two important appendices on the Origin and Identity of the Week. pp. 146. Price $.60.

This book presents a summary of the facts as they appear in the Bible concerning both days, and gives full information concerning the identity of week and the Sabbath.


This book is made up largely of testimony from friends of Sunday, concerning its decadence and the destruction of consecrances regarding it among Christians, and others. The conclusions which the author draws are based upon this testimony which is arranged according to the denominational affiliations of the men who give the testimony. For the sake of circulating this book widely, two copies will be sent for the price of one, or one copy for 50c.


A brief statement of the history, polity, work and purposes of the Seventh-Day Baptists.

The Callahetization of Protestantism on the Sabbath, or Sunday Observance Is False. pp. 64. Muslin, 10 cents.


This book presents the Sabbath question, chronologically as it appears in the Bible, including all references to Sunday. It is especially helpful to those who desire to investigate the matter from the Biblical standpoint alone.


This book gives a full excerpt of all the passages in the Bible which relate, or are supposed to relate, in any way to the Sabbath Doctrine. It is the most valuable Sabbath Commentary ever published. It is critical, temperate, just and scholarly.


In addition to the foregoing books, the following tracts are published, and specimens of any or all of these will be sent, without cost, upon application.

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