THE LAND OF IS-TO-BE.

BY EDWARD S. BLACK, LL. B.

BEYOND the stars that shine so bright
In heaven’s silent blue at night,
Beyond the range of earthly eye
There is a land of God on high;

A land that is not lost to me,
Beauteous world of Is-to-be.

A land divinely, sweetly fair,
Of golden streets and balmy air,
And crystal stream of life, so pure,
Its fountains ever shall endure.

O, such a land, from partings free,
Is endless home of Is-to-be.

Land of rare beauty and delight;
Clouds ne’er bedim its glory bright,
And weary souls find perfect rest
In mansions of the loved and blest.

No sad adieus e’er blighten thee,
Saintly home of Is-to-be.

Then, Holy Spirit! Heavenly Dove!
Inspire my heart with parent love,
That I my cross may daily bear,
And with the ransomed be an heir
Of crown of glory made for me,
In princely land of Is-to-be.
SABBATH RECORDER.

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


Charity and regard for others, while they begin at home, must go out on errands of love and mercy, or they soon die. Yesterday we were tracing the Hudson River from the point where it reaches the Atlantic to the sea. A rivulet at the beginning, it forms a harbor for the ships of the world at its mouth. Such greatness and beneficence are attained because, instead of remaining a rivulet in the mountain, it forced its way onward and gained additional volume from ten thousand springs and other streams upon its way. All spiritual experiences are governed by a similar law. He who desires to do gaina little unless that desire is crowded into action. He who wishes to do, but goes no farther than wishing, loses at length even the desire to wish for better things. Do not delude yourself with the idea that great purposes and noble ends are to be reached in the heart. They are sources of action, and as such are essential, but when they do not eventuate in action they only emphasize the sadness of failure.

One cannot cultivate joy in the performance of duty too much. Without love for our work, and joy in its performance, duty is barren and obedience is impossible. A deep sense of duty rooted in the heart is a center of power and a source of righteousness. Comparatively little is gained, however, unless that sense of duty is uplifted by joy and with the thanksgiving for the privilege of doing God's work. Without these, duty drags like a prisoner's chain, and the heart is wearied more in its struggles to secure willing obedience than it is in accomplishing the work given it.

We once occupied a room in a hotel in the city of Paris, from which the sunlight would have been excluded except for a simple device such as Frenchmen are wont to avail themselves of. The windows of the room opened into a comparatively small shaft which led to the upper air and sunlight. A mirror was deftly arranged in the upper part of the window, and set at such an angle that the rays of the morning sun were caught and flung into the room at an early hour. It was a novel and satisfying experience to be awakened by that sunlight.

There is no prison into which a soul may come, through sorrow or misfortune, so deep or dark that the sunlight of Divine love will not find us. If the windows of your faith are closed, there is no window to be the help of the creatures of misfortune or despair. Knowing in whom we have believed, the soul is sure to find rest in the richest storms, and light in the deepest darkness, if faith be trained to do her work, always looking upward.

There are many strange ways in which God carries convictions of duty to the heart of men. One is told of a school boy who sitting on his father's knee, looked up earnestly into his face and said, "Papa, why don't you pray?" This childish question awakened deep convictions in the Father's heart, which worldliness and procrastination had buried. That awakening led the way to higher life.

THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

The magnitude of the undertaking which Russia is carrying out on the great Siberian railway surpasses all similar efforts in many respects. From Zlatowork in the Urals to Valdivostok, on the Pacific coast, is 4,700 miles, and the estimate of the cost of a single track on that distance was estimated at $170,000,000. The work has engaged an army of at least 150,000 laborers. Within the first eight years, 8,000 miles of the road were built, and the entire line will be completed, it is estimated, within the next two years. The first estimate has been exceeded already, and over $200,000,000 have been expended. The road has reached Stretetsk, on the Amour river, and one may now cross the wilds of Siberia in a train with all modern luxuries and conveniences. Aside from all commercial considerations, the building of this road places immense advantage in the hands of Russia, touching political and military matters. This is the more apparent at the present time, considering the situation of things in North China.

This road will open up an immense territory for agriculture, for the production of lumber, and valuable minerals. When the wheat-rearing territory thus developed, Russia can almost provide bread for the world. There are many indications that Russia is to be the "coming nation" of the twentieth century. At all events, it is impossible at the present time to estimate the importance of this Siberian railroad and the results which must follow its building.

LETTER FROM MRS. TOWNSEND.

I have been sitting in General Conference to-night hearing the President's Message, freighted so full of good things touching so many points of usefulness in Sabbath Reformation work. The section, "Shall Seventh-day Baptists avoid the world?" was specially interesting, and while I fully endorse foreign missionary work, the opportunity to do great things for God lies at our very feet. The Chicago Seventh-day Baptist church, for instance, in the midst of the vast, earthy, surging masses of humanity, holds up the index finger for higher, truer, grander living, and touches more springs of human life because of the multitude surrounding it; and then ceases the extracts from the different Boards, all of which every Seventh-day Baptist should read and re-read until as familiar with as with their own home church-work. As the section thousand and over copies of the Sabbath Reform edition of the Exponent will do its uplifting work, not only to those who have long loved and revered its strong, unanswerable presentations of facts, but to those recently converted it is manna, and as the flaming herald it burns its way into the minds and hearts of those who not only read, but see its bright, clean dress with always an attractive face.

History and Biography.
By W. C. Warrrocco, Milton, Wis.

AN OLD LETTER
On the Seventh Day of the Week as the Sabbath.

There lies before us a coarse sheet of sized paper, five and three-fourths inches wide and fifteen long, very brown with age, closely covered with letters in the old-fashioned characters of a very legible script, and containing a letter on the subject presented in the heading of this article. It belongs to Mrs. Rachel L. Price, of Spring Grove, West Chester, Penn., a great-granddaughter of the writer. Accompanying the letter ask for a family history, and David and Thomas, directed to their daughter Juliane, and dated “First month, 27th day, 1772.”

The handwriting in both letters is the same. To the former no name is attached, but evidently the writer is the father mentioned above. Mrs. Price says that this “very ancient letter” was written “about the time” in which the one sent to the daughter was prepared. She adds that “it is simply a sermon on the subject in- tended for a kinsman disposed to join the First-day Baptists, and the pensamanship is unusually fine.” It is furnished below, retaining the spelling, punctuation, phraseology, and arrangement of sentences found in the original.

David Thomas, born in 1710 and died in 1789, lived near Newtown Square, ten miles west of Philadelphia, and was a descendant of William Thomas, one of the “Baptized Quakers” who first came to America from England. He formed the Upper Providence church observing that day in South eastern Pennsylvania, near the close of the seventeenth century. Julius F. Sarche speaks of him as “a strict Sabbatarian.”

In his “Historic Mansion of Newtown,” the members of the church just named held their weekly and yearly meetings for many years. His wife was Ruth Dunham, from Piscataway, N. J., said to be the first minister of Christ in the East. David Thomas, the first pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church, now located at New Market in that state. She died in 1792, and was buried by the side of her husband in “the graveyard of the Seventh-days people.” New Market.

In this letter Mr. Thomas writes that his ancestor were of this faith, and that “everything relating to them is very dear to me.”

The letter above described is as follows:

NACHREIEB KIENCR.

I rec’d thy letter October 20th by which I am informed thou didst receive mine of ye 8th of August; and after intimating to me thy approbation of ye first part of it, and that it is a thing truly great and very desirable to have the desires wean’d from the perishing members of the church just named held their ye time when wee thus all appear before the Judgment. This is satisfactory to thee: The first of which is that our Lord did not make the things done in the body, according to that he hath doth wheth- er it be good or bad? Paul saith, all scripture is given by inspiration of God, be it doctrine, or reproof, or correction, for instruction in righteousness.

That the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works.

Now, as we reject and despise any work, &c. as that it hath not town people, including the light of life. His death was due to the natural decay of his vital powers.

On the 1st day of August, the day after his death, the interment took place. Two sermons were preached by the Rev. Joseph Angell. One of these was taken from Hebrews 11: 22, and the other in the afternoon, between three and four o’clock, at the burial ground, from 1 Cor. 15: 22. The funeral was attended by many of the town people, including the king himself and the people who formed the church. The life and death of this venerable man have been a testimony to the faith of the Lord Jesus and to the truth with which the church of the Lord was filled. And may he send help to this important field.

W. C. D.
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

(The Sabbath Recorder.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE BREAKING-OUT OF THE WEST.

The irrepressible.

I merely rise to ask if you have ever seen anything equal to these beautiful September days. After all, isn’t September about the best of the whole year? The air is just warm enough to be genial, just cool enough to be comfortable. There is no death damp in the ground, and the roads have their bottom at the surface of the earth. What a joy to go out on the hillside or into your neighbor’s garden, in summer costume (blessings on the man who wears it), and sit under the white moon, of course we would never have dared to appear thus, if it were not the fashion)—now, let me see, where were we? O, yes, what a joy to go out upon the hillside and look down the valley in its rich robes of green and changing brown while the quiet air sings its still anthems, O, lift up your heart and thank the Creator for the luxury of living. To feel the throb of nature’s heart, to see the contentment of the animal that burns and glows and shines, to see the joy of chicks, colts and boys, to see the great white moon rising through the forest of Pine Hill, to watch the sun set in crimson clouds of glory, to be conscious of the rich life of God flowing in these veins of flesh and blood, to know the pure and loving heart that is at the center of all things—yes, it is surely a good world.

There is nothing in the world more exquisitely beautiful than a heart blossoming into love. Some people claim to think it is because I am watching for a wedding fee—but it is not so. How pleasant it is, sitting slily in the background and cracking a joke only when you think you absolutely cannot resist watching the coming together of two individuals into a union of sympathy and mutual perfect surrender. I have seen a young man transformed, lifted out of himself in asupreme fashion, to bear all the burdens of his life, to who knows what sacrifice, to bear all this for his love. Let all which he did in his lifetime be forgotten, let his family be forgotten, let us not think of him but of his love for her, his devotion, his tender heart, and the steadfast eyes are saying, “I would die for him.”

I see these things and I say softly to myself, “Our souls are surely akin to the infinite, and here is a spark of their divinity.” This is not the flashing of basswood shavings, but the glowing of the uncreated heart. And even the black diamonds are but a poor illustration for the love that hath no end.

A few men and women I know who are literally powers for good in the earth. They are souls that burn and glow and shine with the love for Christ, and for the humanity in whom that came to save and heal and bless. Heavenly Spirit, this is what our hearts long for. Baptize us with this love. Ah, the rain for which the parched soil of all our communities thirsts, is the falling tears of the church for those who have wandered away. The light and heat which will ripen the abundant harvests for which we pray, are the wonderful glow of divine love shining in the hearts of those who believe.

Stand up now, ye solemn-faced men, and confess if you did not, when you were boys, turn to a fairy-gold country and see the heart first of all. And when the Conference and Association came to your place, didn’t you watch the strange visiting ministers with eagle glance, and when you saw a twinkle in the eye, or a genial relaxing of the corners of the mouth, one of the leaders that you gave your own sides a twitch for very sympathy, weren’t you interested in that man right away? Well, perhaps not, perhaps you always read the obituary column first, and ate pickles before prayer-meeting; but you certainly were a different kind of boy from the kind that grew on Big Foot Prairie a quarter of a century ago.

Of course many of the prejudices of youth have passed away, and many of those against whom we have been taught have been found to be royal men. We are different, and there is a place for each and all. We will not vilify the other man because he is of a different mold by nature, but we will be of good cheer that we are all of one blood.

Yet, like a tea-year-old boy thinking of the jar of preserves in his mother’s pantry, I do keep hankering for the jovial people. And is it really wicked? Must it go into the ranks of tabooed things along with shaking hands in church and not bowing? Tell us, Editor Shaw, in your next question box.

But I was thinking of Eld. Mahoney, and wondering how we ever held a General Conference without him. I can see him now, his face shining bright with a look of locomotive power, as he rose for the second time in that grand closing meeting and said, “I feel that I should be very ungrateful if I didn’t speak again.” That was enough to start the audience simmering. Then he went on in his inimitable way to tell how he had, and his wife had given up going on the trip to the Thousand Islands, although they knew it was the chance of a lifetime; but a gentlemen had come to him that afternoon and insisted on furnishing tickets. When he objected, the gentleman had said, “That’s all right. We will have two dollars’ worth of fun out of you on the way for each ticket.”

What was so funny about it would be hard to describe, but the audience literally groaned and swayed back and forth in delight. Privity? Not at all! For a few seconds the audience relaxed and rested, and then that great meeting, like an eagle that had been resting its plumes, poised its wings and flew higher and higher, up to circle around the throne of God. It was a service never to be forgotten, the climax of that gracious week.

Why should not the prayer-meeting be like the home circle where each member is to be himself and bring his own characteristic contribution to the evening’s treasures? Only let all things be done decently and in order and all be to the glory of God.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY is opening its doors this fall with an attendance without a parallel for many years past. It seems as though nearly all the old students are back, bringing someone else with them, and new centers of interest have been started in communities not before represented at all. The untried labor of President Davis and his co-laborers for the past few years is beginning to bear a very manifest harvest.

Best of all, the Christian students are preparing for their Master’s work in the University community with a faith and enthusiasm which greatly cheers the heart. We have a very manifest harvest to report for these things?” But the promise of Pentecost is still ours, and upon our God we rely.
his sudden conversion, it seems as if this man must have been carried away by a whirlwind of emotional excitement, likely to be followed by an equally violent reaction. There is no evidence of any prolonged and painful mental conflict, but rather came with the gift of a bolt of lightning. No wonder that Ananias was incredulous. No wonder that the Christians in Damascus were amazed. They could not believe their eyes and ears. No wonder that the Christians in Jerusalem were amazed, and his mind did not believe that he had been converted. Barnabas alone gave him his hand and his heart; and Barnabas was not an apostle. James and John and Peter were in Jerusalem. For some time they had been sick and afraid of Nabas, was not an apostle. James and John fell, the quartet was arranged to go from Conference to Conference, and the work must stop before in years, we think, is apparent to anyone. The work was resumed on Wednesday night following the Conference, a fairly good-sized congregation greeting us. To add to the interest, Bro. F. O. Burdick, a former pastor of this church, was present, and spoke in the after-meeting, and preached on Thursday night. On Sabbath we visited the baptismal waters, and two who were awaiting that ordinance were buried with their old life in baptism, and they, with another, were received in by the laying on of hands in the evening. To add to the interest, two of the number were converts to the Sabbath. For the next few days the interest seemed to lag. Possibly this was due to the excessive hot weather. The weather cooling seems to have increased the interest; and the Sabbath-day again we visited the baptismal waters, and two more went forward in this beautiful ordinance. We closed our meetings on Sunday evening, Sept. 9, with one of the largest audiences we have had at any time; and, although the closest attention was given to the message, there was a sense that response in the after-meeting for which we had hoped. This seemed to have a depressing influence on some of us for the time. But when we asked all who would pledge themselves to live for Christ from this time on, and to be boys in a better land, to see the most of that large audience stand, we felt there was a perceptible rise in the spiritual thermometer. Gladly would we make this an up-to-date report, and chronicle wonderful things accomplished, but we have tried to confine ourselves to cold facts; yet we feel that we have great reason to rejoice that so much has been done. That there is much yet to do is evident, and who is sufficient for this thing is the question that confronts us at Scott. That there is an interest awakened here that has not been before in years, we think, is apparent to all in a position to know.

To the writer it is evident that the greatest success would have attended either of the quartets if the work had been continuous. The first quartet had just succeeded in captivating the hearts of the people. We had come to feel that they were our boys, that in a way they belonged to Scott, when Conference came. We had arrived at Scott. When we came back and only two familiar faces were seen and voices heard, and strangers stood in the place of the others so dearly loved, it required no small effort to overcome the shock. This was just being done when other duties called, and the work must stop. With this experience, we are more fully convinced that continued work is essential to the greatest success. Yet we thank God for the boys who came to Scott, and the work they have done.

J. T. Davis.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1900.

If I should say of a garden, "It is a place fenced in," what ideas would you have of clusters of roses, and pyramids of honeysuckles, and beds of odorous flowers, and rows of blossoming shrubs and fruit-bearing trees? If I should say of a cathedral, "It is built of gold, stone, cold stone," what idea would you have of its size? Would you expect the gorgeous openings for door and window, and its evanescing spire? Now, if you regard religion merely as self-denial, you stop at the fence and see nothing of the beauty of the garden; you think of the fence and its not of the precious beauty into which it is fashioned.

CONSECRATION THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS.

By O. U. Westropp, Gen. Secretary, Westover, R.I.

The religion of Jesus Christ claims to be a revelation of truth from heaven. To fail to recognize this, either in thought, word, or deed, is to depart from the genius of the revelation, as well as from the expressed teachings of Jesus Christ. How we came here, and why we are, and what obligations the things we find here, are the first inquiries of a thinking and reasoning human being.

To answer these inquiries, God gives us the Book of Genesis, a book of beginnings. The first statement which he makes in this book is that, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," so that whatever man looks upon, whether above, or before, or beneath him, was created. The second great revelation to man is that he himself was created by the same God, and that the model by which he was created was nothing less than the Creator himself. Then he is told that God's blessing was given to him, and God gave him dominion over the fish of the sea, and the fowl of the air, and over the land of the earth, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

This passage shows that under God's blessing the man was to go forth into this creation and subdue it. Man was to be a worker, a king over the animal kingdom, an agent of God, for he had received his commission from God to subdue the world. The man was made in the image of God, upright as to his purposes, as to the tendencies of his nature, the physical world so perfectly adjusted to him as to produce the greatest possible happiness, joy and gladness throughout his entire being. Under these circumstances it would be as natural for this man and woman to love and praise and adore God as it is for the birds to sing in the springtime. But man has his work to do—to subdue the earth and to subdue the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and the fowl of the air, and his own nature demands that he shall praise, adore, and give account of his stewardship unto God. He is also without experience in this world, with no one to consult except his Creator; can he do these things as the exigencies arise, or must there be special time for this, that the man may be able to do his work to the best advantage? Any man who has attempted to think deeply upon this subject knows that he must not have other things coming into his thought to distract his attention while he is thus engaged, if he is to be successful in securing right results. The man to whom God has committed such a great work must have time to think, must have time for instruction, must have time for the renewal of spiritual energy, in order to be fitted to apply himself in a proper frame of mind and condition of heart, to the work committed to him by his Creator. These facts show that there was an absolute necessity in the nature of man, and in the work God had given him to do, for a Sabbath, even in the innocence in which he was created. So we find that just as soon as man was created and his work given him to do in this world, this necessity for spiritual instruction, renewal and direction is met in giving him the Sabbath. The moral obligation that man would feel he was under to worship God and serve him, as well as the immediate need of such great blessing, would be satisfied and his power to do this cultivated by the exercises and duties of the Sabbath-day. Man must obey his Creator in doing the work God had given him to do, and "must love, serve and worship him because his own nature demanded it;" so there was a necessity in his nature that God should tell when to do these things. There is also another necessity in the man's nature that he should be met, or the man could not love and worship God. It is not possible for any person to love and adore, and worship, except the character of that person or being has that in it which awakens and thrills that nature with love and adoration. "I do not see how the man was to know God's character at the first, only as it was revealed to him, by his Creator. This revelation was to be given to man in the fact that God blessed the Sabbath, that is, made it a consecrated day, a holy day, a holy Sabbath, or holy Sabbath, for he could only impart to other things the qualities which he himself possessed. In this way, it seems to me, God revealed his holy character, and furnished man the motive for love, service and worship. To every system of true religion these things are fundamental, because, the true God being holy, the essentials of his worship must be holy.

From the giving of the Sabbath, which was the first revelation of God's character to man, we learn that this characteristic is made more and more prominent. We have the sacred altar anointed with oil, the place of worship, the sacred tent, the sacred dishes, the sacred men, their sacred clothing, the sacred fire, etc., all these, as God told the children of Israel, because he was holy.

The teachings that men and things are revered, because of their relationship to a holy God, pass over from the tabernacle, or temple, till he had been anointed with holy oil, so the disciple cannot serve in the church, which is the temple of God, without being consecrated by the Holy Ghost. This anointing belongs to all the members of the church, because Christ has made us all "Kings and priests with God." "They must have clean hands who bear the vessels of the Lord."

The thought that runs through the entire Bible is, that God is holy, that the truth he reveals is holy, that through obedience to this truth in believing in Jesus Christ as their Redeemer, they are holy, and that they are to render this holy God a holy service. To make such men, the revelation is given in all its detail, and all its holy appointments are to furnish holy environment for this purification and consecration of such men. If the above deductions are rightly drawn, it will be readily seen that our success, in all our work is dependent upon our consecration. It is not dependent upon the amount of money we give, nor upon the zeal we have, nor upon the amount of work we do, nor upon the places where we work; but it is always, and everywhere dependent upon the closeness in which we live to the living God, the obedience in which we live to his word, and our dedication to the indwelling Holy Spirit. Many think that success is to be measured by the number of adherents one secures for a given cause.

Most of the large churches and denominations think they are right, because they are large and have been so greatly blessed. All who forget to remember that Jesus' kingdom is a spiritual kingdom, and that God's measure of success is a spiritual one. Real success lies in the sower, and not in the seed sown, and the furrow down to the indwelling Holy Spirit. This truth is to be measured by this test, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his," and so plan and do our work as to secure the highest measure of success.
Succeeding steps

To show them best what his kingdom was like, the master drew:
And the stories he told were of common things, and in language as they knew.
From his place in the boat the Master could see Caperennus's dwellings and thriving;
And the fields were planted, with their green shreds and trees,
Where the husbandmen toiled the day long.
He spoke of the sower who scattered the seed
Over wayside and thin, rocky ground,
Or else among the thorns that soon choked it out,
And on deep soil where herbs abound.
Of all those who listened the Saviour knew well
How few were receiving the Word;
There were Scribes with hearts made hard by false views,
And Rabbinos, whose envy was stirred.
The Master, in pity, saw weak, willing souls,
Who would follow him gladly awhile;
But their roots were too short; they soon turned away.
When the Pharisees came to revile.
There were eyes fastened long on the Master's face,
As he taught them who was balanced on the edge of the steep:
And the steady expanse of the hill and strikes in a bed of sand at
Of the sower who scattered the seed
And RabbiB, whose envy was stirred,
When the Pharisees came to revile.

The beginner is interested in
The simplest truths and habits are to be encouraged, for they

Men appear to think the strong characteristics of their lives the measure of the strength of their character, and not unfrequently do we hear the self-righteous moralist boast of his superiority in this light. The fact is, one’s life is no stronger than its weakest characteristic. The strength of an anchor chain is no more than the strength of the thinnest link. The pressure and strain in a storm will find and sever that weakest link. Show a man what a sound soul finds and overcome the life in its weakest place in the trying storms and tempests of life. Although the life may be adorned and ennobled by grand and strong characteristics, the tests of life are there to shatter it. And the place of its fall, therefore we are instructed to “Guard the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.” Prov. 4: 23.

The soul that feeds itself upon the husks of worldliness, and is content to dwell in the malarial swamps and the limacious lowlands of life, can never expect to enjoy the beautiful and health-giving brightness of the presence of the “Sun of Righteousness,” that rises with healing in his wings. One cannot hope to be led up unto the Mount of Transfiguration in Christian experience where Jesus invites all to come, yet none but those who are prepared by the indwelling Spirit of God are able to come. No matter what the profession or appearance may be, it is the possession, in the inner being, that counts with the Lord. He looks on the heart. “The Lord seeth not as man seeth for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.” 1 Sam. 16: 7.

All are lead by some person or influence, whether we admit it, or realize it, or not. Far too many are led down the downward way against their own highest interests and eternal welfare, “in an ox to the slaughter,” while others heed the voice of the Spirit and are led by it from one degree of Christian attainment and growth to another in the fuller and richer Christian experiences. All choose their leader either in a positive way or by the negative of neglect. In the choices of life we shape our own destiny and decide our own eternity. The Lord does not make our eternity, we make it by our choices and living; therefore we cannot be too careful in this matter. “For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God…” And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. Rom. 8: 14-17.

Prayer is not a form of words to be read or repeated. It is more than “lip service.” It comes from the deep recesses of the humble heart. How frequently the fact is overlooked that those who are not interested in true prayer, we pray to the Father on the throne, while the Son stands at the right hand of the throne to intercede in our behalf; at the same time the Holy Spirit within the prayerful heart “maketh intercessions for us with groanings that cannot be uttered.” How frequently do we feel longings and desires welling up in our souls which we try to lead man to give vent to; yet it is impossible for us to find words to express. This is the work of the Holy Spirit who knows the blessings the Father desires to send. He also knows our needs and our frailties, and in this way strives to lead us to pray for matters of the greatest importance to our souls.

That which is the issues of life is the will, the trying storms and tempests of life. All that is natural for us to believe in things which we have some knowledge.

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WOMAN'S WORK.

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

THE ZEPHYR'S CALL.

BY SUPHEMIA L. GREEN.

Softly the zephyrs are whispering to me of beautiful woodlands, streamlet and brook. My patience is begging that we may be set free. I am tired of waiting, and I want to go. For how broad is our influence may extend to every church, family and individual, so that the one thousand dollars has been answered to in the most satisfactory manner.

The oldest loaf of bread in existence has been in the possession of the New York Historical Society for two centuries. It is a part of the collection of the Society, and is one of the earliest known examples of bread-making. The bread is in perfect condition, and the remnant of several other pieces of bread was found in the same package. The bread is in a condition that makes it possible to answer all calls.

The sowing of the seed from which this bread was grown is a matter of some importance. The sowing was done in the spring of the year 1830, and the bread was made in the fall of the same year.

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WOMAN'S WORK.

A church in New York City acquired its pulp­pit Bible in a way that was probably never paralleled. During the absence of the pastor, Rev. John B. Shaw, D. D., as he relates the circumstances, there were certain repairs and additions to the church edifice that included the gift of a handsome new pulpit. But the new Bible, donated as its companion piece, was found to be too large for its lectern, and the bottom was not possible to answer all calls.

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It is sometimes laughingly asserted that we have no old people now. And it is a fact that old and young commence many of their pleasures and interests as they never thought of commingling in years. Travel whereby one, in steamship, railroad train, or steamer bound for foreign shore, the old are met with everywhere. The papers have recorded recently the "passing on" of the brave soul of one of the distinguished Beechers. At eighty-five he has entered interest. But only within a very few years there has been a failing of the keen mental faculties that have made his age remarkable for all that goes toward making up a rich equipment of a full, ripe scholarship, the garnering of many studious years. And it must, we think, have been since his eighty birthday that he started forth and successfully accomplished a visit to his son in Vancouver, British Columbia. It is charming to think that the pleasures and advantages that once seemed to pertain to a limited number of years, now extend to all who are able and willing to make a little extra exertion, no matter what the age.

It is amusing to notice how often the remark is made: "Any one but mother would have given up long ago, but she has so much will power that she simply won't give up and become an invalid." Yes, there are a great many of these plausibly determined old ladies and men among us, who are surprised themselves to see how much power can do for them. An instance came under our own observation recently where an aged lady who had not been into any company to speak of for a long time announced her intention to be present at the next gathering of her acquaintances. "Do you think she will really venture?" was asked of a member of the household. "I don't know," was the reply, "but she has expressed herself for some days just as you heard her a moment ago." When the time came the old lady gave directions about her toilet, was assisted to dress, went to the reception, and declared she had a lovely time. We secretly mistrust that dear old maid's sense of fashion to see that she could do yet worse but inclined. Our advice to Our Old Folks always tends one way: Enjoy all you can, all that God and nature will permit, enjoying the reserve knowledge that our faculties are not gradually but perceptibly failing, but only the temporary house that the Soul, the Real Life, inhabits.—Christian Work.

BROKEN PROMISES OF GOOD.

That laughing philosopher, Robert Bur­dette, once said it was a matter of something I did yesterday, and live in a chronic state of remorse and shirt—hair. I only hope the day I die I shall not be sorry I did it." William Dean Howells put an Allied thought with poetic pertinence when he says:

How often the Recording Angel must begin To be of setting down the same old sin. The same old folly, year out and year in, Shines right against me now! It makes me sick at heart, and sore with shame, The same old sin, year out and year in.

For things I fancied once that I should be Quit will not, yet not, yet not, yet not! But at least I All that I did become a part of me. My heart is sure. I must and must still Reap a bitter wealth within myself, Holding me debtor, while I live, to ill.

To be in error, without heart must admit the "monotony of blame." A white-souled old lady, whom one cannot imagine as having much need of repentance in heart or in career, a "stainless life," and in general, a great deal of comfort and encouragement out of David's falls, because he "always got up again."—The Standard.
Young People's Work

WANTED! by the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society — men, more men. As much as our Missionary Society needs money, it needs men more; strong men, consecrated men, self-sacrificing, loyal men, men of tact, of ability, of learning, men of the Christ-like spirit; Holy Ghost men; men such as are already in the field, but more of them.

WANTED! at Salem, Alfred and Milton—men, 500 more men. As much as our Colleges and University need money, they need men even yet more; men to teach and men to be taught. What do buildings and apparatus amount to compared with men? Men from the farms and villages, men from the hills of the East and prairies of the West, men from the way-back country school, and men just out from the village or city high school; men of purpose, of high ambition, men of talent, truth and tenacity.

WANTED! by the Seventh-day Baptist denomination—men, more men.

N. B. — As used in the above, the word "men" includes women.

WHAT AILS US?

Another friend has sent me the following: “We call Jesus Christ Lord, and do not the things that he said. We are ‘partial, having our adoration, the church, with the spiritual life of the child, the Sabbath-school presents the Bible lesson from the historical as well as spiritual standpoint, while the Junior work deals chiefly with the practical teachings of Christianity, and through this practical side leads up to the spiritual.

For instance, if you have discovered through this intimate knowledge and close study that one of your boys is untruthful, it is your duty as a Junior worker to bend your energies to teaching the folly and sinfulness of lying. The boy looks at the present rather than the future, and you can touch this evil better by beginning with worldly effect and leading up to the higher and more lasting results.

You might tell your class of Annanias and Sapphira, but they lived long ago and mean little to our boy, but tell him the bad name her and for the good of the children that some one else should take the lead, or the Society be disbanded and start again. Do not, however, be too easily discouraged. It is the same case that our most useful efforts, as they seem to us, are productive of greater good than when we have thought we were doing more. We are sometimes not good judges of our own work, and need advice and criticism from those who can view our work from a broader standpoint, and decide on it with justice. If, after faithful, prayerful work, we find that after all, we are square pegs in round holes, then it is best to drop out entirely and leave the field to some one else.

The place of the Junior Society is between the other organizations of the church; the work to help the pastor and church by rearing up workers that shall be a help to both, by laying foundations for strong Christian character, and helping the home by precept and teaching. A coördination, then, of church, home and Sabbath-school, but enlarging and making strong each one, yet in no way taking the place of either.

"THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE" Europe was never so entirely and terribly armed. Woe to him who sets Europe on fire now.

"And who the bravest of the brave, the bravest hero ever born?"

"Twas one who dared a felon's grave, Who dared to bear the scornful name. Nay, more than this, when sword was drawn And vengeance waited but his word. He looked with pitying eyes upon

..."
black would try to get away and hide in the hay; but it was in vain, for he would be caught and his back and head rubbed until he was no longer afraid. In a short time, he was glad to see this boy, and would run to meet him.

One day, while a little apart from the others, he heard a grating sound that gave him a strange sensation, and he began to listen with all his might. As the sound ceased and there was a rustle in the hay, his snuffing nostrils detected an odor entirely new and yet strangely familiar. He wanted to get at the source of that smell, but was not able to move. It was an inhail or playing on the floor. Purblack was not yet big enough, or brave enough, to leap upon the prey of his race. So the mouse escaped.

There came a time when Purblack and his brothers and sisters leaped from the hay after their mother, and scampered around on the barn floor. To her cries of warning they paid little heed, for they found something new to look at.

When a loud noise near by put them to fright they found that they could not climb back to the hay to hide behind some rubbish on the floor. By-and-by their mother started toward the house after food, and they all followed. They ran along delighted with their freedom, but much astonished at the things they saw. It was a new world indeed. The bright sun dazzled their eyes. The cackling of the geese, the cawing of some crows overhead, and the squeak and whirr of the windmill combined to unsettle and terrify the little feline cat quieted part of their fears and the boy met them on the porch and carried them into the house to show to the family. It was all so strange.

When some milk was poured in a dish for the mother cat, the boy wishing to teach Purblack to drink, dipped his nose in a little way. He splattered and drew back and put out his tongue to wipe off the wet. As he did so he knew the taste, and began at once to follow his mother's example. In and out went the little tongue now and then to allow him to breathe and swallow better, until the small stomach was filled.

So the days went on, and Purblack, with his fellows, grew larger and stronger and more nimble. They chased each other, roll balls or any round object, climb fences and trees, then when tired, lie down together and sleep away the long afternoon.

One day the mother cat laid a small object at Purblack's feet. There was about it the same odor he had detected that other time when something had rustled in the hay-mow. He became greatly excited, and with a deep growl grasped the mouse—for mouse it was—with his teeth and hurried away to a spot where nothing would interfere with his prey. There he tossed and rolled it about in great delight as a model housewife. To this trait he waxed strong, and, as he often heard a crunching, a bird chirped or a mouse squeaked, he became haft-grown, and would hide at every moment as a model housewife. To this trait he waxed strong, and, as he often heard a crunching, a bird chirped or a mouse squeaked, he became haft-grown, and would hide at every moment. But he sometimes heard a crunching, a bird chirped or a mouse squeaked, and he knew the taste, and so the boy did, to tell whether he liked it.

Then, too, he found that he could see very well at night. Of course, he never understood how the pupils of his eyes were made to become very large in the dark, in order that he might be able to see his natural enemies and prey.

When he had become half-grown, it happened that the boy's cousin, living in town, came for a few days' visit. Her name was Grace Underwood, and she had just passed her ninth year. She soon became very fond of Purblack, and even begged her cousin for him, offering all the money in her safe, which amounted to three dollars, in payment. She was not required to make such a sacrifice, nor to do anything for on the advice of his parents, the boy finally consented to part with his favorite.

What Purblack thought will never be known, as he found himself tightly shut in a basket and carried he knew not where. There were jols and jars, and screenchees, and other terrifying noises, but Grace sat near and tried to quiet her fears. At last it was over. He was taken from the basket and laid himself in the room. He could not understand that it was to be his home, henceforth, and would hide at every glance. For a while he missed his companions and the familiar places, but under the petting of his little mistress his fears vanished, and he became content. He soon knew her voice, her laugh, and even her step at the door, as she came home from school. Some of the things he did seemed very wonderful to her, and she often marvelled at him. Her friends across the street had a dog that would lie down, sit still, and do a number of tricks when commanded. She wondered why Purblack could not be taught to do likewise, but all her efforts were made in vain. It was the independence of the cat tribe she was trying to overcome, and her failure was not surprising. There was no fawning or cringing about Purblack. He acted as if entitled to certain rights and privileges. Of course he sometimes went too far, and one leaped upon the dining-room table, attracted by a delightful odor. A cuf on the ear was not forgotten and the table was not invaded again.

It was singular how well he knew where everything was kept in the house. When any article of furniture was moved or a change was made in the furnishing of a room, he showed his disapproval in a decided manner. He would walk around and investigate and appear very uneasy and unwilling to take his usual nap. Indeed he seemed out of order as a model housewife. To this trait is due his fame as a hero. Purblack was sometimes allowed to sleep in the kitchen, particularly during cold weather. One night he kicked a very strange room seemed much lighter than usual. Something was wrong he felt, and so he mewed with all his might and scratched the bed-room door. The family were soon aroused by his unusual behaviour, and hastening to the kitchen, found the floor on fire. A few coals falling from an open stove door had started the blaze. The house was saved, thanks the wood-burning stove.

It is needless to add that Purblack henceforth held a place of honor in the Underwood household.

W. F. C.

As old writer has said that preachers may be divided into three classes: Preachers you can't listen to; preachers you can listen to; and preachers you can't help listening to.
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

PUEBLO INDIANS AND CLIFF-DWELLERS.

In the Sabbath Recorder of a few weeks ago, a brief item on the subject of the cliff-dwellers of New Mexico suggested the following: Three bicyclists, your correspondent being one of the number, departed from Los Vegas June 21, on a trip to the Rio Grande River-Valley, to witness the corn dances of the Pueblo Indians, and to visit the rocky abodes of the ancient cliff-dwellers. After carrying and walking and running our wheels for three successive days, most of the time in sight of lofty snow-capped mountains, we crossed the Sierra Madre, Range, and descended to San Juan, a Pueblo village in the Rio Grande valley. We purposely arrived there on June 24, the feast-day of St. John the Baptist (San Juan), from whom the village derives its name. The place was thronged with people, mostly Indians and Mexicans, from all parts of the valley and surrounding country. Early mass was celebrated in the Roman Catholic chapel, which was crowded with these semi-idolatrous worshipers. A group of Indian braves just outside the main entrance kept firing rifle shots (for what purpose we could not learn) during the entire service. Images of saints and highly-colored banners, blessed by the priests, were borne from the chapel in procession through the principal streets. The Indian dances and foot-races, however, formed the most interesting and attractive feature of the celebration. But to this scribe, a tender-foot from far-off New England, the festivities of the day were most hideous and revolting.

Passing down the valley a few miles, we left the pueblo of San Juan, and entered a Pueblo village in due west eleven miles, to the celebrated cliff-dwellings. The first and only town of these dwellings we visited is probably typical of them all. A mountain of stone, with a perpendicular edge, more than a mile long, forms the frontage of the ancient town. In this frontage, chiseled by cunning hands, are doors, some regular, some irregular; some with angular, and others with arching tops. Within, carved out of the solid mounds are rooms and suites of rooms, with cemented floors and walls in a good state of preservation. The fire-places and smoked ceilings leave no doubt that these rooms were once inhabited; and the pieces of arrow-heads and broken Indian pottery found hereabout seem to indicate that they were the abode of an Indian race. From a careful study of the contents of these dwellings and the burial mounds near by, scientists have inferred that the ancient cliff-dwellers were exterminated by the Pueblo Indians; and that the Pueblos, after occupying for hundreds of years the rocky abodes of that evicted extinct race, were terrified by an earthquake, and quit these dwellings forever. A Pueblo can scarcely be induced to-day to visit the cliff-dwellings, much less to enter them. This theory, which is supported in part by Indian traditions, explains, probably, as well as any other, the existence of these mysterious cliff-dwellings.

We returned from this interesting section of the country, via Santa Fe, the ancient capital of New Mexico.

EAST LOS VEGAS, N. M.

That is the best sermon which makes life easier Monday morning.—Lyman Abbott.

QUARTET WORK IN THE WEST.

The summer quartet work for 1900, in the West, is now completed, and the students are again registering for another year's work in Milton College. Last night, June 6, the two ladies' quartets and parts of two men's quartets who went out from Milton, gave a concert in the Milton church, using, for the most part, numbers which they had used in their work the last summer. They were assisted by Miss Bessie Clarke with some choice renderings which were finely in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. The result was a musical treat, a real spiritual uplift and a nice little addition to the expense fund for the school.

I may briefly recapitulate what has been said of this work at various times during the summer. Five quartets have worked at seven different points in Wisconsin and Iowa, averaging six weeks for each quartet. Two evangelists, Mrs. M. G. Townsend and Rev. J. G. Burdick, and five pastors have accompanied the quartets, directing the work and doing most of the preaching. The pastors are L. A. Platts, of Milton; G. J. Cristall, of Milton; Rev. Mr. of Albion; Geo. W. Hills, of Nortonville; and M. B. Kelly, of Chicago. The churches have freely given the time of their pastors for this work, and are contributing liberally to the cash expenses of the campaign. The work has embraced nearly two hundred public services, besides "after-meetings," private or house to house meetings for prayer, conversation and singing, personal labor, etc. About fifty persons are believed to have been converted, twenty-five added to the churches, and about three of our churches, most of them by baptism, and about one-half of these are converts to the Sabbath. Precious seed of gospel truth has been sown, and many persons are studying the Sabbath question as they have never done before, and many Christian people have better conceptions of Christian living. Twenty young people have been wonderfully blessed in their efforts to bless others, and some churches with their pastors are living a new life of public church life in giving and doing for others. God has gloriously blessed the work. To his be all the praise.

MILTON, Wis., Sept. 7.

L. A. PLATTS.

LESSONS FROM THE LILIES.

There are several practical lessons in spiritual growth to be learned from the lilies. The first one is that the flower grows by the action of the vital principle within it. A bit of white marble is the same thing to-day that it was a century ago, and it is no life there. But, there is a subtle, mysterious agent or principle in the lily, which slowly lifts it from the earth, and expands it into an exquisite cup of white and gold. Life is never self-produced. The first lily was created by God; all of the rest have been its propagated successors. Spiritual life is never self-originated. It begins with the entrance of the Lord Jesus into a converted soul; that is regeneration. He that hath the infallible life... Our only anxiety need be whether we really have Christ within us; but if sure of that, then we may dismiss anxiety just as the lilies do, and grow just as they grow, without any worry. We are not required to furnish the growing power; the Spirit of Christ furnishes that.

—Theodore L. Ouyler, D. D.

THE HILL COUNTRY.

The song of the summer in many a soul is "Away to the hills, away!" The dear old palm of life will live. For since David's free life, long may the hill people hide the treasures of clear air, pure water and refreshing nights; and in the torrid town days, and still more trying nights, the souls of men cry out for the coolness of the hill-country with a hag-gard hunger than for the sea. Wloce the ocean and its breath is soothing to distressed nerves; and besides, to many, perhaps to most, the sea is nearer; it can be touched at once, and a bath seems to make one owner of the deep. The dwellers by the sea, they are secure in their uplifted homes, even when the heats climb after them. The torrid temperatures hang by the eyelids along the hills; they cannot endure; they fall more swiftly for their precariously hold, more easily, because all nature is against their stay. The hills are jealous of intrusive temperatures, and if you suffer them for a moment, you have the assurance of speedy relief. The stars in their courses fight for the hill people; the sons of the mountain are not made for any worry. They are safe. The strongholds of God are uplifted in Alpe of ineffable seclusion. Sliding out from the Mont Cenis tunnel, the secret heart of Piedmont is opened at a glance; you break into songs of the Waldensian Christians. The great splendors of a hill-fortress for the ages of unrest of cruel conquest seem to overwhelm you. But you have fled some day from the superheated street, and when your train has suddenly found the gate held open by some one-half of these are converts to the Sabbath. Precious seed of gospel truth has been sown, and many persons are studying the Sabbath question as they have never done before, and many Christian people have better conceptions of Christian living. Twenty young people have been wonderfully blessed in their efforts to bless others, and some churches with their pastors are living a new life of public church life in giving and doing for others. God has gloriously blessed the work. To his be all the praise.

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infinite spaces above and beneath alike. A man is cast free from bonds and limits and lives in the spiritual alertness and joy of the finally emancipated. It is man borne up by his hills to the serenity and the charity of heaven. When you flee to the hills you find more than you know; when you lift up your eyes to the hills in holy inspiration, you are in touch with the saints and angels in glory unfading and ever glad! —The Evangelist.

AFTER CONFERENCE.

I have been reading in the Recorder some of the good papers delivered at Conference, but they are long, and I am busy, but no more so than hundreds of other people, and I realize a few moments that I may lay my papers down for other duties, and then go back and pick it up again. This again and again. Then I thought, why not give us Conference in a nutshell, not to save reading the details, but that we might become so interested we would read it, and polished about it. I have looked for the nutshell account in vain. I cannot do it, but I can tell you that about four hundred people came, delegates and visitors, and hosts of young people showed the keenest interest in the stations I have ever seen. The morning prayer-meetings at 6 A. M. were attended by from seventy people the first morning to one hundred the other mornings. Such blessed meetings I hardly ever saw. My heart ached for pastors and people who could not come to Conference. We prayed God to bless you. Remember this: you were not forgotten. You say, of course, they missed that great, good-natured man, Ira J. Orndway. Yes, we did. In every line of work. When the consecrated men and women stop making the sacrifice necessary to attend Conference, the churches will go into decline. Some of us go and have our expenses paid. How much value to Conference are we, or how much fire do we bring home to kindle the drv-stuff?

A net gain this Conference year in the denomination is 107. Our Missionary Board has assisted 31 churches to keep the fires burning. Some $1,500 on its debt. Has continued in sending Elder Daland to Africa, who organized a church there. On the home field it has breathed life into old Preston, and put her name among the living churches again. I cannot tell you all, but remember that the work of the proper church and the proper workers who cannot come to Conference. We prayed God to bless you. Remember this: you were not forgotten. You say, of course, they missed that great, good-natured man, Ira J. Orndway. Yes, we did. In every line of work. When the consecrated men and women stop making the sacrifice necessary to attend Conference, the churches will go into decline. Some of us go and have our expenses paid. How much value to Conference are we, or how much fire do we bring home to kindle the drv-stuff?

The growth of the Church is represented by the following figures:

- The Church has increased by 107 members.
- The work of the Missionary Board has assisted 31 churches.
- The collections made were $1,500.
- The church life in old Preston has breathed new life.
- Future growth is expected as more people come to Conference.

To better understand the growth of the Church, we refer to the figures provided by the Church's statistics department.

Tools in Council.

The carpenter brought in a new tool, and let it lying on the bench. The other tools kindly welcomed the newcomer, and offered their advice.

"For doing your work you must steadily bore away till you get right through," said the Augur.

"The best thing is to push hard and twist round and round until you have done the job," said the Screwdriver.

"Show your teeth determinately and at the work again and again with patience and perseverance is the right way," said the Saw.

"Steady and smooth do it," said the Plane.

"Strike hard and frequently, and mind you hit the nail on the head, that is what I have found to succeed," said the Hammer.

"Take a firm grip, and hold on till the work is done, that is the proper way," said the Vise.

"The best way to put things into shape is to be rough and determined," said the File.

"I believe in having a clear design well marked out," said the Pencil.

"I go for principle; have a standard, and never deviate the tenth part of an inch," said the Footrule.

"And I go for expediency; be ready to become broad or narrow, as the work may require," said the Compasses.

"Live for union, and have plenty of soft solder," said the Blowpipe.

"And you take a large view of things," said the Magnifying Glass.

"Fit yourself in every part for the grand work of gas fitting," said the Gas Pliers.

"No, rather for bell hanging," said the Wire Pliers.

"Quiet all," said the carpenter, who had overheard the conversation; "you are each as bad for advice as you are good for work. I know all of your peculiarities and have use for every one. You have been giving counsel suitable to yourselves, or not to others. The newcomer is a chisel, suited for special delicate work, and all your opinions of what it should do are wrong. I know how to use it alright."

Advice is not always a boon, for what may be good for him who gives may not be good for him who takes. Each of us has his own sphere of service. We are only good when we do the will of God concerning ourselves. Each has a different use in the divine band. God never makes two blades of grass alike, nor two leaves of the forest. Conformity is of man. Nonconformity is of God. No one of us is to inquire concerning a brother, "Lord, what shall this man do?" But to know the command of Jesus, "Follow Me," and to remember that his example is to do the work given by the Father to be done.

"I have no wish, my Master, dear,
With other's work to do;
But ever near Thy hand to be,
O do some noble work by me.

J. Hunt Cooke.

GROWTH BY BUDDING.

Once there was a brier growing in a ditch, and there came along a gardener with his spade. As he dug round it, and lifted it out, the brier said to itself, "What is he doing that for? Doesn't he know that I am only an old worthless brier?" But the gardener took it into the garden and planted it amid his flowers, while the brier said, "What a mistake he has made, putting an old brier like myself among such rose-trees as these!" But the gardener came once more with his keen-edged knife, made a slit in the brier, and "budded" it with a rose, and by and by, when summer came, lovely roses were blooming on that old brier. Then the gardener said, "Your beauty is not due to that which came out, but to that which I put into you."

This is just what Christ is doing all the time with poor human lives.—Forward.

"FIRST THE BLADE.

The church is an assembly of imperfect Christians in the process of being made perfect. It is not an assembly of perfect scholars, but a school; not a gallery of completed statues, but the artist's studio where the statues are being made; not a showcase of finished goods, but a factory; not a completed building, but one in the process, with the scaffolding and the debris still about it.—Peloubet's Notes.

FOR SALE!

Photograph Gallery in Seventh-day Baptist Conference House.

Good photographs of Sundays and Sabbath Schools, First-class casts. Fine Light. Good Prices. For price and information detail, address Mr. C., Care Recorder Office, Philadelphia, Pa.
Popular Science.

By H. B. Baker

Inconceivable Lighting in New York.

There are three plants in New York which furnish 2,811,188 incandescent lamps, of sixteen-candle power. There are several private plants besides, which furnish light for private purposes.

Some idea may be formed of the expense attending the production of these lights by estimating the quantity of coal consumed by these three companies to produce these lights. The companies have on hand 2,000 tons of coal an hour, or the energy contained in a ton of coal in a little less than every two seconds, while the lights are burning. This energy indicates not less than 200,000 nominal horse-power.

As electricity appears to be the most subtle of any known element (with the exception of light), and as every molecule of atmospheric air is a globe, therefore, the intervening space between those molecules of air is filled with electricity. This electricity is not, of course, concentrated and sent forth in a current. By arresting this current, as is done by the carbon fiber in the lamp, the fiber becomes incandescent, and gives off the glow.

The elements of the glow are remarkably active, attracting and repelling force while passing through a motor, can be used for the transmission of power from one place to another, quite distant, as from Niagara Falls to Buffalo.

The advance stage in scientific knowledge, that any known energy can be transmitted and changed, as from coal to steam, and from steam to electricity, or from a water-fall to condensed air, and from condensed air to electricity, or interchangingly, as the case may be, and the power thus transmitted made to do excellent service.

A New Method of Making Belting.

An article of heavy or driving bands, as they are called, have been invented, for which it is claimed that in many respects they are superior to belts made of leather, rubber, or other like material, in that they are not affected by oils, or ordinary acids, or varying temperature, to which they might be exposed.

It is also said that they possess the necessary flexibility for working around pulleys, and will not slip, nor will they stretch by use, and that they possess good strength and durability.

To make a belt, after the new method, take a piece of duck or canvas, and impregnate it with a thin solution of celluloid on both surfaces, until it is fairly saturated. When dry, fold the piece in the length and width of the belt desired, then cement two or more of the strips together, according as the strength of the belt may require. Then cut a strip a trifle wider than double the width of those strips; this is to be folded over the core formed of the strip or strips, which will be held to other in the middle. This side is to form the inner face of the belt.

This outer covering, having been saturated with the same as the strips, when cemented to the strips by pressure makes the belt firm and very strong.

A belt made in this way may be far better in many places than leather, especially among farmers and lumber manufacturers, as it is not affected by wet weather and other exposures.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY REV. WILLIAM C. WRIGHT, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature at Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS. 1900.

Second Reader.

LESSON XIV.—REVIEW.

For Sabbath day, Sept. 29, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Ps. 91. 1.

NOTE.
The lessons of this quarter show the uniting activity of our Master and the many manifestations of his love for his disciples and for all during the time of his wandering popularity. Most of our Lord’s mighty works were miracles of this character. In the lessons of our study this quarter, he appeared to his disciples, walking upon the water. This wonderful appearance was not to frighten them, but to cause them to wonder, but to build on their faith and renew their confidence in him. They were probably disappointed that he had not, upon the previous afternoon, allowed himself to be crowned king of the theoretical multitudes. In the second lesson we have a part of the profound discourse in regard to the Fears of Life. Jesus taught the people that only those who were true human beings were in the secret of life itself. They were angry because they thought that true life was to be won by good works, or inferred from Abraham, Many of the people who followed him left him when he said he was the True Vine. The following is an expression of the real glory of the Son of God, and served as a seal to the faith of the three disciples.

The two lessons of healing are both very striking; the one in showing the overcoming faith of the woman who would not take no for an answer, but saw in the very words of denial encouragement for renewed petitions; the other in showing the strength of character of the man born blind, who was not to be shaken from his faith in the healing power of the one he believed in, in the face of the most bitter opposition on the part of the religious leaders of the nation.

The remaining seven lessons of the quarter contain brief teachings of Jesus upon various practical topics, all of them having direct bearing upon every-day life and conduct. He taught that his discipline must include the humble and must avoid whatever is abhorrent to others; he taught that we must forgive if we hope to be forgiven; be taught that he himself is the Good Shepherd, and that his sheep must lead his voice and enter into the fold by him as the Door. The Seventy were given practical instruction for their conduct in relation to other men, and taught what is most worthy of rejoicing. The Parable of the Good Samaritan teaches most forcibly the lesson of true neighborliness; the Parable of the Rich Fool is an apt illustration of the futility of the things of this world, and the falseness of many ideas in regard to that which is truly valuable.

The last lesson summarizes the great duties of the Christian life in one word, Watchfulness.

The lessons of this quarter present a wide range in geographical and social position; but it is asked that each may speak of a different locality in which our Lord was at work. Other topics for study in class, or for brief papers before the school, may be chosen from the following:

Jesus the Bread of Life.
The Good Shepherd.
Who Toldest My Neighbor?
The Promise to Peter.
The Meaning of the Transfiguration.
The Duty of Obedience.
Affliction as Punishment for Sin.
The Right to Wealth.
For What should We Watch?
How are Missionary Communities Like the Seventy?
The Impassioned Peter.
The Need for Prayer.
True Christianity, Honesty, and the Law of Temperance.

MARRIAGES.

WILLIAMS-GOSMAN.—At the home of the bride, near Churubusco, N. Y., August 21, 1900; William W. Lewis, Geo. N. Williams and Miss Mattie Goseman, all of Verona township.

ELLS-CARPENTER.—At the home of the bride’s parents, in Steuben, N. Y., on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 5, 1900; by Rev. W. H. Ells, of Rev. Chas. B. Ellis, of Alfred, N. Y., and Luella Edla Carpenter.

ACKERMANN—DAVIS.—At the home of the bride’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Davis, in New Market, N. J., Sept. 13, 1900; by the Rev. C. Ackerman, of Plainfield, N. J., and Miss Lulu Gene Ackerman.

COON—DUNN.—At New Market, N. J., Sept. 11, 1900, by the Rev. Martin Sindall, at the home of the bride’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Coon, of Plainfield, N. J., and Miss Devela Bowers Dunn.

BURBICK-LOWTON.—At the home of the bride’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Lowton, in Milton Junction, Wis., Sept. 11, 1900, by Rev. George W. Burbick, father of the groom, assisted by Rev. G. J. Crandall, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Davis, at the home of the bride.

DEATHS.

Dyer.—At Vienna, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1900, infant son of Prof. O. and Mrs. Anna Price, as born at home, held at the seat, 5, conducted by the pastor.

SMALLEY.—Arthur, infant son of George and Lydia Smalley, of Shickshinny, N. Y., was born January 17, 1900, and fell asleep in Jesus September 12, 1900. Arthur had not been a strong child from birth. He went to sleep as usual at night, and never awoke.

Services at the home.

AMUND.—At Ayam Malin, Gold Coast Colony, West Africa, July 31, 1900, Edward Francis Amund, aged 80 years. Bro. Amund was one of the constituent members of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Ayam Malin, and lived and died a devoted Sabbath-keeper. Funeral services were held Aug. 1, conducted by the pastor of the church at Ayam Malin. Interment in the Seventh-day Baptist burial ground at Ayam Malin.

NIGAL.—Roland Neil was born in Philadelphia, Pa., November 26, 1884, and died August 17, 1900, and had been attending B. Y. University.

His father died some years ago, and his mother, now a Mrs. Bennett, lives in Shickshinny, and is a member of our church. He had been at home spending his vacation. He, with some other boys, went to the mill pond to bathe, where he was drowned, evidently taken by cramps. Roland gave his heart to Christ when a little boy, and was a very active Christian. Funeral and burial at Shickshinny. Sermon from Amos 8:9. R. B. W.

WOMBERG.—A. W. Womberg was born in Altoona, Pa., September 16, 1900, and died at Dodge’s Creek, near Ohio, August 26, 1900.

In early life she taught school. For many years she has lived with her sister, Mrs. Elmira Lewis, at Dodge’s Creek, save a few which were spent in Little Genese, how many years is forgotten, where she lived in Christ, and was baptized by Rev. E. L. Witter, and united with the West Genese church. When living in Little Genese she removed her church membership to the First Genese church, where it remained till death called her home. Although suffering much physically, she had a bright, useful, Christian experience. E. A. C.

THOMAS.—Amos Wells Thomas was born at Shickshinny, N. J., October 14, 1822, and died at Milton, Wis., September 4, 1900.

When Bro. Thomas was nineteen years of age he gave his heart to Christ, and became a member of the Shickshinny Seventh-day Baptist church, where he has for sixty years remained a faithful and worthy member, though he has spent the last four years of his life in Milton with his wife, Sarah Thomas, and has been a member of the church.

Brother Thomas lived and died a devoted Sabbath-keeper. Funeral services were held Aug. 1, conducted by the pastor of the church at Ayam Malin. Interment in the Seventh-day Baptist burial ground at Ayam Malin.

At the home of the bride’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Davis, at the home of the bride.

GARRY.—At Milton Junction, Wis., September 4, 1900, by Rev. George W. Burbick, father of the groom, assisted by Rev. G. J. Crandall, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Davis, at the home of the bride.
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CALKINS.—In Aurora, Ill., Sept. 2, 1890, of a malignant tumor, Mrs. Eloretta Gerwin Calkins, aged 75 years, 2 months and 5 days.

She was born in Little Falls, Herkimer County, N. Y., a daughter of Martin and Sabrina Swift Eysterbooke. Here she obtained a common education, and in the vicinity taught a public school. She married, Sept. 17, 1847, Jonathan Varum Greenman, subsequently a deacon of the First Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist church, with which she was connected. For many years they resided at Leonardville and Delancy's Corners, in the town just named. Here were born their daughter, Ella J., now the wife of Rev. Watkyns Fred Millard, pastor of the Congregational church of Geneva, Ill., and their son, Prof. Arthur Varum Greenman, now Principal of the High School at Aurora, Ill., and President of the State Teachers' Association of Illinois.

In 1856 the couple moved to Milton, Wis., where they remained a large number of years, and their children were educated in the college of the place. Here Dr. Greenman died April 22, 1864, greatly respected by the people. Over three years afterwards, August 15, 1867, she married Dr. George W. Calkins, of Merton, Wis., who afterwards made his home most of the time in Milton and vicinity until his death, April 23, 1890. Since then the deceased has enjoyed the immediate loving care of her son and his wife, a daughter of Dr. Calkins. She suffered intensely during her last illness, but not a word of complaint escaped her lips. Her resignation to the will of God was heartfelt and heroic. She was a consecrated believer in Christ of a high type, and her influence in support of his cause was constantly exercised. The funeral services were first conducted at the home of her son by the pastor of the Aurora Congregational church, of which she was a beloved member at her death; and on the next day, September 4, he held in Milton, Wis., at the residence of Mrs. Harriett W. Randolph and her son, Clement W. Cram, President Whitford, of the College, preached the sermon from Eph. 4: 13: "For the perfecting of the saints," and he was assisted by Rev. J. L. McClelland, pastor of the Milton Congregational church, and by Rev. Lewis A. Platt, pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church of the place. Many old friends and acquaintances were present. Burial took place in the cemetery near by, the body being laid, covered with autumn flowers, by the side of her first husband. Briefly her life had been blessed "with the fruits of righteousness."
ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

Alfred University will celebrate its Centennial in 1900. The Trusteesbian a Centennial Fund is already started. It is a popular subscription to be used for scholarships and gifts.

The fund is to be kept in trust, and only the interest used by the University. The Trustees ask each subscriber of one dollar or more a certificate signed by the President of the Trustees of the University, certifying that the person is a contributor to this fund.

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

Proposed Centennial Fund $100,000.

Amount needed June 1, 1900 $25,000.

E. B. Bowen, Rochester, N. Y.

H. O. Goss, Utica, N. Y.

R. P. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.

F. F. Alger, Syracuse, N. Y.

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Mrs. C. H. DeWitt, Utica, N. Y.

Amount needed to complete fund $75,000.