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$2.00 A YEAR

THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

JULY 15, 1901.

A SONG OF THE SUNRISCE.

By Grace Deno Litchfield.

The night breaks. The light shakes
From the sky.
The darkness trembles; shivers, dissembles:
Unwilling to die.

And fade and fleet, on dusky feet,
Out of the dripping sunlight tripping,
Shadows pass by,
With golden rain,—
All shivered, all shattered, like dream-ghosts scattered
By the waking brain.

The light dawns. The night mourns
And the stars shiver.
The moon pales. The loom wails
Far down the river.

And strong in the might of perfect delight,
Fearless and bold with its wealth of gold,
Stronger than sadness,
Brighter than gladness,
Mad with the madness
Of victory won,—

Above night's gloom, above life's bloom,
Higher and higher, like a passioned desire,
To the highest light of earth's blinded sight,
Rises the sun,
And the battle is done.

Yet afar, unforgetting,
Hid by the hill,
Night awaits the day's setting,
Revealing and still

—The Independent.
The Sabbath Recorder.

A. H. LEWIS, D. D.,

Editor.

J. P. McGILL,

Business Manager.

Entered as Second-class matter at the Philadelphi, (S. J.) Post-Office, March 12, 1839.

We went one day with an engineer of an ocean steamship to admire and wonder at the ‘holy’ vessels that were driven toward the shores of Europe. Deep down in the darkness, with no power to determine whither the ship should go, this engineer and his subordinates did determine whether the ship should go at all, and upon them rested much of the responsibility for a successful voyage and the safety of many hundred passengers.

Keen-eyed and always alert, the engineer watched every part of his machine, glancing at this, adjusting that, scarcely stopping to answer questions, and never relaxing that intense interest which became one upon whom such responsibility rested. Even the coal passers and firemen—grim and sooty as imps—were also eager and alert, and when the open doors of the furnace flung the red light into the faces of the watchers, they were as busy as the cogs and wheels of the mighty vessel.

The scene was rich in lessons, teaching how our place on earth may seem of little account, how our faith may be unnoticed by men, but how everything may depend upon our living or dying, standing or falling. 

One day, in the engineer’s office, we could appreciate as never before the lines of the poet which say: “Behind the cold, dark steel where stubborn billows rise, The timorous thunder thunders a fierce heart.”

Often since that day, the steamship with its fiery heart, the throbbing of which pushed the mighty vessel forward, has stood to us as an illustration of the struggles of a great and noble soul, and if a soul is to have a place in the results of our actions, it is not to be like that which produced thunder from being rolled over the floor of the sky. With such rolling there was an association of the day and judgment, and its terrors. Raising from that childish misconception, we have reached the larger truth that every soul carries its judgment, and that every soul carries a judgment seat within itself. This is not a denial of a future settlement of human affairs, and of human destiny, but we are anxious to impress the thought upon the reader that judgment is not a matter of future alone, but that the important practical truth is found in what we have just said. If you misconceive the idea of God’s judgment as something to take place at some indefinite time in the future, the idea of personal accountability is almost destroyed. If, on the other hand, you conceive that your account with God is settled day by day, that the character of each day’s deeds is both understood and recorded, there will come sharp warning against wrong doing, and a large and helpful conception of what life means. Such a view helps one to understand the habits and purposes which are of themselves destiny. Seen in this light, one would often pause in the presence of a given purpose or a given temptation, knowing that the results of choice and action are endless. Without discussion at the judgment day, it is enough to press the thought upon your attention that not in some unknown future an unusual giving of account must come, but that, on the other hand, life carries its responsibilities and gathers for itself the germs of destiny at each setting sun.

Self-indulgence kills conscience. There can be no conscience worthy the name with out strength. Conscience is a stalwart. Self-indulgence is another name for weakness. It undermines conscience and creates false standards as to obedience. Self-indulgence concentrates thought upon one’s own desires and lusts, and fosters earth-born purposes. Selfish desires and low purposes gain strength through indulgence, and all better purposes are drowned in the sea of spiritual anarchy. If we are to live, as in physical life, one must fight self-indulgence if he would do things great and worthy of any high calling. Better force yourself to a cold bath at 4 o’clock on a January morning, than the indulgence in the luxury of everlasting warmth and becoming drowsiness. Self-indulgence.

Put it to death and let stalwart conscientiousness take its place.

Indifference is the first cousin to self-indulgence. It is a vagabond ager. It is the murder of noble aspirations that the graves it digs may be filled. It is not a brave and many murderers, but a cowardly one, who smothers the life of better thoughts and holier endeavors, as the stealthy gasses do, bringing death. Indifference is brother to indolence, and indolence is a cousin to recklessness. No man succeeds in earthly or spiritual work who is carried away by his indolence and a keen appreciation of obligations. One better lie awake all night lest he fail to meet the coming duty which the morning will bring, rather than lose one opportunity and fail in duty through over-sleep. Indifference is another indolence and is sure to over-sleep. Indifference is the foe of duty. Clarion-vocied duty is our best friend. If you would accomplish anything, as a servant of Jesus, turn indifference out of doors and see that he is slain by the repeated strokes of earnest endeavor.

The writer could not have been more than seven years old when he saw upon the banks of a stream something with wooden cog, which he interpreted to be like that which produced thunder from being rolled over the floor of the sky. With such rolling there was associated the day of judgment, and its terrors. Raising from that childish misconception, we have reached the larger truth that every soul carries its judgment, and that every soul carries a judgment seat within itself. This is not a denial of a future settlement of human affairs, and of human destiny, but we are anxious to impress the thought upon the reader that judgment is not a matter of future alone, but that the important practical truth is found in what we have just said. If you misconceive the idea of God’s judgment as something to take place at some indefinite time in the future, the idea of personal accountability is almost destroyed. If, on the other hand, you conceive that your account with God is settled day by day, that the character of each day’s deeds is both understood and recorded, there will come sharp warning against wrong doing, and a large and helpful conception of what life means. Such a view helps one to understand the habits and purposes which are of themselves destiny. Seen in this light, one would often pause in the presence of a given purpose or a given temptation, knowing that the results of choice and action are endless. Without discussion at the judgment day, it is enough to press the thought upon your attention that not in some unknown future an unusual giving of account must come, but that, on the other hand, life carries its responsibilities and gathers for itself the germs of destiny at each setting sun.

One discordant note does not destroy music. On the contrary it sometimes enforces the thought of the harmony, by way of contrast. So our failures in life ought not to destroy our faith in final success; they ought rather to incite us to greater care and more earnest effort. The best lessons are often learned by these contrasts. Conscience is a kind of a bell that is always ringing with the changes upon the truth. If it is not for the development and effects are related to the future, to the development and end, or as causes and effects are related one to the other. Universal consciousness declares that the choices and purposes of this life are carried into the next, and that the transition from the one to the other does not effect the nature of our purposes, nor the results of our actions. All religious thought reaches into the future life, and the group of faith in that life is an ever-present and dominant element in religion. If all theological thought, as well as experience, human philosophy, human ignorance and human unbelief would still bear testimony to the reality of future existence and to the importance of this life as related to the next.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES FOR SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS.

By M. B. VAN HORN.

Never in the history of the United States has there been so many doors open to useful lives as at present. Our extended territory with its correspondingly increased obligations both at home and abroad; the rapid development of our natural resources, the increase in commerce, and the rapid advancement of all sciences are opening up positions in all walks of life. New offices all through the departments of government are being created and must be filled. Also the wants of the people are becoming more numerous as civilization and refinement advance, thus opening new doors for inventors, mechanics, artists and in all the professions. Better homes, more conveniences,
better modes of travel, more liberal education, better equipped farms, stores and workshops, and numberless other improvements, all demand brains, hands and dollars in such increased quantities as never before known.

It is no longer a question "What is there to do?" But he who is thoroughly prepared can do many more things than those to which he is best adapted. But to Seventh-day Baptists, it seems, some of these doors are necessarily closed.

A banker in certain West Virginia town asked a friend to recommend to him a young man as clerk in his bank, and added further, that the Sabbath-keepers were amongst the richest people any of whom he would be glad to employ, but he must have his leave on the last day of the week. Here was a door that any boy who hoped to lead a business life would gladly have entered had not his principles of right closed it against him. A young minister was offered fifteen hundred a year if he would give up the Sabbath and preach for another denomination, whereas by adhering to what he believed to be right he received from four to seven hundred a year. A salary of four or five dollars a week would allow him to walk every day alike may also look rather enticing. And not infrequently these openings prove too strong a temptation to some of our boys, and without seeming to count the cost they leave the Sabbath.

But what if a few of these doors are closed to us, there are many others still open, and if we have the industry and grit we ourselves can open still others. And what do a few dollars or a good position amount to if to get them we have to sacrifice principle and honor. The minute we do so we lose our self-respect and position beside, only to find our prospects are fewer opportunities than our First-day brethren, and attain the same success, we shall have the greatest-development as a reward for our greater effort. The greater the difficulties the stronger the man who overcomes them. Could the heavy cloud of the terrific wind-storms through which it passes uninjured, if it had grown in the atmosphere of an hot house? He it is who has long been accustomed to hardships that will withstand best the storms of life. Lincoln studied law lying on his face before a log fire, and as President of the United States guided the nation through the severest storm that ever devastated the homes and fair fields of his beloved country. Horace Greely once said, "If I have succeeded in my chosen profession it has not been due to my early advantages, for I had none." John Jacob Astor at his death was the wealthiest man in the United States. In childhood he was poor. At sixteen he was crowded out of his home by increasing numbers of brothers and sisters to face the world alone. Often his prosperity be often told of that home-leaving. He said, "When I had climbed the high hill above the village, I sat down to rest my heart rather than my feet, and to look back at the loved scenes of my childhood. While I was there I made three resolutions, which during my life I have never broken. I had never gambled, but I had known others to do so and my first resolve was not to follow that example. The second resolution was to be strictly honest in all my dealings, and this I have tried to adhere to. The third resolution was quite as important as the other two together; it was that so long as God gave me health and strength it should not be unceasingly industrious." Do you suppose there were many doors open to John Jacob Astor, equipped as he was, on that lonely journey? or could he have been strictly honest to the end if he had sacrificed a conscientious principle at the beginning?

Indeed, the Seventh-day Baptist who adheres strictly to truth and right and makes the most of opportunities that he can improve, stands a better chance to succeed today than most of the great men of whom history tells did in their day.

Too many of our young people give up the Sabbath because they think it bare them from the best openings, when in reality it does not. Many are the instances where employers have continued to hire Sabbath-keepers because having a principle they dared not to sacrifice for the sake of giving up their positions than their Sabbath. Such men as these can be trusted, and seldom will employers give them up. Many also, are the instances where Sabbath-keepers have been so proficient in their lines of work, and made themselves so necessary to the very life of the business that their employers could not afford to give them up. To such men as these the Sabbath is no barrier. They find open doors where others see none. But these men are only the few even as in history, but few men are ever known in their lives to be the great majority that seem not to be made of this stern stuff, and are more liable to yield to temptation? They cannot afford to leave-the Sabbath, and we cannot afford to have them go. As a rule they are high-spirited and ambitious, seeking the better openings. If something could be done to steer them aright through the period of unrest that comes to every young person, would make loyal Seventh-day Baptists.

This question we cannot afford to ignore, if we would promote the cause. If we could have an assembly of Seventh-day Baptists who were themselves bankers, manufacturers, operators and producers on a large scale to give employment to those who otherwise would leave the Sabbath to find it, it seems the problem would in a great degree be solved.

Why wouldn’t it be worth the while of the young men and women of this cause at heart, to bend all energies to bring about this condition of affairs. Aim to be employers instead of the employed. A good honest effort on the part of several along this line will at least begin to change the conditions. And if it is not succeeded in a lifetime, be not discouraged. The good work begun will not be allowed to languish when so much is to be gained by it.

It seems that, more than anything else, we need men who will climb to the top in the business world, and can thus much help the young to seek to lead a business life.

Already we have men in the ministerial and teaching professions who stand among the foremost in the land, and the good work they are doing the denomination is incalculable. Wherever they go their praises are sung and their fame is far reaching. Rapidly they are lifting up the people to a higher plane of living.

But we cannot be a strong people with these two callings perfected, though they be the highest to which man may aspire. We need men at the top in mechanics, in architecture, in commercial circles, in manufacturing interests, in the professions. But so far as our denomination this condition of affairs already exists to a large extent, and there the need is not so largely felt, but in the more scattered districts it is not so. There are doors which must be entered if we as a people would accomplish any great good in West Virginia.

You will pardon me if I speak of the conditions in West Virginia, for of them I can speak the more advisedly. We point with pride to some of the best ministers and professors in our denomination who were born and raised among the hills of West Virginia. We are proud of them and their work, and we think justly so, but we could not hold them. They soon left us, and for so doing we attach no degree of censure, for man cannot live long on air and exercise alone. And not only this, but their spheres of usefulness might have been more limited here than on the frontier, where they now labor. True, others have come in among us to do the work that must be done, but in most cases it has been at a great sacrifice. Many noble men have spent the best years of their lives among us for poor pay, far as this world’s gain is concerned. But who can tell the treasures they have laid up above to which some have already passed. But we hope we have begun to see the dawn of better things. Surely the doors to business callings in West Virginia are beginning to open. The rapid development of the state’s natural resources are benefitting our own people, though not to any considerable extent as yet. But if some of the untold riches which God has so bountifully stored throughout the bosom of this state will turn into Sabbath-keeping machine-shops, manufactories, and business enterprise in general, thus giving employment to our own people, we shall feel we have made a great stride forward.

Perhaps in other parts of the denomination also callings are becoming more favorable. We hope so. Then let us look carefully to the development of all the callings that go to make a great and strong people. The plan of Mr. Booth in Africa has in it the true elements of success. If we wish to make Sabbath-keeping converts of our African brothers, and hold them loyal to the truth, we must give them something to do, some means by which they can make for themselves a comfortable living, and rest on the Sabbath-day.

So in the homeland. If there are not some who will invest their money not only in themselves not only themselves but also others seeking employment, we can hope for nothing better than that some of our most ambitious young men will leave the Sabbath.

You say Seventh-day Baptist young people should be stronger in their principles of right, that they should be taught Sabbath loyalty from childhood up. So they should. But is not that teaching most effectual which provides means by which the precepts taught can be put into action? Or in other words, of what use is it to teach Sabbath truth to those young men whose whole life work calls him where he cannot possibly go and keep the Sabbath? He may for
the truth's sake choose other work, but he can never attain that degree of success which he might have at that time had it been possible for him to have entered his chosen work. Of course the various trades and professions to which our young people may find themselves best adapted may include most of the trades and professions but let the young man try to do such work as would be "high and good." He would be building a prodigious work to do it about that the seventh day of the week instead of the first should be the day of rest in these various enterprises. But if we succeed as a people, is not our work at all events a prodigious work and cannot we exert our minds at once, let us accomplish them by degrees. Great and lasting reforms come slow. Let him who finds himself barred from his chosen work lead his best efforts to so bring it to pass that the next boy who seeks to enter the same calling find the door open. Seventh-day Baptists should be loyal, consecrated thinkers and doers; should look into the future to see what there awaits them, and with faith in God prepare to meet to the best advantage.

THE NORTHEAST CONFERENCE.

In extending an invitation to the Christian public to attend the nineteenth General Conference for Christian Workers to be held in Northfield, August 1 to 18, our earnest desire is that the gathering may be too a preparation for effective work for Christ. In addition to the usual lectures on the Word of God, institutes on methods of work, and consecutive courses of Bible study, there will also be opportunities for the consideration of plans for evangelistic work at home and abroad during the coming year. Prominent and experienced pastors, evangelists, and missionaries will be present to assist with their counsel and inspiration.

In view of this special feature, we earnestly request the prayers of Christians everywhere for these forthcoming meetings, and trust that as many as possible may come together with the spirit of Saint Paul expressed in his letter to the Corinthians, 1 Cor. 2: 2—"I determined not to know anything among you as I know among the Gentiles, that I might crucify the knowledge of the world.


Yours in the Master's service.

Thurl Moody Northfield, Mass., July 1, 1903.

AND I saw that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but an infinite ocean of light and love flowed over the ocean of darkness, and in that I saw the infinite love of God.—George Fox.
CONFERENCE ENTERTAINMENT.

Regarding the entertainment of Conference, permit me to suggest a plan whereby we may get the voice of all the churches in regard to this "intrico-complexo" question.

At a special meeting in each church, called for their own business, let the members adopt the following resolutions, and send the result of your vote to the President of the Conference, Rev. Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y., and send that result as soon as possible. In this way we can have the people all together, and thus better decide what to do and how to do it. I suggest three resolutions. Others might be suggested.

1. Resolved, That we, the members of the Seventh-day Baptist church of ............................................. respectfully request the General Conference to be held at Alfred, N. Y., Aug. 28 to Sept. 2, 1901, to pass a resolution adopting the plan of defraying the Conference entertainment expense by a direct tax, per member, upon each church throughout the denomination, annually.

2. Resolved, That we, the members of the Seventh-day Baptist church of ............................................. respectfully request the General Conference to be held at Alfred, N. Y., Aug. 28 to Sept. 2, 1901, to pass a resolution adopting the plan of defraying the Conference entertainment expense by a tax to be voted by the church, for not more than five years, per member, in the several churches in the Associations, each Association to entertain said body when it shall assemble in that Association. (This, I believe, is the present method, or partially so.)

3. Resolved, That we, the members of the Seventh-day Baptist church of ............................................. respectfully request the General Conference to be held at Alfred, N. Y., Aug. 28 to Sept. 2, 1901, to pass a resolution adopting the plan of defraying the Conference entertainment expense by charging each visiting person or delegate in attendance the sum of $2* for the six days of the Conference.

It seems to me that this is the only way in which we can definitely know the minds of all our people. All should have a voice in the matter. It is the opinion of the writer that the people who are the most benefited by the Conference should foot the bills. It is a practical question to entertain said body when it shall assemble in distance of the ground. It is a practical question to entertain said body when it shall assemble in distance of the ground.

ELECTRICITY AT THE EXPOSITION.

At no previous exposition has electricity played such important parts as at the Pan-American. It is the very life of the big show, not only by night but also by day. At night the presence of the transmitted energy of Niagara is made manifest in the beautiful illumination which has won for the Pan-American the name of the City of Golden Light. This name is well deserved, for it is not only reflective of the hope of humanity, but it also defines the nature of the brilliancy that is winning such unstinted praise from every person who sees it.

But in the day-time, when there is no need of the electric current for the illumination of the grounds and buildings during the period when Old Sol reigns supreme, electricity is everywhere present about the buildings and grounds, and it is doing its part to make the Exposition a truly grand success.

THE TRUE BASIS OF PATRIOTISM.

It is noteworthy that while the Great Teacher said little about patriotism, he said much about our duties to humanity. The second table of the law requires love to our neighbor without regard to race or nationality; and in the Great Judgment it will be the manner in which we have treated the poorest and least esteemed of his brethren, that it is to let the energy be perfect in patience. God says: "My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind," was the corollary of the great law of love as enunciated by the Great Teacher.

A so-called patriotism that leads us to despise or neglect our fellow-man because he is of another race or nation, or fails to regard his rights and interests as truly as our own, is but "bounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Indeed, there is a lack of "brazen" in the assumption that we are bound to defend our own government in its prosecution of wars without regard to their intrinsic righteousness. True patriotism regards the rights of African Boers and of the people of the Philippines as truly entitled to their free choice as to nationality and form of government as ourselves. It condemns the legislation that dooms the Chinaman to perpetual exclusion and impossibility of citizenship. Shall we deny the Chinaman what we demand of our government, "an open door?" H. H. HINMAN.

SWEETNESS IN TRIALS.

Never a trial can reach us unless it comes from God either directly or indirectly. As our Saviour while on earth received the cup from the Father's hand, so we should receive the cup that is passed on to each one of us.

The Father has something in it especially for us. Take it for granted that there is something good for you in it, and drink it. Do not push the cup aside and say, "I don't think this is what I need." If you refuse it, the Lord may send something sweeter at first, but the after-effect is not half as good. Better take his first choice for you.

Everything that we come up to should instruct our spirit in righteousness. If we thus receive instead of resisting, we shall be glad to have anything come to prove the work that God is doing in our hearts.

Every interruption that comes to my life is to perfect me in patience. God says: "Let patience have perfect work." The only thing that I can do is to let the interruptions come thick and fast. I know he is able to keep me from impatience. Let everything that comes to us be the stepping-stones to the fullness of faith and peace.

The trial which the Father's hand holds it. He never gives us a single bit of chastisement only as he sees we need it.

Instead of trying to shun the trial and get away from it, pray: "Lord, let this trial last just as long as you see I need it." Don't let a trial go without getting the good out of it, a practical lesson for life.—Selected.

PERPETUITY OF THE BIBLE.

The empire of Caesar has gone; the legions of Rome are mouldering in the dust; the avalanches that Napoleon hurled upon Europe have melted away; the pride of the Pharaohs has fallen; the pyramids they raised to be their tombs are sinking every day in the desert sands; Tyre is a rock for bleaching nets; and thus it is demonstrated that a rock behind, but the Word of God still endures.—Dr. John Cumming, in Bible Advocate.

July 15, 1901.
The Burning of the Heart.

There are many experiences which no man can describe; he can only say, "Wait till you feel it, and then you will know." And it is just these inexpressible experiences which carry us over the great heights of life and enable us to overcome the world. Religion is always a poor affair until it reaches the heart, and sets it burning with love; and yet it too often stops short of that. The great saints of the church have risen above their fellows and enkindled other souls, not because they had better religious views than others, but because they felt God more clearly and burned with an intense love for him. Religion with them was intimately personal. They felt their relationship with their God, and realized its mighty value. They could not substitute for this first-hand appreciation of God, any more than there is a substitute for love in the marriage relationship. The moment it is put on another basis the beautiful thing is destroyed and a lower thing is set up in its place. There never was a perfect marriage union which was not sanctified by the burning of the heart in love, so that the two souls knew that they belonged together by a certain divine right. When the quivering 'hain of lightening goes across the sky, it is because the positive rod is therefore more intense. It belongs with the negative pole in another cloud or on earth, and the two blend into one stream of light. We should never know what either pole meant singly; it is only in this flash of union that the power of electricity was revealed and discovered.

The foundation fact of religion is this: God and man belong together. There is no real revelation of either until they come together. The reason why the Incarnation is the supreme revelation is that God and man were perfectly together in one life in Christ. We ourselves get the real meaning of Christianity just as we get the meaning of human relationship. So long as we sit down and speculate about God, and make our religion consist of theories, we are far away from our true home and still eating husks. It is only when we arise and go to the Father and have his kiss on our cheek, and feel our heart burn with a sense of his tender forgiveness, and know him in the throne of love, that we can say, "I have found God."

Pity the man who has no sign or proof of his marriage except the ancient certificate with its faded date and signature of witnesses. Pity the man who has no knowledge of God than the articles of faith which the remote ages have handed down to him, who knows him only on the testimony of somebody else. "Did not our hearts burn as he talked with us by the way?"

What better sign of Christ's nearness could these evening travelers have had? and when their eyes are opened they naively blame themselves for not understanding the heart-burn as they walked along with him. But is not the heart-burn too seldom known? and do we not walk the earth as though we expected no divine companion as a real presence to be felt? Just this fact accounts for our poverty, our soul. We are ready to run after those who have a new religious theory. We would go on endless pilgrimages if we once knew who would prove God and immortality to our satisfaction, but we do not know that he is nigh us, we do not feel the burn of the heart which is the true sign that God is with us. But this burning of the heart is the very source and spring of vital religion, the birth of the true faith, the breaking of the heavenly vision, the beginning of the new order of life. Our hearts are restless until they rest in the consciousness of a God who has found us and felt the burning love of the American Friend.

From D. W. Leath.

I am here engaged in my work and improving in strength and weight. I was very weak when I returned, and have done little visiting yet. I am preaching every Sabbath, and on evenings after the Sabbath we have prayer meetings and singing, and I preach on Sunday evenings. I am invited to preach at Enterprise, which I am to do, and also at another place if I am permitted. Our second Quarterly Meeting came off Sabbath, June 22, and was an enjoyable occasion. We had a house full on Sabbath evening. We have good singing by the choir, led by Don Loomis, an adjutant to our meetings. The people are frank and very kind, and gave us a great welcome. We are pleased, feel very much at home, and the prospects are bright and encouraging. It is true the salary is not much, but I don't need much except to give to the Lord's cause.

Our people are at peace with each other and those without, biding the injunction of the Saviour: "Have salt in yourselves and peace one with another."

We have outlined our policy, to stand by the Word of God and abide by the three great elements of the religion of Christ, spirituality, doctrinal, and practicality. These well carried out will certainly give "stickability." These beautiful landscapes remind us vividly of wild scenes on a grander scale in the West, and the distance in the Sierra Nevada and the Sierra Madre. Was pleasantly surprised to find a miniature Williamette valley here in Pennsylvania. We need not go out of our country to find scenery of most gorgeous beauty. We have it right here in beautiful Poquet Sound, and other places. My communication is already too long.

Baltimore, Pa., July 1, 1901.


**Woman's Work.**

**MRS. HENRY M. MAXSON, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.**

**REPORT OF THE WOMAN'S HOUR**

at the North-Western Association, 1901, held at Walworth, Wis.

*BY MRS. NELLE WEST.*

The Woman's Hour of the North-Western Association was held Friday afternoon. It was presided over by the Associated Secretary, Mrs. Nettie West, who in opening read the eighth Psalm. Mrs. S. J. Clarke, President of the Women who had listened in prayer, after which the following program was given.

Reading: "The Prodigal Son," Miss Beesie E. Clarke, Milton, Wis.

Solo: "Prayer," Miss Leo Coon, Milton.


Paper: Dr. Rosa Palmberg.


The reading was a selection from Richard Harding Davis and told of how a young man fallen low in sin was led back to his father's house by means of a lady who beseeched him to help her save her husband from ruin in a gunning den. It was a truthful and full of pathos.

The paper by Mrs. Church was read by Mrs. E. B. Saunders. This paper was written largely from actual experiences in life, and concerned what the writer has come to feel is a great danger to ambitious young women of the order of placing a higher value on a "mission" or public service than upon wifehood and motherhood. It was written in story form and plainly illustrated the truth meant to be taught.

The paper by Mrs. Townsend was a most excellent one, and we bespeak for it a thorough perusal.

Dr. Palmberg gave in her paper a description of the surroundings of our mission property, and told many interesting things about it. Her paper will also be given to the Recorder for publication, and we hope its many readers will avail themselves of the opportunity to gain a better knowledge of our interests in China.

The Ladies' Quartet were Alice Clark, Leo Coon, Mrs. John Babcock, and Ella Babcock. This quartet sang many times during the Association, and were always eagerly welcomed.

The solo and the duet were especially fine, and were listened to with marked attention.

The collection taken at the close of this Hour will be devoted to the educational fund for young women, and amounted to eleven and one-half dollars ($11.50).

**WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CHURCH.**

*BY MRS. M. G. TOWNSEND.*

Read at the Woman's Hour at the North-Western Association, June 14, 1901.

"The Lord giveth the word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host." Ps. 68: 11; K. V.

Since the organization of the church of God on earth, woman has been a great and important factor in the progress of God's Millennial Kingdom. While men have been the leaders and more conspicuous actors and have generally filled the offices of the church, the influence and work of women have contributed no small part to the advancement of Christ's kingdom. In their more silent and obscure way they have equally, with him, made their impression for good on the ages. While the names of Moses, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joshua, Samuel, Elijah, Nehemiah, Ezra, David, Jeremiah, and Daniel stand prominently among the high ecclesiastics of the olden dispensation, Jezebel did not eclipse the light and potency of womanhood in those far-off times. The names of Miriam, Sarah, Rebecca, Hannah, Deborah, Ruth, Esther, and Anna, shine only as lesser lights in the ecclesiastical firmament, and the strong influence of their dignity and moral courage, to be leaders of the people and to bear a faithful testimony for the truth whenever the providence of God called them to do so. Who assisted Moses and Aaron as they led out the children of Israel from the house of bondage, singing the glad song of deliverance on the banks of that sea whose waters stood up like walls of crystal to open a passage for their escape? It was Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Moses and Aaron.

Who went up with Barak to Kadesh when his courage failed him to go out and attack Sisera? It was Deborah, the prophetess, and wife of Lapidoth and judge of Israel, who reproved him and led the army herself against the powerful Sisera and defeated him, and the honors of that victory were given to this woman. Who dared to speak the truth concerning those judgments which were coming upon Judah when Josiah was alarmed at finding that his people had not kept the word of the Lord to do all that was written in the Book of the Law, sent spies to the court of the Lord concerning his sin? It was Huldah, the prophetess, the wife of Shallum. Who was chosen to deliver the whole Jewish nation from the murderous decree of the Persian king that wicked Haman had obtained by calumny and fraud? It was Esther the queen. Yes, weak and trembling woman was the appointed instrument by God to reverse the bloody mandate of the Eastern Monarch and save the whole visible church from destruction.

When we approach the dawn of the Christian Era, woman's influence and agency in the church become more and more apparent. We find Mary, the mother of Christ, entering the home of Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, and after their mutual salutations, Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, and spoke out with a loud voice to Mary saying, "Blessed art thou among women; and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, and whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me and blessed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of these things which were told her of the Lord." And Mary said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice God my Saviour for he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden, for behold from this time forth all nations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done great things, and Holy is his name."  

These mutual salutations and prophecies of Mary and Elizabeth were indicative of the honor to be bestowed on womanhood under the incoming dispensation and of the important relation which women were to sustain toward the Christian church. When Christ was presented in the temple by Joseph and Mary, not only did Simon behold the child of promise and rejoice at the wondrous sight and prophecy of his mission and miracles of welfare, but Anna, a daughter of Phoned, who had attained a great age and had served God with fasting and prayer, might to-day come into the temple and save the babe of promise and prophecy, and gave thanks unto the Lord, and spake unto all those that looked for redemption in Jerusalem.

While Christ did not call any women into the apostleship, or did not send out women to preach, he recognized womanhood, and some of the highest ecclesiastics that fell from his grace, were given to us as examples of the necessity of faith, love and devotion to his cause.

To the lasted credit and honor of women, it is to be declared to the end of time that she was last at the cross, and first at the sepulcher of Christ. By angelic command women were sent to announce to the less devoted and less faithful apostles that Christ had risen from the dead. It was a woman that Christ first appeared, and first spoke after his resurrection. It was unto women that Christ made his second appearance after his resurrection, and commanded them to go and tell his brethren. If Christ's brethren had been as faithful and devoted to him as these women were, they would not have been so far from the sepulcher when Christ rose, and the women would not have had so much trouble to find them and tell the joyful tidings. On the Day of Pentecost, when Christianity was inaugurated, we find that certain women were also sharers in the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and women were in the ten days prayer-meeting that preceded the Pentecost. They were the first to come in with other tongues of the wonderful works of God, and their words, influence and prayers contributed to the wonderful results of that wonderful day.

Now, in considering the work and sphere of women under the gospel dispensation, the highest and most important work for the church to preach was the gospel. Has woman any place in this high and important position? The conservation of men and many women too, against women as preachers, is strange and unaccountable. God settled the question of woman's right to religious self-determination. Women were, they would not have had so much trouble to find them and tell the joyful tidings. On the Day of Pentecost, when Christianity was inaugurated, we find that certain women were also sharers in the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and women were in the ten days prayer-meeting that preceded the Pentecost. They were the first to come in with other tongues of the wonderful works of God, and their words, influence and prayers contributed to the wonderful results of that wonderful day.

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ness of anything which you may know of Christ.

It was not a little amusing and not a little painful, in these days, so far removed from the application and fulfillment of this prophecy, that gives unto women heaven's sanction and liberty to preach, to hear a true account of the right and propriety of women speaking and teaching in the church. The church is 2000 years behind the times. If such men were always to have the controlling influence in the church, how long think you it would be before the Millennium would dawn? But we are glad that the power, influence, and ability of womanhood in the church and state are becoming more and more recognized. So far as preaching is concerned, we do not believe that it is God's order that women should be as largely represented in the ministry as men. Nature and Providence have put the great majority of women in a sphere and imposed upon her such duties as renders it impossible for them to become preachers or hold public and state offices. Under the Mosaic dispensation men were generally called to the prophetic office, but occasions there was a prophetess under the old economy. Under the gospel dispensation, in which men are generally called to preach, may we not occasionally find a preacheress, a woman called of God to preach? If a woman has the ability to preach, and feels herself called to do so, and can do so without ignoring her duties as a wife or mother, who has the right to say to her, "Thou shalt not preach?"

Woman has proven her ability to preach, and if success in preaching is an evidence of a divine call to preach, then she has proven that she has been divinely called, for women by scores and hundreds might be mentioned whose labors have been owned and blessed of God in turning many unto righteousness. Phebe Pulser who, not many years ago, went to her reward to receive her crown, was in her time in leading thousands of believers into a higher experience and thousands of sinners to the cross of Christ. Mrs. Von Cut and Robinson have had and are having such success as revivalists as only few preachers have ever obtained. I am glad that the Baptist church at my home has been foremost among the churches, in their recognition of woman's right and privileges to do all that the good she can in the world, even granting her license to preach and missionary Societies, and yet a very small percentage of the womanhood were enrolled in this grand opportunity for uplifting and Christianizing the world, although many of the societies can be numbered in their millions, and the counsellors a benediction to their husbands, children, and servants. Millions of men have been saved and made a power for good in the church who never would have been saved had it not been for the clear evidence of Christ-likeness which they see in their wives.

Last year over four thousand dollars were raised by the Woman's Benevolent and Missionary Societies, and yet a very small percentage of the womanhood were enrolled in this grand opportunity for uplifting and Christianizing the world, although many of the societies can be numbered in their millions, and the counsellors a benediction to their husbands, children, and servants. Millions of men have been saved and made a power for good in the church who never would have been saved had it not been for the clear evidence of Christ-likeness which they see in their wives.

Second, it was because of the prophetic gift that the church has been able to do its work. The gift of prophecy is the gift of seeing a vision, and if we are to have a church that shall live and grow, give it the power of prophecy. God will have no more need of the women than He has of the men when I say that (excepting the Christian ministry) she is contributing more in each other's strength.] Each sunrise views some new scene, or an old scene changed in new garbures. Nature is changing constantly; new color, new form and great manifestations reveal themselves to the observer.

In this busy, rushing world, we consider education an essential element, and a human soul without it is like marble in a quarry, which shows some of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher brings out the colors, makes the surface shine and discloses its own inherent beauty. Sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul; but book-education is not education in the broadest sense. Why does the student in geology go into the hills and mountains, collecting old stones and fossils, and why does the botanist wander into the fields and rush into the stream to gather out the most beautiful patterns of his kind?]

Even in the smallest and most insignificant objects in nature there is some beauty. Some one has said, "A rural picture, including an old house, pasture beyond, with a crooked meadow stream tracing its ways through the woods, under which cows are chewing their cud, is incomplete without the homely, disjointed old rail fence."

Perhaps the deepest value of nature-study lies in the fact that it brings us near to the Creator. It enables and uplifts; that communion with nature which takes us out of ourselves and breathes into our hearts noble thoughts and aspirations is of the greatest value.

How many of us do not love the flowers, sweet messengers of love and purity? If nature refused to perform her task, and weshould lose the flowers, how could we exist? In the garden of the Lord's house, how many a flower is a symbol of human life. A tiny crystal cup, if in it lay A single sweet blossom of May. From nature we may learn lessons of usefulness, and we would do well to plan for the future as she does. She makes ready for the new season in the midst of the old. Cut the terminal buds of the bush in the late fall, and you will find the new growth of the coming season all snugly packed away by the protecting scales. Before nature closes her house in the fall she makes ready for its spring opening.

Nature-study touches the mental, moral and physical as well as the aesthetic side of the human. Not a tree, a leaf, a plant, a blossom, but contains a folio blossom. One may read and read again, and still find something new, something to please and something to instruct, "E'en in the noisome weed."

She shows deep emotions to bring out the greatest beauty in stone carvings, and sometime the richest treasures of nature lie beneath a heavy stone or a bunch of dried moss; dig deep into nature, and your reward will be far beyond your expectations, for you may
"Find tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

"If your mind is full of the beauties around you, you will feel well and write well over words with nature in all her varying moods, you will find less time for unpleasant thoughts of your fellow-beings; you will look at their faults with wider views and less harshness."

Again, are you, or do you think you are, too deadly serious and unhappy? Does everything go wrong? Yes, there are days when the skies of your life are very dark, though the sun is shining in the blue sky; when this mood falls upon you, go to the woods, get far away from human life, look about at the beautiful sky; watch the glances of sunshine peeping through the leaves of the trees; listen to the sounds above and below; lay your hand upon a moss-covered stone; can you not feel a soft, cool restfulness stealing over you? Are you not resting on the very heart of Mother Nature, and with what a sense of peace and tranquility?

There is no balm to soothe the weary life like a visit with Mother Nature. She can understand your feelings and sympathize with you as no human heart can, and after a visit with her you can return to the duties of each day with a consciousness that life is truly worth living, and with a smiling face, say, "Old Past, let go and drop into the sea, The Present, let me reverence, For I am living, thou art dead, Thou drawest back, I strive ahead. Thou art to find." - ALFRED, N. Y.

"The Will and the Word."

Decision is conquest; the victory waits on the word that declares the will. We cannot make too much of the will of God, so long as we do not fail to regard the will of man. In all this world of ours, the conquering force is will, and of all human speech the mightiest is the word which will inspires and crystallizes. The jewels of speech are many; but the great gems are the decisive words of a great resolve. The splendors of history are not in speech, but in action; but as great deeds are seemingly sudden, impulsive, instinctive, so great words are few, simple, strong, final and fateful.

One of the finest commencement orations had for its theme, "I Will." We commend to our College-born men and women the magic mystery of that imperial declaration. Who lives up to that cannot falter, and the safeguard of such an ideal makes it morally sure that he cannot fail. A new star rises on a life, a new chorus of the morning stars breaks the silence of the sky into some truer triad of symmetry and glorious, when the great of soul put all the majesty of will into words that shall always shine and shall never be recalled.

A charming writer has protested that men and women write too much and do too little. His contention is that we do not live, but write and talk about living. He proves that men do not believe in hell or heaven, because they talk too freely of them; and he is quite agreed with the old sage who says that our fathers had no creed because they wrote one and left it for us, while they went their creedless way. This, if cynical, is yet delightfully suggestive. The preponderance of words implies either an excess or a want of will. The actual quality of speech grows fine and feeble, in this view, and men and women who write so much and talk so freely of conduct and character, in fancy or in abstract, are hopelessly muddled in their ideas of right and wrong.

Yes, the knights of the pen are not valiant for the truth, but for the tourney; not concerned for the right, but for theatrical display; not absorbed in the crucial issue, but in the display of skill of the occasion. But the smut of baseness and dishonor, the flimsy pretenses of the will, and the wares of the world, serve to make the world a will that rules the word, that dominates impulse and controls desire. Some commanding wills are wanted. Great wills, exalted wills, holy wills, courageous wills. A very few will do. Man of action, man of speech, this is your day if you will it so, if will now and will it forever! There is a sacrament in the world that records the will. That one word changes all the world. Speak it once, and a new word is created out of chaos. If we express the royal spirit of the coming century it should be a splendid youth with eye alight and soul over his head the star of morning and a scroll with the legend writ in fire, unfailing as light, "I WILL." - The Evangelist.

"I am sure that your father knows you love him, just as you take his affection for granted, but do you ever stop to think how little you have to say to him, day after day? How often do you find yourself at his side on the piazza, saying by the sighing breeze, only talking to him with the vivacity and interest you show Gertrude's father, for example? Sometimes he seems to want to talk, and asks questions to draw you out, but you answer so indifferently and with so little desire to keep up the conversation that he feels rebuffed and says no more. Do you know that he said to me on my last visit, when he spoke of you: 'Amy is a good girl and a bright one; I wish I knew her better, but she doesn't seem to find her father very interesting.' And, dear, there was feeling in his voice. Now I know you have not the slightest idea of this."

If your dear mother could count on your steady, sensible, helpful, practical interest in the home-making and the management of the house, she would be the happiest mother in the world. She would be the happy parent of a little, or a great deal, of her authority to an earnest and systematic little daughter. She has had the care of her home on her mind now for nearly twenty-five years—morning, afternoon and evening meals, house-furnishing, family-cleaning, sewing, guests, everything. Think of it! A girl cannot too sedulously guard her mother nor too gently bear with her, if the mother has reached a period where she is more easily wearied than formerly, and where little things vex her. To some of us there come days when our hearts are heavy because we were not so sweet and loving as we might have been, and God alone can help us when this realization comes too late.

The place of the daughter in the home is as large or as small a place as she is able to make it. It is really a creative place, one in which she can be the brightest, happiest, most helpful influence in the home, or simply a partaker of the comforts and protection of the home, with no thought of any return on her part.

The girl who takes as much pride in learning to dust a room properly as she does in keeping a book straight, who is willing to work when anyone else is unwilling, can be a great joy to her family. She will find in her simple, same noetic as she embroiders a rosebud, who makes coffee as carefully as she crochets, is the girl that with well-rounded, disciplined character will make for herself a place anywhere. - Selected.
TO EVERY CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.

Especially to the Executive Committees, your Society should have a share in the student work at Northfield. Whether your interests lie with the work at Milton, Alfred, Salem or elsewhere, bear a part in supporting this summer campaign. The best way is to make a personal canvass for small pledges from each one, if but one cent a week for ten weeks. If you have other ways in which you prefer to raise the money, well and good; but don't let the matter drift along with nothing done. Have some part in this great movement; act at once.

AT THE SUMMER BIBLE CONFERENCE.

I wish that every young Seventh-day Baptist could have a taste of the privileges which your Editor is just now enjoying. If his experience is any criterion, they would be no less ardent in their zeal for our special denominational work; but their zeal would be fed and nourished. There are six of us here studying and laboring, but it will be a tedious home in, and fired from, Sabbatarian guns. Quartet No. 1 arrived yesterday to spend three or four days before we go on to Berlin. The inspiring notion of “Keep Runn., Make Jesus King;” floats out to me as I write. Their music is appreciated by others also. We are among the plebeians out at “the camp.” Board costs only half as much here as at the halls, and there is a delightful simplicity about this tented life upon the hillside. The ground is carpeted with brown needles, the sky is traced with the outlines of the pines, delightful breezes sweep up to us from the Connecticut River a mile away. The widest latitude of dress and deportment is permitted among the Christian gentlemen, and nothing more serious than college yells, night parades, soups and jollity has yet befallen.

The program of the morning begins with a missionary class at 8.30. At 9.30 there are the various Bible classes. At eleven is the platform meeting. The afternoon is open to afternoon visits or any other form of labor and recreation that the individual will may choose. At seven is the life-work meeting on Roundtop. At eight a platform meeting again. After this the “delegation meetings” are held for all who choose. We have already had several inspiring and important messages. It is a place for health—health of body, mind and soul.

WHAT MAKES NORTHFIELD A SUCCESS.

I have been studying the Conference to glean what ever suggestions I may. One of the features which makes mightily for comfort is the simplicity of dress. Negligee costumes are the rule. Coats and vests are discarded, and many go about with arms bare to the elbow. In other words, the denizens of Northfield show the same good sense that a farmer does. He dresses according to the weather. Another important feature is the open afternoons. There are two great free-hills, each lasting one hour. These are attended by all. The Bible classes lasting an hour, and the Roundtop meeting for forty-five minutes, are also generally attended. The day’s program is sufficiently flexible and makes such provisions for

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Young People's Work.

Lester C. Randolph, Editor, Alfred, N. Y.

the physical man that one enters each new day feeling an increasing freshness and vigor.

Another important fact is that every speaker has a message. No man is called upon to fill up time. Not a speech or address has yet been delivered without a manuscript. Each man stood out face to face with his audience, full to the brim with what he had to say. There is rousing congregational singing, and an occasional use of quartet and chorus. There have been no instrumental or vocal solos. Do you mean to say that you do not believe in solos at a religious meeting? By no means; but, really, is there not a tendency in solo work which we need to guard against constantly, lest it becomes simply a performance to show the excellence of the voice or the instrument? Such a thing is as much out of place at a religious meeting as a sermon preached for applause. All music sung to the praise of God should have a message.

MOMENT BY MOMENT.

If Major Whittle, the valiant, tender-hearted old warrior, could have been near that group of college boys sitting under the whispering pines in the twilight to-night, and hear them sing “Moment by Moment,” it would make him all the more experience out of which the words were written. It is a goodly sight to see twenty fellows in the flush of young manhood, clean and strong, rolling forth the hymn from the hillside.

“Never that I am not there,

Never a burden that he doth not bear,

Never a sorrow that he doth not share.

Moment by Moment, Jehovah! Moment by Moment, Jehovah! Moment by moment, I'm kept in his love; Moment by moment, I live from above, Looking back till glory doth shine; Moment by moment, 0 Lord I am thine.”

STANDING ALONE.

After all, the world admires the plucky efforts of a minority. When the different colleges were giving their yells at the camp yesterday, Davis was away and the quartet had not yet come to give us the last one lone message to represent Alfred. But Seventh-day Baptists are used to standing alone, and when the first lull came, your dignified editor lifted up his hand as though a thousand men were behind him and cried, “Zip, rah, rah! Zip, rah, boom! Alfred, Alfred, Give her room.” And they did. They gave that little bantam yell the first round of applause that had yet been given. The moral does not need to be stated to our Sabbatarian young people.

DON'T MISUNDERSTAND.

You will not mistake my meaning, will you, when you find me telling the good points to be gleaned from other people who do not observe our religious conventions? It would be the most foolish policy to shut ourselves away from others, and say “we are all there.” Rather let us gather from every quarter suggestions which will stimulate, help and guide us to greater efficiency. All in all, I believe this year's Conference represents the best in modern religious life. Our young people are the cream of the world. But there is much for us to learn, and we can do a great deal better than we are doing.

Dwight Moody's Monument.

It is well-known that Mr. Moody's grave is on Roundtop; the hill where so many life-work decisions have been made. One naturally looks for that grave first of all. You might reasonably expect that the monument to honor so great a man would be something costly and imposing. Surely nothing ordinary would answer the requirements of the case. Indeed, that simple granite slab is nothing ordinary. It is great in its simplicity, grand in its humility. There is scarcely a stone in a village church-yard more humble in its proportions. On one side are chiseled these words:

Dwight Lyman Moody.

"He that doth the will of God abideth forever."

After the first moment of surprise, I felt glad and gratified that the life of the great evangelist has such a fitting memorial. A monument to Mr. Moody? Why, these buildings at Northfield and Mount Herman are his monuments; this whole Northfield movement which has its grip in these throats of young people is his monument; the redeemed men and women out in the world to whom he has been the herald of the cross, his monument. The first meeting on Roundtop broke up, a throng of young men gathered about the simple grave. Wistfully, eagerly, they went down to read the inscription. If there were tears, I did not see them; but the men were thoughtful and solemn. As one of them said, 'Dwight Moody is nothing, Christ is all and in all.'

Our Mirror.

Westfield, R. E.—The last regular meeting of the Local Christian Endeavor Union was held on the evening of May 28, in the chapel at Clark's Falls. The attendance was large, a number of teams going from Western, Pottery Hill, Ashaway and Niantic. In the absence of the President, Rev. C. A. Burdick, the Vice-President, George W. Norman, presided and led the prayerservice. After Scripture reading and prayer, the leader, Rev. E. I. Lovejoy of Hope Valley, was introduced and received with hearty applause. He spoke of the universal discontent of men with the situations in which they are placed, and in view of this wished to emphasize three “don'ts.” First, don’t misunderstand the work which grew up round the personality of Mr. Moody continues with gathering power. The leader is gone, but the work goes on. The greatness of the work is demonstrated in the fact that Moody could leave for he entered it all around Christ.

As it is that granite slab were saying to every passer by, ‘Dwight Moody is nothing, Christ is all and in all.’"
Children's Page.

ADVICE TO A BOY.

My boy, you're soon to be a man; 
One's student years are past and gone. 
And learn to do the best you can; 
When seeking that which is right and true.

Don't be afraid, my boy, to work; 
You've got to try to win the show; 
He is a coward who will shrink; 
Roll up your sleeves, and then "go in." 

Don't wait for a light with which to look about; 
There's always something you can do; 
He who hesitates is lost.

Find labor—plenty of it, too; 
But he who follows not the path 
For "something to turn up," 
will find 
The fuller passes Fortune's gale. 
While he, alas, is left behind!

Be honest as the day is long; 
Don't gripe the poor man for his cut; 
In helping others you grow strong. 
And kind deeds done are only lost; 
And this remember, if you're wise, 
To your own business he confined; 
He is a fool, and false to try 
His fellow-men's affairs to mind.

Don't be discouraged, and get blue; 
If things don't go to suit you quite; 
Work on! Perhaps it rests with 
You to avoid the wrong that worries right. 
Don't lean on others! Be a man! 
Stand on a footing of your own! 
Be independent, if you can, 
And cultivate a sound backbone!

Kathleen stood at the window looking down at the street. It was the biggest snow-storm she had ever seen; she was sure it was going to be a blizzard such as she had heard her father and mother talk about. The wind was blowing a tremendous gale, hurling the snow in high drifts in some places, and leaving the ground almost free in others. She wished with all her might she could be out in it, plunging through the soft drifts with her little rubber boots, and feeling the soft, cool flakes on her face. But Kathleen had a bad cold and a sore throat, and the doctor said she must stay in the warm bedroom. 

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the little girl, "if there isn't Punch! How in the world did he get out?"

Punch was about as small as it is possible for a black spaniel to be. He was Kathleen's great pet, and was the only dog she had. If there were any question in connection, he had the prettiest bed to lie on, and the daintiest food to eat; he scorned what an ordinary dog would like, and he thought himself twice as good as any other dog in the neighborhood.

Next door the boys had a big Newfoundland, and he and Punch were sworn enemies. Punch growled dully if Rover even walked past the house, and if he could snap at the big dog's heels, and then run to a safe distance, he felt very proud indeed. Rover treated his little neighbor with lofty scorn, although once, when Punch was very annoying, he caught him and gave him such a shaking that the little dog was thoroughly frightened and did not venture near him for many a day.

"Mother! mother!" called Kathleen, "Punch is out; call him in!" But there was no response from him.

Meanwhile Punch was enjoying himself to the fullest extent, climbing over mounds of snow, and shaking the flakes from his back. But his fun was soon to end, for, as he started to cross the street, he stepped suddenly down into the large drift of snow and went down, down, until there was nothing but a little rubber dog to be seen.

Kathleen turned pale with fright. "Mother! mother!" she screamed, but her mother was too far away to hear.
the dog was, surely enough, and he came to the conclusion that the bag must have been rotten, so that the heavy stones had hurst it open.

"What did the man do with him then?" Charlie asked eagerly. "I hope he let him live."

"While he was wondering what to do with him," Nunkie continued, "he discovered that the dog had learned such a lesson that he wouldn't be likely to touch the sheep again. No one could induce that dog to go anywhere near the sheep. He seemed to understand that it was the sheep that had gotten him into trouble, and he was determined to give them plenty of room. Do you not think that he was a very wise dog?"

"Yes, indeed, wiser than Mr. Brown."

"Yes, or--"

Here Nunkie paused, waiting for Charlie to finish.

"Or," repeated the boy—"or any one who keeps on using tobacco when he knows it is hurting him."

"Or," began Nunkie again, but Charlie couldn't think just then of any more, so his uncle said:

"I'll tell you. Or a boy who again and again lets anger get such control of him that he says and does many things that get him into trouble, and cause him to feel very sorry afterward.

"Oh—h—h!"

This time the word came slowly and thoughtfully, and there was a different expression on Charlie's face. Somehow there was less of self-satisfaction there.

"We should all do well to take pattern after the dog in some ways—shouldn't we, lad?"

"Yes, I think so." And Charlie meant it too.—S. S. Times.

KENNETH'S GOLDEN RULE ARITHMETIC.

"Phil," cried Kenneth Brooks, "what do you think? My Uncle George has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds fire off pistols, and all that. Ever seen him?"

"No," said Phil, hopefully.

"Well, its first-rate, and my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth.

"Same thing both times," asked Phil.

"Oh, no! new tricks every time. I say, Phil," Kenneth continued, struck by the other's musical look, "won't you mother get you one?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it; it certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket; but after a few minutes' struggle, "Phil!" he cried, "I wonder if the man wouldn't change this and give me two tickets that would take you and me once each?"

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy little smile crept over his broad little face. "Do you think he would?" he asked, eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth; and the two little boys started off to the office window at the hall.

"But, Kenneth," said Phil, stopping short, "it's not fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend stoutly, "because I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil gave in.

"So you want two tickets for one performance!" said an agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat, "one for me and one for Phil, you know.

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, sir; we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys. And they didn't know for a long time what that man meant by Golden Rule.

—EX.

POST-MORTEM FLOWERS.

There are many varieties of flowers, but the most common are those which bear the above name. The post-mortem flowers grow mostly in civilized lands, and are, though so common, high in price, and as a consequence can be secured in larger quantities by the rich than by the poor.

These flowers are never found on our dining-room tables or at weddings. People never wear them as a mark of respect; but they are seen only at funerals and memorial services. They are pretty, and in fact of the choicest varieties, and the only drawback about them is that the person for whom they were intended cannot look at them nor catch a bit of their sweet fragrance. The recipient's eyes are closed. "Too late" should be inscribed on each fragrant flower, and "It might have been" on every pretty leaf.

The lifeless form in whose honor the flowers have been purchased and presented may never have received any flowers of appreciation during the busy and weary hours of her motherhood, and those which we look upon are just too late to be of value to her. The writer is acquainted with a lady who is the mother of seven children.

This mother has toiled incessantly in behalf of her family, and has enjoyed few pleasures in life. The following words fell from her lips one day at Christmas time as she and I were conversing: "I do not wish to complain (and here the tears came to her eyes), but during all the years since I have been a wife and mother, I have never received from my husband or children a present at Christmas time, or in fact at any other time." When this dear woman lies in the casket, the flowers around her head will be a sweetly life appreciated now but never before.

It may be these words will fall under the eyes of some who have been just a little careless in regard to what they might do for mother, and father too. Let us not wait until they are dead before we bestow upon them a pillow of flowers; give them one now which will make their rest better and their slumbers sweeter.

Do not wait to present the sickle and sheaf; give it now, a sickle which will cut some of the hardships out of their lives. Give them the sheaf of deserved kindnesses which willadden the blessings of life. Kind words can never die, and helpful deeds will never be forgotten. Post-mortem flowers may be nice, but ante-mortem flowers are by far the best, and are needed the most.

MARTIN SINDALL.

How constant is God's friendship! He loves us with an everlasting love and to the end, when other friendships are upon slight grounds easily and often broken off.—Howe.
THE WESTERN QUARTERS.

There have been so many obstacles in the way of arrangements for quartet work in the West this summer, that it has seemed best not to make public statements concerning them until now.

There are now in the field three quartets: The Ladies’ Quartet, accompanied by Mrs. Townsend, and composed, for the summer, of Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Miss Ella Babcock, Miss Alice Clarke and Miss Esther Townsend, are at New Auburn, Minn., where they arrived July 5. A letter from the latter to the former states they are doing the best they possibly can, and that all is well.

The second quartet is composed of the quartet of Franklin Avenue, Chicago, and is on the road through Wisconsin and Minnesota. They will go as far west as the bank of the Mississippi, and thence to Utah, where they will spend the winter.

The third quartet consists of five men, one of whom will take charge of the meetings until Bro. Kelly shall join them a little later. They are: L. I. Lewis, J. E. Hutchins, Geo. I. Hurley, B. R. Rood, and R. W. Clarke. The other Men’s Quartet is composed of C. S. Sayre, E. D. VanHorn, L. A. Platts, Jr., and A. P. Burdic. They are on the road from Jackson, Ohio, to Coloma, Wis., and vicinity, where they went Monday, July 8.

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MUSINGS.

“Go now to Missouri.” It was the tick of the telegraph, a flash of lightning from New York City to Dodge Centre. We went on the evening following, took a portion of our Sabbath Literature, some Sabbath and temperance literature. Found some readers on the way.

Immediately upon reaching Sheridan, it being Sunday, we went to the Christian church to attend Sunday-school, and had a good time. We had class and school out on the Sabbath. We gave the lesson of Creation, especially Gen. 2: 1-3. Of course some claimed that the creation Sabbath was just God’s rest-day, with which man had nothing to do until given to the Jews only at Sinai. We may have convinced none one to the contrary, but they heard from a Seventh-day Baptist for the first time.

As there was no preaching at that church, we hurried to the M. E. church, and handing our card to the pastor, we were invited to preach. But we only took five minutes to present our orphan work, and then the pastor announced that we would preach at the evening service, which we did to a large Methodist audience. We told them our denominational proclivities and stated very briefly our Sabbath views, but did not discuss them, and preached upon the homely life of Christians, receiving the thanks of the pastor and many of the congregation. We had excellent success in disposing of some orphans, who may grow up good Presbyterians of the Cumberland stamp. We wish they might be Sabbath-keepers, but none of our people are there. Passing a country place with lively, the driver said, as we passed a family upon whose rural mail box was printed the name of Lippencott, “There’s some nice people, only they’ll do more work on Sunday than on any other day. The worst thing that can be said of them is that they are Sabbath-breakers. I don’t believe its right to set themselves up against the majority.” Then we asked him his opinion of Elijah and some of the world’s greatest reformers. At this point our musings began.

Yes, it is quite a task to be in opposition to the great and well-organized lobby of the liquor powers? God forbid. Speak out, and the liquor is not to be had at all. We are for the Bible, and the Bible says: “Thus says the Lord of Hosts: ‘Consecrate yourselves, and I will consecrate you.’”

DIP AND DRINK.

There was a vessel that had been tossed on the seas for a great many weeks, and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days they saw a sail against the sky. They hailed them, and so they came nearer, the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: “Send us some water.” We are dying for lack of water.” And the captain on the vessel that was hailed responded: “Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around you, and hundreds of feet deep. And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel, and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water, and put out the fire of their thirst. So I hail you to-day, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon, and thirsting for comfort, and thirsting for eternal life; and I ask you what is the use of your going to that death-struck state, while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God’s sympathetic mercy. Oh, dip your buckets and drink and live forever!” Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely.”—Talmage.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

The Bible account of the power of prayer is the best we can have. Jacob prays—the angel is conquered; Ezzau’s revenge is changed to fraternal love. Joseph prays—He is delivered from the prison of Egypt. Moses prays—Amend is discomfited; Israel triumphs. David prays—Ahithophel goes out and hangs himself. Asa prays—Israel gains a glorious victory. Jehoshaphat prays—God turns away his anger and smiles. Elisha prays—the waters of Jordan are divided; a child restored to life. Isaiah prays—one hundred and eighty-four thousand Assyrians are dead. Hezekiah prays—the sundial is turning back; his time is prolonged. Mordecai prays—Haman is hanged; Israel is free. Nehemiah prays—the king’s heart is softened in a moment. Ezra prays—he walks by the walls of Jerusalem beggar-like. The church prays—the Holy Ghost is poured out. The church prays again—Peter is delivered by an angel. Paul and Silas prayed—and the prison shakes; the door opens; every one’s bands are loosed.—Sel.

WHERE truth and right are concerned, we must be firm as God.—Thomas Guthrie.

TRACT SOCIETY.

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Women’s Missionary Aid Society of Brooklyn, N. Y.

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JULY 15, 1901.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.
Sabbath School.
CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.
Edited by
REV. WILLIAM C. WINTFORD, PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE IN ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1901.
THIRD QUARTER.

SEP. 28: Review.

LESSON I.—God Calls Abram.

For Sabbath-day, July 7, 1901.

LESSON TO GEN. 12:1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I will bless thee and make thee name great; and thou shalt be a blessing. Gen. 12:2.

INTRODUCTION.

After having considered many lessons from the general history of the human race before it was divided into separate peoples, we come now to study the beginning of the Hebrew nation. Of the three great founders of this people, Abraham is first and greatest. Mohammedan, Jew and Christian unite in regarding him as the divinely-appointed founder of the true religion. He is the "Father of the Faithful." His faithfulness has been set forth as the model for all future generations of men. The sacred writers do not indeed speak of a man even in the matter of faith; for he trusted in deceit and craftiness rather than in God to save his life and preserve his wife when they went down into Egypt. But in spite of short comings, it is in faith that he is called the Father of the Faithful. He was separated from his people, and in the midst of the throne of God and of his grace, as a type of the people of God, he bore witness to the origination of his people. He was separated from all his fleshly connections in order to find pasturage for his flocks. He was separated from his home, and hisVol. LVII. No. 28.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

descendants was often repeated to Abraham and the other Patriarchs, "and thou shalt be a blessing." From being blessed he is to become a bearer of blessings. The verb of this clause is imperative. And be thou a blessing.

3. And I will bless thee that bless thee. Abraham's blessing will be extended to others by their friendly attitude toward him. Abraham's blessing is a type of the blessing of the Lord on all men. It is to be noted that the singular number is used in this clause. It is not to be supposed that so great a number will be blessed as Isaac and Jacob as the three will be blessed. And in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed. The thought of this clause is repeated 18:18; 22:18; 28:14; 24:16. The verb translated as a past tense in the V.G. is translated as a present tense in the Septuagint. And in thee shall all the families of the earth bless themselves. All people shall seek to enjoy the blessing of Abraham; they are to be associated with thee in the favor of God.

4. So Abraham departed as the Lord had spoken. The significant feature of this verse is that Abram obeyed. Abram was seventy and five years old. His age is given to mark particularly the date of the beginning of his new relation with God.

5. Sarai. There is some doubt as to the meaning of this name. It is probably derived from a root meaning contentious. From the Greek translations of this word we have the modern name Sara. In Gen. 17:15 Sarai is given name, Sarah, which means princess. Lot his brother's son. Compare Gen. 11:27, 28, 31. The text that they had a house for they were tents. That is, their abodes. They are distinguished from their other possessions.

6. And Abram passed through the land. He doubtless did not then recognize it as the land of promise. Sichem. This spelling is derived from the Vulgate. The same Hebrew word is transfigured Sichem in Gen. 13:18 and 19, 20:1. The word translated "plain" is the name of a tree, the oak or rather the terebinth. The last word of this phrase is a common noun. Teacher. Ut omne Theou erit docens. The reference is probably to a sacred tree (or perhaps grove) where a soothsayer gave in answer to a question. And came near unto the land. This sentence is probably added to show that the land was already occupied and not at the disposal of any newcomer. From the word then it is to be inferred with probability that God had disposed at the time this narrative was written.

7. And the Lord appeared unto Abram. If we pass over ch. 3 as inordinate in regard to the actual visible presence of God, this is the first theophany or appearance of God recorded in the scripture. Here is given to Abram the assurance which was withheld in verse 1— the assurance that this is the Promised Land. And there he built an altar. Evidently as a memorial of the presence of God and of his gracious promise. Abram often changes altars. Compare v. 8, 13, 18, and elsewhere.

8. And he removed from thence. He could not be at present inMeteor, nor in the midst of the Akkerah, nor near the Kerenhaim. He encamped on a mountain with Bethel west of him, that is, toward the sea, and Af in front of him, that is, toward the east. This is the same as saying "in the midst of the land."

And called upon the name of the Lord. This is, "proclaimed the name of Jehovah." This is, perhaps, a reference to public worship.

9. And Abram journeyed, etc. He was doubtless obliged to move his camp in order to find pasturage for his flocks. The word translated "south" means literally "dryness;" and refers to the half-desert district at the extreme south of the land of Canaan.

A MOUNTAIN HOME.

BY J. P. PHILLIPS.

The house is small, unpainted, windowless andStarting on the mountain side in a cleared space where in this "land of the sky" the sun can shine upon it without let or hindrance from the loftiest pines. One might easily pass it by when on his walks with a mere glance, but in so doing would miss one of the most interesting, most "finds" to the tourist in all this region, for it is the home of old Mrs. H., familiarly known as the "kissing woman," because she uses this primitive mode of greeting and parting to all who call, willy-nilly on their part.

She was alone when she was called and an effusive welcome was given with an urgent invitation to come in and sit. The place was clean and orderly, a door stood wide open, though it was in February, admitting light, and wood was burning in the chimney fire-place. When asked her age she replied that on next July 10 she would be 103 years old. To further inquire her story of life, which was one of the "short and simple annals of the poor." She was born within a few miles of her present home and had never been but a short distance away from it. She had never been on a railroad train or the"vagabond," the "knight of the plains," and thought it was "the old fellow," not the "Lord coming to carry her home." Her life had been one of privations and hard work, "a poor white;" but there were no complaints upon that account, while she displayed amazingly her wide acquaintance with the world, and her story of life was an illustration of the truth that she was a lady, a bright, a good scholar, taught school, but went away years ago, never to return, nor had she heard from him; but he remained to her precious memory.

When a young woman she made a profession of faith, and was married to her husband who was a carpenter, and they went down into Egypt. But in Sept. at Harmon, etc. They were both in the vicinity of a beautiful boy, her son Tom, who was bright, a good scholar, taught school, but went away years ago, never to return, nor had she heard from him; but he remained to her precious memory.

Her piety is of a plain and simple sort. "I say," she said, "a great deal, first one thing and then another, such as 'Jesus my all to heaven has gone,' for I used to be in the choir, and when you sing such hymns the devil won't do anything; yet I hear voice even now is clear, strong and musical. "You must wish and pray good for yourself," she remarked, "or how can you do it to others; we must love them as ourselves." If we do that the Marster," or "old Marster," will do good to us. We can't be the Lord or Father, and I could but feel that this was an echo coming down from the former slavery times.

When heaven was suggested to her as the home to which she was going, her face lighted up and in an animated manner she told of having a sight of it once, "and they were eating;" outing the action to the word, she showed how they ate with a relish and snacking of the lips, "and all had a plenty." I asked if there was music. "No," said, "I didn't hear any, they were eating." Seldom offering excuses of such pathetic and expressive of what the life had been, one of toil and struggle primarily for food; and to her the vision of the heavenly home was not beauty or music, not rest or companionship, but food enough to eat. I came away with the words of the uncended Lord singing in my heart a lesson such as I had never before been taught by them: "They shall hunger no more . . . for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The life seemed to be little more than mere existence passed during so many years within such narrow limits, knowing so little of the beautiful world God has made for us, so little of what men have thought, done and experienced; and yet it is possible that in the measure of her privileges she may have done more wisely than many with greater opportunities. All this, her ownidea, and just what the Lord is now doing, understanding, the beginning of which is the fear of the Lord.

There is still a possibility, worthy of honest and reverent consideration, that one may gain much of the world, see widely its kind, differ in their glory and in their own soul. The short visit was a sort of spiritual tonic suggesting at once lessons of thankfulness, contentment and sympathy. The Standard.
MARRIAGES.

BACON—NAME. At the home of the bride's parents, Brookfield, N. Y., April 5, 1901, Mr. Bert Eldon Bacon, South Hampton, N. Y., and Miss Mabel Emma Miller. MilliK-—JONES. At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, BrooKfield, N. Y., April 17, 1901, Mr. Willie Miller and Miss Eunice A. Jones, both of Bridgewater, Conn. DAVES-GERSMAN. At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Brookfield, N. Y., April 24, 1901, Mr. Arthur David Davis and Miss Ida Gersemann, all of Brookfield, N. Y. GREENE—CAMPBELL. In Milton, Wis., June 20, 1901, by Rev. L. E. Platte, D. D., Mr. Harley Greene, of Northwestern, Wis., and Miss Ethel S. Campbell of Milton.

DEATHS.

Not upon us to save the souls of men, but to announce their death.

The good die first.

God calleth some to be called, but he calleth not all.

What he has given, he will take away. They are not so much lost as truly lost in his heaven. —Whittier.

May.—At his home in Brookfield, N. Y., April 5, 1901, Mr. Henry A. Main.

He was born Sept. 6, 1812, and was the eldest of six children of Ephraim and Sophia Parks Main. He became a Christian in early life, uniting with the First-day Baptist Church of the same place, and soon became a Sabbath-day identifies himself with the cause of the Seventh-day Adventists. A life-long friend characterizes him as "in Institutions of importance." He was captain of the "Troopers" in the civil war, and was brave, not only in battle, but in the great moral reform which came into prominence during his early life. The last year of his life was spent in total blindness. He endured patiently this affliction, and died triumphantly in the faith of Jesus Christ. His wife, and daughter, Mrs. Mandana Maxwell, survived him to mourn his loss. The funeral was conducted at the church by the writer.

T. V. J.

FLINT—Minnie Lewis Flint, daughter of Charles and Rebecca Flint of Westmore, N. Y., Sept. 1869, and died at her home near Westmore, May 18, 1901.

She was baptized by H. B. Lewis when quite young, and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Dolgate, N. Y., at a faithful service held under the Master called her home. She was married to Melvin Flint, September, 1891, and was a loving, devoted wife, a kind neighbor and an earnest Christian worker. She leaves a husband and many friends and relatives to mourn her loss.

Bufford.—Daniel Tift Burdick, son of Jeremiah and Susa Tift Burdick, of Wellsboro, N. Y., died Nov. 2, 1822, and died at Alfred Station, N. Y., July 2, 1901.

His parents moved from Rhode Island into New York State when he was in early childhood, and most of his boyhood days were spent on a farm in Hartville, N. Y. He was the fifth of a family of seven children, all born into labor from birth. In 1850 he was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Wood, of Alfred, who now survives him after a happy life union of more than fifty years, and with their eight grown children and a large circle of kindred and friends are left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband, father and friend. As a sincere believer in Christ, he united in early life with the church and received into the First Seventh-day Baptist church of Alfred, N. Y.; and in 1847, when the Seventh-day Baptist church of Hartville was organized, he became one of its constituent members. He was a man of thought, independent of opinion and judgment, and loyal to his convictions of truth and duty. He was a careful and constant reader of the Bible, and his life was a beautiful expression of a home of prayer and of grateful expression of thankfulness to God for the blessing daily bestowed.

"... The mind and soul of a man? It seems natural as to be born.

W. B.

Wilson.—William Wilson was born in Lienah, Ireland, Dec. 6, 1817, and died June 17, 1901, at South Plymouth, N. Y., aged 83 years, 9 months and 4 days.

He came to America in 1858, working as a farm hand until 1892, when he enlisted as private in Co. K, 1st N. Y. S. Y. He served three years. In the desperate struggle at Shiloh, Gen. Grant, he was taken prisoner and held at Mansfield, Texas, six months and one-half months. He was married to Ann Brown Nov. 20, 1870, by whom he had a family of four children. Four years in England, he leaves a wife, one son and an adopted daughter whom he loved and was interested in for the very last, and who move to his death as an own father. A brother and sisters also survive him.

The Norwich Seventh-day Baptist church one year after it was organized in his house, and the meetings were held there many years. Only two members now remain. He was a liberal and patriotic man, and his death was a blessed victory.

May 20th, 1869, and died at the residence of his son, W. H. Barber, Jamestown, B. I., April 20, aged 84 years, 8 months and 21 days. He was preserved to a full performance of duty, and at 98 years was laid to rest at Almanda, N. Y.

Sister Barber was one of the constituent members of the Greenstreet Seventh-day Baptist church, and was loyal to her faith all her life. She was a true, consistent and Christian woman, and faithfully and lovingly performed the duties and duties of the position of wife, mother, and member of society. She leaves two sons, Dr. E. H. Barber of Westerly, R. I., and W. H. Barber of Jamestown, B. I.

Green.—At North Loop, N. Y., May 29, 1901, after weeks of great suffering, Mary Arminda Green, daughter of John Russell and Mary Ann Maxson, Jackson, N. Y.

Sister Green was born at Walton, Wis., June 13, 1854. In 1864 she moved with her parents to Dodge Centre, Minn. In 1866 she moved to Carleton, Minn. While living here she professed faith in Christ, and was baptized by Rev. D. P. Curtis and united with the Carleton Seventh-day Baptist church April 18, 1871. She was married to Mr. Green Dec. 24, 1874. She with her husband moved to North Loop, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1878. She transferred her membership to the North Loop church Oct. 8, 1889, since which time she has resided in the Mother of the Family. The tides were not to the hand of death and she was called home to the church triumphant. Sister Green was possessed of a cheerful disposition and seemed to be always looking for a chance to make others happy. She leaves a husband, brothers and friends who feel deeply their loss.

R. A. W.

Palmer.—At the home of her sister, at Onedia, N. Y., on May 10, 1901, Mrs. Harriet E. Palmer. She was born March 22nd, 1824.

She was a faithful and earnest member of the Second Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist church. Although for a number of years she was deprived of Sabbath privileges, she has never ceased to show the faith she loved. She was a sufferer for several years, but her last illness was brief. The funeral services, conducted by Rev. J. M. Burton and Mr. Paul Turley, which will be held at the home of her sister, Mrs. Sarah Stafford, at Brookfield, N. Y., and she was laid to rest in the Brookfield cemetery.

T. J.

Palmer.—At Onedia, N. Y., on July 2, 1901, Edmund L. Palmer, aged 77 years.

Mr. Palmer was born in Brookfield, N. Y., March 4, 1821. On May 27, 1841, he came to Brookfield to accept the pastorate of the Baptist church at that place, and on July 5, six weeks later, he was laid to rest in the Brookfield cemetery. Two sons and a daughter are left to mourn their double loss.

T. J.

Literary Notes.

Max Adeler's New Stories.

Twenty-five years ago, when "Elohim Room" and "The White Horse and Grey Hitch," were the successes of the day, Max Adeler suddenly ceased writing. For a quarter of a century he was proof against the blandishments of editors, but within a few weeks he has completed a new series of humorous stories which show him at his best.

Tales of Old Turley, which will appear in early numbers of the Sabbath Evening Post, are wonderfully droll stories of the quaint characters in an old-fashioned country town before the war.

Turley.—In the office of Wm. B. Stafford, of Denmark, N. Y., a few weeks he has been laid to rest.

The funeral was conducted at the church by the writer.

T. V. J.

May 15: 20. V. J.

Flint.—Minnie Lewis Flint, daughter of Charles and Rebecca Flint, of Westmore, N. Y., Sept. 1869, and died at her home near Westmore, May 18, 1901.

She was baptized by H. B. Lewis when quite young, and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Dolgate, N. Y., at a faithful service held under the Master called her home. She was married to Melvin Flint, September, 1891, and was a loving, devoted wife, a kind neighbor and an earnest Christian worker. She leaves a husband and many friends and relatives to mourn her loss.

Burrows.—Daniel Tift Burdick, son of Jeremiah and Susan Tift Burdick, of Wellsboro, N. Y., died Nov. 2, 1822, and died at Alfred Station, N. Y., July 2, 1901.

His parents moved from Rhode Island into New York State when he was in early childhood, and most of his boyhood days were spent on a farm in Hartville, N. Y. He was the fifth of a family of seven children, all born into labor from birth. In 1850 he was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Wood, of Alfred, who now survives him after a happy life union of more than fifty years, and with their eight grown children and a large circle of kindred and friends are left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband, father and friend. As a sincere believer in Christ, he united in early life with the church and received into the First Seventh-day Baptist church of Alfred, N. Y.; and in 1847, when the Seventh-day Baptist church of Hartville was organized, he became one of its constituent members. He was a man of thought, independent of opinion and judgment, and loyal to his convictions of truth and duty. He was a careful and constant reader of the Bible, and his life was a beautiful expression of a home of prayer and of grateful expression of thankfulness to God for the blessing daily bestowed.

"... The mind and soul of a man? It seems natural as to be born.

W. B.

Wilson.—William Wilson was born in Lienah, Ireland, Dec. 6, 1817, and died June 17, 1901, at South Plymouth, N. Y., aged 83 years, 9 months and 4 days.

He came to America in 1858, working as a farm hand until 1892, when he enlisted as private in Co. K, 1st N. Y. S. Y. He served three years. In the desperate struggle at Shiloh, Gen. Grant, he was taken prisoner and held at Mansfield, Texas, six months and one-half months. He was married to Ann Brown Nov. 20, 1870, by whom he had a family of four children. Four years in England, he leaves a wife, one son and an adopted daughter whom he loved and was interested in for the very last, and who move to his death as an own father. A brother and sister also survive him.
ALFRED UNIVERSITY

One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund

Alfred University will celebrate its Centennial in 1906. The Trustees expect that the Endowment and Property will reach a Million Dollars by that time. To help in making this Endowment, a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund is already started. It is a popular subscription to be made up of many small gifts, each of which will be kept in trust and only be used by the University. The Trustees issue to each subscriber a certificate signed by the President and Treasurer of the University certifying that the person is a contributor to this fund. The names of subscribers are published in this column from week to week, as the subscriptions are received by W. H. Crandall, Treasurer, Alfred, N. Y.

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

Proposed Centennial Fund ........... $100,000.00
Amount needed, June 1, 1899. .......... $98,698.00
Amount needed, June 1, 1895. ..., $97,822.00

125x655'cHE STATES

Amount needed to complete fund ...........

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Amount needed, June 1, 1895. ........ $97,822.00

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