The True Bread.

RELIGION is the Bread of Life. I wish we better appreciated the force of this expression. I remember what bread was to me when I was a boy. I could not wait until I was dressed in the morning, but ran and cut a slice from the loaf—all the way round, too—to keep me until breakfast; and at breakfast, if diligence in eating earned wages, I should have been well paid. And then I could not wait for dinner, but ate again, and then at dinner; and I had to eat again before tea, and at tea, and lucky if I didn't eat again after that. It was bread, bread, all the time with me, bread that I lived on and got strength from. Just so religion is the bread of life; but you make it cake—you put it away in your cupboard and never use it but when you have company. You cut it into small pieces and put it on china plates and pass it daintily round instead of treating it as bread; common, hearty bread, to be used every hour.—H. W. Beecher.
It is a passing of the divine nature, this birth from above, of which Christ taught Nicodemus, that makes possible those rare experiences through which great thoughts come. They set all life leaping onward. Through such experience, such unfolding visions, we catch glimpses of the glorious future awaiting us. Such experiences are big with destiny, and no soul with strong trustfulness in God can ever go back. They are prophetic of a higher hope. That England should thus supplement the efforts already made by our own government for amicable adjustment of the matter, is additional proof that the era of good feeling between the two great English-speaking nations is not only well begun, but is likely to continue. So may it be.

We have seen delicious oranges growing from branches grafted upon the stem of the bitter, natural fruit which grows in the swamps of Florida. So the lower side of our party was interested when the higher, divine life was grafted upon it, is made to yield richest and best of fruitage. But this must come through a genuine ingrafting of the divine life. Theorizing concerning better things does not make men essentially better. Seeking to uplift one’s self through culture is a useless effort if something more than culture from without be not added. The secret of all true success in human life is found in the transforming power of the divine presence unfold­ing in the best things. The glory of life springs from the conscious possession of an infinite capacity to attain better things, and to become what God requires of us. Nothing good is impossible to the man whose conception of life and destiny are God-breathed and who gladly yields obedience to the demands of truth.

LOCAL ATTRACTIONS AT CONFERENCE.

In addition to the higher interests connected with Conference there are certain local interests and attractions which may be justly considered in connection with the reasons for attending the Anniversaries. Considering the location where Conference is about to be held, several points may well claim attention. Alfred is located on the water-shed between those streams which flow to the Atlantic eastward and those which reach the Gulf southwestward. The elevation is such as to give a fine summer climate, the nights usually being cool and favorable for rest. The village is situated at the junction of two or three valleys, and the surrounding hill country presents fine scenery and attractive points to which one may walk.
or ride. Those interested in the matters connected with education and those desiring to make inquiries concerning courses of study, will find their inquiry ready to answer questions, give full information and open its doors. To those interested in Archaeology, that beautiful monument to the memory of President Allen, the Steinheim, now so ably presided over by Prof. Chandlall, will offer full opportunities to study and more store of rich information. It is also the tomb in which the ashes of its distinguished builder rest. The Library, located in Memorial Hall, with its rich treasures of literature covering the remote past as well as modern times, will enable those who so desire to secure facts, consult rare volumes, and fill up note books with important matter for future use. The school of Clay Working and Ceramics with its new and commodious building just dedicated, and its large and vigorous summer school, will add double interest because it is the second of the kind in the United States, and promises to open up a new and important field of manual labor, and of educational interests. All these items, with others which we have not time to note, present legitimate and attractive reasons for attending the coming Anniversaries.

The Twentieth Century New Testament in Galilee

Two volumes of this publication have appeared under the imprint of Fleming H. Revell Co. The purpose of the translation is to present the New Testament in the familiar English of to-day. While it varies in forms of expression, there is no effort to secure a difference set forth in the authorized translation of 1611 A. D. We think every Bible student will find abundant and helpful suggestions by studying the volumes under consideration. The following from the character of the translation.

The Good News According to Mark.

I.—The Epiphany

The beginning of the Good News about Jesus Christ.

It is in the Prologue of Isaiah.

"Behold! I send my messenger before thee; He shall prepare the way;"—Make ready the way of the Lord, Make straight his paths."

It was in fulfillment of this that John the Baptist appeared in the desert, proclaiming a baptism upon repentance for forgiveness of sins. All Judea, and all those that were about it, came and were baptized by John in the Jordan. Just as soon as they were baptized, the Spirit of God descended upon him and a voice from heaven said, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."—The Voice of One Loosely Crying in the Desert. Let us go away from the town over, near that I may preach in them;" (Mark 1:1–11)

II.—The Work in Galilee

About that time Jesus came from Nazareth in Galilee, and was baptized by John in the Jordan. Just as soon as he was baptized, he saw the Holy Spirit descending as a dove and alighting upon him. Immediately afterwards the Spirit impelled Jesus to go into the desert; and he was there in the desert forty days, tempted by Satan, and among wild beasts, while angels attended on him. After John had been given into custody, Jesus went to Galilee, the News of God.

The time has come, and the Kingdom of God is close at hand; repent and believe the Good News...

One day, as Jesus was going along by the Lake of Galilee, he saw Simon and his brother Andrew, who were fishermen, casting a net into the lake. "Come and follow me," Jesus said, "and I will make you fishers of men." They left their nets at once and followed him. Going on a little further, he saw James, Zebediah's son, and his brother John, and in the boat mending their nets. Jesus at once called them, and they left their father Zebediah in the boat with the crew, and went after him. Then they walked on into Capernaum. On the very first Sabbath Jesus went into the Synagogue and began to teach. There was great wonder at his teaching, for he was teaching them like one who had authority, and not like the Rabbis. Now just then there was in the Synagogue a man under the power of a wicked spirit, who cried out: "What do you want with us, Jesus of Nazareth? Have you come to destroy us? I know who you are—the Holy One of God."—The Spirit Impelled Jesus to Enter the Synagogue.

"Silence! come out of him," he said.

The wicked spirit threw the man into a fit, and with a loud cry came out from him; and everyone was so amazed at it that people kept asking one another:

What does this mean? Strange teaching this! He gives orders with authority even to the wicked spirits, and they obey him."

And the fame of Jesus extended at once in all directions, through the whole neighborhood of Galilee. As soon as they heard of him, they spread the news, and people came from Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about. And they came to him, and as much as they desired to hear, he taught them.

There is an old Roman Catholic legend which says that a poor mountebank, who was far from being a saint, being tired of travel and rough ways, entered a cloister and sought to become one with the monks. He knew nothing of religious forms and ceremonies, nothing of prayers and chanting, nor of such methods of worship as the monks used in chapel in the cellar of the cloister, and drove out evil spirits; but these are not essential to the matters under consideration.

Serve With What You Have

There is an old Roman Catholic legend which says that a poor mountebank, who was far from being a saint, being tired of travel and rough ways, entered a cloister and sought to become one with the monks. He knew nothing of religious forms and ceremonies, nothing of prayers and chanting, nor of such methods of worship as the monks used in chapel in the cellar of the cloister, and drove out evil spirits; but these are not essential to the matters under consideration.

I shall arrive.

We have often spoken of the practical value of faith in the future life. Everything in this world is incomplete, and one longs for a larger life beyond; there is so much that cannot be finished here that a future life is not only a demand of logic, but a necessary part of human experience. This life is not only shadowed, but darkly shut in by uncertainties and failures, if it be not a part of a larger life looking far beyond. Without the expectation of something better and better, hopelessness would be the substance of our present existence.

The mission of sorrow and disappointment, their deeper meaning and higher purposes, would be lost without a future life with its compensations. This truth is set forth in many ways by Robert Browning; in no other words, perhaps, more beautifully and powerfully than in the following, which indicates how faith in the future life holds us to high endeavor and noble purposes:

"I go to prove my soul! I see my way as birds their trackless way, I seek my road! What time the circuit, I ask not; but unless God send his hail or blinding fireballs, sleet or snow, in some time, in God's own good time I shall arrive."

We rejoice in the hope that each one who may read these lines will be able to make Browning's words his own and to say in truth:

"I see my way as birds their trackless way, I shall arrive."

The soul that can say this is doubly armed against what the world calls misfortune, and doubly strong through what the world calls failure. Blessed, indeed, is that faith, which, in spite of blinding fireballs, sleet or snow, can yet say, "In God's own good time I shall arrive."

Be Just Towards Your Child.

It was a hot day and the railroad coach was crowded. A young mother was there with a little girl, perhaps two years old. The child was fretful. It had every reason for being so. The mother was as fretful as the child. She had less reason for being so, because of her age and experience, if nothing more. She seemed not to notice the child when she ought to have soothed it. That instance illustrates a large number of cases in which children are wronged, condemned and punished for doing what they should do, and which the parent or teacher who has them in charge acts as abnormally as the child does. In all cases the treatment of a child should be governed by an intelligent and sympathetic view of the situation from the child's standpoint. Usually that feature of the case is ignored. Parents and teachers are likely to say, "This is my will concerning the child, and the child must obey." Such decision is only part of the truth. The parents' will and judgment often must be the final arbiter in the treatment of the child, but often it is not judgment nor wisdom that governs the decision of the parent or teacher.

Each child must be treated from his own standpoint and in the light of his own peculiarities and surroundings. No "general rules" for the conduct of children are applicable in every case. The parent is likely to treat the child—especially if excited or irritated—according to his own peculiarities. When, with cool judgment and judicial appreciation, he ought to treat the child in view of the child's peculiarities and surroundings. There is danger, also, that the parent will
begin treatment because he has decided beforehand that the child is in a certain mood or governed by certain motives. He will often say, “that child is lazy,” and from such a standpoint will condemn or punish, when there is no real cause for his foregone conclusion. It is enough for the present to warn both teachers and parents against the injustice and the serious results that are likely to follow when the rights of the child and the consideration of his treatment in the light of his own tendencies and surrounding conditions are disregarded. Questions of much less importance than the treatment of children are studied carefully and well before words are spoken or actions determined upon; while, too often, in the treatment of children—one of the most important questions that can come to parents or teacher—haste and lack of judicial consideration are the leading elements in the case. Through such mistakes and injustices, there is no wonder that children often go wrong.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

During the week past copious rains have fallen in the corn belt and other sections suffering from the drought throughout the West and South. With the least of this rain, it is probable that the loss in corn and in farming interests generally will be less than has been reported as probable. The Secretary of Agriculture is making careful examination, and expects to be able to give definite information at an early date in August concerning crop prospects in the whole country.

The big steel-workers’ strike, which is directed especially against the United States Steel Corporation, remains unsettled. The storm-center of the strike is at Pittsburgh, Pa. As we go to press the last efforts at amicable settlement seem to have failed, and there is nothing left but to submit or to resort to force. The strike was ill-advised from the first. It began in the interest of leaders with personal ends to serve, rather than in any just grievance on the part of the workmen.

The official reports indicate that the last month has been the hottest July known in the city of New York. The United States Weather Bureau has a record of the temperature in that city for the last thirty-one years, and nothing equals the July of 1901. We think the same is true of the country in general. Local storms of rain and lightning have been severe in various places during the week past.

Matters in Cuba and Porto Rico are settling down, and a strong sentiment is developing in Cuba in favor of American influence and methods. The proclamation announcing free trade for Porto Rico, and the progress of the Constitutionalist Convention work in Cuba, increase the tendency toward quiet and continued improvement.

Hostilities, in the nature of a revolution of rather more than ordinary magnitude, have appeared during the week in Venezuela. Political revolutions are almost a normal thing in Central America, but this seems to be of somewhat greater account than the ordinary disturbance, and the United States may be called upon to act as pacificator.

The weather has been more favorable for crop operations throughout the country for the week past. At the present writing cooler weather is still in sight.

The speculation in corn, which has been so marked in Chicago for some time, resulted in the failure of the George G. Phillips Company on August 1. This company has been leading the market in corn speculation, and it is claimed that imperfect book-keeping has committed the firm to losses amounting to $1,000,000. It has been sought to secure a profit of twenty cents a bushel on 15,000,000 bushels of corn, and realized only six cents.

PURITAN PREACHING AND ITS RESULTS.

A number of our contemporaries are just now busy searching for the “missing note” in modern preaching, somewhat mistakenly comparing it with the conditions of Puritan times. Naturally such writers find a good many missing notes; but how much does that prove? The style and theme of pulpit addresses have both changed; how shall we ascertain which is nearer the ideal? Most assuredly by comparing either with the models of Scripture, not by comparing them with each other. The results of Puritan preaching were not such as to set up the Puritan discourse as a pattern for all times.

In looking at the past, our attention is first called upon by the characteristics of the modern saloon. The saloon is something that has been brought about by the measure of the emancipation of the liquor principle. It was embodied in the Graham law, which was repealed before it had had a fair trial. She could prove who sold her husband the liquor. This principle was embodied in the law, but, as we remember the case, the law did not produce certainly did not prevent suicide. The broad principle that a man is responsible for the discourses of to-day will be compelled to quit his so-called business by being compelled by the law to make compensation for the damages daily resulting from the ordinary conduct of it.

A case recently came before the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio in which a wife who sold her husband the drink by which he became intoxicated, and in the intoxication committed a crime for which he was sentenced to prison for life. The court, reversing the decision of the lower court, held that under the existing law dealers in intoxicating drinks are responsible in money for the damages done to families by the loss of the support of those who become criminals in the use of drink. In the case referred to it was held that the wife could damage, if she could prove who sold her husband the drink.

This principle embodied in a statute in Ohio years ago, called the Graham law, but, as we remember the case, the law was repealed before it had had a fair trial.

The difficulties of legal control of the drink evil are very great, but vast gain will be made if we shall be able to throw the burden of support of the women and children made helpless by the drunkenness of husbands and fathers upon the shoulders of those who make profit out of the misfortunes and sufferings of the innocent and defenseless.—The Advance.

RAILROAD RATES TO CONFERENCE.

Arrangements are being made by the Committee having this matter in charge which will, doubtless, insure a rate of one fare and one-third for round trip to Alfred and return. Details cannot be published this week, but full instructions will be given in next week’s Recorder.

Will all those expecting to attend Conference kindly notify at once the member of the Committee in their section the route they intend to take, that arrangements can be perfected?

IRA J. ORDWAY.

134 Monroe street,

Chicago, Ill.

D. E. TITUSWORTH,

Plainfield, N. J.

W. H. GRANDALE.

Alfred, N. Y.

Committee on Railroad Fares.
Leah Baxter. If more of us were able to attend these gatherings, I think it would be a source of spiritual advancement and strength.

Four candidates received baptism on the evening of June 2; these two others, who had submitted to this ordinance, were given the right hand of fellowship. On Sabbath-day, July 6, we all went to the river where four more were baptized, three of these were received into the church on the following Sabbath. The church anniversary was not observed on account of the death of Deo, E. S. Ellis.

At the quarterly church-meeting it was decided to accept Pastor Hurley’s resignation, which was presented a few weeks before. We are very sorry to lose him as our pastor, but he feels that God is calling him to other fields of labor. Bro. Joel Tappan was elected to fill the place of deacon made vacant by the death of Bro. Ellis.

The following taken from the Congregationalist is worthy of repetition: “Four cardinal principles. Truths solid and stimulating underlie all effective service. We know a prominent city church which during the past year in its work on these four great foundation principles: the loftiness of the Christian’s calling; the necessity of Bible study; the obligation of church-members to constrain the world to listen to the gospel, and the wisdom of concentrated effort.” One perceives a church with these convictions and it will become a spiritual dynamo. Cor. July 23, 1901.

The Grace of Forgetfulness.

There was once an old woman who continually uttered the counsel: “Count your marbles, dear; count your marbles.”

There is no doubt that her advice was given principally to the women of her acquaintance; for, generally speaking, women are usually addicted to remembering much that they should forget, and, likewise, forgetting that which it would be far wiser to remember. Just why this is so it would be, perhaps, difficult to explain; but this can perhaps, be explained in part by the fact that women are less emphatic than they cannot be demonstrated.

Excellent as was the advice of this old woman who lived so long ago, it is of moreavail now than it may have been then, for life has grown fuller with the years.

Too often in these hurrying days do we add up the column where we have made record of disappointment, of unfulfilled wishes, and of unsatisfied desires, forgetting, as we do, the twin-column of blessings and mercies for which we are beholding.

Be the sum of this gracious column great or small, it will at all times exceed our expectations. Mercy and pleasure and happiness are shy, and have a way of appearing under various disguises, sometimes that of pain or sorrow, just as a great snowshoe infrequently wears the guise of defeat.

It is just as important to happiness that the vexations and troubles of life should be forgotten. The grace of forgetfulness is one that must be cultivated, and when acquired, gives the finishing touch to a character inspired and beautified by cheerfulness and gratitude to God.—Ledges Monthly.

I am so much a utilitarian that I prefer the useful to the useless.—Sir W. Hamilton.
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

[Vol. LVII. No. 31.

Missions.

By O. W. Whurrman, Cor. Secretary, Western, R.I.

In the Sabbath-school lesson of Sabbath, July 27, we had the two-fold promise of God to Abraham: 1. "I will make thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great." 2. And thou shalt be a blessing. God fulfilled his promise. Abram, afterward called Abraham, became the father of a great nation; and he was given lands, men, servants, gold, silver, wealth. He was made also a great blessing to all nations and is even such today, for through him was the ministration of grace, and through him came the promised Messiah, the Saviour of the world. But which was the greater blessing, to be blessed or to be a blessing to others? Our Saviour said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." How ready and glad men are to receive gifts, blessings and rewards; but they would have a higher joy and gladness if they would give of themselves and that they may be able and moldable culture will not make the true man. Character is, very fine weather. Plenty of vegetables and fruits of all kinds. The great need of the world is, to have a higher joy and gladness if they would give of themselves and that they may give to others. In giving to others both the giver and the receiver are greatly blessed. Are you a blessing to others, a blessing in the home, in society, in the church, in the neighborhood where you live, in the world? Mr. C. C. Craft, in commenting on the lesson, says: "There is one thing better than praying to have a blessing, and that is to be a blessing. He who seeks not spiritual enjoyment for himself, but the good of others, is the very one who is most sure to be blessed."

Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts, said to a graduating class of some college this year: "The joy of living is not making a living, that is making a life." True, noble, Christian manhood or womanhood is the ultimate of this life. Some young men and women have no higher idea of education than as a means to obtain bread and butter, and make money. Some are in such haste to enter business and make a fortune that they do not give themselves an adequate education and training for business. They enter into it at a disadvantage and are outstripped in the race by better trained men. The great majority of our young people enter upon life's work with no better education than the common or high school gives them. Such schools have risen to such a grade that they are sending out better scholars and trained young people than they did, and hence are a greater blessing in the different avocations of life. Young people should give themselves a liberal education as a foundation for their life-work. Society, the church, the state, business, the professions, the age in which they will live and act, all demand it. They should be qualified to meet the demands that mental and physical training without heart culture will not make the true man. Character, manhood, noble, true, pure and Christian, should be the highest product of the college, university or professional school. So the spirit of man and the practice of our fast age and fast life, so much of impurity, immorality and dissipation is creeping into our larger and richer institutions of learning, so much of the follies of wealth so dominate them that they are becoming unsafe places to our young men and women, in the impressionable and moldable period of life, and especially when parents regard character, manhood, womanhood to be of the highest importance in life. We have many and great reasons to hold that our small colleges, struggling for existence, are sending out into the world more men in the broadest and truest meaning of the term, and on the whole the best scholar-men who are taking the lead making the world better for their living in it.

FROM F. J. BAKER.

Through the goodness of my Heavenly Father I have been able to do my work this quarter without any interruption. My health has been very good; my wife not as well. A month ago I made a trip to Breskens, in Zeeland and visited the brethren and sisters who live there and keep the Sabbath. I found fourteen in number, a good, faithful and devoted people, steady and trusting in the Word of God. I spent the Sabbath with them and we had a good time in the Lord with them. From there I took my way to Liege, in Belgium, to visit a brother—a lone Sabbath-keeper. The weather was beautiful. In the morning I had a nice sail on a steamer on the large river until 8 A.M., then took the train for Liege, where I arrived about 4 P.M. It was a long way. Our brother met me at the station, and we were soon at his home. He has kept the Sabbath many years. Formerly there were two more Sabbath-keepers here, but one died and the other left the Sabbath. A few years ago the Seventh-day Adventists commenced to work here, and so he followed them. But after he had found out some of their strange doctrines and errors he left them. I had the blessed opportunity of preaching in the room of a neighbor of his, about fifteen persons were present, some of whom have embraced his own Word. I visited a few people on our way about Christ and the good way. It is much different with the people in Belgium about the knowledge of the principles of Christianity than in my own country. Protestantism is very low here. They are during the quarter to keep up our Sabbath services, the Sabbath-school and other services, and make my weekly round of the steamers and ships distributing tracts and papers—the Boodechappers—to the sailors, crew and emigrants, etc. I was held, 41; visits and calls, 124; letters and communications, 63; tracts distributed in our language, 1,786; Boodechappers, 125 every month—50 sent by port to America. The latest news we have had from our Jacob was May 3; he was out of Durban. We hope he is now safe at Caloto. Last week we had "Oom Paul," the well-known President of Transvaal, in our city. Had a chance of seeing him three times. It was a real holiday over all. He looks like an honorable old patriarch. May God bless him with a long term of this ungodly and cruel war. We are having very fine weather. Plenty of vegetables and fruits of all kinds.

Yours in the blessed truth.

BROUGHTON, Holland, June 30, 1901.

FROM R. S. WILSON.

The last quarter's work has been very interesting in some respects. I have had more calls to different places to preach than I have ever had, and I have visited and preached in some of the most remote places in the town. An invitation to help in a revival meeting in August which I think now I will accept. Have preached twice a month at Attalla, and have visited many places during the quarter. After preaching at Heald school-house, I had an opportunity of having a long talk on the Sabbath question with quite a number of people, who seemed to be very much interested in the subject. Have promised to preach to the ladies of the next Sabbath school of "Old Time Religion." Texts, Eccle. 7: 29 and James 1: 27.

Bro. Willingham, who lived at Sincor, Cullman County, whose wife accepted the Sabbath, has moved to the western part of the county. He has made an appointment for me to preach at Boyd's Institute, near his home. I am mapping out a line of preaching stations on my field. I propose to let every one along the line know of the Sabbath truth, and awaken a good interest. I expect to visit it, God willing, during the month of July. My visit to Aldorn's Chapel in Beaver Valley, 15 miles from here, I think will be the means of opening up a good field for work. I want to attend the South-Western Association next fall, if I can save up enough to meet the expenses of the trip, looking for you to visit this field next fall. Hope you can and hold some meetings in Attalla, and visit with me the whole field. Pray for us and the work here.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN!

This was the solemn phase commonly prefixed in former years to what was called "The last will and testament," of those who, in anticipation of death, would make disposition of their earthly possessions. It was an eminently suitable phrase for such a purpose. It not merely calls God to witness to the solemnity of the transaction, but it seems to take God into the consideration of the distribution to be made of one's property. He is properly recognized as having rights in this property, and as having something to say as to what shall be done with it. In the first place, he gave the abilities to acquire the property. Some men have no gift for acquisitions; they have neither the skill nor foresight to enable them to make and execute plans for gain. They till diligently, and perhaps hopefully, they miss the mark and have to struggle to live, if not to keep from grinding poverty. When the end comes for them they have little or nothing to distribute. But to those who have wealth to dispose of, be it much or little as they may, God has given the favoring opportunity to make this gain. If his hand had not prospered them they would have been as poor as the poorest. They are, therefore, indebted to him for the possession of that which they are to dispose of, and this indebtedness should be recognized, and in His Name the testament be drawn.

But there is a point beyond this. A man who has received under the eye of a successful financier a training which makes him successful when he sets up for himself, while grateful therefore, is under no obligation to hold his property at the disposal of him who gave him the training. But the relation of men to God is different from this. They are not independent owners, but stewards. What have we that we have not received? And what we have thus received belongs not to us as the owner, but to God, who permits us to use it as we will. Yet if any man should give his friend a fortune, indicating at the time that he desires it to be used in a certain way, his wish, in the thought of every high minded person, would constitute an obliga-


**Woman's Work.**

_Mrs. Henry M. Maxon, Editor, Plainfield, N. J._

**THEODOSIUS'S SERVICE.**

_By Mrs. M. M. Clarke._

The gentleman was somewhat disagreeable. He declared that the day had been a very dull one, and that he had resolved to have some pleasant amusement. On God's altar he would be good. No common need of worship could awakene his ardent soul. It was for God's glory though he had a slave of the whole. But while the morning hastened, a novice came to learn. His last will and testament. Her wish he could not spurn, but patiently guided. And trained her trembling hand, unnoticed by the people. His earlier thoughts had planned. Then came a feeble widow, whose son was very ill. And pled for help and comfort. The wet day to fill. So tenderly he soothed her. And to the sick one gave. The cup whose healing potion the failing life might save. And even after vespers, a brother monk had need. Of fine wine to command. His starving soul to feed. Then filled every moment till latest bed-time. And Theodocius humbly laid down, with light of shame. But in the night a Spirit stole to his side, to say, "Turn now, O noble youth, from the path of shame and peril and solitude. You will find this cup of wine is not a to the living."

**NEWS FROM AFRICA.**

_Letters telling of the illness of Mr. and Mrs. Booth have given their friends much uneasiness. We are glad to say, however, that a letter from Mr. Booth-dated May 27th, tells of their restoration to health. Mr. Bakker had not arrived, though they were expecting him at any time."

**TWO FRIENDS.**

_By E. L. M._

Michael Johnson and John Dupee had been friends ever since the day they first met on the lake-shore in the heart of the Adiron­
dack Wilderness. They were young men then. Michael was a strong, young Indian of the St. Francis tribe from Canada and John came of good New Hampshire stock. Impelled by a common purpose, to find a home in the Wilderness, each had made his way through the then unbroken forest to the shores of North Lake. And the last thought of Jesus which he allows me to dispose of for Christ, wish ardently, as he is about to depart from earth and meeting face to face his Father in the beloved home in the Wilderness, each had made his way through the then unbroken forest to the shores of North Lake. Each had helped the other in felling the trees, in clearing the land, and in making the home.

**EVANGELISTIC WORK AT GLEN BEULAH, WIS.**

The work was begun here July 11, by Eld. J. G. Cran dall, of Milton Junction, and the writer. We have been holding meetings in two school-houses near here, since that time. The interest seems to be increasing steadily. Some have already expressed a desire to forsake their sinful ways and turn to the Lord. There are but two Sabbath-keeping families here, but we believe this is a field on which, if properly cultivated, results can be obtained. The people seem ready and anxious to have the gospel presented to them, both in preaching and in song. Because of the plain and striking manner in which Eld. Cran dall presents the truth, we feel that much good will result for us that the meetings here shall close many souls will be born into the kingdom of Christ.

_L. A. MILLAR._

_Glen Beulah, Wis., July 22, 1901._

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**PAN-AMERICAN STAMPS.**

A new series of postage stamps, issued to commemorate the Pan-American Exposition, has been placed on sale at the larger post­offices of the country. It includes six stamps and they are called the most artistic series ever issued by the government. The stamps are of uniform dimensions: .76 by .86 of an inch, the longer side being horizontal. They are of the colors as the regular series of the same denominations. The words, "Commemorative series, 1901," and "United States of America," appear at the top; the legend in a line below the central opening, with the denomination in a line at the bottom. All the lettering is in white. The borders are well separated from the central pictures, and the words of denomination at the
bottom are preceded on the same line by the word "Posting." All the central illustrations are from photographs as the objects represented appear to-day, and are printed in black.

One Cent—Green. A lake steamer presents the port bow, the pilot house is well forward and it is propelled by side wheels.

Two Cent—Red. A train of four cars is drawn by a locomotive with four drivers; four-coiled tracks are shown. This is from a photograph of the famous Empire State Express on the New York Central and was taken when the train was running sixty-four miles an hour.

Four Cent—Red Brown. An automobile of the closed coach order, with two men on the box and a part of the United States Capitol at Washington as a background.

Five Cent—Blue. The steel arch bridge at Niagara Falls, the largest single span steel bridge in the world. Two trolley cars are seen upon it, and a full view of Niagara Falls is shown under, beyond and up the river, with the graceful springing arch as a frame.

Eight Cent—Lilac. The great ship canal locks at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, are given in a view from a higher point, including the immense surge gates.

Ten Cent—Light Brown. An ocean steamship of the American Line, with two smoke stacks and masts, presents its starboard bow lapped by a rising wave. —The World's Events.

PINS.

Queen Catherine obtained pins from France, and, in 1543 an act was passed, "That no person shall put to sale any pins but only such as shall be double headed and have the heads soldered fast to the Shank of the pinnes, well smoothed, the Shank well shapen, the Points well round filed, cauted and sharpened."

At this time most pins were made of brass, but many were also made of iron, with a brass surface. France sent a large number of pins to England until about the year 1626.

In this year John Tilbery started pin-making in Gloucestershire. So successful was his venture that he soon had 1,500 persons working. These pins made at Stroud were held in high repute.

In 1636 pin-makers combined and founded a corporation. The industry was carried on at Bristol and Birmingham, the latter becoming the chief center. In 1775 prizes were offered for the first native-made pins and needles in Carolina, and during the war in 1812 pins fetched enormous prices.

Pins vary from 3/16 inches in length to the small gilt entomologists' pin; 4,600 weighing about an ounce.—Good Words.

More than three hundred children have already joined the Clean City Club, established at Bull House, Chicago. One condition of membership is that each one pledge himself to pick up from the street at least one piece of paper daily. It was calculated that within the first month 150,000 pieces of waste paper were destroyed. The directors are now planning to have this paper as far as possible mixed and sold to the club revenues by selling it. A noticeable difference has already appeared in the cleanliness of the streets where these children live.—New York Tribune.

The secret of influence is will, whether good or bad.—P. W. Robertson.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

THE UNSEEN HAND AT THE THROTTLE.

BY HOMER M. PRICE.

Mineola was the dinner station for train No. 5, and we were strictly on time that day. Mark W. had a good car, in charge of the mail car, and I was his "helper." He was one of the old veterans of the service, and the best man I ever knew. He was slightly lame, caused by a Yankee bullet some thirty years before—rather robust, hair sprinkled with gray. He had never married, never had a home of his own, but was an optimist at all times and under all circumstances. On the present occasion I finished eating before he did, and went up to the engine to get a light for my pipe. Old Ray Ellis was the engineer, and had just finished oiling the machine when I pulled myself up into the cab. As I did so, an old man, stout and dignified looking, came up the side of the train, rather in advance of a kind-faced, gray-haired woman. When near the engine, however, he dropped behind her, and said softly: "Mr. Ellis rather timidly if he was the engineer.

"Yes, madame," he answered, with his greasy cap in his hand, "what can I do for ye?"

The old lady hesitated a moment, and then with a tremble in her voice:

"You can do everything for us, if you will. You see, it's our boy. He is desperately wounded, and the young doctor up at Marlow in the Indian Territory wired us to come and bring the best surgeon in the country or our boy would not live till sundown to-morrow. The conductor says our train does not connect with the Rock Island road at Fort Worth this evening, and that we must lay over there all night."

She hesitated a moment, and old Ray was busily wiping his hands with the waste. He looked up with:

"Yes, mam, we miss 'em 32 minutes. How can I help ye?"

The old mother looked at him yearningly.

"By running fast enough to get there before the Rock Island train leaves. I know you can do it, and will do everything you shall ever have if you will."

She hesitated a moment, and then in a very low voice as if no one was to hear but the old engineer:

"I will pray for you so long as I shall live. Each morning and night I will take your name before the throne and ask for your blessing, who forgot not his mother in the agony of the cross."

Ray Ellis, dusty with the dirt of the road and greasy with the oil of the engine, looked up rather awkwardly:

"Madame, I'm not much on this prayer business myself, but I believe in it. My little girl prayed for me safely over a burning bridge one night, and she wasn't even there. She just walked up at home as the clock was striking two—that was five minutes before we were due at Coldwater bridge—and, feeling I was in great danger, got down on her knees and stayed there until she said the Lord told her I was safe. The bridge fell just as the sleeper cleared it. Now, I just don't see how we can make up this time, but I have somehow got the idea that if you've got your heart full of love for somebody, and there ain't a bit of selfishness in it, that He'll fix the thing up for you. He's got ways of doin' things that we don't know about. We will do our best—you just pray all the time, and, if I get a chance to run, just confine yourself to askin' Him to let us keep the track, and me and old '46' will do the rest."

The conductor was signaling to start, and Ellis was just jumping off the engine as Ray continued:

"Go on back in the train, and, remember, never let up on the Lord—just hang to him. But how about the surgeon you was goin' to take?"

The old father looked up at this question with a face of firmness and tenderness, and answered:

"I am a surgeon. I know how my boy is wounded, and can save his life, if I can get there in time, as sure as my name is Nelson."

After the train started and Mark Winstone and I had worked up our mail, I told him of the little incident. He was greatly interested, and, when I had finished, asked if I knew their names.

"Why, the old man said his name was Nelson."

"What," said Mark. "I knew I had seen that man before as I saw him pass the mail car door. He was our surgeon in the army, and sewed up this cheek at Chickamauga, and set this old broken leg at Resaca. He was the finest surgeon in the world, we thought, and, with it all, tender as a woman. I must go back and see them. Can you keep up the run? and how much money have you got?"

I knew what Mark had in his mind by the last question, but I doubted our having enough to get the road to vary its schedule. Our train must wait for certain connections at Dallas, and as Fort Worth was only thirty miles further on I didn't see any chance. Ray Ellis might be able at Dallas to get an order to run, regardless of schedule, to Fort Worth, by which he couldn't make up the time. Fort Worth was the terminal of the Rock Island, and, of course, the train would leave on time. I had been on this run for a year, and had never yet seen that train upon our arrival.

When Mark returned to the mail car through the vestibuled train we were nearing Dallas. All through the afternoon I had kept up the run, and when I had finished, I asked if he saw any chance. Ray Ellis knew he was late over this part of the road. Twice I had seen him at the telegraph offices when the train would stop, and, at Terrell, I thought he got a message, but when I looked in his face I saw he considered the case hopeless.

"Well," I said, and awaited his answer. "Here's a telegram," he said, handing me the message. It read:

"Winston, Postal Clerk on Train 5: Cannot accept your money. Previous arrangements made. Campbell, Supt."

"Well, that settles it," I said, handing back the paper.

"No, it don't settle it by a darn sight," said Winston. "The little mother has appealed the case to a higher power than railroad superintendents, and she'll reverse the decision. I don't know how, but I believe it."

At Dallas we were busy loading and unloading the mail when old Ray Ellis came rushing out of the dispatcher's office like mad. His face was flushed and his eyes dancing, as he handed his order to Mark:

"Read that quick.""

Winston's voice trembled as he read aloud:

"On account of wedding party Rock Island train 2 will be held twenty minutes, and train 5 will run regardless of time car, Dallas to Fort Worth, in order to make connections."
And so the decision of the “lower court” was only misunderstood. The “previous arrangement” was the wedding party now getting on our train. And, my little lady, clinging to your young husband, did the higher court say if he and all your servants were present when they are rendered—did that tribunal, in sweetest subtleness, help you to select this for the day of your happiness? That court, my dear, knows all things, and mayhap there is another reason than your pleasure that that train shall run a little ahead and lurch and plunge. As a train races past the other train on these Texas prairies has done before. For the fireman is now, as we wait for the leaving time, shoveling coal into the fire box; and old Ray Ellis, flushed and excited, never yet poured so much oil in a cup of bearing. The schedule is fast to start with, but we will make up the twelve minutes even if the goal is only thirty miles away. The conductor signals, and slowly we move through the city. The safety valve on the engine cracks, the steam rises, and the steam ready for the race. Does the little mother know? Or has her faith been true so that she has known all the time? Mark Winstan says so.

But ah! there is trouble ahead, for just as we are leaving the city, here is an old freight car off the track ahead of us at the corner. They are working manfully to get it on again, but minutes mean life and death now. Five minutes gone—ten, and still the car is not on the track. Our engineer has gone ahead now to help them, and we hear his voice ordering the car overturned, and that Ray Ellis will be responsible. A crash—the grinding of timbers, and the car is hurled down the embankment. Our bell is ringing, and old Ray, pale now and nervous, is in the cab.

You can’t make it, old man. There are some things that love and bravery can’t do. The Rock Island won’t wait but the twenty minutes, and you know it. Will you try it?

Well, you needn’t throw everybody off their feet about it. Ah! you were too fast, for the wheels are slipping. Ease up a little. There, that’s better. See those sparks shooting two hundred feet high, straight up. Well, little irede, go on, and though you may live long and go on many a journey, you will never go so fast again; but, know this, the man at the throttle is not thinking of you or your happiness. If you were in the car in front of you, you could see a little woman in the corner of the coach with lips moving and eyes uplifted—and, if you knew her thoughts, you would understand.

The old train is beginning to swing and surge, and through the purpling, fading twilit objects dash by us like ghosts. We are tip-grazing good forty miles an hour; but it can’t be done, Ray. Give up old man, you would make it, if it were possible, but no need to try the impossible. Besides, it’s dangerous—such speed as this—and certainly you are going to shut off steam down there. If you want a job, you would think of working steam down such a hill as this.

Chu! Chu! Chu!! Chu!!! That don’t sound like shutting off much, does it? Look at those telegraph poles, like pickets on a fence! And the people in the city don’t see them in time. But we are under pressure. They see the fire box in the palms before? See? Before? That old man with his hand on his eyes, looking in wonderment. That old dog there has kept up with many a train for two hundred yards, but, Towser, you can’t do it to-night.

suddenly grown old and stiff, or did never a train run like this one? Get up, Mark Winston, and be careful when you strike the next reverse curve. We are almost half way, and, although the speed is terrific, only one-third of the time has been made up, and should some one flag us at Arlington, the race is wholly lost. Is there the signal now for that station. Please God that no one wants to go to Fort Worth this night! There is no shackling of the speed, but there is a light to stop. No, it’s not so on the main crane. Square yourself for that catch, Mark, and be careful. Ah! you made it. But let the mail go, and let’s watch this run. Hear that switch rattle as we go over, and see that lantern with the green light. Ray, sound your whistle loud and long for the country road crossings, and be sure you give the belated farm wagons plenty of time to get out of the way. You have the case with you, Ray Ellis—not with him alone, eh Mark? Well, pray little mother that we may bug the rails, the speed is sufficient. Now we are going up the last grade, and the exhaust from the engine is like clockwork, Up! Up! Up!!! Up!!! up!!! to the summit. See the lights of the city. Now the plunge down to Handley Creek. Down! Down! Do you want to blow it so that all may know we are coming. A moment and we are lost. Put command, and love, and entreaty in its rhythmical sound, that he that hears will of her illustrious son. At the switch rattle, the car off the track ahead of the other train on the same line. The signals, and old Ray Ellis, flushed and ex-Burns, and the car is hurled down the embankment. Our bell is ringing, and old Ray, pale now and nervous, is in the cab.

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Young People's Work.

LESTER C. RANDOLPH, Editor, Alfred, N. Y.

The man who preaches nothing better than he practices, preaches little worth practicing. He whose ideals are not ahead of him will never get anywhere.

I watched the muddy Hudson sink and swell in angry waves past the plowing ferry-boat, and, strange to say, the sight filled me with an exhilarating joy. God has planted in our breasts the genius for struggle and victory. Difficulties do but stimulate the healthy man. His normal state is not idleness, but achievement.

The small sons of a minister were sprouting potatoes from the family bin. They put the rotten ones in one pile, and said, "They love Satan." They put the good potatoes in another pile, and said, "They love Jesus." The homiletic habit is formed early, and that great division—the good from the bad—soon impresses itself upon the human soul.

A BAPTIST minister dropped into the service last Sabbath afternoon. The sermon, being in the interest of our own schools, and the ministerial training school in particular, contained some rather positive denominational passages. Not knowing whether such strong meat would be to his liking, we asked him some questions afterward. "O, that's all right," he said. "After hearing Doctor Lewis, I can stand anything." For which compliment the Doctor will, no doubt, be duly grateful.

The direct adaptation of education to the end in view is one of the wise movements of modern progress. But we are in danger of overdoing the matter and forgetting the higher education which makes for character, culture and Christian power. God grant that our new methods shall give us something better than doctors and engineers and stenographers. As much as we learn about nerve, more than ever before—we need men and women of strength, breadth and vision.

You will probably hear of it anyway, if you are near the boys of Alfred Quartet No. 1; so you may as well have the story told in a straightforward manner. One of the Cottrell brothers was showing us around the finely-equipped offices of their Westerly plant. A little above one of the desks was something of a traditional form. It looked like wax—partially enclosed in a metal case. "Ah," said the visiting pastor, innocently, "do you do all your dictating into this phonograph?" "That is an electric light," said Mr. Cottrell. Whereupon a stranger was ushered in to see and to be shown the party. Whether it was cramps or a seizure of nervous origin was not clear; but it was hinted that a glass of lemonade all round would help to set matters right. You will readily see, however, the danger of offering lemonade—they might become too frequent. An excellent remedy has been found for the first tenor. A simple reference to the Brooklyn bridge to Jersey City is usually enough for him. And yet, some people have an idea that Christians never have any fun.

The Plainfield church is a big family. As soon as the meeting was over last Friday night, there began such a buzz of greeting, conversation and good cheer as would have warmed even the heart of an anchorite. It made the visiting brothers feel at once that they were given to hospitality is a Christian virtue, and a blessed one. Cultivate it, you young people, whose influence will be so strong to determine what the church of the next generation shall be. A real, loving cordiality is something for which the world has been yearning with untiring hope. Let us make our churches full of it. Speak to the people that you don't know. Make them glad they came, and want to come again. Let the church bear a warmer welcome than the saloon.

My dear young people, I wish you would pray for the Conference. No doubt it will be the largest ever held in point of numbers, and I doubt not that the material equipment will be satisfactory. Arrangements are in good hands. The hospitality of Alfred and the Western Association will be more than equal to every test. The mistress of the parsonage says that "we can take care of twenty people comfortably." I don't know where she will put them, but she does. But this is not to be doubted. The material equipment is such a small part of the Conference, after all. If the Conference shall mean nothing more than personal courtesies and the renewing of human friendships, it will fail so far short of its mission as to be a failure. God grant us a gathering of mighty spiritual power. May every delegate and visitor come praying for it.

We may not know what personal decisions and what denominational movements are hanging on the results of these anniversaries. There is a prayer-meeting every morning for preparation for the day, but let each heart have its sunrise prayer-meeting long before the twenty-eighth day of August. Let us touch not simply the garments of Christ, let us touch him.

WEALTH NOT NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

A paper by Mrs. Nettie B. West, Lake Mills, Wis., read during the Young People's Hour at the late session of the Northwestern Association, Walworth, Wis.

"How beautiful is youth, how bright it gleams, With its illusions, aspirations, dreams.

All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands,
But in the subtle authority of faith.
Be thou removed to the mountain top, and with audacious feet, secure and proud,
Ascend the ladder leaning on the cloud."

The young people often come to talk with their teacher, their plans for the future, and to ask his advice. It was during such an interview that the question of going to college was under discussion. By way of encouragement, the teacher said, "There is Miss Blank. She went to college and fitted herself to become a teacher and you know how successful she is and how loved by her pupils."

"Yes" was the answer, somewhat doubtfully. "But she was so much better off, often richer and she had influential friends to help her along."

Here was an expression of belief, all too common, and not confined wholly to young people, that in order to rise in the world, one must have wealth or influential friends. I thought a few days later as I stood beside the flower covered casket of one of our girls. The large company which had assembled to pay her her last tribute of respect, overflowed the meager accommodations of the little house. It was composed of members of the alumni of our High School, members of the Christian Endeavor society, those who had been her pupils, associate teachers, and members of the community of the Normal School of which she was a member when stricken down. All had come some distance to be present. The poor little home had never seen such a gathering. What had brought them there? Not the wealth of the friends of the departed one, surely. Every thing spoke of poverty. Was it then, that they had in spite of poverty, influential friends, or social position? Alas, this was an extreme case. The absence of neighbors and family friends from this funeral gathering spoke clearly of their position. In such contempt and fear were the family held that none of their neighbors were present. The father was even then awaiting trial for crime.

Those present were for the most part strangers to the family, being drawn there by the love of the daughter. Elizabeth's brief life proved the fallacy of the belief that wealth or friends are necessary to gain success, love and respect. This is my reason for telling you of her.

How Elizabeth became fired with ambition to rise above her surroundings I do not know. She was poor. Last year she taught School, sometimes driving back and forth over the six miles between her home and the school, sometimes bordering herself and now and then making the trip to or from home on foot. After her graduation she taught school, still living lovingly that she might help a younger sister, for her ambition was not for herself alone, but included with loving loyalty, the whole family.

Owing no doubt, to her out door life when a child, and perhaps, in part to the fact that much of her vacation time was spent in out door work on the farm, she was, until within a few weeks of her death, possessed of good health, so that she was able to endure much, and when her sister had graduated from the High School and so was able to help herself and send a younger brother to the High School; Elizabeth entered the Normal School that she might fit herself for still greater usefulness. Here it was that her career was cut short by death. It had been long enough however to prove that one need not wait for friends or fortune to make his way in the world.

In the face of most adverse circumstances she had risen above her environments and had won the love and respect of all who knew her well. The keynote of her success was faithfulness. Teachers, pupils and associates told the same story. "She was so faithful!"

A few months later friends were mourning over the downfall of a young man, a member of the same High School. "He was an only son," they said, "he had education, money, everything he wished, all the advantages one could desire, but he misused them. It is a story of those who make the trip to Jericho and the two incidents show that the circumstances that seem to us most favorable are often not so. It is, after all, not our circumstances, those outside conditions, that are essential to success or failure. Character, that which is within, rises above the accident of circumstances and shapes the external things to its will.

The lives of many eminent Americans prove
this to be true. The life of Lincoln is often used as an example of how an American may rise but is perhaps more often used to show what opportunities are afforded by our country to those peculiarly gifted, as was Lincoln.

Could we read an unwritten history, we would find many who, while not achieving fame, have yet risen, like the one whose brave career I have briefly sketched, far above her environment and whose life has proven a blessing and an inspiration to others. High ideals, faithfulness, and helpfulness are the stepping stones to successful lives.

If any are inclined to doubt the strength and value of these qualities, or their efficacy in bringing to the individual possessing them, respect and honor, let him read the autobiography of Booker T. Washington.

Here was a man born a slave, living as a child, scarcely better than the animals on the farm about him, whose food he shared. Freed by the emancipation proclamation at an early age, but still living in such abject poverty that it was not until he was nearly a man grown that the first opportunity came to him to sleep in a bed between two sheets, and then he did not know how to do it.

But in spite of his surroundings, the ambition to help himself and those about him out of the depths, came to him. Penniless, ragged, and unkept he presented himself at the door of Hampton College asking for admission. His persistence led to his being given a menial task. The faithfulness with which this work was done opened the college doors to him. His career of usefulness is one which has brought him world wide honor and the story of his life is most wholesome reading.

Dear young friends, should it chance that any of you are asking, "What shall I do?" and are hesitating to take an onward step because you have neither money nor friends to aid you, hesitate no longer. If a college course stands between you and advancement in usefulness, resolve, with God's help, to have a college course. If there are other obstacles hindering your chances for future usefulness, ask God what He will have you do with them, and then rising in the strength of His might and your own manhood or womanhood be not the slave to circumstances, but the master.

OUR MIRROR.

WESTERLY, R. I.—The Pawtucket Society was glad to have the assistance of Rev. L. C. Randolph and the Alfred University Quartet at the meeting July 19. Miss Nellie D. Burdick was the appointed leader, and opened the meeting, and Mr. Randolph gave an earnest talk on personal and individual work for Christ. The quartet sang two of their beautiful gospel songs, and, with the prayers and testimonies, the meeting was a most helpful one. A number of bouquets of the bright summer flowers helped to make the room attractive. The meeting last Sabbath was led by Charles H. Witter, and it was voted to hold the meetings during the remainder of summer for a half hour, beginning at 5 o'clock.

July 30, 1901.

CHARACTER, good or bad, has a tendency to perpetuate itself.—A. A. Hodge.
Children's Page.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

"I'm going now to rob a bank," said little boys proudly one day: "Then I can do just what I choose; I'll never have to do any more work. We wash or shine our shoes; or wash my face or comb my hair; I'll find a place, I know, somewhere, and never have again to fill that old chip-basket—so I will." "Good-bye, mamma!" he said, "Good-bye!" He thought his mother would cry; she only said, "You going, dear?" And didn't add anything.

"There, now," said Sunny Green, "I know she doesn't care more for what you think of me than it would hurt Anna's feelings. They looked back and saw the very face woefully clouded over.

"Oh, mamma! I am so disappointed!" cried Emma. Estlin darted into her mother's pretty sitting-room, her usually bright face woefully clouded over. Mrs. Estlin looked up sympathizing from her sewing.

"What is the matter, darling?"

"Why, you know the entertainment that our mission band is getting up? We want to have a real one in every way. Bessie Allen was to read—and you know she reads just lovely. Elsie Sharpes was to recite, May Stevens to sing, and Elsie Haines was to play an instrumental solo, while Dorothy Watson and Willie were to have a piano duet, and I was to sing, too; but I don't know if you know; but now it's all spoiled, and I'm not going to sing." "Why not, dear? What has spoiled it all?"

"Why, some one said that we ought not to sing Anna Lewis, and she has been asked to read—and she reads horribly. She'll just spoil the whole thing! I won't sing if she takes part, and I just told Miss Stanley so; and if I'm not in it, some of the other girls say they won't be, either. I think it's a shame that she had to be asked!" and Emma looked ready to cry.

"Mrs. Estlin felt sad. This did not seem to ask her if she won't go, too, or do you want to offended us girls, large pills which grandma said was to go. After the children had gone, she came down to the sitting-room where there was a large pillow jet, throwing water to a height of fifty feet. On the arc of a circle, whose center is the niche, are forty large jets, throwing water in five jets toward the cascades in front of the niche. The splendor of the scene under the play of colored lights of various intensity, is indescribable, and the water in the basin are four searchlights, each lighting up its individual water display.

A HOME HEATHEN.

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When anyone calls another all bad, thinks that there is no good in him, he makes a mistake. No matter how wicked another may be, we have no right to judge him wholly bad. A kind thought, a kind word, a kind act may eventually make a Christian of him. Think it over carefully before you say or do that which may drive another to a worse life than the one you already condemn. If you have to get down inside to help him up, do not think of your clothes. The dirt will all come out in the wash," and the robes you may wear will have an added lustre, when you have been washed in the forgiving love of Christ.

This earth is to us just as much of a heaven as we may make it. A kind conscience is the thing we should seek for. Given the knowledge of a pure life, loving and self-sacrificing, and no matter what the outside influences may be under which we are placed, there will be a calmness and a peacefulness evident to all who see in it riches no one else can give. Strive always for the things that give such a peace; it is the greatest thing in the world.

Why is not the Seventh-day Baptist church awake to the fact that there is a grand opening in the Philippines for medical missionaries? There is room to help a great deal of people, and they are anxious to learn.

HARVEY NORMAN, (Soldier.)

BAAL, Carmemines, Sur., P. L., June 6, 1901.

SWEETHART.

"Why, for missions; didn't you know, mamma?"

"To convert the heathen?" do you mean, daughter!"

"Yes, the heathen in China."

"I think there is one heathen in America that needs converting."

Mrs. Estlin said these harsh words very gently, for she was one of the mothers who know and value the wonderful "power of goodness.

"Darling, you came to me for sympathy, and I never like to refuse that; but how can I agree with you in this matter? I feel hurt that you should think that I could, but I feel more hurt that my little daughter can feel and talk the way she does. Come here, dear, and sit down on this stool at my feet; I want to talk to you about this."

Emma's face was very red as she obeyed. She hid it in her mother's lap.

"Dearie, for whose good was the entertainment to be yours?"

"No; for those who don't know about Jesus," was Emma's low reply.

"Whose good have you been considering?"

No answer.

"For whose glory was it to be yours?"

"No, God's", in a little towering tone.

"Whose glory have you been considering?"

Again no answer. Silence is sometimes more eloquent than words.

"To think that my little daughter would put herself before those whom she says she wants to help! To think that she would put herself before God; that she would allow a poor girl's feelings to be hurt; to look down on some one less favored in wealth and talents than herself; that she would so worry a kind teacher in trying to break up an entertainment; and that she should be the means of leading her young companions to do these same things! This is the Master's work, too!"

"Oh, mamma, don't!" in an asmothered tone.

"I care more for what you think of me than anywhere else except God," she added, not wanting to put God in the background the second time.

Then, as she lifted her tearful face from its refuge, she said:

"I didn't know there were so many wicked thoughts in my heart. What shall I do?"

"Go, set it right with Miss Stanley and the girls—after you have set it right with God!" and Mrs. Estlin left her daughter with a loving kiss—left her alone with One that never refuses to forgive—and the mother's heart rejoiced, knowing that works worthy of repetitions would follow.—Children's Missionary Friend.

AT GRANDPA'S FARM.

BY JEANETTE LAPLAMOY.

It was a bright day in June when Janey, Ruth and Rob went down the lane to pick strawberries in grandpa's meadow. Janey carried a new tin pail, Rob led the way with one of his big grey cows, coming out of the barn with a small basket, which grandma said was large enough for such a little girl to carry. Ponto, the old watch-dog, seemed glad to go, too, and when the children had gone a little way they looked back and saw Aunt Emma was to read—and she reads horrifyingly. She'll just spoil the whole thing! I won't sing if she takes part, and I just told Miss Stanley so; and if I'm not in it, some of the other girls say they won't be, either. I think it's a shame that she had to be asked!" and Emma looked ready to cry.

"Mrs. Estlin felt sad. This did not seem to ask her if she won't go, too, or do you want to offended us girls, large pills which grandma said was to go. After the children had gone, she came down to the sitting-room where there was a large pillow jet, throwing water to a height of fifty feet. On the arc of a circle, whose center is the niche, are forty large jets, throwing water in five jets toward the cascades in front of the niche. The splendor of the scene under the play of colored lights of various intensity, is indescribable, and the water in the basin are four searchlights, each lighting up its individual water display.

When anyone calls another all bad, thinks that there is no good in him, he makes a mistake. No matter how wicked another may be, we have no right to judge him wholly bad. A kind thought, a kind word, a kind act may eventually make a Christian of him. Think it over carefully before you say or do that which may drive another to a worse life than the one you already condemn. If you have to get down inside to help him up, do not think of your clothes. The dirt will all come out in the wash," and the robes you may wear will have an added lustre, when you have been washed in the forgiving love of Christ.

This earth is to us just as much of a heaven as we may make it. A kind conscience is the thing we should seek for. Given the knowledge of a pure life, loving and self-sacrificing, and no matter what the outside influences may be under which we are placed, there will be a calmness and a peacefulness evident to all who see in it riches no one else can give. Strive always for the things that give such a peace; it is the greatest thing in the world.

Why is not the Seventh-day Baptist church awake to the fact that there is a grand opening in the Philippines for medical missionaries? There is room to help a great deal of people, and they are anxious to learn.

HARVEY NORMAN, (Soldier.)

BAAL, Carmemines, Sur., P. L., June 6, 1901.
the cows, but Rob found a long stick which he swung in the air as he cried, "Come on! who's afraid!" The girls ran as fast as they could to the meadow fence, over which they climbed. One of the cows lifted up her head and said, "Moo!" at which Rob ran, and climbed the fence as quickly as he could.

When the children found the ripe, red berries so thick among the grass they were glad, and said, "We will get a lot of them for grandma, and maybe she will make us a strawberry cake for tea." But little Ruth was very soon tired, and began to run about and to gather the white daisies that grew in the grass, "Oh, Rob," she cried, "come here and see this funny bug that I have found. It just jumps about all the time, from one place to another."

"That's nothing," said Rob, "I've seen lots of them. They are only crickets."

When Janey and Rob had filled their pails nearly full, it was time to go home. Ruth had only a few berries in her basket, but she had made a daisy chain and had put it around her neck. They went home through the cornfield because Janey said she did not want to go again through the pasture.

Grandma made the children a strawberry cake. They let them crush the berries and stir the dough. Rob told Janey that none of the other boys had such a nice grandma, and that he was going to get some more strawberries for her just as soon as he could. —Child Garden.

A KITTEN'S GAME.
BY ELLA F. HIRSH.

Squeaky Toodlesticks was a fat, gray kitten, a few months old. Like other kittens, he liked to have his fur smoothed, to be petted lightly and talked to. He wanted to be noticed the moment he entered the room. If no attention was paid him, he would give a faint " meow," as much as to say, "don't you see me?"

A kind word or a stroke of his fur made him very happy, and he would at once begin a loud purring; then he would move about the room rubbing against chairs, table or whatever came in his way, balancing himself so lightly and daintily on the tips of his toes that one could help stroking his fur and giving him a loving pat.

Little Robert, who was visiting at his grandmother's, gave him the name, "because he mews so much and steps so high," he said.

The more Squeaky was noticed and petted, the brighter and more knowing he seemed to grow. One day we found that he had learned a little trick. When the hall door was opened, out he would run and scamper up the stairs. Soon there would come a faint "Meow!" at the upper hall. " Cone!" Auntie would call from below. " Meow meow (shall I come now?)" "Yes, now," she said. Then down Squeaky would scamper as fast as his little legs could carry him, and across the hall and into the room he would rush. The purring, high-pitched rubbing against our chairs plainly showed how well he liked the fun. "Nice kitty!" we would say, patting his fat sides. Then away he would: run to try it all over again, much to the delight of little Robert. —Advocate and Guardian.

We lose time by remorse. —F. W. Robert-son.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

IN MEMORIAM.

The occasion of this sketch is an uncommonly sad and mysterious event. Our friend and brother, Mr. Geo. B. Titworth, son of the late Rev. Geo. B. Titworth, and Mr. E. R. Bell, of Titworth, died by his own hand about midnight of July 28, 1901, while not in his right mind, as we cannot but believe; the condition being induced by excessive grief over the death of his wife, the first anniversary of whose burial came that day.

Plainfield, the place of his birth, had always been his home. In 1872 he became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church, and was greatly interested in its prosperity. For several months he had been unusually active in the devotional meeting. In 1879 he graduated from the High School, and soon entered the Potter Printing Press Works as an apprentice. Being a superior machinist and a master in the accurate memory of details, he had become superintendent of the shops, where his pleasant ways made him much liked by the employees, and his skill and marked ability in all branches of the business rendered him extremely valuable to his employers.

On February 8, 1888, he married Miss Fannie L. Van Hoesen, of Syracuse, N. Y., who departed this life July 25, 1900.

His personal affairs had been arranged in a most orderly way, as if planning for the awful event; certain requests were left relating to the funeral and to business matters, and affectionate messages were found for his surviving brothers, Joseph M. and Arthur L. Titworth, and for his mother-in-law, Mrs. Van Hoesen.

The funeral services were conducted by the pastor, assisted by Dr. Wm. A. Rice of Newark, a former pastor of the deceased wife. A wealth of flowers, the service of songs, a large attendance of friends, and many kind words indicated the deeply felt sympathy of the people for a greatly-afflicted home.

In God and in the life eternal must be found the revelation of the solution of many problems and the answer to questionings that crowd our troubled minds and hearts at times like this.

PASTOR ARTHUR E. MAIN.

ARRIVED IN AFRICA.


To the Board of the E. K. and A. Plainfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Dear Friends:—I can tell you that I have arrived here at last. It was about seven o'clock last night when I got here, and had a respite from the natives as if I had been a king. They met me in my matchila and a good many questions to ask. I have enjoyed very good health during the whole of the journey, and even now I am feeling first rate. I am glad that I can say that I have even gained eight pounds since leaving America. So you see I have not run down, and I am very thankful to our Heavenly Father that he has been with me and kept me.

I was very much surprised last night when Mr. Booth told me that he and his family expected to put in a long summer in Africa. I thought at first that he was joking, but he soon made me understand that he was in earnest. I re-
Sabbath School.

Conducted by Sabbath-School Board.

Edited by REV. WILLIAM C. WIRTFRD, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS. 1901.

THIRD QUARTER.


Sept. 26. Review.

LESSON VII.—ABRAHAM'S INTERCESSION.

For Sabbath-day, Aug. 17, 1901.

LESSON TEXT—Gen. 18: 1-33.

INTRODUCTION.

This lesson helps us to form a high opinion of the character of Abraham. He is already manifesting himself as a blessing to his fellow-men.

In our last week's lesson there was the promise of a son to be an heir of Abram. In the 17th and in the 18th chapters this promise is renewed with explicit definiteness; and the announcement of circumcision is given to Abram, whose name is now changed to Abraham. Sarai's name is also changed to Sarah.

The theophany [appearance of God] in our lesson differs from all others described in the Bible. Three men appeared to Abraham as he sat by his tent and accepted his hospitality. Although they at first seemed to him as men, they were in reality the gracious promise to him that they were angelic beings and that under the form of one of them Jehovah himself was present.

The copies of the heavenly messenger at the tent of Abraham and in the city of Sodom is very instructive.

For when Abraham was ninety-nine years old; according to the usual chronology in the year 1897 B.C.

PLACE.—At the terethines of Mamre, near Hebron.

PERSON.—Abraham and the three men from heaven, one of whom seems to be Jehovah himself.

OUTLINE:


NOTES.

16. And the men rose up from thence, etc. As the heavenly messenger was to depart, Abraham, with simple courtesy, goes to accompany them on their way.

17. And the Lord said, Shall I hide, etc. Verses 17-19 are a parenthesis of the narrative; the purpose of explaining the situation of the following verses.

The sacred writer represents in these verses what Jehovah said in his heart [thought] whereby he concluded to declare plainly to Abraham his intention in regard to Sodom.

18. Seeing that Abraham shall become, etc. It is very appropriate from the importance of Abraham in God's sight that he shall be informed of the plans of God—and especially when these plans have to do with the withdrawal of God's mercy from a people, it is fitting that the man, through whom all nations are to be blessed, shall know of this action.

19. For I know him, etc. Better "I knew him," that is, chose him and admitted him to relations of intimacy. This verse explains the purpose of the call of Abraham. He is to found a family and to train his child and indirectly his descendants in the true religion, that they may have a right relation with God, and right relation with men, and thus be enabled to inherit the promises of God and accomplish all that God has designed.

20. Because the cry of Sodom . . . is great, etc. Rather "the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah has in it become great, and their sin very heavy." The "cry" does not mean the report concerning these cities, but rather the request of Sodom to be delivered, or the demand for punishment.

21. I will go down now, etc. Jehovah wishes to make investigation before proceeding to judgment. Comp. ch. 19: 24. It is to be borne in mind throughout all this incident that the sacred writer does not hesitate to represent God not only as appearing in the form of a man, but also as feeling and thinking as a man.

22. And the man turned, etc. That is, two of them, as is implied and here plainly stated in chapter 19: 1. But Abraham seems to understand that he detained the third, Jehovah, that he might make request of him.

23. Wilt thou destroy all the earth for righteousness? This does Abraham express the loftiest view of the justice of God. If it is incumbent upon a judge of least authority to give decisions in equity, how much more shall not the highest, Judge, the one who has the authority of punishment for all the sins of all the earth, execute judgment with equity?

24. Will thou destroy all the city for the lack of five? This is for five less than the fifty for the sake of which he has already received a promise of mercy.

25. And I will speak yet but this once. Some have criticized Abraham because he thus put a limit to his petition. But he may have thought that there would really be found five righteous persons in all the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and his sense of justice may have suggested to him that this number was the exact limit of propriety of the destruction of these cities. It is possible on the other hand that Abraham might have continued his petitions even after he had said "yet this once" that Jehovah had heard.

33. And the Lord went his way. Thus showing that the limit of the petition had been reached.

"UNITED STATES" IS SINGULAR.

In his recently published work on "A Century of American Diplomacy," Gen. John W. Foster, former Secretary of State, uses the singular verb in connection with the United States, and is not to have thought of the impropriety of the destruction of the righteous with the wicked. This is the impropriety of the destruction of the cities.

Mr. Foster has spent considerable time and labor in making an investigation of this subject, and could not have been able to gather that the point is not well taken.

"I have found," said Mr. Foster, recently, "that in the early days of the Republic the prevailing practice was the use of the plural, but even then many public men employed the singular, and of late years the latter has become the rule. Among statesmen who have habitually used the singular verb are Hamilton, Jefferson, Seward, Blaine, Edmunds, E. J. Phelps, Webster, Benton, Fish, Frelinghuysen, Motley, Reed, Gresham, Silas Wright, Marcy, Evarts, Ward, Charles Francis Adams, Depew, Olney.

"Of living professors of international law Woolsey, of Yale; Moore, of Columbia; Hatt, of Cornell; and James C. Carter, of New York, use the singular. Andrew Jackson was the first President to adopt the singular verb in his official papers. In the earlier messages of the Presidents the plural form is usually found, but since Lincoln all of them, including Grant, Cleveland, Harrison, and McKinley, have invariably used the singular." The decisions of the Supreme Court during the first half century the plural form is generally used, but the singular appears occasionally. In later years the court has used the singular. The same remark applies to treaties with foreign nations."—Chicago Herald.

Record.
surface which proved to be a valuable piece of opal. A careful search of the locality was then made and several more pieces were discovered.

Since that time mining for opals has been carried on continuously and has become a settled industry, and a thriving town has grown up at White Cliffs. But comparatively few of the precious gems of value have reached this country. Some have been sold in London, Paris and Berlin, and have been purchased by the nobility and wealthy people in the East.

The area within which the opal has been found in this district is about fifteen miles long by about two miles wide. Mining for opals is done by many different methods; there are "no outward signs by which a miner can make any calculation as to the outcome. He may just as well set up a stick and balance it, then let it fall and then dig that way as any other; or he may dig a trench ten feet long on a line 15° and 13° north by east and finish on a horse-shoe curve and not find an opal.

The usual procedure is to dig a trench in such a position as fancy may dictate and then to see if anything attractive appears. To follow a mythical number, say 13, or some sign in a temecup, or the line in the palm of your left hand, or any other foolish whim, is pure simplicity.

Some valuable opals have been found. One weighing about four and a half ounces sold on the market at $1,842,995, which is supposed to be worth seven ounces, very fine, was valued at $3,500. Since the discovery in 1889 up to 1899 there was exported $1,842,995 worth of these precious stones. Some opals are worth more than sixty dollars an ounce, and there are others that you could start out with just a napkin and a supply of water and make your own fortune.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that the early ages of this country science has been able to cure all its stages, and that Catahr. Hall's Catarrh Cure is now known to the medical fraternity. Catahr being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitut- and sustaining nature in doing its work. The pro- prietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

DEATHS.

Moses Elam, aged 62 years, 2 months, 3 days.


Fuller notices elsewhere.

A. M. H.

KILDOW.—At Irons, W. Va., July 15, 1902, Francis Marrion Kildow, aged 62 years, 2 months, 3 days.

Bro. Kildow was born in Fayette County, Pa., and came to Western Virginia when 12 years of age. He was converted in early life and united with the Lost Creek Seventh-day Baptist Church. He was married to Mrs. Minerva, Sept. 15, 1871, and on Feb. 8, 1905, he, with his wife, were received by letter to membership in the Ritchie Seventh-day Baptist church, of which he was a worthy member at the time of his death. On the morning of July 15, he remarked that he had rested better than usual during the night. After the morning meal he went to assist in some work at the flooring mill. About 11 o'clock he returned very ill, and, after three hours of severe suffering, passed away. He leaves a widow companion, two brothers, and a large num- ber of friends to mourn his sudden removal. The funeral services were conducted by the writer. Text, 2 Tim. 4: 7.

R. G. B.

TOOKER.—Mrs. Hannah Stillman Tooker was born in Rhode Island, Sept. 17, 1854, and died at the home of her niece, Mrs. B. R. Holcomb, at New Providence, Iowa, July 24, 1902, aged 48 years.

With her parents, she removed to Independence, N. Y., when quite young. She was married to Daniel A. Tooker in 1888, and they removed to Iowa in 1887. Five years before, they had three, whom of prec- eded her to the heavenly land. The others, together with her aged husband, remain to mourn her loss. She proved a loving wife and mother, and was held in high esteem by all with whom she came in contact.

Rev. Daniel A. Tooker, address, New Providence, Iowa.

REMEMBER LIBRARIES.

The following list of books is recommended to Pastors and people who have a desire for a thorough and systematic study of the Sabbath question. These books are offered on a cost price basis.

Barron's Sermon on the Sabbath......... 1 25
A Critical History of Sunday Legislation........ 1 50
A Critical History of the Sabbath and the Sunday in the Christian Church....... 1 25
Biblical Teachings Concerning the Sabbath and the Sunday........ 1 00
Sabbath Commentary........ 1 00
The Seventh-day Baptist Handbook........ 1 00
Threatening Sabbath........ 1 00
Proceedings of the Chicago Council......... 3 00
The Catholic and Protestant on the Sabbath Question........ 3 00
Studies in Sabbath Reform........ 1 00
Sabbath and the Slaves........ 1 00
Address, A. M. H., 19th street, Chicago.

Total list price........ 8 11 60

Proposed price, F. E. Shab, Plainfield, N. J. 8 00

Address, American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.
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