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PHOTOGRAPH

Our Late President, William McKinley.

$2.00 A YEAR

Plainfield N J
The Sabbath Recorder.
J. P. Mosher, - Business Manager.
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The Last Sad Rites of President McKinley.

"God's Will Be Done, Not Ours."

The train that bore the remains of our late President from Buffalo to Washington, Sept. 16, was a solid Pullman of seven cars. Fifteen minutes before the train was scheduled to leave, an engine sped through the yards with orders to precede the train by fifteen minutes and keep the track clear. Behind the engines were the drawing-room cars Raleigh and Belgrade, both of which were devoted to members of the press. Next came the dining car Waldorf, the car Naples intended for Senators, and the Hungary, for President Roosevelt and the Cabinet. Next to the rear car was the Olympia, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, and, last of all, was the observation car Pacific, in which the body rested.

The casket was placed between the windows on the observation car, where it could be seen by the people as the train went by. Crepe was pulled over the locomotive and from the rear of the observation car, and the railings of the car were shrouded in crepe. The only relief was in two tiny pilot flags of white on the locomotive.

President Roosevelt entered the station with Secretary Cortelyou. The members of the Cabinet followed. Shortly after 8.30 it was announced that everything was in readiness, and at 8.34 the train pulled slowly out, just four minutes later than was scheduled.

Through a living sea of bared-headed people, stretching from Buffalo up over the Alleghany, down into the broad valley of the Susquehanna, and on to the marble city on the banks of the shining Potomac, the nation's martyred President made his last journey. At the seat of government the soldiers of every State, in gray and crimson, turned their backs to the President, to whom they were true to the end.

The silence with which the countless thousands viewed the remains of their hero and martyr was profound. As the train rolled through the Valley, the rumbling of the train wheels, the sobbing of the men and women with tear-stained faces and the doleful tolling of the church bells broke on the ear. At several places, Williamsport, Hagerstown, and Baltimore, the chimes played Cardinal Newman's grand hymn. Taken altogether, the journey home was the most remarkable demonstration of universal personal sorrow since Lincoln was borne to his grave. Every one of those who came to pay their last tribute to the dead had an opportunity to catch a glimpse of the flag-covered bier, elevated to view in the observation car at the rear of the train.

All the way the train was preceded about 15 minutes by the pilot engine sent ahead to test the bridges and switches and prevent the possibility of accident to the precious burden it carried. There was no strain on the Pennsylvania Railroad system thirty minutes before the pilot engine was due for the same length of time after the train had passed.

The remains were placed in the East Room of the White House, where for more than four years he had made his home as the Chief Magistrate of the great American Republic. Upstairs his widow mourns for her dead in the family apartments that now bring back but the sorrows of memories. It was with a simple ceremony and a silence that fitted perfectly the sadness of the occasion that the body of the late President was borne up Pennsylvania avenue to the White House and laid upon the bier in the great East Room, where he had stood often in the pride of his manhood to receive the greetings of the people he loved better than himself.

It was fitting that such a ceremony as there should be seriously military in character, in recognition of the fact that the President was the highest ranking officer of the United States army and navy. Nowhere was there a show of civilian participation. The streets about the station were filled with mounted troops, and the station itself was occupied by stalwart soldiers and sailors in uniform. The blue-coated policemen and the railroad employees were nearly all that stood for civil life. It was not so on the broad stretch of avenue that led to the White House. There the people strained and crowded in a vast multitude and tore off the flower wires which restrained them from the space marked out for the line of procession. The silence that marked the progress of the funeral party through the national capitol was profound. The people as a whole did not talk even in whispers, and the sound of the officers on guard ..

Just beyond the entrance to the station the hearse was announced that the Comman de-in-Chief of the United States army and navy, his brother-in-law, who walked rather hastily along between the files of officers to the carriageway next the gates of the station. The President walked firmly erect, looking to neither side, his face set and sorrowful. Close behind him pressed the members of the Cabinet, headed by Secretary Hay and Secretary Gage, escorted by General Gillespie.

Meanwhile, the casket was being removed from the observation car. One of the large windows was lowered at the side, and slowly the flag-covered bier was carried out, through the opening and tenderly received upon the bent shoulders of the body bearers. Four Artillerymen, from Fort McHenry, Maryland, were on the right and four sailors on the left. Struggling with the weight of their burden, they walked slowly toward the hearse. Before the casket marched four officers, Major Parker, Colonel Bingham, Captain Gilmore and Major McCauley, and in that order, while the officers on either side in the entrance stood with uncovered heads, the remains were carried to Sixth street and placed in the hearse. As the casket emerged, a bugle note rose clearly and "taps" rang out. That was the only sound that broke the dead silence.

The casket was carried to the station President Roosevelt, with the members of the Cabinet, had paused and had taken station so as to leave a broad space for the funeral cortege. They ranged themselves on the platform in double file, each other, and stood with bare heads as the corpse was carried to the hearse, drawn up at the side gate. The hearse was an exquisitely carved affair and was drawn by six coal-black horses, each of which was led by a colored groom in black livery. The hearse, bearing the body of the third martyred President, quickly moved away, and was followed at once by President Roosevelt and those accompanying him. In the President's carriage
beside Mr. Roosevelt were Secretaries Hay and Gage and Captain Cowles. Secretaries Root and Hitchcock, Attorney General Knox and Postmaster General Smith followed in another carriage, while Secretary Wilson, Secretary Crotz, Secretary Long and Senators Hanna and Fairbanks drove behind in other carriages. The Citizens’ Committee from Buffalo, officers of the army and navy and friends followed.

The military already were in line. As the procession swept from the Sixth street station to where the processions on Pennsylvania avenue a deeply impressive sight was presented. The historic thoroughfare was hung in black. Emblems of the nation’s mourning were displayed on every building. The Stars and Stripes, furled and knotted with crepe, floated from hundreds of windows. Over all gleamed coldly scores of electric lights, defining sharply each detail of the solemn scene.

Banked on both sides of the avenue, from Sixth street to the Executive Mansion, were tens of thousands of people. They were come to pay a last and solemn respect and love to the memory of their President. With bare heads and with no murmur of sound, the people watched with tear-stained eyes the last home-coming of President McKinley.

There was no music. Amid the hush of the great crowds, only the clatter of the horses’ hoofs admixed sharply upon the pavement, was heard.

It was about half-past nine when the head of the procession reached the White House grounds and turned into the driveway. When the sad cortege arrived at the White House the horses stopped under the porte cochere. The body bearers took the coffin upon their broad shoulders, and, passing up three or four steps, waited until President Roosevelt and the members of the Cabinet had alighted from their carriages, and then followed them through the wide-open doors into the East Room. Just in the center of the room, under the great crystal chandelier, they deposited their precious burden upon a black-draped base, and stood at salute, while the Chief Executive and the Cabinet members, with bowed heads, passed in review.

Following them came the chief officers of the army and navy now in the city, the guard of honor, consisting of officers of the Loyal Legion, members of the Union Veterans’ Union, and the Grand Army of the Republic. The casket had been placed lengthwise of the East Room, the head to the north. Piled about it were a half hundred floral emblems of exceptional beauty, and as many more were placed in the inside corridor. Two marines, a soldier and a sailor, stood guard, one at each end of the casket, while seated on either side were two members of the Grand Army and two members of the Loyal Legion. These were relieved at intervals of two hours during the night.

Before midnight the household had retired to rest, and the only lights to be seen were in the room where his comrades kept watch over their dead chief.

The train left Buffalo at 8.30 in the morning and arrived at Washington at 8.38 at night. In twelve hours it is estimated over half a million people saw the casket, held all that was mortal of President McKinley.

Mrs. McKinley stood the trip bravely. In the morning, soon after leaving Buffalo, she plodded so earnestly to be allowed to go into the car where her dear one lay that reluctant asent was given, and she spent half an hour beside the coffin.

Early on the morning of the 17th the chief officers of the Government, civil, military and judicial, and many others whose names are familiar the world over, came singly and in groups, to pay their tribute at his official home to the nation’s illustrious dead. Several members of the Diplomatic Corps, in court costume, were present, with members of the Cabinet, President Grover Cleveland and ex-Secretary of War Lamont arrived about 8.30, and were shown at once to seats in the Red Parl. The members of the Cabinet began to arrive soon after, and were immediately followed by members of the Senate Committee and the members of the United States Supreme Court, headed by Chief Justice Fuller, in their robes of office.

President Roosevelt arrived at 8.50 o’clock, accompanied by his wife and his sister, and went immediately to the Blue Parlor, where he remained in private conversation with them. The President wore a frock coat, with a band of crepe on the left arm. Mrs. McKinley arose earlier than usual to prepare for the ordeal. She had rested quite well during the night, but her pale face told plainly of her sufferings.

Senator Hanna reached the White House only a short time before the procession was to move. His face looked drawn, and, leaning heavily on his cane, it was painfully evident that he was suffering.

While the men of note were arriving at the White House the cortege, under command of Major General John R. Brooks, was forming immediately in front of the White House. Besides regular soldiers, sailors and marines, the escort was made up of a detachment of the National Guard, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, Loyal Legion, and kindred bodies and civic organizations, and representatives of all branches of the National Government, and the Governors of states and their staffs.

The public had been as the streets were crowded with people. Wire cables strung along the entire route of march from the White House to the Capitol kept it clear for the funeral procession.

At precisely 9 o’clock a silent command was given, and the body bearers silently and reverently raised to their stalwart shoulders the band sweetly wailed the pleading notes of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." At the conclusion of the hymn, Rev. Dr. 10.12 o’clock the head of the procession arrived at the north end of the Capitol plaza, but instead of swinging directly into the plaza and passing in front of the Capitol, as has been done on the occasion of President inauguration, the military contingent passed eastward on B street, thence south on First street, East. Headed by Major General John R. Brooke and staff, and the Fifth Artillery Corps Band, the troops swept by the south end of the plaza, and then marched to position fronting the main entrance to the Capitol. As soon as they had been formed at rest, the artillery band on the left, and the Marine Band on the right of the entrance, the funeral cortège, with its guard of honor, entered the plaza from the north. As the hearse halted in front of the main staircase the troops, responding to almost whispered commands, presented arms.

The guard of honor ascended the steps, the officers on the right, and the army officers on the left, forming a cord on each side, just within the ranks of the artillerymen, marines and sailors.

As the eight sturdy body-bearers, four from the army and four from the navy, tenderly drew the flag-draped casket from the hearse, the band slowly wailed the pleasing notes of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Every head in the vast attendant throng was bared. Tear-betined eyes were raised to heaven and a silent prayer went up from the thousands gathered in front of the Capitol.

With careful and solemn tread the body-bearers began the ascent of the staircase with their precious burden, and tenderly bore it to the catafalque in the rotunda.

The funeral services at the Capitol were simple and beautiful. In the massive building below the Rotunda the coffin was placed as described in the Methodist church. Two hymns, a prayer, an address and a benediction comprised all of it; yet the impression left at the end was of perfection.

The people were slow in gathering. When the funeral occurred the men who had been in the Rotunda had left, and the noise of the approaching procession was heard. The band played "Lead, Kindly Light," Cardinal Newman’s divine anthem, while every one stood in reverence. At the conclusion of the hymn, Rev. Dr.
Henry R. Naylor, President Elder of the Washington District of the Methodist Episcopal church, delivered the invocation, while the ward drumming company listened with bowed heads.

As the pastor ceased, the voices of the choir swelled forth, and the rich, pure soprano notes of Mrs. Thomas C. Noyes led the hymn, "Sometime We'll Understand." The music was extraordinarily effective and touching as the notes came back in soft echoes from the fullness of the dome overhead. As soon as the hymn ceased, Bishop Edward G. Andrews, of the Methodist Episcopal church, who had come from Ohio to assist in the last words of the remains of his lifelong friend and pastor, arose. He stood at the head of the casket and spoke in sympathetic voice and with many evidences of deep emotion. The acoustic qualities of the rotunda do not favor such addresses, and, although the Bishop spoke in clear and firm tones, the rippling echoes from all sides made it difficult for those a short distance from him to catch his words.

The address lasted only a bare quarter of an hour. As the Bishop concluded, every one in the assembly stood, and the choir resuming the air, hundreds of voices joined in the grand old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." It was an affecting moment. In the midst of the singing Admiral Robley D. Evans, addressed the audience, and a beautiful blue floral cross at the foot of the casket.

The last notes died away softly, and, with uplifted hands, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. W. H. Chapman, acting pastor of the Metropolitan church. This ended the religious service.

There was a pause for a few minutes while the ushers cleared the aisles and the assembly began to withdraw. First to retire was President Roosevelt, and as he entered so he left, preceded a short distance by Major McCawley and Captain Gilmore, with Colonel Bingham and Captain Cowles almost pressing against him.

The remainder of the company retired in the order in which they entered, the Cabinet members following the President, and after them the Congressmen; they were completely covered with a black fabric, which gave it the appearance of an immense vault, dimly lighted by incandescent electric lamps. Entering this long chamber from the clear sunlight of the outside had an awe-inspiring effect upon the visitor, which was heightened by the presence of the dead President resting upon a plain black catafalque, surrounded by the military and naval guards, standing rigidly at the head and foot and on either side. The people passed into the building, upon entering it they divided to the right and left and walked past the remains on either side, moving to the exit on the north of the building. The entire proceeding was conducted with the utmost good order and without any confusion.

When the lying in state was terminated, the line of people awaiting admission to the hall extended several blocks.

The remains were then removed to the private house of the President, and the precious casket rested in the little front parlor, and, while none was admitted, all could pass in silence and gaze upon the house that held it. Surrounding the house were the only outward evidence of the deep grief that overwhelmed the household, and which weighs upon the bereaved widow of William McKinley with a force that may prove crushing and send her, ere many weeks, to rest in the arms of her devoted husband in the tomb at West Lawn.

With the going down of the sun, the body of William McKinley, late President of the
United States, was committed to the tomb, in the presence of his successor in office, the chiefs of all departments of the Government, and a vast multitude of people, who filled the cemetery and stood silently and with bare heads while the last words were spoken and the last honors were paid the martyred Chief Magistrate. The last scene of all closed with the booming of minute guns, varied by the thick, sharp report of the nineteen guns prescribed to salute the President, the touching music of the favorite hymn of the deceased, and finally by the bugle notes, reverberating over the hills, as they sounded " taps" —the soldier's good-night. All was ended. The troops, which had marched to the burial slowly, solemnly, with mournful music and drooping colors, were moved into column, while the smoke of the guns still hung among the foliage like incense, and the bugle notes echoed and re-echoed across the fertile valley of the Numinisla, as if reluctant to depart. The iron jaws of the vault were closed, and the body was alone with life before the last of the iron jaws of the vault were closed, and the body was alone with. The iron jaws of the vault were closed, and the body was alone with. The iron jaws of the vault were closed, and the body was alone with.

(the foregoing report we are indebted to the Philadelphia Ledger.)

THE ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.
To the Editor of The Sabbath Recorder:

A few weeks ago an article appeared in your columns explaining the situation in regard to the reinforcement of the Faculty of the Theological Department at Alfred and the reorganization of its work.

I am much pleased to be able now to make definite announcement that this reinforcement has been made, and that the courses of study are being reorganized and the work arranged to begin at once along the two important lines then indicated.

The Seventh-day Baptist denomination in theological education, which manifested itself at the General Conference, surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the friends of the movement. In addition to the work of the summer, previously announced, the permanent funds of the Education Society for the support of the theological work were increased during Conference week over $10,000. A committee was appointed to advise with the Trustees in regard to the appointment of Theological Professors.

This committee and the Trustees jointly unanimously agreed in the choice of Dr. Arthur E. Main as Professor of Theology and head of the Department. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees held Sept. 11, Dr. Main was elected to the professorship and elected Dean of the Theological Seminary (the name by which the reorganized Theological School is to be known in the future).

Dr. Main has spent this week in Alfred and has gone through the various stages of the call to that position, and already outlined the courses of study which are to be pursued.

The Theological Faculty now consists of three Professors, three Instructors, and a number of non-resident lecturers. Aside from the three year's course in Theology, a Bible Normal course has been arranged which covers a year's work, adapted to lay and evangelistic workers; aside from this a correspondence course has been arranged, which will be offered to the denomination by the correspondence method.

A new circular of the Theological Seminary, giving full details of the reorganized work, is now in preparation and will be ready for distribution by the secretaries of the different denominations in the United States.

Dr. Main expects to be located in Alfred by the middle of October. The other professors are now giving courses of instruction in the Theological Seminary.

With profound gratitude to God for the great interest taken by our people in this important line of denominational work, we may now look forward to the future with definite expectations of the greatly increased usefulness of the Theological Seminary.

BOOTH COWLIEH DAVIS, President.

ALFRED, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1901.

THE WEB OF YEARS.

From out the loom of time the years

Us and the loom divided sky and sea,

The woof of joy and warp of tears

Are spun by moving house and loom,

And pressed and hardened by the way of sorrow.

What measure unto each is given?

A span may range between the past and present,

And yet the least from earth to heaven

Do reach, as in the quiet even

Shortsighted wandering, children's hearts;

The web too quickly for us all

In, and where the shuttle rushes swift,

And when the threads have ceased to fall,

Death throws it o'er we're like a pall

Or rests a glory in the night.

MEMORIES OF CONFERENCE.

KEYNOTE—LOVE.

"There are many kinds of love,

As many kinds of light;

And every kind of love

Is a glory in the night.

There love the hearts, and love that gives it rest;

And love that gives it rest;

But the love that fits life upward

Is the noblest and the best."

The hearty welcome that greeted the friends at Alfred, the delightful weather the first few days, all spoke of the "tie that binds our hearts in Christian love;" the hearty handshakes or the friendly recognition across the church or tent all spoke of the understanding of the cause they all loved. It was a busy Conference, each one busy about his Master's business.

When the call came for Africa, the love was strong enough to reach there. When the call came for the Gold Coast, again the love was manifested; and for the Theological Seminary the hearty response showed the heart-throbs of the interest there and it must have gladdened the hearts of the workers to feel the warm sympathy in their work, for have we not a command to "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

And as one more Conference has gone into history, memories cluster thick around it; many opportunities may have been lost, but the writer feels that every opportunity has been loved, and those opportunities are tinged with a new happiness that was never there before. "Thou wilt help him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on thee because he trusteth in thee. What a comforting promise, and how many can testify to this sweet peace."

A party of tried tourists strolled into Grace church for a little rest the other day; the open door had such an inviting welcome that it was hard to resist. Passing from the vestibule the quietude and coolness of the darkened church from the hot, crowded city was impressive, the sunshine came softly through the stained glass windows, resting on the weary ones like a blessing. One of the tourists went quietly to the altar and knelt there as though drawn there by some unseen hand; with head bowed on the rail before them, they were conscious after a while of a sweet strain of music coming closer and closer, until the whole church was filled with a flood of sweet harmonies, and then, as though realizing its mission was filled, it grew fainter and fainter and was gone, and the heart of the knower went out in a glad thanksgiving for the comfort of music, of prayer and friendship.

At Niagara, a short time ago, watching the rushing torrents, the thought came, "How could one doubt the existence of God," and kneeling in a darkened church, with the bustling, brushing crowd only a few feet away, you had the sweet assurance "That lo I am with you always."

"Is it true, Oh Christ in heaven,

That the highest suffer most;

And most hopelessly are lost;

That the mark of evil is without

Incapacity for pain;

And the anguish of the singer

Makes the secret strain?

Is it true, Oh Christ in heaven,

That whichever way we go,

Walls of darkness come around us,

Things we would, but cannot, know;

That the infidel hearts;

Like a temple veil unrent,

As we go on,

So that none's there content?

Is it true, Oh Christ in heaven,

That the honeys sweet to sense

So glorious and so perfect

That to know would strike us dumb;

That if ever for a moment

We could pierce beyond the sky

With those poor dim eyes we have,

We should just see God and die?

DAMARIS.

IOWA YEARLY MEETING.

Upon the solicitation of "The Church of God" of Marion, Linn Co., the Yearly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Iowa was held there on Aug. 30, 1901. Their camp meeting being in progress at the same time, a special appointment at 2:30 P. M., in their tent three miles north of the city, at which time a business meeting was held, at which a committee of three was appointed to nominate officers, etc., for next year, with instructions to report to the churches. A vote of thanks was tendered the friends at Marion for their courtesies to us while with them, and for the generous hospitalities of their homes. Then followed a sermon by Elder E. H. Scowell, delegate from the Minnesota Semi-Annual Meeting. Text, Gen. 11:32, the latter clause: "And Terah died in Haran." Theme, "Half-Way Obedience."

Mrs. M. G. Townsend, who was employed by the Yearly Meeting for a little more than a month, last year, on the Iowa field, was ready with a full and interesting report (part of which has been published), but she not being present at this appointment, it was not publicly read. A minute of it, with statistical and financial statements, was recorded.

I think it was the general verdict that we had a "good time" and received much good while at Marion. As a result of their camp-meeting, there were added to them by baptism five interesting young people, with the membership revived, and others interested in searching for the truths of God's Word.

J. O. BARCOCK, Sec'y pro tem.
Missions.

By O. U. Whitford, Cor. Secretary, Western, R. I.

The next regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society will occur October 16, 1901. At this meeting all applications for help and appropriations for the year 1902 will be considered, and action thereon taken. All business correspondence should be in the hands of the Corresponding Secretary as early as October 10. All who have any business to bring before the Missionary Board, please note the above.

ADDRESS.

Presented on Missionary Day at Conference, 1901.

"Is there not a necessity for a change in methods of revival work as practiced for the past twenty-five years?"

This is our text, not found in the Bible, but by the Program Committee of the Missionary Board. I shall doubtless speak from it,—probably not on it, or very close to it.

We have seen, in the Recorders, some very good articles on revivals, written by ministers who have never conducted a revival. Now the ministers are to listen to an article, prepared by an evangelist, telling how to do, something that he never did. This is article No. 1. I hope Editor Lewis will not ask me for an opening revival.

Yes, there is necessity for changes in revival methods, though they have been innumerable. The general understanding of a revival is a special series of meetings for the purpose of attracting and interesting the non-praying and the non-praying classes. Not many years since it was thought impossible during the busy months to do this work. The meetings were usually conducted by a stranger, in the expectation that he would do what pastor and people, who knew the church, were unable or unwilling to do.

The lack of interest, support, and attendance upon the church work and appointments have made a demand that something be done out of the usual order, and, hence, the revival has been resorted to in order to reach; in order to get life back into the church; and, sometimes, in order to lengthen the pastorate. It has been a much-abused class of work, and yet without the revival we do not worship the golden calf, are we not so devoted to obtaining the gold that we take no time to worship God.

Missions.

In some of the states the Bible and obscene literature are the only reading forbidden in the public schools. Not a few years ago Dr. Twing put to his College students in Cleveland, and also to the students of an Eastern ladies' college, twenty-two Bible questions—allusions to Tennyson's poems like the following: "Striking the Rock;" "Jephthah's Daughter;" "Jacob's Struggle;" "The Miracle of Cana;" "The Crown of Thorns;" "The Angel at the Tomb." Not half of the questions were answered correctly. The students are of a class which have grown larger.

The revival has come to be a standard antidote for nearly all kinds of church diseases, and usually affords relief, but, too often, the church very soon relapses, and the converts will still be in the fumes of Sodom; our tents are pitched that way.

Young men and young women, you do not have to go to the cities of the plain to get employment or society; but if you do, do not make alliances there; come back to Bethel and with your superior advantages over our parent, the worldly church prefers home-tickeled people; build eres who have never conducted a revival.

Seventh-day Baptists cradles will have to be rocked as independent of the cities of the plain, as was that of the Hebrew people, who have never been a nation without a kingdom, a nation without a king, with the family of Lot; they will still be in the fumes of Sodom; our tents are pitched that way.

Seventh-day Baptists can only stand on this platform, Fathers, you do not need to go to Egypt to buy corn; but if you do, do not settle there.

Now, the ministers are to listen to an article, followed by reverend deacons, to one of their class, carried by the Sabbath school roll of its membership carried so close to the heart of pastor and people, that we shall know all of them; or, better, know all of their very hearts and souls.

Another roll, including church, children and unconverted, carried daily to the throne in prayer, will do for them just what the list of names of his class carried by the Sabbath school teacher did for them—brought them into the kingdom of God.
Woman's Work.

Mrs. Henry M. Maxson, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Mrs. Henry M. Maxson, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.

NOW.

Break now the alabaster box
Of ointment blessed on high.
Abed the cherished friends of earth,
Their tears are crystal above.
How many burdened hearts are here!
That long for present help and cheer.
The kindly words are to say
When they are dead and gone.
Speak now, and fill their souls with joy
Before the morning's dawn.
'Tis better far when friends are near;
Their tears of love to soothe and cheer.
The flowers, withered till after death
Have closed their eyes in sleep.
If their eyes be ever to see again
Would still their fragrance keep.
While hearts can thrill and ears can hear
To hear the Master's call for laborers in both
Ere they are called to their eternal home.

When the new mission in Africa was undertaken, we cheerfully lent a hand toward the support of the girls and women there. A wonderful beginning has been made in that land, and soon more help will be needed. Who among the young people are minded to heed the Master's call for laborers in both China and Central Africa, and will be prepared to render service? All Christian workers believe the terrible experiences in China have prepared that nation for a better reception of gospel truth, and multiplied the opportunities for claiming the land for Christ. Who will soon be ready to stand with Dr. Palmiborg in the midst of those rapidly increasing privileges of ministering to both body and soul? Those who need salvation? When we know of the great need of the children in Africa, we feel that if the fifty we have undertaken to support were all provided for, we should have rescued and helped only the most deserving of those who should be saved, and even the fifty are not yet all cared for. Shall we not realize this grand opportunity, and not return home from this Conference till this obligation is fully met? Let us gladly toil on with greater zeal.

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. A. H. Booth, Secretary, Hammond, La.

The churches on this broad field are small and widely separated, so that the Board has only the one organized Auxiliary in Hammond, La. More than its usual apportionment has been raised this year, and the amount about equally divided between local work and the work of the Board. Other gifts are often sent in from individual workers. Letters to the churches have been sent out as usual.

EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. Anna C. Randolph, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

Through the past year, the general line of work has been followed as usual. There seems to be a growing interest and a willingness to respond to all requests and to cooperate in all the different branches of denominational interests. The Recorder fund has furnished papers to those who otherwise would not have had them.

The past year has been one of peculiar anxieties. We have all felt deeply for our missionaries in China through these dark hours, and for our workers in Africa in their sickness and trials. Through it all we know that there is an all-wise God who lives and reigns, who will bring light out of darkness, and that all things shall be for his glory. There has been one death, that of our lamented sister, Dr. Ella Swinney, a member of the Shiloh Society, and also its Secretary. Our sister gave all of herself to the cause. Great hearted and loving, she left an example that made better all that knew her. We think of her as resting with Jesus.

NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. Nettie M. West, Secretary, Milton Junction, Wis.

It is but an imperfect report that we bring before you this year, so many Societies not having reported. Still, judging from the money sent to the Woman's Board, there is an interest indicated that is very encouraging. Early in the year, letters were sent out to the Societies, stating the lines of work to be taken up by the Board, and requesting each to select that work which seemed best for them, and to give to those lines as they desired, not deeming it wise to apportion a fixed sum for each Society. Nearly all Societies have responded nobly, and we feel that their gifts have come from love for the work, and not merely from a sense of duty. There seems to be a growing interest in the work of the Woman's Board as evidenced by the hearty cooperation of so many of the Board. Two new Societies have been organized and are doing good work. In some Auxiliaries there is a feeling of discouragement on account of lack of interest manifested by many Christian women who cannot be brought to aid either financially or socially the Board. We feel that each Society should strive to the utmost to interest such women in their work, and in the denomina-
nation, not only for the help they might give, but for the benefit of such interest to them.

No new lines of work have been taken up this year. Though local needs have required a larger amount of money, other lines of work seem not to have suffered in consequence. The number of those contributing toward the support of African girls is increasing. Our hearts were made glad by having with us at the Association our dear Dr. Palmberg, and we feel that her presence with us has given an impetus to the work that cannot be measured, but which will be felt in the coming years.

WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

Miss Agnes I. Rogers, Secretary, Wellsville, N. Y.

In submitting her report this year, the Secretary feels that she can give only an imperfect account of the work in this Association, because of the necessity of the work to her. The close of the year comes a sense that not all has been done that might have been accomplished. Much faithful service has been rendered by the sisters in all the Auxiliaries; the larger Societies have raised their apportionments promptly and cheerfully; the societies on account of local needs have in many cases been obliged to turn their attention to home interests, but are interested in the work of the Board, and have helped so far as they have been able.

There is a feeling on the part of the Secretary that there are many earnest women in our Association who should have a part in the work, but who are indifferent or opposed to it. In the coming year, it should be the aim of the Secretary and every zealous worker in the Societies to awaken these sisters. Can we not, dear sisters, help them to realize that there is a great blessing in sacrifice for Christ? Can we not help them to see the broader spiritual life beyond their own horizon, and bring home to their hearts the Saviour's command, "Go teach all nations"?

Much interest has been manifested in our missions in China and Africa, and in most instances the Societies have been liberal in their gifts for those fields. Some organizations for local work have been induced this year to report their work to the Board, and much local work of the Auxiliaries heretofore not reported will appear in the Treasurer's report. The year has been a memorable one in the history of missions in China, and we have great reason to be thankful to our kind heavenly Father that our beloved missionaries have not been sacrificed for the spread of truth in that darkened land. Their unselfish loyalty to the cause of God, even when danger was near, should inspire us all to higher Christian living and more earnest endeavor. Many of our own have been mistaken and failures, we believe God will bless all efforts put forth in his name and for his cause.

In behalf of and approved by Woman's Board.

Mrs. Albert Whitford, Cot. Sec.

SERMON.

BY REV. G. B. SHAW.

Preached on Sabbath morning, at the General Conference.

Text, Ps. 121: 5a. "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved."

The 121st Psalm is one of a number of short Psalms that are called "Psalms of degree." Many of us have wondered as we have seen this title written above each of the fifteen Psalms beginning with the 120th, what the term meant, "A Psalm of degrees." Now it is not positively known what the meaning is, but the explanation usually given seems very reasonable and satisfactory. A song of ascent is a song of giving up. These songs of ascent were the songs that the pilgrims sang as they went up to the great annual gatherings at Jerusalem. As they gathered from all parts of the land, and ascended by easy stages along the mountain that was round about Jerusalem, they sang the songs of Zion. The 122d is a song of ascent, a song of degrees, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." Our feet are held in the way of Jericho; O Jerusalem..." What more appropriate song for a lot of happy religious pilgrims to be singing. These songs are all short, as would be expected, averaging but seven verses each, and were probably chanted responsive by the different groups of pilgrims. Each has its theme which is followed quite care fully, but there is little that could be called development. The 120th is all sadness, "Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesesheh, that I dwell among the tents of Kedar." I next is full of confidence, "The Lord is thy keeper." The third is overflowing with gladness, "I am glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." The next is of humble trust, etc.

The Psalm from which the text has been chosen and announced, the 121st, is a literary gem that it would be difficult to match, and is overflowing at every point with the poet's glad confidence in Jehovah as his keeper.

Listen again. It may be from the plains of Jericho, where a band of Galilean pilgrims are going up to the city of the Lord; or from up my eyes unto the hills...from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for evermore."

Let us now look a little closer into the text, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved." These words were, of course, figurative. But the meaning underlying the figure is perfectly clear. In reading the Bible you have not failed to observe that the feet are held in much higher honor than is the case in our times. The statement of Paul that we should have our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace is evidently directly suggested by Psalms 121. How beautiful is the view of the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace. Good tidings of peace is the gospel of peace, and in both cases is associated with the feet.

Not suffering the foot to be moved is but another way of saying that the person will not be moved; which in turn says that one will be shielded from danger. The central idea of the whole Psalm is "the Lord our keeper," and the particular shade of thought made prominent in this verse is the idea of our feet being held in the way of Jericho, not to have suffered.

Zion was not to slip, nor falter, nor wander, nor retreat, nor fall, but rather to stand. This does not mean that she was not to go forward—for the best kind of standing is usually a going forward. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; did not mean perpetual inactivity for Israel, and it does not mean that for us. It means progress under the most favorable conditions.

We are living in trying days, not indeed days of persecution nor days of war, but nevertheless in days when men's souls are being tried.

The commercial spirit is everywhere, the spirit of doubt is everywhere. This is present in true life, but village life has been touched by the same poisons of worldliness, and the home life on the farm is in danger. The question has been seriously raised whether a man can be a Christian and at the same time a successful business man in New York. I am speaking of Sabbath-keeping, but can a man meet the Christian competition in any ordinary business in that city, and not compromise his Christianity? About the professions there would probably be no serious question, but all will agree that whether it be in business, in school, society, professional life or wherever we are placed, that to maintain a pure Christian life will mean a struggle on our part and Divine assistance continually, for the current is all the other way. We do not have to struggle to love and to seek for money and praise and pleasure. It is easy to doubt and to be disloyal; the right way is narrow and difficult, the wrong way is broad and easy. As we are jostled about by the careless throng and boldly tempted by the Devil, we must hold fast the word of truth, not falter, nor fall, but rather stand. Jehovah will not deceive his people; if we hold our Father's hand, we shall never fail.

Our attention is often called to the fact that we are not holding our own young people. We are told that the way to hold our own is to set them to work to save others to the truth, but the fact is continually borne back on some of us that the first duty is to keep within the fold those who are born in our homes. We must strengthen our stakes, as well as lengthen our cords. A generation ago we could lose three or four from a family, and yet hold our own; but it is not so now. Seventh-day Baptist families are not smaller than the families of other people, and our young men and women are not less conscientious than those of other denominations; but I am hinting at some of the facts and conditions that enter into the problem that confronts us as we look out into the new century, and with sad faces confess that many of our young people are not regular in the churches. We shall not question our duty to evangelize the world, or disseminate Sabbath truth at home, but our first duty is to stand, and having done all to stand, to stand fast.
keep our feet from falling. The new conditions under which we are living will make our people more and more lone Sabbath-keepers. Many of our teachers and doctors are already so. The pressure that will be brought to bear on them is likely to increase. Why, even now, the current running away from the law of God is not due to some influence of disregard for Sunday as a day absolutely sanctified in the eyes of God. The influence of disregard for Sunday is a very gale in our faces, but as we plant our feet more firmly and brace ourselves for the struggle, think what an encouraging, hopeful, inspiring text this is for the faithful Seventh-day Baptists. "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved." The new century comes to us not only with wonderful opportunities and tremendous duties, but it comes with social and religious conditions so involved that it becomes absolutely necessary that our people shall have not only the best education, but also the moral and religious qualities to stand alone; the staking qualities, the very first element of which is a reliance in the keeping qualities of the God who promises that he will not permit the idea to be moved. A young man or woman goes away to school. It may be to a medical school; the chances are that the spiritual atmosphere is below zero and the question of Sabbathkeeping, keeping a blizzard to be faced. It may be a young woman has married a man who does not observe the Sabbath. I need not tell you that the religious future of that family is uncertain. A young man has started out in business; he is to face all the problems of doing as Jesus would do in business. Or it may be one who has passed the meridian of life, and has a home with Sabbath privileges. Do not tell these, and others with like problems, to do the best they can under the circumstances; but tell them that if they take the right stand, Almighty God will never suffer their feet to be moved. Don't tell a man to close his shop at sundown Friday afternoon, if it is not to injure his business. Tell him to obey God. Don't tell a wife to compromise the Sabbath to win her husband. Tell her that her Father in Heaven knows her trial, and has promised that he will keep her from falling, and will not permit her to be tempted beyond what she is able to bear. We want more men and women in New York City, but we want you to send us the right kind. Don't send us those who say they will try to keep the Sabbath; but send those who say that they will do so. There is a vast difference between one who plans to win what the world calls success, if it can be done without a compromise of conscience, and one who plans not to compromise conscience unless it should interfere with the success of success. Our God is strong and he will keep his word: "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed." I have had occasion to watch the experience of many young men and women in college and university life away from the influences of home. It is not that they have kept their Sabbath in the same spirit and grace and at the same time have kept the respect and confidence of their fellows are those who are known, from the beginning, as Seventh-day Baptists. They did not begin with any sort of compromise. If we are in the right, as we feel sure we are, and if God has promised us victory, then let us not be frightened by the fear of being thought contrary and narrow and bigoted. It is certainly wrong to be contrary and narrow and bigoted, and every Seventh-day Baptist should be so reasonable and charitable and truly broad-minded as to free us from reproach from every thoughtful person. The truth is narrow and the wrong way is broad. There may possibly be those who stick to the Sabbath to be contrary. But where one makes the mistake of letting self- will take the place of reason and conscience, there are ninety-nine who are quite as well satisfied with a broad and worldliness. Let us not think too much of what men will say about us, but think more of what God knows us to be. If men say we are narrow and bigoted, let us satisfy ourselves that it is not true. But we must not take everybody's standard of narrowness. But to come back to the text, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved." Looking for a moment from another standpoint, we naturally ask who is that makes this general promise, it is Jesus, that man can be able to keep his promise? If this text stood alone in the Scriptures, we would not dare to press it for a sweeping and fundamental promise; but fortunately it is only one of hundreds of its kind, and anyone who believes in the Bible at all must apply it to us, and that Jehovah is abundantly able to verify their truth in our case.

Something of the same idea, although in the form of personal confidence rather than a promise, is found in the words of Paul, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Hear also the words of Jesus, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Go back to your churches and tell any who may have become discouraged that God lives, and that his truth will certainly triumph. Tell them to take their Bibles and seek out the promises of our Father in Heaven. Don't tell them what men said at Conference till you have to yourself the promise, "He that believeth on me, the Father will believe also on him." Christ says in his written Word. Tell them that if they reach up the hand in trust to Jesus, that no one shall pluck them out of his hand. Tell them that if they commit their all to the Saviour whom the apostle trusted, that they shall be kept till the greatest day. Tell them that if they find the truth, and take their stand upon it, that he will not suffer them to be moved; that those who trust Jehovah shall not wander, nor stumble, nor falter, nor fall.

And now what about conditions so there conditions? Certainly there are conditions. If not directly stated, they are always implied. Possibly the first question to consider is whether the stand we have taken is right or not. We should know the ground on which we are to stand truth. Some men have never taken the ground that matters to them; or, so that it would be worth while to keep their feet from being moved. If we are standing on some falsehood of uncertain, changing ground, we cannot hope that the Lord will keep our feet from falling. If the belief in salvation from the very first, that Christ is a poorly grounded presumption, then we are on slippery ground. If the Sabbath of the Ten Commandments and of the life of Jesus is not an unchanged moral law, then are our feet almost falling. If, on the other hand, we are building on the truth, then are we safe. Let us search diligently to know the truth, that we may take our stand upon ground where we can confidently expect that the truth will suffer no injury. Notice also that we must take a decided stand ourselves. If a man doesn't exactly know whether or not he is a Christian—he hopes he is, he expects to be, his parents were, he means all right,—that man in his position is a man in a place where he can expect God to maintain him. It may be that a man is asking that the Lord will keep his feet from falling in the temptation to intemperance, who has never taken any stand on that question at all. God will not keep a pure heart in one who does liberately opens his eyes and ears to that which is impure. If any one of us expects the Lord to keep us from the path of sin, it will be well to consider what stand we have taken in reality made. Neither of us, in a business or profession where Sabbath-keeping is practically impossible and then expect that the Lord will open the way for him to observe the Sabbath. A man starts out in business hoping in a general way to be able to keep the Sabbath and get on in the same time. He believes in the Sabbath and would be glad if he could observe it—possibly after a time he can—after he gets a start. This man has not set his feet down at all, and it matters little whether they are moved or not. This is not the way in which the Lord will keep our feet. It is the way in which the Lord will keep our feet. It was that when three of these men were confronted with the question of bowing down to the golden image that the king had set up, that there was no uncertain ground taken. To be sure they were alone of all the subjects of Nebuchadnezzar in that they were only captives; but with the enraged king and his armed guards before their eyes, and with the cradle of the furnace in their ears, and with God in their hearts, they confidently answered and said to the king, "Oh, Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace; and he will deliver us out of thy hand, oh king. But if not, be it known unto thee, oh king, that we will not serve gods, nor worship the image which thou hast set up." The God of these brave men is our God, and if we trust in him, (Continued on page 604)
Young People's Work.

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

Keeping Out of Sight.

I do love to see a man who has the cause so much at heart that he can either make himself prominent or sink back out of sight, as occasion may require. The man who is, perhaps, more than any other, responsible for the reinforcement and reorganization of our theological school, has never had his name appear in print in connection with the movement. For over a year he has been planning and working quietly. He has pushed others to the front, and then lifted with all his might from some unobserved corner, finding his joy and reward in the good accomplished. We have as great heroes among our common business men and the quiet mistresses of our homes as we have in the specific calling of the ministry.

The Stirring Power of Example.

It is extremely doubtful whether I would have awakened that morning in time for the sunrise meetings if it had not been for the tramp of feet overhead. The Milton Quartet were astatic betimes, getting ready to go, and their busy activity was my reminder. Keep right on in your Christian duties, my friend. You may see no returns; but the very noise of your feet, as you walk in the paths of daily duty will remind some one else of words unsaid and deeds undone.

Putting Others to Work.

One of the things to be admired about the methods of J. G. Burdick in evangelistic campaigns is his setting other people at work and settlers of young men and women into a community, and by unfailing diligence and lavish expenditure of his powers wins souls to Christ, there is always this peril, that when the moving cause is removed the work will lapse. More and more are thoughtful pastors conscious that permanent growth in the church must come through the activity of the church itself. Of course, we are speaking now of the human side of the work. We must always remember that it is God who worketh in us both to will and to work of his good pleasure. But God always stands ready to work through his children, and the final test falls back on us. Solve the problem of securing a live, healthy, active church-membership—active because the life within is pushing out to bad and fruit—and you solve the evangelistic problem. Is it not so?

Thoughts From an Early Morning Prayer-Meeting.

"We want to see sinners converted now."

"There is no better example of consecration than that of Paul. He said, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' and that was all there was of it. That was consecration."

"I'm not much of a singer, and cannot talk very well; but I can get down on my knees and pray for the unsaved."

"Ask for it right, and God will give his Holy Spirit in such power that we won't know how to do."

"God furnishes the electric force. We are only the wire upon which it runs."

"When we were boys on the frontier, father would have us take torches and run, lighting fires in the grass, as we went. That is what we are to do when we get back home."

To Deal With Anarchy.

How would it do to put all the anarchists upon an island by themselves? It seems too bad for a man or woman who hates a flag to live under it. Let them have some stretch of territory, and they will kill each other to their heart's content. The American people are through with the easy policy which permits them to kill our loved and cherished leaders; but we could be reconciled to seeing them kill their own. Let them have a chance to put their way of ideas into effect where they alone can suffer from them, and, if they can demonstrate to the world that they have a better order of society than ours, it will be time enough then to adopt it.

I do not think the American people will endorse the impasioned statement of the public speaker who declared that Johnson should have killed the assassin of President McKinley on the spot. No anarchist could compel such summary treatment, but we ourselves have higher ideals of law and order. Our real attitude seems rather to be a quiet, relentless, unswerving, undying purpose to hunt this venomous brood of reptiles to the last corner, break it up, stamp it out and rob it of the power it has further damaged. Anarchy is an exotic. It is not native to our soil. It is imported. The assassin was the same, the children are the same, the nation's one great peril, that when the moving cause is removed the work will lapse.

Of course, one wants to deport Coolidge. Something more appropriate awaits him and his fellow conspirators. But there are others left who are not directly connected with the murder. No state, no family, no God is the mark of the black flag. Very well. Let them have a chance to put their beautiful ideas into effect and enjoy the results to the full. They would soon exterminate each other, or else evolve some system of government for their own protection.

Of course, the moral imports result which will flow from the sacrifice of the life of our President will be the welding of the nation together into a stronger patriotism. We cannot keep our President in an iron cage. The nations which have guarded their rulers most stringently have been unable to protect them when men were bent on taking their lives. Above all other lessons let us remind ourselves that a nation's one great protection is in the hearts of its citizens. A public sentiment that will scorn the low selfish ideals all too prevalent in political life, that will root out the abuses which stir up discontent and distrust, that will work first and last for the country's weal, that will be our strongest bulwark in all the days to come.

They may kill McKinley, but they cannot kill the patriotism which he stood. They may strike down the man, but the cause goes on. God makes the wrath of man to praise him. The shot at Lexington aimed at our subjugation made us an independent nation. The booming explosion of the Maine in Havana bartered Cuba free. The bullet fired at our President has a tremendous recoil, and the whole foul brood which cheered the assassin on will feel it in the coming days. Under God, the ideals of free government shall be higher lifted, and William McKinley shall not have died in vain.

A CONFERENCE of about thirty Junior Superintendents and workers was held in the early part of the month at 3:30 o'clock on Wednesday, August 28, under the leadership of Mrs. H. M. Maxson, of Plainfield, N. J. Talks were given by Mr. Walter L. Greene, of Alfred, on "Intermediate Societies of Christian Workers," and Rev. Clarkson A. Burdick, of Ashaway, R. L., on "Evangelistic work among the children."

From these papers and the discussion of the same, the following thoughts were drawn:

Evangelistic work with the children is of the utmost importance. In three days there are no sweeping revivals like those of fifty years ago, but a gradual training of the children to keep them good and to make them Christian workers. If we give up the work with the children, we must give up our future. Religion is largely a question of growth, and young minds are more easily molded than those of mature years. Evangelism is founded on love. Children often have a good influence on other children and on home friends. Instances have been known where children have brought back their parents to the keeping of God's Sabbath, from which they had wandered.

Junior work is needed as a supplement to the work of the Sabbath-school and the home. The Intermediate Society is the connecting link between the Junior and Senior Societies. It consists of children from twelve to sixteen years old, who like to assume some responsibilities of their own. There are at present three Intermediate Societies in our denomination, at Alfred, Ashaway and Plainfield, but there should be many more. Under the wise direction of a superintendent, the members conduct their own prayer and business meetings in good order. Children need to be taught how to pray. Keeping in mind the thought that prayer is talking to God, give the children some and ask for sentence prayers for some particular object. Occasionally, special meetings should be arranged to teach the reasons for our own particular belief, the early history of our denomination, the great work of the early preachers and temperament work, and similar subjects.

The Seventh-day Baptist Catechism of 1896 is now in process of revision, and will soon be ready for distribution. The bond between Junior, Intermediate, and Senior Societies should be very close, and it is hoped to have superintendents appointed by Senior Societies, and to expect regular reports of the work done. Junior and Intermediate societies ought also to send reports to the Young People's page of the Recorder.

MARY A. STILLMAN, Sec.
CHILDREN'S PAGE.

"THINGS THAT SPRISE YOU."

There's lots of things that a'prise you when you're little just like I; when you bump your head they tell you, "Oh, you're too big to cry!" But when you're not so little, And you want another bite, The big folks say, "Oh, no, indeed, You are too little, quite."

Then when there's company you know, They wash you up so clean And tell you little bits o' folks Must not be heard but seen. Don't remember this that you know about You hear 'em say. "Now, dear, Stand up and say a little piece For Mrs. Smith to hear."

That's just the way things a'prise you When you're just like I, But I suppose you'll understand 'em When you're older, by and by.

THE WATCHMAN.

JOE'S FIRE COMPANY.

By Alex E. Allen.

Joe was washing dishes. It seemed to Joe that she was always washing dishes. If she had only been a boy, and could have done boys' work! Poor Joe tossed her little dark head, set her teeth hard, and went on with the dishes.

Outside she could hear the children talking as they built stick-houses. Joe called her little sister Nan, and Nan's little friend Bob, "the children." For they were only six, while she was ten, and "going on eleven."

Bob was the next-door neighbor's boy. He had big blue eyes, stiff white hair, and a round water face. He drawled, "Joe, listen to Bob's slow drawl while she A slow smile crept up her face, and called back, "Oh, what I'd give if I was as tall as you, Joe."

Don's "oh" increased in strength, Bob's voice joined in, and Don barked wildly.

"The ash-house on fire?" thought Joe, "and it's close to the barn." She flung down her dishecloth, caught up a pail of water, and ran.

Papa was chief of the fire department in the village. He had often told his children what to do in case of fire.

How Joe flew across the yard, calling to Nan and Bob to get more water, and come quick. Before she reached the ash-house she could see the smoke, and when, out of breath, she pulled open the door, black clouds rushed out and choked her. She could see the red flames darting in and out of the darkness within. The stone part would not burn. Joe remembered that, and dashed the water with all her little strength against the wooden roof of the building.

By this time Nan was there with more water. Joe had just raised the pail high for a good throw, when the gruff voice of the old fireman said, "What be you young 'uns up to now?"

Joe sent the water first, then slipped her hot face, and called back, "O Davis, bring some water quick! The ash-house is all afire!"

"Taint, nuther!" shouted old Davis in disgust; "I'm smokin' hams."

Joe dropped her pail, and ran back to her unwashed dishes. Some way she was glad not to meet any one just then.

The little procession of three formed as usual. Nan's curly head was held very high. Bob's feet dragged themselves unwillingly away from the exciting scene. Don's long, silky ears drooped. He seemed to feel that the burden of the mistake rested most heavily upon him.

A slow smile crept up among the freckles on Bob's round face. "Nan," he said, "I—told—my—cousin—'

That night, at ten-thirty, Papa Turner said to mamma, "I've been thinking all summer that I must put lightning-rods on our house and barn. But it won't be necessary. Davis says we have one of the finest and most fearless of fire companies right in our family."

Joe's cheeks lighted up. Paps told mamma all about it. They both laughed, and papa pulled Nan's curls, and asked Joe where she had found her way of curing hams.

Then Bob came in from his supper, and Don came in from his, and they all kissed their father, "Let papa joke all day indoors.

RAINY DAY INDOORS.

It was Frazer's second day in the country, and the rain was coming down in torrents. Poor Frazer! He could have cried with vexation when he first stepped out in the morning and gazed down on the big farmyard, with its muddy pools and dripping trees, only, of course, boys never cry over trifles. At least, that is what he had told his cousin Fanny, when she broke her doll the very day before he left home, and he remembered it now with a pang of sympathy.

There was no use in urging his mother to let him go out in the pouring rain, and Frazer took his seat at the breakfast table with a rueful face and gloomy thoughts of a long dreary day indoors.

"How fortunate it is that it is raining today!" said Mrs. Parker, Frazer's mamma, in a brisk tone, after the breakfast. Frazer and Nellie and Ethel, the two little girls who were among the guests, all looked up at that in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Glad it's raining!" said Nellie, in an awoke-struck tone. What a strange woman Frazer's mother must be, she thought. "Yes," went on Mrs. Parker, cheerfully, "really glad, for I have heard of the nicest game to play, and if it had not rained I don't know when you children would have found time to play it with me. Now we can start it this morning."

"Oh, will you play with us?" cried Frazer, his face brightening perceptibly.

"Of course I will," answered his mother, with that bright little laugh of her's which somehow always banished the frowns from Frazer's face.

As soon as the breakfast things had been cleared away, the farmer's wife built a great woodfire in the old open fireplace, which was so large that Frazer could stand in it and see the sky through the chimney, before the logs were lighted. The children all thought the fire delightful. The logs were so much larger than any they could use in their city homes that the blaze seemed a different thing. The new game, Mrs. Parker said, was called the "memory game. The three children were assigned to the room while Mrs. Parker arranged fifteen articles on a small table. These were a book, penknife, buttonhook, matchbox, ring, bracelet, purse, scissors, thimble, stickpin and a little china dog. Then the door was opened, and as Frazer, Nellie and Ethel bounded into the room each received a piece of writing paper and a pencil, and was told to walk slowly around the table three times, without speaking, but looking at the objects.

Just as Ethel, who brought up the rear, had finished her third trip around, Mrs. Parker sent the water through the chimney, before the logs were lighted. The children all thought the fire delightful. The children all thought the fire delightful. The logs were so much larger than any they could use in their city homes that the blaze seemed a different thing. The new game, Mrs. Parker said, was called the "memory game. The three children were assigned to the room while Mrs. Parker arranged fifteen articles on a small table. These were a book, penknife, buttonhook, matchbox, ring, bracelet, purse, scissors, thimble, stickpin and a little china dog. Then the door was opened, and as Frazer, Nellie and Ethel bounded into the room each received a piece of writing paper and a pencil, and was told to walk slowly around the table three times, without speaking, but looking at the objects.

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and do our part, there will be with us in every fiery trial the form of the fourth—like unto the Son of God. So it was that afterwards, when King Darius had signed the wicked decree that no one should pray to any god for thirty days, that Daniel was not moved. He chose to face lions rather than to dishonor Jehovah.

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose firm,
Dare to make it known."

Standing by a purpose true,
Hearing God's command,
Honor them the faithful few,
All hail to Daniel's band.

"May his light in men be lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God has been a host
By joining Daniel's band.

"Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall
If met by Daniel's band.

Hold the gospel banner high;
To victory grand,
Satan and his hosts defy
And shout for Daniel's band.

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a great firm,
Dare to make it known."

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; be that keepeth Israel will neither slumber nor sleep. Above all other conditions we are not to forget that while we exert every effort to stand unsoftened, we are not to trust in our own strength. The Hebrew captives who refused to bow to the golden image on the plains of Dura did not resist in their own strength. To be sure they did exhibit wonderful courage and faith and bravery, but it was all dependent on another and higher power. They said, "Our God, whom we serve, is able." If they had set out to resist the orders of Nebuchadnezzar by intellectual cunning, or by physical prowess, leaving Jehovah out of the account, there would have been quite a difference in their story; or more likely there would never have been any story at all. It is exactly so in the modern application of the truth and text. Men and women are the strongest when their feet are not on the shores of Asia and in the heart of Europe, but he is not conquered.

When the armi es of Cesar and Pompey stood facing each other on the field of Philippi, beyond the Rubicon, and the destiny of nations was in the balance, Pompey gave the order that when Cesar commanded his legions to charge, instead of running to meet them on the field, his soldiers should wait in their places. This plan was adopted with the expectation that when the crush came it would find one line of men exhausted by the run, and the other fresh for the fight. This experiment cost Pompey his kingdom, for as the soldiers of Cesar ran, their courage rose and the momentum which they gained was almost irresistible, while on the other hand the men standing in their tracks, were soon shaking in their shoes and were ripe for a panic when the blow came. The best way for Seventh-day Baptists to stand is to go forward; and he will not suffer thy foot to be moved.

I doubt if the apostle Paul used such text as we are considering to-day as he pushed out with the gospel among the heathen; to them he preached salvation from sin through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; but to the unbelieving Jews and Gentiles whose purposes of sustaining grace must have been very precious. Think of Paul the aged and infirm, but the unconquered prisoner of Nero. Scorned with many a scourg e and lash, his shoulders are bent with age, his hair is turned to snow, his eyes are dim, and already his wrists are calloused with the chains of Rome, but he is not conquered nor in the least discouraged. His mind is clear, his heart is warm, and the star of hope shines bright above. Men and angels await him, but I hear him saying, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness . . ." He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. So it has ever been. "Their feet stood in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever."

Let us all take courage to-day by remembering this self-evident fact, that if we are right, and if we trust God for help, nothing can harm or hinder us. Amen.

---END---

THE MISSION OF THE POSITIVE MAN.

No man achieves anything worthy until he learns the power of conviction,—until he feels that he can accomplish something if he wills it strong enough and long enough. This is the great lesson for the man who has a program, a mission, a calling to do that which he feels a thrilling compulsion within him to do.

Stoutly affirm your ability to do what you undertake. Every affirmation strengthens your conviction.

One of the best strengths of character and developers of stamina, generally, is to assume the part you wish to play; to stoutly assert the possession of whatever you lack. If you are deficient in courage, staying-power, or self-determination, learn to assert vigorously these qualities as your own by a divin e right. Be thoroughly convinced that they belong to you,—that you should possess them, and that you do. Then you will strengthen your success-position wonderfully.

Grant had this positive quality—a firm conviction that he could accomplish whatever he undertook. There was nothing negative in him. He did not stop, in the midst of a great crisis, to consider if failure were possible; he did not doubt, but constantly affirmed, and was always on the positive side.

It is the positive Lincoln, Washingtons and Grants who achieve results. The positive man is wanted everywhere—the man with the plus qualities of leadership. He is fearless, courageous; his conviction is born of the consciousness of strength.

Never allow yourself to admit that you are inferior to the emergency confronting you; for this is to invite defeat. Stoutly affirm that you can do the thing. The moment you harbor a doubt of your ability, that moment you capitulate to the enemy.

Every time you acknowledge weakness, demonstrate or lack of ability, or harbor doubt, you weaken your self-confidence, and that is to weaken the very foundation, the very possibility, of your success.

A young man might as well expect to get over the Alps by sitting down, declaring that the undertaking is too great for him, that he can never accomplish it, that he is afraid of the avalanches and of getting lost, as to hope to attain greatness in life while he is expressing doubts and fears of his ability to do what he undertakes. The achievement of such a man will never rise higher than his confidence.—Success.

GOLD COAST MISSION.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Adventist Missionary Society, held this day, it was voted to send Brother Peter Velthuysen as a missionary and teacher to Ayam Maim, Coast Gold, Africa, as soon as possible. In order that the Board may have the money pledged for this object at the late General Conference, to use in sending out Brother Velthuysen, a committee was appointed by the Board to request that, as far as convenient, the pledges for the first year be paid before October 1, so that the Treasurer may not be obliged to hire the money. To please to Geo. H. Utter, Treasurer, Westerly, R. I., Respectfully,

I. B. Grandle, Com.
A. S. Barcock, J.

Westerly, R. I., Sept. 11, 1901.
DENOMINATIONAL HYMN-BOOK.

At the late session of the General Conference, it was voted to adopt the report of the Committee, recommending “Life-Time Hymns.” If one thousand of these are ordered, a special edition will be printed with the title of “Faith’s Seventh-day Baptist Edition,” and with references to “Sunday” changed to “Sabbath.”

Copies of this book can be obtained from R. R. McCabe & Co., Chicago, Ill., by sending thirty-five cents. A number of churches are already favorably considering the book, and will doubtless purchase it.

The Committee is desirous of ordering the edition as early as possible, and urges all churches who are thinking of purchasing new hymn-books to take up the question promptly and advise the Committee of their decision at their earliest convenience.

D. E. TITTSWORTH, Geo. W. FOSTER, L. G. RANDOLPH.

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

The Sabbath has again come to me while on my travels in Iowa. I have found a lone Sabbath-keeper, by mere chance, who, with two daughters, kindly invite me to spend the Sabbath with them. We are strangers, having never before heard of each other. The husband and son are believers; went to their work, but giving me a kind welcome and a command to make myself “comfortable.” The great, busy world was unmindful of the day and its sacredness. It keeps Sunday; but that is, it keeps it on bicycles, in the parks, on excursions to the city, in visits to relatives and taking pleasure rides.

The preacher has told his people that “We keep Sunday because the work of redemption is greater than the work of creation.” And it is about that idle speculation that I wish to say a few words.

Christ is the Redeemer and he is the Creator. “All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.” John 1: 1-3. “By him were all things created.” Col. 1: 16, 17. To the Son of God it was said, “Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thine hands.” Heb. 1: 5, 8, 10. It was this creative power that marked the divinity of Jesus Christ. It was plainly seen in the miracle of the feeding of the multitude in Galilee, the same creative power he used in creating the world and all foods. Christ is creator, and we worship him as such. It is by virtue of this power that he is the Saviour of the world. Because “by him were all things created,” “We have redemption through his blood.” Col. 1: 12, 14. He redeems because he creates. It is, therefore, the same power that creates and redeems. How is a man redeemed? By being created anew, “Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me.” Psa. 51: 10. “If any man be in Christ he is a new creature.” 2 Cor. 5: 17. “We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus.” Eph. 2: 8-10. Redemption is creation. One and the same divine power. Natural birth is by creative power. The new birth is by creative power. Mr. Peary, on your finite mind measure the power of God in creation? Oh no! Can you measure that power in the work of redemption? Certainly not. Then by what authority do you assert that one is greater than the other? Have you a theological axe to grind? and do you grind it by this idle speculation? “To the law and the testimony.” “The seventh day is the Sabbath.” In creation God set it apart for man’s highest good. In redemption man regards it sincerely; God’s own word about it is sufficient. Return to the authority of the Bible and to obedience to Christ, who gave you the Sabbath by his creation, and maintains the same blessed institution and the same day for your good in your redeemed state.

H. D. CLARKE.

TWENTY-EIGHT HOME MISSIONARIES.

Among the works accomplished at Conference was the forming of a prayer circle of consecrated workers, for mutual help and encouragement. This circle was formed principally of isolated Sabbath-keepers; but no one is debarred from joining.

It is believed that by being united, and reporting from time to time, that the scattered ones can do more efficient and systematic work. The circle is called “Lower Lights.”

The twenty-eight who volunteered to work for Christ in their own little corner signed this promise:

Desiring to advance Christ’s Kingdom, we are willing to be lighted; and will do all we can to spread the gospel and Sabbath truth.

Any who may wish to identify themselves with this movement, either for the purpose of helping, or being helped, will please send their names and addresses to Mrs. ANGELINE ABLEY.

1030 East 26th Street, Erie, Pa.

SKIP MISS BROWN

Little Clara, aged four, was in the habit of asking God in her prayers to bless her father, mother, and Miss Brown, her governess. One evening not feeling kindly disposed toward the latter, she concluded her prayer as follows: “God bless my papa and my mamma, but ‘on needn’t boozar ‘bout Miss Brown dis time.”

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The Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

“ALFRED STUDENT”

For a complete set of the “Alfred Student,” in good condition, bound or unbound, will be purchased $5.00.

Popular Science.

BY H. R. BAKER.

News from Peary.

The Arctic steamer Erik, from Ellsmere Land, Aug. 29, reached Cape Breton, Sept. 13, and reported all well. Peary left Fort Conger, April 15, 1901, and reached Alavon Channel, in latitude 81° degrees 44’ north to West Greenland, and traversed the coast to the northward. On April 26, at 83° 24’ two natives were sent back. He arrived on May 8 at Lockwood’s Cairn, the furthest point north reached by Lockwood, opened the cairn and found records had been taken; when at 15 miles northeast, another cairn was found containing records, saying that that was the “farthest” point reached in 1882. Two more natives were then sent back.

Peary and Hensio, with Esquimaux, pushed on, and at 83° 30’ north arrived at the northern extremity of Greenland, evidently the most northern land in the world. Here Mr. Peary built a cairn and deposited therein the records of his journey, portions of his flag, his private signal, and some articles as souvenirs.

From this point Peary struck out directly north for the pole, and pushed on until at 83° and 50’ north he was stopped by much broken ice and open water.

On returning to the coast, he traveled eastward about one hundred and sixty miles farther than Lockwood, latitude 83° north and longitude 25° west, where the high mountain seen by Lockwood away to the north was named and recognized by Mr. Peary away to the south.

In a letter to Mr. H. L. Bridgman, Secretary of his Club, Mr. Peary sets forth his estimate of the value of his work, from which we make a few brief extracts:

My Dear Bridgman:

It gives me great pleasure to present to the Club the results of the work of 1900.

1. The rounding of the northern limit of the Greenland archipelago, the most northerly known land in the world; probably the most northerly land.

2. The longest latitude yet attained in the Western Hemisphere (83° 50’ north).

3. The determination of the origin of the so-called “Polar ice cap” (see here).

Considering that I am an old man, have one broken leg and only three toes, and that my starting point was Exed, I feel that this was done tolerably well. If I do not capture the pole itself in this spring campaign, I shall try it again next spring.

(Signed) PEARY.

Dr. Dedrich takes this letter South to be sent by natives to Cape York, thence by whaler to the British Consul at any civilized point.

On May 22, Mr. Peary turned back, following the line of his outward march, and on June 10 arrived at Fort Conger, having been gone three months, without illness, accident, or serious mishap of any kind, to him. Having found seven hundred miles more than Lockwood and Brainerd in 1882, and made it in less time, and in temperature ranging from 20° above to 35° below zero.

Mr. Peary decided to winter at Fort Conger, and to spend the autumn in hunting and obtaining fresh meat for open dogs.

Having given up the Greenland route as being an undesirable one to reach the pole, he decided that his next attempt would be from Cape Hecla, the northern point of Grinnell Land, using Fort Conger as a base.

Late in April, 1901, Mr. Peary, with his entire force, returned south to open communication with the steamer expected from home, but from which nothing had been heard. He found the steamer at Payer Harbor, on May 6, frozen fast in her winter quarters, having
Sabbath School.

Conducted by SABBATE-SCHOOL BOARD.

REV. WILLIAM C. WITFORD, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1901.

LESSON 1.—JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.


GOLDEN TEXT.—The patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt: but God was with him: Acts 7: 9.

INTRODUCTION.

From chapter 37 of Genesis to chapter 41 Genesis has to do with the history of the sons of Jacob, and particularly with Joseph, the eldest son of his favorite wife Rachel. The promised to Abraham was repeated to his son, Isaac, from whom the line was taken on to his son Jacob. From Jacob, however, the promise continued not through a single son, but through all. To Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, God had confirmed his promise of blessing for them, and through them to the world; but to the twelve sons the promise is not explicitly repeated; they simply inherit the promise of their father.

Although the twelve are in a certain sense equal heirs of their father, Joseph is pre-eminent among them in his relations to his brethren and delivered out of their power.

In the early part of the chapter, from which our lesson is taken, we are told of the growing envy which arose among his brethren, their3 cruelty was visited by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and a mocking designation. Their readiness to do his worst when he first came into their midst; their conduct in the matter of the coat was so thoroughly devoid of all prejudice that he had better go alive rather than dead. As the verse stands the word "they" refer to the brethren. If we accept the hypothesis of the two narratives, the phrase may refer to the Midianites, who are thus represented as sneaking Joseph. Compare chapter 40: 10 Twenty pieces of silver. Compare Lev. 24: 20.

And Reuben returned into the pit, etc. We may infer that he had been absent when the others had sold Joseph.

And dipped the coat in the blood. It seems that Reuben made so objection to this plan. Although he was very sorry for the loss of Joseph, he sees no hope for his recovery, and is willing that his father should believe that he was slain by wild beasts.

"This we have found, know now whether it be thy brother Joseph, and whether it be his blood which is bewailed."—Gen. 37: 31. We see in the two narratives the common form that the denunciation of heartless indifference to pain. They do not say, "our brother's coat." 34. And Jacob rent his clothes, etc. The usual outward sign of mourning.

And refused to be comforted. He would not put off his mourning, but decided to continue mourning for his son till death. The grave is much better to his heart than the object of his grief is, the substance of the deceiving physical body, but rather of the piece of the departed spirits of men.

And castled of the guard. Literally, chief of the executioners.

REFERENCE LIBRARIES.

The following list of books is recommended to Pastors and people who have a desire for a thorough and systematic study of the subject of Sabbath School teaching. The list is compiled and arranged in a cost price order.

Fagahinson Surviving Christianity....... $1.75
A Critical History of Sunday Legislation... $1.33
A Critical History of the Sabbath and the Sunday in the Christian Church... $1.43
Biblical Teachings Concerning the Sabbath and the Sunday... $1.28
Sabbath Commentary... $1.10
Swift Decennary of Sunday: What Next?... $1.00
This Hundred Years Sabbath Read Book... $1.25
Thoughts on Obligation... $1.00
Proceedings of the Chicago Council... $1.00
The Sabbath with the Light of Protestantism on the Sabbath Question... $1.00
Studies in Sabbath Reform... $1.20
Life among the Heathen... $1.25
Total list price... $4.60

Proposed price, $1.00, at Plainfield, N. J...

Address: American Sabbath Tract Society, PLAINFIELD, N. J.
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MARRIAGES.

BOND—LOWTHE—In Salem, Va., Aug. 20, 1901, by Pres. Theo. L. Gardiner, Mr. G. Austin Bond, of Hackett's Creek, and Miss Mabel Lowther, of Salem.

RANDOLPH—BOND—On Harker's Creek, Lewis county, W. Va., Aug. 20, 1901, by Pres. Theo. L. Gardiner, Mr. Roy F. Randolph, of New Milton, Doddridge county, W. Va., and Miss Corn B. Bond, of Harker's Creek.

RANDOLPH—WILSON—In Salem, W. Va., Sept. 17, 1901, by Pres. Theo. L. Gardiner, Mr. Evander Randolph and Miss Anna Laura Wilson, both of Salem.

WITFORD—CRANDALL—At Leonardsville, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1901, by Rev. W. C. Daland, Dr. O. Benjamin Witford and Miss Mabel Mae Crandall, of Leonardsville.

MAXON—MAXON—At Leonardsville, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1901, by Rev. W. C. Daland, Mr. Charles Devillo Maine, of Tallett, N. Y., and Miss Ethel Louisa Maxon, of South Brookfield, N. Y.

DEATHS.

NOT UPON US CAME THE SILENT ANGELS

The funeral noon is a glad event.

The good die not.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly.

They live on earth in thought and deed

As in the haven, as on earth — Whitman.

STEVENS—At Centralia, Ill., Sept. 5, 1901, Mrs. Fanny M. Stevens, daughter of Benjamin and Penelope Maxon.

She was born in Hopkinton, R. I., Aug. 28, 1813, and when fifteen years of age moved, with her parents, to Little Genesee, N. Y., where she married Asa F. Reitzes, Aug. 21, 1831, and after that lived at Bolivar, then at Alle­ gany, then at Cairo, Ill., and finally at Centralia, Ill., where her husband died March 7, 1860. Mrs. Stevens was never a member of any church, but her life evinced her faith in God, and her loving care was a frequent theme of conversation with her. She died believing that she should awake in the new morning of the resurrection.

DAGGETT—In Ashland township, Dodge Co., Minn., at the home of her son, Louis Daggett, Sept. 11, 1901, Mrs. Polly Daggett, aged 69 years, 5 months and 10 days.

The deceased was born in Delaware county, N. Y., and was married to Mr. L. T. Daggett, Jan. 4, 1848. They came to Minnesota in 1857, settling on a farm near Dodge Centre, Mr. Daggett died in 1899, since which time Mrs. Edna, the youngest daughter, has tenderly cared for her mother. She was the mother of seven sons and four daughters, all of whom are living except one son. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. H. D. Clarke, at the Dodge Centre Seventh-day Baptist church, Sab­ bath-day, Sept. 14.


On Aug. 28 he had an encounter with an angry bull, which resulted in fatal injuries. He always lived in Lit­ tle Geneva. He was twice married. He leaves three children from his first wife, who, together with many other relatives, and a large circle of friends, mourned his sudden death. When a little past middle life he had a vivid Christian experience, and at the time of his death he was a faithful member of the First Genesee church.

Funeral services were conducted from the house, Sept. 1, by the pastor. "He ye also ready." D. B. C.

WANTED!

MILTON COLLEGE JOURNAL

Vol. II., No. 6 (September, 1879).

Vol. VI., No. 1 (March, 1883).

Vol. VI., No. 2 (April, 1883).

MILTON COLLEGE REVIEW

Vol. I., No. 3 (November, 1889).

Vol. I., No. 4 (December, 1889), 2 copies.

MINUTES PUBLISHING SOCIETY

1853, 3 copies.

1856, 5 copies.

1867, 2 copies.

THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY

Vol. I., No. 1 (August, 1888), 4 copies.

HELPING HANDS

Vol. No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4.

I. 1 1 1 1

II. 5

VII. 5

IX. 3

XII. 3 3

XIV. 3

Send to SABBATH RECORDER,

Plainfield, N. J.
WILLIAM I. BUCHANAN, DIRECTOR-GENERAL, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

William I. Buchanan, director-general of the Pan-American Exposition, was from the beginning the only man considered by the Board of Trustees as possessing the qualifications for the chief executive office, and they were greatly gratified when he consented to resign from the office of United States Minister to the Argentine Republic to take up the burdens and responsibilities of the management of the Exposition. Mr. Buchanan was, during his residence in Argentina, a National Commissioner of this country to the World’s Columbian Exposition, and the first Chief of the Department selected at Chicago, where he not only directed the affairs of the Department of Agriculture, Forestry and Live Stock, but was a most sagacious and helpful adviser in the general management of the Exposition, and was a recognized force in a large organization containing many strong men. Time passed, and the work that he has done so well that this position in the first day of each month, at 3 P.M.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND.

J. P. Hurst, President, Franklin, N. Y.; J. F. Hendricks, President, Chillicothe, Ohio; W. F. Raub, President, Sedalia, Mo.; O. S. Schoonover, Treasurer, Chillicothe, Ohio. Annual Meeting of the Board, at Springfield, Ill., the second first-day of each month, at 3 P.M.

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W. STILLMAN, Chief Editor, Watertown, Wis.

The work of this Board is to help pastorate struggling in finding and obtaining, and the unemployed ministers among us to find employment. This work will not authorize information, help or advice upon any church or person, but, greatly so you, you will keep the work of the Board informed in regard to the pastorate churches and unemployed ministers in their respective associations, and give whatever aid and advice you think advisable. This work is the work through his Corresponding Secretary or Associate Secretary, and with the help of the Board.

Milton, Wis.

WOMAN’S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Miss E. M. Williams, Plainfield, Ill., the first Monday of January, April, July, and October.

The Sabbaths Recorder.

The Sabbath Recorder.

The Sabbath Recorder.

The Seventh-day Baptist Bureau of Employment and College Work.

Under the General Conference, Denominational work is conducted by the above named Bureau, which forms an integral part of the General Conference. This office is, therefore, the official agency of the General Conference in the matter of placing men in employment and college work.

W. F. Raub, President, Sedalia, Mo.; O. S. Schoonover, Treasurer, Chillicothe, Ohio. Annual Meeting of the Board, at Springfield, Ill., the second first-day of each month, at 3 P.M.