THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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$2.00 A YEAR

PLAINFIELD N J

ELD. JULIUS M. TODD.
(See page 6%).
**The Sabbath Recorder.**

**Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost,** nearly sixty years of age, is about to undertake the superintendency of missions in the Philippines, under the direction of the Presbyterian Board. Many men would hesitate to enter such a difficult field of labor at the age of three score years; but Dr. Pentecost is a man of great mental energy and physical endurance. He is spoken of as possessing a "steam-engine personal- ity," which has rendered him great service in his work as a soldier in the War of the Rebellion, as pastor in Indiana and Kentucky, in Brooklyn, Boston, Yonkers, and London. He has been evangelist in Great Britain and India; and now goes probably to the hardest task of his life. He has made some changes in his religious connections, having started out as a Baptist. Only one other change is necessary to place him in right relation on Scripturism, and then we can help him to transfer his tremendous working machinery to Central Africa or the Gold Coast.

Some interesting facts may be gleaned from the religious census just completed in the twenty-second and twenty-fourth Assembly Districts in New York City. These two districts include about 150,000 people, and the reports show what churches, if any, they are being depopulated of their attend­ ance. Among this number were found about 10,000 persons without any church affiliations. The Roman Catholics constitute 56 per cent of the 150,000, and nearly all are regular attendants on their local church services. There are three Baptist churches within these two districts, but it was found that these Baptist families attend no less than twenty-six other churches throughout the city, and about the same is true of other de­ nominations. The Reformed Dutch families afflict the greatest loyalty to their own church­ es, as there are 95 per cent in regular attend­ ance. The Catholics 90 per cent, the Episco­ palians 86, the Methodists 81, the Presby­ terians 76, Baptists 71, Lutherans 71, He­ brews 40 per cent. This census further shows that only twenty-six church orders, twenty-three Christian Scientists, many German socialists and agnostics, but not one avowed anarchist could be found. Doubtless very different fig­ ures will be given from other localities when the canvass is completed. The two districts mentioned include the territory lying between Lexington Avenue and the East River, and extending from Thirty-seventh to Fifty-sixth Streets.

**Pastors, how comes on the canvass in your society for the extension of the list of subscribers for the Sabbath Recorder?** Those who were present at the discussion of the report of the Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society, at our last Conference, will remember the statement that only about one-third of all the families of our denomination take the Recorder. Many were surprised at that revelation; and it was urged that pastors should interest them­selves in the work of changing this inexcus­ able indulgence in denominational imperialism in our midst. Every pastor could easily obtain from our Business Manager a list of sub­ scribers in his own field. Then he would know when he visits a family, not on the list, that there is a needed work for him to do. If he will do their duty in this respect, the list might be doubled before another Confer­ ence. Since the discussion at Alfred the pas­ tor of the New Market church has obtained a list in his own society, and is glad to say that fully five-sevenths of his families are now sub­ scribers; but he hopes to induce the remain­ ing two-sevenths to do this very desirable work. Many pastors do not enjoy this kind of work. But that is not the principle upon which to settle this ques­ tion of duty. No matter whether we like to canvas for a paper or not. Will the reading of our paper help our people to become bet­ ter men, women and children? Will it keep them better informed in reference to our dis­ tinctive work and our needs as a people? Will it tend to hold us together, and prevent our young people from abandoning their faith? Will it give us a greater love for persevering souls, and inspire us with a stronger desire to do our share in the great work of maintaining the cause of Christ in general, and that part which is especially committed to our trust in particular? There can be but one answer to these questions. There is no such love for the church, as the influence of this paper in our homes, where it is taken and faithfully read. Loyalty to denomina­ tional principles make this duty imperative upon pastor and people. Our churches are suffering to-day because of this neglect, and every influence of love for this paper, and a desire to see it fostered, is most grate­ fully appreciated.

**Theological Seminaries.**

It is often remarked that we are living in a very practical age. The tendency in all lines of education is toward the practical, as dis­ couraged from the ideal. Many pass lightly by the arguments that favor classical studies, because of their superior power in mental discipline, and make all courses of study subservient to the one thought of practicability. Without stopping to discuss the merits or demerits of the questions involved in the college courses of study, we wish to give a hearty approval to the plan already adopted in some Theologi­ cal Seminaries of a thorough and systematic study of the Bible itself during the entire theology course. This, it might appropriately be called the New Theology. Not merely subjective studies, theories and doc­ trines, but the Bible itself is to be studied in a more practical way than has been custom­ ary in theological schools. Very much of this kind of study is now done in the Theologi­ cal Department of the University of Chicago. The class is taught in the methods of teach­ ing others. A special effort is being made to "transferred the stress of ministerial education from the science of theology to familiar knowledge of the Bible. Theological Seminary in New York is moving out on this line, and invites laymen to avail themselves of its aid in giving them a better preparation for Christian work. It also puts forth a scheme of studies especially for superintendents and officers of churches and Christian Associations, and in short any and all of both sexes who will avail themselves of these advantages for thorough equipment as Christian workers. We are glad to know that in our own re­vived theological school there is a spirit, of desire to keep fully abreast with the demands of our times in all these particulars of Christian education.
NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Russia and Japan are said to have come to an agreement as to the control of Corea. There is no longer any fear that the Corean question will cause a rupture between these powers.

Sharp earthquake shocks were felt in the West Indies, Oct. 22. No serious damage was done, though the disturbance was greater than for many years past.

A dispatch from Vienna says that Miss Stone was not captured by brigands, but by a detachment of Turkish cavalry at the instigation of the Sultan, and it is reported that she was seen on Turkish territory near the Bulgarian frontier. Another report says Madame Tesila, her companion, died in captivity.

On the 15th of October, Santos-Dumont won the prize of 100,000 francs at Paris, for making a trip with his airship from St. Cloud to, and around, the Eiffel tower and back in thirty minutes. The airship was under perfect control. Santos-Dumont was overwhelmed with congratulations.

The Pan-American Congress opened in the city of Mexico, on Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 4 P. M. Our late President McKinley had great hopes of the good that was likely to grow out of this assemblage in the interests of peace and friendly relations among all American Republics.

One of the largest Post-office robberies on record occurred in Chicago, on the night of Oct. 20. Nearly $73,000 in stamps were taken. The robbers crawled about three hundred feet under the building, and drilled through the steel floor of the vault.

Delaware has a new law which provides for the whipping of wife-beaters. Its first victim has just been sentenced to ten lashes and ten days' imprisonment. Then he is to be sent home to take better care of his family.

A ten-year-old girl was abducted by gypsies, in Ohio, nine years ago, and has just been found and recovered by her parents. The girl was compelled to beg for the gypsies, and was always subject to cruel treatment.

Public schools were opened in Porto Rico on the 30th of September. There were 940, with 43,000 children in attendance. Already fifty boys and girls have been sent to this country to be educated.

General Corbin says in his annual report that 2,700 soldiers were killed, and 3,888 wounded in the Philippines since the arrival of the first body of troops in 1898.

The Schley inquiry is said to be nearing its end. Many witnesses have testified to the brave and patriotic conduct of the commander of the "Brooklyn" in the engagement with Spanish fleet.

EARNEST men inform me that they want religion and not rubbish in sermons. They want the doctrine of the soul, the helpful instruction of the perfect man, Jesus Christ, for their spiritual uplifting. How much is the church, through her authorized teachers, teaching to-day about sin and of him who alone can forgive sin. It is not fashionable to take these planks to preach about sin. It has been relegated to the appendix as not up to date, because there are grave questions as to its origin and its eternal duration. — Bishop Leonard, of Ohio.

HOW LITTLE would the great world seem to us if all the good men were not so little as we — William Secker.

ELD. J. M. TODD, for thirty years pastor of the Second Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist church, and a life-long minister of the gospel, "after serving his own generation by the will of God, fell asleep" Oct. 1, 1901, aged 82 years, 6 months, and 28 days.

For two years we had sadly noted the decline of his physical health. For the last few months he failed more rapidly, but he was able to continue his activities until five days before his death. He was sitting in his chair after a day of unusual exercise, when he found himself unable to rise, and soon afterward he fell forward in the chair. His right side was paralyzed, and from that time he was helpless and unable to speak but few intelligible words.

Julius M. Todd was born in Kingsville, Ohio, March 3, 1819. He was converted to Christ in boyhood, and very soon manifested a love for the Bible and loyalty to its teachings which was ever a marked characteristic of the man. It led him to an early discovery of the truth of the Sabbath, and to its hearty acceptance as a part of his practical creed. He, like Paul, "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," and began his observance, contrary to the practice of his father's family, his friends and the church which he joined. There was something Abrahamian in that simple faith that gave him the resolution to thus leave his kindred and his father's house, and build a home with the little Hayfield church at Lexington, Pa. His gift in preaching was first exercised on the occasion of his visits to this church, twenty-seven miles from his Ohio home. Soon after his marriage to Miss Sophronia Baumhauer in 1842, he moved to Lexington and united with the Hayfield church. Again, like Abraham, was that long journey which he made in 1844 with his family from northeast Pennsylvania to southern Wisconsin, driving an ox team. He took up his abode at Milton, where, after three years, he was married. Definitively, his first wife, Emma, was not at hand, but it was doubtless the Milton church which at this period ordained him to the gospel ministry.

Returning to his old home in 1849, he was married to Miss Emma Langworthy, and soon after in 1850 he and his wife took up their abode at New Berlin and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Adam's Centre, N. Y., made public profession of religion and was baptized by him. The Dakota church was organized in 1853, and Eld. Todd supplied that church for an entire year, going from Berlin, a distance of twenty-eight miles. He conducted a second revival at this place, when many were brought into the kingdom.

Among those who will remember him as a spiritual father are Dr. A. H. Lewis, and L. A. Plass, now pastor at Milton, Wis., who were converted and joined the church during his work here. For many years in the Central Association bears this testimony of him: "No other man held quite so tender a place in my heart as Eld. Todd, always excepting my own father. He was a wise counselor and a genuinely spiritually-minded man, who gave us many expressions of love and appreciation." During this season of labor, 245 were added to the church; 170 by baptism.

Near the close of this long and fruitful pastorate, his only son, Willie, aged 15, died and was laid away in the Brookfield Rural Cemetery. Two foster children, Lewis E. and Rose Todd, enjoyed as long as they lived his kind fatherly love. After the close of his labors here, he went for a brief time to Nebraska, and in 1899 returned to his old home in Berlin, Wis. In November of the following year his wife Emma died, and thus for a number of years he was again left to journey alone. A few years later he was called to be pastor of the Nortonville church. His labors were acceptable, and as one of the last he would render many expressions of love and appreciation. During this season of labor, he married, July
31, 1895, Miss Mary Elizabeth Clark, of Springfield, Ill., who in loneliness and sorrow survives him. Failing eyesight compelled his resignation of the Nortonville work, and in January, 1897, he returned to the field where so many beautiful years of his life were spent, to make his final home among old friends, who warmly welcomed him in memory of the years of loving service in the past. As in the days gone by, he visited among the people, ministering words of comfort to the sorrowing and aiding in times of sickness. Generously accepting invitations to preach in the absence of the pastor, sometimes leading the prayer-meeting, often solicited by some old friend to officiate at a funeral, always boisterous and cheerful, the warm twilight years of this beautiful life came to a close. In the few months interim between the departure of the former pastor and the arrival of the present one, he was asked to supply the church with preaching, which he did with much of the old-time vigor and effectiveness.

It was touching to notice his faithfulness and courtesy in attendance upon the services of the church during the last two years of his life, and his expressions of regret when a storm or poor health compelled his absence. In the prayer-meeting he was, unless unavoidably detained, always in place with a prayer and a song, brief, pointed and tender, which every one eagerly listened for. The last one he attended, less than a week before he was stricken down, was devoted especially to words of encouragement from the Bible for the discouraged ones, and his testimony given with impressive earnestness and tender-ness was, "Wait on the Lord and be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart. Wait I say, on the Lord." On the following Sabbath morning he arose at the close of the Sabbath-school, after the study of the temperance lesson, and asked to give his definition of temperance, and in clear, deliberate tones he said: "The moderate use of that which is needful, and the total abstinence from all that is hurtful." These words will be treasured by all, not alone for their intrinsic value, but for the last public utterance of the great man. It has added weight from the firm adherence through a long life to that motto, which accounts in good measure for that unique and magnificent manhood which has been lived so nobly. He has come to his "home in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." He could say truly, "I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day."

How unnecessary are words of eulogy of such a life. Nothing can speak more eloquently than the mere faith in such a man's career. Yet there are hundreds of people up and down this valley, and scattered among these beautiful hills far and near who, with glowing interest and tender love are trying to tell one another what a good man he was and of the kindnesses they have been shown by him.

The funeral exercises, held on Thursday at the church, were deeply impressive. After Scripture reading, Matt. 25: 31-40; John 1: 1-5, the Rev. A. L. York offered prayer. The Rev. C. H. Colgrove, of the Baptist church; the Rev. Henry Ernst, of the M.E. church; Pastor Davis, of West Ed- miston; and Mr. Calvin Whittford, of the village, spoke tender words of appreciation of the life so grandly lived among us. "The Christian," "A Friend and Counselor," "The Citizen," were phases of this great-hearted man's life of which these spoke. It was universally regretted that Dr. Daland, who was to have spoken of his work as a pastor, was unavoidably hindered from being present. In concluding, the pastor spoke of the happy personal relations existing between the old pastor and himself, and of two great, prominent characteristics of this consecrated man, "Loyalty to his God, and love for his fellowmen." T. J. Vanshorn.

The Sabbath Recorder.

SYNOPSIS OF A PAPER DELIVERED AT THE BROTHERHOOD HOUR.

BROtherhoOD Hour.

When the Committee gave me this theme they gave me a text also: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self." Mine, then, is a theme of love.

But they questioned Jesus, saying, "Who is my neighbor?" and then we heard him telling that wonderful story of the man who fell among thieves and the good Samaritan who bound up his wounds and took him to an inn.

The New Testament is not a list of rules, but a book of living principles. In this second great commandment, and the story of the Good Samaritan, we find the declaration and demonstration of the principle of unselfish service.

And I do not think I will be accused of treating this principle from a selfish standpoint when I say that it is only through such unselfish service that we may find our highest happiness in life, and without this service to Christ and our fellowmen, our lives can only be contracted, narrow and unhappy. Some would-be philosophers have said that the Fortunate Isles consist of good food, good sleep, and good health. These, truly, are blessings to be desired. But do these satisfy the high and holy life of the last man, the last pupil of good food, good sleep, and good health. These, truly, are blessings to be desired. But do these satisfy the high and holy life of the last pupil of good food, good sleep, and good health. These, truly, are blessings to be desired. But do these satisfy the high and holy life of the last pupil of good food, good sleep, and good health. These, truly, are blessings to be desired. But do these satisfy the high and holy life of the last pupil of good food, good sleep, and good health. These, truly, are blessings to be desired. But do these satisfy the high and holy life of the last pupil of good food, good sleep, and good health. These, truly, are blessings to be desired. But do these satisfy the high and holy life of the last pupil.

The cold-blooded lizard crawls out from some dark crevice to bask in the brightness of "a day in June," and is as happy as lizard heart will let him be. The mud-turtle wallows from his slimy home to bake his back in the noon-day sun, and is happy as his nature permits him.

But is not man's happiness as much more? Suppose an organ manufacturer should make you a present of a splendid pipe-organ, to study its origin, some are other miserable dancings, what would he do? He would take the organ from you, and say "Why, man, that instrument is capable of producing the grandest melodies of earth, of pouring out the very perfumes of paradise in notes of praise. And yet we find men capable of the largest and highest service, men whose lives should be attuned to the music of heaven, who are playing nothing but selfish jingles of money and pleasure. Happiness is a word that belongs to God as well as to men. God's happiness is the highest, because his service is the most willing and unselfish.

In the scale from the brute to God we ascend as we come nearer to God. If we live on the level of the brute, we have only brute happiness. If we would rise to the plane of God's unselfish love, our capacity for the highest happiness will rise with our capacity for the highest service.

The eye of the vulture is keener than that of man. But if you place the vulture in the college library, where the student may feast his soul on the riches of science, and literature, and history, and philosophy, which is measured there, the vulture will see only stupid rows of shelves.

The scent of the fox-hound is finer than that of a human being, yet he never stops at the aroma of the primrose, or the fragrance of the lily. The river flows as majestically at the feet of the water rat or the river thief as it did at the feet of "Bobby" Burns, when he wrote:

"Flow gently, sweet Afton
Flow gently, I'll sing thee
A song to thy praise."

But Burns saw beauty in the river's constancy, and the humble rat sees only monotony and ceaseless flow.

If our hearts are enlarged by neighbor-love, we will find abundant opportunities for service, and its reward of happiness everywhere. This love will find expression in words of cheer to the lonely traveler, who is plodding his weary way up the hill of life; in a kindly smile to the little newsboys, bootblacks and Arabs of the street; in gracious hospitality to the fresh-air walls who come from the crowded tenements of the city for the purer atmosphere of country life and Christian homes; in extending a hand to the victim of drink, who has been robbed of his money, manhood and hope; in sending the gospel to those, who, in the depths of China and Africa, have never yet heard, and in presenting its claims to those of other lands, our own communities and our own homes, who, though surrounded by the light, still sit in darkness. Would that we will be willing to grasp the opportunities as they pass, and do the tasks, however humble, that crowd the pathway of our existence.

A friend of a self-righteous Levite doubtless had important duties at Jerusalem and in the temple. But they scorned the humble task of helping a brother who had fallen by the roadside.

If you could scale the milky way, and step from star to star, you would find opportunity for larger usefulness or more noble service than you can find at your very door. If you will pack up the worn pebble at your feet, and in the spirit of the earnest student study its origin, its history and its mission, it will tell you as much of the work of God as would the crossing of continents and oceans.

If returning to your homes from this session of the General Conference you will take up the plainest duty which neighbor-love suggests, it will not only bring you in sight of the Fortunate Isles, but it will give you a glimpse of the New Jerusalem.

The Model Seventh-day Baptist Minister.

The model Seventh-day Baptist minister may not easily be found, but those qualities which make up his character are all to be found in a greater or less degree among our ministerial brethren. He should first of all..."
be a model man. Such a man is the "man after God's own heart," the redeemed man. He should live life and worship God in the control of the spirit of divine love, the Holy Spirit of truth. Then he should be a model Seventh-day Baptist, not necessarily one whose denominational character is obtruded at every turn, but one who is a Sabbath-keeper from the heart, not from compulsion or in bondage to legalism. The model Seventh-day Baptist is the one who is such from perfect love to his Lord, and Master, Jesus Christ, and whose denominational character is in obedience to the Christ-like ideal. Then he should be a model minister, not necessarily one whose ministerial character is always brought to the front, but one who is filled with the spirit of service. Jesus Christ came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." So the model minister is one whose life is one of perfect service, first to Christ, and second to his people, serving not for his own good, but for their highest good as God may endow him with the needed grace.

W. C. DALAND.

FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

It is the second week in October. The beautiful autumn is in blossom. A doctor tells me that it is an excellent tonic. I have picked a few blossoms and thrown them away. Ah, yes, that is the way too many of us have taken our spiritual tonic, laying it away in the dark. So we tune up all too slowly.

Here are witch-hazel blossoms appearing just as the maples are about to drop their leaves. It is said to have the sedative property. It may be well to take a little for the nerve after driving over these rocks back in the mountains. There appear to be patches of old Rhode Island dropped among these hills. The combination makes a strong field for learning nerve, but there are many up among these rocks who would make more of the superstitious use of the witch-hazel as a divining rod, than they would of the Word of God to find the right road to the fountain of eternal life. So everywhere God's divining rod to the wonders of eternal life is neglected. For the past few weeks we have been bustling in the business of going somewhere.

Here is my pocket knife, with a buffalo-engraved on the blade, and it is probably well tempered to advertise the Little Valley Cutlery. If businesses move to advertise the Lord's house well, it is of the utmost importance that our hearts become well tempered. Temper is very essential. It must not be lost.

Our General Conference was well tempered this year. Good metal from the many parts of the United States. Alfred people had a fair chance to prove that Scripture which says: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Next year the delegates may very properly share in that blessedness, by helping the lord's house, and not that house which he will also mold and harden real clay. The department for developing and fixing preachers is also well re-inforced. The dry-plates for that department are rather scarce, but when our whole people shall recognize the importance of unity of purpose and action in the work, there will be more material for our own theological department. May the heavenly heat of the Holy Spirit prevail in all this work.

The next Sabbath we are at home again. "There is no place like home." Lost Creek people have assured us that here is our home yet for a season. We start out with new hope and purpose to visit some of the lost and isolated Sabbath-keepers, twenty miles from home, occupies three days. The next week a little more than the usual time was given at the Roanoke church, and we went with one young man down to the river for the ordinance of baptism.

The next day finds us up in Upser county, where we find more isolated Sabbath-keepers. I spent the Sabbath with Eld. Wingfield, who served the Baptist church in his locality as preacher for many years, but is now keeping the Sabbath by himself, on his farm near Timmle. I could not believe it, but have not the courage. In the village one who has accepted God's Sabbath opened her house for preaching, and I had audience three times in Sunday, and at night spoke on the Bible Sabbath, giving a lawful sugar-coating to my speech and it seemed well taken. The next day a drive of over thirty miles brings me home by way of Buckhannon, the county seat of Upser county where Evangelist Arthur J. Smith has just closed a series of meetings held in the new Court House. Our Salem Church was over to sing, and were there the two closing days.

Our friends at Salem are keeping up the struggle with the speak-easy demon. Every church should be doing more by example to give force to the temperance cause.

**MATTHEWSON.**

**WESTERN NEW YORK LETTER.**

The Hornellsville church has happily dedicated their new structure. Doctor Lewis preached the dedication sermon, and several visiting ministers, including old pastors, took part in the service either afternoon or evening. About six hundred dollars were raised in the afternoon, leaving the church but little in debt. The building is a pretty piece of architecture, modest, symmetrical and in keeping with the purpose for which it was built. It receives many compliments from visitors who seem to find it cozy and inviting. At a recent Sabbath service we counted forty-nine people present.

Shingle House bids fair to be a city in the near future. The report is that the glass factory now building there is to be the largest in the country. Many new houses are springing up. Pastor Cottrell believes that this is the most prosperous mission and a missionary pastor, letting him be also pastor of the churches at Main and Hebron, if they desire.

The church at Hebron Centre shows signs of more vigorous life with the occupancy of the new stone church which they have built. Good congregations are reported. The church has now called Elder George Kenyon to be its pastor again. Brother Kenyon is an excellent pastor and personal worker. During the past two years he has taken his regular appointment, he has kept on in religious work just the same as opportunity offered. Last winter a blessed revival sprang up in the neighborhood of Whitney Creek under his preaching. The spirit of unselfish service which he has had in his inspiration to all who, from far or near, have been watching his life. It is not often that your scribe speaks in this way of any man; but we gladly pay this tribute of confidence to a brother with whom we have learned to love and in whose future work we shall be deeply interested.

The University at Alfred opens with increased registration, and a hopeful spirit. The work of the Christian Association starts out with a zeal and earnestness which we have never seen surpassed. The young men's meeting Sunday night is largely attended and is marked with power. The reorganized theological school is in operation, and the faculty will be at work by the time these lines reach the reader. We are interested in the friends of the students. One of the first, if not the first, public memorial service for President McKinley was held in the Alfred church Sabbath morning, Sept. 14. The news of the President's death came at eight o'clock in the morning. Before the hour of service, willing hands had draped the pulpit and organ in black, putting the President's picture in the center surrounded by the stars and stripes. The G. A. R. attended in a body. The sermon of the morning was turned into a channel in keeping with the occasion, and the close of the large audience present paid eloquent tribute to the honored dead. The memorial services on the Thursday following were also attended by large congregations, at the church in the morning and at the College chapel in the afternoon. Very sweet and appropriate music was rendered. At the church addresses were made by Dr. Gamble, President Davis and the pastor.

The next Semi-annual meeting is to be with the church at Hartville. Hospitable people send out a cordial invitation to all, and are hoping for a large attendance. Thus may the ties which make church life in Christian love ever grow stronger. L. E. R.

**NEWS FROM JACOB BAKKER.**

From private letters received from Jacob Bakker at Cholo, British Central Africa, it is learned that he is in excellent health, and is taking up his work with his accustomed thoroughness, notwithstanding his disappointment at being left alone so soon after his arrival, because of Mr. and Mrs. Booth's enforced departure for America. He speaks of his hunger for letters from the home-land, and we earnestly urge all who are in any way interested to write to him. This is a work for one who has the Master's name for one of his dear children, and which will be highly appreciated.

We suggest that Endeavor Societies take up the question and arrange with members, who will agree to write to him once each month. Tell him your home news—about your home, life and work. It will cheer a lonely heart and be of great benefit to him. Address, Jacob Bakker, Cholo, British Central Africa.

On behalf of the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association.

D. E. TRETOWORTH, Pres.
Missions.

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

Dear Editor,—Your cheering letter in which you wish me God-speed on my voyage I received by kindness of Mr. I. B. Cranidall and I read it some days since.

We have enjoyed good weather; some three or four times we had fog, during which the whistle blew intermittently every minute and a quarter. To-day there is a little more than we had any time before, so we are gently rocked in the cradle of the deep. This vessel is so steady that she has been more than once asked to play the pipe on the deck. In the smoking-room and library some play cards, others chess, but many read a great deal. The library, containing 300 volumes, is used considerably.

The first-class passengers are forbidden to come upon the decks of the steerage, and, of course, the steerage passengers to come on the decks of the first-class. The promenade decks of the first-class are long enough to take a nice walk and to fro. The first-class passengers occupy three floors, including two promenade decks. The air is very clean. "Wet paint" signs are common, and sometimes ropes serve to keep passengers away. I noticed one passenger who was so unfortunate as not to notice the warning and who consequently was marked with paint. When we go ashore, the steward or the steward and the stewards and crew are still employed cleaning and preparing for your voyage.

The dining-saloon is very beautiful. In the center of the room the light streams from above through a highly artistic glass dome. Underneath is in the center of the room is the Captain's table, besides which there are still ten other tables, with five seats on each side. The seats are circular, turning like a piano stool. At the lower end of the Captain's table is the piano, which has been used but little on this voyage. There is good ventilation through the port-holes. A set of pretty windows show most appropriate designs in dolphins, flying fish, turtles, oysters and other creatures of the sea form the chief motives. In other windows creatures of fancy, like mermaids, nymphs or mermaids, predominate.

We were at New York City several years ago at Belfast in Ireland. The length of the boat is 620 ft. She has a width of 60 ft. The hull is built of steel. The vessel is provided with 11 life-saving boats, 6 collapsile boats and two other boats, and with 1,560 life-belts and other similar approved articles. There are 77 state rooms, and she is allowed to carry 172 first-class and 1,200 steerage passengers. The tonnage is more than 12,000.

Last night we had a concert on board for the benefit of the Seaman's Orphan Fund, in which Mr. Dickens, K. C., acted as chairman. Mr. Dickens and his two charming daughters were the chief features of the evening. The songs of Mrs. Paterson were fine, and called for repeated encore. The granddaughters of Chas. Dickens are certainly lovely girls.

I send you a program in which you will notice that I had the honor to participate in the concert. I sang "Die Lohnde." Now with gratitude to our Heavenly Father I acknowledge that we had a prosperous voyage up to this point. I think I shall find it necessary to take some two weeks before leaving for Africa. None of the passengers were very seasick, as far as I know. I was slightly so one day. Thanking you all for the comfort which I have enjoyed by the
kind arrangements of the Committee. I close with brotherly greetings to the many friends who are interested in the Gold Coast Mission. I send special regards to you and your family, and remain

Yours in Christ's love,

PETER H. VELTHUYSEN.

NORTH-WESTERN HOTEL,
Oct. 10, 1901.

Dear Brother,—We arrived this afternoon at Liverpool. It pleased the Lord that we should have a prosperous voyage, for which his name be praised. To-morrow I expect to see the accommodations on the African steamers. It was late this afternoon when I was at the hotel, and the wilfulness of theErrorException as Dr. Daland thought appropriate the "Rockwell." But the "Bonnie" lay at considerable distance, and it was already dark when I saw the boat. I shall be obliged to take the next steamer after the Bonnie that stops at Salt Pond. I am staying over night at the North-Western Hotel, where I have engaged a room on the third floor. There are several other passengers from the Cymric in this hotel, which is very conveniently located. These other passengers make me feel to this extent, that it is a stranger here, which is certainly a pleasant sensation.

I hope to spend the Sabbath at London, for after making some inquiries which seem highly expedient and necessary, I could not reach Rotterdam, and still less Haarlem, before the Sabbath, and I do not know of any Sabbath-keepers here at Liverpool. But I may find that I had better alter my present plan, which is to come home at Haarlem Monday, the 14th, or the evening before. I should like to see one, or if possible more, of the brethren at London anyway, and show them my interest in them; possibly it will give them some encouragement that a brother visits them; I presume sometimes a feeling of loneliness, as so few Sabbath-keepers in a city so immensely large and populous, must come over them.

Liverpool contains six to seven hundred thousand inhabitants, I hear. The streets are very busy, the “electric” cars, trolley cars as they say in America for the same, follow each other in very quick succession; one must hurry or get at these after them. I am reminded that I must say “luggage,” instead of “baggage”; “carriage,” instead of “car”; “station,” instead of “depot;” other variations I may still find out. The fire on the hearth is quite comfortable, yet one may walk in the day-time without overcoat, and not notice it in an unpleasant manner.

Now, dear Brother, I think I must close. Oh, may the dear Heavenly Father fill your hearts with his love and with his peace! How glad shall I be to hear again good news from the brethren across the sea.

I send you, and all the brethren, warmest greetings, and my heart turns also to those on the West Coast. May we all be united in tender ties of love which cannot be broken forever. With best wishes to you and your family, I remain

Faithfully yours,

PETER H. VELTHUYSEN.

LET YOUR religion be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A lighthouse sends no drum, it beats no gong, yet far over the waters its friendly light is seen by the mariner. —Spurgeon.

TREASURER'S REPORT.
For the quarter ending September 30, 1901, Geo. H. Utten, Treasurer.

In account with

THE SABBATH-KEEPERS RURAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Cash on hand July 1, 1901………………………………….$2,290.00
Cash received in July………………………………………1,250.00
Cash received in August…………………………………10,750.00
Loans in July……………………………………………5,000.00
Loans in August…………………………………………7,750.00
August………………………………………………………0.00

Total………………………………………………………..28,790.00

Less: Interest on Loans…………………………………10,750.00

Balance……………………………………………………18,040.00

Cash on hand September 30, 1901…………………….$2,250.00

VARIUS USES OF PAPER.
BY GEORGE E. WALSH.

Paper manufacturers have developed their industry in two ways in recent years, and the results justify all the labor and experiment carried on through the application of science and chemistry. The application of machinery to cheapen the process of converting raw material into different grades of paper has enormously stimulated paper production in this country, and the various processes employed have often been described.

But a less important expansion of the paper industry has been that which the manufac­turer uses to which paper can be put. Here, too, science has been the chief agent, and it has wrought remarkable changes and improvements. Chemistry has been laboring in this field for two decades, and from the laboratory have come discoveries that have made possible the numerous side-products of the paper trade that are now manufactured on a large scale.

One of the things in the paper industry that seemed almost incredible a number of years ago was the manufacture of car wheels. It seemed incomprehensible to the lay mind that wheels made of compressed paper would stand the strain better than wheels made of steel. But the manufacture of paper wheels is not a novelty, and they are not made in a great variety of sizes and shapes for use on roller skates up to heavy car wheels. After the car wheels made of paper were announced everybody applied the manufacture of hollow telegraph pole, which were designed to take the place of those which had heretofore been expensive. But paper telegraph pole have never proved of any great value except to illustrate the skeptial what can be done with paper.
Miss Stone, the missionary, is still a captive in the Balkan mountains. Mysterious letters have been received by the parents of her companion, Mrs. Tullin, who was at first thought to have been killed by the brigands, saying that they are together, and are hidden in a cave, but are courteously treated.

Efforts have been made to attack the stronghold by soldiers and force a release of the captives, but again a mysterious letter from Miss Stone warned them to desist, as the prisoners would undoubtedly be put to death if such a course was followed. Several missionaries went out in search of them, but were unable to get in with the prisoners, as the place of hiding was hastily changed as they approached. Colder weather has brought heavy rains and snows, and it is feared these other prominent officers of the cause must endure great hardships in the mountain cavern.

The American Consul General, Dickinson, at Constantinople, has from the first been active to secure Miss Stone’s release. Believing it to be the wisest policy, he has refused to pay the ransom and has urged the Bulgarian government to arrest those whom he believes to be the chief instigators of the plot. Secretary Hay, however, takes the view that relief should come first, and has instructed Mr. Dickinson to pay the ransom as soon as possible. It has been deemed best not to publish the amount of money raised, but it is understood that $60,000 has already been received, while several other offers of substantial aid have been made.

The wife of Governor Russel, of North Carolina, is a staunch temperance woman, and disapproves of dancing, and since her entrance into the Executive Mansion, has transformed the ballroom into headquarters for the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union. The wives of other prominent officials of that state are members of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union. Their husbands are respectively, State Treasurer, Secretary of State, and State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

SEVENTEEN YEARS ago Mrs. Rosalip Mauff, of Denver, Col., went into business as a florist, with one small hothouse, heated by a stove. To-day she owns some of the largest greenhouses in the West, and the only asparagus farm in that section. Six greenhouses are devoted to palms and ferns, and twelve to cut flowers. Mrs. Mauff is a native of Germany.

"The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining. I therefore turn my clouds about, and always wear them inside out, to show the lining.

"—Woman’s Evangel.

MAXIMS FOR PARENTS.

1. Begin to train your children from the cradle.

2. From their earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of obedience—instant, unhesitating obedience. Obedience is very soon understood, even by an infant.

3. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children understand that you mean exactly what you say.

4. Never give them anything because they cry for it.

5. Seldom threaten; and be always careful to keep your word.

6. Never promise them anything, unless you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.


8. Never account to do them at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

9. Teach them early to speak the truth on all occasions. If you allow them to shuffle and deceive in small matters, they will soon do it in greater, till reverence for truth is lost.

10. Be careful what company your children keep. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

11. Make your children useful as soon as they are able, and find employment for them as far as possible.

12. Teach your children not to waste anything; to be clean and tidy; to sit down quietly and in good order to their meals; to take care of, and mend their clothes; to have a "place for everything, and everything in its place."

13. Never suffer yourself to be amused by an immodest action; nor, by a smile, encourage those seeds of evil which, unless destroyed, will bring forth the fruits of vice and misery.

14. Encourage your children to do well; show them you are pleased when they do well.

15. Teach your children to pray, by praying with and for them yourself.

16. Impress upon their minds that eternity is before them, and that those only are truly wise who secure eternal blessings.

17. Above all, let parents be themselves what they would wish their children to be. —American Mother.

TOOK HER RELIGION ALONG.

A beautiful instance of Christian integrity is given in the Magazine of a distinguished Christian lady who was spending a few weeks at a hotel at Long Branch. An attempt was made to induce her to attend a dance, in order that the affair might have the prestige bestowed by her presence. She stood high, and declined all the importunities of her friends.

Finally, an honorable Senator tried to persuade her to attend, saying, "Miss B—, this is quite a harmless affair, and we want the exceptional honor of your presence."

"Senator," said the lady, "I cannot do it; I am a Christian. I never do anything in my summer vacation, or wherever I go, that will injure the influence I have over the girls of this Sabbath school with which I am connected."

The Senator bowed and said: "I honor you; if there were more Christians like you, more men like myself would become Christians."
ABOUT CROWLEY'S RIDGE CHURCH.

I was surprised at several statements made in the record of the late Rev. E. A. Witter, which has been published in the Recorder of Sept. 30, which convey the idea that Crowley's Ridge Seventh-day Baptist church was larger at its organization than now. If this were so, it would be another item of discouragement to the denomination in connection with our churches in the Southwest.

But the facts are otherwise, and Sister Fisher has been misinformed. Allow me to present some facts concerning that church; and, to begin with, my first acquaintance with Crowley's Ridge Church was.

In 1855 I was General Missionary for the Southwest, and hearing of Robert J. Ellis as a man who kept God's Sabbath, I visited him Jan. 30, finding him, his wife and sister, Mary Wright, the only Sabbath-keepers in that vicinity. A few others acknowledged it was right according to the Bible, but did not keep it.

Bro. Ellis belonged to a Free Will Baptist church, but called himself a Seventh-day Baptist, although he had never seen one, and did not know that there was one in Arkansas. But he was a man of large and liberal ideas, and he expected to live long enough to see a minister come there of like faith with himself; that he did not know where he would come from, but believed God would send one.

When he told me this I was greatly encouraged. I preached in that vicinity six or seven times, trying to impress the fact that no one is saved from sin while knowingly transgressing the law of God.

I visited there and preached again in August and several times before organizing the church, which I did on Aug. 9, 1896, consisting of the following members: Robert J. Ellis, W. H. Godsey, M. M. Carden, Martha Ellis, Sarah E. Godsey, Epsie Godsey. There were six constituent members, and not thirteen as Sister Fisher has it. Sister Mary Wright was very sick at that time, but after her recovery I was glad to find she would gladly have been a constituent member, but was not.

When the Wyne church was organized by Mr. Lee, Bro. Lee, Godsey, wife and daughter, and Bro. Carden were dismissed from Crowley's Ridge Church in connection with that church. Thus four of the original six went to form another church, and only two were left, and these two, Brother and Sister Ellis, are of the eleven now members.

One thing in connection with this church is especially noteworthy. Its organization and growth have been entirely through converts to the Sabbath truth. And knowing, as I do, every member, I esteem it a healthy growth and a little band of noble brethren and sisters worthy of denominational love and aid.

I closed my missionary work with a visit to Crowley's Ridge including the last Sabbath in 1898, at which time Bro. Wm. Shannon and wife united with the church. Brother John Shannon and his wife were firmly convinced, and I suppose would have united with the church at that time if he had been well enough to attend. They united not long after, also Bro. Wm. Bruce and wife. And I will add that this growth of the church was made during the period when obedience to the law of God, through love to the Lawgiver, was the prominent subject presented by both missionary and pastor.

I am sorry that sister Fisher was so misinformed, and published such a discouraging account of this church. I hope this article will correct wrong impressions as to the decadence of that church.

S. I. Lee,
Crowetas, Ark.

RESOLUTIONS

Adopted by the North Loop Seventh-day Baptist Church, Sabina, O., 5th, 1901.

WHEREAS, Our beloved pastor, Rev. E. A. Witter, has thought best, after a pastorate of three years and nine months, to sever his pastoral relationship with this church, we, the laborers on another field, having presented his resignation which has been accepted; therefore

Resolved, That while we deeply and sincerely regret the loss the church sustains in the removal of our pastor and his family, we will unhesitatingly and most warmly recommend him to our sister church at Salem, as a faithful worker, and earnest Christian, and a staunch upholder of the Gospel Truth. In the removal of his estimable family from our church and society, we also sustain a great loss, and we cheerfully commend them to the faithful watchcare of God's people on their new field of labor.

Resolved, further, That we bow in humble submission to the Divine will and purpose in the removal of our pastor and his family from our church, and that the kind heavenly Father will abundantly bless their labors on the new field, also that the Salem church may be blessed by the reciprocal labor of pastor and people, and that precious souls may be grafted into the fold by this new relationship.

Resolved, finally. That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Bro. Witter and family, and to the Sabina church.

E. O. Beider, M. A. Davis, Col. W. W. Williams.

ON READING.

I know what reading is; for I could read once, and did. I read hard, or not at all; never skimming, never turning aside to merely inviting books; and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Thucydides, Sterne, Jonathan Edwards, and like the inspired sages, was indited into my mental constitution.—F. W. Robertson.

The writer of this sentence was one of the most useful preachers in his day, though he died in early manhood. He attributed his success largely to giving attention, as he did, to the best books, instead of reading for mere pastime. He tells us in one of his lectures what he thinks of the opposite and common habit.

Multifarious reading weakens the mind more than doing nothing; for it becomes a necessity at last, like the habit of the mind to lie dormant whilst thought is poured in, and runs through, a clear stream, over unproductive gravel, on which it is not only losing its own nature, but bringing out of all idleness, and leaves more of impotence than any other.

There is an old adage that no book is worth reading once that is not worth reading twice. I do not quite believe that. But I am sure that it would be better for our young people to read and re-read the standard literature of the world, than to be even skimming over the newest sensational literature. For a man to say he has not read a book, means only to read many of the books which they say that everybody is reading shows him to be a nonsensical and brainless reader.

If we would be strong and wise, we must select the most nutritive food and take it in such a way as to make the most intelligent digestion. —Journal and Messenger.

Beware of Ointment for Cataract that contain Mercury, as mercury will destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when it enters through the eye. Mercury is used as a medicine except on prescriptions from reputable physician, as the danger of mercury is taken internally, it will be absorbed and injure the blood and mucous surfaces of the body. In buying any ointment for the treatment of cataract, it should be taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
The Romance of a Human Life.

The story of Joseph is interesting, at first, because the history of his race is closely connected with his; but we soon come to study it for its own sake. What is so fascinating as the story of a human life—not the dates and details, but the heart history; the ambitions, the loves, the struggles, the temptations, the defeats, the victories—the gradual ripening and development through it all?

This was a wonderful man; but he was like you and me. And into the very circle of his inner life, the secret struggles, the sacred, the secret, the unconquerable, the sacred writer admits us. Our hearts throb with his as we follow along, and we shall surely learn practical lessons which will stand us good stead when our testing time comes.

Why was Joseph Different?

He seemed from the start to be of stronger, gentler, nobler mold. Well, Joseph was the child of both. The love of Jacob and Rachel is one of the sweetest in all literature. The long years of service for her “seemed to him as but a few days because of the love he bore her.” Giving his dying blessing to Ephraim and Manasseh, he recounts, as if it had been yesterday, the story of her death and burial. The greatest thing in the world is love. There is nothing that will develop a character like strong, unselfish affection. The very best that was in Jacob and Rachel went into their first-born boy.

But you will make a great mistake if you say that this is all there was to it, that Joseph was not the man he was because he was born under the conditions that he was. There were Jacob and Ean, born of the same mother and father, at the same time, reared under the same conditions; yet how far apart their choices in life lay! Jacob was one difference, Ean another. Other principles are involved, I know, but this is the basic one. Joseph was what he was because he chose to be. You sit reading this article, my friend, and you have a conscious, free will. You are a sovereign. You know it. You can choose this course, or you can choose that. Philosophize as much as you will about heredity and environment—and there is much in them—we continually come back to this eternal bed-rock. Don’t think for a minute that Joseph’s goodness was that of a right sort of soil upon which you and I do. To go to that man who seems to you to have such a good disposition, and ask him. If he is worth his salt, you will find that he has come into his possessions through temptation, struggle, achievement.

A Picture of Hell.

If God is love, what is hate? Is it not the very essence of the character of the great adversary of souls? If love is heaven, hate is hell. Here are the fires burning, burning, burning. O, the havoc of hatred in human life! How it turns the sweetest juices to bitternesses! There are three strokes of the pen which set forth the cruelty of that day in vivid colors. They stripped Joseph of the hateful coat; they cast him into the pit; they sat down to eat bread. That last was the finishing touch. I wonder if they asked a blessing.

But is there nothing in our modern life of which it reminds us? Are there no bottle-shaped pits into day in which men are being cast? It was only yesterday afternoon that a wan-faced woman stood before the bar and besought the man with the apron to sell to more drink to her husband. He hasn’t worked for months, and every cent on which he can lay his hands goes for the stuff that ruins him. I am worn out with supporting the children and him, and meeting nothing but curses and abuse. In God’s name stop this awful sin. This was not in Africa, but only yesterday. It is coming from where you sit. It was only last night that a mother lay awake till three o’clock, her heart dripping, dripping, dripping blood. It was only this morning that a young fellow, struggling in the grip of evil habit, said: “Nobody cares for me—I might as well go to Hell.” And is it nothing to us? Shall we sit down and eat bread by the mouth of the pit as though it were nothing? Read the third chapter of Ezekiel: “Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore hear the word of my mouth, and give them warning. When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him no warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his evil way, to save his life, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thy hand.”

It is hard to see this innocent boyhood enslaved, leaving youth and home and all he holds dear. You have had dark hours, young man, but never anything like this. Doesn’t it try your faith in God’s providence to see truth on the scaffold and wrong on the throne in this way?

There are two things to be said. First, wait for the outcome.

“But that scaffold sways the future. And behind the dim unknown, Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.”

Wait. You shall see the slave boy become a king. Notice that from this time on, the whole course of this family’s history centers round him. The record leaves the brothers and Jacob himself to follow the one who is wronged and injured. What a battle he fights! And, although he knows it not, he is also fighting for a great and mighty people yet to come—for the whole human race. Wait.

But this is not all. Right now at this moment of awful trial, I dare to say that Joseph is infinitely happier than the men who are going among him, or that ever loved him, or ever have loved him. He does not know what is coming, but he knows God. In the dark—O, how dark—he feels God’s hand, and, taking tight hold, feels a nearness and a companionship with his Heavenly Father that he never knew before.

Here is the dark, but he walks on with a peace that passeth understanding in his heart.

Which?

Wouldn’t you rather have been McKinley, dying with the words “Nearer, my God, to thee” upon your lips, than the assassin, living ever so long, covering in his self-dugast? Wouldn’t it have been better to be in the dungeon, like Paul, that dungeon radiant with the presence of Christ, than to be Nero on his throne, cringing, trembling at every report, suspecting that every man’s hand was secretly against him, knowing that every man secretly loathed him? Of what use are the outside surroundings, if the soul can find no companionship? Of what use is the whole of life. Where do you look to find whether a man is happy—at his clothes, at his carriage, at his house? No, no. Into his face—down into his eyes, those windows of the soul. The longer you live, the more you will see that

“Rome is in titles so sublime, It’s so in wealth like London bank To purchase peace and rest. If happiness have not her seat and center in the breast, We may be wise, or rich, or great, but never can be blest.”

“My Times are in Thy Hand.”

Don’t worry about Joseph one minute. He is all right. You cannot defeat a man like him. He will make friends all along the way, and blessings will continually come to him
from unexpected places. Be exacting for him, and not downright. God is with him, and op- portune, though those autumn leaves, will lie about him; opportunities to make others better and happier, opportunities to speak the word of cheer, to turn the thoughts of men toward God, to lift burdens, to leave a tru- th of brilliance wherever he goes. There will be a song in his heart, and its essence will be:

"My times are in thy hand, my God; I wish them there; My life, my friends, my soul, I leave entirely to thy care. My time, my hours, why should I doubt or err? My Father's hand will never cause his child a needless trouble."

There is one verse which you and I can add, that Joseph did not know, except as he looked forward dimly by the eye of faith:

"My times are in thy hand, Jesus the Crucified: The hand my cruel sins had pierced is now my Guard and Guide."  

DANGERS AND SAFEGUARDS TO AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.  
BY WALTER L. GREENE.  

Abstract of a speech delivered before the Students' Mass Meeting at Iowa City, Sept. 10, 1901. Requested by the Editor for publication.

The events of the past few weeks, which have made this country a nation of mourners, have also stirred the American people to consider, as never before, some of the perils that threaten our institutions. We have heard much of the perils of immigration; of a too widely extended bulletin; of a further restriction of press and speech, especially of inflammatory utterances, such as are familiar to the readers of "yellow journalism." These do represent real dangers, yet they became ex- tremely pernicious only as they find root in other dangers that are deep in the heart and life of the American people.  

The lack of respect and reverence which is shown our public men, and the general spirit of apathy, though it see the danger of existing evils, but says, "It is none of my business, or nothing can be done," are conditions that breed destruction to a vigorous and progressive national life. We need a reverence, not born of fear, but of a strong love for law and order, and a conviction of the greater things which have been elected to guide the ship of state. We need the voice of condemnation for the treasonous and slanderous words directed against our high officials. We are citizens of a republic, and should feel the responsibility of letting our influence be felt for pure and righteous government, and for the destruction of moral and political corruption.  

It is well for us, at such a time as this, to call to mind some of the encouraging tendencies and safeguards that exist in American life.  

The home life presents one encouraging feature. In the great majority of American homes there are strong influences for good. Though the parents themselves may not be models of honesty and uprightness, there are few but that wish their children to be true and noble. The type of home life, such as the late President exemplified, stands as the crowning glory of the American nation.  

The sturdy democratic character of the people is one of our greatest safeguards. One morning, as President Grover Cleveland was walk- ing to the Milburn house, two honest, clear- eyed workmen asked that they might shade his hand. As he grasped their hands he was heard to say, "In such men as you lies the safety of the American nation." Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley believed in the com-

**MINUTES OF THE SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.**  
Held at Dodge Centre, Minn., Sept 27, 1901.  

The meeting was called to order by the Moderator, A. North, Jr., at 9:30 P. M. After singing, and prayer by Pastor Leis, Rev. E. H. Socwell delivered an excellent introductory discourse from Gen. 11: 32.  

The Secretary absent, F. E. Tappan was elected Secretary pro tem.  

On motion, a Committee on Program was appointed, consisting of Giles Ellis, Mrs. Phoebe Langworthy and Miss Truman.  

Rev. E. H. Socwell gave in lieu of a letter from the New Auburn church a verbal report, which was favorable.  

Rev. W. G. Burdick and a few words concerning the Dodge Centre church, and Rev. W. G. Burdick, delegate from the Iowa Yearly Meeting, then brought a favorable report from a field.  

On motion, the courtesies of the Dodge Centre church were extended to the Iowa dele- gate.  

Our delegate to the Iowa Yearly Meeting then reported a pleasant time on his trip in- to Iowa.  

The Committee on Program reported, and it was voted to adjourn to such time as the Committee on Program may decide.  

**SIXTH DAY—EVENING.**  

The song service was conducted by Miss Annie Ayers.  

At 7:45 Rev. G. W. Lewis gave as his sub- ject, "The Holy Spirit and our relation to it as men and women," found in Rom. 8: 14-15.  

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father! The Spirit it self beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."  

**SABBATH MORNING.**  

The praise service was led by Rev. G. W. Lewis, who also led the responsive reading, Psa. 84, and offered prayer.  

The Scripture lesson, Psa. 73, was read by Rev. H. D. Clarke.  

A very practical sermon was delivered by Rev. W. G. Burdick, from Heb. 11: 24-26.  

"By faith Moses was he when he came to the years of accountability refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward."

**AFTERNOON.**  

At 3 o'clock was held a joint session of the Senior and Junior C. E. Societies, led by Giles Ellis.  

As a Scripture lesson, Psa. 72 was read by Myron Langworthy, one of the juniors, fol- lowed by an essay, entitled, Loyal Edeav- ors, by Miss Annie Ayers.  

Short but very interesting talks on Home Missions were given by the following minis- ters: E. H. Socwell, Geo. W. Burdick, G. W. Lewis, O. S. Mills and H. D. Clarke.  

Prayer was offered by Pastor Lewis in be- half of the missions.  

**EVENING.**  

At 7:30 a praise service was conducted by Mrs. Lelia Ellis.  

The Scripture lesson, Matt. 22: 31-46, was read by Rev. E. H. Socwell.  

Prayer was offered by Rev. O. S. Mills.  

By vote, the report of the Program Com- mittee was adopted, subject to such change as the Committee might see fit to make.  

A sermon was delivered by Rev. H. D. Socwell from this text Matt. 22: 37-39. "Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great command; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."  

**FIRST DAY—MOlNING.**  

The praise service was conducted by Miss Anna Wells.  

The Scripture lesson, 1 Peter, chapter 5, was read, and prayer offered, by Rev. O. S. Mills.  

Sermon by Rev. H. D. Clarke. Text, 1 Peter 5: 8, "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour."  

**AFTERNOON.**  

Sermon, scripture lesson, 1 Cor. 13th chapter was read, and prayer offered, by Revs. Geo. W. Burdick.  

Sermon by Rev. O. S. Mills, from 2 Kings 4: 26. "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child? And she said, It is well." A spiritual way how do you do, or the health of the soul.  

Business meeting called to order by the Moderator, A. North, Jr.  

Committee on Nomination, consisting of Rev. E. H. Socwell, Mrs. Addie Greene and Roy Buggett, was appointed by the Modera- tor.  

By request, the Constitution and By-Laws of the Semi-Annual Meeting were read by the Secretary.  

Voted to hold the next Semi-Annual Meet- ing with the New Auburn church, at such time as shall be agreed upon by the Execu- tive Committee.  

Committee on Nominations reported as fol- lows:  

*Moderator—Henry Bailey  
Recording Secretary—Miss Anna Wells.*  

Report adopted.  

Voted that the Corresponding Secretary in- form the clerk of churches that reports from the churches shall be made in writing, to be read at the Semi-Annual Meeting.  

Voted that our delegate from the Iowa Yearly Meeting bring a written report of the meeting.  

Voted to adjourn.  

**EVENING.**  

The Scripture lesson, 1 John 1st chapter, was read by Rev. O. S. Mills.  

Prayer was offered by Rev. E. H. Socwell.  

Sermon by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, from Jer. 9: 23, 24. "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the rich man glory in his riches, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, but let not the rich man glory in his riches. But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he under- standeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judg- ment and righteousness in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."  

Sermon followed by conference meeting, led by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick.  

*Mrs. Lottie Langworthy, Rec. Sec.*

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*The Sabbath Recorder.*

Oct. 28, 1901.
Children's Page.

NELLIE'S REPENTANCE.

O Jack, are you awake? So am I. And, Jack, I say, I've been over the words I said today. When you and I were angry; you broke my doll, you know. And I thought you were just hateful, and—I told you so.

But since I went to sleep I had a dream so queer! And somehow it has made me very sorry, brother dear. For I was not sure that we had. And, O Jack, I'll tell you true. All day I've been unhappy because of it. Have you?

It can't be very late, mamma hasn't come up yet; And I want to tell my dream before I quite forget. Turn me over to sleep, Jack, and I'll whisper you very low:

And, Jack, if I can kiss you, I'll be happier, you know!

Went down a streamlined pure white dove slowly flying by

But his wings were, oh, so tired! and he couldn't reach the sky.

And something made him falter, he seemed to be in pain.

And, Jack, his wings were covered with some dark kind of stain.

Then I said: "Oh, what's the matter? What can the matter be?"

And the dove said: "Little girl, you and Jack have wounded me. All the naughty words you spoke, without a thought or care.

I'm to the skies above us for record I must bear. But the hot words I hear I dare to ring on the way!

Yet the words must be recorded that are uttered by the angels up in heaven, oh, you can't think how!

For every word of anger or unkindness they receive!"

Then the dove flew sadly on, and, O Jack, it made me cry.

To think how much sorrow we are sending to the sky.

I was sorry, oh, so sorry, and presently, dear Jack, What do you think? Why presently the dove came flying by.

And his wings were white as snow, and light as could be.

And the burden he had carried no longer I could see.

And he told me that my sorrow made his burden fall away.

Then, O Jack, I felt so happy! more glad than I can say.

Then something woke me up and I wanted to tell you:

And—Jack, give me your hand; are—are you crying too?

I've been thinking it's much better to make the angels glad.

Than ever send a record to grieve and make them sad.

And, O Jack, I do not know, but it somehow seems to me

That mamma's most an angel—she's good as she can.

So we'll try and never grieve her, or give her any pain

Now kiss me, dear old Jack, and let's go to sleep again.

—Youth's Companion.

THE DISCONTENDED PEARL OYSTER.

Many years ago a pearl oyster lived on the bottom of the Indian Ocean. Her home was in a sheltered spot, where the empty shells of some gigantic clams and a large rock protected them from their enemies. Here in quiet seclusion she was living, surrounded by her family, who were growing fast. Within the mother's shell was a beautiful pearl. It was large, of a lovely pink tint, and perfect in form. The young oysters admired this very much. Every few days they wanted their mother to open her shell wide, that they might look at it and see if it had grown any larger.

Some of the oldest of these young oysters had little pearls of their own growing in their shells.

One of the youngest had none, and this was a great grief to her. She kept asking the little ones to show her pearls, and wishing that she had one. The mother often talked to her about this unhappy spirit in the way that oysters have of conversing with each other. There is an old proverb, "as dumb as an oyster." But if oysters seem dumb to you, that is because we are not bright enough to understand their language, and not because

an oyster has nothing to talk about and no

way of talking to other oysters. If you have noticed how all the birds and animals have a way of saying things to each other, you can understand them, and what feelings they have and express for them, you will see that it is not impossible for oysters to communicate with each other.

The mother encouraged the young oyster to believe that she would be blessed with a pearl after a while. She told her not to seek the right kind of food; above all, to cultivate a happy, thankful spirit; then the great Creator would send her a pearl in reward for loving obedience and thankfulness.

But this young oyster did not want to hear any lectures. She kept her eyes on the sand, and let them fall away.

She snapped her mouth together in an ugly way, but the mother oyster said:

"My child, I am not surprised. It is just what you were told. You have not the true beauty of spirit within yourself. Pearls are the precious jewels of a lifetime, and do not grow except from the right spirit. The good Father rewards the loving and obedient with them. Then, also, you can understand what prevents the growth. When you allow yourself to feel so uncontented, so unhappy, and let the good Father do his will, you have no strength, and acids eat up and destroy pearls. They cannot form in your shell while you have such sour feelings. I advise you to give up this evil spirit, and let the good Father do his own work in your life in his own way and time."

The young oyster thought over her mother's wise words, and changed her ways. She became quiet for a time. Then she grew happier in seeing how beauty was growing among her brothers and sisters.

One day a great calamity fell on this quiet neighborhood. A dark cloud seemed to shut out the light, and the side of the nook where they dwelt; on the stone a man was standing holding on to a rope. At once he dropped on the sand, and began picking up everything that was within reach, and threw them into a basket. In a moment the pearl diver was through his work, and was rapidly drawn up, for they cannot remain longer than sixty or eighty seconds under the water. Hardly had the oysters perceived the danger when he was gone. And oh, what a foul place he left behind him. The once clear, pelucid water was filled with mud and sand. The most of the family had instantly shut their shells up tight and remained as quiet as possible to escape notice.

But the little one, who had been so unhappy, said: "Do you know, my mother, and her brothers and sisters, that she forgot all about herself, and when the excitement was over she was full of sand and dirt. She opened her shell and washed out the most of this disagreeable stuff.

Then she knew the great misfortune that had befallen them. Three of her brothers and one little sister had been torn away from them, and many of their neighbors who lived near-by, but were less protected.

In her sorrow over this great loss she did not at once realize how uncomfortable her little home was growing; but afterwards she felt two sharp grains of sand scratching her sides, and every effort to dislodge and expel them failed. She tried patiently to bear this new trouble which seemed so small compared to the great affliction in the family life, and in her sorrow she said nothing about it. Some time afterwards a bright-eyed little one said to her:

"My sister, you have a beautiful pearl, a lovely pink one, growing in your shell."

"Have I? I did not know it. A pink pearl, did you say? I am very glad, not so much because I care for one now, but I would like to be like mother."

Then another young oyster said: "There must be two; for there is one on this side."

When they told her just where they were, the little one knew that they had grown where the sharp sand had daily torn and hurt her. Out of the patient endurance of this little one her trouble had grown the great beauty of her life.

When the mother saw the pearls she said: "This is the fulfillment of my words. By love and patience and thankfulness you reach your end in living, and come to perfection. Remember, 'The shell was not filled with pearls until it was contented.'"—Alice and Her Two Friends.

ROLLO AND RED PEGGY.

Rollo was a puppy, a big mastiff puppy. He lived in the city with a Mr. and Mrs. James, and their little girl, Bessie.

Mr. and Mrs. James thought a great deal of Rollo, or they could never have had patience with him, for puppies are capable of mischief, and young Rollo was no exception. He seemed determined to try his teeth on everything; but just when Mrs. James began to feel as if she could not much longer have every valuable article in the house chewed up, she hit upon a funny plan for managing him.

It happened that a new doll for little Bes­ sie had just arrived, which so pleased her that the old favorite—a doll made out of red flannel, and named "Red Peggy"—generally lay neglected in the corner.

As Rollo was setting himself one day to chew a little stock­ ing, Mrs. James tossed Red Peggy toward him, telling him to bite that, if he must bite something.

From that hour on, Red Peggy was adopted by the young mastiff. He carried her with him about the house, even took her sometimes to call on the neighbors, and would carry her down street if not watched. Rollo's treatment of her did not greatly improve Red Peggy's looks, but that made no difference to him. He seemed to like to play with her doll as if he were a little girl instead of a dog.

One day, when he had been biting his little companion a long time, Mrs. James said to him reproachfully, "Why, Rollo, how you do bite that red Red Peggy!"

Rollo raised his head, and looked at his mistress a minute or two, as if he were thinking over what she had said. Then, in a very repentant way, he began to lick his doll; nor did he stop until he had licked her all over. That is a dog's way of kis­ ing.

Another time Rollo trotted over to visit a neighbor across the street. Of course Red Peggy went too. The man to whom he was paying the visit wished to send a paper over to Mr. James, and thought he would send it on with Rollo, in order to make the best use of him. So he took Red Peggy away from the mastiff, laid her on the step, putting the paper instead in Rollo's mouth, then told him to carry it home.

Rollo gave a dignified wag of the end of his tail and trotted to the gate, where he stopped and thought a minute. Then he laid down...
Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Antarctic Expedition.

The Swedish expedition, of which we have formerly spoken, sailed from Gothenburg on the 16th inst., via England, Buenos Ayres and Terra del Fuego, going as far south as possible before the winter sets in.

Professor Nordenskjold proposes then to land a party of six or more persons, who will erect a house that will accommodate them, when they will devote their time to discovery in that region, to meteorological, magnetic, hydrographic, and other scientific observations.

The ship will return to Terra del Fuego with a party, and researches will be prosecuted in that historic little explored country, returning the next season for the reception of the scientific party, who have spent the summer there.

As has been already stated, there are now to be three expeditions exploring around the southern pole during one or more years: The Swedish, in a southerly direction; the British, south of the Atlantic Ocean; the British, south of the Pacific Ocean; and the German, south of the Indian Ocean.

In consequence of the remarkable depth of snow and ice surrounding the southern pole, it is hardly possible that either of these expeditions will make a special effort to reach the central pole, while one of them will attempt to definitely determine and locate the magnetic pole, which is claimed to have already been discovered.

As all three of these expeditions go well equipped with every kind of scientific instrument, under the care of a special professor, we may well expect on their return some valuable scientific reports on the various subjects they go to examine.

Early Doliolus Concerning Science.

In early days there was no desire to communicate discoveries. Silence was effectually secured by direction of the priests. Scientific men were jealous of each other. Secrecy was the order of the times.

Here follow a few of the experiments that were tried, and the conclusions that were drawn from them.

Experiment 1. Some water is heated in an open vessel, changing the water into steam, leaving at the bottom of the vessel a white earth powder. Conclusion—Water changes into air and earth.

Experiment 2. A piece of red-hot iron is put under a bell, which rests in a basin full of water. The water diminishes under the bell, and a match being introduced inside sets fire to the gas. Conclusion.—Water changes into fire.

Experiment 3. A piece of lead burned in the air loses all its original properties, and is transformed into a powder; the product is taken and heated in a crucible with some grains of wheat, when the metal is seen rising from its ashes and assuming its original form and properties. Conclusion.—Metals are destroyed by fire and restored by heat and wheat.

Experiment 4. Lead ore, containing silver, when burned in a cupel, disappears and there remains a button of pure silver. Conclusion.—That the lead is turned into silver.

Experiment 5. A strong acid is poured on copper, the copper in time disappears and in its place is seen a green, transparent liquid; a thin plate of iron is then put in the liquid, the copper is seen to re-appear and the iron to disappear. Conclusion.—That iron is transformed into copper.

Experiment 6. Mercury is poured in a gentle shower on melted sulphur, which produces a substance perfectly black. This substance, when warmed in a closed vessel is subdued without change, and assumes a brilliant red color. Conclusion.—A curious phenomenon.

No scientific research of the present day, has ever been able to explain what produces the change.

TO OUR CHURCHES.

At the recent General Conference the following appointments were made to meet the expenses chargeable to the Conference:

EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

Dodge City............ 12

Carlisle............. 16

Syracuse........... 91

Watertown........ 198

New York........... 4

Houghton........... 10

Huron.......... 132

Pompeii........... 21

Wallingford........ 75

NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

Napoleon............ 31

Shelburne........... 30

New London........ 49

Fond du Lac........ 48

Huntington......... 17

Talbot............. 22

Le Sueur............ 37

Dodge City.......... 37

Rochester........... 23

Lyons............. 25

New York........... 24

Eau Claire.......... 29

Marquette........... 31

Milwaukee.......... 106

Kenosha............ 26

Rutland............. 28

ALFRED, N. Y.

ARRIVAL OF MR. AND MRS. BOOTH.

We are glad to announce the safe arrival in this country of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, who reached New York on Sabbath morning, October 26. The Steamer, upon which they had passage, met with strong adverse winds during the first week out from Glasgow, which delayed their arrival. They were due on the 24th. Mr. Booth and Mary seem greatly improved in health. Mrs. Booth gains her strength much more slowly, she having felt the roughness of the voyage much more than the others.

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD.
MARRIAGES.


PALMER—BARD—At the parsonage Bloekville, R. I., Oct. 16, 1901, by Rev. Charles P. Palmer, of Weymouth, R. I., and Miss Mabel Grace Burdick, eldest daughter of Tardon C. Burdick, of Rockville.

AYERS—MCFARLIN—At Friendship, Wis., March 20, 1901, by Rev. Mr. C. Ayres and Miss Myra M. McFarlin, both of Pilot Knob, Wis.

DEATHS.

Not up over or save the solace angels
Have ev'ry refrain and song, the evil is no more
The good the soul
gods call our loved ones, but we live not wholly
For thee who art not his, for his love is true

BURR—In Hopkinson, R. I., Oct. 13, 1901, Miss Hannah Maria Burpee, wife of Nathan Burpee, in Rockville.

She united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Rockville, by letter from the Second Baptist church in Hopkinson, June 18, 1891. A good woman and highly respected by all her kindred. She leaves a husband and son to mourn their loss.

A. H.

GARDNER—In Wickford, R. I., Oct. 14, 1901, Mrs Clara A. Gardner, wife of William H. Gardner, in the 60th year of age.

She never professed religion, but was a woman of quiet and unobtrusive life. Interment in Rockville.

A. E.

GLASS—Emily Mahala Glass, at Adams Centre, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1901, aged 59 years.

She had been for many years a member of the Adams Seventh-day Baptist church, and always maintained her Christian profession, and died trusting the Saviour,

"She hath done that she could." Mark 14: 8.

A. R.

MASON—In North Loop, Neb., Oct. 5, 1901, Mr. Samuel H. C. Mason, brother of Rev. Darwin E. Mason, deceased, and Mrs. M. L. Watts, of North Loop, aged 86 years and 1 day.

In his early manhood he was a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Westerly, R. I. Mr. Mason was the second son of Jotham g. and Laura B. Mason, and one of ten children, but only his sister, Mrs. M. L. Watts, now survives him. He was married five times, and five of them by his first marriage. Four of them are still living, but widely scattered. His second marriage occurred at Farnsworth, Illinois, June 9, 1850. In the summer of 1890, after visiting his daughter in Arizona and a son in Nevada, he came here to be near his sister, and has lived heretofore continuously in this State. He was a man of great intelligence and of marked individuality. I am told that once he held the office of High Sheriff of one of the counties of New York for three years. It is said that in active life he was quick to assume the responsibilities which he thought himself honored to assume.

A. B. L.

Literary Notes.

The Henry Altemus Company, of Philadelphia, is at hand with three books for Christmas time, which commend themselves as specially fitted for children and young people.

CAMP AND CAPPES, a story of boarding-school life, by Gabrielle E. Jackson; pictures by G. M. Elwy. 12mo, cloth, ornamental. 50 cents.

This is a genuinely wholesome and modern story of boarding-school life, and quite unlike the general run of stories of this kind in literature. The growing people who read will read more than once. We must very delightfully do the girls for that, as well as the boys, the girls for whom the writing is and the boys for whom the writing is intended.

CAPES AND CAPPES, a story of boarding-school life, by Gabrielle E. Jackson; pictures by G. M. Elwy. 12mo, cloth, ornamental. 50 cents.

This is a genuinely wholesome and modern story of boarding-school life, and quite unlike the general run of stories of this kind in literature. The growing people who read will read more than once. We must very delightfully do the girls for that, as well as the boys, the girls for whom the writing is and the boys for whom the writing is intended.

ALFRED STUDENT, a story of new acquaintances and misadventures, in the home and out of the home, by G. M. Elwy. 12mo, cloth, ornamental. 50 cents.

This is a genuinely wholesome and modern story of boarding-school life, and quite unlike the general run of stories of this kind in literature. The growing people who read will read more than once. We must very delightfully do the girls for that, as well as the boys, the girls for whom the writing is and the boys for whom the writing is intended.
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One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

Alfred University will celebrate its Centennial on May 20, 1900. This is a unique opportunity to aid the Alma Mater, for it is expected that its Endowment and Property will reach a Million Dollars. The President cordially invites all alumni to contribute to this fund. A portion of the proceeds will be used for the building of a new library, which will house the wonderful archives and collections of the University, now scattered among the offices of the faculty; and the remainder will be used to purchase books, add to the stock of the library, and otherwise improve the University's facilities.

LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.

The longer I live the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules laid down for myself in relation to such matters.

1. To hear as little as possible to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe only on the kind of the till I am absolutely forced to it.
3. To never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. To always to moderate as far as I can the unkindness which is expressed toward others.
5. To always to believe that if the other side were heard a different account would be given to the matter. —Carus.

In some parts of our country sawdust is burned at the mills, not as fuel, but simply to get rid of it. But in Europe, better use has found for sawdust. In Austria, for instance, sawdust is impregnated with paraffin substance, and then heated and pressed into briquettes, which are readily sold for fuel. These briquettes, weighing about two dollars each, produce from ninety-five cents to one dollar per 1000000000. In heating power they are equal to coal and lignite, and they leave only four per cent of ash. —Youth's Companion.

Fall Term Opens Sept. 10, 1901.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue to Theo. L. Gardiner, President, ALFRED, NEW YORK.

Fall Term Milton College.

This Term opens WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4, 1901, and continues seven weeks, closing Tuesday, Dec. 17, 1901. It is followed by a vacation of two weeks.

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For further information, address REV. W. C. WHITFORD, D. D., President, Milton, Rock County, Wis.

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Plainsfield, N. J.

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Annual meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., Thursday, the first day of September, at 6 P.M.

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J. D. TAYLOR, Pres., Plainfield, N. J.; E. B. TAYLOR, Sec., Plainfield, N. J.

The Board of Directors will hold regular meetings in Plainfield, N. J., Thursday, the first day of September, at 6 P.M.

The Board of Governors will hold regular meetings in Plainfield, N. J., Thursday, the first day of September, at 6 P.M.

WILLIAM H. HILL, Secretary, 101 Park Place, New York City.

THE SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

H. E. MURRAY, President, 322 Broadway, New York City.

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