His Prayer.

The way sometimes is dreary
And the gloom sometimes is deep:
The cup is often bitter,
And the path is often steep;
But there's one who kneels at night,
In his little robe of white,
And asks the Lord to bless me,
Just before he goes to sleep.

The burden oft is heavy,
There is little chance to rest;
Through the day I hear the murmurs
Of the weary and oppressed—
But at night he still is there
To answer his little prayer,
To appeal to God to bless me—
And I know that I am blessed.

—S. E. Kiser.

If you are toiling up a weary hill,
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve unstirringly, and still
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there;
And each one passing by would do so much
As give one upward lift and go their way,
Would not the slight, reiterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?
There is no little and there is no much;
We weigh and measure and define in vain;
A look, a word, a light, responsive touch
Can be the minister of joy to pain.
A man can die of hunger, walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing that tells for life or death.

—Unknown.
LEGAL PROTECTION

We have the next great fact—fatherhood—in a movement which commenced in ancient Rome, where social vice was both punished and protected by a tax. It came about first in this way: A police officer, an Edile went out of the city to where the vicious congregation under the arches of the old Roman wall. (The name of the arch was fornix, and from this we have coined the term fornication in speaking of one form of social impurity.) The officer sought to quell a disturbance, and these women set upon him and beat him. The fellow nearly to death. In return, as a sort of revenge, he secured the passage of a law by the authorities of the city of Rome, imposing a tax upon social vice. That was the beginning, so far as I am able to learn, of the history of legalized social vice, founded upon the conception of a general degradation of manhood. Later, about 1100 A.D., this idea found expression among English-speaking people, in the licensing of social vice, in twelve houses that stood where now Westminster Cathedral and the House of Parliament stand, in the city of London. These licenses were issued by the Mayor of London; the property was first owned by the Bishop of London, and for several years he received the rents. The entire regulation of the houses was determined by a civil statute, even to the rents that were to be charged to the women and the fees demanded by them.

The trial of that serpentine is felt in our American society to-day, as I will note in a moment. That system continued in England, in our form of another sort, in our city, for a period of over a hundred years ago. It found expression in the licensing of social vice in many English colonies, and for generations it continued its work in the degradation of manhood. Licensing social vice was common under English rule in China. In many places the regulation of social vice by civil law was so prominent that both foreign manhood and Chinese womanhood were cursed by it, and the registered places were as openly advertised by day and night in the streets of Hong Kong and Canton as any other business. It was only when the women of England rose up thereby. In a movement which commenced in ancient Rome, where social vice was both punished and protected by a tax.

In the United States in which the matchless beauty of God's plan of complementing human life when, "Male and female created he them." Then homes were possible. Love was possible. Then purity on earth, in the home, was possible. Then pure childhood was possible. I appeal to you men who are already fathers. Have you sons? Teach them the right to love, for the right to love, for the right to love, for the right to love. They will give development to the nation. They will give development to the nation. They will give development to the nation.

WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH FATHERHOOD?

Everything. When men are trained to believe that they are free from blame for social impurity they are unfit for fatherhood. When the society of men is honeycombed and poisoned, as all men know it is, with low conceptions of virtue, both for themselves and women; when the lives of men, on the farm and in the shop, and often in higher places, are devoted to evil, with low conceptions, and by the language which prevails, that boys listen while older men taint their souls with these low notions—while this is true, noble conceptions of fatherhood are impossible. And every man who listens to me tonight knows that the average life has been strongly and wickedly tainted by these low conceptions. (A voice: "Amen.")

These two false notions have swept our country, and the generations preceding ours, like the devastating fires of the prairie, and the man who has been merely degraded thereby. In social vice it is not usually the woman who is most to blame. It is said that there are thousands of fallen women in the United States, but the statistics of our police courts show that there are at least three fallen men to every fallen woman. These men are as truly fallen, and ought to be known by every name that a fallen woman should bear. Low conceptions of purity and of fatherhood are dragging down the men quite as much as the women. I make this plea against the double standard of morality, and against the laws which say that after a certain age a girl shall have no legal redress for her lost purity, for the sake of fatherhood as well as for wronged womanhood. I bid you remember that the Sinless Master, the Perfect Man, met this question of a double standard of morality, when they brought a woman before him, and said, "Master, she is a criminal." With divine instinct he said, "Let the man among you who is without sin cast the first stone. Stone her to death if you will, only let the sinless man among you begin the work." They went out, one by one, slinking away as the cowardly cooey does, under the touch of their own consciences.

WHAT WILL BE THE FUTURE?

Women, wives, mothers, young women, older women—with you, after all, largely is the balance of power in lifting men. Aside from what men can do, from you must come the greater help that shall redeem society. You must teach men higher conceptions of fatherhood. You yourselves must rise to higher conceptions of motherhood. Men say, "The women, who are to be the mothers of our children, must be pure and noble." Even tainted men, just-scarred men, sin-stained men, after they have run the course will say, "After all, the mother of my children, must be a pure woman." So much does impurity respect purity. But women, you can aid us to much higher conceptions of our positions as men, and therefore as women. What I have spoken mainly to men, all that I have said to mothers, for parenthood is rather re-creation. Oh, the matchless beauty of God's plan of complementing human life when, "Male and female created he them." Then homes were possible. Love was possible. Then purity on earth, in the home, was possible. Then pure childhood was possible. I appeal to you men who are already fathers. Have you sons? Teach those sons first of all what it means to be a man! Teach them early. Let no false modesty come between you and the duty you owe your son, and let it be that your boy shall come to his manhood, and to the experiences of fatherhood, nobler than those of any generation preceding him.

Young people, I rejoice that you are here today. Men and parenthood, if rightly comprehended, are the highest, holiest, and most sacred of all experiences earth can bring to you. They will give development to the best of your manhood, the sweetest and noblest of your womanhood, and in time, if it please God that your home shall be blessed by the coming of new lives that will be heart of your heart, bone of your bone, life of your life, love of your love, then the richest crown will be placed upon you.

Young man, you are yet to know that sweetest and noblest that comes to a noble man, if you are not yet a father, when, under the pure heart of your wife a new heart shall be beating, a life half yours, half hers; born to an inheritance of purity, and therefore to a destiny among the redeemed, by virtue of its inheritance from you and the added blessing of the redeeming love of God. Until you reach that hour your manhood will not attain the high point of its nobility. Young women, until you reach the time when you feel the man you love is your first and only check, the crowning glory of womanhood will not have been yours! But when that hour comes, and your glad heart beats with a new love while it lulls your babe to sleep, then the angels that guard the records in heaven will write down your name upon the list of the
The Milwaukee and Mississippi road fell into the hands of the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Company in 1861; in 1867 it passed to the Milwaukee and St. Paul Company, and in 1873 it was annexed to the town of Chicago by building a road to that lake port, and the road became known as the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, the name by which it is still known.

At the time of the opening of this road, fifty years ago, the population of Milwaukee was only 20,000, and that of the entire state about 300,000. To-day the population of the state is nearly one and a half millions, waiting for the impulsive that shall lift it upward or drag it downward—I plead, and hope that the Spirit of God in your own hearts will continue this vast work. The railroad was a help to the pastor; it was a means of teaching the Bible and the Bible-school, its teaching and the work should be enlarged; and may there be no sadness of the heart.

The Sabbath Record.
LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of what a man is, be it good or ill, be good of him and see
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet
May forget not that love may lift his head;
Even the check of shame with tears wet,
But something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But something good be said strong and pure
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye; by the chummy queen,
And by the crow on which the Sevin' dived,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE FOREHONEDNESS OF LUCINDA SMITH.

BY ZOAR ALLEN'S WIFE.

The fifth visit on our carriage trip made to see that wuz Lucinda Turble, Lucinda Smith that now is. She is in my second cousin and I like her, but never liked the way she brung up her children—she had a boy of seven and a girl of six.

Now I believe in lookin' after children, yes indeed, I do, and gittin' 'em headed right, and watchin' 'em. But it stands to reason that they must learn to stand alone or they will fall down; you can't always be right there propin' 'em up.

Lucinda felt different; she wouldn't let her children make a move or lift a finger without her standin' over 'em and tellin' 'em jest how fur to move, and how fur the finger must be wiggled.

It was most night when we got to Lucinda's. They live in a handsome house, for they are forearmed folk. And Lucinda act ed real pleased to see us. She come out on the porch, as we drive up the handsome gravel road to the door, with her knittin' in her hand—a long, narre, queer-lookin' thing—and told us how glad she wuz that we had come, and that we had got there just in time to see Bizer, for he and the little boy, Julian, wuz agoin' to start for Michigan in the mornin'.

We had a good supper, and the house was in perfect order, only so many safeguards stood guard, built up from the floor and the out me, hurry, and swing'in' from the fire, and the lamp and the suller-way, etc., it made things look queer.

After supper, whilst the girl wuz doin' up the work, Lucinda went to knittin' again on that queer-lookin' thing as if she wuz in a hurry, and she told me that Bizer had business in Michigan and had to go, and that the rich old bachelor in Detroit that Julian was named for had writ to him come and see him.

See Lucinda: "If it wuzn't for my boy's expectations I wouldn't let him stir a step without me, and," sez she, "I wuz so afraid that Julian would git run over by the cars I am goin' to have 'em go by water."

"But," sez I, "haint you 'raid he'll fall overboard?"

"Oh, no," sez she, "for I have made Bizer promise that he will put a strap round Julian and fasten it to his belt. I am knittin' the strap now," sez she, and she held up that queer-lookin' concern; it wuz a yard and a half long and three inches wide, knit out of stout linen cord. I see that Julian couldn't git away; it would hold him.

"But," sez I, "wouldn't it be better to learn Julian to be cautious and careful, and go free?"

"Oh, no!" sez she, "he's never gone free a minute in his life; when I take him to town I always lead him through the streets, and in meetin' I always have him set between Bizer and me so's nothin' could happen to him."

"There couldn't much happen to him in meetin'," sez I.

"No," sez Lucinda, "I don't s'pose so, but I've always wanted to be on the safe side."

"I s'pose so," sez I, "but has Julian always been willin' to do as you wanted?"

"Oh, no," sez Lucinda, "he is a very active child naturally, and so venturesome; I don't know what would become of him if I didn't watch him every single minute. He tries to do everything himself and kicked only a few weeks ago right in meetin', because I would lead him up the aisle."

"Well, what hurt would have come to him if you had let him walk alone in the meetin' house?"

"Well, I don't really know, but I feel safer to have holt of him; of course children have fell and broke their noses, and they have got into the wrong seat—anyway, I felt safer. Now, nights I never feel safe till I tak him in bed."

"Tack him!" sez I wonderin'.

"Yes," sez she, "tack the bedclothes down to the bedhead. I used to pin 'em down, but he's got so strong now he jest kicks and ram- ples round you. But when he is asleep, I'm s'posed he'll git the clothes off and git cold."

"Why," sez I, "if the room is comfortably warm it don't seem as if there is much danger.

I s'pose you do it after he has said his prayers?

"Oh," sez she, "I've give up tryin' to make him say 'em, because he uses such voyalent language at me while I'm tackin' him. I felt that I couldn't have him go from prayers to proflanity."

"Why," sez I, "Thomas J. never missed his prayers once when he wuz a child, and he keep it up now, his wife sez. I have thought that wuz one reason that made him such a good man, but I never thought of tackin' him into bed. He went quite free from a child. Why, before he wuz Julian's age he wuz set to run and git fishin' alone. And we'd let him go horseback alone for quite a little ways; of course he'd promise that he'd only go so fur, and he alwus did as we told him, and in that way he learnt to be careful. He fell off the horse once or twice at first, but Josiah was righ by, and we thought it would be better to let him learn to take care of himself whilst we wuz round. He learnt caution and self-reliance, and before he was as old as Julian he could be trusted to go anywhere."

"Mercy, sez I, "don't have Julian on a horse's back for all the world. Supposin' the horse should prance?"

"Why, learn him to hold on; that's what we did."

"Julian would be as likely to start for the village as anywhere; he would run away the minute he wuz let free."

"Well, we learnt Thomas J. to not disobey us, and givin' him so many privileges he didn't have to do to us to git away; he felt that he wuz on his honor and did as we told him."

"Well, Julian won't," sez Lucinda. "I remember once he got away from me when I wuz leadin' him into meetin', and he run more'n half a mile. Bizer had hard work to ketch him, and after that we both led him up the aisle, and he has been real hard to manage; he's always wanted his own way."

"Well," sez I, "don't you think that up to a certain extent he ort to have it? We all have bodies and souls of our own, and different minds and wishes. We can't all think alike or act alike, and up to a certain extent we ort to have our freedom."

"Oh, my! I should faint away if I thought Julian had his freedom. Why, I shouldn't sleep a wink while they wuz on their journey if I didn't know he wuz strapped to Bizer. But Bizer has promised on the New Testament to not let him loose a minute till the boat reaches Detroit."

Bizer, a meek lookin' man with a high bald head, spoke up here and sez: "Yes, I promise, Lucinda."

"But," sez I, "Julian has to git along by himself, and I can't go through life strapped to his father."

"Oh, well," sez Lucinda, "when he gets of age he will have to go freer."

"But," sez I, "if anything should happen to you and Bizer Julian will have lots of money and it will be easier for him if he hasn't learnt to have any self-reliance."

But I hadn't much time to remonstrate for it wuz most night when we got there, and Bizer and Julian started early in the mornin' for the boat, Julian lookin' cross as a bear and Sez Lucinda, "You don't think Lucinda wants him to not fall out of the buggy, and the strap in his Pa's pocket ready to apply it to him the minute they reached the boat."

Well, Lucinda's eyes looked red at breakfast, and she worried some for fear that his Pa wouldn't fasten it enough and he would slip through. But the thought of Bizer's New Testament oath comforted her some, and she brightened up and begun to control little Luella Lucinda. Why, if she said "Luella Lucinda, don't!" once durin' them two days and nights she said it five hundred and eighty times, and I hadn't settin' it too high. Why, good land! I have sometimes thought I had seen a mouse watched closet by a cat, but no mouse was ever watched with the interest that mother watched that child. If Luella don't git a' apple on one side it wuz: "Luella, don't; don't bite in so fur; you'll break off your teeth."

If she drank a glass of water it wuz: "Luella, don't swaller such big mouthfuls of water, or you will fill your little throat too full."

If she drank a slover it wuz: "Swaller faster, Luella, or the water will run all over your little chin."

And so it went on until I got so wore out with it one even' that I up and told Cousin Lucinda what I thought of it, about the on-

No. 9.,

[Vol. LVII, No. 9.]

THE SABBATH RECORDER.
"But," sez Lucinda, "I don't want my children to have any judgment of their own; I can't let 'em move off independent of me, I can't."

And then I sez with a sort of a deep look: "Well, Lucinda, a mother has to keep it close to her heart. How doubtless the old nest is given the little one is gone; how happily said and joyously mournful is the thought that it is learnin' to fly alone, learnin' to be happy away from her, away from the old nest—that the home house of old, be it never so mean, must pass forever and forever, the bound of its joy and content. No, the wide horizon has dawned on it, the clear fields of ether, and it must soar away and sing its own songs, build its nest, live its life in its own world."

Agin' sez Lucinda: "If the strap don't break, Julian is safe."

And then I see that it was no use to apprise any more at that time, and I wound up my knittin' and episodin' and went to bed. But every time I closed my eyes, I advised Cousin Lucinda for her good, but don't know as it did much good; you can't give good advice three times a day in a little sweetened water like pikey. No, you have to hang round on the big holt of duty. A nlains for anybody to do is only to admit by they will go out of it, and all life the lonesome soul, though, I foller a certain sense it has by the bite of.

The best love, the truest and the tenderest is to the little mite; it is the best love, the truest and the tenderest is to the little mite; it is the best love, the truest and the tenderest is to the little mite.

If one minute of the American colonies we must, of ether, and it must soar away and sing its own songs, build its nest, live its life in its own world.

But the taking of capital cities as part of a vast plan of extension of territory is not always the way to do it. Napoleon, planning the conquest of India, took Cairo. He would far better have left Egypt alone. All of Europe, at least, must be or our. And, that is to say, as of old, be a limit to the capacity of England for carry­

ing on a land war, and especially at points distant from her own shores.

Not satisfied with possessing the greatest and best part of South Africa, England pushed her armies into the lands to which the Boers had retreated. Nothing short of control from the Cape to Cairo was her aim, and at length she captured Pretoria.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

MISSIONS.

By O. U. WATSON, Sec. Secretary, Wesleyan, R. I.

The great and supreme need in the Christian church today is consecration. This means an absolute surrender of self to Christ and his service. The seeking of the lost and the advancement of Christ’s kingdom in the world must be first in one’s heart and life, and all other things must be secondary and means to that end. Such a consecration is essential to a true and growing spiritual life and an efficient service for Christ. It means to him, “I will have us be, to do as he would have us do; to endure and suffer as he would have us endure and suffer; to give of our time and substance as he would have us give them. This will make a good and enthusiastic worker for the Master. This will make us good stewards of God. Such a consecration is not a mere sentiment, or some imaginative thing, but can be and should be a definite act of the soul. It is something real that can be and should be attained.

The most devout wish and prayer of a true pastor must be for his church to be a spiritual church, that the members of his church shall be spiritually minded. He will most earnestly desire this for the spiritual life, growth and happiness of the individual member. He will desire and pray for it, as the highest spiritual good and activity of the church which he serves. He will most earnestly desire it that the people to whom he belongs may have the power to accomplish the mission to which it is called in the world. How can a pastor bring up his church to the standard of spirituality which he most devoutly desires?

1. He must be spiritually minded himself. He should seek to be spirit-filled. As is the pastor, so largely will be the people. If he is worldly and time-serving, he will lead and mold the people like unto himself. If he is spiritual and consecrated, he will, the Holy Spirit helping him, bring his people up eventually to a high degree of spirituality.

2. He must preach spiritual, helpful sermons. The true, a good pastor, knows his people, their personal make-up, their spiritual needs, their spiritual difficulties, that he in his messages may be inspiring and helpful. It is not rhetoric, argument and oratory the church needs, but spiritual food, served palatable and warm. People know a spiritual sermon when they hear it. People know when a pastor is dead in earnest. They know when his messages are full of love and have the fire of the Spirit. The truth of the matter is, that preaching, for the past decade or more, has too much come from the head and to the heart, rather than from the heart and to the head. Pulpit services have been and are today too much for entertainment rather than for conviction of sin, salvation of souls, and growth in grace. The pastor must faithfully and courageously work to eradicate evils and overcome practices in his church that are sapping the spiritual life and power of his people. A wise pastor and true leader will see deeper and broader than his people in regard to such evils. He will take his people with him and lead them whereas he sees. He must help them to see. These evils and practices creep in through business affairs and social life. The standard for such evils and practices is not what Christ would approve and do, but Christian people think they are justified in doing them, because good, intelligent people and leading people in business and society do them. It takes tact, wisdom and courage for a pastor to take a stand against such things and lead his people out of them to better things. He must do it in the name of faithfulness and in love. It is his duty to do it. The pastor is a watchman unto the house of Israel. He should be able to say with Paul: “I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, wherefore I take you to record this day that I am free from the blood of all men; for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.”

A pastor may lose his pastorates by force to eradicate the evils and practices that are destroying the spiritual life and strength of his church. He can better afford to lose his place in an honest, conscientious effort to save his church from spiritual decay and death, than by his silence in regard to those things which he sees are doing it, or consent to them. It is better to have the approval of conscience and Christ in a right thing than to have the approval of men in a wrong thing. If your church is losing spiritual light and power by the causes and what are you doing to overcome them?

SUMMARY OF PROTESTANT FOREIGN MISSIONS.

There are numbered Protestant missions, prepared for the “Missionary Review of the World,” give the following summary for America: income, $4,114,759; ordained missionaries, 1,442; laymen, 373; wives, 1,419; unmarried women, 1,220; total missionaries, 4,554; ordained natives, 2,725; total native helpers, 16,100; stations and out-stations, 9,787; communicants, 400,496; added last year, 31,681; schools, 6,252; scholars, 240,263. For Europe: income, $9,365,186; ordained missionaries, 1,296; total missionaries, 3,751; total missionaries, 11,765; ordained natives, 5,938; total native helpers, 562; stations and out-stations, 15,321; communicants, 969,929; added last year, 62,881; schools, 13,944; scholars, 740,461.

 Totals: income, $41,141,759; ordained missionaries, 4,738; laymen, 3,409; wives, 4,650; unmarried women, 3,422; total missionaries, 16,219; ordained natives, 5,263; total native helpers, 72,366; total working force, 88,675; stations and out-stations, 25,108; communicants, 1,059,425; added last year, 94,962; schools, 29,196; scholars, 1,035,724.—Baptist Missionary Magazine.

ZAMBESE INDUSTRIAL MISSION.

The chief object of the mission is to evangelize the natives of British Central Africa; all else is a means to this end. During the past 18 months about 200 natives have been baptized on profession of their faith in Christ. There are two presents associated with the mission 34 schools with an average attendance of more than 2,400 children. In many villages the people are willing to build schools themselves, and only ask the mission to supply teachers and books. The superintendent, Mr. W. Miller, writes: "The outstanding feature of the school work is that the women now seem to have more desire to be educated, and are not so satisfied to remain in the background as they were. There are sewing classes held by several of the ladies, which are very well attended by the women. Scriptural teaching is imparted at every opportunity in the schools, at the dispensaries, in the sewing classes and workshops, and on the plantations. Last year we had a good coffee crop, and this year we expect 80 tons. I feel we must continue to depend entirely upon coffee, but instead to grow wheat,” etc.—The Missionary Review.

TERMS OF PEACE FOR CHINA.

Not every one realizes the importance of the negotiations which are now going on in China—negotiations regarding peace and the future of the Chinese Empire. A false step now will require years to remedy. On the one hand it is necessary that justice shall characterize the demands of this international court. Vengeance may well be left in the hands of God, but the powers that be are ordained of God, and are for the punishment and restraint of evil-doers and for the protection and encouragement of those who do well; this work must not in any sense be a farce. The crime against God and man for which the officials are guilty, must not go unpunished or fail to be dealt with according to its heinousness, and every precaution must be taken to prevent a repetition of the recent tragedies. On the other hand, justice is better to have the and encouragement of those who do well. Only the principal leaders who are responsible for these filthy cruelties need suffer the severest penalties; others may be pardoned or let off with less punishment.

There is now an opportunity to impress the Christian nation—especially the officials—with the justice, for which Christians who do well, must not go unpunished or fail to be dealt with. The case for peace is justified, and the other hand, justice is better to have the and encouragement of those who do well. Only the principal leaders who are responsible for these filthy cruelties need suffer the severest penalties; others may be pardoned or let off with less punishment.

There is now an opportunity to impress the Christian nation—especially the officials—with the justice, for which Christians who do well, must not go unpunished or fail to be dealt with. The case for peace is justified, and the Christian nations. The future of China, and of Christian missions in China, seems to hang in the balances. Missionaries are not the forerunners of Western government in China, but the Western governments, but as long as foreign nations are to have intercourse with China, that intercourse must be regulated according to civilized principles of justice.

The Powers have at last agreed on their preliminary demands, and they have been accepted by the Chinese government. These include as the principal features:

1. An embassy to Berlin headed by a Chinese Imperial Prince, and a station in Peking to express regret for the murder of the German Ambassador.

2. Adequate punishment for Prince Chun, Prince Ching, Duke Lan, and other ringleaders who are responsible for the growth of the boxer movement, for the persecution of Chinese Christians, and for the edict of extermination.

3. Prohibition of the importation into China, for a number of years, of arms, ammunition, and war materials.

4. An indemnity for destruction of life and property of foreigners, and the cost of the war.

5. Destruction of the Taku forts, and the right of the Powers to occupy certain points between Peking and the coast, so that free communication may be maintained between the capital and the sea.

We earnestly hope that peace may soon be established on a basis of righteousness, and view to future progress and progress toward true civilization. What Chinese statesmen need, however, is to make their peace with God.—The Missionary Review.

UPWARDS of one hundred international, national and state conventions will be held in Buffalo and Niagara Falls during the Pan-American Exposition the coming summer.
FEATURE

Women’s Work.

MRS. HENRY M. MAXON, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.

TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

Mrs. Anna B. Kellar has recently died in Ohio at the age of ninety-one. She was connected with the famous Temperance Crusade of 1873-74. The women composing this band used for their weapons, prayer, pleadings, and songs. They went to Ohio, one by one, and collected a promise from him not to go into the business again. Once in possession of the goods, they poured the liquor into the street. From town to town these women went, winning the respect of men and women, and working great good in the temperance cause.

The energetic career of Mrs. Nation with her band of hatchet bearers, is a tale that is not yet told. We trust the results will be all she hopes for.

To hear another Temperance Crusade in a New England town. The Woman’s Christian Temperance Union has offered to the boys and girls in the Public Schools, a prize of five dollars for the best written essay on the subject, “Why is our town better off without the saloon?” They believe that in educating the child they educate the parent.

A TRIBUTE.

In the death of our sister, Lucetta Coon Hunting, we, the members of the Woman’s Evangelical Society of Alfred, N. Y., have lost an earnest and faithful member. She was in sympathy with every good word and work, and gave freely of her time, strength and means. She was a devout Christian. Her unassuming and unselfish life was an inspiration to all who knew her, and will ever be held in sweet remembrance. To her husband and family we give our prayerful sympathy, and commend them to our Father, who alone, has power to heal and strengthen us.

We recommend that a copy of this tribute be sent to the family, be published in the Woman’s Page of the Sabbath Recorder, and be recorded in the minutes of our society.

MRS. J. B. CLARKE.

MRS. W. C. WHITFORD.

LETTER FROM MRS. BOOTH.

SABBATH INDUSTRIAL MISSION,
Plainfield Station, Cholo, H. C. A.,
December 27, 1899.

Mrs. Geo. H. Babcock:

Dear Sister:—Your last long and welcome letter reached me about two weeks ago on our return from Ch Idaho. You will have heard before this reaches you, all about my husband’s illness, which seemed to make a thorough change necessary, and of our intention of going as far as the Cape, for the rest and change which we were all needing at that time. The sea air is always a great and enjoyable one, owing to the great heat on the river at this season of the year. Still, our short stay there, coupled with the entire rest from talk about coffee, banking and payment of wages, etc., was delightful. I must not speak of the daily dail of voices, endeavoring to master the mysteries of A B C, or 2 and 2 make 4, or the words and meanings of a new hymn; the absence of all this, and instead new sights and new faces appear to have done us a good deal of good. Mr. Booth is certainly very much better than we feared, when we left him at St. Louis about last summer, and when we managed to keep the rain fairly well out of the machines, still the rain found its way into most of our boxes, bags, etc., and spoiled many things. But there are some of the sights of traveling in Africa in the rainy season, and is nothing more than we could expect.

About an hour’s journey from here is the river Swaezi. This on the particular day that we returned to Cholo was breast-high, and so strong that every minute I almost feared that my machila men would be carried off their feet. Mr. Booth was behind us (Mary and me). Before our carriers would venture to take us across at all they held a long consultation among themselves, and at length appealed to me to decide it for them. Having come two days’ journey, and knowing that after crossing the stream we should be home in about one hour, and the fact that it was simply pouring in torrents at the time, decided me to give the word to go forward. I wish you could have been there to see how brave they gave when they had safely reached the further bank. The more Mary who is very fond of the water, saw no danger in it whatever. But I do not think that I ever prayed more earnestly than when the twelve men were bravely trying to keep the machila above the water as it rushed along in its mighty strength.

Last night we had a terrible thunder storm, the lightening was simply beautiful, but as the rain fell in torrents we were thankful for the shelter of a well-built and comfortable house.

I must try to tell you a little as to our doings on Christmas Day here. Owing to the fact that we were expecting to have been away, and for other reasons, our school and other educational work is just now rather disorganized, but it almost impossible to do anything but perhaps give the children and other workers a holiday from work, but Stephen (who will you re-member besides being one of the two chief asserters, is the pastor and head (teacher) finding that Mr. Booth said nothing about any festivities suitable to the occasion, wrote me a little note, asking if I wished them all to come over to Natanade (for we are living there still) as he, Stephen, put it, “to play.” I had actually taken up my pen and had even written No; they were free to do as each wished, and enjoy their Christmas in their own way, when the thought came to us that it was Christmas morning. Our first idea was to leave them alone, and let their purposes be their own, but then decided that though it was rather late to arrange anything, yet we would try to make it bright for them. So I told Stephen to bring them all over, and Mr. Booth arranged a program for all manner of simple sports, and puzzles were brought out, etc., and stories, etc., and without our writing a single word and telling you how each and all the different articles were brought into use. By this mail I am going to write to the A. L. C. agent at Ch Idaho, to see if by this time, the things have reached that point, so that we know they are coming we are in a hurry to receive, and turn out all the good things, some of which Mrs. Van Hoor has already written to tell me about as coming from March 4, 1901.]

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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These bags of salt were tied with thread to a rope like a clothesline. The boys had their hands tied behind them, and prizes were given to the first three who succeeded in bringing one of these bags to the man at the other end of the course. This was not by any means an easy task, as the line was hung so as to make it impossible to reach it without jumping up, and as they had to grasp the bag (which was filled as full as we could make it) with their mouths, the main attempts to secure the prize brought forth peals of laughter from the many onlookers. This no doubt sounds a little childish as you read it, but it pleased them all, and that is a great thing. The eating part of the entertainment was not forgotten, of course. They were regaled with boiled rice and pumpkin pie, goat flesh, and a plain plum-pudding, which unfortunately had to be helped, very sparingly to each in order to go round. We had a beautiful day, bright and sunny, the rain only coming in the evening. After the feast was ended, a short service was held, singing and prayer by some of the young men, and a simple address as to the meaning of Christmas, which all were able to follow. Who on that day was born that He might be the Saviour of all men. So ended a very happy day, a day which I believe most of them will remember, as having been a bright spot in their lives.

When the evening came, and we sat down to our simple dinner, which as on most other days consisted of roast fowl and vegetables, with a plain pudding to follow, though feeling rather tired, we were glad that those who had weathered round and round the Sabbath Mission at Ch Idaho had had this their first Christmas together with us made bright and happy.

Every effort of this kind in this land has had to pass through its period of financial stress, but each and all have come out all right in the end, and for myself I cannot tell but that this last effort will do the same. The Lord often takes his children through deep waters where their faith is sorely tried, but if only our “faith fail not,” we shall yet have to thank God for the storm time, and methinks that we shall all be better and stronger for the testing.

Mr. Tissworth, in a letter to Mr. Booth, speaks of the sending off of the three boxes. We have heard no tidings of them at this end yet. In order to insure the arrival of cases here in time for Christmas, they should be sent not later than the second week in August. It seems a long while beforehand, but we usually allow rather longer than that, as there are so many delays by the way, more particularly on this side of Durban. By the time this reaches you we shall no doubt have had the pleasure of unpacking these boxes, and I sometimes wonder which is the greater pleasure, that of the givers and packers of all good things, or of those who receive them. I must thank you all in anticipation for all the kind thought and labors which filled them, and also for the pleasure of my reading them, and write and tell you how each and all the different articles were brought into use. By this mail I am going to write to the A. L. C. agent at Ch Idaho, to see if by this time, the things have reached that point, so that we know they are coming we are in a hurry to receive, and turn out all the good things, some of which Mrs. Van Hoor has already written to tell me about as coming from...
Brookfield. Perhaps you will like to know what are the things we give as presents, etc., as on the occasion of the sports, and which we hope to award to those who do well in school and class. Yet how pitiably with every “red man?” an honest dig down under professions of for his servant to do yet. Dear little Mary is They either overestimated their own assets, very thankful indeed. the bottom.

weakness following upon his illness, he is sur-
to be careful not to do too much at a time, or the way of. I really must close this rambling epistle. estly-dig down under professions of... Dear little Mary is They either overestimated their own assets, very thankful indeed. the bottom.

I want to send our kind the blessing and you looking out upon snow-covered trees and stepping forth upon slippery sidewalks, with amid the envy of... and what we can do to help and to save them. While we “look to ourselves,” let us also be looking after others. Above all, let us be looking unto Jesus, the author and perfector of our faith, the model for our lives and the guide into all truth. Beholding him, we may be changed into the same image of glory and honor, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.—The Standard.

AN HONEST LOOK AT OURSELVES.
BY REV. THEO. L. CUTLER, D.D.
At the beginning of each year, merchants are accustomed to take an account of their stock of goods on hand, and all prudent men of business make an examination of their affairs, asking, “Am I a richer or a poorer man?” If it is wise for the tradesman to face his own financial condition, how much more is it the duty of every one of us to take an honest searching inlook of our own hearts, and the latent weaknesses following upon his illness, he is sur-
to be careful not to do too much at a time, or the way of. I really must close this rambling epistle. estly-dig down under professions of...

I used to think; at that time I al-
ure of men who have stood high in the busi­ness community, and who have been one of Christ's own. You even as by the Spirit of the Lord—The Standard.

HOW TO BELONG TO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.
Citizenship in the kingdom of heaven is not merely a feature of the future life or an ideal for this life. It is as real and present a fact as citizenship in the United States or Great Britain. Doubtless, we become much better acquainted with its duties and much more appreciative of its privileges in the life to come than we are here. But if we belong to God we are as truly citizens of the divine kingdom here and now as we shall be there. There are citizens of this kingdom here, then, in our streets and our homes. Who are they? Think over the list of Christian preachers well known to you, and ask yourself who best deserves to be called citizens of that kingdom of purity, holiness, and peace. Does he love himself to the injury of others? Does he love himself to the injury of others? Does he love himself to the injury of others? Does he love himself to the injury of others?

We might well prove ourselves with such questions as these: Do I hate sin—even the sins I used to love, and do I fight against them, and pray to be delivered from them? Do I submit my will to Christ, and let him rule me and guide me? Do I give to my Mas-
ter the key to my purse, my time and money? Do I feel a solid satisfaction in doing right, and a great joy in laboring for the welfare of my fellow-men? Am I striving honestly to live every day as I pray? If we can find in our daily experience and conduct a satisfactory answer to such questions, we may believe that we are sincere followers of Christ.

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While careful and prayerful self-examina-
tion is a vital duty, yet it is sometimes so conducted as to be hurtful. Some good people do overdo it. They become too self-conscious, and think too much about themselves. They...

...are perpetually feeling their own pulses, and worrying about their spiritual health until they grow morbid and wretched. Banyan describes such unhappy Christians in his “Mr. Fearing,” who has been cold all night because he was afraid to knock at the wicket gate, and went all the way to the Celestial City with his head bowed down like a bulrush. Weak nerves and dyspepsia often add to the sufferings of those who are Christians. The way to be healthy and happy is to take both the inlook and the uplook. We should look into ourselves to discover our own weaknesses and wants. We should look up to the Source of all strength and peace and joy. Yes, and we may well take a frequent outlook also, to see how our work progresses, and what our fellow Christians are doing, and how our fellow creatures are suffering, and what we can do to help and to save them. While we “look to ourselves,” let us also be looking after others. Above all, let us be looking unto Jesus, the author and perfector of our faith, the model for our lives and the guide into all truth. Beholding him, we may be changed into the same image of glory and honor, even as by the Spirit of the Lord—The Standard.
POWERSFUL SEARCHLIGHT.

The electric searchlight that is to be installed on the Electric Tower of the Pan-American Exposition is destined to attract much attention. Visitors to the World's Fair may remember the great searchlight operated there. If they do, and desire to make comparison, they may know that the searchlight of the Pan-American Exposition will far surpass this World's Fair light in every way. The Chicago searchlight, which was known as a 36-inch projector, while the Pan-American searchlight for the Electric Tower will be a 30-inch projector. There is six inches difference in the size of these projectors, and the first thought is that the Pan-American gives the smaller gift. In one sense it is, but to this must be added the fact that the 30-inch projector of to-day is a far more wonderful machine than was the 36-inch projector of World's Fair days. This 30-inch projector of the Pan-American will be at the most wonderful light of its kind ever erected, and it will be operated on the 360 foot level of the Electric Tower. In order to more definitely locate this 360-foot level, it may be further pointed out that it is the level at which the Niagara Falls are formed, and this is only 31 feet below the extreme apex or highest point of the Tower and statue of the Goddess of Light that will surmount it.

The beam from this searchlight will flash through the sky with a brilliancy that will cause it to be seen for many miles. It has been said that the searchlight used to light up the whirlpool rapids of the Niagara gorge at night has been seen at Wilson, which is 12 or 14 miles away. The power of the Pan-American searchlight will be much greater than the Niagara light, and it will send its rays from a point 360 feet above the ground. With these facts known, one can imagine the many miles from which it can be seen. No doubt some nights will be more favorable than others, for it is safe to say that at a distance of at least 50 miles, the searchlight of the Electric Tower of the Pan-American Exposition will be visible. This is more than twice the distance between the Exposition grounds and the Falls of Niagara, and one can picture the magnificent, ever ascending, spray cloud of the great cataract illumined by the rays from the searchlight, given life and brilliancy by the transmitted electric energy developed by a diverted portion of the very water that plagues over the mighty precipice.

DORIN E. DUNLAP.

NO PLACE AT HOME.

I met him on a street corner—a bright black-eyed lad of perhaps fourteen summers. I had seen him there evening after evening, and wondered whether there was no one who knew the temptations he encountered. I made friends with him, and won his confidence. Then I questioned him kindly in regard to his spending so much time in the streets.

"I know," he said, looking up at me in such a frank, winning way, that I could not help liking him. "I make my living by selling the papers."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well, I have two grown-up sisters, and they entertain company in the parlor every evening. They give me to understand that I am a 'third party,' and not wanted. Then papa is always tired, and he dozes in the sitting-room, and does not like to be disturbed. He's pretty lonesome, you see; so I come down here. It was not always so," he went on. "Before my sisters went out, they used to sit up to her room, and have a jolly time. Grandma liked boys."

There was a quaver in the voice that told of a sorrow time had not yet healed.

"But you are one of the brightest boys I suppose." I suggested.

"Oh, mamma!—she is only a reformer, and has no time to spend with me. She is always visiting the prisons and workhouses, trying to reform men, or writing articles on how to save the boys."

And her own boy in danger?

"Yes, I am not half so good as I was before grandma died. I am getting rough I am afraid. There does not seem to be any one to take an interest in me, so it does not much matter."

It was hard, bitter truth, and yet I knew that this was the only boy who needed a wise, gentle hand to guide him through the dangerous period.

Mothers! make home the brightest spot on earth for your children. Take an interest in their sports; make yourself young for their sakes.

I think the saddest, most hopeless thing I ever heard from a boy's lips was that sentence: "There is no place for me at home."—The Household.

THE POOR WHO BECAME GREAT.

The story of the ancestry of Lincoln, of the revolving hardships and privations of his childhood and youth, of his quiet environment, almost shock the sense of natural justice, says Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls in the Saturday Evening Post. We feel instinctively that destiny was unnecessarily cruel, harsh and severe. His great spirit bore the deep scars of those early struggles to the grave. Scarcely any man in the country had a past more depressing, or a future more hopelessly gloomy, desolate and unpromising than Grant at the outbreak of the Civil War. Henry Wilson, the "Shoemaker of Natick," Senator and Vice-President, was born in a stagnant community of basket-makers and tinkers, of unknown paternity. His real name was Jeremiah Colbath, and he took the paternity of his patron, General Wilson, who, discerning the wall's powers, set him in the pathway of preferment and renown. Morton, the war Governor and Senator from Indiana, told me the proudest moment of his life, up to the age of twenty-one, was when he marched into his native village at the head of a band, playing a key bugle, while he was a hatter's apprentice. Garfield and Sheridan, the bare-foot boys upon the towpaths of the Ohio canals; Andrew, the tailor; Blain, the school teacher; McKinley and Bryan, of humble origin—these and many others of smaller fame refute the instruction that the ambitious youth must put money in his purse before leaving, nor to arrange editorials for this issue; hence their absence. The Editor was detained in Chicago on his return, because of illness, and the first side of the present number was printed when he reached home. This explanation is due.

My mother died on the evening of the 19th of February, and her dust was buried on Sabbath, the 23d, which was the 68th anniversary of her marriage, which occurred in 1833, two days before she was nineteen years old, and the burial was two days before her 87th birthday. Her life was rich in all spiritual graces and her death was like the falling of petals from a ripened rose. The farewell service was conducted by her grandson, Edwin H. Lewis, Ph. D., of Chicago. His sermon will be preserved in permanent form for her friends. A suitable biographical sketch will appear in the next issue of the Recorder.

WHEN YOU HAVE DONE KINDNESS, AND YOUR NEIGHBOR IS THE BETTER FOR IT, WHY NEED YOU BE SO FOOLISH AS TO LOOK ANY FURTHER AND GARE FOR REPUTATION AND REPUTATION?—Marcus Aurelius.
Young People's Work.

Dear Young People:

It must be a matter of deep concern to every Christian worker who keeps himself posted to religious conditions, to know that this winter, which marks the close of the old century and the beginning of the new, is conspicuous in the fact that there is no important religious awakening to be noted anywhere.

As stated last week, there must be reasons for this unusual condition, one of the most obvious of which is that modern religious awakenings have become unpopular. It is generally argued that this is due to the evolution of religious thought and methods, that advancing civilization, and the refinement of thought will no longer tolerate "the anxious seat" and the style of sermons of fifty years ago. But the human heart is essentially the same to-day as it was for centuries; it possesses the same passions and emotions, and is just as capable as before of being moved by the power of impassioned eloquence; and when the man appears who is possessed of this power, and at the same time is so completely consecrated to the service of God as not to be abashed by popular opinion or the denigration of established customs, the world will again see the powerful working of the Holy Spirit upon the hearts of men.

The prevailing indifference to religious interests, instead of being only apparent, as some would make us think, is one of the sternest facts confronting us, and is due in a large degree to the conventional, degenerate methods of evangelism so much employed during the last twenty-five years. The most thoughtful and substantial people look beyond appearances to results; and when they discover, as they so often do, that the product of revival meetings is apt to be a type of professioned Christian whose "last state is worse than the first," we need not wonder that many have become tired of it.

Let me give you a good illustration of my thought: A few years ago the services of a noted evangelist were secured by the unitarian Protestant churches of the city of Hornellsville, N. Y. The Opera House was well-filled every night, and the people were highly entertained by the "funny" stories of which the preacher seemed to have an exhaustless supply. He soon became the most popular man in the city. Printed cards were distributed among the people for them to sign, thereby indicating a desire to, at some time, become a Christian. There were also places to indicate their church preference. The evangelist sent a report every morning to the city papers, and at the close of the meetings sent the glowing report that they had resulted in the conversion of eight hundred people (so many signatures to these cards).

The effort cost the churches—hundreds of dollars for months after the meetings closed; the pastor of the First Baptist church of the city told the writer that they had been a great curse. The pastor of the South Side Baptist church said that sixty-two signed cards were handed to him, indicating a preference for the church of the person signing the card. He began the halloving up at once, and was greatly surprised to find that they had no inclination to join his church.

He stated that out of the sixty-two names, they received only two accessions to the church, and those were under conviction in his own meetings before the evangelist came. Such work has been a great detriment to the cause of Christ, and has been an important factor in bringing about present conditions.

M. B. KELLY,
CHICAGO, III., Feb. 25, 1901.

The Plainfield Christian Endeavor Society, on the last Sabbath that our Bro. Jacob Bakker was to be with us, Feb. 16, held a most interesting service consisting of prayer and Scripture reading. Some fifty passages of Scripture were read, to which the names of the giver were added, and at the close of the service these were collected and placed in a scrap-book for our brother to take with him as a source of help in his new field of labor.

God has richly blessed us, and we are glad that one of our number is permitted to go to Mr. and Mrs. Booth. M. L. C.

THE PROBLEM NOT YET SOLVED.

It is likely that no plans for entertaining General Conference—using the term Conference in the large sense of Conference and Societies—can be devised that will be absolutely perfect or satisfactory to everybody; although it is pretty generally agreed that existing plans ought to be changed.

If some improved and fairly good plans shall be adopted, and with practical unanimity, as ought certainly to be the case, there will have to be considerable yielding of opinion and preferences by many of us.

Let me state directly some of the opinions that are based on an intensity of conviction as to their wisdom:

1. That the entertaining church provide lodging, and breakfast for all persons holding tickets, as explained below.

2. That the funds needed for all other duly authorized expenses, and not provided for in the manner hereinafter described, shall be furnished by the churches of the whole denomination, the amount to be proportioned on the basis of entire membership.

3. That the local committee be authorized to expend, under the approval of the Conference Executive Committee, such sums as will best fulfill the spirit and purpose of these recommendations, which are to lighten as much as possible the cares and labors of the entertaining church.

4. Inasmuch as there are known to be persons who would greatly prefer to go to a hotel at their own charges, it is suggested that no objection be made to one's acting according to his choice in this regard.

5. That every delegate and visitor, whether entertained at the expense of Conference or not, be expected to procure a ticket of the form herewith shown, the receipts for which shall be turned in to the Conference treasury.

(Form of Ticket.)

Seventh-day Baptist Conference and Societies.

(Place and time of meeting.)

This ticket, for which the receipt of one dollar and twenty-five cents is hereby acknowledged, entitles the holder M. to entertainment; to all the rights and privileges of the Conference, except as otherwise noted, under the form here made within two weeks, a copy of the Conference Report sent by mail to any address.

Your host is………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………….....

Chairman of local Executive Committee.


Every member of this committee, and everybody else, is invited and urged to send to the undersigned, the chairman, at an early day, any information, suggestion, counsel, and opinion, that relates to this important subject. The safety of a multitude of counsels is needed.

Arthur E. MAIN.

SURELY, surely, America will unite to blot out the foul outrage of the liquor traffic in the islands of the sea.—John G. Paton.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Local County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior stockholder, and president of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm, on or before the FIRST SUNDAY of each and every month, to pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Curanin that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S GUTTER CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed as true in my presence, this 4th day of December, A. D. 1900.

A. W. GELEGSON.
Notary Public.

Hall's Gutten Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.
If there was anything on earth that Silas loved, it was Mabel Clemmer. She was Judge Clemmer's daughter, but she had always been kind to Silas, and she was barely eleven, but she had championed him in school and elsewhere. She was a beautiful child, and Silas, notwithstanding his rags, was a noble-looking boy; and Mabel pitied him his hard lot. It was like a ray of sunshine, now, to see her standing on the other side of the creek.

"Hello, Mabel!" Silas cried, "want to come over here?" "Yes," said Mabel; "can you help me over?" "Why don't you go round by the bridge?" "Can't," said Mabel, "there's a big load of hemlock bark on it. "Can't you carry me over?" "I will," said Silas, and he waded fearlessly into the icy water.

He reached the bank, and taking Mabel in his arms started to carry her over, but it was not such an easy task. "Oh, dear!" he said, "I can't get over here. I must go farther down the stream; the stones are so slippery." But farther down the stream the water was deeper, and twice Silas was nearly swept off his feet by the current.

He stopped at last, panting. "Mabel," he said, "I shall have to put you in that tree for the present, and we must call for help. Who ever thought the water would be so deep?"

"I can't carry you," said Mabel. "The road is just over there, you know; we must keep watch and wait for some one to help us."

But the moments dragged on wearily, and help did not come. One old gentleman passed by in a sulky, and although they shouted with might and main, he just glanced round and passed on. "Don't leave me, Silas," said Mabel, clanging to the arm with which he steadied her. "My aunt don't think I am good for nothing; that I will never be good for anything," Silas said, a little bitterly. "But I think you are good for something. I think you are nice, and I like you," said Mabel. "And I like you," said Silas. "I think I could die for you," he said, looking up into the sweet face above him. "But I don't want you to die for me, Silas; I want you to live for me."

Half an hour passed by and help did not come. At last Silas took a cord from his pocket and with it tied Mabel to the tree. "What are you going to do, Silas?" "Tie you so you won't fall off. I must go for help. "Poor boy," she said compassionately; "you are standing in the cold water all this time." Silas spoke suddenly: "Say, Mabel, did you ever hear of a man who died for the world?" "Who died to save the world?" said Mabel. "Oh yes, I hear about him in Sabbath-school. It was Jesus. Did men ever die to save each other?" "I think they do, sometimes," Mabel, it must go and get help and maybe something will happen, if there should, will you remember that it was for your sake?" "Yes, Silas. "Can you sing? Sing, 'Rock of Ages.'" Sweetly the child-voice sounded across the water, until it seemed to die away in an echo among the distant hills.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, "come and help me!" "Well, I declare," said Judge Clemmer, "if there isn't Mabel there in the creek, tied to a tree! What are you doing up there, you little witch?" "Oh, papa!" she cried, "come and help me!" "I think I could die for you," said Silas. "And I like you," said Mabel. "I think I could die for you, too."

Well, of course there was a funeral, and everybody suddenly discovered that they had suffered a personal loss in the death of the lad. He had always been a good boy, they said; always ready to run on errands or to do any little thing for them; always bright and cheerful, with a kind word or a smile for everybody. The teacher, who had mercilessly snubbed him, dismissed his school at noon the day before the funeral, and they dispersed in a body to the woods to search for flowers; and so, when they discovered that the body of the dead boy was nearly hidden under a pyramid of yellow flowering-current and sweet-scented arbutus; and the preacher twisted and distorted the Scripture text, "Who gave his life a ransom," to make it apply to the organ pealed and the choir wailed a suitable funeral dirge. But we venture to allege that this is only real mourning. That it was Mabel Clemmer. Although a child, strange thoughts surged and burned in her soul. She recalled Silas's strange words:

"Do men ever die for others?" and again and again the thought passed through her brain, "He died to save me! Thus just what did he die to save me?" And the heart of the poor child ached like the heart of a woman.

Mabel did not forget. She grew to womanhood and became a missionary; and many times, in after years, in her home in Sunrise Land, she told the story of the dark-browed children of the sun, who gathered around her and listened with breathless interest to the pathetic tale of the heroic lad who gave his life to save hers; and she always closed the story with the words: "And the poor child, so wonder-struck by the glorious end of his life, what he was good for."—The Christian Cynosure.

FREE TO EVERYBODY.

Dr. J. M. Willis, a specialist of Crawfordsville, Indiana, will send free by mail to all who send him their address, a package of basin Compound, which is two week's treatment of the most virulent cases of malarial fever, and is a positive cure for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, lagrippe, and blood poison.
Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us work what is good, towards all, but especially towards the family of the faith."—Col. 4:10. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb. 13:16.

The following relating to the new church building which is being erected by our people at Hornellsville, N. Y., is taken from the Tribune of that city.—(Ed.)

Work on the new Seventh-day Baptist church, which is in the process of erection at the corner of West Genesee Street and Preston Avenue, is being pushed as rapidly as possible. The foundation wall is all finished and the framework up, ready for the roof. The brick veneering, which will complete the side walls, will be finished as soon as the weather becomes favorable. In the meantime the roof will be completed and the edifice made ready for occupancy as soon as possible the coming season.

The new church while not large will be an imposing and handsome structure, comfortable and plenty large for the needs of the congregation. The interior room is 38x40 feet in size and can be enlarged by opening the sliding doors which divide it from the lecture room, 18x31 in size. The tower vestibule which gives entrance to both these rooms is 12 feet square. This tower is on the West Genesee Street side. The largest of the small rooms is a pastor's study and for other purposes.

The foundation is built of Warsaw saved blue-stone, the walls will be veneered with brick, and the roof, probably, with Alfred tile. There will be an airy basement room beneath the whole structure. The audience room will be finished in native woods, the side-walls, twenty feet in height, and the ceiling being handsomely paneled. It will be neatly furnished and will be at once commodious and convenient.

The plans for the church were drawn by C. C. Chipman, a well-known New York architect, and the building is being constructed by contractor W. M. Spink, of this city.

When the new edifice is completed it will be a credit to the society and an ornament to the streets of this city. The pastor and all members of the church are working earnestly that it may be free from debt when completed, and it is hoped that they may be successful in this commendable effort.

WEST HALLOCK, III.—The absence of West Hallock items from the columns of the Recorder does not indicate inactivity on the part of its people. The church here is nearing the semi-centennial of its birth, and its membership, though small, consists of strong, earnest people and of the pillars of the church who have been associated with it in its growth and development. Some plans have already been made for a suitable celebration of the fiftieth year of the life of the church. As a prologue the following changes have been made: The church building has been thoroughly cleaned and roofed. On the interior it has been freshly oiled, painted, papered and carpeted throughout, fitted with new gas lamps, and a platform for the choir, and the furnace has been repaired. These and other improvements have been accomplished with the usual dispatch and thoroughness characteristic of our people here.

Early in the new year a reception was tendered the pastor and his bride, which was a very pleasant social event, and expressed in strong terms the harmonious feeling of the church toward their co-worker and his wife. A substantial remembrance from the friends who have been associated with this church was given in the form of additions to the pastor's larder, which was duly appreciated.

On Seventh-day night, Feb. 16, a large reception was given in the church to our returned missionary, Dr. Rosa Palmborg. The evening was a very enjoyable one, and equal credit for the interest of the public on this occasion is due to Dr. Palmborg and a large display of Chinese curios, which she explained in her pleasing manner. On a previous occasion, also, Miss Palmborg gave us a stirring talk upon the people of Shanghai and her work among them.

In closing, we ask the prayers of Christians that this church may extend its spiritual power, that God may bless it to the extension of his kingdom.

R. B. T.

EDUCATION AS AN INVESTMENT.

Europe is anxiously inquiring for information as to the sources of the late exhibitions of prodigious force in the commercial battles of the world, by the Americans. They are alarmed by them and talk of a league for the purpose of organizing the vast resources of the great nation. As it has only been possible for the foreign countries to furnish more water for the American mills, the foreign economists are going wide of the mark in regard to the cause. Primarily it was the passion of the Americans for education, which found early expression in the free schools. It was the universal extension of intelligence. This intelligence enlightening the whole mass of young minds, was sure to kindle genius wherever it lay dormant. It was sure to give to the whole people the benefit of their hidden mental and moral resources. That was what it did, and the result is this astonishing outburst of intelligent energy.

As long as education was regarded as useful only to the "learned professions," and was confined to preparation for them, that long the Americans showed little superiority over other nations. But technical education had already been established a half a century ago. It was in a small and inefficient way, it is true, but a beginning had been made. A few years earlier than that agriculture was treated theoretically and scientifically at a few centers. There began then a long debate between the utilitarians and idealists in regard to education. The latter held their own for two or three decades, when, without displacing the classics, room was made for technical instruction. Then came manual training, and, the idealists regretfully say, an age of practicalism. Now there are hundreds of manual training schools, and every university and a large number of the colleges have instituted departments of applied science—so that the Americans are only in the beginnings of their productive powers.

The Germans were the first to follow the Americans in this advance, but they have not advanced as far, and they have no extensive system of manual training schools. The British have been the last to follow the Americans, and have beencontented with a system of instruction which merely prepares the young men for their profession. It has been so with the French and with all the other nations. But technical education has made a great stride, and now, as the Americans have seen, is making the world see. With the American mills and with the American schools, with the American colleges and universities, the world recognizes the skill of the American as a manufacturer, as a teacher, as an artist, as a writer, as a thinker, as a statesman, as a builder, as a sailor, as a soldier. It is a new day, and our country is awakening to the fact that she has daily been growing richer and more powerful. It is a new day, and our country is awakening to the fact that she has daily been growing richer and more powerful.

The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob is the God and Father of Jesus Christ. The Almighty of the Old Testament becomes the All Father of the New Testament. Christ came to manifest God, to give an exegesis of him as the Father. Before returning to the Father Christ promised another comforter, the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of truth. The Spirit is given to lead into all truth, to judge the world, to give remembrance all things that Christ had taught. He was given to Christ without measure. He is given to each of us within measure, because our limitations set the measure. He is poured out upon all flesh as the rain is poured out from the full cloud, but his dish set out in the rain sets the limit given to each. A man is a person, a being who wills, thinks, plans and knows himself apart from all others. The Spirit is a person, not an influence. A thinking, planning, willing, self-conscious being. The Spirit communes as a person with persons. The word Paraclete, translated Comforter, in John's Gospel, is translated Advocate in John's Epistle. "If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous." An advocate, or lawyer, communes with the wit and soul, the judge and the jury. Christ, our advocate, communes with us and with God. The Spirit is the advocate on earth. He is in constant communion with the Christian, pleading Christ's cause, quickening the memory, glorifying the Master, leading into all truth.

When Christ was on earth he was a Comforter, an Advocate. Men went to him for advice, counsel, guidance. He made God real. Now the Spirit is the Comforter, Advocate; he abides in us, making Christ real as the light makes the landscape real. His light is the soul which brings the world to the eye. He does not create. He makes real what is already near but unseen. He glorifies Christ as the sun glorifies sea and land. He fits the soul as light fits the eye, and brings Christ to the soul as the light brings the world to the eye. He floods the soul as light floods the body, bringing health.

If you would understand the Spirit, ponder the book. He has written: "All Scripture is God-breathed, and is profitable." Commune with him in prayer, obey him in service, and thou shalt be nearer than thinking, and through him Christ as near as the soul as oxygen is to the blood, when both meet in the lungs.—O. P. Gifford.

HEALTH and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.—Joseph Addison.
Popular Science.

Submarine Signals.

Prof. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, and Mr. A. J. Mundy, of Boston, have, after many experiments, completed an apparatus by which messages have been transmitted to and received on board a steamboat for a distance of twelve miles, and returned in like manner.

It has long been known, especially by young bathers, that when two stones were struck together under water, the result could be heard many times the distance than when struck in the air.

This simple fact suggested the idea that, if a suitable apparatus were constructed to make the sound under water, and another to catch or receive the result, it might become of great value to ships or vessels in case of fog, thereby preventing collisions, or mistaking lights, or running on reefs; also with ships of war from being approached by torpedo boats, either night or day, should they be well submerged, or, by whatever power they might be propelled, it could be heard some miles away, and the direction from which it came indicated, thus giving ample time to prepare for defense.

These gentlemen commenced operations in Boston in 1868, and have continued steadily at their work since. The apparatus was constructed to make the sound under water, and another to catch or receive the result. Thus, it might become of great value to ships or vessels.

In spite of their intention to condemn Jesus anyway, by fair means or by foul, the chief priests and elders had still a respect for the form of justice. Accordingly the High Priests, after the Sanhedrin, a few hours after their informal meeting in the night, assembled at daybreak with Pilate, and brought Jesus. If we had only the narrative of Luke we might infer that these proceedings concerning which we studied last week took place after sunrise, and after the mocking by the Jewish guards; but according to Matthew and Mark such a notion is more probable.

Immediately after the formal condemnation at dawn, the chief priests and elders hastened with their prisoner to Pilate, the Roman procurator, to obtain the execution of their decree; for it must be remembered that the Romans, although according to the Sanhedrin the prisoner was guilty of a capital crime, had not taken from them authority to inflict the death penalty.

Pilate, on some sense of justice and of the dignity of the Roman law, but he was weak and vacillating, and preferred to choose his own interests rather than for the right.

The chief priests and elders thought that Pilate would order the execution of Jesus at their request, but he proposed to investigate the case. Forced to present some charge, they said nothing of the crimes of blasphemy which would mean little to the procurator, but brought; the political accusation, that Jesus was aiming to be king, a rival of Caesar. Pilate, by a private examina: tion, saw that he was guiltless; the only charges for which he was guilty was, and declared Jesus innocent. Here he made his great mistake in not immediately releasing Jesus; for it must be remembered that the Romans, although according to the Sanhedrin the prisoner was guilty of a capital crime, had not taken from them authority to inflict the death penalty.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

[Vol. LVII. No. 9.

Submarine Signals. (Continued from page 14.)

Chiefly confined to the atmosphere. We do not now recall a thorough and scientific test ever having been made in water.

The purposes and uses to which this invention can be applied certainly must be of incalculable value. It is saving in every way the property. Since the time-table of the departure and arrival of ships has been completed all over the world, and the record made of every arrival in hours and minutes (especially of ocean steamers), there appears to be no storm severe enough to cause one to lay-to, or a fog so thick as to cause them to cast anchor and wait for it to clear, or make due allowance for wind, tide or currents to devise from their course.

Now, if all these dangers can be avoided by automatic lights driven from the ship or shore, then may many lives be saved, and many a fine ship saved from utter destruction.

Had a gong been ringing in the ears of the pilot on the Rio Janeiro, warning him in that thick fog, for three hours, of the entrance of the Golden Gate, on the morning of the 22d, there might have been over a hundred persons at home to-day, and among their friends, instead of being in a watery grave, and the ship ready to sail on another voyage.

"LIFE-TIME HYMNS."

The church hymn book question has been—not exactly a burning one, perhaps I might say smouldering—with the deponent for several years. The average singing in the average church on the average Sabbath morning is far below the level of what it should be. Does the hymn book which is in use now, direct us to sing anything of value to the atmosphere. We do not now recall a more thorough and scientific test ever having been made in water.

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and including about sixteen pages of the works of our poets and responsive readings.

If you have any thought of new hymn books, write at once. We can get confidential reductions that will surprise you, and all the churches shall share alike.

L. C. Randolph.

If ever you get light it will be in this way: Christ must be a great light to you. Nobody ever found his own darkness—darkness—that is, seeking the living among the dead.—C. H. Spurgeon.

MARRIAGES.

Palmor—Stoutey.—At the residence of W. L. Wilson, Attica, Feb. 20, 1901, by Rev. R. S. Wilson, Miss Chas. H. Palmer, of Lavender, Ga., and Miss Annie L. Stoutey, of Attica.

Vard—Stillsman.—At the home of the bride’s parents, at Nortonville, Kan., Feb. 20, 1901, by Rev. Geo. W. Hill, Mr. H. Y. Vard, of West Hallock, Ill., and Miss Ruth A. Stillsman.

Ch anni—Champlin.—At the home of the bride’s mother and father, at Westerly, R. I., Feb. 20, 1901, by Rev. Geo. W. Hill, Mr. John W. Crosby and Miss Frances A. Champlin, of Westerly.

Terrell—Chandall.—At Adairsville, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1901, by the Rev. Wessel C. Daland, Mr. Leonard and Mrs. Olivia L. Chandall, all of Adairsville.

DEATHS.

Not upon us or our radius angelica
The fires of life and death, and evangel,
The good did not.

God call her early, but we long not hourly
Thy beauty, Lord and joy, and as early
As in life beaven.

Green—Enidie L. Green, daughter of Bernard and Elizabeth VanHorn, was born in Ohio, Oct. 16, 1838, and died at Nortonville, Kan., Feb. 7, 1901.

She was converted in early life at Wilton, under the labors of Louis H. Davis. She was married to Joseph Green of Nortonville, Kan., wherein leaves two children and a large circle of relatives, to mourn her loss. She was always quite frail, and yet had her full share of hardships to endure. A sister in the church, a kind neighbor and friend has passed on from time to eternity. Funeral services were held at the church, Feb. 10, conducted by the writer, who spoke from Rev. 22: 24.

Davis—Lucyett Davis, daughter of Henry and Preblove Williams, was born in Verona, N. Y., Dec. 3, 1818, and died in Nortonville, Kan., Feb. 10, 1901.

She was converted when about ten years of age, and ever lived an exemplary Christian life. She loved God’s Word, and found great comfort in reading the same. She was married to Rev. C. D. Randolph Jan. 14, 1890. She was the mother of eight children, four of whom are members of the Seventh-day Baptist church.

She was a devoted Christian, and had been a member of the church for many years. She was a conscientious Christian, and had been a devoted member of the Adair church for many years.

DAVIS—Polisia S. Davis, mother of Deacon Theodore Davis, was born Dec. 8, 1811, and departed this life, Feb. 3, 1901, aged nearly 90 years. She was converted while young, and joined the Salem Seventh-day Baptist church. She was a member of the Blacklick church at the time of her death. She was the mother of fourteen children, of whom nine are living.

She was a loving, patient mother, and a consistent Christian, living in the fear of God, and following the footsteps of the Master. She died in the triumphs of faith. Particular exercises were held by the pastor, Eld. W. L. Weath, in the Greenbrier church, where a large circle of friends and relatives were present. She was a member of D. N. L. Woon.—Leandra Potter, wife of Geo. W. Wood, was born March 13, 1822, and died near Adams (Vet. N. Y., Jan. 17, 1901). They had been married 79 years, and died Feb. 11, 1901.

Thus those two who had lived together in loving devotion to each other, and had awaited separation death by less than four years. They were both very devout and earnest Christians and loyal members of the Adams church.

Quibel—Ann Ann Green, widow of the late Ida Eld. W. Quibel, was born July 19, 1815, and died at Adams Gr. N. Y., Feb. 13, 1901.

Mrs. Quibel was an intelligent, genial, companionable woman, one whose society was highly prized by her acquaintance. Her hand was always ready to assist and her heart was never closed to any good thing. She had had occasion to bless her for kindly ministrations. She loved the church and its services, and was seldom absent from its public worship on the Sabbath. She was a woman of devout Christian faith. She retained her cheerful, hopeful characteristics to the last. Hers was almost a model, beautiful old age; and at the time of her departure her faith, the fruit of the faithful, loving members of the Adams church is translated to the world above.

Jeffrey—In Elizabethtown, Kan., Feb. 15, 1901, of heart failure. Mrs. Mary A Randolph Jeffrey.

She was a devoted Christian, and of the same Sabbath church as the late Mrs. Quibel, and died in the same church and the same Sabbath school.

Randolph—Savill and Mary Marvin Randolph, were born near Salem, Virginia—now West Virginia—on Jan. 16, 1829. She gave her heart to her Saviour at 14 years of age, and at the time of her death was member of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Marion, Kan. On Sept. 20, 1847, she was married to Wm. J. Jeffrey at Salem, Va. She came with her family to Randolph Centre in 1855, and died there in 1891.

She was an intelligent, genial, companionable woman, one whose society was highly prized by her acquaintance. Her hand was always ready to assist and her heart was never closed to any good thing. She had had occasion to bless her for kindly ministrations. She loved the church and its services, and was seldom absent from its public worship on the Sabbath. She was a woman of devout Christian faith. She retained her cheerful, hopeful characteristics to the last. Hers was almost a model, beautiful old age; and at the time of her departure her faith, the fruit of the faithful, loving members of the Adams church is translated to the world above.

 Рау еr еs—Joseph Saunders was born in Berlin, N. Y., March 1, 1814, and died near Adams Centre, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1901.

He was a highly respected citizen and a long time resident of the town of Adams. His wife died some seven years since. He had been a member of the family of his only son, L. F. Saunders, a Sabbath-keeping Christian, and died fully trusting in the Lord.

Saunders—Joel Saunders was born in Berlin, N. Y., March 1, 1814, and died near Adams Centre, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1901.

He was a highly respected citizen and a long time resident of the town of Adams. His wife died some seven years since. He had been a member of the family of his only son, L. F. Saunders, a Sabbath-keeping Christian, and died fully trusting in the Lord.

Stillman—In Nortonville, Kan., on Feb. 9, 1901, by Rev. David Marvin Stillman.

He was born in Berlin, N. Y., August 1, 1828. Married January 1, 1856, at Farmington, Ill., to Miss Eliza Etta Leather, daughter of William Leather. She was born in Nortonville, Kan., May 27, 1835. They were married in Illinois in 1856.

He became a resident of Kansas in 1857. He was kind and gentle, a loyal neighbor and friend.

Woodward—Richard Rush Woodward died suddenly Feb. 9, 1901.

He was a conscientious Christian, and had been a devoted member of the Adams church for many years.

WANTED!

A young woman able and willing to do housework; willing to be a "servant" when that is needed; and also, outside of that, would like to be treated as "one of the family." Address, Kansas Kansas, Plainfield.

WANTED!

An experienced clerk in the Clothing Business. Must be a Sabbath-keeping applicant. From a young man who wishes to learn the business will be considered.

Address D. C. Whitfield, Woloott, N. Y.
To Young Would-be Reformers.

A sensible word is addressed to young citizens by Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, in a recent interview published by the Christian Endeavor World. He says: "The enthusiastic young citizen must not start out with a notion that he has only got to put his hand to the plow and the whole field will be turned over, and the new crop raised; and he must not grow discouraged and impatient if the seed-time and harvest are farther apart than he dreamed when he began. The result is no less sure because it is slow. If it does not come, as far as he can see, in the immediate betterment of politics, it will come in the enlargement of his own character, the gradual development of his influence on the community, in the elevation of his own moral nature, and his personal sense of a true manhood. And it strikes me that the man is the man, since the man is the government."